



THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. VI. No. 13.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, JANUARY, 1906.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

Melinda and the Orphan.

By Dorothea Deakin.

This idea came to Melinda quite suddenly; most of her ideas do, unfortunately.

"John," she began rather timidly; and I glanced at her from the wide pages of the "Daily Chronicle" in some alarm, for I had learnt, not without cause, to dread the sound of my name in that particular tone of Melinda's voice.

"What is it now?" I asked resignedly.

"I—er—I want to consult you about something."

"Then you've done something that you're sorry for," said I. "Do you mind if I finish Rosebery's speech first? I am just in the middle of it."

Melinda sighed.

"All right," I said hurriedly: "fire away!"

She came and settled herself in a low chair at my side, and I wondered idly if Melinda would ever grow staid and middle-aged. At thirty-eight she still looked young and pretty, and her manners were more charming than ever. I couldn't bring myself to believe that fifty-eight, even, would find her with grey hair and wrinkles—above all with a suitable air of dignity and decorum.

"Do you think it possible," she said slowly, gazing tentatively at me out of the corner of her eye, "that we could stay in England a little longer?"

I sat bolt upright in my chair, and stared at her. "What on earth—?"

"Because I don't want to go back to Canada just yet."

"Well, Melinda!" I replied, with some heat. "you really are . . . ! Considering that the passages are booked for Friday, that the things are more than half packed—"

"Don't be angry," she interrupted.

"I couldn't—I didn't—wasn't—"

"I shouldn't have thought that even you would have been so inconsiderate as to want to alter everything at the last moment, to—"

"But I didn't think of anything till the other day."

"You didn't think of anything?"

Melinda blushed like a girl. She always does. "I—er—mean I didn't write the—I mean, I didn't like to—"

"You didn't write the what? What didn't you like to do?"

I was trying hard to be patient and kind, and I saw that she was bracing herself up to some confession. I felt more than a little uneasy. What on earth had she been doing now? I wondered.

"I suppose I had better tell you everything," she said at last.

"I think you had," said I; so she began with a rush.

"I am a lonely woman, John."

"I am sorry for that," I said quietly.

"What about me? I suppose I don't count as a companion?"

"Oh I don't mean that!" she cried impatiently. "I mean I am a childless woman."

I stared and looked at her sternly, and she looked a little, as well she

might. "You are not going to begin that nonsense over again, I hope? The poor little kiddie is dead, and that chapter of our lives is finished. We must make up our minds to a childless old age, Melinda."

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "I know we both thought so. But I am not sure now that the chapter is quite finished—that we shall have the childless old age, after all."

"What on earth do you mean?" I gazed at her in amazement.

father or mother."

"They're generally that," I murmured feebly. "It's a peculiarity of orphans."

"If you weren't so rude, you would have heard what I was going to say next. Without father or mother or brothers or sisters or uncles or aunts—or anything."

"Go on," I said resignedly.

"And I have had an awful lot of answers."

"You naturally would," said I. "Then this, I suppose, is the meaning of all those greasy-looking envelopes you have been making such a mystery of? You told me that you had advertised for a cook to take out to Canada."

"John!"

"We shall sail on Friday as arranged."

"John!"

I rose from my seat, and walked across the room with some dignity. "And we will consider this question settled once and for all," I finished severely, opening the door as I spoke.

I had nearly carried off my retreat with dignity, and had half shut the door behind me, when I caught a sound which I had learnt to know only too well—the sound of a muffled, choking sob. I steeled myself.

"She will soon get over it," and I whistled loudly as I walked slowly down the long corridor of the hotel. At the top of the stair I stopped irresolutely. I was not, of course, going back to see if Melinda was still crying, but I couldn't go out without my hat and gloves. They were on the table in our sitting room.

She was lying full length on the sofa when I went in, and I had thought she was quite quiet when I listened at the door. But I must have been mistaken about that, for directly I opened it the choking, muffled sobs caught my ear again, and I saw that she was crying bitterly, with her poor little face buried in the pink frills of the cushions.

"You are a silly baby!" I said severely. "A woman of your age ought to know better than to lie there crying like a child of ten."

No answer, but the sobs grew louder. I began to be afraid of hysterics. I took up my hat—then paused. I felt sure that her tears would stop directly I went away, and yet—

"Melinda!" I said in a milder tone, "don't be a little goose! If I were to let you have your own way about this, it would only be laying up a lot of worry and annoyance for both of us."

But Melinda didn't speak. She knew better than to descend into argument.

"Where are the answers to your advertisement?" (said at last, in desperation.)

Up came the brown head from the cushion, as I had known it would, directly I showed signs of giving in.

"I will run upstairs and get them," she said, leaving the room with alacrity; and in a few minutes she was back at my side with those wretched documents, while at least six distinct smells floated into the room when they were taken out of their envelope. Two

which spoke in unmistakably plain accents of gin I dropped into the summer decorations of the fireplace at once, and one which had evidently been written with an onion-knife I gave to Melinda to read aloud to me. She deserved it, I thought. The other

odors were mixed; but paraffin, cheese, and garlic, with a healthy whiff of carbolic disinfectant, predominated. One of them was almost clean and comparatively inoffensive, and the last and grimmest filled the air honestly with the fumes of some potent and cheap tobacco. I read the clean letter first, and it was most strangely worded. The lady wrote at some length, but I gathered at last that she had a desirable orphan to dispose of at a reasonable rate.

"Why does she speak of it as if it were a villa residence?" I asked Melinda.

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"I know you'll be very cross."

"I shall be very angry indeed if you don't explain yourself."

"Then—oh, you will be in a rage—you never did understand a woman's heart!"

"I understand yours better than you think, Melinda. Get on."

"I—I've advertised for an orphan."

I threw the "Daily Chronicle" into the farthest corner of the room, and Melinda had no further reason to complain that she did not possess my undivided attention. "You've advertised for a—what?"

"For an orphan—an orphan without

"So I did!" Melinda said hotly—"it was perfectly true. But I didn't have any answer to that."

"I can quite believe it."

"I thought I ought to consult you before I decided on one of them."

"On the whole I am glad you did."

I said slowly.

"Then you do approve of the idea?"

Melinda was beginning to cheer up; she was misled, I suppose, by the calm of my manner.

"I approve of the idea so much that if you will bring the letters to me I will make a bonfire of them all!" I said liberally.

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da with mild curiosity. "And what do you suppose is a reasonable rate?"

"You will see if you finish it," my wife answered shortly.

"Oh, I see—thirty pounds down, and no questions asked. Who isn't to ask questions, Melinda?"

"Do go on!"

"She says that 'she could let the child come at once with the clothes it stands up in.' Do you want an orphan that can stand up, Melinda?"

"No, of course not—that's only a figure of speech."

"I hope it won't be a figure of fun."

I murmured. "It is eight months old, with grey eyes and golden hair—ah, carrots, no doubt."

"Nothing of the kind!" said Melinda indignantly. "I think it sounds awfully nice. Carrots, indeed! little darling! I think we might almost decide on this one, John."

"Don't be in a hurry," I said, picking up the letter which smelt of thick twist; "we ought to give the others a chance first."

Now, this is written in a bold, manly hand. This person is a grandparent, Melinda. The child isn't exactly an orphan, he says, but its parents have eleven others, so the writer does not think it will be missed. He says it is a fine, healthy child, and he would be sorry to see it go, only it keeps him awake o' nights. He says he would be willing to smuggle it away without its parents' knowledge, and risk their displeasure when they found out, for the small sum of fifty pounds down. This orphan is rather expensive, Melinda, considering that it lives in the Old Kent Road, and keeps its grandfather awake o' nights."

"Read the others. We don't want to adopt a child with eleven brothers and sisters and grandfathers and things."

"I don't think it has eleven grandfathers," said I. "You can read the one that is disinfected with carbolic acid yourself."

Melinda held it up gingerly.

"Dear Madam—"

"I have a nice lot of orphans needing comfortable homes, from the ages of from six to fifteen years. If you wish it, I could bring a couple of them up for you to see. They have all been brought up to a trade, and have had of course a thoroughly sound religious training. They—"

"That will do," I said. "I don't think you are a fit person to continue the training—religious or otherwise—of a child from a model home, Melinda. You had better begin at the very beginning. Give me the one about the child that has been brought up on onions."

"Madam—"

"I take up my pen to say would you please like a lovely little orphan with orburn 'air an' no parents livin'."

I am that sorry to part with this orphan on account of its father who was obliged to leave England in a hurry a year sin which he 'as not rote to us. i would like—"

"Enough of that—we don't want an orphan with a living father who has left England in a hurry. It might complicate matters if he returned to claim his child—in a hurry. What about the others?"

"The others aren't much good," said Melinda hurriedly. "You won't care about the others. Read the clean one again—the one that doesn't smell of anything in particular."

I picked up the desirable orphan with golden hair.

"It would look lovely dressed all in white China silk," Melinda said dreamily, with a rapt look on her charming, expressive face, "and big muslin hats."

"For heaven's sake!" I said, with some severity, "try to look the thing sensibly in the face, Melinda. You are not a child. The orphan will not be a mere doll, to be dressed and undressed for your amusement, to be taken up and put down as the fancy takes you. It is a great responsibility—a great care—not a thing to be lightly—"

"I know!" Melinda said quickly. "I quite understand all that—only don't be sensible and horrid about it yet. There will be plenty of time for that when it comes."

I groaned. "There will indeed," I said. "Do you want to decide on this one, then—thirty pounds down and no questions asked? I suppose you don't want to close the bargain without seeing it?"

"I thought we might have it down for a day on approval," said Melinda, brightening visibly.

And so it was settled. Two days later a stout, clean-looking person of middle age called upon us at the hotel— with a large bundle in a grey plaid shawl, which Melinda seized upon at once, and proceeded to unroll from its numerous and motley coverings, whilst I interviewed the owner. She was a person of many words, but I gathered presently that she wished to leave the baby in a happy home before she went abroad with her husband the following week. She lived in the country, and was no relation to the child, she said, but she was that fond of it! It was a loving little thing, and her heart was near broke to part with it. It was as good as gold, and as quiet as a lamb, as the kind lady could see for herself.

Melinda had just taken off the last fold of red flannel, and she uttered a little cry as the kernel of that thick shell was disclosed to view.

"Oh, the dear!" she said: "it is fast asleep. Speak very quietly, John. It would be such a pity to wake it."

The woman smiled. "Lor' bless ye," he said, "she won't wake for your talkin', not'er! She's used to a deal of noise, is Everline."

She pronounced it as if it rhymed with evergreen, and I saw by Melinda's eye that there would be a speedy rechristening of this particular orphan.

The woman must have seen, too, I think, for she turned to her and said quickly: "Yer can call it annythin' as yer've a mind. It's only been registered, an' that don't signify."

Then she went away, and we were left with the bundle and a bottle. Melinda rang the bell and ordered quantities of milk and somebody's food; but she needn't have troubled. The desirable orphan lay on the pink cushions all day, and slept. It was certainly as pretty as a picture, and its head was covered with nice little tight curls

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of daffodil-yellow hair. Still it could hardly have been called an interesting companion, and by three o'clock in the afternoon I was seized with an overwhelming curiosity to find out its intellectual capacities, and tried to wake it up. In vain. Calmly and peacefully it slumbered there, and when at last even Melinda's anxiety about the color of its eyes induced her to give it a little shake when she thought I wasn't looking, it went on sleeping.

When its owner called for it again in the evening, she asked if it had behaved nicely. We said it had, and I asked her if it didn't sometimes wake up. We said we should have liked it to be a little more lively and conversational, and Melinda asked her anxiously, "Did she think it was quite well?"

"Lor bless you, ma'am, the child's good 'elth itself. The fresh air must 'ave made Everleen a bit drowsy."

"A bit drowsy!" I looked at Melinda and laughed. I was in hopes that she might have had enough of orphans after this decidedly uninteresting specimen. But I might have known she hadn't.

"When may I have her to keep?" she said eagerly.

"I took it when its parents died—I was that sorry for the little dear! I couldn't bear to think of the lonely orphan begging its way from door to door."

"The feeling does you credit," I said. "It is rather young to beg. I don't think I need keep you any longer. You may bring the baby on Friday, and I will give you ten pounds."

The woman's face fell. "Ten pounds?"

"That's all," I said. "Not a penny more. You ought on the contrary to pay me for taking all the trouble and expense of the child off your hands."

She gave in—of course I knew she would—and when she was gone I told Melinda I didn't like the looks of her.

"Neither do I," said Melinda. "But then we aren't going to adopt her, are we? And you can't say you don't like the looks of the baby—besides, it's so nice and quiet! I shall call her Elaine, and I shall dress her in—"

And so on, and so on, and so on. For the next few days Melinda lived in a whirl of the shopping her soul loved, and our rooms were littered with piles of tiny garments of snowy silk and lace and muslin. We engaged



A MANITOBA ORCHARD.

"Wait a bit, Melinda," I said. "There are a few things to arrange before you take the orphan finally to your heart—a nurse, for instance."

"Yes, and clothes," said she, with a pleased air of anticipation.

"You had better not bring her till Friday," I said, after a moment's thought. "But before you go I should like to ask you a few questions."

Was it a fancy on my part that this lady looked alarmed? Melinda says I am suspicious by nature, so perhaps it was. There was no harm, however, in setting a mild trap.

"Where are the baby's parents?" I asked sternly and abruptly.

She looked at me in mild reproof, and I heard Melinda murmur in a shocked voice at my thoughtlessness.

"I 'ope they're in 'eaven," the woman said sadly; "but I don't know—I am not sure about Elizabeth, now I come to think of it."

"You don't know whether the mother is dead?" I asked.

"Yes, I know that—I laid 'er out wi' these very 'ands. An' I 'ope she's in 'eaven, I'm sure."

I went on with my questions.

"How do you come to be taking care of the child, if you are no relation of it?"

a nurse (to come on Saturday morning), and I never saw my wife look so happy before.

"It's a new toy," I said to myself. "I only hope the pleasure will last until the toy breaks."

I had put off my journey for another month at Melinda's express wish. We were to go down into the country for that time with the nurse and child—"to get used to things before the voyage," Melinda said, though it didn't seem to me to be at all necessary. Afterwards I was glad that I had consulted her wishes on this point. We took a delightful furnished cottage in Sussex, and were to start on the Saturday afternoon.

In due time the desirable orphan came, and was paid for. To my joy and relief it slept soundly all night. But the next morning, with the nurse, came the first blow. She was a sensible, middle-aged woman with a heavy hand, and no nonsense about her (Melinda said that); and the first thing she did to our adopted daughter was to take her up and shake her.

"This child has been dosed," she said, "with some of those nasty soothing syrups."

We had judged it wise, for the sake of the child's future, to tell this woman

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that we had had our daughter brought up in the country; there was no need, Melinda said, for her to know that she wasn't our very own.

"It's a wicked shame," the woman went on. "She's been dosed to keep her quiet. She's a screamer, as like as not, when she's awake."

I looked at Melinda—Melinda averted her eyes. A screamer! Mrs. Priddam also looked at Melinda inquisitively.

"Is it?" she said, with a simple directness that made Melinda's cheeks flame.

"I—I haven't seen much of her lately," she faltered. "She's been away in the country—for her health."

Mrs. Priddam sniffed. She evidently didn't think much of Melinda, and I was rather sorry for Elaine when I saw the gentle plan the nurse adopted to arouse that slumbering babe.

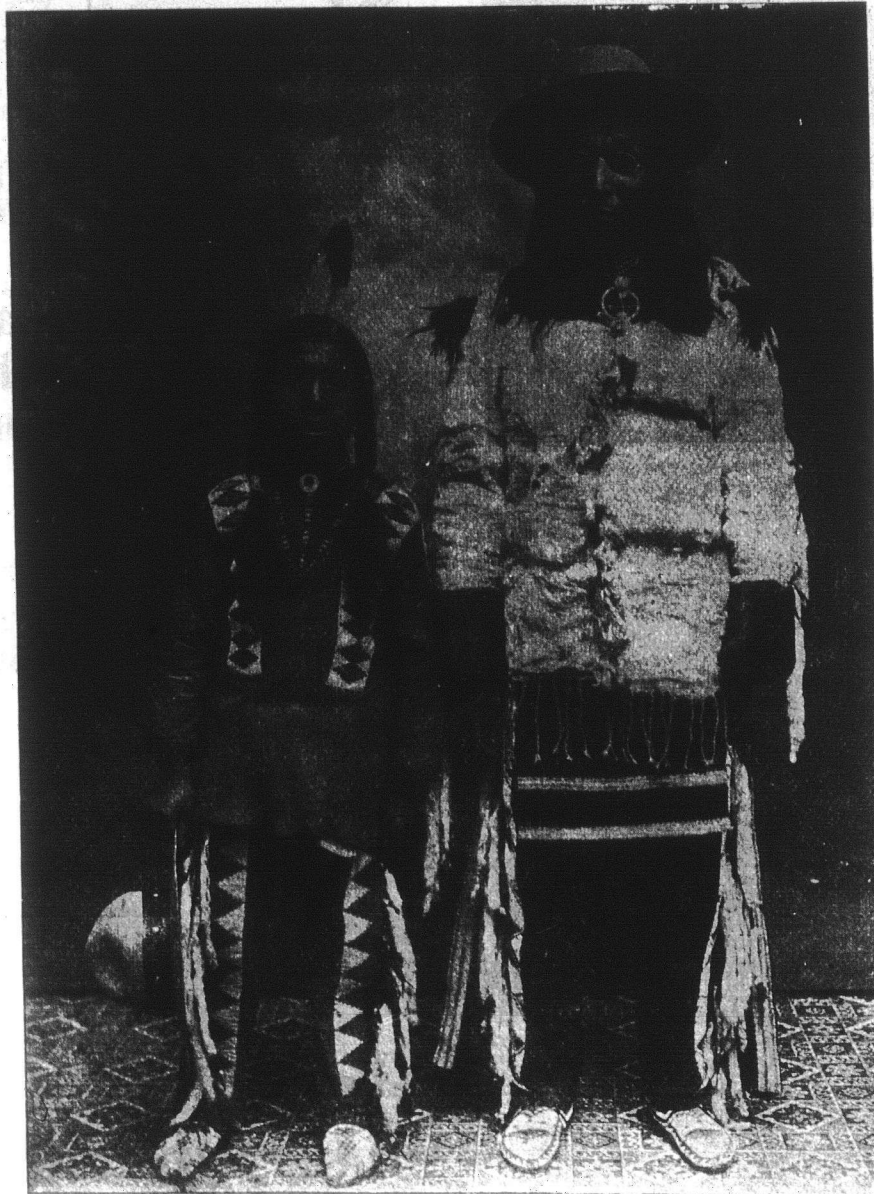
She shook it energetically first; then laid it on its back and slapped its poor little feet with a hand the size of a small shoulder of mutton; and at last, seeing that all these simple methods failed, she turned to Melinda and asked for strong coffee.

"Coffee?" cried my wife in horror. "Surely a little new milk—?"

"Milk!" echoed Mrs. Priddam, contemptuously. "This child won't want feeding for hours and hours. It's got to be waked up first."

The coffee, however, was no good when it did come. The orphan flatly refused to swallow; so in despair the nurse dressed it in outdoor things, and we went down to our cottage in Sussex.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the orphan awoke, and the room in which it slept with Mrs. Priddam was divided from ours by a lath-and-plaster partition merely, so we heard its voice at once. It howled all night; and although Melinda insisted on going in to see what it was like when its eyes were open—as if it had been a puppy or a kitten—I noticed that she didn't stay and offer to comfort it.



CHIEF SIENOPIA AND SON, CHIEF OF A TRIBE OF INDIANS LOCATED 19 MILES NORTH OF TORONTO

I believe it was quiet for a little while after the nurse had taken the trouble to get up and give it a good meal of Somebody's Food for infants and invalids—she said it was,—and in the morning it was quite cheerful and jolly. I was not. After being kept awake half the night I was in no mood to appreciate any condescension of the wretched infant at breakfast-time. Melinda, of course, was in raptures, and she made a perfect fool of herself over the thing's ridiculous pink toes. I am bound to confess that the change of garments had worked wonders. It looked quite an aristocratic personage in its white fluffy frocks and frills, and Melinda gushed and talked unintelligible gibberish to it, in spite of Mrs. Priddam's critical and disapproving eye.

I went for a walk in the lowest possible spirits, wondering how long this state of things would last, and fearing that our peaceful, irresponsible life had come to a sudden and most disastrous end. Was it not possible even yet, I asked myself, to bribe the real owner to come back and insist upon its instantaneous restoration to her loving and repentant arms?

"It's too late," I muttered gloomily. "She will sail on Monday with her husband to some region unknown. I wonder if he too is leaving England in a hurry. The orphan is a fixture. She has come to stay."

Never in my life have I met a living creature with such lungs, and after two more sleepless nights my nerves were worn to fiddlestrings. Melinda didn't mind it so much—at least she said she didn't—but I think she must have been lying. Mrs. Priddam stood it all unmoved—I suppose she was accustomed to screamers—and on Monday evening I shocked her very much by saying that I didn't wonder at the sleeping draught, and only wished it had been a little stronger.

On Tuesday I took Melinda to Hastings for the day, and we dozed on the beach for several hours, to make up a

little rest we had lost, and to quiet our shattered nerves. By the time we came back to the cottage we both felt decidedly better, even moderately cheerful; and Melinda said, as we went up our tiny garden path, that she was quite longing to see the dear again. I didn't for a moment pretend that I was. Personally I wished the dear at the other end of the world, but Melinda always has her own way, and she generally repents it.

Mrs. Priddam met us at the door. "If you please, ma'am," she said, in a tone of disapproval which was severe even from her, "your brother's come, and he's been waiting in the drawing-room a good hour."

Melinda's face grew white—she looked at me appealingly. Her only brother died in Australia two years ago under very sad circumstances, and I could see that this sudden news quite upset her.

"You are making some mistake," I said sternly. "Your mistress has no brother living."

"He said he was the baby's Uncle George," replied Mrs. Priddam, with an injured sniff. "And he's sitting there now, nussing it, and calling it his precious Everleen."

I groaned. Melinda gasped; and well she might, alas! In the drawing-room we found a stout and elderly stranger of sandy hue, who greeted me effusively. I waved him off.

"I understood that this child had no relations living," I said sternly.

"There's only me," said Uncle George, "an I brought 'er up from a week old. I've come to 'ave a last look at 'er. Sit up, Everleen, and talk pretty to yer Uncle George."

"You brought it up?" I cried. "You?"

"I brought her up," repeated Uncle George. "Me, an' no one else. The times I've sat up o' nights by the kitchen fire with Everleen in one 'and and a bottle in the other—Lord, it makes me that sad only to think of it!"

I thought of the last three nights, and I didn't wonder that the memory made him sad; then I remembered suddenly the woman to whom I had paid ten pounds.

"Then the woman who sold me the— the serial rights of this particular orphan was telling lies when she said that she alone stood between the child and starvation?"

"She was," said Uncle George heavily. "She was always a champion liar, was Maria."

"Oh!" I said slowly. "Then I suppose you have come here because you want the baby back again?"

Uncle George looked alarmed. "Not by no means," he answered hastily. "I wouldn't take her from her present 'appy 'ome for anything; though"—with an afterthought—"it fair 'urts to part from 'er."

"Then what have you come for?"

Uncle George hesitated, and cleared his voice. "I just thought—I don't like asking, but I 'oped as you might perhaps spare me a trifle on account of the trouble and expense she's been."

I had expected this. "I will give you a sovereign," I said, "to clear out of this for once and for all. You need not come again. See?"

"Ye—es," Uncle George saw.

"Then get out."

Uncle George got out. "He will come again," I said dependently, directly the door was shut; "I know he will come again."

"He won't find us here if he does," replied Melinda wisely. "He would hardly follow us to Canada, I should think."

I can't help thinking that Mrs. Priddam mapped out that child's hours rather thoughtlessly. She assured me that it had been as good as gold that day, and slept as peaceful as a lamb; but when I pointed out to her that the day was the time for wakefulness and conversation, and the night for sleep, she was quite hurt. The next morning I was in a frame of mind only to be described as murderous; and when Melinda tried to pacify me by assuring me that the orphan was going to be a comfort to us in our old age, I went out to the cottage and slammed the door.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we had a second pleasant surprise. The

neat little maid we had taken with the cottage opened the door gently, and announced timidly that "the baby's aunt had called to see Everleen."

I was not at all surprised; but my spirits, from some unknown reason, rose again. The lady was portly and red-faced. She had come to see the precious baby, for the last time, that she had brought up from a fortnight old, and to say goodbye. And she, like Uncle George, requested a small loan in consideration of the care and anxiety she had expended on the friendless orphan.

I didn't give her anything, but, as Melinda wasn't in the room, I told her she could take the orphan home with her if she liked. To my disgust she declined this offer with much haste; and although I was not much surprised, knowing as I did her niece's character, I explained with a few forcible and well-chosen words that if she didn't go at once she should have her precious Everleen sent back to-morrow to her own house for once and all. This threat was quite successful. She went.

An hour later, when we were having tea under the trees in the cottage garden, I told Melinda this, and her charming face grew quite grave.

"I think," she said seriously, "that we had better go back to Canada at once. We mustn't stay here till the end of the month. We might—why, we might even lose the baby again."

"I don't think you need be afraid of that," I said gloomily. "Nobody seems at all anxious to deprive us of the orphan. But the constant visits of



MISSSES RUBY AND BONNIE SANDISON, DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. SANDISON IN THE CARMAN DISTRICT.

Everleen's relations are beginning to pall on me a little."

"They are a nuisance," Melinda agreed, suddenly going down on her knees on the grass, with the agility of a girl of sixteen and a wild disregard of possible rheumatism. "Was the dear, sweet, precious little thing trying to put its boo'ful little tootsie into its boo'ful little rosebud of a mouth?" she asked.

The orphan, for once both amiable and wakeful, was wallowing in a sea of muslin frocks and petticoats and things, on a red rug spread carefully over the grass by Melinda's devoted hands; and the sun came through the trees in a streak of light to the baby's tight yellow curls. I acknowledged to myself that, as it lay there, unattached for the moment, and smiling, it didn't look half bad. It was even beginning to know us and to treat us as well-meaning friends, and for the moment it crowed and chuckled and gurgled and bubbled and made unintelligible remarks in the most condescending and (to Melinda) fascinating way.

"I shouldn't ha' know'd the child—I'm danged if I should," said a voice at my shoulder; and I turned with a start to find a middle-aged and respectable-looking working man standing by my side.

I groaned. This was too much. I thought. Two relatives in one day! "Melinda!" I said, "take the child in-

doors. I wish to speak to this person alone."

"I think I would rather stay here," she murmured rebelliously; but she knew by my tone that I meant what I said, and picked up the orphan at once to carry it indoors, once more in screams.

"And now," I said, "who are you, and what do you want?"

"Everleen—" he began.

"Are you Uncle Joseph, or Uncle Henry, or Uncle Abraham?" I asked. "You needn't trouble to explain that you've brought it up yourself since it was a week old, because I know that already, and I believe every word you say. What do you want?"

The man stared in mild and vacant wonder till I had finished my outburst. I think he thought I was mad.

"What relation are you to this orphan?" I repeated impatiently.

"I'm her father," he said slowly.

"Everleen's the youngest of seven." I must confess I hadn't expected this. An uncle or aunt, perhaps—or even cousin, or a grandparent; but a real live father!

"Then she isn't an orphan at all?" I said blankly.

"No!" said the man, heavily. "If Maria told you that our Everleen was an orphan, she's a blasted liar."

"She is indeed," I murmured.

"She sailed for America yesterday," he went on, "and she's taken everything with her she can lay her hands on."

"Except Everleen," I amended.

"She wrote an' told us what she 'ad done," he went on, "an' left the letters to be posted when she sailed. We knew nothing till then—we thought she wanted the baby to stay with 'er a bit for company like."

"Then of course you have come to take your daughter home again?"

Everleen's father shifted uneasily from one foot to another. "I'm a poor man," he said slowly; "I'm only earning eighteen shillings, an' there's six besides 'er. I can see as how the child's happy an' well looked after—"

"You are quite mistaken," I interrupted quickly; "it is far from happy—its always in tears."

"I daren't tell the missus that the child's been adopted," he pursued, disregarding my words.

"Oh! then your wife is alive?"

"She's never bin dead," said Everleen's father quickly. "But she thinks Maria took the child to America. I've not told 'er nothing. I've let 'er think it."

"It seems rather cruel," I said thoughtfully, "if she is fond of the baby."

"She'll get over it," he said uneasily. "Poor folks learns to get over things a deal quicker than you'd think."

"Then you wish me to keep the baby?"

"Yes,"—after a moment's silence.

"Do you want to see her again?"

"I'd better not. If she begins laughing an' calling me her Dad-dad, I shall want her back. I'd a deal better go without."

He went, and as he walked clumsily and heavily down the path, I asked myself what would be the next incident in this chapter of the desirable orphan's history.

That evening my wife undressed and put the baby to bed herself, and no doubt it was in consequence of that that its howls were all night louder and more determined than ever. In the morning even Melinda acknowledged that our adopted daughter, regarded merely as a comfort, was not entirely a success.

"We are too old and selfish to begin all this over again," I said gravely; and although Melinda replied, with some heat, that she didn't see where the age and selfishness came in, she allowed that in the main I might possibly be right.

"Let's go back to Liverpool to-morrow," she said, "and sail on Tuesday. Perhaps the sea will have a soothing effect."

Alas for our plans of escape without further hindrance! At twelve o'clock another visitor arrived—a distracted visitor with red eyes and untidy hair; and when Melinda saw her face she knew that this time the game was really up. This last visitor didn't knock at

the door—she walked straight through the hall into the dining-room, and caught up the orphan from the hearth-rug with a strange little cry. With podgy outstretched arms and an idiotic gurgle that infant instantly responded, and the next moment it was pressed to the visitor's shabby grey shawl.

"Mother's own pretty Everleen!" said a muffled voice from the depths of the snowy silken bundle—"mother's own darlin' little lamb!"

We watched her in silence; a little ray of sunshine gradually entered and filled my heavy heart. She took no more notice of us than if we had been the copper coal-scuttle and the fire-irons, or the two easy-chairs; but I didn't mind at all—neither, I think, did Melinda; and the baby crowed and chuckled and gurgled to its heart's content. Melinda told me afterwards that her heart went out to the woman on the spot.

"If I could just get hold of that Maria," she said at last, "I'd teach 'er! She's taken fourteen-and-ninencepence from the teapot, as I was savin' up for a wringin' machine, an' she's gone off with my Sunday bonnet, an' the clock as I've had since I was married. An' as if that wasn't enough she ups and sells Everleen—sells 'er for thirty pound."

"I only gave her ten," I said humbly and apologetically. "And it wasn't my fault. She said the child had no parents."

The orphan's mother stared. "No parents? Then where did she say me an' Jim had got to?"

"She said she hoped you were both in heaven," Melinda replied, softly and wickedly. "I am sorry for Maria if she ever returns from America."

"But she wasn't quite sure about you," I added. "She never did think much of Elizabeth," she said.

Our visitor murmured something under her breath, and I felt for her. "Do you really want to take the baby away from us?" Melinda asked, sadly. "Wouldn't you like her to be brought up a little lady?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "I can't get on without a baby about the 'ouse," she said slowly. "I'm that lost without Everleen!"

Melinda sighed—I don't know how she could. I wanted to burst into song myself.

"Look at all her pretty clothes," she murmured. "But the orphan's mother cast an eye which was merely contemptuous over the spotless white of her child's garments."

"I don't think much o' them things," she said. "The child 'ull make 'em as black as your 'at in an hour. She looks a deal nicer in her turkey red frock with a clean check pinny."

"We shall miss her very much," Melinda continued; and I could have danced round that tiny room for pure joy, when I remembered the only way in which that departing lamb would be missed. At last I couldn't bear it any longer, and went out into the kitchen to relieve my feelings by giving Mrs. Priddam a month's wages and telling her she might go at once, as we should not require her services any more.

"Melinda," I said an hour later, as we packed our boxes together with light and happy hearts, "do you really mind very much?"

"Yes!" said Melinda quickly, "of course I do."

"Are you dreadfully disappointed?"

"Frightfully," said Melinda. "It has upset me very much."

"Then shall we advertise again—for another orphan?"

"Not for anything!" said Melinda quickly. "And we didn't."

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Domingo's Undutiful Daughter.

Written Specially for the Western Home Monthly.

Gibb, after a long day's ride through the gap, reined in his pinto at the point where the trail skirting the precipice was at its narrowest. Shrugging his shoulders, he remarked "Good Lord, here's the jumping-off place!"

The next moment he braced himself, for he had heard the thud of hoofs on the trail in front of him—and these were the parlous days of Murietta and Vasquez.

Round the bend came a girl in a man's saddle on a neat little bronco. The girl was a stunner. She wore a faded fawn bodice, a short red skirt, and buckskin leggins. Her slender, corsetless figure, swaying slightly with the motion of the horse, was held proudly erect.

Gibb dragged off his hat, and, when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, stuttered, "Excuse me, but can you tell me how much farther it is to Domingo's?"

The girl had pulled her bronco to his haunches. She now regarded Gibb calmly from under her wide flapping sombrero.

"It no is very far. Yo' wish to stay there tonight?"

"I'm to meet a friend, Mr. Monte Simmons. Reckon he's at Domingo's?"

The girl reflected, and shook her head. "He no has come. I am Pepita!" she added, as one might say. "I am the empress! Kowtow, fall on your noses!"

II.

Domingo's was a low adobe huddled beside the road. Three Mexicans were lolling in the verandah as Pepita and Gibb rode to the patio—old Domingo, the younger, and a well-dressed, boyish young fellow. Gibb slipped his hat into the kitchen, ple-

ing him with questions concerning the absent Simmons.

Domingo shook his head and appealed to his son. There had been no one there answering to that description, no one.

"Well, I'm"—Gibb remembered the presence of a lady—"annoyed, greatly annoyed!" Whereupon old Domingo called upon all the saints with tears.

At this point, raising his head, Gibb

beheld Pepita, a pale apparition behind her father. She gave him a long look, but without a suggestion of coquetry; on the contrary, apprehension was written big upon her face.

The senor would wish to sleep when he had eaten? No? Doubtless he was weary and would not press on, and the trail was rough. The senor's friend would arrive before midnight, or, peradventure, in the morning.

Did Pepita really make a sign of dissent? Gibb checked an involuntary movement of his hand towards the precious belt he wore inside his flannel shirt. Hang it, he was full of notions!

He decided to sleep at Domingo's, come what might.

Domingo the younger thrummed a guitar in the veranda, and Pepita leaned nonchalantly on the railing, making derisive observations on the eccentricities of the gringo, whereat the Mexicans smiled under their thin little mustaches.

III.

Gibb sauntered out to the corral to look after his pinto. It was true that Domingo's had rather a bad name. He remembered the rumors Monte and he had heard, and laughed at, not a week before. What had become of



A FEW PONDRA SPORTSMEN'S BIRDING, 100 BIRDS, THE RESULT OF A DAY'S SHOOT.



MILKING TIME.

Monte, by the way? Had he—despite their protestations—arrived, and met with foul play? But no. Pepita had said that he had not been there, and Gibb believed her.

He came to a standstill, all his senses on the alert, as he saw a form gliding towards him in the darkness. A hand caught his arm, and a voice whispered, "It will be better for the senior to press on to Requena's to-night."

"Is that a threat or a warning?"
"For the love of God!"
Gibb laughed. "I'm played out," he yawned, stretching himself. "I guess I'll go up to the dobe and turn in."

Gibb's room was at the end of the adobe, with a door opening upon the veranda. He had no intention of sleeping. Whoever should come would not catch him napping. However, he rolled himself in his blanket.

Before he knew it, he was asleep and dreaming of Pepita; Pepita riding round the bend in the trail, erect on her bronco; Pepita hovering behind her father with her inexplicable warning; Pepita in the square of yellow light from the doorway, with a scarlet flower drooping from her hair to her neck; Pepita, always Pepita.

IV.

He awakened with a start; feeling somebody was near him in the darkness of the room. A hand touched his throat even as he grasped his revolver. Struggling, he clutched the hand at the wrist.

"Sh! Dios mio! Will yo' be quiet. Yo' must ride—ride on to Requena's. Pepita will show yo' tha' leetle trail. Vasquez, he cut the riata and drive your pinto into the chaparral; but I put your saddle on Estrello."

"Vasquez. That kid!"
As they stole forth from the door opening upon the veranda, old Domingo, cursing, was upon them. The two men grappled, swaying and straining. Pepita, tense, watchful, had drawn back within the doorway. There she stood, her eyes glittering, her hands clasped over her breast.

Gibb forced the old man backward, pinning him that he might not drive home the knife gleaming in his right hand. Domingo uttered a groan. Another figure came bounding down the corridor. Then it was that Pepita made a spring like a panther, and her stiletto flashed twice.

"That Vasquez," she explained afterwards, "he hove—what you say?—gr-r-eatly annoy!"

She ran to where her bronco was standing, and swung herself into the saddle. Gibb followed, scrambling up behind her, and the good little horse made a swift leap forward.

A shot ran out—then another, mingled with the trampling of hoofs. Pepita ducked, throwing herself on the bronco's crest. Gibb wound his legs round the horse's loins, and, turning, engaged his gun.

The Mexicans fell back, their ardor a little cooled. Greasers can't shoot to hit. In a minute they were at it again. "Where de Cristo, what was

Gibb would have clasped Pepita in his arms once, for he thought their last hour had come; but the girl, invincible to the last, evaded him, leaning forward and peering into the shadows. Suddenly the dusky shades of the mesquite opened miraculously to receive them—the bronco stood motionless—and the Mexican ponies passed at a gallop into the faintness of distance.

Gibb in his surprise reeled, and very nearly pitched over the precipice. In the interests of safety it was necessary for him to encircle Pepita's waist. She bore her fate resignedly, sitting firm as a rock in the saddle, laughing low and caressingly.

"Thees leetle trail," she murmured in a gleeful onslaught on the American's language, "not evon my brother know him!"

Half an hour later they emerged upon the stage road. Pepita drew rein and slipped to the ground. "It ees feenish! Go' by. Yo' leave behin' your pinto, but I leave Estrello. What yo' say?—fair egshange is no robber!" She turned towards the trail with a proud gesture of dismissal. "Adios, senior!"

Gibb sprang in front of her, seizing her hands. "Pepita, what do you mean? It is too late for you to go back. They would kill you. Besides—Pepita—there is a padre at the Mission. Will you come?"

Pepita raised her brows and laughed. She had drawn back her arms' length, was moving her head tantalizingly from side to side.

"Pepita, come—I love you." There was an eternity of entreaty in his voice.

All at once the girl trembled and drooped. "Ay, Dios! It is too late to go back—yes!" she faltered.

In the morning a girl on a bronco and a tired man trudgiving beside her walked into San Fernando. Vasquez had a new pinto, but Gibb had won a wife.

It was a steaming hot day, and the scholars were fidgety to a degree, and, not unnaturally, the teacher was irritable and exasperated to the last degree. She was, in fact, at the point where hysterics would be welcomed as a relief. She looked up.

One of the biggest girls in the room was sprawling in an ungainly attitude over her desk, her feet were stretched over the aisle, and she was industriously chewing some sticky sweet-stuff. It was the last straw.

"Maria," she snapped, "take those sweets out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

And the guffaw which went the round of the class did not tend to mend matters in the least.

The story is told of a well-known man who, not finding his wife, went out into the kitchen where the laundress was busy with the family linen, and inquired: "Bridget, do you know anything of my wife's whereabouts?" "Yis, sor," replied Bridget, "I put them in the wash."

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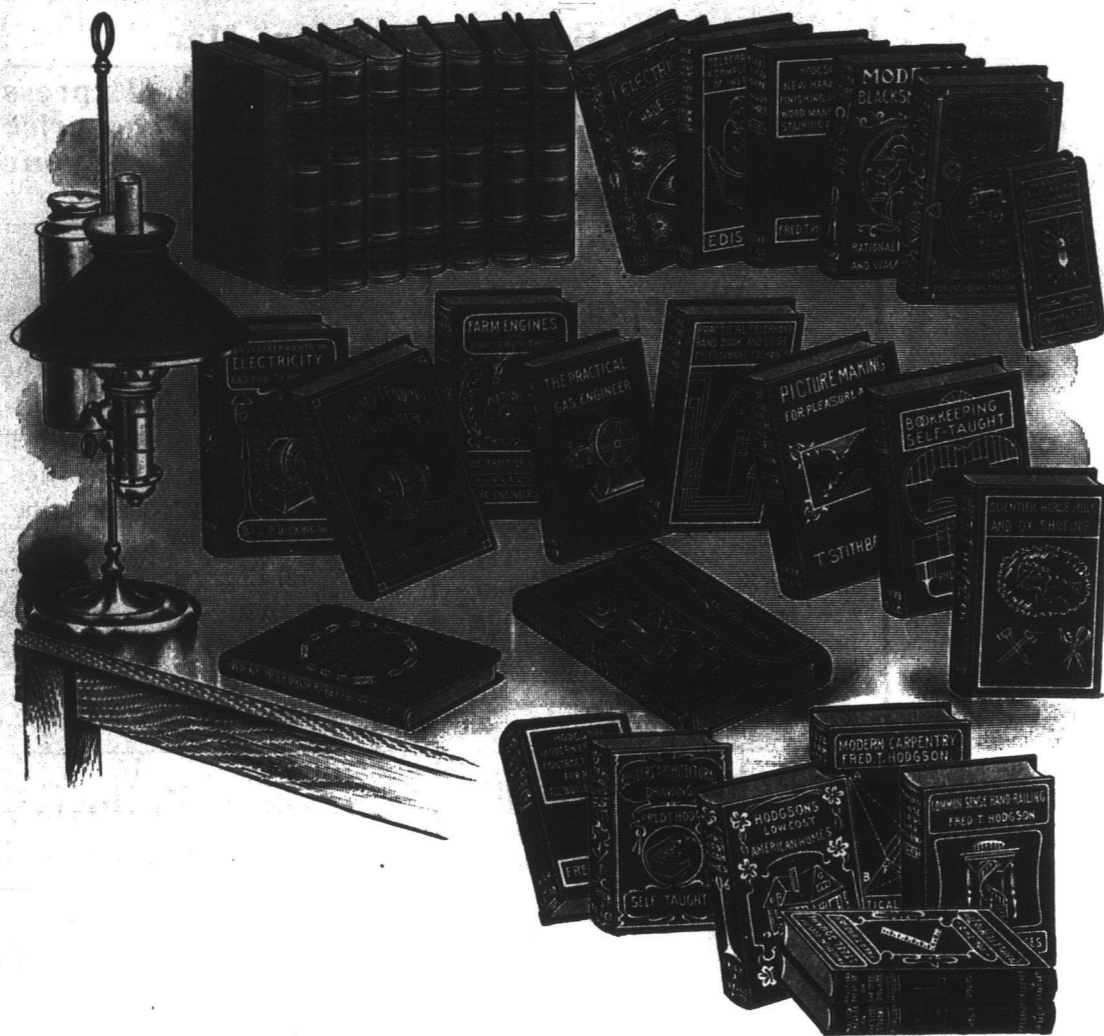
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BETWEEN THE CHORES

JOTTINGS BY A RANCHER :: Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. P.

SOUL CULTURE.

"What a wilderness! Od's sake, you canna see naething in this hole!"

The speaker was an old man—older than his years which numbered the full three score and ten. He had lived for a score of years, practically alone, in a shack from which could be seen on all sides a wide expanse of undulating grain and pasture fields. With difficulty he had been induced to pay us a visit, and his first exclamation as he got down from his buggy and looked around was "What a wilderness!" Our lovely and beloved Intervale seemed to those distant-dazed eyes only a hole! Later on he lost patience over our having spent "ower muckle money" on some choice pictures we had brought with us. I attempted to point out that one gets ample returns for any outlay one can afford to make on works of art.

"Pictures!" the old man exclaimed, "what does onybody want wi' pictures? Nana and her colt out there—or yon cattle—that's the kind o' picture I like to see. Ower muckle money, ower muckle money."

"And the river over there?" I suggested, pointing to a graceful bend of the Bow with its fringe of Poplars. "Isn't that a beautiful picture?"

"Oh, ay!" he assented drily. "There's a lot o' fine trout in the river, and when the flood's on you'll get plenty o' firewood and logs."

I decided that my aged friend had left culture out of count when he built his shack and squatted on the prairie. The aesthetic had not been cultivated, and now that his bodily faculties were visibly on the wane he had no reserve of mental resource whence he might draw happiness in his declining years. When "old Andrew" went home that evening I jotted down the substance of our interview as follows:—

The neglect of his inner self is probably man's greatest improvidence. While spending his years in building up a reserve fund for his physical wants he takes no thought what his soul—his inner self—shall eat, or drink, or where-with shall it be clothed. "I do nothing," declared Socrates in his Apol-

ogy, "but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons, or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul." Soul-culture is as much a business proposition as horticulture or agriculture. It is not a matter of chance, nor of superior education, nor of exceptionally fortunate circumstances. It is a matter in which an individual helps himself; it is a matter of self-culture. "We can each of us grow a soul if we are willing to pay the price." Soul-culture is somewhat analogous to amateur gardening. The busy city man finds rest and recreation for his leisure hours in cultivating his little garden plot. During the day's task he looks forward to his evening's enjoyment among his plants and he feels refreshed. A similar refreshing influence comes to the toiler with whom soul-culture is a hobby. Drudgery is ennobled; tasks are made pleasant, and the worries of life are borne without fret—that friction that so quickly wears one out. Assuredly the growing of a soul is worth the price to be paid for it, "for this is really the one and the only victorious life. . . . It is the one pursuit which makes life, to its very last day, full of interest. . . . It can survive strength, health, fortune, friends, for by a Divine alchemy it can turn the loss of them all into the aliment of its ever-growing power."

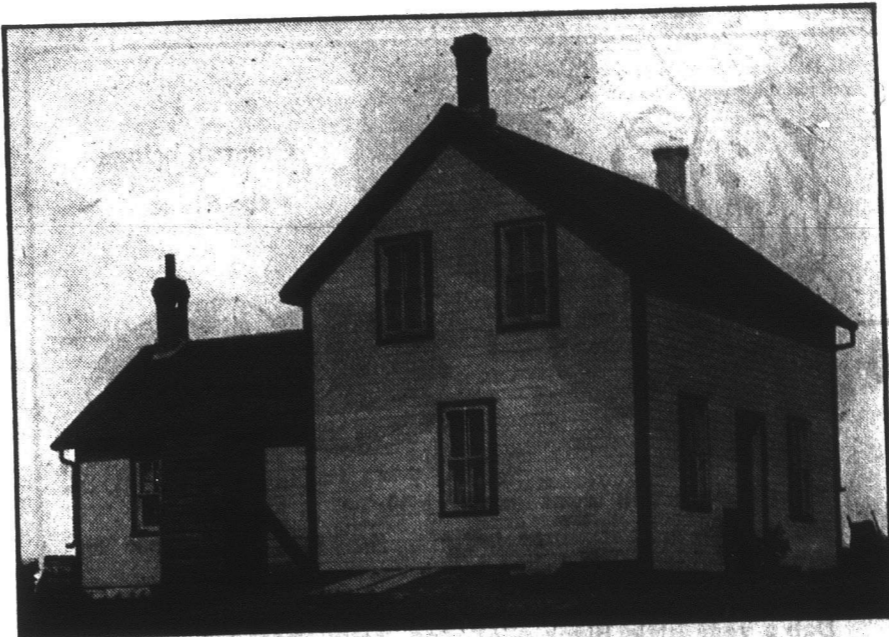
The above quotation is from a delightful book which should be read by every student of soul-culture. It is entitled, "Studies of the soul," by J. Brierly, B.A., and consists of twenty-five short chapters each complete in itself. I read one chapter every Sunday morning at family worship, and I am sure that even the younger members of the family are storing up valuable ideas which will in due time influence their souls' growth. My greatest help, however, is derived from poetry. The poet is the Professor, par excellence of the art of soul-culture. His soul is in sympathy with the mysteries of God's universe, and the poet's life work is to interpret these mysteries in the perfect language of poetry. Get a soul to vibrate in unison with that of

the poet, and growth will go on apace. When a little child lisps, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are," a beginning has been made, and parent and teacher have to see that progress is not retarded.

Since jotting down the above it has been my good fortune to be a "passer-by," and enjoy the hospitality of a bachelor rancher. In this rosy month of June I was "help up" twelve miles from home by a storm of thunder and lightning and rain and snow and sleet, which raged incessantly for nearly thirty hours. It goes without saying that I was made welcome to food and

retired for the night I felt glad that I had been storm-stayed in this log-cabin.

My host was up early next morning, and had breakfast ready and the floor swept by the time I was dressed. He went about his household duties in a methodical and cheerful manner. It was too stormy for outdoor work, so when his chores were done he uncovered his organ and began to play. He played Cleveland's march, then Grant's, with all the ease and precision of a professional. He then sang a song or two, and finished up with a few of Sankey and Moody's hymns.



FARM HOME OF WM. WALDIE, NEAR CARTWRIGHT, MAN.

shelter in that lonely log-cabin among the hills. I expected as much; but I did not expect to find, as I did, culture—yes, unmistakable culture—in juxtaposition with the toil and drudgery of rural life. I felt inclined, like Archimedes of old, to rush out and exclaim "Eureka, I have found it out," only it was raining in a torrent, and there was no one outside to hear me. After supper our conversation turned to poetry. When he had dried his last dish and hung the wash-up on the wall, he brought to me a volume of literary extracts and asked me to read to him Tam o' Shanter.

"My father," he said, "used to read Burns to us; and I should like to hear you read this piece."

In his turn he read to me some verses I had not heard before, and when I

I was literally thunderstruck—astonished. Here was the realization to some extent of my ideal bucolic life. Here was a young Canadian Rancher living a simple but cultured life. From his organ he went back again to the humble duties that his bachelor condition compelled him to perform; happy, for his soul had had its feast; contented, for his task had been raised by culture out of the level of drudgery.

Of course when I speak of poetry, I mean poetry—not merely verse, or worse.

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked down the Strand,
And there I met another man,
Whose hat was in his hand."

There you have rhyme and rhythm—but nothing more. It is a common mistake to consider poetry the antithesis to prose. There is as much true poetry in prose form as in verse form. The student, therefore, of soul-culture accepts my theory and begins to cultivate the poetic spirit must be careful to get hold of the true poets and not merely versifiers. What command of true pleasure, what a fountain of sound education does the love of poetry provide! Youth is animated and old age sustained by it. No work is interrupted by it, but drudgery is eliminated, and one finds thereby "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

A Noted Grape Vine.

The celebrated grape vine in the conservatory at Hampton Court, England, planted in 1769, had in 1890 a stem 13 inches in girth and a principal branch 114 feet in length. The whole vine occupying more than 160 square yards; and in one year it produced 2,200 bunches of fruit weighing on an average a pound—in all about a ton of fruit.

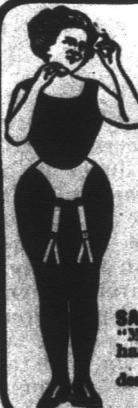

Dar's always er race problum 'bout Chris'mus times, an' dat's 'tween de little niggers ter see which un kin git ter de big house de quicke' ter ketch de white chillun Chris'mus gif.

Bobby—"Say mamma, what are you going to give me for Christmas?"
Mamma—"Oh, anything to keep you quiet, Bobby."
Bobby—"Well, no-thing will keep me quiet, but a drum."



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IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

Miss Edna Sutherland presented Dicken's Christmas Carol at Westminster Church, Winnipeg, Dec. 14th. She was assisted by the choir, who gave the following program:

Organ Solo.
(a) Pastoral Symphony Handel
(b) Selected

Choral:
"God is a Spirit" Bennett
Westminster Choir

Solo:
"The Chimney Song" Griswold
Miss Claudine Maloney

Choral:
"O Sing to God" Gounod
Soloists: Miss Claudine Maloney and Miss Maud Cowie
Westminster Choir.

Brandon heard the Boston Quartet last month. The quartet sings under the auspices of the Y. M. C. of the Methodist Church.

The cantata "The False Santa Clause," was given during the month by the children of Knox Church, Neepawa. It was a decided success.

The Ariel Quartet of Boston scored a success at Brandon in December. The entertainment was under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

At Calgary Fancy Fair, a most enjoyable musical program was rendered. Among those taking part were: Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Herchiner, and many others.

Indian Head has a "B" Quartet. It consists of Misses Bessie Brooks and Hattie Boneham, and Messrs. E. Brooks and F. Boneham. The Quartet assisted at the anniversary concert in the Kenlis Methodist Church.

Madame Gadski, the great Wagnerian soprano, made her debut in Berlin at the age of seventeen. She is the youngest of the great Wagnerian sopranos, and is the lineal successor of the renowned Lili Lehmann. She sang in Toronto last month.

Toronto is having a feast of fat things this winter. The concerts of the Mendelssohn take place in February. The National Chorus under Dr. Ham give two concerts in January. The Sherlock Oratorio Society will give "Samson" in January.

The Church Choir says: "Do your choir want to slow up when they come to a soft passage in the anthem? That is a common and a very bad fault. Check it at once. There is absolutely no reason why a soft part should be taken more slowly than a strong phrase unless the sentiment of the words requires it, and this is rarely the case."

From the lowliness of a street minstrel's life to the inspiring position of one whom a nation is proud to boast is obviously a huge gap, which even few of those entitled to be ranked as geniuses ever succeed in building over. Yet this is what has happened in the case of Marie Hall, the young famous English violinist, who sang last month in Massey Hall, Toronto. Music came to Miss Hall by inheritance. Her father was both a violinist and harpist. He was her first teacher. She later studied with other teachers, including Prof. Kruse and Wilhelm in London, and later spent eighteen months with the famous Bohemian master, Sevcik, in Prague, who pronounced her his best pupil.

Good things are being said in Carberry of Dr. Jackson's fine tenor voice.

The Cosgrove Concert Company gave a very enjoyable concert at Moose Jaw last month, under the auspices of the Moose Jaw Hockey Club.

The concert given in aid of St. John's Church, Indian Head, was all that could be desired. The appreciation of the audience was shown by frequent recalls. A number of Winnipeg ladies took a part in the entertainment. They were: Mrs. Semple, Misses McFarlane, White, Rutley, and Moir. Many Carmen people were glad to hear their old time favorite, Miss Moir, and turned out in large numbers.

The Philharmonic Society recently organized at Portage la Prairie with the intention of giving entertainments, promises to be a great success. The chorus alone is to consist of seventy voices. According to present arrangements the syllabus of the society provides a choral concert and an operatic entertainment annually, the work in hand at present being Coleridge Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha," and Stanford's "Ode to Music," also "The Mikado" and "Ermine."

The society asks and desires the recognition of the musical people and other citizens, catering as it does to elevate and entertain the public taste. Great advancement along these lines is in evidence all around Brandon, Calgary, Moose Jaw, and such towns possess and have possessed magnificent organizations of the same kind, and with the available and excellent local talent why should not Portage. The new society is, as it were, an offshoot or reorganization of the Minstrels which scored such a success recently.

New College Building.

We have just received from Messrs. D. McLachlan & Co., the enterprising proprietors of the Canada Business College, Chatham, Ont., a cut of their new college building, which is now nearing completion.

It is a magnificent structure, and will make a fitting home for the work of a school that has always stood for the highest and best in the line of commercial training.

This, we believe, is the first building of the kind in Canada built and used exclusively for business college purposes.

The school, therefore, through this last forward move, holds a unique position among the business training schools of the Dominion, and in so far as we know, on the Continent. It therefore marks an era in the history of commercial training in this country, and is a fitting culmination in the work of an institution that for nearly a third of a century has always been in the vanguard in the introduction of the newest and best ideas in connection with high class commercial training. It is also the only business college in Canada running in its 30th year without change of management.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guards the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Temperance Talk.

Only One Drunkard.

He is now in jail for abusing his wife. He was arrested once before for similar cruelty, but his wife refused to testify against him. He is a good workman between drunken sprees.

His wife had property, but he has wasted it. He sells wheat and potatoes at half price to the drink shop-keepers and spends the money for drink. His children are not properly fed or clad. The tax-payers are supporting him in jail. This is not an uncommon case. In every neighborhood there are such men. Probably there are hundreds of them in this Christian land. They are essentially alike, though some of them do not beat their wives or starve their children, and all of them are not a public charge. Some of them when they get drunk in their club rooms or in "respectable" bar-rooms, are sent home in carriages, and they are not publicly disgraced by arrest and imprisonment. But they are drunkards, disgraced of men and condemned of God, and their families suffer worse than hunger and cold. And there are over two hundred thousand men and women in this Christian land licensed to make drunkards!

Exceedingly important is it therefore for good neighbors, good citizens, good Christians to consider what should be done to prevent this evil work. Regulation, taxation, license have signally failed. Nearly twice as much liquor is used per capita now as twenty years ago. There are more arrests for drunkenness under high license than under low license.

It does little or no good to send a drunkard to jail for thirty or ninety days. Drunkenness in its beginnings is a vice; in its maturity it is a disease. A drunkard should be treated as a sick man. Put him in a hospital where he must work and cannot possibly get liquor for a year or more. Give him work to do, improve his physical health, and minister to his moral well-being. His earnings after supporting himself in a healthful, plain way should be devoted to his family. If after his release he gets drunk again, double or treble the time of his detention. He needs not a jailor so much as a physician and a pastor. His cure under such care will not cost so much as ordinary imprisonment again and again for drunkenness, and meanwhile his soul may be saved from death.

A Reply to the Moderate Drinker.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that they are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side, that they know when they have had enough, that there is no danger of their becoming drunkards, and the like.

Dr. Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged, but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid. Whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow footbridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide, its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say: 'I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber.' True, true, you are not obliged; but as for you, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge."

Walking a foot-bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with the drink.

A Famous Opinion on the Liquor Business.

In Crowley v. Christensen, 137 U. S. 86, 90, the Supreme Court of the United States says:

"It is urged that as the liquors are used as a beverage, and the injury following them, if taken in excess, is voluntarily inflicted, and is confined to the party offending, their sale should be without restrictions, the contention being that what a man shall drink, equally with what he shall eat, is not properly matter for legislation.

"There is in this position an assumption of fact which does not exist, that when the liquors are taken in excess the injuries are confined to the party offending. The injury (from the use of intoxicating liquors), it is true, first falls upon him in his health, which the habit undermines; in his morals, which it weakens; and in the self-abasement which it creates. But, as it leads to neglect of business, and waste of property and general demoralization it affects those who are immediately connected with and dependent upon him.

"By the general concurrences of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram shop, where intoxicating liquors, in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source.

"The sale of such liquors in this way has therefore been, at all times, by the courts of every state, considered as the proper subject of legislative regulation. Not only may a license be exacted from the keeper of the saloon before a glass of his liquors can be thus disposed of, but restrictions can be imposed as to the class of persons to whom they may be sold, and the hours of the day and the days of the week on which the saloons may be opened. Their sale in that form may be absolutely prohibited. It is a question of public expediency and public morality, and not of federal law. The police power of the state is fully competent to regulate the business—to mitigate its evils or to suppress it entirely.

"There is no inherent right in a citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of the state or of a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with danger to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited, or be permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils. The manner and extent of regulation rests in the discretion of the governing authority."

Liquor and Labour.

In defense of the baby, I would close the saloon at whatever cost," says C. N. Howard, "but the most unthinkably stupid of all is the man who defends the saloons in behalf of labor.

"All the distilleries and breweries in this country put together give employment to less than 45,000; and what their product costs the people over the bars of 200,000 licensed rum-shops would build 200,000 American homes at \$2,000 each, paper their walls, carpet their floors, furnish the rooms, fill their clothes-presses, with garments, their pantries with food, and their cellars with coal, exhaust the surplus manufactured stock of the nation, require four hundred million dollars' worth of raw material to manufacture, employ a million and a quarter more men to make and give to this country the most unexampled period of prosperity that ever came to any nation since King Solomon made silver as stones in the streets of Jerusalem.—American Ex.

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A slow heat if you want it, an intense heat if you need it, with but a moment's intermission between the temperature—the little check valve does the work.

No ashes, no smoke, no odor, no coal scuttles, no wood piles, no slivers. THE ASHLOCK HYDRO-CARBON BURNER has earned the blessings of millions upon millions of jaded housekeepers who have experienced these worries since their childhood.

Hundreds of the Burners are being sold daily. They are the greatest device ever invented for a country where wood and coal are scarce and expensive.

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ON ALL SORTS OF MEDICINES BUT FAILED TO CURE HIS DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, AND BRONCHITIS, UNTIL HE USED MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

"Mr. Ludger Pinet, of our town," wrote Mr. Amos Theriault, Postmaster of Theriault, Gloucester County, N.B., in a letter dated November 18th, 1904, "after spending thirty-three dollars on various medicines found himself as great a sufferer from Dyspepsia and Bronchitis as he was before. These are not the times to throw money away, and I advised Mr. Pinet to try MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP. He did so, and after taking two bottles is a new man altogether, able to work as well as the best among us, with always a good word for the medicine that cured him. My advice to Mr. Pinet was not of the second-hand variety. I spoke from actual experience, well knowing what SEIGEL'S SYRUP will do, for it has greatly benefited me, and also my wife. My family is never without a bottle of

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POETRY OF THE HOUR.

The Ideal Minister's Wife.

"Well! She isn't prim and proper,
But she doesn't care a copper
What they say,
She's so innocent of wrong
That she's happy all day long
On her way.

"She's no zealot or fanatic,
She don't try to wax ecstatic,
To be good.
She's a woman through and through.
Whose religion is to do
What she should.

"No! she may not be ideal,
But, what's better far, she's real
And intact.
She's no figment of a dream,
Nor a poet's theme,
She's a fact."

—Wetaskiwin Post.

The Heaven-Born.

Not into these dark cities,
These sordid marts and streets,
That the sun in his rising pities,
And the moon with sadness greets,
Does she, with her dreams and
flowers.

For whom our hearts are dumb,
Does she of the golden hours,
Earth's heaven-born Beauty come.

Beyond the farthest streams,
In a world where music marries
With color that blooms and beams;
Where shadow and light are wedded,
Whose children people the Earth,
The fair, the fragrant-headed,
The pure, the wild of birth.

Where Morn with rosy kisses
Wakes ever the eyes of Day,
And, winds in her radiant tresses,
Haunts every wildwood way;
Where Eve, with her mouth's twin
roses,
Her kisses sweet with balm,
The eyes of Glad Day closes,
And, crowned with stars, sits calm.

There, lost in contemplation
Of things no mortal sees,
She dwells, the incarnation
Of idealities:
Of dreams, that long have fired
Man's heart with joy and pain,
The far, the dear-desired,
Whom none shall e'er attain.
—Maddison Cawein, in The Reader
Magazine.

Be Happy To-Day.

Do not dwell in the future,
Do not dream of the past,
But live now in the present,
Trusting the present will last.

To-day is your day to be happy,
To-morrow may never come;
Then drink of life's sweetest,
Of the future let lips be dumb.

The castles you're building may
tumble,
The love that you trust may wane;
Then keep in the present, living,
And live not to-day in vain.

'Tis hard not to trust to-morrow,
Or another day may dawn;
'Tis hard to look back with sorrow
On the yesterdays that have gone.

But such is life's great lesson,
Or at least I've found it so.
And the only way is keep trying
To make "good" each day as you
go.

"Light of Truth."

An Optimist.

I seek the perfume of the rose, nor
care
To search for thorns that may be
hidden there.

I beg the boon of smiles; I would
not see
Nor search for frowns not visible to
me.

Stacy E. Baker.

A Song of Cheer.

When old Hardtimes sweeps along,
Meet him with a song;
Laugh away the clouds of wrong;
Keep your courage strong.
'Tis a rough old road at best,
Running down life's rugged nest;
To be ready for the rest,
Learn to hum a song

Let the old hulk rock and reel—
Calm her with a song!
Trial's reefs may test her keel,
Faith will keep her strong.
Stars are laughing in the night,
Beck'ning to the homeland heights;
O'er the seas are harbor lights;
Sail on with a song!

Thomas Elmore Lucey.

At the End of the Wooing.

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

"From its frail stem tear not the
rose," you said,
"Nor brush from wings so fragile
all their gold
Lest in your unrewarded hand you
hold
Only, alas, torn plumes and petals
dead!
Ah, plead no more" — you bowed
your troubled head—
"Lest we who loved and listened
dear, of old,
In life's cage kiss this singing glory
cold,
And find bruised petals where the
rose hung red!"

I take the solace, and endure the
smart;
Bend close, O wondering brow, and
turn to me
Those wistful lips, those eyes of
mournful blue
Where still the old smile steals, for,
light of heart,
The fleeting rose, the unassuaging
voices, see,
I leave and lose, but You—oh, never
You!
—From Ainslee's Magazine (Dec.)

Patience.

Clear water on smooth rock
Could give no foothold for a single
flower
Or slenderest shaft of grain;
The stone must crumble under storm
and rain—

The forests crash beneath the whirl-
wind's power—
And broken boughs from many a
tempest shock,
And fallen leaves of many a wintry
hour,
Must mingle in the mold,
Before the harvest whitens on the
plain,

Bearing an hundredfold.
Patience, O weary heart!
Let all the sparkling hours depart,
And all thy hopes be withered with
the frost,

And every effort tempest-tost—
So, when all life's green leaves
Are fallen, and molded underneath the
sod,
Thou shalt go not too lightly to thy
God,
But heavy with full sheaves.

—E. R. Sill.

Kindness.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in a musing mood.
"Order," said the court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Equity," said the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
"Kindness" is the word."
"British Weekly."

January 1906

The Month's Bright Sayings.

J. B. Barlow:—The tramp is a man of iron constitution, therefore he does not drink water for fear he will get rusted.

Topics:—"My son, this whipping hurts me more than it does you."
"I'll believe you when you show me where you're black and blue."

The Washington Post:—As another bid for immigrants from the States Canada proposes to put a ban on American cheap magazines.

A Stodart Walker:—Love is a born rebel, one of nature's flowers, it can neither be forced nor fettered, but must live its own life how and when it will.

J. E. M.—A judge who has stepped down from the bench to re-enter practice must not call himself a K.C. The inference is that the King is ashamed of him.

Dorothy Richardson:—The average factory girl cannot work and does not work; she is simply worked. To work is a boon and a privilege; to be worked is degrading.

Charles Converse:—Salvation Army music is, in a word, battle music. Words which breathe of conflict and victory, and which urge singer and hearer to aggressive action.

Angus MacKay:—The present, when new settlers are flocking in from other lands seems to me an opportune time to preach the gospel of good seed and clean farms.

W. J. Bryan:—That man is eloquent who knows what he is talking about and believes what he says. Phrases and figures of speech are valueless when compared with information and convictions.

W. T. R. Preston:—One hundred thousand British immigrants will probably come to Canada next year, and I hope to see the day when the total immigration into this country will reach 250,000 annually.

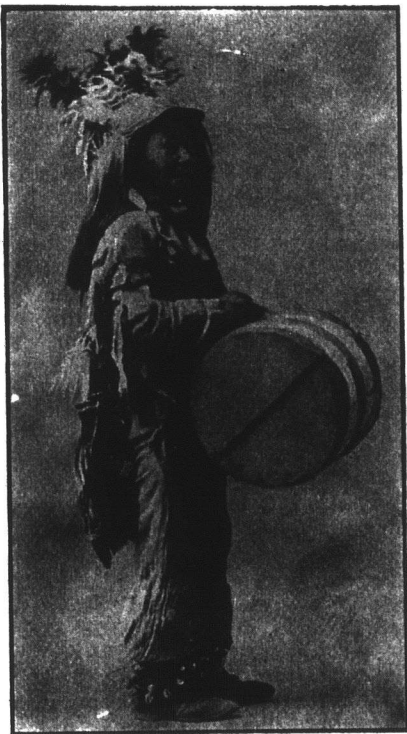
Colin Campbell K. C.:—I hope to see the day, and I believe it is not far distant when the farmers of Manitoba shall be given not only cheap public-owned telephones, but also cheap electrical energy for light and power purposes.

Mayor Sharpe:—I probably am not as good looking as the other fellow, and it is very much like what old Sir John A. MacDonald used to say when he remarked he was like the Yankee's horse, "not much to look at, but a rum un to go."

The Man in the Corner:—Felt boots are not bad things to have in winter, but there are young swains in Brandon who have felt boots in the sultriest summer evening. The accident usually happens at the gate or porch, and at the time the boots are frequently attached to the lower extremities of the young lady's parent.

Major Moodie:—With the Hudson Strait and bay properly chartered with lighthouses and beacons along the route, and good wharfs at Churchill, there is nothing to prevent the successful working of the Churchill to Liverpool route for four months in the year.

Count de Witte:—Doubtless the Government can employ force, but force is only an evidence of weakness, unless it is levelled by the social conscience against the public enemy. If a community will not struggle against Anarchy no government can successfully cope with it.



CREE INDIAN—LITTLE WOOD AXE.

HE CAN ATTEND TO HIS WORK NOW

Manitoba Man Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He echoes a Statement Made by Thousands of the People of the Prairies.

GIROUX, Man., Jan. 1.—(Special).—Mr. Philias Normandeau, a well-known resident of this place, is one of thousands of Manitobans who have found relief from the pains and aches of Kidney Disease in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Normandeau is always ready to say a good word for the remedy that brought back his health. "Yes, I can tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills made a cure of me," he says. "I had Kidney Disease for three years. At times I got so bad I could hardly attend to my work. I took just five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and my pains and aches are all gone and I can work as well as anybody. To anybody who has trouble with their Kidneys all I can say is 'use Dodd's Kidney Pills.'"

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick Kidneys. With well Kidneys you can't have Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism or any of those other fearful and fatal diseases that spring from sick Kidneys.

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Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address to-day, and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it. It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 4722 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE
This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to
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The Boy in the Home.

There is a general notion that the boy in the home is entitled to greater latitude, more privileges, and certain indulgences to which the girl is not entitled. This is especially true if there be only one or possibly two boys in the home. In the old-fashioned family, where six or eight or ten boys were common, boys were no novelty, hence were treated about as they should be. But in the modern home, where there happens to be one boy and several girls, the boy is very apt to become the idol of the household, and everything is unconsciously done to make an egotist and a tyrant of him.

That the boy should have slightly different treatment than the girl is probably true. His mental make-up is different. The duties of life before him are different. His management should be adjusted to his peculiarities. His training should have reference to his future vocation. In both of these particulars it will be found to be necessary that the details of his treatment in the home should be different from that of the girl.

But the general principle of his training and moral development should be exactly the same as if he were a girl. No misconduct in the boy should be tolerated that cannot be tolerated in the girl. He should be held to the same moral standard. He should be allowed no greater privileges; he should be given no more latitude than is given to the girl.

In some cases the boy is disposed to be a little more self-willed than the girl, although the contrary is often true. But wherever the boy shows restiveness under restraint he should be managed accordingly. Should he, however, be of a passive disposition, easily controlled, naturally obedient, not inclined to think and act for himself, he should be treated accordingly. There is no fixed rule for the treatment of boys, any more than there is for girls. Each boy should be considered a separate study, and dealt with in the best way possible.

There are some things that can be said, however, quite positively. For instance, the boy should be held to the same state of purity that the girl is held. To admit for a moment that the boy must have a season of sowing wild oats is to unfit any parent to bring up boys. There is no reason in the world why the sexual life of the boy should not be just as free from taint or irregularity as that of the girl. Rude language or vulgar behaviour of any sort is just as inexcusable in the boy as in the girl. He should not be allowed for one moment to think that things are decent for the boy to do that are indecent for the girl.

Of course, it is very easy to fall into the habit of establishing a double standard of morals for the boys and girls. We have become so accustomed in this generation to see boys do things every day, and hear boys say things which no self-respecting girl would do or say, that we have unconsciously become reconciled to the idea that purity in the case of a girl should be higher than in boys.

But there is no real foundation for such an idea. There is every reason why the boy should be as neat, as polite, as modest as the girl. Boys should never be allowed to think that they are excusable in doing things or saying things that would be unfit for their sisters to participate in. Boys reared with this idea in their minds are much more apt to make good men, successful business men, healthy men, than the boys that are allowed to indulge in coarse conversation or questionable recreations.

The boy should be on good terms with his mother. He should be chums with his mother, if possible. Her sensitiveness and feelings concerning questions of morality should be imparted to him as much as possible. Then when the boy comes in

contact with rude boys, who have not been so reared, he will be able to see for himself the folly and degradation of morality.

We are aware that this is ideal, and cannot always be accomplished, but this is the standard that should constantly be kept before the parent. Make the boys as clean, and modest, and respectable, and obedient as the girls are. There is no reason in the world why they should not be. There is every reason in the world why they should be.

Girls like to be beautiful. Boys like to be strong. There is no objection to encouraging these natural traits. The boy should be encouraged to develop a strong and healthy body. His little feats of strength should be noted and properly guided. From the time he takes his first step until the time when he is able to cope with the strongest of his fellows, his physical prowess should be a subject of pride and approval on the part of the parents. He wants to be a strong man.

He should be taught to be a kind man at the same time he is encouraged in becoming strong. Let him fully comprehend that self-restraint and gentleness are elements of strength, and no really courageous boy is cruel or unmindful of the feelings of others. Some boys take great delight in hurting or teasing their weaker sisters. They are continually testing their strength at the expense of their female companions. This should be rigorously discouraged, and in its place means of physical development should be supplied.

Every boy is a problem, sometimes a serious problem, but there is nothing that goes so far towards the solution of the problem as to keep the boy actively employed in some wholesome rational way. A task should never be given to the boy for the sake of keeping him busy. He should be given every reason to believe that what he is doing is worth doing well, and something that will be of use to him in life further on.

The boy should be taught to work from his extreme youth up. No boy should be reared without work. Every day he should have a task to accomplish. This task should be made as pleasant as possible. He should be given every encouragement in accomplishing it, but it should never be set aside.

Boys like to begin to earn money early in life. They should be allowed to do so. They should have their own pocket money, which they have earned themselves. They should have their own things, their own room in the house, and their property rights should be respected by parents as well as by the other children.

Everything should be done possible to make a man out of the boy. His failures should be overlooked when ever they are unavoidable, and his success should be praised and commented upon.

When company comes in the house the boy should be introduced, and placed on the same footing with the other members of the family.

It is very wholesome for the boy early to learn the art of playing with girls, and enjoying the games that girls enjoy. If he plays only with boys he naturally gets coarser and ruder than if he were accustomed also to play with girls.

But it is upon the father mainly that the rearing of the boy depends. If the father be a good man, a gentleman, a man who likes life and makes the best use of life, a man who has not forgotten how to be a boy, and how to play with boys, a man that likes fun but takes a serious view of life in general, if the father be all these things the boy

will scarcely need any other instruction than association with his father. The boy naturally emulates the father. The masculine qualities of the boy begin to develop early, and even during infancy he sees in the masculine portion of the family traits that attract him more than feminine traits.

There are some things the boy can tell his mother easier than he can tell his father. There are other things that the boy can tell his father better than he can tell his mother. Blessed is that boy who has both father and mother who are approachable, who are sympathetic with his phases of growth, who are ready to forgive, and patient to begin over again. If the boy has not found these things in his father and mother it will be very doubtful indeed if the Sunday-school or church, the day-school or teacher, will be able to supply his loss.

The boy's companions should be carefully chosen. In doing this, however, the parents should not seem to choose them. This can be adroitly done without condemning one associate or selecting another. It is a bad thing for a boy to be told over and over again that he must not have anything to do with such a boy, that he must not play with a certain neighbor's children, that he must not speak to the boys with whom he comes in daily contact. This has a bad effect upon the boy's character. It tends to make him narrow and mean, or else deceitful with his parents. Associates can be chosen for the boy without seeming to do so. By proper management the boy can be started in the right direction without building fences about him, or limiting him by arbitrary rules.

Whatever aptitude the boy indicates in the direction of a vocation should be encouraged. He should not be continually nagged about it, but every facility possible put in his way to assist him. The parents should not domineer too much over the mental development of the boy. Put him in the way of knowing the best things, of reading the best things, and allow his individuality to develop.

Even though he does not take to the vocation which the parents would like him to follow, sympathy should not be withheld from him in whatever vocation he may select. Many a good professional man has been spoiled by forcing him into business, and vice versa. Some boys are compelled to be preachers when they would have made good mechanics. It is very common in reading the biographies of great men to read that in early life their parents tried in every way to make something else of them.

Watch the tendency of the boy, and guide the forces which are developing in him, but never arbitrarily set aside any deep-seated, long-continued wish, unless it be absolutely pernicious.

If the boy is properly trained at home in this manner the rowdiness of colleges will be very distasteful to him, if the day comes when he must go to college. Of all the demoralizing influences which the boy is liable to meet, college life is the worst. Parents should remember this. While the colleges, in some particulars, show a tendency to improve in these respects, it still remains true that college ethics and college pastimes develop the lower animal traits. Therefore, whenever a college career is anticipated for the boy he should be fortified in every way possible against the contaminating influence of college life.

The boy in the home is becoming more and more a problem as the multiplicity of modern life increases. To solve this problem is at once the most serious and interesting accomplishment that confronts the parents of to-day.

January, 1933

The Home

Hearthstones, if painted with two or three coats of white enamel, will only require to be wiped with a damp cloth when soiled.

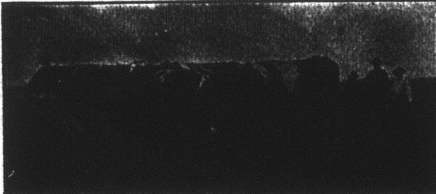
Varnished paint can be kept looking as bright as though freshly done by soaking in water some time a bag filled with flaxseed, and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

Never rinse white lace in blue water under the impression that this will improve the color. Real lace should be finally rinsed in skim milk, which will give it the soft, creamy tint so much admired.

A mixture, composed of equal parts of turpentine and linseed oil, will remove white marks on furniture caused by water; rub it in with a soft rag and wipe off with a perfectly clean duster.

When cleaning grates, add half a dozen drops of turpentine to the black lead, stir well, and a beautiful polish will be the result when finished. It also keeps stoves from rusting when not in use.

Iron rust on marble can be removed by rubbing with lemon juice. Another help for it and other stains, is to mix one ounce of finely powdered chalk, one ounce of pumice stone and two ounces of soda; mix with water and rub the mixture over the stains until they disappear.



D. F. BELKNAP, HYNES, ALTA., BREAKING WITH HIS FIVE OX TEAM.

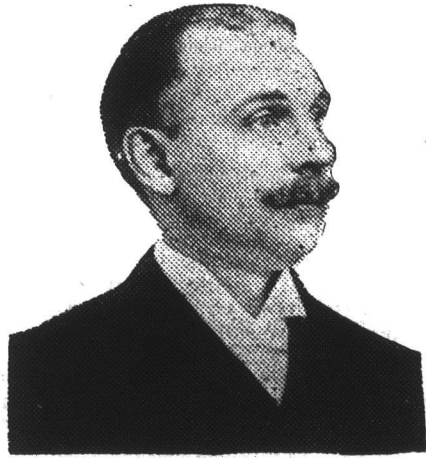
An excellent polish for floors is made of half a pound of beeswax, shaved, and put into a gallipot and covered with turpentine; stand by the fire to dissolve. When using, put some on a flannel and afterward brush with rather a stiff brush, such, for instance, as a scrubbing or boot brush.

Wall paper that has become bruised or torn off in small patches and cannot be matched, may be repaired with ordinary children's paints. Mix the colors till you get as nearly as possible the desired shade, and lightly touch up the broken places, and at the distance of a foot or two the disfigurement will be quite unnoticed.

A Hint in Cleaning Brassware.—To clean Indian or other brass trays much engraved, nothing is superior to plain spirits of turpentine rubbed on with a soft rag and carefully rubbed off with a clean duster. By this method no powder, etc., is left in the engraving or carving of the brass, which is often the case when paste is used. Turpentine is much better than lemon juice for brass.

To wash embroidered linen, make a strong suds of some white soap and lukewarm water—castile soap is best—and wash the pieces carefully in that. The washboard should not be used. Rinse them immediately in lukewarm water, then in water slightly blue, and then hang them to dry; when half dry, lay them smoothly on a clean cloth, doubled or laid over a piece of double-faced white canton flannel, and press them on the wrong side with a hot iron until they are dry. The embroideries are fringed, and fringe out carefully with a comb.

Rheumatism Cure Free



John A. Smith, the great German scientist, whose photo appears above, cured himself of chronic rheumatism in its very worst form after suffering for years and will cure you. All you have to do is fill out the coupon below and mail to him. Every reader of this paper should send to-day.

FREE PACKAGE OFFER.
 JOHN A. SMITH, 3257 Clara Building, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
 I am a sufferer from rheumatism and I want to be cured. If you will send me free a package of your discovery, by mail, duty free, I will give it a trial. My address is:
 Name
 Street No.
 City
 State

PENMANSHIP Book-keeping, Short-hand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. Address WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

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 Gentlemen:—Please send me full particulars as to how I can qualify for the position marked "X" in list below, or written on the extra line at bottom.
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 To Teachers: We prepare you for any examination in any Province of the Dominion. Ask us for information.
 Extra Line
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 Address

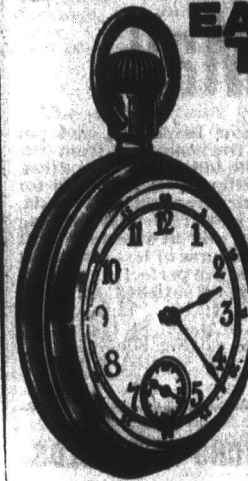
WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

Every Woman Wants It So Do The Men

The famous "North-West Almanac" will be sent free to any address, anywhere in the world—it is "chuck" full of recipes, information and good things, and is absolutely "free." If you did not get one, send your name and address to

"THE ORACLE" BOX "742," Winnipeg - Manitoba

It is the best Almanac in the World



EARN THIS WATCH

The easiest thing in the world. Hundreds of boys have done it and they are now a steady stream of polished silver, nickel case, strong and well made, with decorated, porcelain dial, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands of fine blue steel and gold work, given absolutely free for selling out.

Picture Post Cards
 Elegant pictures, beautiful colors, all like wildfire. Send name and address and we'll mail 15 sets prepaid. Sell them at 10c. a set (4 cards in a set), secure money, and we'll promptly send you the handsome watch free. THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 3126 TORONTO.



THE BEST FOR PIGS.
 Highlands Green, Ont., May 26th, 1933
 International Stock Food Co., Toronto.
 DEAR SIR:—It is only a short time since I finished using the "International Stock Feed" and I have fully tested it and find it is all that you claim. I have never seen its equal for pigs. I have recommended it to several people here who wondered how it was my pigs got along so well, and I simply told them it was from using "International Stock Feed."
 Yours truly,
 (Sgd.) E. COLLINS.

Why throw good grain on the manure pile?

Did you ever stop to think that under the old system of feeding a large part of the grain you feed your stock passes through the system without being digested and is thrown on the manure pile? You realize the benefits the farmer has received from the comparatively recent invention of practical farm machinery. You know how much more money you make under the new system than you did under the old. We are talking now to the farmers and stockmen who have never used INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD, 3 Feeds For One Cent, placed before them in the proper light. We want every farmer and stockman to try INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD, 3 Feeds For One Cent, at our own expense. We know that the use of 100 lbs of INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD will make you a profit of \$18 and in order to show this fact to you we guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied with the results you obtain after a trial on your stock.

"INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD" 3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT.

It is a purely medicinal vegetable preparation highly concentrated and is fed in small quantities in addition to the regular grain ration for the purpose of aiding digestion and increasing the amount of food taken into the system. It is entirely harmless even if taken into the human system. That it is a money saver for the stockman is proved by the fact that it is in use by over 3,000,000 farmers all over the world. That it will pay you to use it we are willing to prove at our own expense.

\$1,000.00 IN CASH PREMIUMS TO BOYS, GIRL, WOMEN AND MEN.

In order to induce our friends and customers to give a little extra care to their stock we are giving away \$1000 in cash. The conditions are very simple and under them the competition is open to anyone. If interested write us at once for complete list.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF "DAN PATCH," 1.55¢, FREE POSTAGE PREPAID

We will send the beautiful colored picture of Dan Patch 1.55¢ the International Stock Food Horse absolutely free, postage prepaid, if you will write us and answer the following questions.

1. HOW MUCH STOCK OF ALL KINDS HAVE YOU.
2. NAME THE PAPER IN WHICH YOU SAW THIS OFFER.

Address at once, **INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., TORONTO, CANADA**

Largest Stock Food Factories in the World

Capital Paid-in \$1,000,000.00

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?
As Though It Would Crack Open?
As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?
Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?
Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.
Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

Learn Dress-Making By Mail.

LEARN at home how to cut, fit, and put together everything in Dressmaking, from the plainest shirt waist to the most elaborate dress, without using paper patterns. I will send for trial, free of charge, to any part of Canada, The Elite Tailor System and first lesson showing how to take measure, cut, and fit a perfect waist and sleeve for any lady. Course of lessons taught in two weeks, or until you are perfectly satisfied, to be paid, after testing, if satisfied, by cash, \$13.00; instalment plan, \$15.00. This charge includes everything. Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904. Mrs. Wm. Sanders, Dresscutting School, Stratford, Ont., Canada. Agents wanted, whole or spare time.

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Stick.
The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS.
The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. Goushaw, 42 Clarence Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents, at all dealers.

EASILY EARNED BY SELLING OUR Comic Postcards
at 25c each. They are the first...


Sponging on Lovers Proves Lack of Love.

Written for The Western Home Monthly.

The horse leech's daughters are legion; neither are her sons few in the land. There be many, both men and women, who take all they can get, crying, "Give, give," laying love under tribute, who rob, thoughtlessly, carelessly, expecting service as their just due, and suspicious at once of the professed, demands.

"I have seen a love demanding time, and hope, and tears, Chaining all the past, enacting bonds from future years; Mind, and heart, and joy, and sorrow claiming as its fee. That was love of self, and never, never love of me."

There is something unhealthy and abnormal in this restless and exacting passion which is forever seeking assurances, forever asking proofs, and yet more proofs, which desires utter absorption on the part of the beloved, which, perhaps, must be kept alive by constant emotional stimulants. It is not the love which lasts. It burns itself out in a quick, fierce flame. It lacks the staying power born of common sense and self-control, and, more than all else, it is too self-centered to be conducive to happiness. True love must, in the nature of things be unselfish.

"Better than I do myself do I love my neighbor!" else is not the love to be trusted.

There is nothing more likely to cause unhappiness in married life than for a woman to trade, so to speak, upon the love which a man gives her, to use his devotion for her as a lever for exactions of one kind or another. Any man who does not in his heart resent such treatment must be mean spirited, and he would be more or less than human if he did not sooner or later endeavor to repay it with interest. When a man perceives such tendency upon the part of his lady love he will if wise, break off from her. There can be little or no happiness in courtship and matrimony without "give and take." Everything ought to be mutual, and neither one of the couple ought to be expected to yield to the other in all things. For a woman to ask a man to do that which he regards not only as unwise but as actually wrong, for the sake of the love which he bears her, is nothing less than criminal. Moreover, it is often cruel, and, like most cruelty, mean. It is simply profiting by a man's affection and making his love a snare, if not a burden, to him. The more certain a woman is of her lover's love for her, whether she is his wife or his sweetheart, the less ought she to try it for her own selfish ends or for caprice.

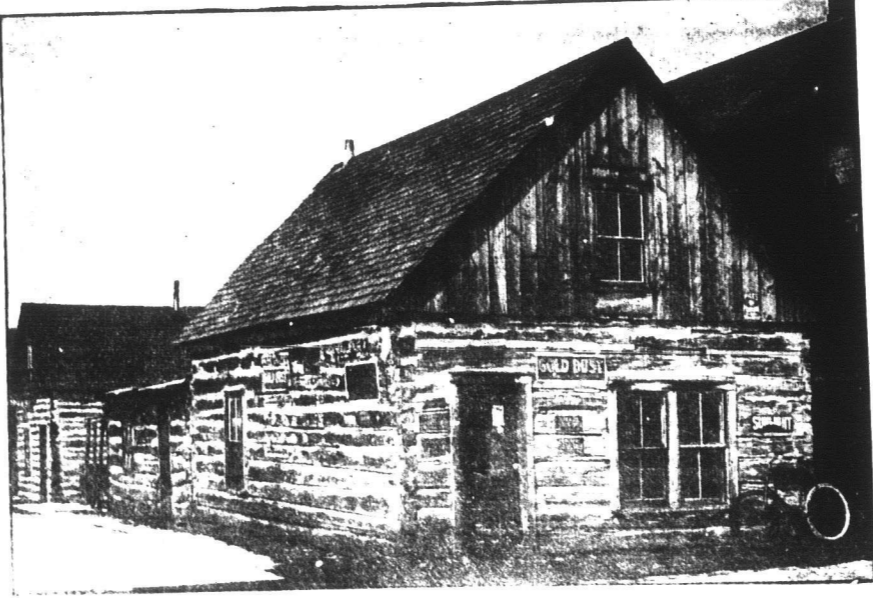
And when a man is unreasonable in his exactions of his finance, when he makes his wife wait on him hand and foot, when he expects her to have no wish, no enjoyment, which

is not bounded by the walls of her home, he is in danger of becoming selfishly tyrannical. It must not be supposed that it is only those who have no sincere affection for their beloved who are guilty of such conduct. On the contrary, the strength of their love often makes them think nothing too much to ask. It is women who are most frequent and unconsciously unreasonable in their requirements. It is not unusual to hear an apparently happy wife advise her younger friends: "Never give up your own way, my dear, unless you mean to do it altogether. Above all, don't stay at home to please your husband. If he won't go with you, go with some one else. Edwin only dared once to say to me that he wouldn't go when I asked him. I had told him that he must take me to a ball. But I made it so unpleasant for him that now he always says when I make a suggestion: 'Yes, my dear, if you wish it.'"

There are some women who make their lovers purse slaves. This is often, let us hope, usually done in thoughtlessness. Nevertheless, there are not a few girls who, as the saying is "sponge" upon their lovers. They are not satisfied unless kept constantly supplied with candy, flowers, and with even more costly offerings; unless their admirers are ready with invitations to theatre, concert, and opera, which last at least entails the additional expense of carriage hire. When a man has to earn his living, a modest one at that, these demands are a serious drain upon his finances. In fact, many young men fear the expenses of courtship as much as they do those of matrimony, and in that fact lies one answer to the oft mooted question, "Why don't the men propose?"

Let it not be understood by this that present giving is in itself objectionable, excepting when carried too far. But if a man and woman truly love each other the intrinsic value of the gifts will be little or nothing in comparison with the affection which they represent. The great philanthropist Peabody once said: "The love which does not incline the man of limited means to save and to make the best of himself is wrong somehow, and the girl who does not encourage him to do the same is wrong somehow too. You who have sense get out of it and learn to do better."

When one sees young women complacently accepting the devotion of their lovers as shown in spending money on them, which, if they reflected for a moment, they must know could be gained honestly only by denying themselves actual necessities; occupying seats at the theatre altogether out of keeping with the lover's means, one cannot but reflect that there is "something wrong somewhere." Still, it must be admitted that it is not always, by any means, the



PEABODY'S

ACASH PRESENT

Instead of sending calendars, we have decided to give anyone sending an order for a

Cater Pump OR Star Windmill

A discount of 10 per cent (as a present) off the purchase prices.

Every Pump and Windmill guaranteed

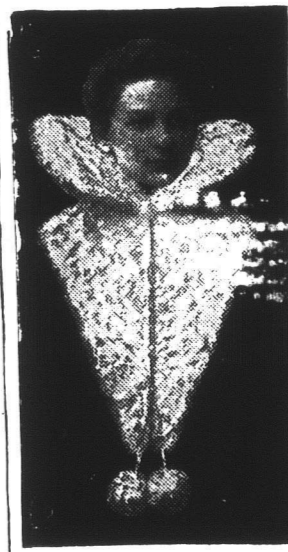
Send your orders as early as possible.

Brandon Pump & Windmill Works

Box 410 BRANDON, MAN.

H. CATER, Proprietor.

Reference Bank British North America.



Easily Earned

We will give this handsome caper no of beautiful white, wavy, imitation lace, fur, 30 inches long, high storm collar, 4 1/2 inches wide, ornamented with a ball of white fur on each end; the average warm, caper you could have will be paid, lined with fine blue silk for sealing only 20 of our beautiful new Linne Dollies 9 inches square, with handsome designs of Roses, Fanatics, Forget-Me-Nots, etc. in lovely natural colors. Never fade in the wash. Just out. Everybody runs to buy. It's only a few minutes work and we give you this handsome caper for your trouble. Write us now. The Home Supply Co., Dept. 3150 Toronto

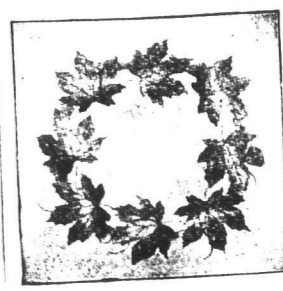
MUSIC LESSONS FREE

IN YOUR OWN HOME.

A wonderful offer to every lover of music, whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year-old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established seven years—have hundreds of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 17 Union Square, New York City.



FREE Sample DOYLEY

In order to introduce our beautiful Fancy Work, we will give every lady who answers this advertisement one handsome Doyley, 9 inches square, beautifully tinted in colors by hand, your choice from a variety of exquisite designs, maple, leafy, rose, grape, strawberry, etc. Please enclose stamp to pay postage. THE LISK DOYLEY CO., Dep. W., Toronto, Ont.

January, 1906

USED UP AND TIRED OUT
MEN AT THE OFFICE
WOMEN IN THE HOME
CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

Have you seen the handsome Catalogue of



If not, you are not yet familiar with the work being done in Canada's Greatest Commercial School,

370 students placed last year.

HOME COURSES in BOOK-KEEPING, SHORTHAND or PENMANSHIP for those who cannot attend at Chatham.

If you wish the home training, write for Catalogue E. If you wish to attend at Chatham, write for Catalogue F.

Mention this paper when you write, addressing D. McLACHLAN & Co., CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONT.

Made for Boys.



"Dominion Brand" Stockings are made for real boys—to save mothers most of their darning.

"Dominion Brand" STOCKINGS

are made of the strongest, toughest British Yarns—and are strongest and toughest where the wear is hardest.

We guarantee the wear of every pair bearing this label.



TOWN OF WINNIPEGOSIS, LOOKING WEST.

woman's fault. It is marvelous how much ingenuity some men display to conceal the real state of their finances. As one such said when remonstrated with upon his extravagance, "A fellow must cut some sort of a figure with the girl he is in love with." It simply never occurred to him that the extravagance was actual deception on his part. He had not the courage to own his poverty. He would not acknowledge it, of course, but he was really afraid that the girl would think less of him if she knew the small amount of his salary.

Lovers often act this deceptive part quite unconsciously of sheer love. They think nothing too good for their adored, and are extravagant without thought, saving for the present moment. It simply never occurs to them that the woman whom they accustom to receive such costly attentions will look forward to their continuance. The lover who acts the part to his finance of a man with \$5,000 a year, and who marries upon \$1,000, will not find the course of his life and love run as smoothly as he possibly expects. It is merely common prudence which exacts that each of a couple should know precisely upon how much money they can count after marriage. It is also important that every couple should know what they got engaged upon.

No one will dispute that it is a laudable impulse of any lover to be lavish of his best where the woman whom he loves is concerned; but the best he can bestow upon her is the home which he has asked her to share with him, and any unnecessary expense or extravagance which defers their marriage is not a proof of love, but of selfish improvidence.

It is unreasonable to expect that a woman should always be looking the gift horse in the mouth; neither is it her place to remind her lover that it is his duty, if he wishes to marry her within reasonable time, to look to the condition of his purse. Even if she has cause to suspect that he is wasting his money it is by no means an easy matter for her to check his extravagance. She has no right to assume that he is spending more than he can afford. It would seem most

ungracious on her part to qualify her attitude for a handsome gift by expressing her doubts as to his ability to pay for it. The lover ought never to be mean; still, it is his bounden duty to look ahead a little. The beloved woman should not be ungracious, but it behooves her to take care that her lover is not her slave either in person or in purse.

If any of our readers are hunters or sportsmen they have, no doubt, wished they knew the art of taxidermy, so they could mount and preserve the fine birds and animals which they secure. We are glad to say that all can now learn this valuable art. The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebr., teaches taxidermy by mail.

If you are interested in the subject we would recommend that you send to them at once for their new catalogue and a copy of the Taxidermy Magazine.

The attention of women readers is directed to the advertisement of Madam Waitee Manufacturing Co., Dundee, Que. Madam Waitee is the manufacturer of a hose supporter belt which is meeting with popular favor everywhere. Any lady giving this hose supporter a trial would not think of wearing any other. It is the most healthful and comfortable hose supporter in the market, and they are sold on most reasonable terms.

Just read her ad, then address a post-card to her address for descriptive circular, or send money for a pair on the conditions set forth in the advertisement.

NOT A NAUSEATING PILL.—The recipient of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.



BEHM BROS.' THRESHING OUTFIT, WETASKIWIN, ALTA.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.
 79, Yonge St. Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir R. W. Meredith, Chief Justice; Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario; Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria College; Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

PERFECT BEAUTY FOR A FEW CENTS.

DON'T PAY DOLLARS

For worthless complexion powders and lotions containing poisons and other injurious substances. If your face is disfigured with blackheads, pimples and flesh-worms, or your skin is red, rough and oily, we can send you a recipe that is a positive cure. It is absolutely harmless, and you can prepare it yourself at a cost of 10 cents. It draws and tightens the skin, forcing out all impurities, closing the apertures left by blackheads and pimples, prevents wrinkles, and leaves the skin in a healthy and clear condition. Recipe and full directions, 25c.

GRAY HAIR MADE DARK.

If your hair is gray, or turning gray, and you wish it brown, dark brown, or black, we have a formula for a preparation that will positively restore the gray hairs to their natural color. It is absolutely harmless to hair, scalp, or general health. Will also make the hair grow and give it a soft, glossy and fresh looking appearance. It contains no sulphur, sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind. It will not rub off, is not sticky, dirty or gummy, and will not stain the scalp. You can prepare it yourself at cost of a few cents. Recipe and full directions for 25 cents.

FACE BLEACH.

For 25 cents, we will send the formula for a face bleach that sells prepared in drug stores for \$2.00. We can guarantee it to remove freckles, tan and all discolorations from the skin. Can prepare it yourself at one-tenth the cost of advertised face bleaches.

HAIR GROWER.

The simplest thing on earth. Makes it grow at once. Stops its falling out. Cures dandruff. Helps to keep the hair in crimp or curl. Prevents baldness, and will make the hair grow most luxuriantly. Perfectly pure and harmless. No drugs. Can prepare it yourself at home for a few cents. Will positively grow hair on a bald head. Recipe and full directions, 25 cents.

WRINKLES REMOVED.

We have a preparation that is an infallible Wrinkle Remover. Easy to use, perfectly harmless and inexpensive. It nourishes the skin, causing it to fill out and become smooth, soft and white. Cures chapped hands and lips, and roughness resulting from cold winds and impure soap. For 25 cents we will send directions for making and using this preparation. Can prepare it yourself, at small cost.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

On face, neck, arms, or any part of person, quickly dissolved and removed without pain, discoloration or injury to the skin. Absolute removal in less than 8 minutes. Recipe and full directions for 25 cents. Harmless and sure.

EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

Of the feet and armpits positively cured without closing pores of the skin or injury to the body. Ladies who suffer with excessive perspiration of the armpits will find this preparation a permanent cure. Gives immediate relief to tender, sweaty, odorous feet. Send 25 cents for recipe. Only costs a few cents to prepare it.

Recipes sent in plain sealed envelopes. Price, 25 cents each; 2 for 60 cents, all for \$1.00. These recipes are simple and harmless, but will do all we claim for them.

All druggists sell the ingredients of our recipes, and you do not have to send to us for them. Address

YORK TOILET CO.,

Dept. 22. New York, N. Y.

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 15 sets Comic Post Cards at 10c a set. 4 lovely Cards in every set. Over a million sold in three weeks. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamond that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Post Cards we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold finished Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, free, in addition to the Ring. Address at once THE GEM NOVELTY COMPANY, Department 3119 Toronto

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

\$80 TO \$175 PER MONTH

For Firemen and Brakemen, Experience unnecessary. Instructions by mail to your home. High wages guaranteed; rapid promotion. We assist you in securing a position as soon as competent. Send to day. Full particulars at once. Inclose stamp.

NATIONAL RAILWAY TRAINING SCHOOL, Inc.,
Room 682 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.

When You Think of Your Walls

and what it will be best to do with them this Spring think about Church's

ALABASTINE

and if you don't know about it, and the artistic effects you can get with it, at less cost than with wall-paper paint or kalsomine, write us for booklet "The Alabastine Decorator's Aid," sent free.

Remember, too, that ALABASTINE will not annoy by rubbing and scaling off, which is characteristic of all kalsomine preparations.

ALABASTINE is handy to get, as it is for sale by hardware and paint dealers everywhere

ALABASTINE is mixed with COLD WATER, and READY FOR USE IMMEDIATELY. ALABASTINE is easily applied. Anyone can put it on—no one can rub it off. All communications promptly answered. Address

The Alabastine Co. Limited, Paris Ont.

Is your heart set on a Piano....

If you
got a **Morris**



YOUR HEART will remain with its first love.

The artistic excellence of the MORRIS PIANO is the result of rigid, skilful, practical working out of an artistic ideal, with the firm intention to build a piano of the highest possible excellence from both the musical and the mechanical standpoint.

Our Piano has no need of mechanical contrivances to sell it, nor bargain store methods to extend its reputation.

The Morris is a Piano for all time

And we shall be glad to demonstrate the value and excellence of the MORRIS in the various new styles.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Western Manager—
S. L. BARROWCLOUGH.

THE MORRIS PIANO CO.,
228 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

To Our Subscribers.

The Western Home Monthly is the best magazine for the price in America. One dollar in advance will pay for three years' subscription. Remit to-day.



MOSSY RIVER AND LAKE WINNIPEGOSIS, LOOKING FROM WINNIPEGOSIS TOWN.

Advice to the Newly Married.

The position of the young bride living with her husband's family is seldom desirable. She not infrequently occupies a place that is midway between that of a guest and a pet animal. She is alternately caressed and criticized. She is judged by the standards of the daughters of the house, and that usually to her disadvantage.

She is apt to have no definite household duties, and time hangs heavy on her hands—so heavily, in fact, that she has plenty of opportunity to be homesick, and to draw invidious comparisons between her own household and that of her husband.

When the young husband goes to live with his wife's family the conditions are seldom better. He occupies an equivocal position; he is neither a boarder—though he pays board—nor a son of the house, though he has married the daughter thereof. He may not find fault with the meals, nor drop hints regarding the excellency of his mother's cooking.

Criticism of anything connected with the household makes of the wife of his bosom an enemy. And yet he pays for the alien biscuits and the alien coffee in good, round numbers. Newly married people should commence an establishment of their own and not live with either the bride's or the bridegroom's families unless absolutely necessary.

Heedless of Time.

In order temporarily to forget all about courts and legal tomes and the Monadnock block, Meritt Starr went for a trip to West Virginia. In one of his rambles through the country Mr. Starr came upon a tumble-down cabin, in front of which, on a rudely constructed bench, sprawled a big negro lazily smoking a pipe. Not a sign of industry was visible in any direction, and Mr. Starr, curious to learn the system which enabled this darky to live in apparent indolence, opened conversation with him and finally asked:

"What do you do for a living?"

The negro grinned as he pointed to a lean and hungry-looking hog in a patch of trees on the other side of the road.

"Dar's my livin'," he replied.

"But you don't seem to raise anything with which to feed the animal," pursued Mr. Starr. "How does the hog get his living?"

"Oh," said the darky, "the hog makes out on roots and acorns."

"But," argued the lawyer, "that's a pretty slow process. You ought to have some good Illinois corn to feed him. It'll take the hog a long time to get fat on what he can pick up."

For a moment or two the negro seemed a bit dubious, but he quickly solved the problem to his own satisfaction.

"Oh, well," said he, "what's time to a hog, anyway?"

The Itinerant Journalist.

Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota has long been the owner of a country newspaper. Of late years other duties have prevented him giving it much attention, and he has depended on divers itinerant journalists with the following result in one case, as reported in Harper's Weekly:

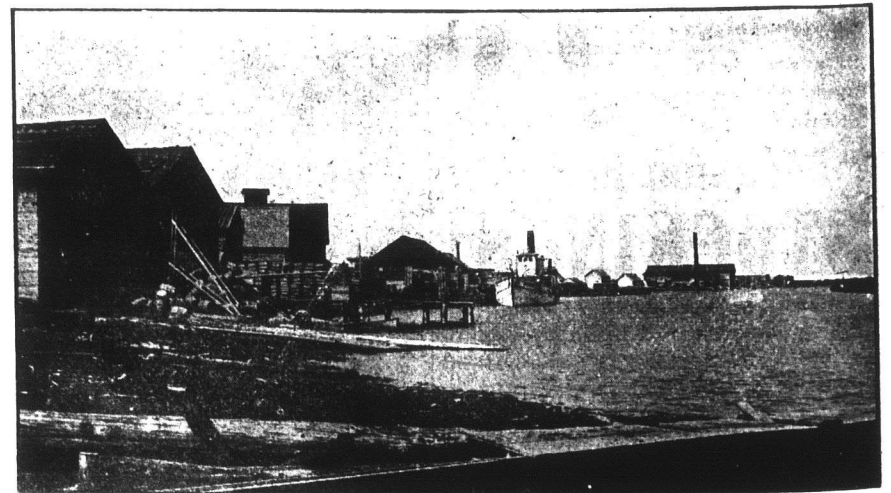
"I've had some good men in the place, too," the senator once observed to a friend; "men capable of holding an important place on a city daily. Then I have had some who did not altogether make good. I remember one in particular, a man named Linkwood.

"Linkwood was never satisfied with simplicity. He would refer to an 'equine horse,' and in the case of a tramp killed in a railroad accident, said that the 'unfortunate man sustained a fracture of the spiral column.' Another of his pet expressions was 'tripping the light bombastic toe.'"

"You probably didn't keep him long," suggested the friend.

"O, I didn't mind these so much. But when the daughter of a leading citizen was married, and he spoke of the bridal procession 'proceeding down the aisle to the entrancing strains of Mendel & Son's wedding march,' I decided that we had reached the parting of the ways."

"About this time of the year I always regret that I wasn't trained to the priesthood," said the pompous butler. "Why?" meekly inquired the chef. "Well, nobody gives priests green, pink and yellow neckties for Christmas presents."



FISHING DOCKS ON THE MOSSY RIVER, WINNIPEGOSIS.



INDIAN MISSION ON THE INDIAN RESERVE SOUTH OF SINTALUTA.

Every House-keeper Needs It.

The fuel question has been most successfully solved when the Ashlock Hydro-Carbon Burner was invented. It is one of the God sent devices of this progressive age, to enable mankind to supply fire in the home for heating and cooking at a minimum of cost. Thousands of these are being sold in the United States every week, and hundreds of them have been sold in Winnipeg since they were introduced here a few weeks ago by Coltart & Cameron Co., Limited, 141 Bannatyne Ave. E., Winnipeg, who are the sole agents for Canada.

The home is independent of coal, wood, gas, and electricity when they have an Ashlock Hydro-Carbon Burner on hand.

The simplicity of the device and the small cost of it appeals to you on sight. You can attach it to the lid of your stove, and the cost of installation is practically nothing. Mere attach the supply pipe and all is ready. It can be detached just as quickly, and other fuel used at a moment's notice if necessary. A slow heat if you want it, an intense heat if you need it, regulated by a little check valve. No ashes, no smoke, no odor, no coal scuttles, no wood piles, no dirt. Just a can of coal oil and a burner and you have fuel on hand all the time. It would be well for housekeepers to write Coltart & Cameron Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, at once and all information will be sent you by them immediately. If you investigate for yourself you will surely become a purchaser, for the reason that it will be money in your pocket by the great saving effected, to say nothing of the convenience. Write to-day, and when doing so please mention the Western Home Monthly.

Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Dear Friend:—

Contributions from rich and poor, young and old, received by the Free Hospital for Consumptives, tell of the love and charity toward the great work carried on in Muskoka.

Thousands from all parts of Canada not only sent their "God bless

the work," but their money also to help to answer their prayers.

The poor widow out of her hard-earned savings, telling how her own heart was made lonely through the dread scourge, as well as the rich insurance companies, have sent their gifts.

2,000 patients have been cared for since the opening of our Homes in Muskoka. 560 of these were treated in the Free Hospital. 150 patients in these two Homes to-day, show how this life-saving work has grown.

Premier Whitney, replying to a large deputation in the interests of the National Sanatorium Association, stated that "personally he thought \$100,000 would not be too much for the Government to set apart for this work."

Seventy-five patients to be cared for in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives means a large weekly outlay. The Trustees accept this obligation, believing the needed money will be forthcoming.

The world is full of good and generous people ready to give. But they want to be sure that their money is wisely spent. In no other place can your money do so much good.

The growing knowledge of the contagious character of the disease has made the lot of the consumptive poor a hard one.

The Muskoka Free Hospital is to-day the only place where a sufferer in the early stages of consumption is admitted free.

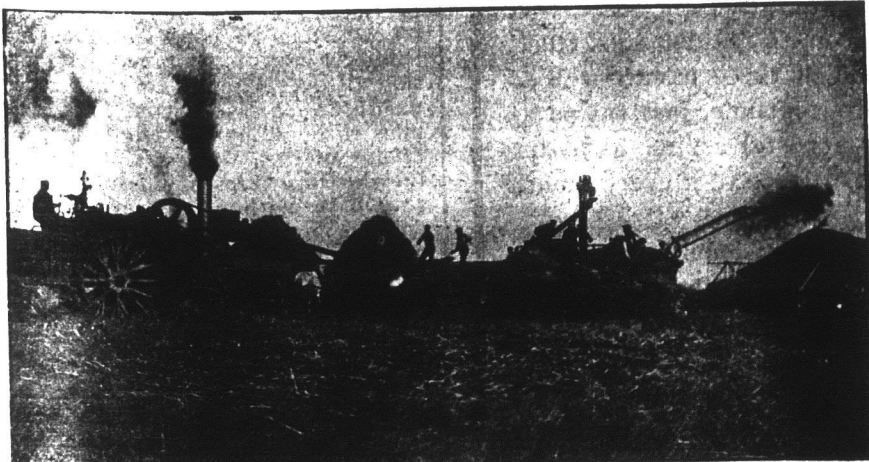
Will you not help to save the life of a sick one to whom all other doors are closed?

What greater blessing could crown your giving, than the knowledge that it helps to snatch a fellow-being from the very jaws of death?

\$50,000 is wanted for the coming year. Will you join in this greatest of all charities?

Faithfully yours,
W. J. Gage.
Toronto, Can.

May—"If I were as rich as Uncle Tom I'd be ashamed to be so stingy."
Maud—"Why?" May—"I gave him a beautiful burnt leather necktie. I made all myself for Christmas, and he sent me only a twenty-dollar gold piece in return."



BFOHM BROS.' THRESHING OUTFIT, WETASKIWIN, ALTA.

Leading Dressmakers

and Ladies' Tailors use Belding's Silk on their smartest suits, gowns and waists. They know that

Belding's Spool Silk

sews smoothly and evenly—is free of knots and kinks—runs freely in the highest speeded sewing machines without breaking.

That is a hint worth following to those who sew at home.

Every desired color, shade and tint for hand and machine stitching and embroidery.

Leading stores everywhere sell Belding's Silk.

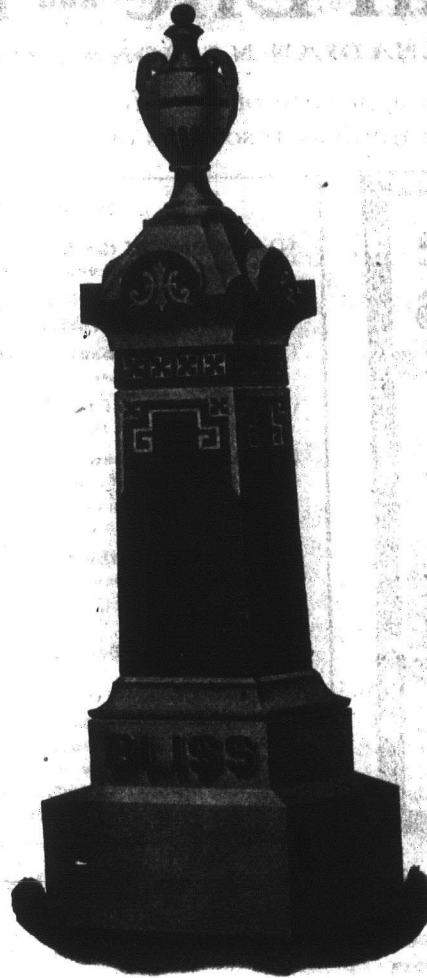


1906

A Happy New Year to All.

The WINNIPEG GRANITE & MARBLE CO., LTD.

The LARGEST and most up-to-date Plant in Western Canada.



WOULD BE PLEASED TO GIVE ESTIMATES ON CONTRACTS OF ANY SIZE.

Do not fail to write us for Catalogue of Monuments, etc.

MONUMENTS, TABLETS and HEADSTONES.

CEMETERY RAILING and FENCES.

INTERIOR MARBLE, TILING, IMPOSING and CANDY SLABS.

BUTCHER COUNTERS, WASHSTAND TOPS, etc.

Our Motto : GOOD VALUE, PROMPT DELIVERY, SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address : No. 248 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.

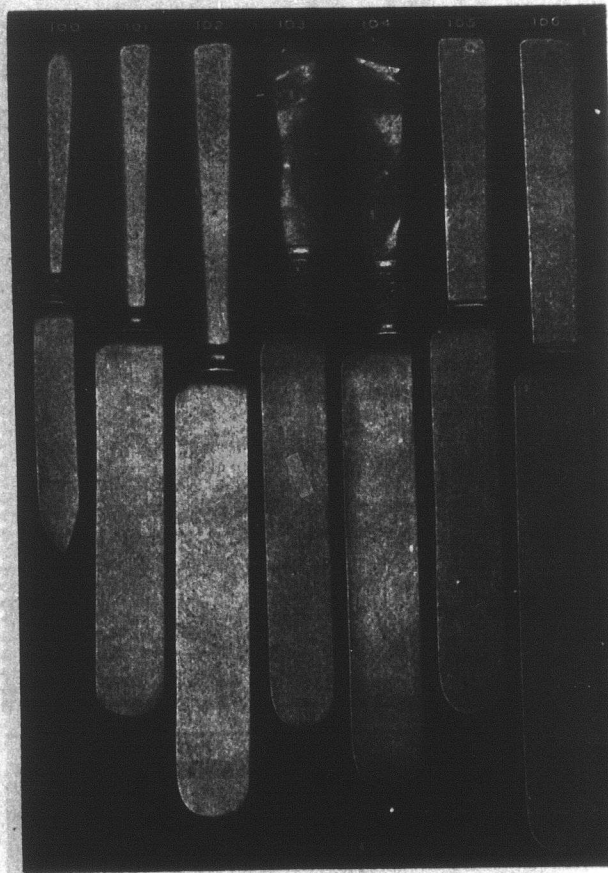


The 'Favorite' Harrowcart

\$7.80 only \$7.80

A Harrow Cart is something every farmer should have to save that most tiresome of work, walking behind the harrow. We guarantee the 'Favorite' to be strongly and well built and to give entire satisfaction. Send us your order at once—you cannot do without it. Weight 75lbs.

THE FARMERS' SUPPLY CO.
Drawer 30, Winnipeg.



D. R. Dingwall Ltd.

Jewellers and Silversmiths,
424 Main St. - 584 Main St.
WINNIPEG.

TABLE CUTLERY.

100	Silver plated fruit knives.....	\$4.00
101	Silver plated dessert knives.....	4.00
102	Silver plated dinner knives.....	4.50
103	Pearl handled dessert knife.....	15.00
104	Pearl handled dinner knife.....	20.00
105	Dessert knife, steel blade.....	3.00
106	Dinner knife, steel blade.....	3.50

After the most careful comparisons of different makes of Cutlery we have decided on these lines as we have found them very serviceable and satisfactory in every particular.

Money refunded if articles do not meet with approval.

The Farmer and the Hen.

Few really intelligent and progressive farmers are heard complaining. The wise man is he who keeps himself ever on the alert to produce that commodity for which there is a good, strong, quick market.

There are several ways in which the cash returns from the farm may be largely increased without the sacrifice of much time, money or work. For instance, the raising of poultry has come to be a great profit-making business on some farms.

Now, a few years ago this end of the farming business was scarcely worth bothering with. The farmer's wife set a few hens, raised a few chicks, and sold a few eggs, but the whole thing didn't amount to much and never was counted on to help pay the interest or swell the bank account.

Now, however, conditions have changed. There is a strong, steady, and ever increasing demand for chicks as broilers. City hotels, restaurants, clubs, cafes, dining-cars, and private kitchens are consuming more and more every day, to say nothing of the tons and tons required to fill the export demand. Dealers can never get enough to supply the wants of their customers, and thousands and thousands more could be sold at good prices if they were offered.

A few farmers have been wise enough to see what was going on and to prepare to profit by these conditions. Broilers are wanted, and good cash prices are being paid for every chick large enough to be made ready for the table. Then why not produce them?

Several difficulties arise. Hens as hatchers are failures. They set when they take the notion and seldom when you want them to. They are careless mothers, almost always leading their chicks into danger and losing many. To make any progress or profit in the raising of chicks you must have a good incubator and brooder, and this initial expenditure may prevent those who are not prepared to instal such a machine.

With a good incubator and brooder any farmer's wife can raise chicks so as to make a handsome annual cash revenue. You should get one at once and go into the raising of chicks. All you need is a small yard, eggs and a machine.

By the way, there is a firm in Chatham, Ont., who are advertising an incubator and brooder and who offer to send it prepaid and wait for the money till after 1906 harvest. This offer is worth inquiring about. If you will write a post-card with your name and address to The Manson Campbell Co., Dept., 11, Chatham, they will doubtless send full particulars of their offer.

Get into the poultry raising business as soon as you can if you want to make money—and keep looking out for other good things all the time.

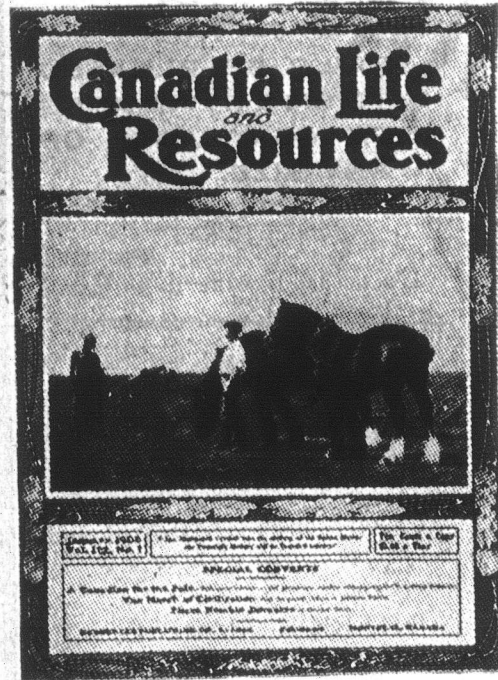
Judging by the number of requests received to date by Codville & Co., the packers of the celebrated "Gold Standard Teas," for their little booklet "In the interests of good living," the people of Western Canada appreciate a good article. The booklet, which is an ideal specimen of the printer's art, is commanding attention all over Canada, and has received unstinted praise from advertising men throughout the Dominion. No reader of the Western Home Monthly who is interested in housekeeping should be without a copy of this attractive booklet, which is being mailed free to the readers of this magazine. All communications should be addressed to Codville & Co, Dept. H., Winnipeg, Man.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Canadian Life and Resources

A CANADIAN NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Will show month by month a picture of the life of the Canadian people as well as the boundless resources of our country.



Some Special Features

- (1) **The Story of the Month.**—A short and pithy record on the first page of the principal events of the past month, with illustrations.
- (2) An illustrated article in the best style of RESOURCES showing as of old one of the many varied resources of the Dominion.
- (3) Short articles **About People and About Places** of general interest to Canadians and those interested in Canada.
- (4) **The Finance of the Month.**—A page giving the fluctuations of the stocks and shares of the leading Canadian companies.
- (5) **Financial Review.**—This powerful feature of RESOURCES wherein the balance sheets of the great Canadian companies have been impartially discussed will be carried on by the able writer who has made this feature of RESOURCES so widely read in commercial and financial circles.
- (6) **The Books of the Month.**—Short, popular reviews of the leading Canadian publications and those referring to Canadian affairs and of interest to Canadians, with illustrations.
- (7) A series of brief, brightly written articles upon the history of the country.
- (8) A page headed **Beautiful Canada** in which the beautiful (a) homes, (b) public buildings, (c) parks, (d) statues, etc., will be shown, thus giving the world an idea of the wealth, comfort and artistic ability of Canada.
- (9) A page devoted to **Travel, Sports and Games.**
- (10) A series of **Short Stories** by leading Canadian writers.
- (11) **Our Point of View** in which the editor of RESOURCES will continue those independent observations on current Canadian events which have been one of the most prominent features in RESOURCES.

WE are willing to send you a three months trial subscription for **Ten Cents**

Coupon

RESOURCES PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
331 BOARD OF TRADE, MONTREAL

I enclose 10c in acceptance of your offer for a Three Months subscription, after which time I will do one of two things, either send you 75c for the remaining nine months or write you to stop the magazine when my subscription will be cancelled. Postage stamps accepted.

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We make this special offer, limited to one month from date, because we are sanguine that when once this beautiful magazine has been read by you such an interest will be aroused that you will become a regular subscriber. If at the end of three months you do not wish to continue, just say so by sending us a postal asking us to dis-

continue and telling us why you do not like it. If you do like it and want to receive it every month send us 75c for the remaining nine months of the year.

N.B.—The first nine covers will alone be worth a dollar. They will contain, month by month, a large colored half-tone reproduction of the famous paintings by Paul Wickson, representing striking scenes in Western life. The first one to appear—in the January issue—will be "THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION," a whole story in itself. It will be necessary to order early to get the January number, which will be issued the first week in the month, and thus make sure of the complete series.

Mention The Western Home Monthly when writing Advertisers.

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

Life is a blending of ups and downs. **GRIT.** Defeats and victories make up the story of every man's life. The most successful general has had his setbacks. It seems to be necessary for a man to be whipped two or three times in order to know how to conquer. The important thing is to win out. He laughs best who laughs last. My friend, be sure that you remain on the battlefield long enough to learn the science of war. Your enemies can teach you how to fight. Hold your ground. Lash yourself to the mast. They tell me that in Edinburgh there exists a monument erected to the memory of a young fellow who being buried beneath the rubbish of a falling building encouraged his friends who were trying to dig him out of the heaps of rubbish by shouting repeatedly in a clear, strong voice, "Hoive awee, chaps! I'm nae did yit." Where there is life there is hope. Write the words of the young Scotchman on your banner, "Heave away, chaps. I am not dead yet."

USING OTHER MEN'S BRAINS.

Few men have been strictly original. It was said of Charles Stewart Parnell that he never originated an idea. Even Shakespeare dug much of his best material out of other men's quarries. It requires a high order of talent, if not genius, to use the mental products of your neighbors—that is, to take hold of everything within your reach and placing upon it the stamp of your own personality, use it for the development of your own plans and purposes. Andrew Carnegie boasts that he made his fortune by the use of other men's brains; that is, he had the faculty of discovering men who could be of service to him in the development of his commercial schemes. You may profit by the failures and mistakes of men as well as by their successes and achievements. We are apt to study the strong points of successful men. Let us also give some attention to the weak points and mistakes of men who have failed. Robert Louis Stevenson says that success in literature depends very much on knowing what to omit. Use other men's brains. Profit by their mistakes.

DO YOUR BEST.

"My novels, whether good or bad, have been as good as I could make them," says Anthony Trollope in his autobiography. The words which ought to be underlined are these: "As good as I could make them." This is all we can ask of any mortal. For each one of us there is nothing better than our best. Are we living up to our highest possibilities? "Why are you angry with me, I am doing the best I can," said a backward scholar to Arnold of Rugby.

"That man is best
Who does his best."

THE SIGN OF A GREAT NATURE.

That man has a big heart and a great soul who has the grace to acknowledge his own mistakes in judgment and blunders in conduct. It is the sign of a little mind and a small soul when a man is unwilling to consider his own decision and acknowledge the possibility of a mistake in his own mental operations. The grandest day in the career of Robert Peel was when he arose in the House of Commons and in the presence of his own party and the whole country calmly remarked, "I have been wrong. I now ask Parliament to repeal the law for which I myself have stood." His own party was inebriated. The whole country was astonished. As he passed out of the House of Commons he uttered such epithets as "traitor," "scoundrel" and "recreant leader." And yet Peel affirmed that the day of his political defeat was one of the grandest days of his life. O. W. Smith says that the greatest day in

the life of Frederick the Great was the day on which he sent a messenger to the senate saying, "I have lost a battle. It was my own fault." The hardest words for most men to utter are these: "I was mistaken."

SHAM POPULARITY.

It is pleasant to be popular, but the man who persistently bids for popularity at the expense of health and character is a fool. The man who stands behind a bar and swallows drink after drink for the sake of sociability is paying a high price for a miserable product. Social popularity purchased in such a way and at such a price is not good enough for an honest man to wipe his feet upon. True popularity must be built on solid qualities. Robert Burns, the brightest genius Scotland ever produced, was physically ruined by yielding to the social demands and urgent requests of men who professed to be his friends. It is more important that we should command the respect of men than that we should be crowned with their love and affection. Only the solid qualities secure lasting respect and permanent affection. The man of solid worth can snap his finger in the faces of men and women who have no higher standard than the passing pleasure of the present moment. True independence is always better than social popularity. Pope Julius II kept Michael Angelo, (poet, painter and sculpture), waiting in his anteroom for hours studying his own pleasure and convenience. Michael Angelo turned on his heel, exclaiming, "Tell His Holiness that when he wants me again he will find me at home in the city of Florence." The Pope could not get along without Michael Angelo and Michael Angelo knew it. Have a high purpose and stand by it. Have a noble ideal and live in the light of it. Have a splendid goal and ever press toward it. Be indifferent to men of indifferent character. Seek to be popular with your own conscience.

THERE WERE TWO LORD BYRONS.

Princess Charlotte wrote when sending an invitation to Lord Byron, "There are two Lord Byrons, and when I address an invitation to Lord Byron it is intended for the agreeable lord and not for the disagreeable lord." Beecher affirmed that all the theology which he ever preached in Plymouth pulpit might be expressed in one brief paragraph—"There are two natures in every man, the higher and the lower, the physical and the spiritual, and religion consists in bringing the lower into subjection to the higher." The greatest battle of life is fought out within the silent chambers of the soul. A victory on the inside of a man's heart is worth one hundred conquests on the battlefields of life. To be master of yourself is the best guarantee that you will be master of the situation. Know yourself. Master yourself. Be the captain of your own soul. A few hours before the battle of Waterloo, Wellington quietly shaved himself with a steady hand, as calmly as though preparing for a banquet. The crown of character is self-control.

COMMON PEOPLE.

When somebody spoke to Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, concerning the ignorance of sailors, the old preacher looked up with an expression of indignation upon his face, exclaiming, "Sailors ignorant! Why sailors know everything; they grasp the world in their hand like an orange." The fact is that every man of average experience has his own special sources of knowledge and information. Labor educates. Commerce educates. The world is a university, and we are part of all we have seen and heard. Every man is a specialist on some particular subject. Henry

Ward Beecher said that he could get valuable information from the ferry-boat men as he crossed the river from Brooklyn to New York, which would be of service to him as he stood before an audience of three thousand on the following Sunday. Study men as well as books. Find out the thoughts of the common people. They coin the proverbs in which is congested the wisdom of the ages.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEA.

When Guttenberg, the inventor of the printing press, told Faust, the capitalist, of the long years of toil and labor through which he had passed to perfect his machine, Faust, amazed at his exercise of will power, exclaimed, "You must have had a world of perseverance!" To which Guttenberg replied, "When one gets on the track of an idea it is hard to give up." It is a splendid thing to get on the track of an idea. An idea is a great instrument for the man who knows how to handle it skilfully. It is well for a man to test his own mental power and forces. It is a fine thing, for instance, for a man to know the power of his own will. Self control is the supreme test of will power, and will power is the most substantial expression of character. Jean Jacques Rousseau one evening on entering his apartment, found a letter awaiting him, which he knew to contain information concerning the settlement of an estate in which he was to have a share and a portion. He immediately reached for the letter with a trembling impatience, and then suddenly withdrew his hand. Was his interest in the epistle to master him completely? It was clearly a matter of will power and self control. Could he leave such a letter untouched and unopened until the next morning. He says: "I immediately laid the letter again on the chimney-piece. I undressed myself, went to bed with great composure, and slept better than ordinary, and rose in the morning at a late hour, without thinking more of my letter. As I dressed myself, it caught my eye; I broke the seal very leisurely, and found in the envelope a bill of exchange. I felt a variety of pleasing sensations at the same time, but I can assert, upon my honor, that the most lively of them all was that proceeding from having known how to be master of myself."

NATURALNESS.

"Dare to be a Daniel" sings the poet. Dare to be yourself, says common sense. It takes a good deal more courage to be yourself that it does to be a Daniel. To be yourself. To be the man whom God intended you to be. That is the highest achievement in the evolution of the human soul. You can be yourself. You never can be anybody else. If you are not yourself then you are a failure. "De Witt," said a friend to T. De Witt Talmage when he was a young man about thirty years of age, and preparing for the ministry, "De Witt, if you don't change your style of thought and expression, you will never get a call to any church in Christendom." "Well," replied young Talmage, "if I cannot preach the Gospel in America, I will go to heathen lands and preach it." He did not find it necessary, however, to go to heathen lands in order to preach the Gospel. Whether in the pulpit or out of it, the man who mixes brains with his work and places the seal of his own personality on all he does is constantly in demand.

NUMBER ONE.

It is remarkable that the numerical character which signifies one, and the ninth letter of the alphabet, which stands for the individual, should be almost one and the same character, and that both should stand forth slender and alone but upright and audacious. Fate is folded up in No. 1. Destiny is determined by No. 1. Man is the victim of circumstances, but man is the biggest circumstance in the realm of the circumstantial. Number One is the corner stone, the keystone in the arch of individuality. Number one is the only lucky number. Matter reduced to its smallest division is only an atom. Man reduced to the lowest number is only one lonely man. Time reduced to its finest measure—a moment. The whole realm mathematical exists for the first numeral.

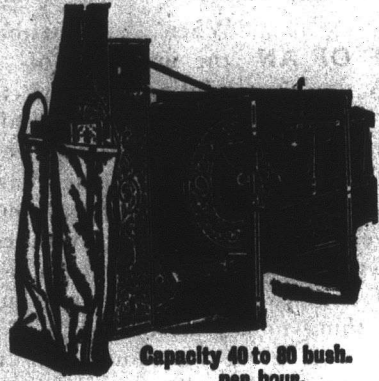
MAKE MORE MONEY

Bigger Crops of Better Grain. Clean, Large Seed Increases the Yield 20%.

It Pays to Know the Exact Weight of Everything you Buy or Sell.

Chicken raising a very easy and simple way of adding to the farm's cash profits.

CHATHAM FANNING MILL



Cleans Wheat, Rye, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Oats, Barley, Flax, Peas, Beans, Corn and all seeds.

Large Hopper, Screw Feed easily regulated. Agitator prevents clogging and distributes grain evenly on screen.

Lower Sides keeps screens clean—no other mill has this. End shake and adjustable side shake (three widths).

Sixteen screens and riddles, grading anything from finest to coarsest grain. Screens jammed—can't rust.

Saves screenings for feed. Works easily and smoothly, combines simplicity with ingenuity.

The Chatham Fanning Mill will pay for itself over and over in one year. It is the greatest economizer and profit-builder on the farm. It ensures bigger crops of better grain.

It was not the best it would not now be in use on hundreds of thousands of farms in Canada and United States. Furnished with or without Bagging Attachment, as desired.

PRIZE AWARDS—Highest awards at World's Fair, St. Louis; Pan-American, Buffalo; World's Fair, Paris, France; Toronto, Winnipeg, Halifax, Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville.

GUARANTEE—Every mill guaranteed for five years. Lasts a lifetime.

We send the Chatham Fanning Mill to any farmer on receipt of his order, at once, without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS and Free Book, "How to Make Dollars out of Wind."

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT, MICH.

CHATHAM FARM SCALE



You need a Scale on your farm. You need it right now—to-day. Every day you put it off you lose money.

Suppose you sell some hogs at 5 cents a pound, and trust to your dealer's scales, which are 1/20 out. That means a loss to you of 50 cents on every 200 pound hog.

Then you sell 1000 bushels of grain at 75 cents. This dealer's scales are only 1/40 out, but your loss is \$18.75 on the deal.

The loss on a few transactions of this kind would buy a dozen scales.

When crops are poor you need every cent they are worth. When they are good you can't afford to throw money away.

You need a scale on your farm at all times. The less you think you can afford it, the more you need it.

The important point is to get the right scale. The Chatham Farm Scale is built in three styles, each one strongly and honestly built, ready to stand the roughest kind of usage.

Capacity 2,000 pounds—sufficient for all farm uses. The knife edges are of oil-tempered tool steel—practically indestructible—insuring absolute accuracy no matter how constant the use.

The Chatham Farm Scale is easily convertible into a useful truck. By moving the lever you throw the weight off the knife edges on to the solid frame of the truck. This preserves the knife edges and gives solidity to the truck.

When you move the lever to throw the scale into use again it automatically adjusts itself without any trouble to you. It is the only scale made in Canada that will do this.

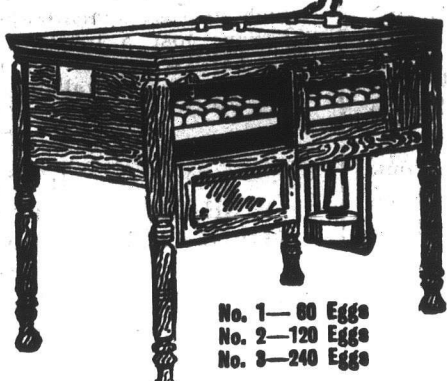
The Chatham Farm Scale is absolutely accurate. Before we ship a Chatham Farm Scale it is thoroughly gone over by the Government Inspector. If it is absolutely accurate he stamps each poise and balance with his official stamp and gives us a certificate of accuracy which goes with the scale.

We will ship a Chatham Farm Scale anywhere in Canada. Don't send us any money. Just send in your order and we'll send the scale as fast as the railroad can get it to you.

Our terms of payment are acknowledged to be the most liberal ever offered. Ask your neighbor. Send us your name and address on a post card, and we'll mail you our booklet about the Chatham Farm Scale.

Time may mean considerable loss of money to you. Why not send the post card to-day, while you think of it?

CHATHAM INCUBATOR



Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatcheries, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch.

The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is outclassed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested.

Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments.

Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

Send for our handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks."

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Send for our handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks."

The MANSON CAMPBELL Co., Limited, Dept. No. 11. CHATHAM, CANADA

\$15 VALUE for \$6.95

173 Grand Singing and Playing Machines Must Be Sold at Once

It's the biggest value that has ever been offered in the Talking Machine business, we don't care by whom, when or where. It's a First-Class, High Grade Instrument, speaks pianer than machines sold at twice the price, and plays and sings in a manner that will astonish you. It is particularly noted for its loud, splendid Band Music.

DESCRIPTION—It has a beautifully polished, Mahogany-finished Cabinet, real Talking Machine Music, 1 large size Concert Band, 10 tunes, 100 songs, and very large, beautifully sounding Horn, 16 inches long, with new full flaring Bell—a High Grade Instrument, in-ide and out, full \$15.00 value and guaranteed for 5 years.

SEND ONLY \$1.00—As a guarantee of good faith, and well ship the Singing and Playing Machine, exactly as shown and described above, to your nearest Express Office. You can call there and see it up, have a good look at it, examine it thoroughly. We'll send a 50c. Record and 100 Needles without any additional charge, so you can test it properly and hear it play. If you're thoroughly satisfied in every way, absolutely sure that you couldn't buy anything equal to it in your town for less than twice the price, pay the Express Agent the balance, \$6.95, and express charges, and take it home. We'll guarantee you never to get anything home in your life, at ten times the price, that will give you and your family more pleasure. I remember, you don't risk a cent. If the instrument is not up to your highest expectations you can just tell the Express Agent to pack it up and send it back to us. We'll pay the charge both ways, and refund your dollar. But we know you won't return it.

Better than a \$45 Phonograph—Wm. Steele, Valleyfield, Que., writes: "Your Machine is the best of its kind I have ever heard of. I get better music out of it than any \$45 instrument around here."

A Hundred Laughs Already—E. J. Robar, Upper Granville, N.S., writes: "My wife thinks it a wonder. We have had a hundred laughs over it already."

Great Amusement for the Boys—Joseph Edwards, Snake River, Ont., writes: "I must say it is a Grand Piece of Music for the money and we are all highly pleased with it. It makes great amusement for the boys."

Wouldn't Trade It for a \$35 One—Fred Peters, Sinclair, Man., writes: "It's a dandy. My neighbors are surprised at the way it talks. A man here has a \$35 machine but mine beats his out by a long way. I would not trade for the \$35 one if I could."

His Duty to Praise It—O. P. Heather, Upper Middleboro, N.S., writes: "After carefully testing your Singing and Playing Machine I feel it my duty to give it a word of praise. It is really a wonder, and all who have heard it are delighted. The Band Selections are perfect. It is equal to any \$25 Machine I ever heard of."

And this is not all. We are offering \$1.00 Records for 40c.—50c. Records for 25c. and brand new Records at that. The only thing is, we haven't very many, but you can order as many of each as you like, and tell us what you prefer, and we'll send all we possibly can. You don't need to send more than a dollar to make the low large your order. You can pay the balance, whatever it is, at the Express Office. We haven't space enough to tell you why we are making this big jump in prices. We offer you a regular \$15 Phonograph for \$6.95, free trial before you pay for it, and there are only 173. That's a long and a short of it. We don't think it necessary to tell you to write us at once, you know yourself how quick every man will be to jump at such a chance these long dull evenings. Be sure and tell us what Express Office you want us to ship to. Write to us if you're too far from Toronto to call at our store.

Johnston's Limited, 191 Yonge Street, Dept. W Toronto, Ontario



**Talks as Plain as You
Sings Beautifully
Plays the Finest Music**

FREE All-Steel Combination Rifle

FOR BIRDS OR GAME—Boys have use for such a gun every day. It is the very latest model, has a 20 inch barrel, is light, sure and harmless. It is the very latest model, has a 20 inch barrel, is light, sure and harmless. It is the very latest model, has a 20 inch barrel, is light, sure and harmless.

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The Wheat Crop.

So enormous is the crop of wheat and other grains in the North-West this year that it is prophesied by a Regina optimist that before the snow is off the ground, several of the farmers in the vicinity of Saskatchewan's capital will each have a forty-horse power automobile, decorated or otherwise, by a French chauffeur. This is probably a little beyond belief, yet speaking seriously, the crop has been a Godsend to the farming community, and the year will be one of mortgage-burning and debt-paying throughout the entire West. And in most cases there will be enough money left to decorate and beautify the homes of the men, once pioneers, but now comfortable farmers. That the decorations will be tasty need not be said, for the Westerners know a good thing when they see it, and will not buy anything else. For that reason the sale of the Gourlay piano in the North-West this year has been enormously large. The whole country from Winnipeg west to the Rockies, yes, and even beyond the mountains, seems to have a thorough knowledge of the musical value of the Gourlay, and orders are coming in constantly. The Gourlay piano is higher-priced than some of its competitors, but that is due to more care in the building, and the enhanced value of the piano thereby. Customers have been expressing their delight to the firm, but better than that, they have been showing the instrument to their friends, and awakening their interest. That is one reason why a car-load of Gourlays left Toronto the other day for Winnipeg, where they will be distributed to the various purchasers. Mrs. (Rev.) T. R. McNair, formerly a piano and voice teacher of high reputation in Western Ontario, an examiner for the Association Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music in London, has now removed to Regina, and since taking up her abode in the West purchased a Gourlay piano. Her husband, writing to the firm concerning the instrument, says: "Mrs. McNair has an intimate and extensive knowledge of all the best makes of pianos, and after a thorough trial, places yours first among the Canadian made instruments. We are delighted with it."

"What makes you cry so bitterly, little boy?" asked the kind gentleman. "De t'ree Sunday-schools I jined is goin' ter have der Christmas treats all on the same night," wailed the little boy. "Boo-hoo!"

"Has your wife finished her Christmas shopping?" "Yes. She expects now to be able to put in all the rest of her time looking at things she might have bought for less money if she had only known it."

EXPERIENCE OF A BIRCHTOWN LADY

Tried in Vain to Cure Her Dyspepsia till She Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets They Cured Her Completely and Permanently.

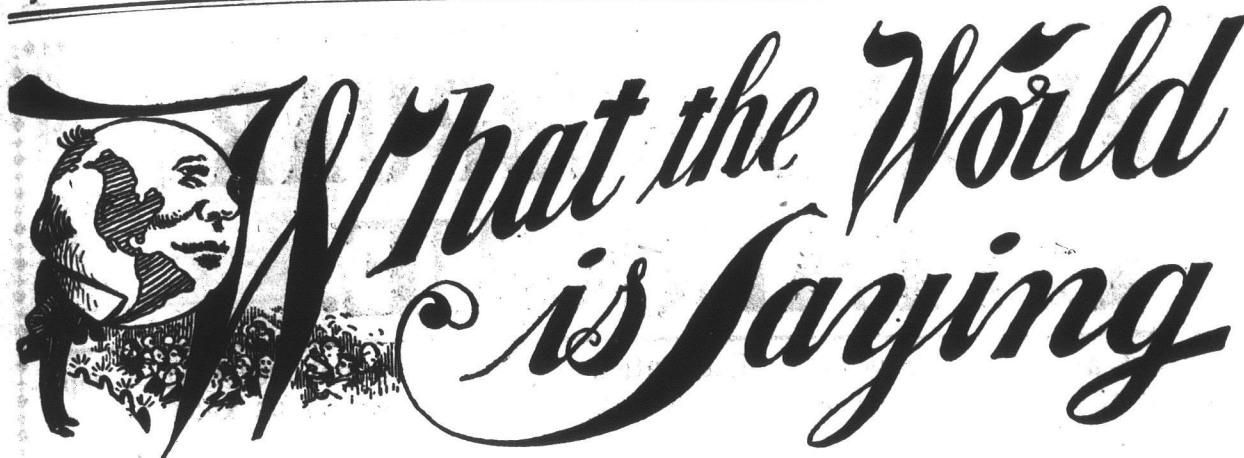
Miss Mary Brown, of Birchtown, Shelburne Co., N.S., relates an experience that is of immediate interest to thousands of people in all parts of Canada. These thousands are the people who face a square meal with mingled feelings of pleasure and dread, in other words victims of Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

"I can say I had Dyspepsia for some time," says Miss Brown. "I tried many medicines but never met with anything to help me till I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

"After taking three boxes I think they have made a perfect cure. And as it is over a year ago since I took them I can safely say the cure was a permanent one."

If you want to eat three square meals a day and enjoy them use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

THE GEM NOVELTY DEPARTMENT TORONTO, ONTARIO



What the World is Saying

American Capital in Canada.

The United States Department of Labor and Commerce has been investigating Canadian prosperity, and discovers that during the first ten months of this year 25,000 Americans emigrated to Canada. Most of them have bought farms in the Canadian Northwest, and will compete with American farmers in growing wheat for British consumption. The wealth of these new settlers is declared at \$10,000,000. The expert of the department says "the United States will not be seriously affected by the loss of these thousands, as hundreds of thousands have come to the United States from the Old World during the year." He adds: "The chief contributing cause to the building up of Canadian industries has been the United States capital. In the case of many industries substantially all the capital is from the States, although the companies are Canadian corporations." The migration of capital, we are told, is based upon the resolve of American manufacturers that Canadian tariff laws shall not keep them out of the profitable markets of the Dominion. Its population is small, but its consumptive capacity is great. Canadian imports last year were \$259,000,000, or \$47 per capita.

John Burns, the Labor Minister.

John Burns is the first workingman Cabinet Minister, and on that account is engaging notoriety. His career has been irreproachable, and few have uttered a word of anything except commendation. For years Mr Burns has lived in a small house at Battersea on a salary of \$750 a year. He is very abstemious, neither smoking nor drinking. He works twelve hours a day at his County Council and Parliamentary duties. The position given him by Campbell-Bannerman is a merited reward for long and intelligent service. The salary going with the office is \$10,000 per year. Burns has never truckled or fawned to the great; nor have the temptations of parliamentary life ever found him weak enough to lose his robust manhood. He is already making a stir in his new office. He arrives on a bicycle at 9 a.m., to the great consternation of officials who are accustomed to begin work at 10.30. His friends predict for him great fame as a reformer, but his enemies say he cannot hold up against the big permanent officials of his department.

The Cold Bath Condemned.

One by one our cherished fads are relentlessly torn from us by the hand of an omnipotent science. The cold bath is now to go, so says Dr Carleton Simon of New York. "There is much said relative of cold baths as a 'hardening' system to inure the body against colds. I believe the cold bath, taken in the ordinary house, is far more of a menace to health than a possible benefit. Nothing could be worse than to get out of a warm bed, walk through cold rooms, and then to immerse the body in cold water. The body is by this process completely chilled and the proper reaction prevented. The cold bath idea is a grave error in its general application. Men of robust health with a good supply of blood may find the cold bath beneficial. To the great majority of people living the sedentary life in the city it is highly injurious. Speaking of baths in general, it is far more beneficial to take hot baths, and far less dangerous. In winter these baths taken three times a week, before retiring are sufficient." Millions of the human race will take much comfort from these words.

The Decline of the Stage.

The death of Sir Henry Irving has raised the question of his successor. A number of names have been mentioned, but each in its turn has been credited. All this talk has given rise to

much discussion of the stage and the drama. "The New York World" is very severe in its strictures. It says: "The disgrace of an intellectual institution that should be a great force in educational and social progress, is that no living English-speaking actor can fill the shoes of a dead idol of only medium ability. The English drama is futile and decayed, the theatre is weak, purposeless and inept. Our English and American dramatists are as bad as the actors for whom they write. They have reached the bottom of the decline. Their plays show no earnestness of purpose. They are content to supply frivolous entertainment or to feed sensationalism by morbid clinics of social disorders. Most of them have reached the limit of their creative ability when they have dramatized one of the six best-selling novels." This is severe, but most of the critics endorse this view. Society scandals and nasty club stories seem to be the stock productions of our modern playwrights.

Manual Training.

It is seldom now that one hears an adverse criticism of manual training. The system has convinced every doubting Thomas, who is not also a bigot, of its educational value. During the years of its development, it has been seeking to define itself to itself, feeling, as it were, after a solid footing upon which to stand and do its work. It has found its ground at last. Calvin M. Woodward, in the Outlook, a pioneer of the science, gives the best definition of it we have seen. The object of manual training is mastery—mastery of the external world, mastery of tools, mastery of materials, mastery of processes. Only recently have the mechanical arts been studied, analyzed, and arranged in logical order for the purpose of being taught. It was formally assumed that the only way to learn the use of tools and to master materials and mechanical processes was to go into a shop as an apprentice, or associate one's self with workmen engaged in the execution of ordinary commercial work. The idea of putting the mechanical arts into a school and teaching them step by step was a new thought, just as it was a new thought when law, medical, naval, and military schools took the place of the court room, the doctor's office, the deck of the ship and a military camp."

Is Ireland to have Home Rule?

The persistency with which the advocates of Home Rule have prosecuted the theory, seems likely to be rewarded with victory, at least, so some political prophets aver. There are hints from semi-official sources that a near approach to home rule for Ireland is accepted as inevitable by the new Cabinet in Westminster. The Chicago Tribune says: "If it is, it will not come as a result of any new or urgent demand on the part of the present Irish members of Parliament, but as an outcome of all the agitation of the past, which has familiarized the English mind with the idea. English opposition has been simply worn out by the continual injection of the Irish question into sessions of Parliament which might, in English opinion, take up more important topics. The effect of time in allaying the bitterness of opposition to progress has often been noted. The time may come when young Englishmen studying their country's history may wonder that home rule was ever a burning question."

Are there too many Universities.

"How long the people of the Maritime Provinces will continue to pursue the insane policy of maintaining or trying to maintain half a dozen Universities imperfectly equipped, and inadequately supported, instead of one strong and thoroughly equipped institution, around which all the religious denominations might rally, and

with which their theological schools might be affiliated, it is hard for any ordinary mortal with prophetic insight to see." In these words the Presbyterian denounces the present educational policy of the lower provinces. The position taken is a good one for any province. These are the days of specialism, and only a great University, properly equipped and conducted, can meet the new demands. Canada has many Colleges, but only one or two seats of learning which can be called Universities. Our bright students are forced to go to the United States, England, or Germany to get the special training they seek. The small college is a necessity, and must be maintained, but the great University is also a cry we need.

The Universities and Football.

Columbia University has discarded football. The remedy is a severe one, and has been regarded by many as even drastic. The case must have been desperate when a College like Columbia put an end to a sport so popular. President Butler says Columbia cannot reform the game or dictate how it should be played. Football has very largely ceased to be a sport, and has become a profession. It demands long training, complete absorption of time and thought. It competes with the regular studies which a college professes to teach, and wins in the competition. Professor Butler explains, "Throughout the country it has become to be an academic nuisance because of its interference with academic work, and the academic danger because of the moral and physical ills that follow in its train. The large sums received in gate money are a temptation to extravagant management, and the desire for them marks the game as in no small degree a commercial enterprise. The great public favor with which even the fiercest contests are received is not a cause for exaltation, but rather for a profound regret."

Church Union.

The conference of Churches recently held in New York was a sight which our forefathers would never have dreamed of seeing. The purpose of the Council was to discover how deep was the sentiment of a union of all bodies of Christians. The feeling seemed to be that union was possible and desirable, and that at an early date. Professor Goodwin Smith in brief form has expressed the general opinion of the Convention when he says: "Why should there be three churches in one village, each with a miserably paid pastor, when Christian principles and hopes are common to all congregations, and nobody cares for the dogmas which formally divide them from each other?" But is there not another side to the question, a side which gets scant courtesy from these latitudinarians, namely, that of those who cannot give up their convictions at the whistle of these so-called broad-minded ones. There will always be dissenters, because all religious truths cannot be run into one mold. No one denomination can hope to gather into its fold all the people; therefore the man who cannot join the confederation are not to be despised because they cling to the idea, that they must be true to truth that to them is fundamental, and erect a meeting-house in every village to teach the truth.

The Sins of Respectable Society.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly calls attention to the sins which are committed by modern society. Sin has become subtle in its expression. The days of bludgeon and the knife are for the most part past; sin has become respectable. He says: "How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterator and the purveyor of polluted water compared with the red slayings of the vulgar bandit and assassin. What an abyss between the knife-play of the prowlers and the law-defying neglect to fence dangerous machinery in a mill or to furnish cars with safety couplers! The perpetrator of these sins is as respectable as the sin. He wears immaculate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, sins with a calm countenance and a serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes. Upon this gentlemanly presence the eventual blood and tears do not obtrude themselves. This is why good kindly men let the wheels of commerce and industry redde, rather than pare or lose their dividends." The article is extreme, but much of it is true. The tendency of modern society is to call sin by some other name. But the end seems in sight. Corporations, factories, and loan societies are being weighed in the balances.

OUR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY SALE CATALOGUE.

OUR January and February Sale Catalogue is out and is now being distributed. If you have not received a copy either we have not your name on our list or the copy we sent has gone astray. In any event let us know and we will send one. We want all to participate in this Great Sale.

It was originated to stimulate trade during the two winter months when business is most stagnant, and, to induce buying, prices are cut down to bed-rock.

Starting originally with white goods it has been extended to almost every department in the store, and the various departments in the store contain almost everything that is required in the home. It contains wearing apparel of all descriptions for men and women, all kinds of staples, millinery, and ribbons, gloves and hosiery, embroideries, dress goods, jewelry, silverware, tableware and cutlery, carpets, groceries, curtains and draperies, boots and shoes, furniture and all kinds of kitchen furnishings.

Every article is fully described in our January and February Sale Catalogue, and many of them are illustrated. The following are merely to show what kind of value may be expected in our January and February Sale.

GREAT SAVING ON WOMEN'S WEAR.



In studying the Catalogue pay particular attention to the ladies ready-to-wear suits, skirts and coats. Among them you will find many opportunities of saving money. Material reductions have been made all along the line, and when you remember what Eaton prices mean you will have an idea of the kind of value that this saving represents.

Just a word about these garments and Eaton prices. The garments are made in our workrooms by expert work-people. At every stage they are carefully inspected and before being placed on sale are rigidly examined so that nothing is offered that will not stand the closest scrutiny.

The styles shown are the styles worn in the leading American and European centres of fashion.

All the materials used are bought by us for cash, direct from the mills, and in such quantities that we get the lowest possible quotations. The middlemen's profits saved by us by buying in this way and the profits we save by doing our own manufacturing, are enjoyed by our customers, for it is part of our business policy to be satisfied with a reasonable profit.

Here is a case in point, the accompanying illustration is of a suit that was made to sell for just one-third more than our sale price, and at that price was phenomenal value.

Women's Stylish Suit made of high grade imported all-wool Cheviot, colors black and navy, has 42 inch Paddock Coat, lined throughout with best quality satin, unlined skirt made with 13 gores, each seam finished with stitched straps of self, trimmed with buttons and ending in inverted box pleats, sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price \$15.00.

JUST LIKE CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING.

Our ready-to-wear clothing for men is stylish in appearance, well made and remarkable value. Designed by experts and made by experts, it has a distinctive air about it that is ordinarily associated with the workmanship of high-class custom tailors. The great difference is the price. Our price is just about half of the others.

W. J. 2. Men's Single Breasted Sack Suits, in neat patterns of all-wool domestic tweeds, good linings and trimmings.

Special Sale Price, \$5.49.

W. J. 3. Single Breasted Suits, in fine all-wool domestic tweeds, neat patterns, good linings.

Special Sale Price, \$7.95.

W. J. 5. Scotch Tweed Suits, Single Breasted style, neat dark effects, best linings and trimmings.

Special Sale Price, \$11.95.

W. J. 11. Double Breasted Suit, in neat dark patterns of all-wool domestic tweed, strong linings.

Special Sale Price, \$7.99.

W. J. 30 Men's Long Box Back Overcoats, in fine smooth finished black beaver cloth, best Italian linings.

Special Sale Price, \$8.95.

JANUARY SALE PRICE.

W. J. 31. Long Box Back Overcoats, in imported Cheviot cloth, in plain Oxford grey, also black with indistinct stripe, best linings.

Special Sale Price, \$9.95.



Some of our Special Sale Prices for Dress Goods.

WE are showing a splendid range of dress goods which have been materially reduced in price although they are all the latest colorings and fabrics. At the regular prices these goods were of special value; at the sale prices they are calculated to go far towards establishing this annual event as a popular money-saving opportunity.

44 inch French Eolienne, silk and wool, pretty cord effect, soft sheer material, with finest equaling silk, full range of leading light and dark shades including black. Special Sale Price, per yard, \$1.05.

54 inch Fancy Tweed Suitings, good weight, for tailored

suits, multo mixtures in medium and dark shades, including black, assorted coloring. Special Sale Price, per yard, \$1.05.

54 inch Self Colored Suitings, in a good heavy weight, in stylish fancy weaves, all the leading shades including black. Special Sale Price, per yard, 98c.

20 inch Black Peau-de-Chine, a fine soft make with a rich soft finish, will not cut, beautiful pure black, drapes nicely. Special Sale Price, per yard, 43c.

21 inch Colored and Black Taffeta, extra heavy weight, a quality that carries our recommendation, in a range of all the newest shades. Crisp rustling finish and will not cut. Special Sale Price, per yard, 69c.

28 inch Colored and Black Sateen, good weight and an extra fine choice, quality, full range of leading shades including white and black. Special Sale Price, per yard, 11c.

36 inch Self Colored Cotton Cashmere, heavy weight, with

a soft well covered back, fast in color and washes beautifully, all the leading colors. Special Sale Price, per yard, 10c.

36 inch Colored and Black Silesia, Waist and Skirt Lining, good firm make. Special Sale Price, per yard, .07½c.

27 inch White Fancy Muslin, in neat stylish patterns, small plaid or check effects, and a range of pretty stripes, fine even make and free from starch. Special Sale Price, per yard, .09c.

Swiss Guipure all over lace, in a beautiful fine quality, good range, finest stylish patterns, a material that carries our recommendation for wear. Per waist length, Special Sale Price, \$5.00. Per yard, Special Sale Price \$1.00.

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



The Christmas season is a trying one to many whose purse is slender, and whose generosity is large; and the task of selection is not made any easier by the attractions which merchants have placed in their windows. Santa Claus has become commercialized. Yet, as the North-West Baptist puts it, "despite any amount of brain worry on the part of the gift seekers, and the vast desecration of the idea by the commercialistic spirit of our day, we would view with sorrow the exodus of the Christmas gift. Whatever base motives may sometimes prompt the giver, the great fact remains that into these tokens of remembrance are stitched and prayed many of the kindest thoughts that ever stir the heart. The gift has a great mission to the giver if in himself it awakens to activity slumbering affection and calls up forgotten memories. It has a great message to the recipient if the heart is still open to the beauty of an unselfish thoughtfulness and if it brings to his eye the mist of gratitude."

THE GIFT WITHOUT THE GIVER IS BARE.

There is nothing easier than to denounce unsparingly the trust or combine. They are looked upon as gigantic evils which are cancerous growths upon the body politic. But those who have really studied the question of trusts and combines find that these organizations are neither wholly evil nor wholly good. In so far as they lead to economics in production by doing away with the duplication of expenses, and thus are enabled to place their products on the market at a lower price, combines are a natural development of the universal and commendable effort to employ capital to the best advantage and extend the market for its productions. It is when combines take advantage of existing conditions to crush out competition, to restrict production, and to raise prices that they become an evil. This they are only too prone to do. The sweat shop, and many of its attendant evils are the results of a violation of the true principle for which the combine exists.

THE GOOD AND EVIL OF COMBINES.

The good work done by farmers before the Tariff Commission in Ontario has been splendidly supported by organized efforts on the part of the farmers of Manitoba. But what do Western farmers want? They want adequate protection, not from agriculturalists of other lands, but from those manufacturers east and west whose desire to become wealthy in a short time at the expense of the farmers has caused them to be dissatisfied with their present prosperity, and the unfair and large protection they now enjoy. It is from this greed and selfishness they expect to be protected by those in whose hands the revision of the tariff will fall. Says Andrew Graham: "To shut out entirely the American firm implements would have a baneful effect in lowering the standard of our Canadian-made goods, as American machinery is generally admitted to be superior to Canadian makes."

WESTERN FARMERS DEMAND PROTECTION.

How often a man will say to himself, "If I only knew where such or such a thing was to be had!" Thousands of our readers are directly interested in machinery, pianos and hundreds of other commodities, and would be glad of an opportunity to buy. To all such our advertising columns become indeed intended to be,

IF I ONLY KNEW!

as they are indeed intended to be,

reading notices of substantial interest, and often of great pecuniary value because of the saving of time, money and worry that they bring right to hand. The lines of goods spoken of in these pages cover a wide range of the material wants of all classes of society. Catalogues, often displaying great artistic beauty, are in most cases sent free on application. The firms represented in the Western Home Monthly are reputable and safe to do business with. It will pay the reader to keep in touch with them. It will be to his advantage also to use these columns to place his goods before the people. The Western Home Monthly has over 30,000 subscribers.

There are few public men who have the advantage of Dr. Osler in throwing interest around threadbare subjects. His observations, if not always correct, are original and enlivening. His latest utterance is about death. "As a rule," he says, "a man dies as he has lived, uninfluenced practically by the thought of a future life. I have careful records of about 500 deathbeds studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. Ninety suffered bodily pain and distress of some kind or another; eleven showed mental apprehension; one bitter remorse. Two expressed positive terror. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting. The preacher was right in this matter. Man hath no pre-eminence over the beast—as one dieth, so dieth the other." We suspect the preachers will fall foul of Dr. Osler for this pronouncement. But the province entered by Professor Osler is not the express property of the preacher. The scientist and philosopher are also keenly alive to the subject of the future life. The article will provoke widespread interest.

DR. OSLER ON DEATH.

The completion of the Canadian Northern to Edmonton has been a source of great joy to that ambitious city. The Edmonton Bulletin commenting on the event says, "For the city the completion of the line means an almost complete revision of former conditions. The railway annihilates distance, and in establishing direct connection between the city and the markets of the world, the C. N. R. has placed Edmonton a hundred leagues nearer the heart of the continent without disturbing the advantages which pertain to a frontier location. In all the commercial benefits of speedy communication, and in the comfort and convenience of a shorter route, Edmonton will quickly feel the influence of this new railway." The influence of the new road has also been felt by every community through which it passes. But one of the best features is that it has come into sharp competition with the C. P. R., which has up to this time had an uncontrolled monopoly. As a result, rates have been reduced. We wish the city of Edmonton much happiness in their new railway line.

THE NEW ROUTE TO EDMONTON.

Notwithstanding the fact that most of us know how to fall in love, some fellow assumes that we do not, and self-constitutes himself as our guide into the paradises of love-land. Mr. Sidney Oliver in the Contemporary Review has capped the climax, however, as an authority. He says, "Falling in love is surely one of the most common and significant instances in which a certain mode of hypnotism produces not only visual and other hallucination, but also telepathic

ON FALLING IN LOVE.

profits.

Cincinnati will have a millionaire for superintending her street cleaning. The new official is Joseph S. Neave, a millionaire. After the recent election in which the reform forces were successful, Mr. Neave's friends urged him to give the public the benefit of his time and experience. Being an enthusiast on well kept and well paved streets, he applied for the position of superintendent of the cleansing department. The salary attached to the office is \$2,400 a year, but the new official will spend more than that in visiting other cities to gather new ideas on the subject and in conducting experiments at his own expense. Thus, a new element is introduced into civic life, namely, the rich and intelligent business man. Mr. Neave expresses the view that every citizen should discharge some practical duty to the city, even if it means some pecuniary loss and is attended with inconvenience. Men of this type are sorely needed in municipal affairs, which only too often are controlled by ignorance and graft.

A MILLIONAIRE SCAVENGER.

The North-west has a dearth of teachers. Saskatchewan and Alberta particularly complain that they cannot get teachers enough to man, or rather woman, their schools. There is something wrong with the teaching profession, for many are leaving it, and few are entering it. One of the wrongs that should be righted is that of salary. The fact is that the salaries paid teachers are ridiculously small, and while they are so, the supply of good teachers will never meet the demand. The situation is as bad in Ontario as it is in the West. The Toronto Globe says, "The people of this province want to know authoritatively why they have so much trouble and difficulty in securing teachers now, after having been accustomed for many years to a plethora of applicants for every vacancy that occurred. It becomes an extremely serious matter when children are forced to go for even a few months without the privilege of attending a school." In Ontario the salaries offered teachers run from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty. We do a little better in the West, our minimum being five hundred and fifty, but then the difference in the cost of living must be taken into account. The compensation is too small to tempt bright young men and women into the ranks of the profession.

THE DEARTH OF SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The farmers of Ontario have scored handsomely in the discussions of the tariff before the Commission. It has been shown that the farmer while enjoying a measure of prosperity in common with other citizens during the prosperous years, has not been able to accumulate wealth to any considerable extent. That the better class of farmers have only secured a fair living, and others not so favorably situated have only succeeded in making a bare living, and that any increased wealth the farmers enjoy as a class is attributable almost entirely to the enhanced value of farm lands. It has also been shown very clearly that while the tariff imposes many and onerous burdens upon the farmer, its blessings for him are few and far between; and while he is willing to have his burdens increased for the benefit of struggling infant industries, he is unwilling to have those burdens perpetuated for the benefit of industries that have become well established and are able to pay handsome profits.

THE FARMERS AND THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

profits.

High Constable of Quebec

After Suffering For 10 Years With Pain In The Back He Was Completely Cured By "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" cures diseased and irritated kidneys when all other treatment fails.

The proof that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest kidney cure known to science is demonstrated by these tablets removing all pain in the back—making the kidneys healthy—and curing chronic constipation.

St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., June 10th, 1905.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great good which "Fruit-a-tives" have done me. I was a constant sufferer from severe constipation and severe pain in the back for the last ten years. I tried many kinds of pills and tablets and physician's medicines but the relief was only temporary. Not long ago



I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and now I am entirely well, no pain, no constipation and my stomach and bowels act naturally. I cannot say enough in praise of "Fruit-a-tives"—they are a grand medicine, mild as fruit in their action and easy to take. (Signed)

H. MARCHESSAULT, High Constable.

Do you know that every drop of blood in your body goes to the kidneys to get rid of some of the impurities?

When the bowels don't move regularly, the blood takes up poisons in the bowels and carries them to the kidneys. Then the kidneys get overworked—inflamed. Then comes the pain in the back—headaches—constant desire to urinate—nervousness—sleeplessness.

"Fruit-a-tives" acts directly on the Kidneys—cleans, heals and strengthens them—makes the liver give up more bile to move the bowels regularly—and stimulates the glands of the skin to increased action. These rid the system of all poisons and every trace of Kidney Disease disappears.

Fruit-a-tives have cured hundreds of cases of Kidney Disease by stimulating and healing the Kidneys. At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50



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Our Grand Offer We have set aside a few of these beautiful pictures, and, if you will send us the names and addresses of six ladies or gentlemen that you think would be likely to buy them, and a 5c. piece, we will give you one of these pictures for yourself. Write at once, The Royal Academy Publishing Co., Dept. W Toronto

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

Embroideries for the Home.

A Bolting-Cloth Scarf.

A fascinating bureau scarf can be made of a foundation of bolting cloth. The material should first be cut the desired size. The model indicated is made of very fine linen, the edge being ornamented with a double row of hemstitching. At each corner threads are pulled to form a square like that in drawn work. As a center decoration is an irregular wreath of

fumed. Around the edge of the case is a pure white silk cord.

An Embroidered Pincushion.

The long, narrow pincushion is the accepted style. The example shown is made of white Belgian linen embroidered with yellow roses. Both flowers and leaves are worked solid in all their natural colors, while the stems are



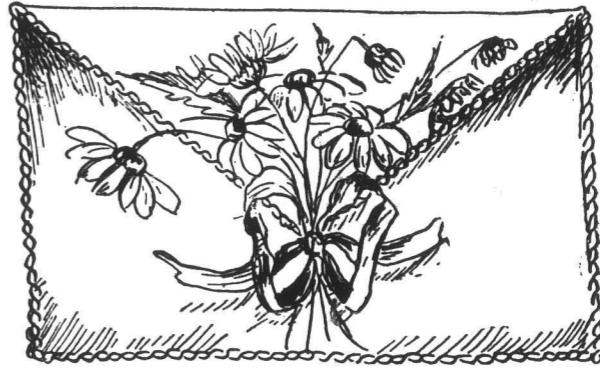
A BOLTING-CLOTH SCARF

violets with their leaves and unopened blossoms, which are embroidered in all the tones of the natural for the center, then embroidered in lilies of the valley, the blossoms white, with the long leaves in bright and medium shades of blue greens. Round all sides is a border of white ribbon one inch and a quarter in width, which in turn is embroidered in scroll designs of Japanese gold thread. Covering the seam and connecting the two is a lace beading, through which is run a narrow ribbon of pale olive green. At a finish is a crochet edge, fine and deli-

worked in brown. Around the edge of the cushion is a frill of delicate lace, headed by a beading through which yellow satin ribbon is run. This same pincushion looks well in an embroidery of daisies, violets or chrysanthemums.

A Toilet Bag.

Toilet bags always fill a need for handkerchiefs, laces and small collars, when soiled. The model shows one made of strips of ribbon, some bro-



A HANDKERCHIEF CASE

cate in quality, of any pattern preferred. When the scarf is completed it should be lined with an India silk of palest green. The size may be adapted to suit any bureau or dressing-table, as the design lends itself easily to changes.

cad and some plain, which are embroidered in tiny blossoms and running wires. These ribbons are put

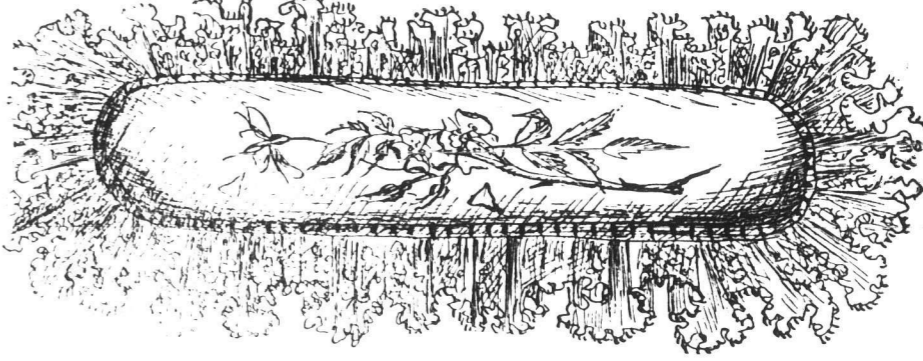
A Handkerchief Case.

This dainty handkerchief case is made of Japanese linen, which is silky in appearance, but of a sufficiently transparent nature to allow a delicate tint of silk for the lining. The daisies indicated are embroidered in their own white tones, with yellow centers, the leaves in olive greens. The ribbon can be either embroidered solid in pale yellow or be genuine ribbon applied on the linen. The entire case can be lined with pale-blue Liberty satin, which in turn is wadded and per-



A TOILET BAG

together by fancy stitches in gold-colored silks to form a strip three quarters of a yard in length. This strip is then made into a bag and



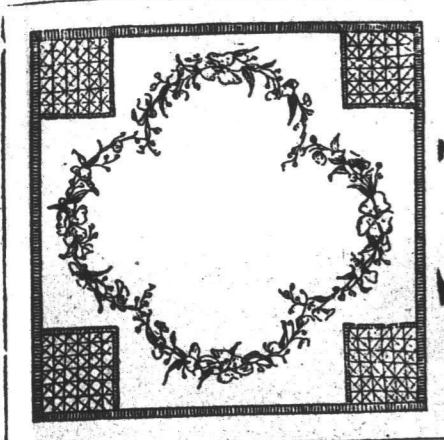
AN EMBROIDERED PINCUSHION

January, 1906

gathered and sewed to a circular bottom of cardboard, covered with silk, and then lined with a delicate silkoline. At the top is a frill of India silk, while covering the seam is a casing through which gold-colored ribbons are hung.

The Carafe or Wine Doily.

Among doilies which decorate the table for a company luncheon, those for the wine decanter or water carafe should be of a dainty color; doilies of this kind fit charmingly the corners of



THE CARAFE OR WINE DOILY

the table. This same doily can have a decoration of fruits as well as flowers, or a conventional figure can adorn the linen as a border or corner piece.

An Embroidered Pillow.

This pillow is made of two shades of satin, the circle in the center, of a light greenish blue whose color suggests the water, and is laid over a square of olive green. The pond lilies are embroidered solidly in their natural colors, while the leaves are worked in a dark shade of olive. The horizontal lines, expressing water, are outlined in



AN EMBROIDERED PILLOW

fine silk a shade darker than the satin. The cat-tails on the center portion, which make the frame for the lilies, are embroidered in rich browns, the leaves, in shades of olive, darker than the natural. Finishing the pillow is a heavy cord with thin threads of gold. The whole effect is exceedingly decorative and the lilies appear in a realistic light.

Centerpiece of Pond Lilies.

This exceedingly decorative piece is made of white Belgian linen, the

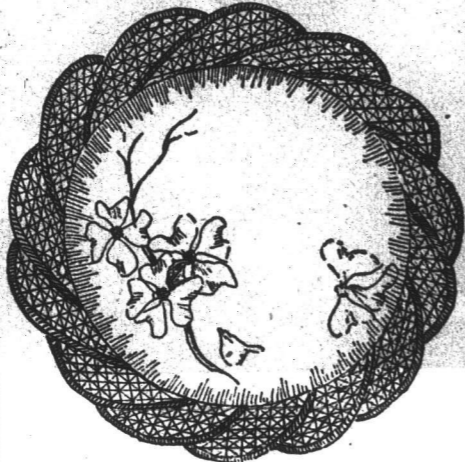


CENTERPIECE OF POND LILIES

design of pond lilies forming the border. The outer edges of the petals, which form the edge, are first buttonholed with white silk very closely and finely, the blossoms worked in long-and-short-stitch, the stitches in the outer petals running from and blending with the button-hole edge. The leaves and buds, which make the design, are also embroidered in long-and-short-stitch in blended shades of olive, the opening buds showing just a bit of palest pink, as in nature. The stems should be worked solid in slightly darker shades of olive; the scallops between the blossoms buttonholed in heavy silk where the linen is cut on the outline of the design. It is a very decorative design.

A Fish-Net Centerpiece.

This attractive scheme at a glance seems difficult, but it is really easy to make. Cut a circular piece of white linen the desired size and embroider upon it a spray of dogwood, or any blossom preferred. Then baste on the linen a larger piece of white fish-net, work the edges of the linen in long-and-short-stitch, as indicated, with white floss, taking care each stitch passes through the net so as to make



A FISH-NET CENTERPIECE

fast to the centerpiece, and the stitches close together to make a continuous edge. Draw an outer circle on the net sufficiently larger than the linen to make a proportionate border. Baste white couching cord on the curved lines, as shown, and buttonhole each into place. Then cut carefully the outer edge, leaving the buttonhole cord as a finish; cut away the net from under the linen and press with care.

The Horn of Plenty.

This unusual centerpiece has been worked with great success, its simplicity being its chief charm. It is made of Belgian linen in a fine quality, the outline for the edges first drawn



THE HORN OF PLENTY

by the pencil, then buttonholed with heavy white floss, as indicated. The horns are embroidered solidly in pure white, the little tendrils in the palest of greens. When all is completed, the outer edge is cut out on the outline of the border, making for the cloth a fine finish. This centerpiece is very pretty for a flower stand.

Do not tolerate a lazy hired man or an idle hen on the premises. Both are a detriment and make deep inroads on the profits.



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The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.G.K.

Motto for the month.

"He shall cover thee with his pinions
And under his wings shalt thou
trust."—Psalm 91.

NINETEEN What lies for us all
SIX behind those mystic
words? A new year reminds me al-
ways of the fact that:

"We bear sealed orders o'er Life's
weltered seas
Our haven dim and far;
We can but man the helm right cheer-
fully,
Steer by the brightest star.

And hope that when at last the Great
Command
Is read, we then may hear
Our anchor song, and see the longed
for land,
Lie known and very near."

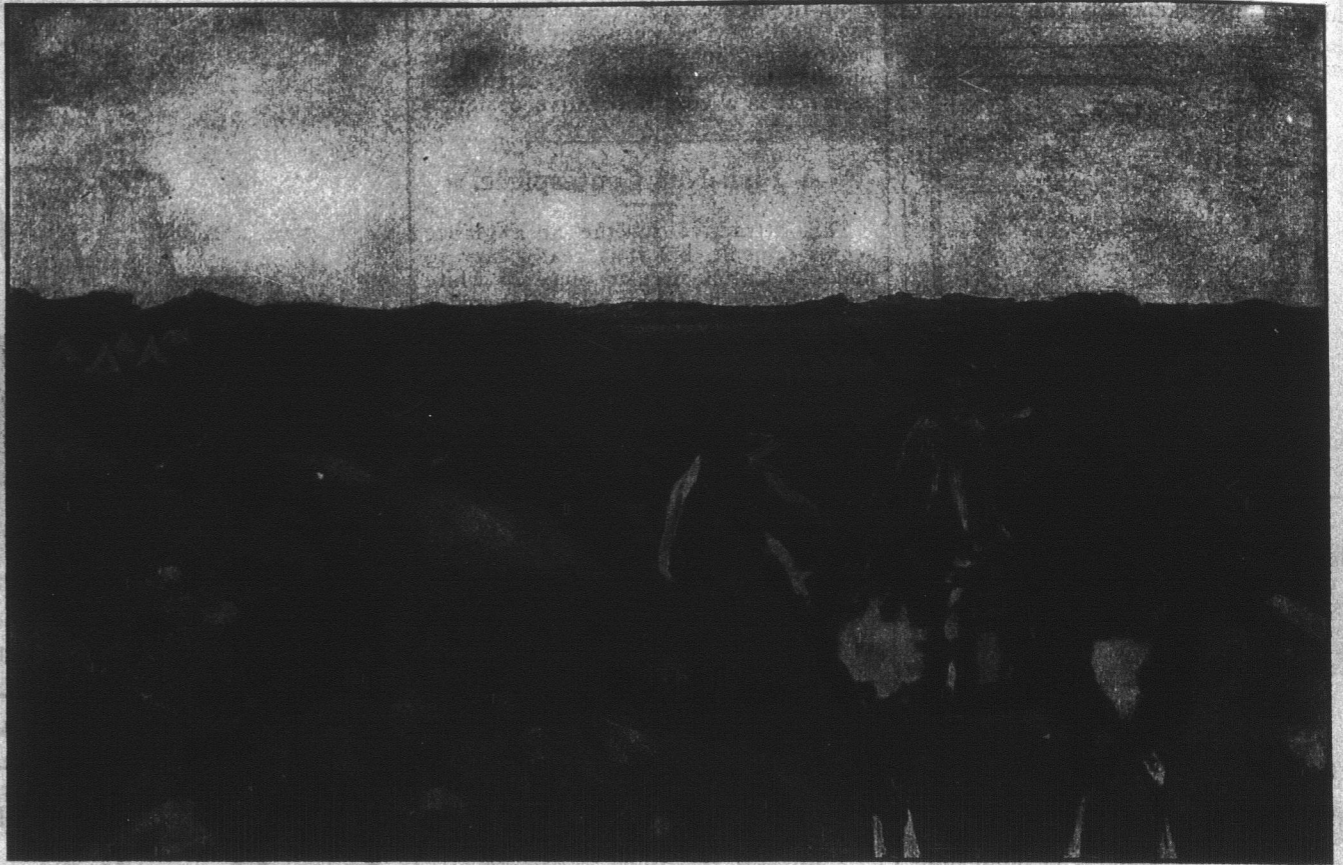
Whatever lies for the women of the
West in the womb of 1906, of one
thing be sure, there will be need for
patience, endurance, cheerfulness.
Among the readers of the Western
Home Monthly I know full well there
is many a heart looking forward to the
New Year with dread, for fear of
added burdens and added sorrows. To
these I would say look back over 1905
and count up the blessings and the
mercies, and see if after a careful
scrutiny they do not outweigh the sor-
rows and the disappointments, and
from this take courage for 1906. Meet
the new year with hope in your heart
if you cannot greet it with a song upon
your lip. It has grown to be the cus-
tom to laugh over new year resolu-
tions, but in our secret hearts we all
make them, and grieve when, as too
often happens, they are broken before
January draws to a close. But the de-
sire to make good resolutions is in it-
self a healthy sign, and though we may
not proclaim our resolves on the
housetops, if we make them sincerely

some at least will be kept throughout
the year. In the West with its many
toils, its lack of help, women grow
despondent over their failures and feel
like drifting, so the coming of a new

year makes an opportunity to brace up,
take stock, and start afresh, and there
is just one word I would whisper to
every woman, do not grumble during
the coming year. Where it is neces-
sary insist upon your rights, but do it
firmly and pleasantly, do not keep on
complaining. This one resolution-
made and kept will lighten all the bur-
dens of 1906. May every reader of this
page have a truly happy new year, and
to all let me commend the motto at the
head of this page as one that, borne in

FOR A MERE MAN. While on the topic of
new year resolutions
and clothes I would

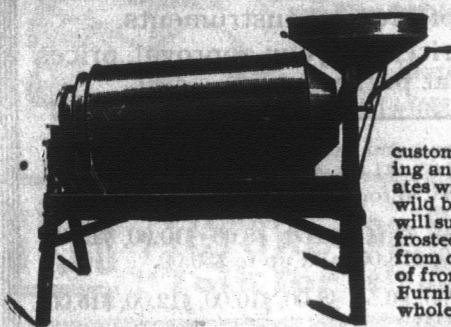
like to say a word to the man of the
house. An excellent new year resolu-
tion for every husband to make, would
be to pay his wife her share of the
earning, or see that she has a regular
income in some form or other, and
having done that to make a point of
noticing when she is dressed prettily
and pay her a few of the compliments
which were plenty enough in courting



INDIAN SCOUT.

Painted for The Western Home Monthly by M. Morrison, Regina.

Beeman's New Jumbo Grain Cleaner.



Capacity, 75 bushels of wheat per hour
guaranteed.

Sold on 10 days' trial; if not the fastest and most
perfect grain cleaner on the market, can be re-
turned at our expense. One machine at whole-
sale to first farmer ordering in each neighbor-
hood to introduce them. Hundreds of satisfied
customers in Western Canada. The only machine clean-
ing and bluestoning the grain at one operation. Separ-
ates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley, as well as
wild buckwheat and all foul seed, and the only mill that
will successfully separate barley from wheat. Separates
frosted, sprouted or shrunken wheat, raising the quality
from one to three grades, making a difference in price
of from 5 to 15 cents per bushel. Cleans flax perfectly.
Furnished with bagger if desired. Write at once for
wholesale prices.

BEEMAN & CO., 127-129-131 Higgins Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.



A Gentle Hint—

like that is not to be disregarded. If
horses don't get plenty of good fodder
they'll kick with something more than
their heels. A poorly kept animal
runs down and decreases in value.
Carnefac Stock Food is in general use
from one end of Canada to the other,
and in no case has it failed to give
satisfaction to both horse and its
owner.

Such well known horsemen as Graham Bros., of Claremont, Ont., Robt.
Beith, M.P., of Bowmanville, Ont., and a host of others recommend its use.

Drop a card to the CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD Co., for particulars—

THE CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD CO.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

mind throughout the year, will lighten
all loads and smooth over every rough
place. We speak much of good litera-
ture, but there is nothing so uplifting
so grand, and so simple as the Psalms
and the book of Isaiah, and if we read
them oftener we would find a new re-
finement running through all our
thoughts.

DRESS AND ITS USES.

Men have a habit of
laughing at women for
the interest they take
in clothes, and talk wisely of the time
women waste in discussing dress, but
I notice that the average man admires
the well dressed woman even if he
hesitates to allow his wife enough
money to dress decently. It is my
opinion that good clothes have a far
greater effect on our daily lives than
most of us realize. Have you ever
noticed with what added confidence
you meet strangers if you are con-
scious that you are well and becom-
ingly dressed. It is all very well to
say that one should have a mind above
such trivial things as an ill-fitting dress
or an unbecoming hat, but the truly
wise woman finds time to study her
clothes as well as cultivate her mind.
A little friend of mine who is particu-
larly clever and accomplished has a
novel and most effectual way of curing
an attack of the blues. When she
finds things are going wrong with her
and that the day is beginning to as-
sume a gray and gloomy tinge, she
promptly goes and puts on her most
becoming gown and does her hair in
the most becoming style and claims
she can then go back to her duties in
a cheerful frame of mind.

Too many women in their zeal to be
good housekeepers and provide fine
meals for their families forget what
they owe to themselves. Many a
woman who would be deeply mortified
if a speck of dust were found in her
parlor or a dish awry on her pantry
shelves will appear at the dinner table
in a soiled dress and untidy hair, her
excuse being that she has been too
busy to change. Then she wonders
why she has such difficulty in teaching
her children habits of neatness.

days. A new dress or a new ribbon
would have double the value in a wife's
eyes if her husband would take the
trouble to tell her that it is becoming.
Many a woman drops into slovenly
ways of dressing, because no matter
how prettily she may dress herself
there is no notice taken by her hus-
band; or even worse, her little effort
is greeted with the query, "who in
thunder are you prinking for now?"
The familiarity of marriage should
never be allowed to breed contempt of
one another's feelings. Think it over,
good man of the house, and if you have
sinned along this line in 1905 see to it
that you do not repeat the sin in 1906.
Apropos of these remarks I want the
married men to clip out this little list
of reasons why marriage is a failure,
and paste it in their pocket books
where they can readily see it:—

He regarded children as a nuisance.

He did all his courting before mar-
riage.

He never talked over his affairs with
his wife.

He never had time to go anywhere
with his wife.

He doled out money to his wife as
if to a beggar.

He looked down upon his wife as an
inferior being.

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its natural qualities intact.
This excellent Cocoa main-
tains the system in robust
health, and enables it to resist
winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

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and Economical.

He never took time to get acquainted with his family.
 He thought of his wife only for what she could bring to him.
 He never dreamed that there were two sides to marriage.
 He never dreamed that a wife needs praise or compliments.
 He had one set of manners for home and another for society.
 He paid no attention to his personal appearance after marriage.
 He thought his wife should spend all her time doing housework.
 He married an ideal, and was disappointed to find it had flaws.
 He treated his wife as he would not have dared to treat another woman.

MOTHERS AND CLUBS. Attacks that have recently been made on women's clubs as organizations tending to race suicide, has roused the women of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. Mary I. Wood, of Portsmouth, has been busy obtaining and collecting figures to prove that so far from this accusation being true the reverse is the case. There are in the Federated Women's Clubs 700,000 members, of these 500,000 are actual mothers of children, and of the remaining 200,000 very many are young wives. The 500,000 mothers have an average of rather over three children apiece. One of the interesting features of the statistics is the fact that the West leads the East in the number of children and the size of the family. Another fact in this connection particularly worthy of note is the care with which club women, as a rule, avoid the divorce courts. In Kansas, a state that has an unenviable reputation in the matter of divorce, Judge Smith reports that in 20 years on the bench he had never had a divorce case in which the plaintiff, defendant, or co-respondent was a club woman.

In concluding her report, Mrs. Wood says: "It is not race suicide which threatens the United States, but race substitution. The large families of two generations ago would now work to the disadvantage of the children because of the practical impossibility of people of moderate means properly equipping a large number of children. I am strongly of the opinion that the woman's club is a great power for good, and that its beneficent influence will soon be generally recognized. The object and aim of the club is to give women a broader view, to teach them to improve their opportunities and make them better mothers for their children, better companions for their husbands. Better mothers because they are able to direct their children, and provide for their needs." I, for one, would be glad to see some women's clubs started in the Canadian West, for they are badly needed to arouse women to take more interest in public questions. If we had more club women it would not be so difficult to get municipal voters out to vote when it is a question of the election of school trustees. These men have an important influence on the lives of the children in the schools, and yet scores of mothers in this country, who have votes, can hardly be dragged out on election day, and never trouble themselves to find out whether the men who are to exercise so much authority and influence over their children are fit to come among them. There are many serving on many a school board in this country that ought never to have been allowed to take their seats, and never would have been if the women voters had looked into the matter as they should have done and exercised the power vested in them in the form of the ballot. Any institution that calls the attention of women and especially mothers to the laws that govern and control their children is filling a noble mission, and should be encouraged.

Drummer—"Were there any novel features at the Christmas-tree entertainment last night?" Ruralville Merchant—"Yes; the gentleman who impersonated Santa Claus did not catch fire from the candles on the tree and get badly burned."

With the Lawyers.

A lawyer of some distinction, who began practice in a small New England town, says his first client required a deed covering certain parcels of land sold to a neighbour. The deed was drawn in due form, and after its execution the client demanded his bill. It was \$2.00. This amount was objected to as a most exorbitant sum for the service rendered.

"I told him," says the lawyer, "that to enable me to draw the deed I studied two years in Lancaster Academy, and this cost me \$200; then I spent four years in Dartmouth College, which cost me \$250 a year more, and then I went to the Harvard law school for another year, at a cost of \$500.

"So you see, Mr. Hines, that to get the necessary education to do this work I had to pay out \$1,700, and yet you think my charge of \$2.00 is a large one."

"The man looked at me for a moment in amazement, and then exclaimed, 'Say, what a fool you must



D. F. BELEPAP, HAYNES, ALTA., MOUNTED ON ONE OF HIS 5-OX TEAM.

have been before they begun on you."

From the same source comes the story of a lawyer who was said to have drawn more wills than anyone else in his county. Upon the death of a respected citizen, there was much speculation as to the value of his property. The village gossip undertook to find out the facts. Calling upon Mr. Haywood, the lawyer referred to, he remarked:

"Well, I suppose you made Mr. Bank's will?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, then," continued the gossip, "you probably know about how much he left. Would you mind telling me?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Haywood, in his slow way. "He left every cent that he had."

Clossun—"I want to look at some rings for a Christmas present." Clerk—"Yes, sir. About what price, sir?" Clossun—"The cheaper the better." Clerk—"And is there any stone your wife prefers, sir?"

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Write for catalogues and full information concerning our easy plan of payment.

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 443 Portage Ave. Nov. 10th, 1905.
 Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—
 I wish to say that the Martin-Orme Piano we bought from you has given entire satisfaction. I am delighted with the sweetness of its tone and also with its well regulated action.

I have through my course of study at the Abbey used many makes of Pianos and have no hesitation in saying that the Martin-Orme is quite up to the standard of first-class instruments. I wish you every success and am confident that anyone purchasing one of the Martin-Orme Pianos will never regret it.

Yours,
 (Signed) MABEL DUTTON

Miss Dutton is a Gold Medalist from Lorette Abbey Toronto, with a University Certificate, 1905

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICES

A. E. SOULIS & CO.
 443 PORTAGE AVE.

SOLE AGENTS WINNIPEG

NO HAND RUBBING

The New Century Washer



Renders it quite unnecessary to use a washboard. Five or six minutes' easy movement of the machine while seated in a chair will thoroughly wash a tubful of clothes.
 Ball Bearings and strong spiral steel springs is the secret. No process as easy on the clothes or the operator.
 If your dealer cannot show you the machine write us for particulars.
THE DOWSWELL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.
 Sold at \$5.50. HAMILTON, ONT.

Deafness and Catarrh Cured By "ACTINA."

Ninety-five per cent of all cases of deafness brought to our attention is the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear.

The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed a cure is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific cure for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor current generated by "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions as it passes through the tubes, and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the slightest vibration of sound. "Actina" has seldom failed to stop ringing noises in the head. We have known people troubled with this distressing symptom for years to be completely cured in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. "Actina" also cures la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headache and all other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. "Actina" is sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. We will give free advice and positive proof of cures. A valuable book.—Professor Wilson's 100-page Treatise on Diseases. Free. Address New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 84C, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions as it passes through the tubes, and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the slightest vibration of sound. "Actina" has seldom failed to stop ringing noises in the head. We have known people troubled with this distressing symptom for years to be completely cured in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. "Actina" also cures la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headache and all other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. "Actina" is sent on trial post-paid. Write us about your case. We will give free advice and positive proof of cures. A valuable book.—Professor Wilson's 100-page Treatise on Diseases. Free. Address New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 84C, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

LEARN ELECTROLYSIS \$3 to \$5 per hour

Three to Five Dollars per hour are the established fees of many young men and women who have graduated. Do you want to learn something which will distinguish you and remunerate you to an extent that makes life worth living? Would you like to have knowledge in your brain which will place you above the millions of ordinary individuals? Would you like to have a profession whose practice would be affecting the noble work of relieving unfortunate persons from facial blemishes that doctors have failed to cure and that would bring you in contact with bright, happy people every day?

Our course in Electrolysis gives you the complete knowledge and the electrical apparatus to remove, positively without pain, warts, moles, collapsed skin, growths, superfluous hair, and those countless humiliating disfigurements you see upon the faces of people you meet every day. We can possess you, in from seven to nine weeks, with a knowledge which has been shielded for years and to which the West offers a field for application of such magnitude as can hardly be conceived. It will fit you for travel if you like it or for the building up of a lucrative income at home—your own boss, and independent of masters and influences. We make no statement here that is not true; we do not wish you to understand that you can earn three to five dollars per hour for ten or twelve hours per day—but if you have a natural ambition to rise and will apply yourself as we direct you, you can do as previous graduates are doing; earn \$5.00 and as high as \$10.00 per week.

The accom. any illustrations tell the story best; look up the definition of the word Electrolysis and you cannot fail to understand. The Electric Electrolysis Battery which we supply with the lessons, to which is attached a needle suitable to each particular case does the work. We will graduate a limited number in Western Canada, but only applications that bespeak brightness and intelligence on the part of the applicant will be accepted. If you are interested write for our Booklet "Electrolysis The New Profession."

Address THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ELECTROLYSIS BRANCH 3, WINNIPEG.

SHORTHAND

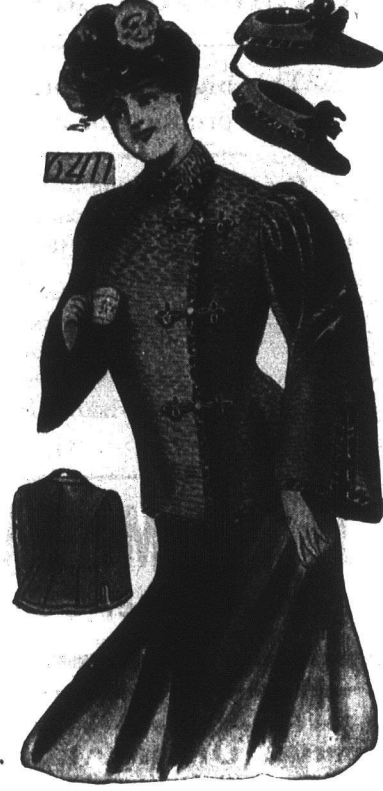
Book-keeping, Penmanship, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars Catalogue free. Address W. N. S. P. O. BOX 115, ST. CHARLES, MAN.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

6411—Eiderdown Dressing Sack and Bed Slippers.

Few people realize how easily bed slippers and dressing sack of eiderdown can be made, and yet how great an amount of comfortable pleasure are to be obtained therefrom. These two garments constitute an insurance society against colds, for they are warm as "toast" and very serviceable. The slippers are made of the eiderdown to match the sack and lined with a contrasting color of the same fabric. They are daintily finished with ribbon binding and bows, a little rubber cord around the heel under the flap holds them on the foot. The jacket is



little garments, and we give these attractive models to assist her. The little dress may serve for everyday or best, according to the materials used in its construction. Persian lawn or India mull will produce a dainty gown, while gingham, madras or chambray will develop it for more ordinary wear. The pictured yoke is of tucks and insertion, while a ruffle of the tucked material or embroidery finishes it and appears at the lower edge of the dress. The cloak has a shaped collar with a narrow ribbon pleating, and may be made of linen, French flannel, Henrietta, serge or silk. The bonnet is simplicity itself, but may be elaborated with any amount of trimming. Silk or India mull will serve as material. The creaping apron is an invaluable addition to the little one's wardrobe, as it saves many a dress from soil and wear. This should be made of percale, gingham, natural colored linen or outing flannel. It is without fulness or adornment, buttoning down the back. The little petticoat consists of body and skirt part, and should be made of nainsook, lawn or longcloth. 4682—in one size. Price 15 cents.

6373—A Convenient Apron.

Dirt has a faculty of getting on one, no matter what the occasion, and the only way to keep one's gowns looking well is to wear an apron. One does not need to eliminate all becomingness when donning a garment of this kind. On the contrary, aprons are sometimes very fetching. An example is shown here in an apron gathered full to a narrow yoke. The underarm seams are left open for a short distance to allow plenty of room



bound in the same manner as the shoes and fastened attractively with frogs. The soft turnover collar about the throat is very comfortable, while the sleeves are loose at the bottom and can be easily turned up for bathing. This garment is fitted by three seams in back, and requires no experience for its successful construction. In the medium size the sack and slippers require 4 yards of 36-inch material. 6411—sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

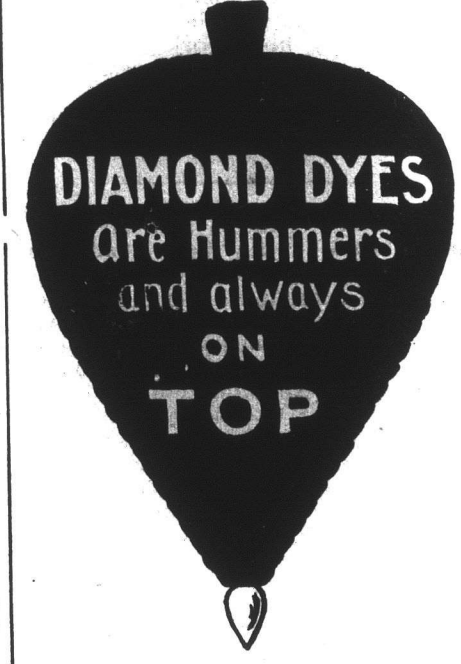
4682—A Little One's Outfit.

While planning garments for maid and matron, there's a little one in the household whom we all love and cannot forget. This small person does not worry his head about clothes—so long as he is warm and comfortable he is contented. But his fond mother delights to fashion these



Diamond Dyes

HAVE SAVED MONEY AND PROVED BLESSINGS TO MILLIONS OF HOMES

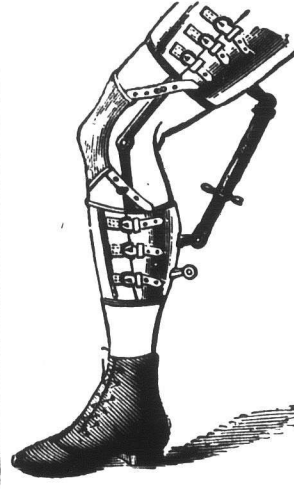


Our Canadian women will kindly bear in mind that weak, adulterated and imitation package dyes are still sold by some dealers who care little for the comfort, profit and success of our wives, mothers and daughters.

If you would have home dyeing done successfully and profitably, insist upon having the DIAMOND DYES. Never be induced to accept worthless dyes at any price. The poor dyes will surely ruin your hands as well as your goods.

DIAMOND DYES for twenty-five years the favorites of our women, are sold by all progressive and busy druggists and general-storekeepers in Canada.

Artificial Limbs



MADE IN WINNIPEG BY J. H. CARSON Corner of Portage Avenue & Main St. Winnipeg

The latest idea of a slip socket. Gives perfect comfort, and free action in walking. See this limb and you will wear no other. It also makes orthopedic appliances for all deformities. Write for Price List and full particulars.

HARDY, Acclimated Fruits, Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Seed Potatoes.

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WINNIPEG, Man. CATALOGUES FREE.

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50 Second-Hand Upright and Square Pianos

By nearly every conceivable maker

As these instruments occupy much needed space, they are offered at bargain prices, and on the most favorable terms.

If not convenient to call, write for Catalogue.

Layton Bros.,
144 Peel Street,
MONTREAL, QUE.

FREE DEMONSTRATION TO BONSPIEL VISITORS



POMPADOURS

The want of this pompadour is the very reason for many women's unattractiveness. It is a beautiful little creation, made from genuine natural wavy hair, and in effect it is quite wonderful. Can be parted on the side if desired. Price \$8.00

Natural Wavy Switches

Length 18 inches, of the finest imported, French live-cut hair, guaranteed to match any ordinary shade, sent by mail or sold direct to patron at \$3.00



Our Invisible Toupees

The following paragraph of a recent letter from a gentleman patron should convince you as to the quality of our work:

"I, like Mr. Rockefeller, have been bald for a good many years without noticing its particular disadvantage, but this wonderful natural little Toupee you made for me has convinced me that baldness is unnecessary and in fact an injustice to oneself. They tell me I look fifteen years younger."

We have Illustrated Booklets of Hair Goods for Men and Women. We will mail them under plain cover to interested parties. We will give Free Demonstrations to visitors during Bonspiel Week. Write us.

MANITOBA HAIR GOODS CO.
MAIL ORDER DEPT.,
707 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

PILES in any form positive'y cured and the cause removed by the Infatigable Pile Tablets, the greatest Pile remedy upon the face of the earth. Write to-day for free sample and positive proof.
INFALLIBLE TABLET CO., 1757 MAIN ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

YOUR FORTUNE FREE
Get a pen picture of your complete life—past, present and future—your health, social and financial affairs, health, love, marriage. Write to-day for date of birth and send 5-cent stamp for free sample. Prof. VIEGO, Box B 4, North Haven, Ct.

6313—A Pretty Tucked Shirt-Waist.

There is a very wilderness of new models in shirt-waists, but the woman of taste chooses only those which will serve to enhance her own personal charms. The woman who is tall selects the model which will give her breadth of shoulder while preserving her slender waist line; while another who is not slender desires the same because it gives her slenderness of waist by broadening her shoulder line. For that reason the model



shown will find favor in the eyes of the particular woman. The tucks stitched over the shoulder end at the bust line while the centre-front tucks are stitched the entire length. The back is plain with a few gathers at the waist. A stitched box-plait closes at the waist in front, and large or small buttons will serve as fastening. The bishop sleeve is used with a narrow cuff. A stiff linen collar and bow tie may be worn with this blouse or one of the soft embroidered or lace stocks. Linen, challis, or silk may be used for the blouse, while any of the soft wool fabrics would prove pleasing for cold weather wear.—6313, 7 sizes, 32 to 44 bust. Price 15 cents.

4709-4694—A Pretty Costume for a Girl.

A costume like the one portrayed is always in good taste if made of good material. A satin cloth



or cheviot in any warm color would be suitable, while the yoke and cuffs should harmonize and be of a contrasting material. This gown is full of style and grace, and yet offers no difficulties to the home dressmaker. Narrow tucks turning toward the arm-hole broaden the shoulder line and provide fulness for the blouse. The skirt is plaited in groups of two at each sidel seam. These are stitched over the hips so as to insure a smoothly fitting upper part, while the lower edge is as voluminous as Dame Fashion could desire. An allover lace or embroidery may be used for the yoke, or if the gown be intended for school wear finely tucked material may serve. A braid or embroidered band or passementerie may outline it. For a medium size 6½ yards of 36-inch material 36 inches wide are needed. Two patterns: 4709—3 sizes, 12 to 16 years; 4694—same sizes. The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

4754—An Effective Russian Blouse.

Double breasted effects are very pretty on small wearers and the gown shown is no exception. It is all in one piece, and so not a difficult frock to fashion, and very serviceable. The broad round collar is a very becoming feature, and may be trimmed in a variety of ways. The shield may be made of a contrasting color or fabric. Tucks stitched to long waist depth appear at each side of the front



and back and provide fulness for the skirt. A belt of leather or the material may girdle the waist. A soutache braid would prove an effective trimming for the cuffs and broad collar. Serge, challis and pongee silk are all suitable materials. For the medium size the pattern calls for 3½ yards of 36-inch material. 4754—sizes 5 to 14 years. Price 15 cents.

"Remember," said the stern parent, "if you are not a good boy Santa Claus may fail to bring you anything on Christmas." "I know," answered the practical child, "but I was good before last Christmas, and I didn't get anything I wanted, anyhow."

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.—Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

ELECTRO-SILICON SILVER POLISH

is the **KING OF ITS KIND** and so acknowledged by more than a million house-keepers throughout the civilized world. It keeps new silver always new—in brilliancy—and makes old silver look like new. It's unlike all others. Trial quantity—to prove its peculiar merits—for the asking. At grocers, druggists and post-paid 15 cts. (stamps).

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits, 25 cts. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Agents, Montreal.

Maison
Jules & Charles' HAIRGOODS



COMPLETLY CONQUERS ALL COMPETITION BY THEIR COMFORT AND FIT

Coronet SWITCHES—Natural Wavy from \$3.00; Straight from \$2.00.

Natural Wavy Feather-weight, Transformation all round the Head, from \$15.00;

From Ear to Ear, from \$2.50.

GENTS' TOUPEES From \$10.00.

WIGS from \$15.00.

JULES & CHARLES' INSTANTANOR

GREY HAIR RESTORER

3 different shades. 1 Box, \$2.00; 2 Boxes, \$3.50; 1 Box, \$3.00; 2 Boxes, \$5.00.

Sent by Mail. Write for Catalogue.

431 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Good as Solid Gold.

"H. & A. S." Watch Chains wear as well and look as well as solid gold for many years, and they cost much less.

"H. & A. S." Watch Chains

are 14 K. gold over a hard metal filling and are made by a secret process which we perfected after thorough scientific investigation.

Every "H. & A. S." Watch Chain is guaranteed for 5, 10, 15 or 25 years—and, if your "H. & A. S." chain does not give satisfaction, any dealer in Canada handling these goods will exchange it for a new one of the same style and design.

"H. & A. S." chains are sold only by retail jewellers.

H. & A. SAUNDERS,
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO, ONT.
ESTABLISHED 1848



Croup

Mothers, never be without Hirst's Pain Exterminator in the house. No telling what night croup may attack the baby. With this family medicine handy, there's no danger of losing the little ones.

Hirst's Pain Exterminator

dissolves the phlegm in the throat—heals the inflamed lungs—cures the croupy cough—and sends baby into a natural, healthful sleep. It's a medicine for everybody—young and old. Cures rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, sprains, bruises, burns—pains of all kinds and any kind.

MRS. JAMES DOUBREAU OF ST. CLOUD, MAN., WRITES: "I could not do without Hirst's Pain Exterminator in the house. It is the best medicine for relieving pain that I ever met with. You may judge by the quantity we have used in six years that we have unlimited confidence in it."

At all dealers. 25c. a bottle.

HAIR SWITCHES



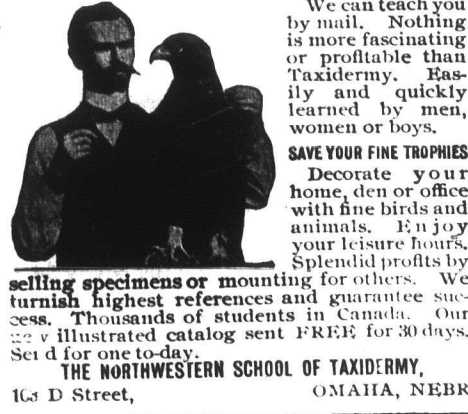
In ordering send sample of hair.

20 inches	\$1.50
22 inches	2.50
24 inches	4.00
26 inches wave switches	3.00
28 in. long natural wave	5.00
General curly pompadour from \$1.50 up	

Free catalogue of Switches, Pompadours, Wigs, Bangs, Men's Toupees, etc., with instructions for accurate measurement of Wigs and Toupees. Write to-day. Hundreds of testimonials.

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SEAMAN & PETERSON
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Learn to Stuff Birds and Animals.



We can teach you by mail. Nothing is more fascinating or profitable than Taxidermy. Easily and quickly learned by men, women or boys.

SAVE YOUR FINE TROPHIES

Decorate your home, den or office with fine birds and animals. Enjoy your leisure hours. Splendid profits by selling specimens or mounting for others. We furnish highest references and guarantee success. Thousands of students in Canada. Our illustrated catalog sent FREE for 30 days. Send for one to-day.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY,
165 D Street, OMAHA, NEBR

Souvenir Post Cards

Send 10c for hand-some samples, and catalogue of thousands of subjects, illustrated separately, at prices lower than ever sold before.

NATIONAL POST CARD CO., 137 LOGAN BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ABOUT THE FARM.

Hail, Winter!

A chilling wind that searches out Weak points in armor unprepared, Tossing the dry, dead leaves about,— The dear leaves that our summer shared. Above them, now, we drop a tear For all dead treasures of the year.

Girls of the Farm.

Pretty and healthy and strong, Noblest the world ever knew, Gladdening the heart with a song, Bidding all troubles adieu; Smiling the weary day through, Adding each day to their charms, Tender and loving and true,— These are the girls of the farms. Every day battling with wrong, Every day striving anew, Helping the old world along, Living a life that is true; Lovely and fresh as the dew, Toiling with uncovered arms, Smiling through all that they do,— These are the girls of the farms.

L'Envoi.

Think of their modesty, too! Think of their grace and their charms, Think of their odesty, too! These are the girls of the farms. **GEORGE B. WRENN.**

Winter on the Farm.

The days are at their greatest brevity, and the nights lengthen as they grow colder. The fruits of the field and orchard are safely garnered, and the cattle are at peace in their stalls. There is leisure now to balance the year's accounts, and to find out exactly where we stand. This is the proper season to make a careful and honest inventory of our mistakes in order that we may not repeat them this year.

But winter is a time for other things. It brings lessened labor and more leisure for the farmer to catch up with his reading, which he was obliged to forego during the seed time and the harvest. What picture is more attractive than the family circle about the evening lamp, reading and discussing the latest books from the village library? "Reading maketh a full man," and in these days of cheap printing the literary treasures of the world are ours for little.

It is now, also, that the club meetings and the institutes are at their zenith. If you have been a careful observer, or an intelligent experimenter, during the year, you will have something worth while to contribute, "for the good of the order." Who shall say, then, with all these seasonable relaxations and excursions ahead, that winter in the country is cold and bleak? It is only so to the inert mind and perverted desire.

Making the Farm Pay.

Keep the outgoes less than the incomes. Any dunce knows that? All right, but it takes a smart man to do it! If you do not believe it, try it. And then, don't make a mistake about what it really means to make a farm pay. Some folks have wonderfully queer notions about that. They think that if they can get five or six thousand dollars in the bank that that is all there is to it. They are quite apt to be mistaken. Do you know any poor rich men? We do. More of them than that you can count. Takes more than money to make a farm pay.

How then shall we be sure that we are making the farm pay? Do we have enough to eat three times a day? Are our children all well, content and happy? Are we bringing them up so that they will love us when they are old, and do all

they can to make the world happier for their having lived in it?

Do the horses, cows and other dumb animals on the farm love us? When we get home from town, is there a dear little woman standing in the door to greet us? Do the little folks come running down the walk to reach up their arms to give us a mighty hug? Is our breath pure and sweet as the morning dew every time we come from the village? Is our life clean in every way? Do our neighbors tell us their little troubles, and come over to sit with us at night when we are not very well? Are we filling our place just the best we can, always and everywhere? If these things are true, the farm pays, and pays big, whether there is a dollar in our pockets or not. But there will be. God has promised it, and He keeps His word.

Going to the City.

Country girls who are thinking of the city as a place where they may improve their situation in life, had better not "burn their bridges behind them," i.e., not go without making sure of some place to which they may return if the probable disappointment arrives. They should also look carefully, in advance, into the chances of finding healthful and profitable employment.

Stenographers, typewriters, book-keepers, etc., must be at the expense of learning their art for several years before they become proficient, and then their earnings range only from \$6 to \$15 a week, the average being \$10. Saleswomen receive even less. These sums may sound large to the country girl who at present is only receiving her board and clothing at home, but she must deduct at least \$5 or \$6 a week for board, besides the daily items of car fare, laundry work, lunches, and the wear and tear of clothing and its cost.

City employers often prefer to engage girls who live at their own homes, knowing that the usual salaries paid are too small for decent independent support.

Horse Talk.

From ten to twelve pounds of oats, divided into three feeds, should be sufficient concentrates for the carriage horse for one day's feeding.

From ten to twelve pounds of hay should be allowed in order to bring the total weight of the ration within the limit of twenty to twenty-two pounds.

Bran mashes, fed once or twice a week, have a cooling effect upon the system.

Part of the hay may be cut and moistened before feeding, the remainder being fed long, as the carriage horse has plenty of time for masticating his food.

When the team is not taken from the stable for several days, the concentrates—grain portion of the ration—should be reduced one-third, and the usual ration not be given until work or exercise demands it.

The concentrates for work horses can rarely consist wholly of oats because of their cost. Rolled wheat and barley are excellent substitutes and preferably corn-meal, or corn and cob meal, may form one third to one half of the ration.

A small allowance of roots is always most beneficial.

Fodder corn, thickly grown so that only small nubbins form, and cured so there is no dust, is one of the best kinds of roughage for horse feeding.

For stallions, idle horses, brood mares and growing colts, corn-forage of good quality, cured right, is one of the very best and most economical substitutes for timothy hay.

Feed to keep your horse in good health. Better than any medicine. The horse is the nearest like a man

THE WIFE BEHIND THE URN.



There's a man behind the capital,
The man behind the gun,
The man behind the enterprise,
The man behind the son,
Though all-important they may be,
I quit them and return
To her who cheers my home for me—
The wife behind the urn.

What though the frenzied financiers
Do tear each other down;
I leave my struggles, cares and fears
Behind me in the town,
For splendors and the gauds of pride
I'll never, never yearn,
No other gift can rank beside
The wife behind the urn.

The wind may shake the window-pane
And boogie in the flue;
Our roof can shed the driving rain,
Our love sheds trouble, too.
With CHASE & SANBORN'S coffee, dem,
True comfort do we learn;
'Edge you in its fragrant cheer—
The wife behind the urn.

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."

ALL FOUR PREMIUMS FREE TO Ladies & Girls



Rubies and Pearls To introduce our latest Col. Pearl Heart Charm with Long Chain
9 Stone Ring 14 and Cuff Sets we are giving away ALL FOUR of these beautiful premiums for selling only 8 at 15c. each. They are all stamped ready for working on fine white linens in all the most fashionable designs. Shown at 25c. Remember, you get all 4 premiums for selling only 8 sets. We trust you with the goods and take back any not sold. Write to-day. Address THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 3129 Toronto Ont. 8-piece Violet Shirt-Waist Set

NAME THE BABY

2000 NAMES TO SELECT FROM. 10 CENTS

PACIFIC PICTURE CARD CO., 724 McDERMOT AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN.

January, 1906

When you do become acquainted with

Abbey's Effer-Salt

you will probably be sorry you didn't know about it sooner.

It conquers Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, and all troubles that come from a disordered condition of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

25c and 60c A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS.

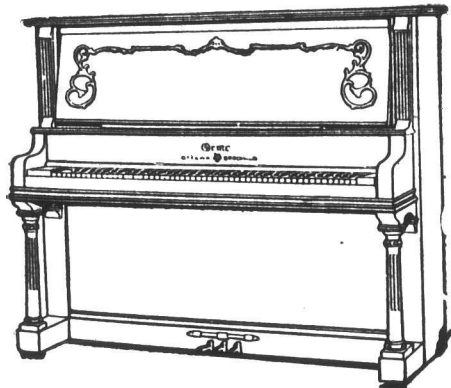
\$3 STEAM ENGINE FREE



Boys! Look here! this is one of the best and largest engines ever given away. The boiler is made of brass and is absolutely safe. It has a safety valve, steam whistle, large balance wheel, and all other necessary parts to make it the most powerful engine for toy machinery. It's just the kind of engine every boy loves to have and we're going to give it to you absolutely free for selling our

Comic Post Cards
They're red hot sellers, the greatest rage of the season. Over a million sold in three weeks, and only 24c each. Write to-day and we'll send you some, postpaid, so you can see 'em. They're

Address, at once, Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 3118 Toronto



Canada's Ideal.

To-day we sell this Instrument from Halifax to Vancouver through the mails. We **GUARANTEE** satisfaction—everything is at our risk. Write at once for catalogue, prices, etc.

EXCHANGES MADE.

J. L. ORME & SON

DEPT. 9 OTTAWA

BIG MAGIC LANTERN FREE for Selling Our Comic Post Cards



Handmade Telescope Crystal lenses, made of lacquered glass, hand-colored, hand-drawn, complete with all assortment of colored slides. Best thing known in the line. Shows and shows. Send us your name and we'll mail you 24 Sets Comic Cards to sell at only 24c each. 4 beautiful Cards in every set. Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 3118 Toronto

of any animal. And yet, we do not always treat him as we should like to be used ourselves. If we are sick and need rest, we usually get it. If the horse is dull and does not drive up good, we take the whip to him. That's wrong.

With one driver, a team will work all day and not fret. The minute another hand takes the reins, the horses may begin to chafe. Why? Just because one man is master of himself, the other is not. The horse knows this and acts accordingly.

Feminine Dairy Wisdom.

Most folks think that they know how to wash a churn, but a great many of these very people use a cloth when wiping the inside.

They might feel bad if they were to be told that this was not right; and yet, when they stop to think about it, can they not see that some bits of the cloth surely will stick to the wood? — Rinse, but never use cloth.

It is the folks that do not take pains to make their butter right, that have a hard time selling it.

No matter how clean you washed the churn when you last used it, scald it out well before putting cream into it next time.

Salt, thoroughly rubbed all round on the inside of the churn after it has been rinsed with hot water, is a first-rate way to make it clean and sweet. Rinse the salt out with water. Then how nice the churn will smell. And it is nice, too.

Queer what makes your butter so bitter? Quite likely you kept the cream too long before churning. That will do it every time.

There are those who think that you can feed a cow anything under the sun and have the milk and butter of a good flavor. Don't let that notion get into your head. Feed good sweet things if you want your butter to have a nice flavor.

Many cows kick because they have been kicked. Be a good friend to your cow; she is a true friend to you.

Do you want your cows to come up and lick your hand in the pasture or yard? Just one way you may teach them to do it—be kind, true and honest with them.

When it gets so that a man is compelled to have a "raising" to help his cows stand on their feet, it is about time you may look for the sign on the barn door, "This Farm for Sale." It has been "sailing" pretty fast for some time and will not keep above-board much longer.

Predicting the Weather.

The following stanza is an old one, but it is a pretty true weather prophecy. A red sunset means fair weather the next day, while a gray sunset indicates rain:

"Evening red and morning grey
Will set the traveler on his way;
But evening grey and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head."

E. B. Dunn, ex-forecast official in charge of the United States Weather Bureau, New York city, says that a red sunrise means a wet day. The setting of the sun as a red disk of fire, presages warm weather on the morrow.

Should the day grow very warm, and towards evening the clouds apparently rest on the western horizon, becoming grayish at the base—the wind dying away and the atmosphere unusually quiet—look out for a thunderstorm.

There is also much truth in the following:

"A rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight;
But a rainbow in the morning—
Sailors, take warning!"

Fine weather is predicted by a mottled sky, while a mackerel sky gives warning of wind or rain.

On a windy night we need fear neither dew nor frost. Dew is the

heaviest after a hot day. Three days of frost is generally followed by rain.

Anvil-shaped clouds announce the coming of a gale.

Did you ever notice that just before a rain there is an unusual clearness of the atmosphere, foul odors are more noticeable, flowers are more fragrant, smoke descends instead of rising?

Fog forming in the morning brings us a fair day. Fog setting during the night is pretty sure to bring us a misty, rainy day.

Dairy and Stock.

Shorts are good for the hogs; and yet, don't be too short with them.

It's not best to let any dealer select the best lambs from the flock, and leave the culls behind.

Storms take the life out of sheep faster than anything else in the world. Try to get them under cover every time cold rains or heavy falls of snow come on.

Feed, comfort and neatness are the foundation stones of success; no dairyman can afford to forget this. Lots of folk have never forgotten it; they never knew it to forget.

Cows that freshen in the spring produce more than half of their milk when prices are low; whereas those that come fresh in the fall produce the bulk of their yield when prices are high. Here's a simple statement of fact known to all dairymen; but—how many dairymen practise all they know?

It never pays to feed bad hay to a good cow.

It is an old notion that a cow will fail in her milk when fed on pumpkins; but there is no truth in this theory.

It is queer but not uncommon farm logic to hurry the stables into shape so that the grown stock may be housed for the first snow-storm, while the calves are forced to seek shelter behind the straw stack.

Poultry Yard.

Are those pullets laying? This is a good month to remate the breeding pens.

Are you wintering drones? The trap nest will answer that question. There is never a failure without a cause. If you are not doing well, investigate.

Hens are mechanics, and turn out the product according to the pay they get.

Provide every comfort for your hens if you would have them healthy and profitable.

This is the season of the year when Peter Tumbledown's hen fail to pay their board.

Study your capacity, and do not winter any more stock than you can comfortably quarter.

Are the fowls comfortable at night. Ask yourself that question before you sit down before the warm fire.

A Diary for 1906 Free.

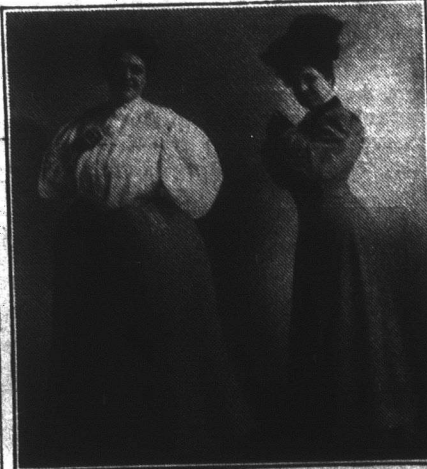
Boivin Wilson & Co., Montreal, (Canadian agents for Peter Dawson's famous whiskey) recently mailed the Western Home Monthly a copy of a useful diary for 1906. The diary is enclosed in a nice artistic lithograph cover in colors, and is printed throughout on good paper, every other sheet throughout being a blotter.

The diary contains the pictures of famous Scots for centuries back, Scots who made history for the land of shaggy heather, whose names are mentioned in connection with the history of that country. A copy of the diary will be mailed free to every reader of the Western Home Monthly who will send 5 cents in stamp or coin to cover post of mailing. When writing mention the Western Home Monthly, and address your letter enclosing 5 cents in stamps or coin to Boivin Wilson & Co., Montreal.

Don't Be Fat.

My New Obesity Food Quickly Reduces Your Weight to Normal, Requires No Starvation Process and is Absolutely Safe.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE



The Above Illustration Shows the Remarkable Effects of This Wonderful Obesity Food—What It Has Done for Others It Will Do for You.

My new Obesity Food, taken at mealtime, compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment where it belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue out of the excess fat, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition and enables the heart to act freely and the lungs to expand naturally and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner. You will feel better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Fill out coupon herewith and mail to-day.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Food with testimonials from hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

F. J. KELLOGG, 2201 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Agents Wanted

50 per cent Profit made during spare time. Send 2 cent stamp for Circulars. H. M. Burrows, Box 72, Winnipeg.

ORIGINAL PLANS

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

This very attractive picturesque home has a great charm with its irregular outline and quaint roof, the massive columns on the stone balustrade add in making an extremely

from its size would make a very nice reception room, with a graceful staircase winding over the fire-place and making a low recessed nook with seat in corner, being a delightful

hall, and all these rooms are cheerful and well lighted. The pantry is well fitted with shelves and cupboards, and the back stairs go out of kitchen. The basement stairs being under the back ones, a porch is provided at rear entrance, and a refrigerator might be put in. Upstairs there are five chambers, a good bathroom, with ample closets and a large linen closet. The bath fixtures are open, and the servants rooms away from the family rooms. Heights of stories—basement 7 ft. 6 in. high; ground floor, 9 ft. 0 in.; first floor, no attic, although an attic stairs

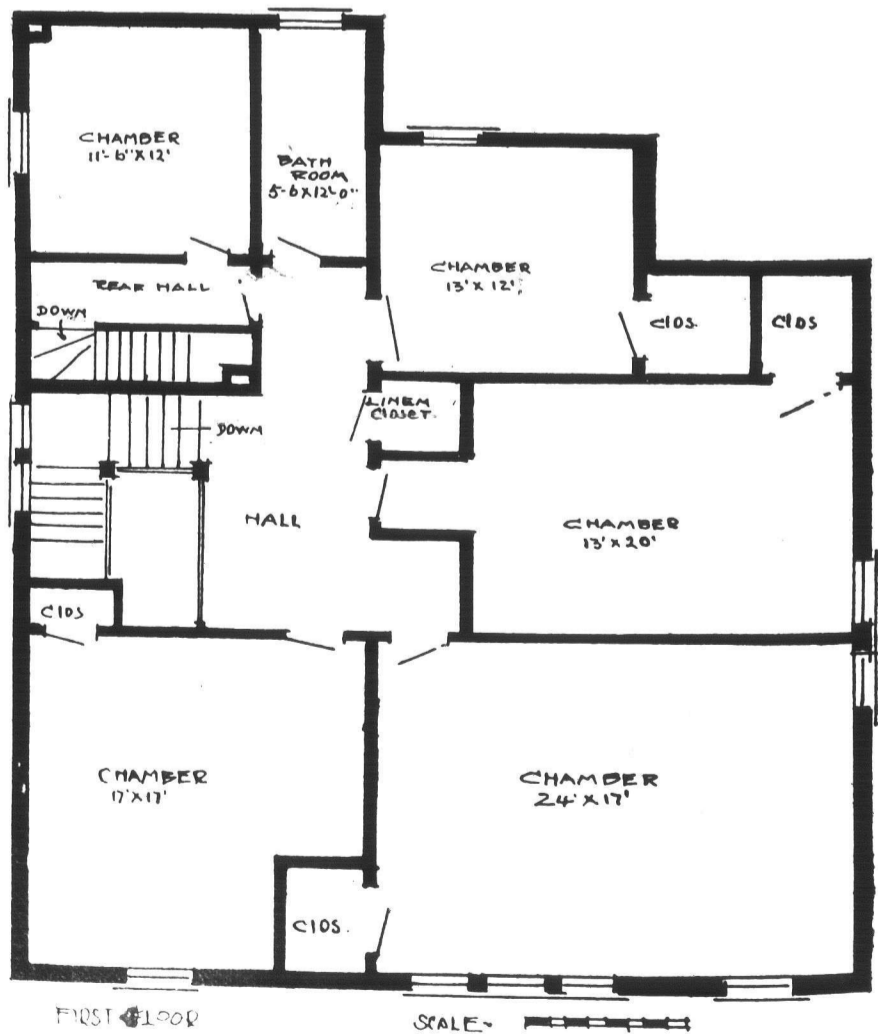
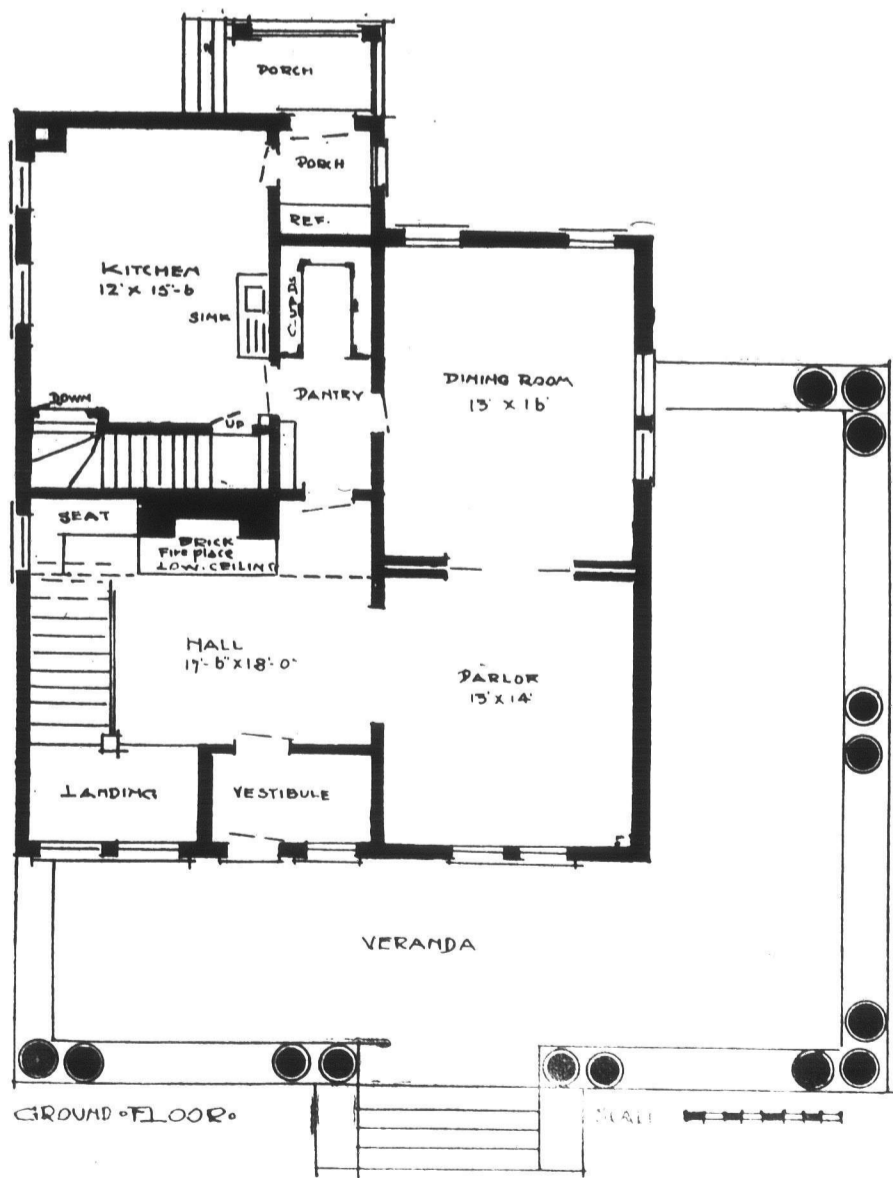


interesting house. It is suited to any situation, and would make a comfortable country residence. From the wide veranda you enter through a vestibule into a large hall, which

resting place. The hall is to be panelled about 4 ft. 6 in. high. The parlor has an arched opening into the hall and sliding doors into dining-room, access to kitchen is direct from

might be run over back stairs, and a large billiard room put in.

The house is built of field stone to first storey, and above that shingles, the shingles stained a sienna with roof, a moss green. The trim white where the first storey projects over veranda, the floors and ceilings must be doubled and thoroughly insulated, and between joist filled with sawdust. The interior finish to be fir, with a dark stain to bring out the grain of the wood.



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Phone 2896 Winnipeg

January, 1906

Correspondence

We reproduce below a number of letters from our readers on various subjects.

Correspondents when writing this office are requested to attach their signatures and address, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith. Otherwise no attention will be given them. All correspondence strictly confidential.

Editor Western Home Monthly.—I am a reader of your paper and follow the correspondence with great interest. The ladies have some letters of great interest. I see the "Young Woman" from Saskatoon has one which is pretty near the truth about some of the bachelors. There are a few of the bachelors who make fools of themselves with whisky. I am a bachelor myself, and don't think of touching the whisky. I would like you to request the lady of Saskatoon to correspond with me. I am making a comfortable home for myself, and will also do the same for any lady partner.

BACHELOR.

Ponoka, Alta., Nov. 16, 1905, Editor, Western Home Monthly.—In looking over your paper I notice an article signed "Marriageable Woman," and the thought struck me that your paper might be of benefit to some of us lonely bachelors of both sex.

My experience has been that the poor man that comes here without a helpmate can acquire plenty of this world's goods but while doing so he has no time to devote to society while busy on a ranch.

I came here from Wisconsin in 1900 at the age of forty, with a few hundred dollars in U. S. currency. In five years of "baching," I learned that without a helpmate it was not a real home, and then advertised my ranch for sale. I sold it for \$6,000 where, if I had a good helpmate I would not have taken less than \$9,000. With best wishes for the cause of matrimony.—Yours,

N. McEWAN.

Minto, Oct. 10, 1905, The Editor, Western Home Monthly.—Of all positions in the world, that of the home girl on the farm has the least advantages. This girl has got to stop home from school at the early age of thirteen or fourteen. If she has higher ambitions than that of a farmer's wife these are generally quenched. If her soul is longing to be something higher and nobler and better these ambitions are generally used as a jest. On the farms in Manitoba education is too generally lacking. Children are kept from school to work, are turned into men and women when they ought still to be believing in fairy tales. They are taught to look on education as a luxury, not a necessity; and what is the result? Ignorance for generations. I heard a man once remark that "education on the farm was a superfluous luxury." What is more interesting than an educated father and mother taking interest in the education for their children? Too many parents are blind to the interests of their children. Don't jest at their ambitions, encourage them. Perhaps you are giving to the world a genius.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Brandon, Manitoba, December 18, 1905. To the Editor.—Having read with some interest your correspondence page of Western Home Monthly for December, 1905, I felt I would like to say I admire the spirit of the letter headed Wolseley Sask. and dated Oct. 27th, 1905. I cannot understand why girls prefer slavery in the cities, at small pay too, as a rule, to free country life with a fair remuneration where they can have plenty of fresh air and exercise. In many cases I know where a girl might live at home with her parents in comfort with plenty

to do to help make that home all that it should be, which is anything but slavery, and should be one of her greatest pleasures. About as soon as she leaves school, nothing will do but she must rush off to some city and spend her life in a stuffy store during the day, then seeking pleasure until a late hour at night or an early hour in the morning, getting only about half the sleep she should get, and again dragging herself to work in a half dead state. So they go on day after day, week after week, till months and years are past, with a result that they are old long before their time. In some cases they may marry comfortably, but in many cases its far worse than marrying a fellow unable to support himself or even not getting married at all. Many things are to be more despised than a single life. If many of those girls only knew what was best for their own interest, how willingly they would share the life of some of those kindly bachelor farmers who must find it very lonely sometimes with no one to make home what it should be. Another letter says, "a good woman is hard to get," that may be. Another thing, I don't think bachelors as a rule exert themselves at all to try to get a good woman, and I am quite sure that a good man is hard to get. So far as my experience goes there is hardly one in ten who is worthy of a good woman. I don't wish to be hard on the opposite sex, but my opinion is, the best men as a rule keep themselves to themselves, and vice versa. Regarding my own sex, there is a poor chance in this country of their getting to know desirable young men. When I hear of women talking about the chance of voting, etc., etc., I am utterly ashamed of them, and would like a means of showing every woman very plainly that her duty is in the home. They certainly have the making or marring of the same. Would to God that every woman would be a true woman in her own sphere, and leave politics to those who are intended to rule. Words fail to express my very strong feelings on those points. I hope some one will take it up and speak a great deal stronger.—Signed, One who wishes to do her duty.

"WHERE DUTY LIES."

Lacombe, Alta., December 14, 1905. Editor, Western Home Monthly.—Sir, In reply to the correspondent in your November issue, signed "Marriageable Widow," would like to obtain her name and address. Her age and disposition seem suitable, and as I am lonely I think we could hitch up.

RANCHER.

To the Editor of the Quiet Hour, in the Western Home Monthly.—In looking over the Quiet Hour, was much impressed by the answer of the little woman from Nova Scotia. It is the real friend we need, not the Butterfly of society, one who seems to think of nothing but dress, teas and parties, which are all very well in their way, but the glimmer soon wears off, and oh, what an empty, useless life it seems! And our hearts turn to something deeper and more lasting, and what on this earth is more so than a genuine friend. One whose clasp of the hand speaks more to us than words, we feel the true sympathy in time of trouble, a responding chord is felt that cannot be mistaken. In our joys or sorrows we find them always the same. How even a letter from such a one seems to give us strength.

Dear woman readers of this quiet hour, if we possess a friend like this, what are society teas and parties compared to it?—Box 3, Cardston, Alta.

W. J. M., Saskatoon.—Your letter was duly forwarded to the correspondent in the December issue.—Ed.

We would be pleased to have the address of the lady who contributed a letter to this page which was published in the September number signed "A marriageable woman." There are replies in this office from several well-to-do bachelors who are anxious to correspond with her. Correspondence of this nature strictly confidential.

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Ladies and Girls!

We will help you secure this Lovely Fur Scarf, made from selected full furred skins, of Rich Black Coney Fur, nearly 50 inches in length, ornamented with long fur tails, and fancy neck chain. Most warm and comfortable, and made in the very latest style. We are a Reliable Company, and we want good trustworthy agents to introduce Good Hope Vegetable Pills into every home. We require no money in advance, just send us your name and address at once and we will send you Eight Boxes of our Famous Remedies. Sell them at 25c per box, and when we receive the money for the Pills which we will send you immediately after you have sold the \$2. worth and returned the money, we will then promptly send you your Fur Scarf. Our Good Hope Pills are a Grand Remedy for all weak and impure conditions of the Blood, a splendid Tonic and Life Builder. They are easy to sell, and are in great demand. Don't miss this opportunity to secure this Elegant Fur Scarf. Write to-day.

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IT CURES COUGHS — heals the inflamed surfaces — strengthens weak throats — puts the lungs in the strongest possible condition to resist the trying effects of a Canadian winter.

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When writing us state about the shade of cloth you prefer. Our cutters are well trained in the Mail Order System and we always ensure satisfaction. Write to-day for Fall Samples, and mention Western Home Monthly. We have clothed Millions.

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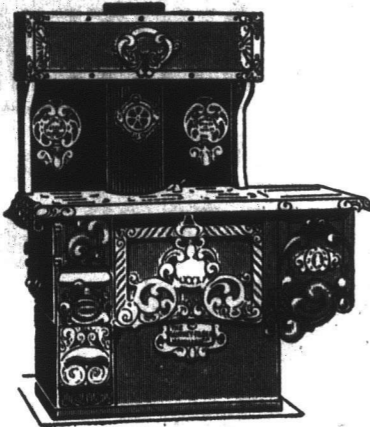
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'Better every year' has been the motto of the "Souvenir" Range makers and in the "Supreme Souvenir" they

have reached the highest model in construction, convenience and beauty of design.

There is no delay, no disappointment in baking or cooking with the range.

Each "Supreme Souvenir" Range is equipped with the "Aerated" oven, which really means the well aired oven, It's Fresh Air which is being heated all the time and all impurities in the oven are carried up the chimney.

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Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising material; salary \$900 per year, or \$75 per month and expenses, 33 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

FARM WANTED

We wish to secure immediately two good farms in choice agricultural section, soil must be good and title perfect, will pay cash for the right place if it suits; good wheat land preferred. We want one farm over four hundred acres, and one medium size. Give location and lowest cash price, possession must be had in April.

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Address: NORTH AMERICAN LAND CO., LOCK DRAWER 98, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

What we Pay to Eat.

Although the price of nearly all kinds of food has risen within a few years, says an Exchange, it is practically impossible to ascertain the exact increased cost of living. The Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington has been trying to do this. For the purpose of its study of the diet of working people, it inquired into the habits of 13,000 persons who live in cities in 33 states. From this study was constructed an "average" family, consisting of 5.31 persons. The family income is \$827.19 a year, of which \$326.90 is spent for food. This is an average of a little less than \$6.30 a week, or ninety cents a day for the whole family—about seventeen cents a day per person. The yearly bill of fare runs thus:—

Articles	Cost
Fresh beef, 349 lbs	\$50.05
Salt beef, 52 lbs	5.26
Fresh pork, 114 lbs	14.02
Salt pork, 110 lbs.	13.89
Other meat	9.78
Poultry, 67 lb	9.49
Fish, 80 lbs.	8.01
Butter, 117 lbs.	28.76
Milk, 354 qts.	21.32
Eggs, 85 doz.	16.79
Flour, meal, 680 lbs.	16.76
Bread, 253 loaves	12.44
Sugar, 268 lbs	15.76
Potatoes, 15 bush.	12.93
Other vegetables	18.85
Coffee, 47 lbs.	10.74
Tea	5.30
Rice, 26 lbs	2.05
Cheese, 16 lbs	2.62
Lard, 84 lbs.	9.35
Molasses, 4 galls.	1.69
Fruit	15.62
Vinegar, pickles, etc.	4.12
Other foods	2.40

Things Worth Remembering About Vegetables.

It is believed by vegetarians that a purely vegetable diet makes people amiable, good-natured, generous, developing the finer characteristics of the user, and that excessive meat eaters become the opposite—quarrelsome, selfish, etc.

Whether this be true or not, we know that fresh vegetables are appreciated in the early spring and are an essential change from the heavy winter viands and should form the greater part of our daily menus.

Almost every vegetable has its particular use in the human system and Dame Nature provides sufficient variety to keep us in fine, bodily condition, if we will live in accordance with her laws, and not abuse her gifts.

Tomatoes act directly on the liver. Onions, garlic, leeks, shallots, chives, etc., stimulate the circulation, increase the saliva and gastric juices, and promote digestion.

Peas, beans and lentils, called also legumes, are among the most nutritious of vegetables, containing as much carbon as wheat, and more muscle forming food.

Lettuce and celery both have a good effect upon the nerves; the former is soothing; the latter, a tonic.

The free use of pieplant or rhubarb is considered a "spring tonic" and will prevent the use of medicine which is often apparently necessary to tone up the system. Being such a common and inexpensive plant, it is really not appreciated by the majority of house-wives. When so fortunate as to have it growing in the garden, it is generally used in small amounts for pies early in the season and the remainder allowed to go to waste, when it might be utilized in a variety of appetizing dishes all the year around, as it can be preserved for winter use equally as well as the more expensive fruit.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia.

The nettle is a native of Europe.

Poison Bottles.

In order to avoid those tragedies which have occurred, by taking medicine from the wrong bottle in the night it is a safeguard to buy regular poison bottles which can be had at any drug store for fifteen or twenty cents.

They are dark blue so one readily knows in the day time, and there is a sure way of knowing at night. The cork is attached in some way to the inside of the bottle so that it will not come out without touching a spring, so one can not get at the mixture the bottle contains without striking a light, when the contents are then obvious.

For Flowers.

Have you ever known the time when you had exactly the sort of vase for holding flowers, that you wanted? In the endless variety of cut-flower that are used nowadays to beautify the most modest household, a great many different shaped vases are needed. One woman, who like most of us, has been left, perhaps, with a dozen long stemmed roses in one hand and a bunch of pansies in the other, with not a receptacle to put them in to show them properly, determined to devote herself to the problem, until it should be solved. It ended in her giving up a closet shelf, which she filled with vases of all degrees and sizes. In fact she had enough to stock a small sized china shop. There were squatty vases, long slender vases, round, low jars, big mouthed ones, and so on. Most of them were of glass, for as she said, nothing suits stemmed flowers quite so well as pure white or clear green crystal. There were one or two splendid blue and brown jars, for the massing of yellow blooms, but mostly the vases were of glass. At any rate the important thing was that there should always be the proper vase to harmonize with the flower.

Aprons a Feature.

A young housekeeper that I know who only keeps one maid and has to assist with the morning housework, has adopted the picturesque, old fashioned idea of dainty aprons. The aprons for the lighter work, have little tabs coming up on the waist. They reach to the knee and are ruffled all the way around, even the tiny pockets. Muslin strings tied in a smart little bow finish these little affairs.

The effect is most bewitching on the new bride, and I wonder that the young girls of households, when it falls to them to perform certain duties, do not adopt the apron cult.

Probably the first iron railroad bridge was built on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at Manayunk by Richard B. Osborne, Chief Engineer, in 1845. It was a double-track through bridge, of 34 feet clear span, of the Howe truss type, with cast-iron chord and web braces, the bottom chord and vertical web members being of wrought iron. This bridge was followed by several others of the same type.

IT IS THE FARMER'S FRIEND.—The farmer will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a potent remedy for wounds or pains in the body, or for affections of the respiratory organs and for household use generally. He will also find it a convenient friend in treating injured horses, cattle, etc., or relieving them when attacked by colds, coughs or any kindred ailments to which they are subject.

Boys and Girls

Boys.

When my dad talks to me 'n Gus,
'Bout when he was small, like us,
He was the best boy ever yet;
'N never got his shoes all wet
A-walking through 'most ev'ry pool,
When, rainy days, he went to school.
He never was as bad as us,—
When daddy talks to me'n Gus.

He never scrapped with Uncle Jack,
'N never, never put a tack
In people's chairs; 'n not like me,
Was prompt at dinner, breakfast,
tea.

He never swiped a jar of jelly;
N'r never called his stomach his
"belly."

He never tried to smoke and cuss—
When daddy talks to me'n Gus.

He never pinched his sister's cat,
'N put black beetles in her hat.

He never broke the baby's toys;
N' when he played, he made no noise.
But sometimes, Uncle Jack 'n he
Smoke 'n reclect things, after tea,
'N what they say, don't sound to us,
Like when dad talks to me'n Gus.

Employ Your Spare Time Profitably.

"Take twenty young workingmen," said a famous merchant, "ask each of them for a statement of his definite aims in the world—and what will happen? Ten of them will laugh and admit that their future has as yet not bothered them; eight will answer vaguely that they probably will work their way up some day in the firm they are now with; and there will be only two who, with faces aglow with enthusiasm, will earnestly discuss the whole plan of their life which they seriously have mapped out and considered. And it is the odd moments that the eighteen waste or let slip by in some foolish manner, and which the two industriously use, that marks the divergence in their careers five years later."

This merchant, who pays salaries to 100 men every week, ought to know how young men look at such an important subject, and his word is corroborated by nearly every prominent man who has ever given the matter any serious thought.

As an example we will take the careers of Tom Graham and Allen Smith. Tom is of the "eighteen"; Allen belongs to the "two." When they were 10 both boys were wealthy youngsters living in the same block. Tom would rather play ball than eat his meals, and often played truant in order to practice for a game. In the evening, together with a dozen other half grown boys, he would loiter around the little candy store which adorns the centre of the block, and eagerly discuss and dissect every move in the professional ball games of the day. Allen took a hearty interest in baseball, but attended to his studies and cultivated a habit of reading on three or four evenings of the week. At the age of 15 both boys graduated from the public schools and started to look for a job. Tom wanted a position so that he could have the pleasure of spending \$4 or \$5 every week; Allen had already mapped out his whole future. He intended to get a position with an electrical supply house, where he could get a practical knowledge of electrical devices, while in the evening he wanted to go to some technical school and study electrical engineering. Allen and Tom both secured positions in the stockroom of an electrical supply house at \$5 per week, and both faithfully attended to their duties. Tom was just as earnest a worker as Allen in business hours, but there the resemblance ended.

In the evening Tom would stroll through the park with the "gang," or sit around the candy store, and on Sunday he would pitch a game of ball for a keg of beer. Allen went to

school four evenings a week and enjoyed himself on the other three.

When they were 21 Allen had acquired enough knowledge in his chosen line to get a position as assistant in the office of an electrical engineer, while Tom was still working in the supply house. He was getting \$10 per week, and now devoted his evenings to playing pool, in which he soon became an expert. On Sunday he would journey to some dancing pavilion and pass the day away in that manner.

One day, however, a change of policy was inaugurated in the supply house, and Tom, together with three other men, was dropped from the pay roll. He soon secured a position as trucker in a wholesale house, where he earns \$12 a week. He now devotes his evenings to parties, cheap dances, and pool, while Sunday finds him still roaming around with the boys. Allen also has his pleasures, but half of his evenings are devoted to study. He has a fine future before him, and has enjoyed himself just as much as Tom. The whole difference between them lies in Allen's cultivation of his spare time, which Tom wasted for lack of any definite object in life. And that is the millstone which the average young man carries around his neck. Tom was never drunk in his life, smokes no more than any other man, and never gambles. His only vice is that of wasting time.

Many a boy looks for work without any specific aims. A man does not have to be a drunkard or a gambler to be a failure in the world. Many boys who are honest, manly fellows in their way, are just time wasters.

Things That Make Strong.

The amount of money spent on harmful things by the American people makes a startling showing when the figures are placed before us. On the other hand, the statistics show that Uncle Sam's children spend more money on the things that give strength than any other nation. The food bill of the average American for a year is seventy dollars, while the Frenchman spends for the same purpose forty-eight dollars, the German forty-five, the Spaniard thirty-three, the Italian twenty-four, and the Russian forty.

The American eats, on the average, 109 pounds of meat a year, the Frenchman eighty-seven pounds, the German sixty-four pounds, the Italian twenty-eight pounds, and the Russian fifty-one pounds. The American is distanced as a bread-eater by the Russian, the Frenchman and the Italian.

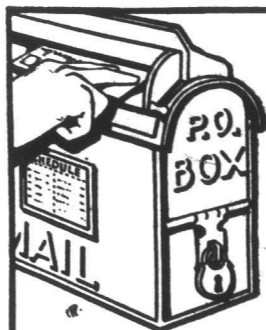
The Road to Happiness.

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The more tender the feelings, the more painful the wound.

A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced with a roar of derision.

Home a Centre of Joy.

Home-keeping means a study into things strange and complex, an inquiry into the greatest questions of life. Here under one roof clusters a little circle of wonderful beings—human beings. They are quite different one from another. Each has his queer little ways. Some even are thought to be most "peculiar," though, if the truth were known, some good cause lies underneath it all. And some are fond of this, and some of that. Yet here they must live, and live in harmony, just as colors must blend and contrast to give joy—for the home must be a centre of joy, else it is not really "home."



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Women and the Home.

Supremacy of Woman.

As morning light so pure and bright,
Dawned in the Eastern sky,
A pilgrim weary, from vigils dreary,
Pondered questions old and new,
Of masculine might and feminine right,
Which the false? And which the true?

Shall man hold sway? Women obey?
Can woman's weaker hand
Steer life's frail bark o'er waters dark
And bring it safe to land?
On the morning air, so clear and fair,
There fell on his startled ear,
The voice of bird, distinctly heard,
'Twas noble Chanticleer.

Art thou a fool in nature's school
"The women all rule here."
Swift as a thought with meaning fraught

From neighboring lea came clear,
With swelling pride, another pride,
"And so they all do here."
But hark! A sound yet more profound,
He lists with bated breath.

From the rear, yet seeming near,
Comes from the distant heath
"So they do everywhere."
And echo strong bore on the song
"So they do everywhere."
He stands aghast, "We are his cast,"
The wondering sage exclaimed,
"Even from Heaven, the edicts given
From mouth of bird proclaimed."

On every hearth in all the earth,
Throughout the world's domain,
With potent sway she has her way
And woman reigns supreme.
The wisest sage in every age,
Must yield to Nature's plan,
There'll be no more as in days of yore
Supremacy of man."

Before Bedtime.

Just before bedtime each child should be made to thoroughly warm his feet and place his shoes and stockings to dry and air till morning. In most country homes the children undress by the sitting-room fire and hurry to bed, and this is a good plan if warm bedroom shoes are slipped on for the cold trip up the stairs. As in everything else, a good start is half the battle, so sending the children warm and happy to rest means less care for the mother as well as good health for the children.

Urge the little ones to speak freely of the experiences of the day during the quiet hour before bedtime, and teach them to ask forgiveness if they have done anything wrong. A clear conscience is a fine thing even for a child, and the habit formed in early life of not allowing the sun to go down on one's anger will bring its reward all through the hard years to follow.

Make the home pleasant with music and stories, and send them to bed to sleep the sound sleep of childhood. If the little folks are hungry or thirsty give them something simple, like crackers, or bread and butter with milk and water, and see that they are warmly tucked in by eight o'clock.

Many an illness and night of restless tossing may be avoided by keeping the bed-time hour free from excitement and injurious food.

Well-Kept Nails.

The blunt nail is the nail of the business woman. It must be kept highly polished, and the moons must be clear and plainly visible. The blunt nail must be gone over daily with the emery board to shape it. And the business woman herself will find it very much to her interest to attend to this matter. It will add to

her attractiveness if she will bleach the back of her hands and keep them as white as possible with the nails pink.

Business people, however busy, have time to notice the hands. And the woman who does not care for her finger-tips is never as attractive as the woman whose hands are poetically dainty.

The vogue for pointing the nails still exists, but the finger itself must be tapering, with a very delicate tip, for it to be attractive. Don't wear pointed nails if your fingers are square. And the nail should be cut to rather a blunt point, not a sharp one. The woman who takes up the pointed nail should be very careful to keep it accurate.

To make nails pink it is only necessary to make them transparent. All nails would be pink if they were allowed to be so. Bleach the nails, rub them with powder until they shine, and they will be pink right down to the very tips.

For shaping the nails emery boards are best, with them one can make the nails more nearly oval. Take the emery board in your fingers and run it around the outline of the nails. Shape them as prettily as you can, and then let them alone. Do not keep using the emery board, and do not keep clipping the nails. Constant clipping with the curved scissors is responsible for many misshapen nails.

Strengthening the Back.

A good exercise to strengthen the back and remove excessive flesh from the hips can be taken in one's own bedroom. It consists simply in picking up a small stool or chair and raising it high over the head, and then bending over, placing it on the floor. Repeat this movement, raising the stool high above the head, and putting it back on the floor until tired. It is a good idea also to take a deep breath when you raise the arms above the head and expel when you put the stool to the floor. This is a vigorous exercise, and if kept up will not only strengthen the muscles of the back, but drive away the superfluous flesh from the hips.

Fruit Stains.

No stains are more common than those made by coffee, tea, and cocoa. Boiling water is the one sure application that will get rid of them. Any water but such as comes from an artesian well will do, but it must be briskly boiling. Stretch the spotted linen over a bowl and pour the water through it, keeping this up until there is no sign of the spot remaining. With these stains as with nearly all others, a very faint mark that refuses to yield to the first treatment will disappear if rubbed carefully when laundered. If by chance coffee, tea or cocoa spots have gone through the wash and become set, it is sometimes possible to take them out by covering them with a paste of raw yolk of egg and glycerine, and then giving them all the sunshine that can be had.

Peach and plum stains make more trouble than all others, because they show so little on the linen until it has been wet. Bleaching on the grass, if one has a few feet of this, removes them better than anything else but bleaching on thawing snow.

Strawberry stains wash out in clear cold water. Some kinds of grape juice wash out in the ordinary way, but the others must have a boiling water bath.

Nothing acts on iron rust in cloth so quickly as lemon juice and salt. Be sure that the material is well wet with the lemon, and completely cover the spot with salt. After reasonable exposure to strong sunlight not a trace of the rust will remain.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI WINNIPEG

Butter Foam Sauce.—Beat together half a cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar until they are white and creamy. Add two tablespoonfuls of cream, and flavor with vanilla. Let chill on ice before serving.

Apple Whip.—Grate one medium-sized sour apple into a large, deep bowl; break into this one egg-white and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt; whip until a thick, light mixture is secured; set on ice to chill; then heap into fancy cups or glasses and serve with a dainty wafer or cake.

Rose Jelly With Cream.—Mold apple jelly—that has been tinted pink with canned strawberry juice—in individual rose-shaped molds. Pile a spoonful of whipped cream on pretty glass dishes and a "rose" on top, or mold in a large size; turn out on a glass dish and garnish with whipped cream in rose shapes tinted pink.

Fruit Whip.—Cook thirteen large prunes until tender; remove pits and cook with one cupful sugar until like thick marmalade; press through a sieve, then fold while hot into two egg-whites beaten stiff and dry; set in hot water to cook until egg is firm; then set aside to cool; serve with boiled custard sauce and decorate with sliced orange sections.

Fruit Cream.—Soften one-fourth package gelatin in one-fourth cupful of cold water, then dissolve in one-fourth cupful hot milk; add one-half cupful sugar, one-third cupful each of cooked prunes, figs and raisins cut into small pieces, one tablespoonful lemon-juice; cool; beat whites of two eggs, whip a cupful of thick cream diluted with one-third cupful of milk, and fold this and egg-whites into the fruit mixture and turn into the dish lined with bits of the cooked fruit; set on ice until firm; then dip into warm water a second and unmold on a dish for serving.

French Tapioca.—Cook one-fourth cupful of quick-cooking tapioca in a pint of milk until transparent; add a few grains of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful sugar, and remove from fire; let it become lukewarm, then add two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful vanilla and pour over two large apples, pared and cored and cooked until almost tender; bake in oven until egg is set. Stewed pitted prunes, apricots, fresh bananas or oranges can be used. Serve hot or cold with milk.

Golden Glow.—Stir into one pint of hot milk one-fourth teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls corn-starch wet with one-fourth cupful milk; cook ten minutes, then add one teaspoonful butter and the yolks of two eggs; cook five minutes more and add one teaspoonful vanilla extract and three drops of lemon. Serve either hot or cold with chocolate sauce or flavored milk. A variation can be secured by adding one-half cupful of coconut or chopped nut meats to the mixture with the eggs.

African Pudding.—One-fourth pint stale bread-crumbs, rolled and sifted, one pint milk, yolks of two eggs and one whole egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, one ounce sweetened chocolate melted over hot water; bake in moderate oven until firm in center. Beat two egg-whites with two tablespoonfuls sugar until stiff, add one-half teaspoonful lemon-juice and spread over pudding roughly; return to oven to become firm and delicately browned; garnish with sliced peaches and almonds.

Italian Pudding.—Break enough macaroni into inch pieces to measure one-half pint; cook ten minutes in salted water; then drain and add three cupfuls milk; cook twenty minutes over boiling water; then mix in four eggs beaten with one cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter; one teaspoonful vanilla extract; bake one-half hour in moderate oven until delicately browned.

Corn-meal Custard.—Scald one quart milk, add one cupful granulated corn-meal, one teaspoonful salt mixed with one-half cupful sugar. Stir until mixture thickens, then add one-half cupful currants and one cupful pitted raisins; cover and cook one hour in double boiler; remove from the fire and when lukewarm add two slightly beaten eggs; turn into buttered dish and bake not longer than one-half hour.

Prune Crown.—Soften two tablespoonfuls corn-starch in one-fourth cupful milk; add it to two cupfuls boiling milk, to which add one-fourth teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls sugar; cook until transparent; then fold in stiffly beaten whites of two large eggs, juice of one lemon. Remove one-fourth, to which add two generous tablespoonfuls prune puree sauce; turn the fruit mixture in a mold; then the plain mixture; set on ice until firm; when serving mound up prunes, cooked in lemon juice and sugar, in centre. Serve with custard sauce or rich sweet cream.

Surprise Angels.—Make an apple sauce with raisins and currants stirred in, and flavored with a little cinnamon and nutmeg. Make a rich pie crust with the shortening of lard and butter, half each. Roll out the dough to pie-crust thickness, and cut it in pieces three inches wide and four long. Put a spoonful of sauce on a piece wet along the edges and place the top crust on, pinching it together in scallops all around. Prick the tops to let out steam and arrange the "angels" in a baking-pan side by side. Pour a little hot water in bottom of pan and cover the "angels" with cinnamon and sugar.

Sweet Cider Apple Preserve.—Boil a gallon of new unfermented cider down to half the quantity, prepare the number of apples you wish to preserve by paring, coring, and quartering. Drop into the boiling cider as many pieces as the kettle will hold without crowding. Cover closely and cook slowly until the fruit is transparent. Skim out carefully and drop in the next lot of apples until all are cooked. Pour the syrup over the apples and set away to cool. The next day drain off the syrup, boil it down till thick and pour over the preserves. The pieces of apple should be quite distinct, and have absorbed nearly all the syrup. This makes a most delicious preserve.

Boiled Rice.—Rinse one cupful rice in cold water until all the milky appearance is gone, then sprinkle it into a kettle of boiling water—three quarts is none too much. Add one teaspoonful salt and boil until a kernel can be crushed between the fingers. When tender, pour the water and rice into a sieve; dash cold water over; drain well, and return to kettle in which has been melted one teaspoonful butter; set in pan of hot water to reheat. When serving, wreath it around sliced oranges, dates stuffed with peanuts, boiled raisins, stewed figs, bananas sliced and laid in lemon-juice to prevent discoloration, stewed prunes or apricots. Heat thick maple syrup and serve with the rice or use a hard sauce, lemon liquid sauce or chocolate sauce as preferred.

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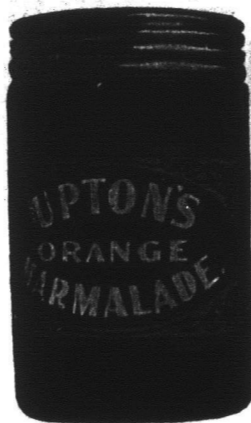


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JUST A FEW FUNNY STORIES.

Elder Brown's Big Hit.

Pa and ma are Methodists, and all us children, too. And pa's a pillar in the church, and owns a whole front pew, And pa and Mr. Watkins, who's a big, bald-headed man, Go 'round with little baskets getting all the cash they can. The preacher always talks with pa when meeting is dismissed, And when there's extra doings pa's invited to assist. And our Presiding Elder, Reverend Ebenezer Brown, 'Most always stays at our house every time he comes to town.

I used to be afraid of him. He seemed so big and tall, And kind of sad and solemn like, I couldn't smile at all. We children hardly dared to speak when he was in the house; But every one just slipped about as quiet as a mouse. Ma said we needn't feel afraid; that he was just the same As pa or any other man, except a bigger name; But we were feared that he could see just every thought we had, And so we kept a-trying not to think of something bad.

But one time in the morning when the family was at prayers, And Elder Brown and all of us kneeling by our chairs, We heard old Rover—he's our dog—begin to whine and growl, And then old Tabby—she's our cat—well, she began to yowl. 'Twas 'way out in the kitchen that the two commenced to spat; But in a minute here they came a-tearing, and the cat Ran right up pa's bent back until she reached his shoulders, where She stopped, and said to Rover, "You just touch me, if you dare!"

We knew that there'd be trouble. Rover is so very proud And sort of overbearing that he never has allowed A cat to dare to boss him; so he made a great big leap, And he and pa and Tabby, they all tumbled in a heap. Oh, say, but it was awful! I saw brother Henry grin, And sister Lucy snickered; but it seemed a dreadful sin. Till Elder Brown laughed right out loud to see the funny fuss— And since that time we've liked him 'cause we know he's just like us.

The Fog at Squonk.

"Talking about fog," said Uncle Obed, a white-whiskered Squonker, as he tipped his chair back in the chief grocery of Squonk and crossed his knees about a foot higher than his head, "when I was a young man the fog down here to Squonk was so all-fired thick that the wind could not blow it away. The wind only dried it and left it lying around in drifts. We used to cut it up in stove lengths and use it for fuel, as it was easier to chop than wood. One day I got caught in the fog when I was in swimming when the fog was so thick that you could hold on to it to keep from sinking. It came up all of a sudden, and I could not tell which way the land was to save my life. I can tell you I got mighty scared when I could not tell which way I was a-swimming. I struck out and just took the chances on heading in the right direction. Soon bang went my head against something solid!"

He paused a moment, and a boy who was munching a peppermint lozenge interrupted him by asking: "Was it a boat you struck?" "I thought so at first," replied Uncle Obed, "but it wasn't no boat at all. It was a rocking-chair, and I landed right a-settin' in it."

While the grocery crowd opened its eyes in blank astonishment the boy, who was still engaged in grinding on the peppermint lozenge, found time to ask:

"What! a rocking-chair rocking in the sea?"

"No, not in the sea," replied the old water-dog, with a chuckle; "not in the sea but on my front stoop. You see, I had been a-swimming right along in the fog and not in the water at all, and I never could understand how I ever had such luck as to land kerflop in that there rocking-chair."

"Many queer things must have happened when you had one of those fogs on," said a by-stander, whose remark was intended to draw the old Squonker out.

"I just guess there did," replied old Uncle Obed, in a reminiscent sort of way; "I just guess there did. Sometimes the schoolboys would make a lot of fog balls (just like snowballs, you know) and have a regular fog ball fight with them after the fog banks had went away. They also made fog forts and fog men. If you could only get on top of a fog bank once you could roll the stuff up into balls, and the more you rolled them the bigger they got."

"How could you get on the top of a fog bank?" asked one of the summer residents.

"When we began to climb on top of them," replied old Uncle Obed, "we used to lay a ladder up against the side of it and clamber up."

"And what did you want to go up for?" asked the boy, who was still masticating the peppermint lozenges.

"To catch fish. Sometimes codfish and bluefish would swim in on the fog, just like I did when I lit into the rocking-chair, and when the fog went away they would be left flopping on the ground."

"You may think it sounds like lyin' to say we could walk around on the fog that was wet enough to swim in, but it won't seem so funny when I say that we wore snowshoes. We used to wait until the fog got sorter dry, and then we'd press chunks of it out fer wall paper, rugs, and mattresses. After we got these things pressed out we'd varnish them, and that would waterproof them, so they'd never warp or lose their shape. I have seen ducks swimming in wet fog down here to Squonk, and I've seen hens scratching around in dry fog. It's all a question of your fog's bein' wet or dry. I've seen a fine imitation of mineral wool made out of fog such as we used to have down here to Squonk, and once when we had clipped the sheep the fog sprouted on them and grewed so fast that we got five or six crops that couldn't fall off them every summer. This fog wool was just like raw silk, and the silk-worm was put out of business by the silk sheep. Gosh, you ought to see the curtains we made out of it! But it wasn't as good, by a jugful, for blankets and shingles as the raw fog right off the sea. Sometimes we would strain it for pearls—"

"What!" exclaimed the crowd.

"Strain it for pearls," reiterated Uncle Obed, as if it was nothing unusual.

"Do you expect us to believe that, Uncle Obed?" asked the crowd.

"Do you think it's unreasonable?"

"Well, rather!" answered the crowd, in chorus.

"All right, then," replied Uncle Obed, with an injured air, "then I won't tell you nothin' more about the wonderful fog down here to Squonk. I used to drive staples into it and fasten the cows to the same with a rope to keep them from straying away, and I have pasted and nailed circus posters and advertisements onto it; but I won't tell you nothin' more about it because you ain't got no faith in nothin' I say when I'm tellin' you these yarns of things what happened in my childhood, and therefore there ain't no satisfaction in telling you about 'em."

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The Shah of Persia is said to have once told the Duchess of Westminster that the fame of her beauty had reached Teheran. "Ah," said she to some one who stood by, "he takes me for Westminster Abbey."

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday school class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions. A little hand went up and he asked, "Well, my boy?" "Can I ask?" said the boy. "Certainly," said the bishop: "what is it?" "Well?" asked the boy, "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under them?"

One day as he was leaving his office in Portland, the late Thomas B. Reed was accosted by a stranger who had been imbibing so freely that he was "seeing things double." After apologising profusely, the stranger managed to ask the Congressman where he could get a car for the depot. Mr. Reed replied: "Go to the next corner; there you will see two cars; take the first one; the other won't be there."

M. Sato, one of Japan's representatives at the Peace Conference, was chatting with some newspaper men, one of whom suggested that a plain statement was enough for a treaty of peace, and that elaborate wording was not necessary. The Jap dissented from this view, and, by way of illustration, told of an African traveller who was relating a harrowing adventure. "I peered into the jungle," said the traveller, "and saw a trunkless body." One of his auditors said, sarcastically: "Whoever heard of a trunkless body?" The traveller answered calmly: "This was the body of an elephant."

A bald Scot on a visit to Ottawa paused to look at a display of hair tonic in a chemist's window. The chemist, himself a bald man, came out and tapped the Scot upon the shoulder. "I've got the very thing for you, sir," he said: "let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age." "Is't guid, eh?" said the Caledonian. "Good? It's marvellous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours." "Aweel," said the Scot in his dry, cautious way, "aweel ye can gie the top o' yer heid a rub wi' it and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

Modern Fables.

There was once a steer that was a wonder from the time of his childhood. When he was a yearling he outweighed any 2-year-old in his township and before he was 3 he could make a steer that weighed a ton look like 30 cents. Then a man bought him and took him around to a country fair and exhibited him to the people at 10 cents per look. And still the steer continued to get bigger and bigger until it was necessary to knock out the side of a barn to let him in. And the steer grew proud and haughty on account of all this public notice, and concluded as he chewed his cud that he was about the best thing that ever came down the pike. Finally, his owner concluded to go out of the show business and decided that he would sell the steer at auction. There was a rattling big crowd at the sale, for everybody in the state had heard of the steer. The crowd, in fact, was so big that it blocked the street so that it was necessary to call the police to clear the road for the street cars. As the fat steer looked around on that crowd and heard the bids, he said to himself, "I am certainly a very warm number. The governor could not attract half as big a crowd as this." Finally he was bought by a local lumber and led carefully away to a stall in a cattle shed. In the next stall was an undersized runt of Texas steer, which would weigh about 250 lbs. The great steer sniffed at the runt, and was led into his stall, but the runt only said as he gathered in his hay of prairie hay, "You are a great many just now, but unless I am badly off

my trolley I can see your finish within the next 24 hours." And within 10 hours after this the carcass of the great steer was hanging up on exhibition in front of the butcher shop with a tag attached stating that choice cuts from the carcass could be had for \$1 per pound. Then the runty Texas steer tossed his head in triumph and said, "What did I tell you?" In less than two months the runty Texan was filling tin cans and being devoured by an unsuspecting public under the impression they were eating choice roast beef.

Moral: All classes get it in the neck sooner or later.

More Fish Yarns.

"Speaking of fish," said Turner, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "reminds me of the time when the fish were so plentiful that you didn't even have to put in a hook for them. Why, one time when I was fishing on the Fox River, in Wisconsin, the fellow who was with me in the boat suddenly said, 'I have him,' and reaching in the water, he grabbed a three-pound black bass with his hand, and threw him into the boat."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Moore. "One time I was camping on the bank of a small trout stream in Colorado. The fish were so plentiful that the sport of catching them grew tame because there was no trick in it at all. There were two of us, and we had been out after bear all day, but not a sign of Bruin was visible, and we returned to camp hungry and tired. We built a fire put over the frying pan with some lard in it, and were just about to put in a fish, which we had cleaned in the morning, when we saw a fox dash out of the woods and make for the timber on the other side of the clearing."

"We both grabbed our guns and ran in pursuit, but he was lost sight of in an instant, and we returned to camp. But the funny part of it was that while we were gone a fish had leaped out of the water into our frying pan and was cooked to a turn when we arrived."

Moore deftly dodged a soft pillow, and then Johnson spoke. "Speaking of cooking fish reminds me of the way we used to cook 'em when I was out in the Yellowstone. You know, they frequently have out there an ice-cold trout stream on the side of a hill and a boiling hot spring on the other. When we wanted some fish to eat we just went down to one of those hills with a rod and tackle. We would throw the fly into the cold spring, and in less than it takes to tell it a big trout would be on the hook. Then we would fling the line with the fish on it over into the hot spring, and in about ten minutes that trout was boiled to a turn."

But here the meeting broke up.

What Misled Him.

Sir Robert Ball, the noted British astronomer, went to a remote town in Ireland to lecture on his favorite topic. Arriving at the station he looked for the expected conveyance, but found none.

After all the other passengers had disappeared a man stepped up and said:

"Maybe you're Sir Robert Ball?"

After receiving an affirmative reply the man hastily apologized, saying:

"Sure, your honor, I'm sorry I kept you waiting, but I was told to look for an intellectual gentleman."

Bridget was told to wash the windows. She washed them very carefully on the inside but entirely neglected to clean the outside. Her mistress asked her the reason for this omission, thinking perhaps she was too timid to sit out. Imagine the lady's surprise when Bridget exclaimed, "Sure, mum, I claned them inside so as we could look out, but lift the dirt on the outside so's the people could not look in."

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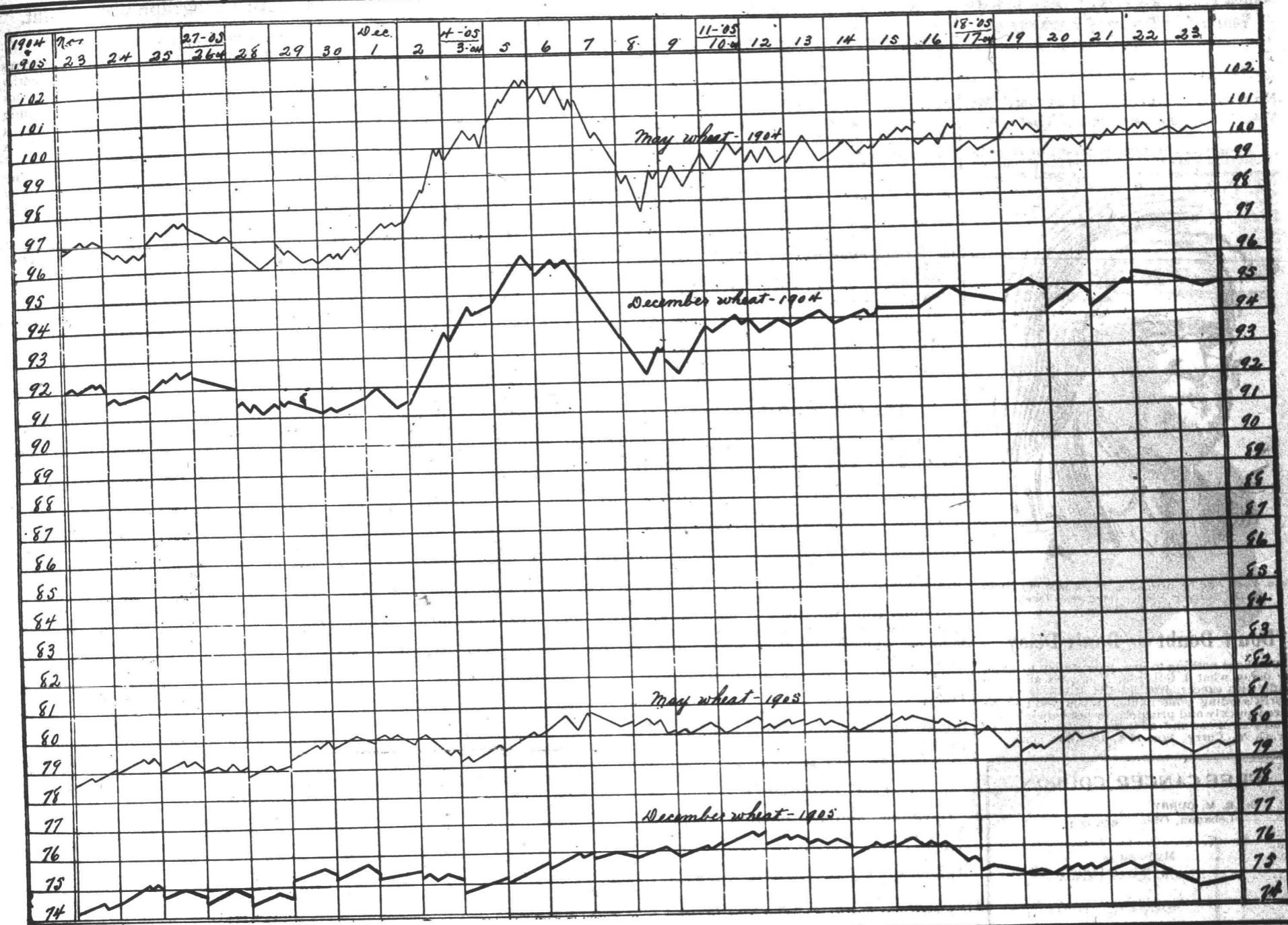
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Comparative Chart of Manitoba Wheat Prices

Supplied by Bruce McBean & Co., Winnipeg Grain Exchange, for Month ending December 22nd, 1905.



WHEAT NOTES.

Gathered from many Sources.

MARKET LETTER.

The market continues steady with narrow fluctuations, and until some influential feature presents itself we look for the same dullness that has prevailed for the past few weeks. Until lately the demand for cash wheat has been fair, but now shows signs of weakening, although a few lots are being worked for export. Manitoba wheat has been in fair demand in the United Kingdom, One Northern having recently sold at 90½ F. O. B., Ocean Vessel, N. Y., for shipment. The value of One Northern at old country ports ranges from 95 to 99½, January shipment.

The last few days' cables have weakened off considerably, and while some private advices report a good enquiry for Manitoba wheat the local demand is almost paralyzed at present. Favorable conditions in Argentine probably accounts for the weakness in foreign markets.

It is not long since there were plenty of "dollar bulls," but they are becoming very scarce, and unless they get better encouragement soon they are likely to lose hope. American markets are almost free from manipulation, and very few of the large traders seem to be taking any interest. Receipts at the milling centres continue large, and as some of the mills have already closed down it is probable that stocks will gradually increase.

The final Government report on the United States crop gives 690 million bushels. This is 140 million bushels more than the final report of 1904 gave for that year. This year esti-

mates ranged from 650 to 750 million, but conservative estimates placed the figures at 675 million. The final report might be considered bearish, and is no doubt helping the decline.

The local market is rather dull, traders waiting for some new feature that will set the market in action. The only bullish feature about our wheat is that it is selling far enough below Minneapolis and Chicago to make it appear cheap. However, this is not sufficient to warrant buying as local prices will naturally be affected by any movement in American markets, although the spread is likely to narrow. May or July wheat may prove a good purchase for a long pull, but at present there is nothing in the situation to warrant taking the long side.

On the 15th inst., stocks at Fort William and Port Arthur were 1,901,269 bus, an increase of 60,201 for the week, and 368,391 bus more than same date last year. Of the total stocks there were 792,391 bus 1 hard, 1 Nor and 2 Nor.

Inspections 15th to 21st include 1,490 cars, same period last year 1,050. Total receipts since Sept. 1st have been about 31 million, or nearly 10 million more than during same period last year.

Interesting Statistics on Amount of WHEAT INSPECTED IN WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg's grain figures are always interesting, and this year give evidence of the finest crop in the history of Western Canada, which has been handled most satisfactorily. Up to Nov. 30 no less than 32,052,250 bushels of wheat were inspected, according to the report of David Horne, chief grain inspector at Winnipeg. During September, October, and November this year 30,525 cars of grain were in-

spected; last year, according to Mr. Horne's figures for the corresponding period only 20,120 cars were inspected. The tabulated statement given below shows the total number of cars of each grade of wheat inspected during the months of September, October, and November of 1905, 1904, and 1903:

Wheat	1905	1904	1903
1 hard	532	149	453
1 nor.	17,833	2,205	4,461
2 nor.	6,858	5,926	6,033
3 nor.	996	2,350	4,393
No. 4 extra	31	1,428
No. 4	32	1,447	925
No. 5	1	949
Feed 1	429	406
Feed 2	101	153
Rej. 1	1,227	356	283
Rej. 2	1,234	273	175
No grade	155	1,794	1,156
Rejected	1,544	274	49
Condemned	10	3	7
Screenings	25
1 red win.	43
1 white win.	25
2 white win.	4
Total wheat	30,525	20,120	18,494
Oats	869	388	270
Barley	535	132	89
Flax	208	164	315
Speltz	1	3
Rye (Clg'y)	4
Total inspection	32,141	20,805	19,171
C. P. R.	24,299	14,870	13,295
C. N. R.	7,491	5,935	5,876
Calgary	351

GRAIN RETURNS FROM GOVERNMENT STATIONS.

The growth of vegetation of all kinds at the Brandon farm was very rank this year and most of the grain crops were lodged, still the yield and quality was generally above the average.

WHEAT.

Preston wheat showed less rust and was stiffer in the straw than usual, no doubt this fact accounts for the unusually large return given by that variety in both the large and small plots. We still think that this is the best wheat for sections liable to suffer from fall frost, but along the main line of the C. P. R., and similar districts we still recommend Red Fife.

Riga wheat is an extremely early kind, but the yield is always less than Preston or Red Fife.

Accompanying this will be found a list showing the twelve most productive varieties in this year's test, also the time taken to mature each kind. Six of these, namely Red Fife, White Fife, Advance, Laurel, Huron, and Wellman's Fife have been among the ten most productive varieties for the past five years.

The size of the plots are one-twentieth of an acre, and the soil a black loam summer fallowed. The land was broken in 1882, a crop of pease was plowed in during 1902, but no other fertilizer has been applied for seventeen years.

WHEAT.

No. days Yield per acre

Variety	No. days maturing.	Yield per acre Bus. Lbs.
Preston, bearded	136	52 00
Laurel, bald	138	47 40
White Fife, bald	141	47 20
Huron, bearded	136	47 00
Advance, bearded	138	46 40
Red Fife, bald	141	45 20
Wellman's Fife, bald	142	45 00
Hayne's Blue Stem, bald	141	44 40
Power's Fife, bald	139	44 00
Minnesota 163, bald	141	43 40
Percy, bald	137	43 20
Riga, bald	134	42 40

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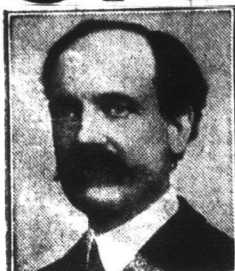
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IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Doubtful Satisfaction.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man, reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?" "Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't like going to the same place every summer, because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another variety."

"Well?" "Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?" "Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?" "I suppose so. At least I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."

The Cause of Poverty.

A Philadelphian, says the New York "Tribune," was praising the late Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. "Wise woman as she was," he said, "Mrs. Dodge never refused a beggar; and, defending herself from any criticism one day, she narrated a conversation that she once overheard between two Maryland tramps as they lay under a tree on a superb afternoon."

"Bill," said the first, "why is it that poor people is always willin' to help us, while rich folks always turns us down?"

"The other, with a mirthless laugh, replied: "Them that don't mind givin' things away is the ones that stays poor."

That Broad "A."

Governor McLane of New Hampshire was talking about Henry James criticism of American speech, says the New York "Tribune."

"I suppose that Mr. James wants us to use the broad 'a,'" he said, "and to talk in every way like Oxford graduates. The broad 'a' is all very well, and the Oxford graduate talks more musically, no doubt, than the native of Paint Rock. At the same time, it was through the cultivation of this English way of speaking that my best friend nearly lost his wife—lost her, I mean through divorce, not through death."

"She made some biscuits one day, and at dinner that night she said in her cultivated way: "I made a big batch of these biscuits."

"You did indeed, dear," said my friend, her husband.

"How do you know how big a batch I made?" she asked, surprised.

"I thought," he murmured, "that you said botch."

A Generous Tip.

Mellville E. Ingalls, former president of the Big Four railroad system, tells this story of a waiter's tip:

He was lunching alone in a Cincinnati cafe. Near by sat a distinguished gentleman who casually asked his waiter:

"How is business?" The man said he was not doing well, upon which the dignified individual expressed regret, saying:

"Personally, I have always treated your craft in this house generously."

The waiter was assiduous in his attentions and helped the guest on with his coat. The dignified man laid his hand on the waiter's arm and said:

"Young man, you seem to be discontented with your lot and I am going to give you the best tip you ever received. Get into some other business."

And he walked away, leaving the waiter speechless.

"D'ye Want to Live Forever?"

The late General Fitzhugh Lee had a large fund of war-time anecdotes. He used to tell this one:

On account of the shifting of officers to replace losses, a young Irish captain was given command of a raw troop of volunteers who were under fire for the first time. Their baptism must have unnerved the recruits, for they never budged at the command to charge.

A second command likewise being disobeyed to their leader's stupefaction, he rode along the line glaring reproachfully at his men and demanding sarcastically:

"What ails you fellows, anyhow? D'ye want to live for ever?"

The Working Class.

A traveler in the mountain country of East Tennessee stopped one noon at a cabin, says the "New York Sun." In the shade of the house sat a comfortable-looking, middle-aged man, apparently at leisure. A dozen dogs loafed about him.

"Can I have dinner here?" asked the traveler.

"I reckon so," drawled the man, "when the old woman turns up."

The "old woman" came in after a while, leading a weary-looking mule, and wiping perspiration from beneath her big sunbonnet. She split some wood, built a fire, fetched some water, and soon had dinner ready.

"You have a fine country here," said the traveler, as they sat down to the meal.

"Stranger," said the woman, "I reckon it's about as fine as they is for men and dogs, but it's mighty hard on women and mules."

A Literary Question.

Ralph Henry Barbour is the author of many juvenile books. His latest is entitled "On Your Mark: A Story of College Life and Athletics." When a brand new volume reached his house and was added to the row of his work on top of his desk his niece came in to look at it.

After inspecting it gravely for a moment the little girl said:

"Uncle, did you write that?"

"Yes, dear."

"And all the rest of those?"

"Yes."

"Well, did all those things happen to you?"

"No; I've dreamed and thought a great many of them."

"But, uncle," said the little maiden solemnly, "do you think you ought to write them?"

Mark Twain's Kitchen.

Mark Twain settled the servant problem some years ago, so far as concerned his own domestics. When the famous humorist was building his house he quite astonished the architect by insisting that the kitchen should be placed on the ground floor, on a level with the entrance door, and with windows—good, large windows—overlooking it.

"But—a kitchen facing the hall door? I never heard of such a thing," protested the surprised architect.

"No, I daresay not," observed Mark Twain; "you see it is my own original idea."

"But what is the idea?" "Oh, that's very simple. I want the cook and other servants in the kitchen to be able to see everybody that calls. Directly the bell rings, they look out of the window, without leaving their work, and see who it is and what they are wearing. The work will get done, the dinner won't be spoiled, time will be saved, and the maids will be happy and stay on with us. Under the old plan the poor souls were always running up and down the kitchen stair to allay their

curiosity. They wasted time and spoiled everything."

And the humorist's house was actually built with the kitchen on the ground floor overlooking the entrance.

An Autograph with a Hint.

An Autograph with a hint e Andrew Carnegie greatly admires Ernest Haeckel, the famous scientist of the University of Jena, and not long ago he commissioned a young man, who was about to become a student at Jena, to get for him a Haeckel autograph.

The autograph, in English, in due course arrived. It read:

"Ernest Haeckel gratefully acknowledges the receipt from Andrew Carnegie of a Zumpt microscope for the biological laboratory of the Jena University."

A microscope, needless to say, arrived with Mr. Carnegie's compliments, at Jena within a few weeks.

Two of Him.

The President of the great insurance company was very busy. He had bought that morning 10,000 bonds at 47, and now he was trying to find out if there was any moral reason why he should not sell these bonds at 108 to the concern, pocketing, of course, the profit.

As he wrestled with this problem in high finance there came a knock on the door. He looked up impatiently, for he did not wish to be disturbed. There entered, however, the valet of the Secretary and Treasurer.

"Please, sir," the valet said, "I have here a voucher for \$20,000. Will you O. K. it for me. The master is going off on a month's vacation, and this money is for his expenses."

"But," said the President, "the Secretary and Treasurer has just got back from a month's vacation, for which I O. K.'d a \$15,000 voucher."

"I know, sir," said the valet, calmly. "But that was the master's vacation as Secretary. It is his vacation as Treasurer he is going to take now."

Johnny Knew.

The class was reading, and little Johnny Fellows was the last one on the line. Teacher started with the head, and asked what was the feminine of "hero."

Number one shook her head. It passed to two. She missed it; so did three. As it came nearer and nearer to Johnny he became very much excited, apparently knowing the answer, and waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Johnny," said the teacher at last, "everybody has missed now. Can you tell me the feminine of hero?"

"Shero," shouted Johnny, exultantly.

Who could Understand them?

There is a well-known story told by Dean Ramsay years ago of two old ladies in his church:

"Was it no' a wonderful thing," said one of them, "that the Breetch were ave victorious over the French in battle?"

"Not a bit," said the other: "dinna ye ken the Breetch say their prayers before gaen into battle?"

"Aye," returned the first, "but canna the French say their prayers as weel?"

The reply was, "Hout, jabbering bodies, wha could understand them?"

Deserved Rebuke.

Mrs. Astor, the head of the Astor family, attended during her European tour a garden-party in the English Midlands.

Mrs. Astor's dignity is great. It resembles that of a duchess of the old school. Hence a certain young officer should have been wiser at the garden-party than to say to her, as he took out his cigarette-case, "Does smoking incommode you, madam?"

"I don't know, really," Mrs. Astor answered. "No gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."



1. Why
2. When
3. Give
4. Why
5. Refer to
6. In w
7. Why
8. Wha
9. Why
10. Wh
11. Wh
12. Wh

13. Ther
14. With
15. My
16. My
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18. Ther
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24. My
25. My
26. At

27. low
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29. takes
30. amount

31. AN
32. 1. Ma
33. most
34. 2. Be
35. it by
36. get i
37. 3. M
38. Arc's
39. rather

40. 4. Ro
41. 5. Th
42. 6. Ne
43. (knead
44. to get
45. 7. In
46. 8. Ne
47. brothe

48. 9. B
49. a bow
50. till she
51. 10. F
52. much
53. outski
54. 11. C
55. Tudor.
56. 12. A
57. 13. V

58. 14. V
59. 15. W
60. B W
61. W B

January, 1906

Muzzle Column
For Boys and Girls.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a kiss like gossip?
2. When two people kiss, what kind of a riddle does it make?
3. Give a definition of love.
4. Why does a minister always say "dearly beloved brethren" and not refer to the sisters?
5. When is the best time to read from the book of nature?
6. In what liquid does the Queen of England take her medicine?
7. Why is a lover like a knocker?
8. What word of four syllables would a man utter if he should eat his wife, and wanted to express his approbation of the deed?
9. Why is a policeman on his beat like an Irishman rolling down a hill?
10. Why is a hound like a man with a bald head?
11. What is the first thing a man sets in his garden?
12. Who were the first astronomers?

POETICAL PUZZLES.

13. There's a word composed of three letters, alone,
Which reads backwards and forwards the same;
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
And to beauty lays principal claim.
14. Without my first you'd look very strange,
My second you much want to be;
My whole is what many a lady has worn,
At a ball, an assembly, or play.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

15. Six ears of corn are in a hollow stump, how long will it take a squirrel to carry them all out if he takes out three ears a day?
16. Add one to nine and make it twenty.
17. Place three 6's together so as to amount to 7

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1. Macbeth, because he did murder most foul.
2. Because during the week you get it by the piece, and on Sunday you get it by the choir.
3. Most people prefer Joan of Arc's, because they like a hot steak rather than a cold chop.
4. Robert Burns.
5. That beet's all.
6. Not because a woman needs (kneads) him, but because he is hard to get off her hands.
7. In violet (inviolate).
8. Because, how could he be a brother and assist her (a sister) too?
9. Because she can't go off without a bow (beau), and is in a quiver till she gets one.
10. Because about a city there is so much bustle, and because she has outskirts.
11. One is a wonder, the other is a Tudor.
12. A report at headquarters.
13. You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee;
Oh! sigh for no cipher, but oh! sigh for me;
Then let my cipher thy cipher be,
And give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee.
14. Vowels.
15. W W W W B B B B W W
B W W W B W B B W W B B B
W B B W W B


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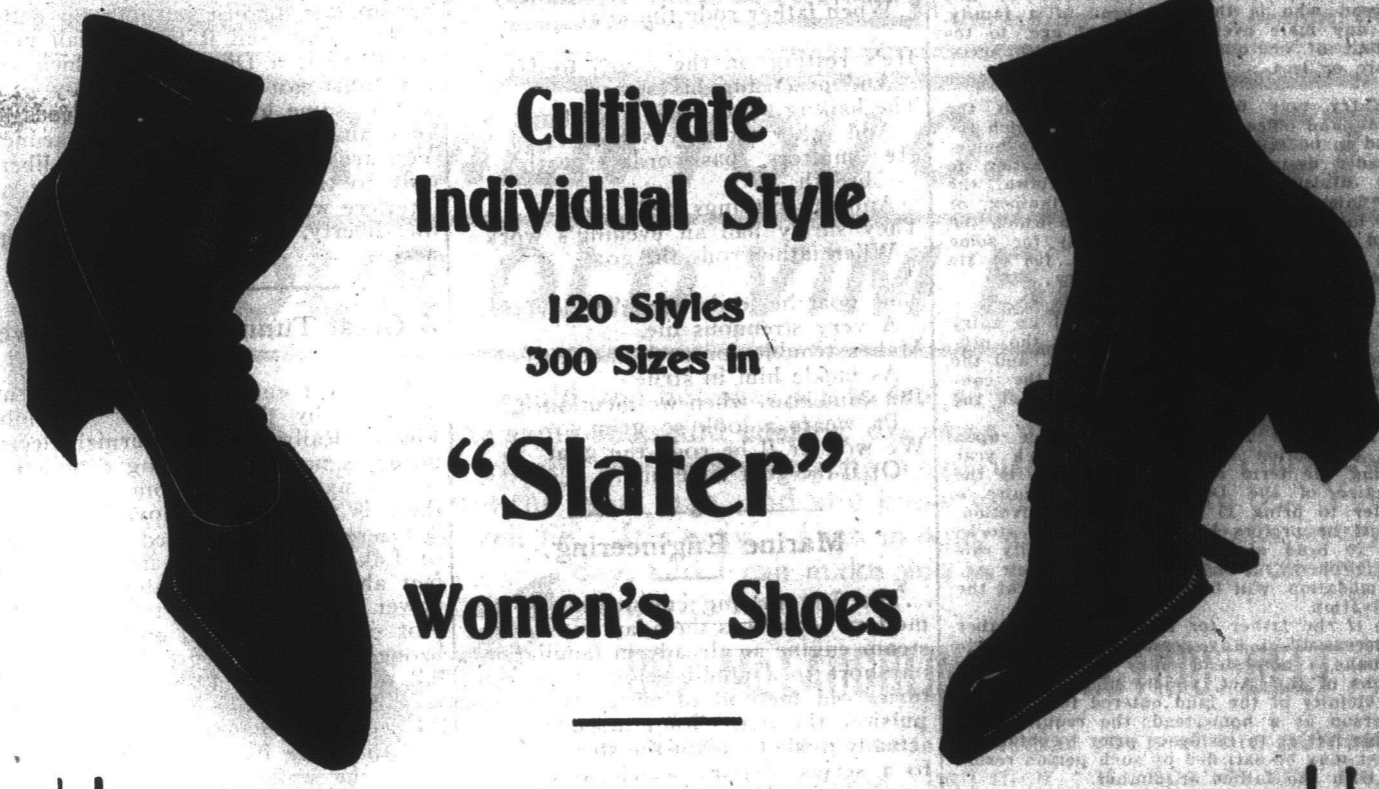
A beautiful soft brown fur resembling Mink, 40 inches long and 4 inches wide, warmly padded, beautifully lined with brown satin, and shaped to fit close to the neck, as shown in the illustration. It has handsome Chain Fastener at the throat, and is ornamented with six beautiful full tails. If it were the real mink it would be worth more. If you'll send you a card if you'll send us a set of our beautiful colored Picture Post Cards at 10c, a set of four lovely Cards, all different in each set. Picture Post Cards are all the rage and now send ours all like lightning they are so beautiful and cheap. Many people write us that they have them all sold before they get out of the Post Office. This elegant stole is worth one hundred times the little work we ask you to do. Nothing so handsome or so valuable has ever been given away. Write your address. It returns the stole right off and you'll have it in a few days. Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 2225, TORONTO, CAN.**

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If her figure presents bad points, the art of her dress conceals them—if she has good ones, her gown reveals them.

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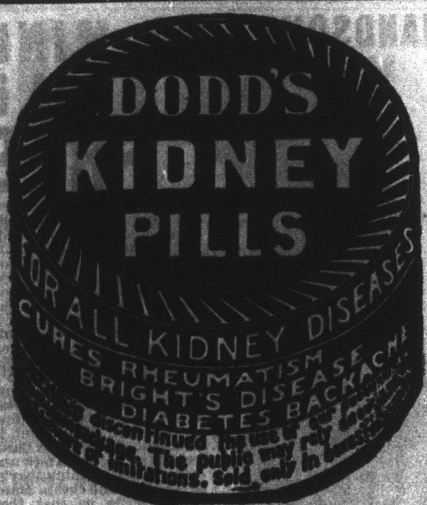
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THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST. Homestead Regulations.

Any even numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 5 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.
Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.
A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act, and the amendments thereto, to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. It is the practice of the Department to require a settler to bring 15 acres under cultivation, but if he prefers he may substitute stock; and 20 head of cattle, to be actually his own property, with buildings for their accommodation, will be accepted instead of the cultivation.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such a person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township, or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of clauses 2, 3 or 4 must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 30 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1888.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.
Should be made at the end of three years, before the local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.
Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at the Immigration Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry; and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

When Father Rode the Goat.

The house is full of arnica,
And mystery profound;
We do not dare to run about
Or make the slightest sound,
We leave the big piano shut
And do not strike a note;
The doctor's been here seven times
Since father rode the goat.

He joined the Lodge a week ago—
Got in at four A. M.,
And sixteen brethren brought him
Home,
Though he says he brought them.
His wrist was sprained and one big rip
Had rent his Sunday coat—
There must have been a lively time
When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day
And practising his signs—
The hailing sign, working grip,
And other monkey shins.
He mutters passwords 'neath his
Breath,
And other things he'll quote—
They surely had an evening's work
When father rode the goat.

This goat he leads what "Teddy" calls
A very strenuous life,
Makes trouble for such candidates
As tackle him in strife.
But somehow, when we mention it,
Pa wears a look so grim,
We wonder if he rode the goat
Or if the goat rode him.

Marine Engineering.

The first marine engineering in the modern sense was the adaptation of the steam engine as already in familiar use on shore to a modification of the centuries old method of mercantile propulsion, the oar. Some attempts were actually made to adapt the steam engine to a series of oars, which would have meant something like a mechanical trireme; but of course the trained mechanical sense soon saw that the collection of the oars in a revolving wheel was the correct solution. As oars had been used on both sides, so it was natural at first that the paddle wheels should be on both sides; a centre wheel was also tried, but it is interesting to remark that practically about the same time that the sidewheels were used on the seaboard, the first marine engine was the shore engine modified to suit the circumstances, and thus on the seaboard the engine was designed and worked with what we now consider an exceedingly low pressure. On the western rivers, where the change has been made in the location of the wheel, there was also the additional change of dispensing with the condenser and using very much higher pressures. It was doubtless due to this fact—that the first non-condensing engines really carried a very high pressure—that the term "high pressure" in the early days meant non-condensing. The reason for the difference is of course very clear; the western rivers are very shallow and it was necessary to make the machinery as light as possible; on the seaboard and the rivers of that section there was deep water and the vessels could carry heavy machinery.

The Limit of Liberty.

Liberty is a high-sounding word, which at times sends a thrill of emotion through one's veins. It means much, and to many of us is not thoroughly understood. Roughly analyzed, stands for freedom, but even to say that we are free does not express that we are perfectly at liberty to do just as we want to do.

Canadians take pride in pointing to the fact that they are the most liberty-loving people on the face of the earth. Wild animals are free, but their free-

dom is limited by the strength of some stronger animal or man, and man by stronger man, government of God. That is why the best government is the one which admits of the largest freedom—limits liberty of individuals for the greater good of the largest number. The freedom to kill is limited; to steal; to torture, etc. Free speech does not mean the liberty to use indecent language; to blackguard, or to bear false witness.

Though a man accumulate a fortune unaided, the law steps in and forbids him leaving it to whom he pleases after he is dead, but like a case which happened in New York City recently, it cannot stop him from throwing it away while he is alive. There is no human law against burning up cotton rather than sell it for a small price, but there is a Divine Law which says you must not wantonly destroy that which some hungry person needs to keep him alive, or cover his nakedness. You are free to live, and be at liberty only to the extent that you must not interfere with somebody else's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

A Great Tunnel near Vancouver.

The great engineering enterprise undertaken by the British Columbia Electric Railway Co., to furnish electric power is now approaching completion. About sixteen miles from Vancouver there is a small lake covering about 300 acres. This is called Trout Lake, or Lake Beautiful, and lies about 400 feet above the high water mark. A power plant has been established at the foot of the mountain, and water is brought down in large pipes, having a fall of 390 feet in 1,600 feet. But this lake does not contain sufficient water to meet the demands in the dry season, and therefore it was decided to bring down the water of Lake Coquitlam, which lies about 35 feet higher than Lake Beautiful, and has an area of about 2,000 acres. Between the two lakes there is a range of mountains rising to a height of about 4,000 feet, and to bring the water from Lake Coquitlam to Lake Beautiful required the construction of a tunnel almost the entire distance, some two and a half miles, through solid rock.

Work was begun about two and a half years ago at both ends, and has continued until a few days since, when the two gangs of men met in the middle of the tunnel and found that the borings met each other without the variation of an inch.

Sufficient water has thus been secured to produce all the electrical

power that is likely to be needed in that vicinity for many years.

The tunnel is regarded as one of the largest and most successful engineering enterprises yet undertaken in that province, and the following are facts concerning it: Cost, \$320,000; total length, 2½ miles; size, 9 by 9 feet, with rounded corners; area of normal cross section, 78 square feet; number of men employed on construction, 100 to 175; time required for drilling, two years, two months, and three weeks; average rate of progress per day, between 15 and 16 feet; average rate of progress per week, 120 feet, greatest distance driven on either side in one week, 80 feet, at the Lake Beautiful end, in week ending October 30, 1904; explosives required over 200 tons of dynamite, gelignite and blasting gelatine; fuse used in blasting, 500,000 feet, or nearly 100 miles; candle power required to light the work, 175,000.

Horse 29 Years at Work.

There is a horse in the town of Boydton, Va., known as Morgan, which is older than most of its inhabitants. He was foaled in the month of April, in the year 1876, in the county of Mecklenburg.

Morgan has no claims to aristocracy, and his pedigree is not recorded in the books, but for more than twenty years he has been a faithful collector of taxes, his master being the treasurer of the county to the first of January last.

Though Morgan is 29 years of age, he has until now performed all the duties of any horse. He has received no favors because of age, and has met every engagement in the time, and when not engaged in collecting taxes he was the favorite driving horse of the ladies and children of the family, and in addition hauled his own bedding and wood for the winter.

Mr. Wells, Morgan's master, thinks his horse's long life and fitness for service is due to methodical attention and treatment; that he discovered the exact quantity of food, particularly grain, necessary to keep him in the best condition.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Chicago a Big Place.

Chicago is a big place and there is much going on in every minute each twenty-four hours. In a late issue of the Tribune a writer figures various activities down to the following basis:

- A death every fifteen minutes.
- A birth every eight minutes and twenty-seven seconds.
- A murder every seventy hours.
- A suicide every eighteen hours.
- A serious accident, necessitating nurse's or physician's care, every four minutes.
- A fatal accident every five hours.
- A case of assault and battery every twenty-six minutes.
- A burglary every three hours.

A holdup every six hours.
 A disturbance of the peace, to attract attention, every six seconds.
 A larceny every twenty minutes.
 A fire every hour.
 An arrest for drunkenness every fifteen minutes.
 A marriage every twenty minutes.
 A case for the coroner every three hours.
 A new building completed every one hour and fifteen minutes.
 A railroad passenger train arrives every fifty-six seconds.
 Sixty passengers, suburban and through, arrive every second at railway stations.
 Seventeen thousands gallons of water a minute pass through the 1,900 miles of city water mains.
 One thousand three hundred and forty-three letters are delivered by the postoffice every minute, day and night.

Bridge Construction.

The forms of timber trusses of different kinds, arches and combinations of two or more systems, have been very numerous. A marked step toward bridge designs of the modern truss form was the lattice bridge patented by Towne in 1820, which became the prototype of the early iron lattice bridge. The next important step in the development of wooden bridges was made in 1840, when Howe patented his truss, which became very popular and the standard for wooden railroad bridges. In 1844, the Pratt truss was patented, which afterwards became the favored type for iron bridges. Many other types of trusses were invented, which have since been discarded.

Vagaries of the Gulf Stream.

The exceptional resistance encountered by transatlantic steamers on their journeys to this country has aroused not a little interest among oceanographers. So great, indeed, has been the resistance offered that some of the vessels fell short of their usual daily runs by 25 to 40 miles when within two days of the United States. Along the southern Atlantic coast the velocity of the Gulf Stream fluctuates between one and one-half and two knots an hour. As it travels northward the speed gradually reduces until when the stream reaches Nova Scotia it is so far widened and grown so shallow that it is almost imperceptible. It sometimes happens, however, that the speed does not diminish and that it even increases as the current changes its course. At times the northwestern limits of the Gulf Stream approach New England and Nova Scotia more closely than at others.

Naturally, such marked changes are not without their effect on climate. A change is noted in the movement of the air over the ocean. Indeed, it is not improbable that the change in the direction of air motion is the direct cause of the change in the Gulf Stream's motion. And since the winds in turn are controlling factors of our weather, it follows that a change in the Gulf Stream's direction of flow must be accompanied by some modification in our climatic conditions. The present phenomenon is merely a temporary aberration.

Making Port Wine.

Wines of the port wine type are made by taking colored grapes and crushing and putting them in fermenting vats to ferment the same as for making red wines. As soon as fermentation has reduced the sugar in the must to the desired point (during which fermentation color and other matters have also been extracted from the pulp and skins), the juice is drawn off, put in storage cooperage and fortified.

Celery originated in Germany.
 The chestnut came from Italy.
 The onion originated in Egypt.

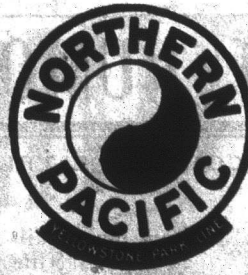


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What would you not sacrifice to feel as you did a few years ago; to have the same snap and energy, the same gladsome, joyous, light-hearted spirit and the physical strength you used to have? You know you are not the same man, and you know you would like to be. You might as well be. It's easy. I am making men out of wrecks every day, and I can make you as good a man as you ever were with my

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

Which makes vigorous, muscular men of the puniest weakest specimens of 'half men'; it expands and develops every muscle and organ in the body; it warms the heart, increases the courage and gives a man power of mind and body such as any man can be proud of. It makes the eye bright and the step elastic; it makes an athlete of a sluggard. It cures disease by restoring strength. It is a quick and lasting cure for all Nervous and Vital Weaknesses, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Pains in the Back and Hips (Sciatica), Lumbago, Constipation, Indigestion, Weak Kidneys, Loss of Memory, and all evidences of breaking down. It has cured when all else has failed.

My arguments are good, my system is good, but I know you haven't time to study these. You want proof, and I will give you that, and lots of it. When your own neighbor tells you I cured him you will know I did.

Tell me where you are and I'll give you the name a man in your town I've cured

Sorry He Did Not Get It Sooner.
 Log Valley, Assa.
 Dr. McLaughlin,
 Dear Sir: I have worn my Electric Belt for a few times and it has helped me greatly. My husband has worn it right along and it has made him feel like a new man. He says he is sorry that he did not get it sooner. He can do a day's work now without getting tired, and he can do all his own work easily. Your Belt is exactly what you represented, and I find it a valuable thing to have in a family. I can never thank you enough for the Belt.
 Sincerely yours,
 Mrs. Jerry Laroque.

Completely Cured and can now handle a bag of wheat with any man.
 Dr. McLaughlin,
 Dear Sir: I am writing to tell you that I am completely cured of my old trouble and can say that I am a new man. I must acknowledge that the Belt is a splendid article. I can now handle a bag of wheat with any one. I am continually having letters from different people, asking if the Belt is all that you claim for it, and to each I say, that it most emphatically is. Wishing you the best of success, I am dear sir, your obedient and thankful friend,
 Stuart B. Cheesman, Griswold, Man.

I HAVE AN ELECTRIC BELT THAT DOES CURE, and I am offering it to you in such a way that you take no chances whatever. Give me your name and address, with a statement of your case, and I will at once arrange a Belt suitable for your case, and

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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Lady Visitor—"And how many children have you?" Mother—"Nine living, mum, and four married."

Little Willie (reading)—"Say, pa, who are the deserving poor?" Pa—"Those who don't deserve to be poor, my son."

Patience—"Is she a selfish girl?" Patrice—"No, not at all. You never find her occupying a hammock all by herself."

"Is it true that Piker is financially embarrassed?" "He is awfully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him at all."

He—"I wonder why they have never married?" She—"Because he would make an ideal husband, and she an ideal wife."

"That seems a very bad cold you've got, my little man." "It's a very good cold; it's kept me away from school for two weeks now."

Boarder—"Look here, you told me if I took that room I'd sleep like a top. I was turning all night. Landlady—"Well, don't tops turn?"

Customer (to barber)—"Can you give me a decent shave?" Barber—"Yes, sir; yes, sir. In my shop satisfaction is guaranteed or whiskers returned."

Tourist (pointing to wooden screen in the church)—"There's a lot of dry rot here." Church Cleaner—"That's nothing to what we have in the pulpit, sir."

Mr. Jones—"I think I'm going to have appendicitis." Mrs. Jones—"Oh, you do! Well, I think I'm going to have a new hat, and your appendicitis can wait."

Grayce—"What are you crying about?" Gladys—"My new hat isn't becoming. All the girls—" Grayce—"Say it isn't?" Gladys—"No—boo—ho. They say it is."

Jinks—"Let's go to one of the theatres to-night." Binks—"All right. Which do you prefer—a good company with a poor play or a poor company with a good play?"

Circus Joe—"I never minded performing on a tight rope in the old days, but I'll be hanged if I think it's safe to walk one of these suburban sidewalks in flood time."

Wife—"And so we'll have to economize. Let's see, now; what can we do without?" Husband—"Well, there's your mother, you know; we could do without her."

Papa—"Not quarrelling, I hope, my children?" Tommy—"Oh, no. We were playing at tableaux." Papa—"And what does this represent?" Tommy—"Mamma asking you for a cheque."

Policeman—"Now, look here! Where's your light?" Cyclist—"Oh! the wind blew it out." Policeman (producing a notebook)—"It must have been a terrible gale; your lamp has got blown away too."

"Maggie!" "Yes'm." "Why didn't you put this water-melon in the ice box as I told you?" "I did, mum." "But it isn't cold." "No, mum. You see I had to take the ice out to get it."

"Does mistletoe bear fruit?" "Yes, my son, very often. Forbidden fruit."

The only man we ever knew who got what he wanted for Christmas was a fellow who didn't want anything.

Hamfatt—"What's a good way to enjoy yourself at Christmas?" Romeo—"Don't look at your presents till next day."

Flora—"Charlie kissed me under the mistletoe last night. Did he kiss you?" Dora—"Why—er—not under the mistletoe."

Now doth this question make me sigh
And father scratch his nose—
How can five plunks the presents buy
To fill eight pairs of hose?

"Now, my dear sir," said Dr. Fox, "I can't cure you unless you promise to do everything I tell you." "All right," said Skinner, "I promise." "Good! Now, first of all, pay me my last year's bill."

Myer—"I wonder why Browne added the 'e' to his name after inheriting a fortune?" Gyer—"He probably figured out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people."

Mrs. Brady—"Be quiet, both of you. What yer cryin' fer?" Little Ellen—"Me mudder says Santa Claus has gone out on strike, an' dere ain't goin' to be no Christmas."

"What do you expect to give your husband for Christmas?" "I think I shall give him the same cigars I gave him last year. The dear absent-minded man has scarcely touched them."

Paul—"What jer git fo' Crissmus, 'Ginny?" Virginia—"Mammy's ole gum shoes. What yo' git?" Paul—"I hain't quite shuah yit, but I fink pop's done fo'get t'lick me fo' suckin' them aigs lars' night!"

Miss Saintly—"Now, children, I will give a silver dollar at Christmas to every boy who has a perfect mark of conduct!" Billy McGinnis—"Say, teacher, I'll take a quarter now, 'n' call it square!"

"What became of that young man who used to have such a beautiful mind?" asked the sentimental girl. "Married," replied her chum, "and you ought to see the beautiful mind he has now." "Indeed?" "Yes, twins."

Father (to sleepy headed son coming to breakfast on time)—"So you got up before breakfast, did you?" Son—"No, sir; after it." Father—"After it?" Son—"Yes, sir. If I hadn't got up after it I wouldn't have got any."

"No, sir," exclaimed the loud-voiced commercial traveller. "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men, pushing its line of goods, than ours." "What do you sell?" asked a curious one. "Babies' mail-carts."

Tailor—"I am sorry, sir, but as this is to be your wedding suit I shall require cash on delivery." Customer—"Why? Why? I've had an account with you for years, and I've always paid you promptly." "Yes, sir; but you were a color then, and were sure to have your own money."

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