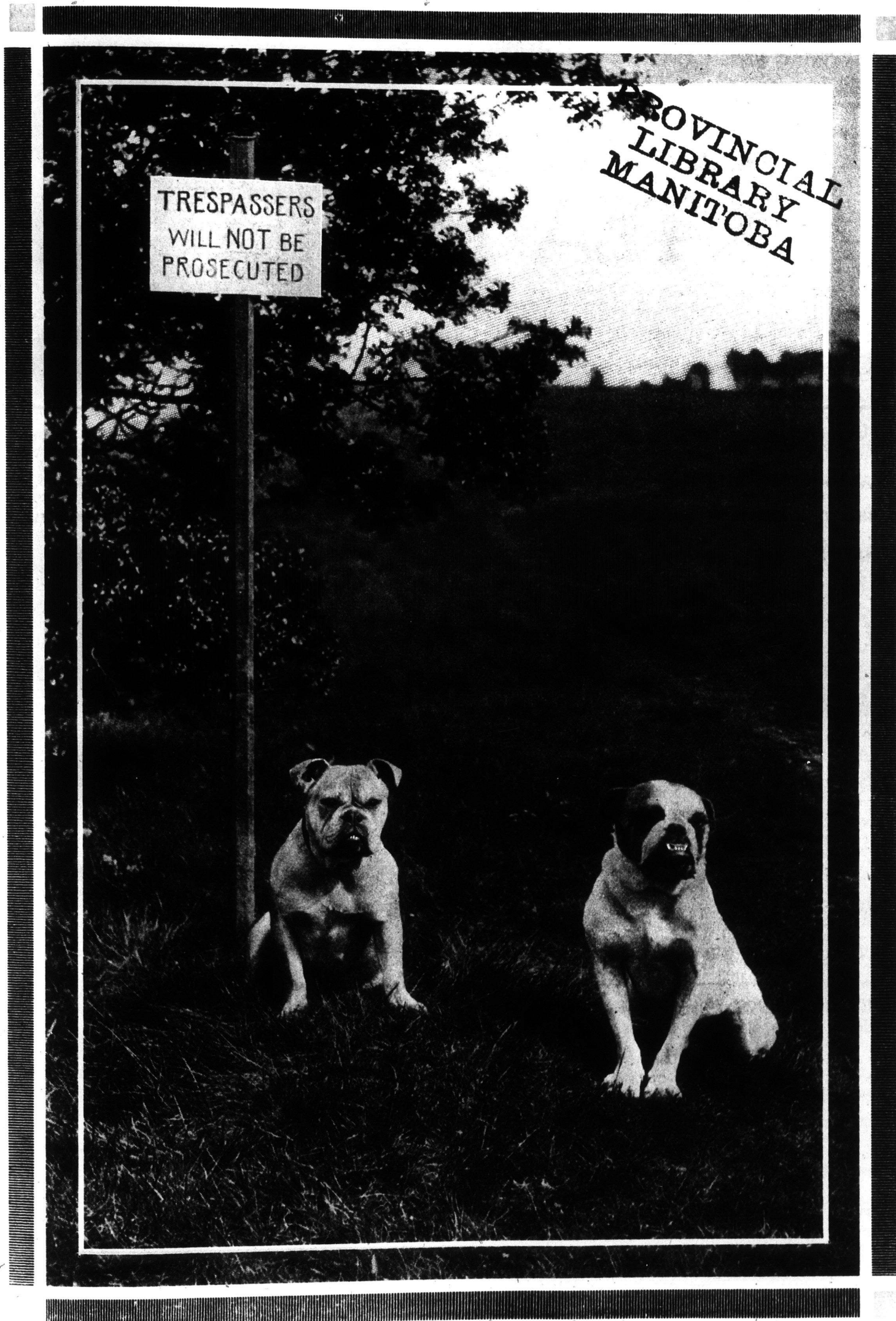


The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg
October 1917



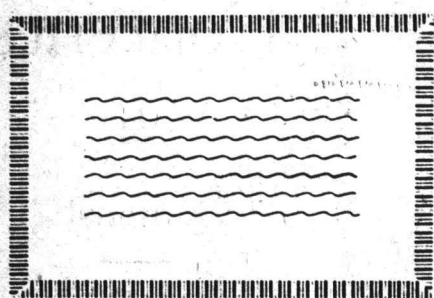
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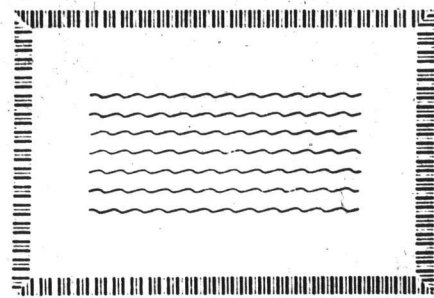
TEA TABLE TALK

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of good tea, is in the drinking. The great and increasing army of people who regularly drink



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choose it with their eyes open. They know its excellence—its uniformity—its economy. And they know its purity. Common sense tells them that the new double wrapper makes deterioration impossible. Scores of thousands have proved "BLUE RIBBON" "by the drinking." Do the same yourself. Get your money back if you don't agree with them.

Only Eight Subscriptions Secure Dinner Set Illustrated Below



THERE WILL BE A BIG DEMAND. GET YOURS NOW

THE DINNER SET CONTAINS 6 Soup Plates, 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Fruit or Cereal Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cups, 1 Meat Plate, 1 Covered Dish, 1 Gravy Bowl, 1 Jug.

YOU ARE SURE TO BE GREATLY PLEASED. This is absolutely the most liberal Dinner Set offer ever made, and we hope you will be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of it. We never knew a woman who had too many dishes. Our splendid plan certainly should appeal to you.

You can obtain this magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set by sending us in eight new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 apiece.

If you care to make enquiry at your store, you will find that the very lowest price you can buy a combination dinner and tea set is about \$11.00, and the quality would not be nearly as good as what we are offering.

You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS

The Western Home Monthly - Winnipeg

Remember

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English semi-porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft and velvety in tone.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVIII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 10

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

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

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

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

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



The Wrong and the Right Way

in constructing artificial teeth makes a great difference in your appearance.

Note the change in above face when teeth are properly made. Therefore choose a dentist who has had a wide experience and one who will study your expression and requirements.

You will find it pays to take a trip to Winnipeg and have your work done at

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New Method
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where you get the best in any form of dental work, whether it be extracting, filling or replacing lost teeth with or without a plate.

Most approved methods used in eliminating pain and scientific principals applied in the construction of your work.

Chat with Our Readers

Increasing the Family Income

"I have many comforts in my home, but I believe I am not different from other wives and mothers in feeling that I should like to make some extra money to spend for what some one calls 'the essential non-essentials.' There are so many things we women would like to spend that 'little extra' on each month, if we could earn it. Can The Western Home Monthly throw any light on this subject?"—Mrs. Phillips, Saskatchewan.

Such is the form of letter which now and then comes to our editorial desk as it must to the editors of any influential magazine reaching hundreds of thousands of readers, as does The Western Home Monthly.

This desire to help increase the family income is one which is sure to seize us at one time or another. Even with things going smoothly, there is always the longing for more of the good things of life, greater advantages for the children, good books, recreation, that wished-for trip to Vancouver, or Montreal, or wherever it may be. But mother's time is decidedly limited. Her life-work is close to her home. What then can she do to help make these things possible? This is a problem which we have had occasion to solve for some of our readers.

After careful investigation we have come to the conclusion that the most readily available method whereby a woman may earn money at home is the local representation of firms manufacturing useful articles for home consumption. We find that there are several large companies in this country that have built up their different lines of business by selling methods similar to the club-raising plan of The Western Home Monthly.

It is the belief of the publishers of The Western Home Monthly that its readers are its best representatives. For many years we have depended on our readers to secure for us the great bulk of our circulation, with profit and, we hope, with pleasure to themselves.

A large number of manufacturers in this country have employed this same method of local representation; and it is safe to say that there are a great many women all over this country who are making money by representing these firms. It is not difficult to locate such companies, but, like everything else, some are much better than others, from the standpoint of the representative.

Before closing negotiations with any such company or firm, first examine its literature carefully; avoid all firms that make exaggerated statements in their advertising; also be certain to examine the article which they ask you to sell—be sure that it is something your customers will want, that it is honestly made, and that it is priced fairly. Do not be tempted into selling an inferior product by the offer of a large profit. Remember that your profits in the long run will depend on satisfied customers, who will give you re-orders from time to time.

The editors of The Western Home Monthly will be glad to continue to advise its readers on this matter of increasing the family income.

A Rare Chance for The Western Home Monthly Readers

This year we believe we have been exceptionally fortunate in our selection of premiums. Our readers will be glad to know that we are retaining the most popular of last year's premiums—the combination dinner and tea set—and we feel certain that the demand for this useful and ornamental gift will again be heavy. Remember, however, that the manufacturers have warned us that their stock is getting low and that there is not any likelihood of any more sets of this particular pattern being manufactured for some time to come, so the number of sets is strictly limited. It is a case of "first come, first served," and we advise our readers to start immediately getting the few subscriptions necessary in order to obtain this desirable dinner set. Please see full particulars and illustration on another page of this issue.

Are You Getting Up a Club for "The Western Home Monthly"?

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

Edmonton, Aug. 22, 1917.

Dear Editor:—

Herewith find my subscription for another year, as I notice I am in arrears. As a charter subscriber to your valuable Magazine, let me congratulate you on its continual improvement. I would not be without it, as it is unexcelled as a family paper.

Accept my best wishes for your continued success—Believe me

Yours very truly,

R. J. GILLIS.

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Finger spots, dust, grease and water stains can be quickly removed from SANITAS with a damp cloth.

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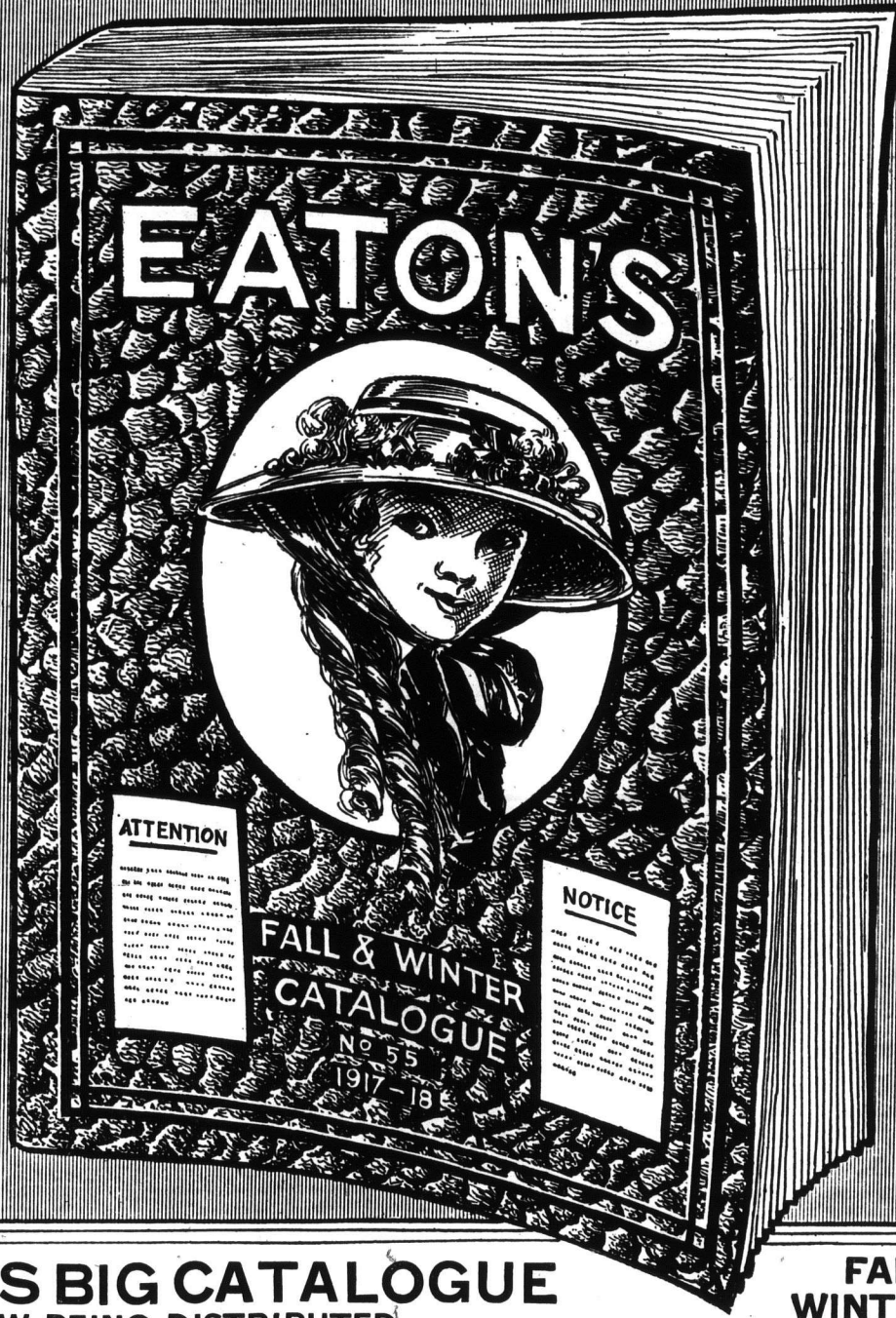
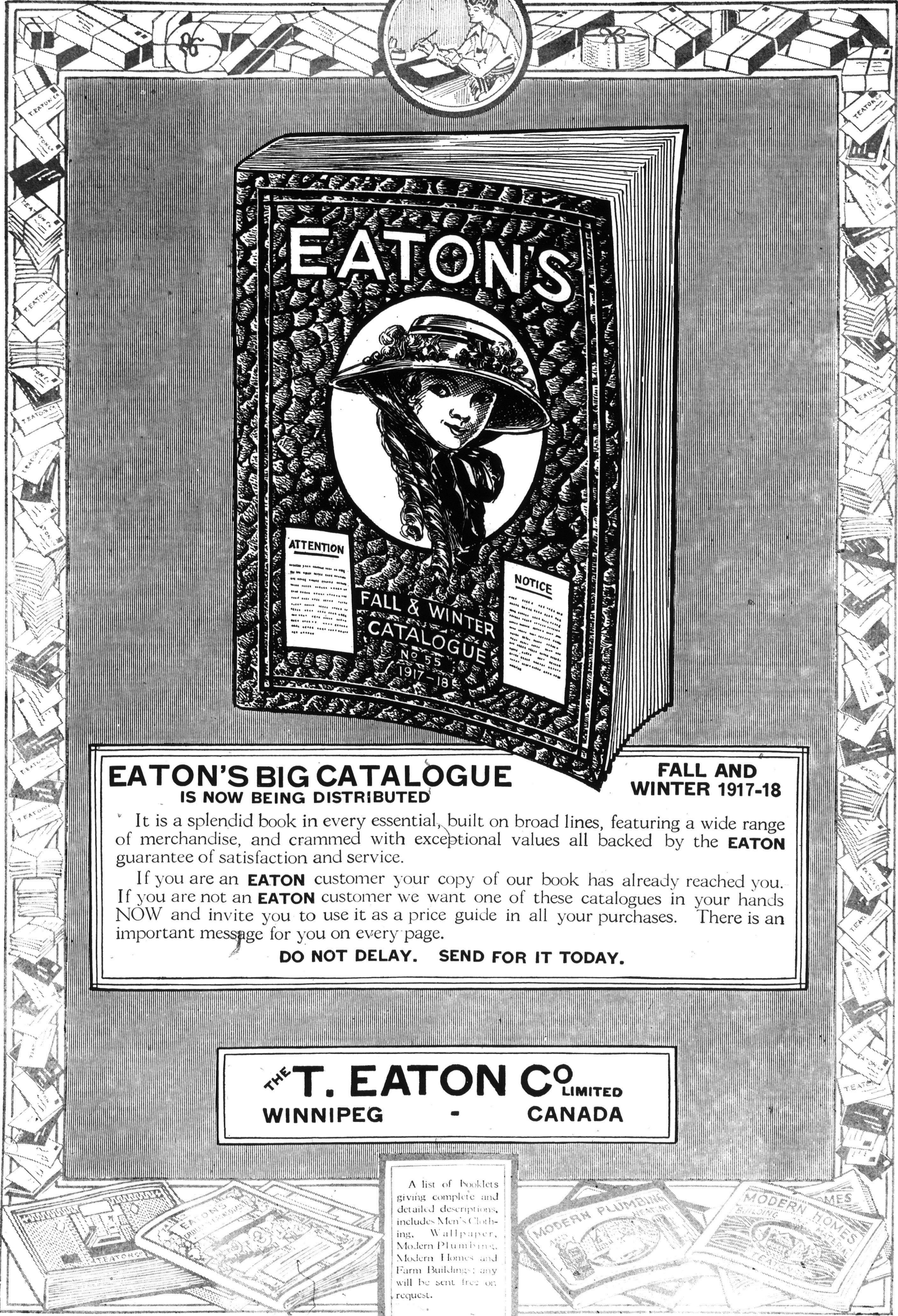
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- restore youthful expression
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- match original teeth
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- durability guaranteed

Dr. Robinson

DENTAL SPECIALIST

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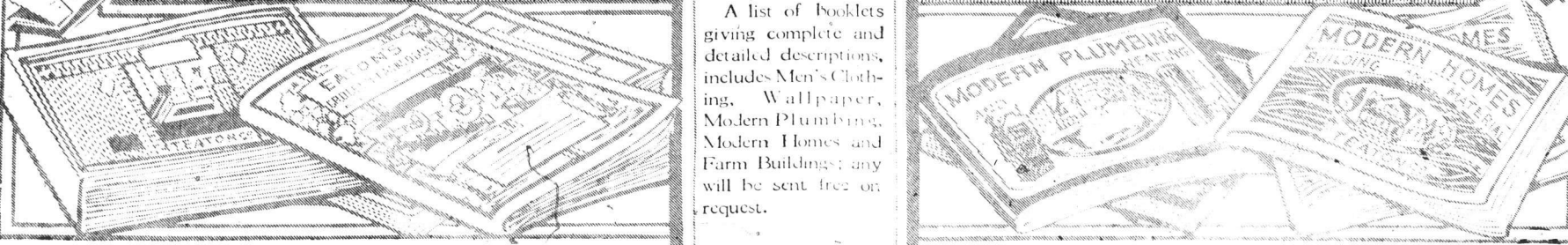
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Editorial

Russia

It is well to know something of the countries with which we are allied in the great war. Perhaps more interesting than any other is Russia, because it is so different from the rest and because it is now passing through such a terrible ordeal. In area it is two and one-half times as large as Canada, or as large as Canada, the United States and India. It has a population of one hundred and eighty-six millions, equal to the combined population of the United Kingdom, France, Japan and Italy. Its population is twenty to the square mile, that of Canada being less than two. Yet the natural resources of Canada are developed more highly than those of Russia. This is indicated by the railway systems. The average mileage in Russia is about three miles to every 10,000 inhabitants, and in Canada about 39 miles.

The soil is equal to that of Western Canada and the production of grain is, of course, much greater. The wheat crop in 1915 was more than twice as great, the rye crop four hundred times as great, the yield in barley five times as great, and in oats four times as great. If the yield be estimated in relation to population Canada has, of course, the advantage excepting in the case of rye.

These figures indicate that great as Russia is, under right management it can become infinitely greater and more prosperous. We talk of our timber and with justifiable pride, Russia has an unexhaustible supply which may be used for building, navigation, pulp and other purposes.

The fur industry in Russia has not been developed so fully as in Canada, but there are possibilities untold in the northern districts of Siberia and in the mountains.

The Canadian fisheries are important, but there are more than three fishermen in Russia for every one in Canada, and the value of the catch each year is one-half greater than with us.

The mineral wealth of Russia is unknown. We outdo them in gold, silver, lead, zinc and copper, but, of course, they have found it necessary to develop their iron and their coal, and we do not approach them here.

Russian manufacture is considerable, but she could easily produce materials to the value of hundreds of millions each year, which she is now importing. Before the war her trade was chiefly with Germany and Austria. After the war it will be with Britain on the one hand and America on the other.

Should we not begin to learn the language of the Slav?

Be Optimistic

HERE is how the Journal of Commerce expresses it. A straw shows how the wind blows: "A man's financial standing is usually judged, not by his own claims, or even by the representations of his immediate family, but by what is thought of him in the business world in which he moves. So it is with a nation. Germany from time to time sends out rosy statements of successful operations for the financing of the war. But if we wish to know how Germany really stands in a financial way we should enquire of her neighbors. Formerly 100 German marks were equal in Geneva to 125 Swiss francs, and in Amsterdam to 69 Dutch florins. To-day, for the settlement of any bill in Switzerland, 100 German marks are worth only a shade above 64 francs, and in Amsterdam the 100 German coins are worth only 34 florins. The neighboring neutral nations should be able, if anybody is, to forecast the result of the war, and if there were any faith in the ultimate success of Germany the mark would not be so heavily penalized. Moderate fluctuations in exchange occur even in peace times, through the changing currents of trade, but such a great depreciation of the value of German currency in the neighboring neutral states as these figures show has a significance that sober Germans will not fail to see."

Thanksgiving

It is reckoned that the harvest of Western Canada this year has a market value of \$600,000,000—a fabulous amount. Over and above this there will be an income to the farmers from butter, eggs, roots and vegetables, and to other classes such as fishermen, lumbermen, miners, an amount to be reckoned in tens of millions. To this great sum must be added the profit of the manufacturers. Who will say that Western Canada is not getting to be the region of great wealth and importance?

What then is the most becoming action under the circumstances? Clearly for all people, old and young, to join in heartfelt thanksgiving for the wonderful favors bestowed. There is nothing more base than ingratitude, nothing so lovely than grateful recognition of kindness. All that we have received might have been withheld. Where there is rejoicing there might have been starvation and mourning. Our lot compared with that of people in other lands is enviable in the extreme. Let us join in praising the Giver.

How can we show thanksgiving? Not in needless feasting; not in vain display, but in deeds that parallel the great act of Him who gave us of His bounty so freely. It will be to our undying shame if this year there is any real need of poor and hungry unsupplied, if laborers do not receive full value for their hire; if smiles of contentment are not as common as the needs we eat. Thanksgiving opens the heart and the purse. We should all consider ourselves as stewards rather than as owners of wealth. And this is no platitude.

An Experiment in Chicago

IN the great departmental store of Marshall Field Co., of Chicago, there are supervisors or directors charged with peculiar duties. The first of these is the head of what is known as the welfare department. Her duty is to promote the physical, intellectual, moral and social welfare of the employees. Over and above salary the various clerks have provision made for their needs in many ways. Rest rooms, play opportunities, classes of instruction, social opportunities, and above all protection and supervision. The great store believes that the clerks have this claim upon it, and it believes it pays as a business investment to keep the clerks in good health and to place a premium on intelligence and morals. A second instructor or supervisor directs salesmanship. She instructs clerks in the art of selling goods, in the art of receiving and waiting upon customers. She lays it down as a principle that civility and courtesy are the first asset in a good clerk, and her great aim is to make this plain to every employee of the great store. Since the matter was taken up seriously even Chicago has felt the difference. The store has incidentally reaped a golden harvest, and the young ladies are infinitely richer because of their added virtues. Indeed, other stores have awakened to the situation and there is now in the windy city a competition in store civility and courtesy. There are other supervisors in the store with duties somewhat akin to these, but they need not be referred to now.

Caring for the Salespeople

QUITE unconsciously we have been led to emphasize this matter of courtesy and civility in business, because in these days of rush and whirl the fundamentals are likely to be neglected. The really important question raised at this time, however, is that suggested by the appointment of the first supervisor mentioned—the supervisor of welfare. Is it too much to say that officers of this kind should and could be employed in every town and city in Canada? Is this provision not owing to the young people in the stores and shops and will it not pay even those who employ their services to be careful in such a matter?

When a young girl enters a store as clerk she has much to learn as a salesgirl; she has also to keep herself from being a salesgirl and nothing else; and finally she has to remember that in all probability she will in a few years leave the store for the home, and she should not enter upon family duties without preparation. It is, therefore, fitting that the good work now undertaken in some establishments and in some towns should become general. Educational classes for workers are being formed and the instruction given looks to present usefulness and culture and to preparation for future activity. Roughly speaking, instruction and practice in morning or evening classes may cover such a wide range of topics as the following: Art of buying, judging and selling goods, health and manners, behavior as a personal asset and in relation to business; system; language and literature; taste in dress, decoration, house furnishing; domestic science; social etiquette, recreation, social service.

Caring for the Home Workers

THE caring for young workers in stores and factories is but an illustration of a broader problem. Similar provision should be made for housemaids and other domestics, for underlings in all departments of life. A woman does not fulfil her duty to a servant when she pays her the stipulated salary each month. There is something far more important than the monetary compensation. If housewives would but recognize it, it is this very fact that makes one house a home and another a prison for so-called servant girls. This is the day of women's clubs. The Western Home Monthly would suggest as a topic for discussion at every Homemakers' Club this problem of caring for and properly assisting and instructing the girl workers.

Our Second Problem

OUR first problem is the war; our first need is victory; our first duty sacrifice. We can solve the problem and win the victory only when the sacrifice is complete. Our all is at stake and we must, with our sons and mothers, be prepared to risk and give all. There is no condemnation too severe for the man who at this time withholds his goods and his goodwill. There is no damnation too extreme for him who seeks at such a time to grow rich at the expense of those who are making the supreme effort. There is a time in the affairs of men and nations when decision and action have eternal significance. For us that time has arrived. Our attitude and conduct towards the great problem that is nearing solution, will determine our destiny as individuals and as a nation.

The second great problem which we are facing just now, and which will be with us even in more glistering form after the war, is one that concerns ourselves alone. It is on that account none the less

serious. It is the problem of reconciling racial differences, and of blending all the elements that go to make up the nation into a coherent unity. There is a sense in which we can truthfully say that in so far as we are concerned there is little to be gained by solving the first problem unless we solve this second one as well.

There is nothing to be gained in a matter of this kind by indulging in non-committal phrases and empty platitudes. It is important that the real difficulty be realized so that it may be effectually met: Indeed there are two difficulties facing us—one of which dates back to the Conquest in 1759 and the other to a period within the memory of most of our readers. In 1759 there were in Canada two great races, the British and the French. These correspond to the two languages, English and French. In recent years there has been an influx of non-English immigrants, representing a whole host of nationalities, some of them ready to assimilate and some determined to preserve their own identity, customs and speech. It will be convenient to deal with the two problems separately.

The British government has always been lenient in its attitude to conquered peoples. It was particularly lenient in the case of Quebec, granting privileges that would have been considered absurd by any other conquering nation. Yet these were granted as privileges, and must be considered as such even after one hundred and fifty years. Even though these privileges have been greatly extended, that does not alter the fact that Canada is as yet part and parcel of the great British Empire, and that every privilege granted must be interpreted in light of that fact. To take any other view is to hold that the conquest of 1759 was not a conquest but a compromise. It is fortunately not necessary to say this, except for a few misled fatalists who recently were particularly outspoken in their utterances, with regard to recent immigration it is enough to say that privileges were also granted in some cases. The Mennonites and Doukhobors have no reason to complain that these privileges have been interfered with, and we are not aware that they have ever attempted to give a significance to the privileges that was not intended. As regards some of the other races, they came here because they considered that there were better opportunities than in their European homes. Most of them have been quite ready to learn our ways, language and customs and have been glad to accept the protection of British law. They include many of our best Canadian citizens. Unfortunately others have not been so docile. They came as conquerors, claiming equal language rights and scorning the idea of assimilation and control by Canadian or British authority. There is, indeed, in some quarters, a strong anti-British sentiment, and an arrogant bravado, that is exceedingly aggravating. One would naturally think that if an immigrant to this land were not satisfied with its laws, customs, schools and the like, he could avail himself of the privilege of returning to the land from which he came. Indeed, it is necessary to assert this most emphatically and to say, that Canada is Canadian and British and that while it welcomes all races and classes, it does so on the one condition that they become in word and in fact true and loyal subjects of the Empire, and that they give up all thought of establishing little kingdoms within the kingdom, little racial preserves that are out of harmony with the general life of the country. There would, in all probability, have been no trouble at all here but for the traitorous policy of some of our politicians, who catered to what is known as the "foreign vote."

What then is the solution to the problems? That is the great question for after the war. Fortunately it is not impossible to find a just and a sufficient answer.

Why the Separation?

IF anything is clear, it is that conscription of men without conscription of wealth and all other resources whatsoever is wrong in principle and disastrous in practice. If there is an election to-morrow and one has to decide between a man who cannot agree to the conscription of men and a man who will not agree with the conscription of wealth, he can vote for neither. The only man worthy of a vote is the man who is equally sound on both policies. The most vexatious thing for those who read the columns of our leading political organs, is that some of them harp continually on one string and some continually on another. The man who will not send soldiers to the front is no friend of the Empire, and has no real love for democracy. The man who refuses to tax wealth and who joins with the interests in plundering the people is not worthy to hold a position in the Canadian government. Let him be "anathema." Scores of members of the Canadian parliament are unworthy of re-election. They have had years to make good and failed. The West demands this double test.

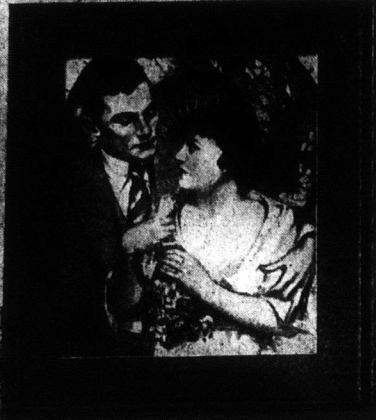


Given away —
This beautiful picture for framing

"A skin you love to touch"
painted by Neysa McMein
Copyrighted 1917 by The Andrew Jergens Co.

How to frame the picture

A frame, either plain or carved, of olive green with gilded edges, is most pleasing for this painting. Such a frame can be secured at any picture store.



Get it today from your druggist or at your toilet counter

THIS picture in exquisite colors and four times as large as shown here! Actual size 15 x 19 in. Reproduced on a fine quality antique paper by a special process which brings out exactly the beautiful colors of the original.

Painted by Neysa McMein, the popular artist, whose lovely women you see every month on the covers of your favorite magazines. This painting is her conception of "A skin you love to touch." Contains no printing or advertising of any kind. Get one while they last.

How to get it

Go to your dealer's today; buy a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and he will give you without

additional charge one of these beautiful pictures. Be sure to ask for it before the supply is gone. Offer is good only until October 5th.

The daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will bring to your skin the charm of "A skin you love to touch." There is a Woodbury treatment just suited to the needs of your skin. A booklet giving them all comes with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake and your picture today and begin at once to get the benefit of your Woodbury treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or 6 weeks.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us 25c and we will send the picture and soap direct. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2410 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

For sale by Canadian  Druggists from coast to coast.

May and December

By W. R. Gilbert

IT was thirty years since the man who called himself Coggs had been to Great Wibley.

He had promised himself the visit often, and at inconvenient last moments had changed his plans, for this tiny village with its broad greens and its incoherent plan of construction had a wince for him in every tree, a sharp stab of sorrow in every woodland path—and years had not entirely dulled the sting of memory.

Once there came a young American lady on a holiday. She had been ordered quiet by a doctor to help out her convalescence. Here, too, in the 'seventies, a young man reading for the bar, had arrived to fish.

The American lady went back with her people to Virginia, the student followed her, for he loved her. He loved her so much that when she told him, as she did, gently and sweetly, that she did not love him—that way—he felt he would die, and in truth nearly did.

But such casualties are rare in life.

The young man returned to England and plunged into his studies with feverish energy, but he did not forget the fragrant lady of Virginia; not success, nor parliamentary honors, nor the patronage of a grateful government dulled the freshness of her picture. And there came a time when he felt he could go again to Great Wibley-by-the-Hill without arousing painful memories. Once he had got so far as the London railway station—he had turned back.

Year followed year; each begun with a plan for spending the vacation—a plan which underwent change at the last moment.

Time after time his work had brought him within a dozen miles of the village, but he had resisted the temptation.

And here he was at last—with the first shock of reacquaintance past, a gruff man who hid the magic of love and its dead memory behind a mask and a manner.

To him, as he sat upon the bench before the "Lion Inn," came Pipper, a carpenter and a gossip.

"There's an American lady down at Horrockses," said the diffident little carpenter.

"Hey?" He felt a sudden tightening of heart at the association of the two words. It was at Horrockses, from time immemorial a boarding-house for visitors, that another American lady had sojourned.

"There's an American lady down at Horrockses," repeated Pipper with a sort of nervous triumph. "They other fellers thought she wor French owin' to her veil, but I know 'um to be 'Merican, 'cause of the way she do talk."

The stranger eyed him severely, yet with the ghost of a smile.

"You know a great deal," he said, offensive to the last degree. "If I knew as much as you I'd hire myself out—to something or other. You gossiping little beggar, why don't you mind your own business?"

Thus he rid himself in irritation of a tiny wave of sorrow which came surging over his own soul.

It was a point of view which had been urged upon Mr. Pipper before, so that he had grown callous, and was,

moreover, prepared with a stereotyped answer.

"Anybody's business is everybody's business in a small village like this," he said glibly. "Thart you'd like to know, you bein' a stranger, sir. She'm got lodgin's at old Mrs. Horrockses, up top o' village. Fine wench she be by all accounts—widdler likely, vor her's in proper black an' arl."

Mr. John Coggs growled into the earthenware pot he was raising to his lips at that moment.

The little carpenter stood for a moment awaiting the invitation which came not, then he turned sorrowfully and walked back in the direction of his ramshackle "shop".

Coggs looked at him, a twinkle in his eye, but a dull little ache in his heart. He watched him till he disappeared round the elbow of the straggling village street, then he walked into the "Lion" and demanded his rods.

"I hope you'll have better luck to-day, sir," said the landlord, as he handed the

deliberation of the habitual smoker. Mechanically he filled it, never taking his eyes from the serene view of valley and hill before him.

He smoked calmly, majestically, contemptuously, as only a man smokes who loves the fragrance of a mixture burning truly and evenly in a wooden bowl.

He did not fix his rods, he was content to lower his eyes occasionally to the busy little stream, to the shadowy places by the bending rushes, to the sunlit centre where a shallow bed of shingle set the surface a-bubbling.

It was a great thinking place, this hollow. A man had space and silence, for the noises of Nature are the very rainbows of sound. They blend tone to tone, and harmonize in one soft octave.

He thought of many things, including the American lady he had never seen. His thoughts were in the main prospective, and in an idle way speculative.

He sat for two hours, charging and recharging his pipe, never attempting to unwind his line or fit his rods, then he looked at his watch and was on the point of rising when he heard a footfall on the little hill path.

of laughter and a love of life. He might be forty or fifty, or sixty for the matter of that. His eyes were deep-set, and bushy eyebrows that were neither brown nor grey.

She went on her way with the vague sense of satisfaction which every woman experiences who meets a man in a lonely spot and finds him approvable.

She had been told that there was a tiny bridge across the stream, and beyond this a path which led through the fields to the village of Weyton, where a wonderful old Norman church rewarded the tourist. But she had come the wrong way and there was no bridge.

She looked around with a gentle helplessness which was eloquent to the man, watching the graceful figure on the bank, of her difficulty and error. He walked softly towards her, and she turned as his cap came off.

"Forgive me," he said (Pipper would not have recognized the soft, musical voice), "I think you are looking for Brakes Bridge?"

She smiled. "Yes, I'm afraid I have mistaken the path; I do not know the country very well."

He had known from the first that she was the American lady. It did not need the soft accent which makes even the most educated of Americans distinctive to the English ear. There was nothing of the stiffness which such an introduction would have engendered were she English and he younger.

She saw he was older than she thought; he had a courtly, almost an old-world grace in his attitude towards her. Once he put out his hand to help her as they stumbled back to the place where he had left his rods, and when she laid her hand on the extended forearm to steady herself, she felt a triceps that was like the stone arm of a statue.

"Do you mind if I rest here a little?" she asked. "I shan't be disturbing you?"

She had a quick smile that came suddenly and departed without warning, leaving the face a little.

"You will not disturb me," he said, "and I shall not disturb the fishes. Indeed," he confessed, with a little chuckle, "I'm rather a fraud. I harrow the feelings of that poor man, the landlord of the 'Lion,' by the slight I put upon the river, but I have not as yet taken my rod from its case."

She nodded quickly. "You like to be alone, and you want an excuse," she said. "I know that feeling; sometimes I feel when people, well meaning and kindly, come around I could just scream."

She saw the open tobacco pouch that lay on the bank.

"Won't you smoke?" she asked. "Please do, I like to see men smoking."

"I am a great believer in old men smoking," he said, as he filled his pipe: "it keeps their thoughts diffused. It is only to the young that tobacco gives concentration."

He said this simply, using the words, "old men" with an assurance which neither invited nor rejected comment.

She saw the hands that were clasped about his knee were big and veined, and knew that he spoke without illusions.

"I owe something to your lovely country," he said; "I smoked my first pipe in Virginia," he chuckled again. "It was like eating one's first oyster at Whitstable."



American Troops passing the historic British Parliament Buildings.

fishing gear across the bar. "There is usually some nice fish in the river round about now. I can't understand why they're so shy. Pollock the blacksmith, was telling me he caught—"

"Oh, I'll catch a fish before I leave," grumbled the unpleasant Mr. Coggs. "I take very little interest in the sport—but next to smoking it is the finest justification for doing nothing that I know."

It was observable that the tone he had adopted to the landlord was more kindly than that which he had used to the carpenter.

He carried his rods beneath his arm across the parsonage field, through Brakes cove, and over the gentle crest of Brakes Hill. The wind was keen with the nip of early spring, the trees and hedgerows were vivid with the fresh green of the season. Far away to the south under great white clouds that moved majestically like aerial galleons with all sails set across an ocean of infinite blue, were the red hills of Devon.

Coggs went stumbling down the steep path on the other side of Brakes to the chattering little river that fought its way through many troublesome miles to the broad Tamar.

He sat down on the bank, pulled out a polished briar and filled it with the

He looked up. A girl was descending the steep declivity. She was young, and, as he judged women, beautiful. Her face was thinner than that of most women of her age; he judged her as about twenty-nine or thirty. Her eyes, big and sad he thought, must be grey; her lips, firm and full, drooped ever so little. She put up a gloved hand to push a stray strand of hair that had blown across her face.

In the tilt of her delicate chin he read resolution and a certain character; in the brief, calm scrutiny with which she favored him he diagnosed an independence which for many years had been unfamiliar to him.

He knew it in the governing classes for insolence, in the eyes of a woman of the people for boldness.

Here it was tempered by an indefinable honesty, such as Leonardo da Vinci gave to the eyes of Lucretia Cavilla, the love of Il Moro.

It was that glance, sidelong, all-absorbing, which recalled the most wonderful portrait in the world to him—and something else.

She hesitated, looking at him for the space of three seconds. She saw a man, tall, broad, grey. His face was strong and masterful. His jaw grim enough to make you forget the lines about the mouth and eyes which told so plainly

"Do you know Virginia?" she asked eagerly.

He nodded slowly, thoughtfully, and with each nod he momentarily blotted out the landscape with a big cloud of white smoke.

"Yes, I know Virginia," he said, "or, rather, I knew it. Virginia is the home of romance to me."

Across the face flitted a wistful, hungry little expression. It was gone in an instant. It did not strike him at the moment as curious that he should be discussing a matter which he had never spoken about to a living soul.

"I come from Virginia," she said. "So I learned from your voice," he replied. "But I have not been in Virginia for nearly thirty years—think of that! I loved the country. I was young and impressionable in those days—and there are associations which make Virginia almost a sacred soil to me."

His strong voice dropped to little more than a whisper as he gazed fixedly at the hills on the far horizon. She did not speak. Whatever her own sorrow was, here was one as poignant. She read in his voice something of the wistfulness she had seen.

"You will scent a love affair," he said, with that little smile of his; "and the love affairs of older generations are very fascinating to the young. Yes, it was a love romance. I loved an American lady—and she married

—an American gentleman—a better man than I; and that is all."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked slyly at the serious face of the girl.

"When a man reaches his anecdote," he said with mock exasperation, "it takes little to induce his confidences, and that pretty southern voice of yours, young lady, opened secret drawers in my mind and set all the machinery of garrulity into creaking and squeaking motion."

"And did you never see her again?" she asked softly.

He shook his head.

"And you came home and married?"

He laughed.

"No," he said, "I found no consolation. I took the advice offered in an advertisement. I rejected substitutes: there was nobody just as good."

She sighed. The story he had told, the little glimpse he had given her of a life which was even remotely associated with her own beloved Virginia was enough to interest her deeply, sufficient almost to overshadow the throb, throb, throb of a sorrow which did not leave her day or night.

"I wish," she hesitated, "I wish—you would tell me some more; isn't it forward of me? And yet—I just love Virginia, and things that have happened there have a beauty all of their own. It isn't curiosity, and yet it is in a way."

"There is so little to tell," he said between the puffs. "She lived happy ever after, except"—he stopped, as though debating the loyalty of his next words—"except that they had a great trouble a few years ago, and I wanted to go out and help them, but it seemed officious, so I didn't. They are very rich people, and they had a daughter, a very beautiful girl, I am told. She married a rascal, an Italian count—however, I did not intrude myself."

The girl was on her feet, white and shaking.

"I must go now," she said, mastering the tremor in her voice with a supreme effort.

He jumped up and gathered his rods. "You will want assistance up that path," he said, the practical man of the

world in a second. She accompanied him without a word. If he felt the hand on his arm trembling he made no remark about it.

The path was treacherous for there had been rain overnight, and the soft loamy earth was slippery.

He guided her safely to the hilltop, and here she paused as though to regain her breath. He stood waiting to bid her adieu. He knew she would take the same path as himself, but an instinct warned him that she wished to walk alone.

"Do you believe in God?" she asked him suddenly.

"And the justice of God?"

He heard the passionate thrill in her voice and wondered.

"I believe in the justice of God," he said slowly. "I believe most implicitly in that; slow moving as it may seem to impatient eyes."

She was looking into his face earnestly. The straight line of her delicate brows were bent in a doubting frown.

"Sometimes I do, too," she said, nodding her head; "and sometimes the justice of mankind, the law which is designed only as a channel in which the Divine justice may flow, seems a very shallow channel to carry so great a stream. And, when God's judgment does not overflow its narrow confines, I doubt—indeed I doubt."



Canadians in France listening to an address on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of confederation.

She offered him a small hand abruptly, and he took it and returned the firm grip. She smiled at parting, the hard lines melting from her face.

"I am staying here for a little holiday," she said. "I came here because —" She paused and looked at him sharply. "I know why I came now—I know why this place is so precious to people." She smiled again. "I hope you will allow me to—to fish with you."

He laughed like a boy detected in an illicit act, and stood cap in hand, a little puzzled by her disjointed words, till she had descended the slope and vanished in Brakes Cope. Then he followed. That evening he came down from his sitting-room where his solitary dinner had been eaten and into the parlor of the "Lion."

There was a good company present; they shuffled awkwardly to their feet as he entered, and somebody pushed forward a big Windsor chair to the fireplace, for spring nights are chilly.

These evenings were a sheer joy to him. He took a malicious delight in lading the bucolic mind out of its depths.

The village oracles had offered a united and an assured front to him on the burning question of church against chapel. A churchman himself, he shattered their defences, though they were for the nonce combined in the protection of Establishment.

To-night he was neither so eager to provoke controversy nor to be engaged in argument. He nodded to the landlord, and that cheerful soul brightened visibly.

"Now, gentlemen," he said briskly, "Mr. Coggs asks the company to drink with him; step out and order your refreshments."

There were uplifted mugs in his honor, and old Bill Hoggin, who by common acceptance was the most powerful of the controversialists, having failed to lure the stranger into a discussion on the relative merits of the French and German soldier, grew reminiscent.

"You remind me, Mr. Coggs, sir," he said ingratiatingly, "of old Justice Grilby."

"Oh!" said the stranger briefly, "Friend of yours?"

A rare joke this, by the standard of the "Lion" parlor.

"Never seed um in my life," said Old Bill, wiping the tears of merriment from his eyes, "and don't want to, but when he'm down to sessions at Devises they say he thinks nothin' of goin' into village ale shop and disputin' with folk—he'm a rare walker by accounts; not a village 'round he don't visit when fit's on 'um."

Mr. Coggs looked at the elderly Hoggin from under his shaggy brows.

"A fine story that," he said dispar-

hushed tones of the landlord, conscious of his responsibilities to a sleeping guest, and the domineering voice of one who respected neither slumber of man nor scruple of host. It was a voice peculiarly shrill for a man, and had a snarl at the end which was not pleasant to hear.

Mr. Coggs turned in his bed patiently. He had no desire to overhear the newcomer's conversation, but his voice was penetrating.

"You shall go to Horrocks' at early morning with a note—I have it here. You shall ask for Mrs.—"; he did not catch the name—"you understand?"

A mumble came from the landlord. "I do not care whether you take or send; it is sufficient that it goes."

The unwilling listener turned over again, this time less patiently. There was a little more conversation, and then the shutting of a door. Mr. Coggs fell asleep.

He learned next morning that the new guest had arrived in the adjoining market town by the last train, and had driven over to the village at two o'clock in the morning.

"A quarrelsome chap," muttered the landlord; "but, then he's a foreigner."

Mr. Coggs smiled.

"Give me my rod, Smith," he demanded. "If trout were gossips, I should come home with a full creel."

He made his way to his favorite hollow. He did not expect to see the girl that day. He was not curious as to the business which brought a querulous foreigner to visit the "American lady." Curiosity was a vice he had long since outgrown. To anticipate events by speculating upon their causes was to introduce prejudice to reason, and was by all his canons without profit.

He presumed without much thought that the business was urgent and vital, and he was surprised to see her standing by the water's edge, her back to him, and evidently waiting. She turned at the sound of his footsteps, and walked slowly to meet him. She wore a dress of

dark blue cloth, but the white broderie at her throat was no whiter than the face she turned to him.

He quickened his steps.

"Are you ill?" he asked anxiously. She shook her head.

"No, but I want to see you," she replied.

She glanced nervously past him up the hill, as though she expected somebody.

"I want to tell you something," she said, a little breathlessly. "You spoke yesterday of somebody you loved—in Virginia—long ago."

"Yes," he said quietly, and waited.

"It was—Margaret Bray, was it not?"

He was not surprised, yet his heart beat faster, and for a moment the landscape swam a little. Commanding his emotion with a superhuman effort, he said, in the even tone he had employed before:

"Yes; it was Margaret Bray."

Her eyes were filled with tears; there was a look of infinite tenderness in them as she stretched both her hands to him.

He caught them.

"Oh, Uncle Faraway—Uncle Faraway," she sobbed, and fell on his breast.

She looked up almost at once, smiling through her tears.

"You don't know that name," she whispered; "it is the one dear mother always taught us to think of you by. She never told us anything, but we guessed there was somebody who had

loved her, and we used to pray for you as children—for Uncle Faraway, the Englishman."

She burst into a passion of weeping. "I want you now," she sobbed, "I want you now."

"You have me, dear," he said huskily; "you are in trouble?"

He felt rather than saw her nod, and in a flash he realized the cause. This midnight arrival, a foreigner.

"Your husband has come to the village?" he asked.

She nodded again. "Now, dry your eyes," he said, trying to be practical, though he felt shaky enough. "Sit down here and tell me."

It was some time before he could calm her, and she told her story with a face half averted. It is the story which is written in black letters on many an otherwise stainless record. The story of a good and tender father who had shielded and protected her through her life, and, who in the madness of ambition had handed her, body and soul, to a man of whose existence he had been unaware a year before.

Count Festine, handsome in his showy way, reputedly rich, the owner of a palace in Rome—she would be the Countess Festine; she would rather have been back at school. A bad bargain was concluded that a little care and a little inquiry would have obviated. He was a Count Festine in a land where "Comde" means a little more than plain "Mr." The Roman palace was a myth, the castle was a veritable chateau en Espagne. He was arrested almost at the church door—in point of fact, at the wedding reception. The publicity which the wedding had given him had been his undoing. He was extradited to France. The girl, sick with shame, came to Europe to escape the gibes and sneers which she knew the charitable reserved for the innocent. Her mother had died of the shock; her father—good, weak man—had taken the line of least resistance, and had left her to win out as best she could.

"I came here," she said, "because mother had so often spoken of Wibley. She loved this little village."

He nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

"I sent him money when I knew he was to be released," she said.

"I came here because I feared he would find me. He got my address from a woman I trusted."

"What does he want?" Her gesture told him.

"Money?" "That and—"

A voice sharp and imperious hailed her.

The subject of their thoughts was picking a finicky way down the hill. He was dapper, and perfectly dressed from the soft Homburg hat on his close black curls to the tips of his polished shoes. Mr. Coggs comprehended him in one quick glance. The man was thirty-five, or in its neighborhood, his face was effeminate and weak, the swaggering little moustaches curled fiercely upward. His mouth was big and red like a pouting child's, and his eyes the soft brown of the south.

He flourished a gold-headed cane to attract the girl's attention.

"Hi, Cicele," he called, "you come up here quickly, please. I wish you urgently."

She would have gone, but the man at her side laid his hand upon her arm.

"Come down, Count," he said. His voice had a penetrating quality which made it unnecessary to shout.

Against his inclination, yet obeying some force stronger than his own will, the dapper man descended, alert, suspicious, and angry.

This latter condition of mind he made no attempt to disguise.

He ignored the presence of the elder man, and addressed himself to the girl.

"I call for you," he said furiously.

"When I call, you come."

"It is not customary to speak to a lady as though she were a groom," said Mr. Coggs, in a dry, level voice. "They did not teach you very good manners in France, Count."

The other turned on him showing his teeth.

"I make no a business with you," he almost hissed. "I have my wife to talk with."

"You may talk before—Mr.—before my uncle," she said quietly.

"Your uncle!"

His tone changed. An uncle, and possibly rich.

He favored the other with an elaborate bow.

"M'sieur"—he stopped, eyeing the grey-haired man with a frown—"I have seen you somewhere," he said slowly. "I do not know where, m'sieur."

"Faraway," said the other. He gave a swift, sidelong smile at the girl, and pressed her hand.

"M'sieur Faraway," said the Count, "there is this matter urgent. Before relations we can have no respect, therefore I confess I am in great trouble."

He paused dramatically.

"It is necessary that I leave England very quick. Some old matter has been remembered; there is—what is the word?"

Al, 'warrant,' that is it—a warrant for—"

He shrugged his shoulders again.

"I am desolate. I thought that matter was finished, for I did not call myself Festine. You comprehend?"

"What is the charge?"

The question was put in so matter-of-fact a tone that a weight rolled from Festine's mind. Here was a man of affairs of the world.

"The charge?" repeated the Latin airily. "It is nothing."

"Murder?"

The indulgent smile of the Count was sufficient answer.

"Forgery—robbery of any kind?"

Admirable, clear-visioned man; he might have been discussing the facade of St. Peter's, so thought Festine.

"No, it is nothing."

"Fraud?"

"The crime is of no moment," said the Count impatiently; "it is of moment that I should receive one thousand English pounds."

"What is the crime?"

He was inexorable, patience personified.

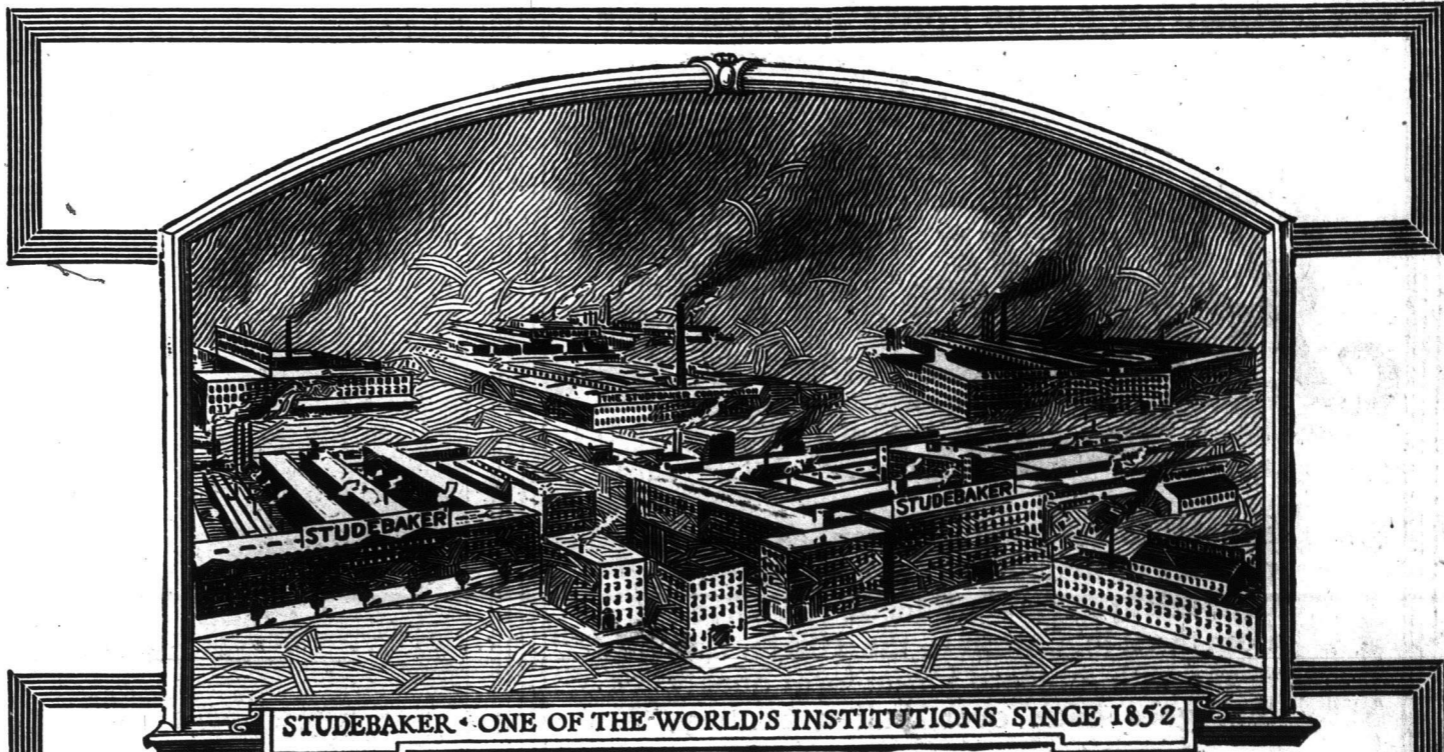
The Count snapped at him angrily.

"It is of no account. Look here, Mr. Faraway, you pay up, or my wife pay up quick! You are still my wife."

He thrust his face into hers; his narrowed and evil eyes menaced her. "You wanta keep out of court—you pay up. I will depart instantly. I do not trouble you; you can divorce with facility. But if I am arrest, you go into court. How do you like that?"

The girl shrank back.

"And how you like this?" He dropped his voice till it was with its soft sibilants as silky as the hiss of a snake.



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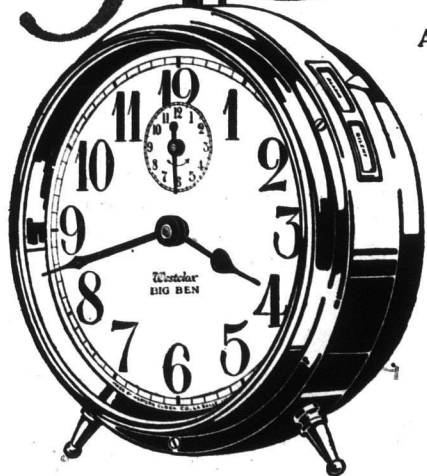
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"Suppose I am arrested. You cannot divorce me, and I can make everything like hell for you when I return."

She clung to Coggs, trembling.

"If there is a warrant for you, you will be arrested," said he comforting the girl with his strong hand. There was no trace of emotion; he might have been a professor elucidating a pet thesis. "No man who is known to the police can hope to escape. And if you are arrested you will be sent to prison."

Again a vague fear of a danger he could not foresee thrilled the Italian. This man spoke with such assurance. He spoke like one so certain of the outcome of this adventure that he could afford to play with the other.

"You desire to escape from England?" Mr. Coggs looked down at the girl meditatively. "My dear," he said, "would you face a court of law to rid yourself of this man for ever?"

"I would face anything," she said, in a low tone.

"If it meant a certain humiliation, though, thank God! no shame?"

She nodded.

"Go!" he said.

"But—" spluttered Festine.

a sensational story into a commonplace item of news.

A maid brought a card; she read it, and flew down the stairs to meet a gruff man who had just emerged triumphantly from a passage at arms with a cabman, and was still chuckling to himself, though he had paid more than his fare in the end.

"Well?"

"I've kept it out of the London papers," he said, "but I cannot influence the American press. Now sit down, I have a plan."

She seated herself on a settee, and he drew up a chair to face her.

"Cicely," he said, "I am an old man—oh, yes, I am. If you doubt me, I will tell you that I am three years older than your dear mother. Yet—"

"Yet I am going to ask you to marry me—Wait! In ten years' time you will still be little more than a girl; in ten years' time I shall have gone the way of all flesh."

"Oh, no," she protested.

"Well, in twenty years' time," he admitted grudgingly. "I want you to bear my name; that the sneers of people—and there must have been people who



This remarkable group, photographed on the front in France, shows several of the mightiest men of Great Britain and France. In the group are, from left to right: Albert Thomas, French Minister of Munitions; General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces operating in France, and Marshal Joffre, hero of the Marne; and Lloyd George, the British premier, who is the directing genius of the British Empire in the world war. General Haig is shown telling Lloyd George of the progress of the war, and from the expression on his face and his gesture, it can be gained that he is speaking most optimistically. Marshal Joffre is ready to affirm any of the British general's assertions, for Joffre is, perhaps, better acquainted than any of the French and British officers, with the strategic moves planned and being carried out at the present moment.

"Go! You will not escape. Do you not remember me?"

Festine scrutinized the man before him with narrowed eyes; then he stepped back, his face livid.

"Yes, my lord!" he breathed.

The other nodded.

"I never forget a bigamist I have sentenced," said Mr. Justice Grilby quietly. "I think you had better go."

And Festine walked up the hill into the arms of two detectives who had arrived that morning.

* * * * *

The girl sat in the little drawing-room of her house in Mayfair. In an agony of apprehension she had searched the columns of the evening papers for her evidence, but the London reporters had shown considerable reticence, or perhaps it was that very frank letter which a judge of the appeal court had addressed to the editors which had had the effect of turning what might easily have been

sneered at your marriage and will be jubilant now—may be strangled at their birth. I ask—" his voice sank—"nothing more than that—that you share my name."

She had risen at his first words, and walked to the fireplace. She kept her face averted from him; he saw only the curve of her neck as she rested her head against the hand that clasped the mantelboard.

"I cannot accept the sacrifice," she said in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her. "It would be unfair to bear your name, to take all and to give nothing—unfair to you—and to me."

She came to him and put her arms about his neck, and in that moment it seemed that thirty years of life fell away from him.

And the girl who was destined to be the wife of a Lord Chief Justice of England kissed him.

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With Paddle and Portage

By H. Mortimer Batten

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, age fifteen, millionaire owner of White Bar Oil Fields, looked across at his sleeping tutor and muttered "sluggard!" He said it with all the pent up venom of three days of utter contempt, for while the train had rattled and jolted its way westward through the finest scenery of the world, while Christopher had gazed entranced through the window at wonderful lakes, dotted with countless fairy islands, at pine capped ridges and forests eternal, while he had felt in his soul thrill after thrill at the thought that this was the land in which he had so long dwelt—the land of Redskin, trapper and bear—his tutor had slept!

Christopher Dawson was sick of tutors, sick of the miserable, cooped up life he had spent since the death of his parents, sick beyond words of New York city and everything civilized. For two years now his life had consisted of staid motor rides behind a liveried chauffeur, of solemn meals with his solemn tutor served "just so," of conventional strolls through the park, and of swotting—chiefly of swotting! Each exam. he passed meant an increase of salary for his tutor and Christopher Dawson, the son of a free frontiersman, had at first rebelled, then it slowly broke his spirit; now, according to a New York specialist, his health was breaking, too.

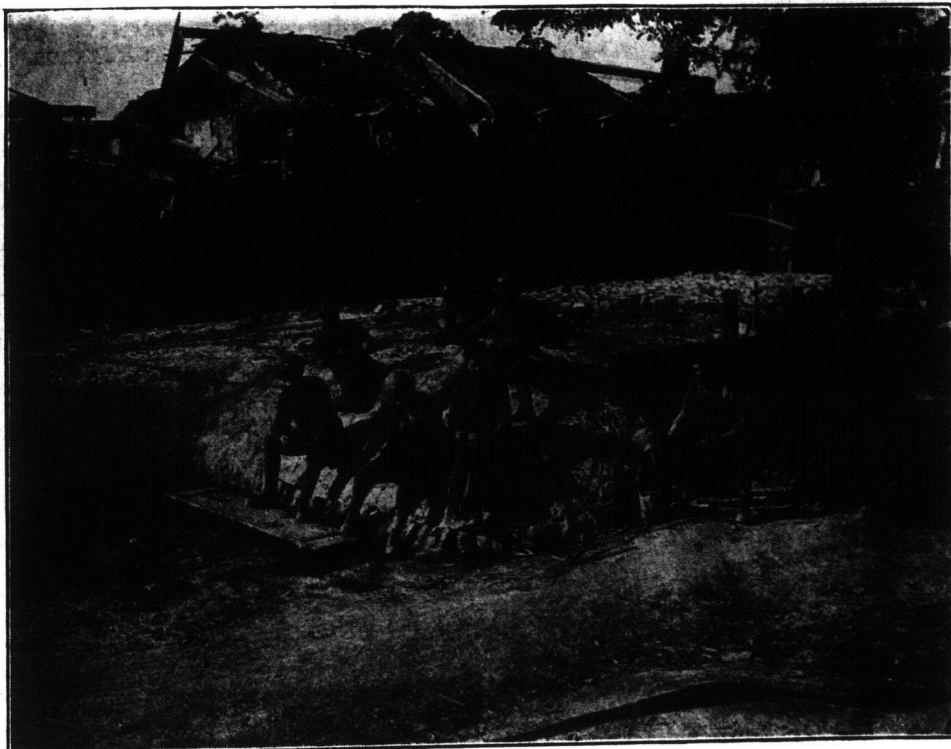
brightened. A gigantic resolution had suddenly come to him. Freedom and happiness were his for the taking. By gad, he would take them!

II

It was many hours later, just as dawn was breaking, indeed, that the transcontinental came to a stop after a series of short, savage jerks. Christopher Dawson slipped from his bunk. He was fully dressed and wearing his heavy overcoat. Deep snores came from behind his tutor's curtain, and Christopher lightly slipped a note through a nick above the curtain rod. On that note was written: "If you ever wake up you'll find I've done a bunk yourself or Uncle Sam will give you socks for letting me escape. I'm leaving you \$500 in my grip to buy some nuts. I'm off for a real holiday. So long, Old Cock!"

Christopher then glided silently down the Pullman into the sweet morning air and slipped into the deserted refreshment room. A minute later the train clanged out of the station, and Christopher was alone—and free!

Thrusting his hands into his pockets and whistling jauntily Christopher strolled out of the now deserted station into the straggling main street of the tiny forest settlement, and almost the first person he collided with was an Indian—a real forest



Canadian troops outside a large boche concrete dug-out.

A week ago Christopher's guardian, a grim old uncle, had sent for him. "Well, my boy, the specialists say you want a change of air," announced the uncle grimly. "Where would you like to go?"

Christopher's heart gave one great leap, "To Algonquin," he answered readily. "I'd like to go and live for six months with one of the game warders away back in the bush."

But his uncle's stern look instantly swept away his hopes. "Tush!" hissed the uncle. "That's out of the question. You must continue your studies. I have partly arranged for you to go to Banff with your tutor and continue your studies there for a time. The mountain air will do you good, and—"

But at this juncture Christopher had turned very white, and was hurried away between a porter and liveried footman to spend two days in bed.

And now they were on their way across the continent to Banff, Christopher and his tutor, but the sight of the wilderness, with here a group of wigwags flashing by, there a real voyager, wearing the beaded moccasins of the wild, had created a stronger longing in Christopher's soul than ever before. He thought of his parents, would they have wished him to live a captive life like this? Not much? Had not his mother often told him that happiness and freedom were the only things worth living for? He cursed his huge fortune which prevented him from running wild like other boys, and suddenly he was possessed of an overwhelming desire to kick his tutor. Then his eyes

Indian wearing a deerskin shirt, blue leggings made of stroud, and a pair of moccasins ornamented with stained porcupine quills. He was aware of a little thrill of pleasure for the Indian's face was kind though perhaps a shade sheepish, and almost before he knew it the boy was speaking to the stranger.

"What's your name?" was his first enquiry.

"Wabawaba," smiled the red man, showing his magnificent white teeth.

"What's yours?"

"Christopher. Say, can you take me out into the bush?"

Waba regarded him gravely. "How far to?"

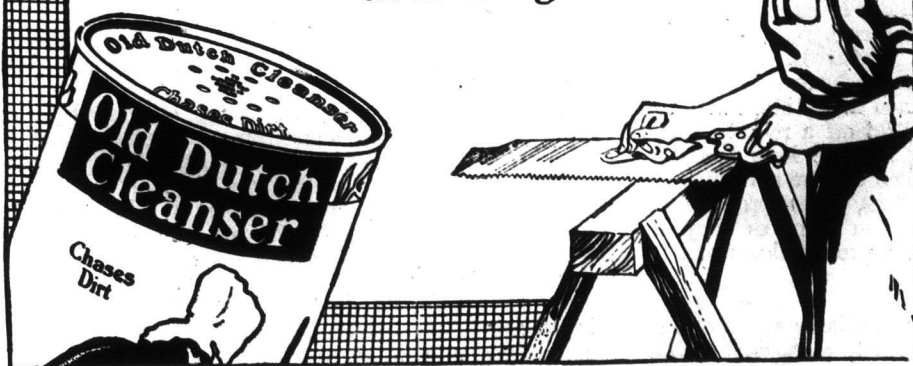
Christopher thought. That question had never occurred to him. "O—Hudson's Bay," he answered airily. "It don't much matter. I've plenty of money. See here!"

And Christopher drew a huge wad of ten dollar bills from his pocket, sorted out a handful and thrust them into the hands of the much bewildered Waba. "Buy all the gear necessary," he stated, "but let's get out of sight—quick. I've run away from my tutor, and if I'm seen here they'll sure haul me back. Which way?"

The Indian merely understood that unless they got a move on the deal was off, in which case he would lose what bore every promise of being a highly remunerative job, and being, like all Indians, plenty keen on money, he led the way over a garbage heap into the bush edge. A minute or two later both he and Christopher were squatted over a scented

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tamarac fire, on which stewed a bowl of huckleberries, while a huge trout fizzled—a trout straight from the river, by which Waba's camp was made.

Never in his life had Christopher eaten such a breakfast. In addition to the trout and stewed berries, Waba dexterously prepared buckwheat pancakes, over which he poured maple syrup of his own manufacture. Christopher learnt later that his new companion was a well-known local guide—one of those solitary Indians to be found hanging about the outskirts of almost every forest settlement. The meal over, Waba, lighting his pipe, pointed to Christopher's city clothing. "Kysana?" he asked, with a smile, and Christopher not knowing in the least what Kysana meant, nodded and said "Yes." Waba then produced an unwieldy bundle, from which he hauled a deerskin shirt similar to the one he himself was wearing, only smaller, a pair of muckbucks, a small, three cornered, gaily colored blanket and a fur belt. Feeling himself in a seventh heaven the young millionaire donned these things with trembling fingers, then let off a mighty war whoop. "And now for the long trail," he told Waba. "When can we start?"

"Now," answered Waba, and in less than ten minutes they had pushed off for the great unknown.

III

An Indian's sense of humor is, to say the least, somewhat grim. Waba must have known that there was something very questionable about the present state of affairs, and that it could not go on very far, but it was no affair of his, and enquiries were not in his line. He had already received \$80, and he knew there was plenty more where that came from. He would remain in the bush with this bright faced boy, whose com-

pany delighted him, so long as the boy wished to remain.

So far as Christopher was concerned, the days that followed were a dream of delight. Up each morning with the dawn to haul in the hair fish nets Waba set across the creek, dawdling on their way to stalk partridges in the cedar swamps, or to pull a bait behind the canoe. They saw moose, deer and caribou; now and then they heard the yap of a wolf—wolves do not howl in the spring—or the scream of lynx. They made camp when hungry and tired, shot long strings of surging rapids, and did and saw such things as Christopher had thought existed only in story books.

But one night Waba was thoughtful and silent. "Christopher want to go long way?" he enquired at length, and the boy nodded.

"Christopher like to visit Wabawaba's tribe?" enquired the red man.

"O, yes! Yes!" cried the juvenile millionaire, with visions of a glimpse into real Indian life.

"We go—to-morrow?" suggested Waba, with the deliberation of uncertain English.

To-morrow they went. There was no dawdling on the way now. Never before had they travelled like it. Propelled by Waba's strong arms the canoe fairly ricocheted over the lakes, and every rapid was taken in their stride, and thrill after thrill of wonderful canoeing. But now they retired late and rose early, and Waba was always silent.

IV

One morning a change came upon Waba. He paddled slowly now, and seemed always to be listening. They had left the forest behind, and here were rounded hills sparsely timbered, rising from the river banks. Presently Waba stooped low in the canoe and muttered

"Whist!" Without lifting his paddle from the water he swung the canoe under the bank, and while they both crouched, he whispered: "Herd of cow caribou away up bluff. Christopher like to shoot one?"

Christopher's pulses fairly thrilled at the thought of it. "Yes!" he whispered hoarsely, and for the first time in their voyage Waba drew the sporting rifle from the packs.

"It charged," he stated. "Christopher know how to shoot?"

"You bet your boots!"

Taking the heavy weapon the boy crept up the bank and peered ahead. On the hillside beyond he saw a herd of blackish grey animals, quietly grazing, and at the sight of them he began to tremble. Cautiously, silently, he stole forward, and while yet some distance off one of the animals raised its head and looked in his direction. Then up went its great ears, and instantly, it seemed, the whole herd was looking at him, not with their eyes but with their ears! Still they showed no alarm, one of them, indeed, recommenced to browse; and quivering with excitement Christopher crept on, till presently he thought himself to be within range. Then slow, cautiously, he brought the sights to bear and pressed the trigger.

The kick of the rifle almost broke his shoulder, but to his intense surprise and wonder the animal he had aimed at seemed to stand on its head, then it collapsed in a limp heap—dead! The rest of the herd galloped over the slope, and as they went Christopher thought he saw a human figure going with them, the figure of a woman!

Christopher leapt up with a shout of triumph, and ran towards his dead caribou. But as he gained it the expression on his face changed from one of joy to one of surprise and finally to bewilderment. This was no deer at all, but the

creature which lay dead at his feet was an Indian burro!

It took Christopher about ten seconds to sum things up. Waba had played a joke on him! Waba had sent him after a herd of tame old burros, telling him they were deer, and he, like an ass, had fallen into the trap. Well, he would take the joke in good part and pay for the burro. In future he would be prepared for Waba's jokes.

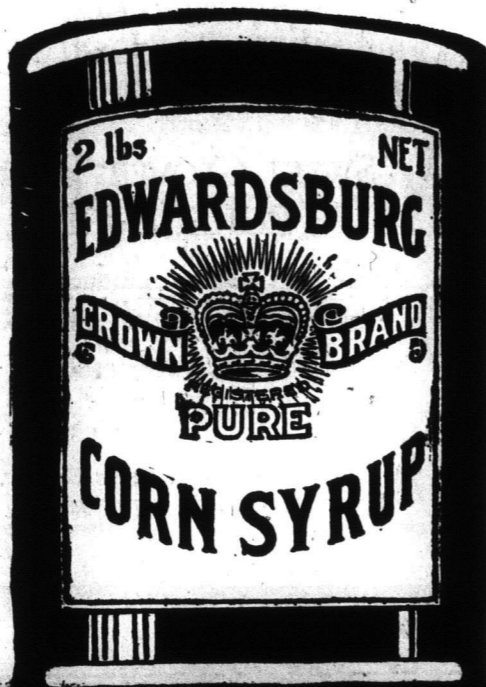
Christopher swung down the hillside back towards the canoe, but to his utter surprise he found no canoe awaiting him. Was this the wrong place—no, there were his footprints, and there—goodness, what was that? It was his own small leather grip containing his money, and his private belongings, left on the bank just where he had landed! Where was Waba? Christopher called. No answer. Suddenly the boy felt a chill of loneliness. Around him was the great silent waste. He was subtly aware that Waba had deserted him for ever!

Then it occurred to Christopher to search for other signs, for Waba had already taught him to be observant, and he found in the sand the print of Indian moccasins which were too large for his and not large enough for Waba's. The Indian that wore them had approached the canoe hurriedly, entered it, and apparently gone off with Waba!

Utterly mystified, Christopher suddenly recalled the human figure he had seen—or thought he had seen—disappearing with the burros, and that person, whoever it was, had circled round the hill and gained the canoe ere he himself gained it. Christopher gave himself up to conjecture, for he could not understand why his friend Waba should desert him thus.

V

But Christopher was not long to be



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left lonely. A movement behind him attracted his attention, and looking round he saw the head of an Indian protruding over the bank above, then came another head and another, all staring at him.

"What, ho!" shouted Christopher. The Indians made no answer, but one after another they scattered down the bank, looking at him curiously. Christopher felt that his head was half way on the charger. This witch band would surely murder him for shooting the burro, and he thought it well to explain matters as best he could. He pointed to the dead burro away up the slope, then opening his grip he drew from it fifty dollars, and handed the notes to the nearest brave.

The brave stepped back. "Katawawa," he said simply. Christopher handed the money to the next brave, but he also said "Katawawa," and stepped back. All were peacefully clad and their expressions were by no means murderous.

At length one of the tribe stepped forward. "Where you go now?" he enquired quietly.

"Blowed if I know," said Christopher. "Where's Wabawaba?"

"He no come back," answered the spokesman. "Him bad Indian."

Christopher thought a moment. "Seems I'm on the rocks," he said presently. "Guess I'd better go back with you, Ol' Chief!"

He linked his arm with that of the spokesman at which a roar of laughter went up, and the Indian proudly freed himself.

But an hour or so later Christopher

eyed, wild haired woman entered the firelight. She paused a moment to look at Christopher, then one of the braves came forward, took her hand disdainfully, and led her to Christopher. "Katawawawa," said the brave, and Christopher remembered that this was the word they had uttered when he offered them the money for the burro.

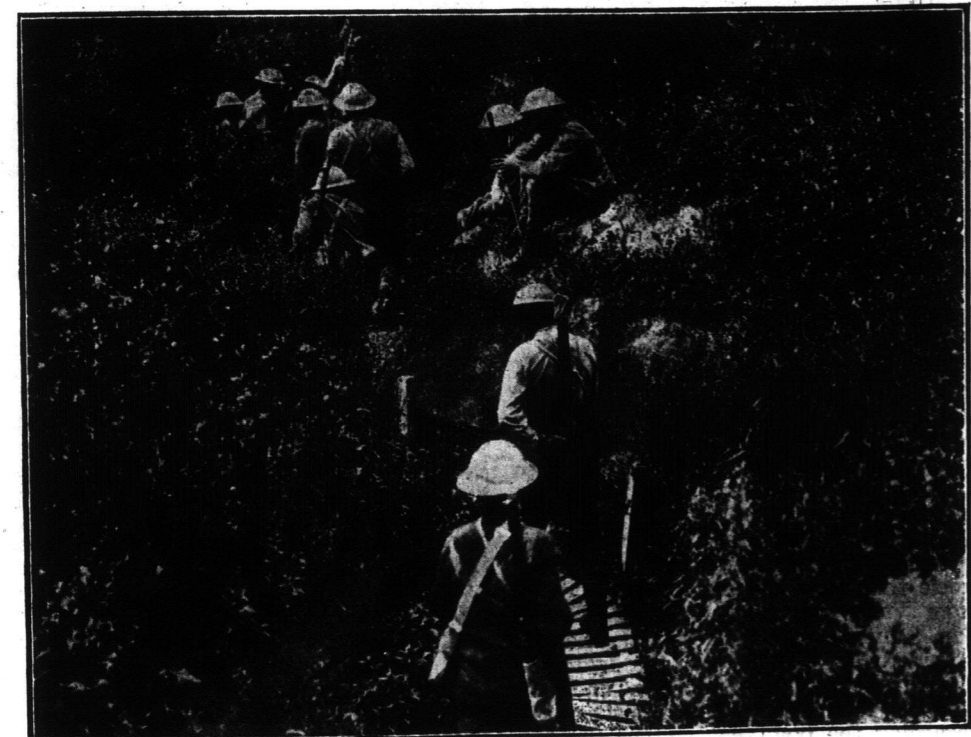
"Oh!" said the boy, and from his grip beside him he drew the paper bond, offering it to the wild haired woman. She took it without a word, thrust it impatiently into her wallet, then, with an angry word to one of the children, seated herself by the fire, holding her face moodily between her hands.

And suddenly it occurred to Christopher that this woman, Katwa, as he chose to call her, was despised by the rest of the tribe, that she wore different clothing and was treated differently. He began to think now. Why should Katwa accept the money when the rest refused? Why was she so wild eyed and wild haired? What had become of dear old Waba? and what about the woman with the burros?

Christopher did not know. He only knew that later on it was the woman Katwa who took him to a teepee, who made him comfortable on a bed of spruce branches, and who passed her delicate finger over his face in a gentle caress as he fell asleep.

VII

Christopher awoke with thoughts of little Maya-Maya foremost in his mind. Then he recalled the wild eyed woman



Canadians coming out of the line after a raid in the direction of Avion, after being relieved.

was seated by the campfire of Waba's tribe, the event of which he had dreamed.

VI

The boy was utterly mystified. Evidently some plot was developing, but he could not make it out. Having brought him to camp, the braves seemed to have lost all interest in him. He took his place, among the squaws and children as though he was part of the furniture. The older boys and girls hung round him with interest and wonder, but one little creature, a pretty, brown skinned, white-toothed, little thing, with immense black eyes, looked at him and laughed. Christopher laughed back. At that the little thing squatted herself at his feet, toyed with his moccasins and stared into his eyes. Then one of the squaws stooped forward and looked into the boy's face, at the same moment touching the small child.

"Maya-Maya!" said the squaw, then Christopher knew that the name of the small child was Maya-Maya, the pride of the teepees.

Pretty little, brown little Maya-Maya! From that moment onward Christopher's feeling of loneliness was dispersed. He had made a friend, he was one of the camp! Already he had ceased to feel the chill of the nights, already he had learnt to eat and enjoy Indian food. Life among the Indians would be fine, he thought; but late that night, just as he was on the point of falling asleep on his log by the camp fire, there was a sudden stir among the Indians. "Katawawawa," muttered an old squaw, and next moment a wild

whom he had last seen by the light of the teepee fire, and the whole mystery of the thing floated back to him. Where was Waba, why had he told him to shoot the burro, why had he disappeared? Who was the woman Katwa, why was she treated with contempt by her tribe, why was she so kind to him? He got up determined to solve the mystery, for outside was noise and bustle and the sun was shining.

Christopher was given a tin mug like the rest, and like the rest he had to help himself to the cooked food. But there was plenty of it, for the Indians were now idling at their summer camp, that is, the braves were idling, while the women made clothing, all sorts of leather goods, fish nets and harness.

Christopher looked round for Katwa, but could see nothing of her, so when little Maya-Maya squatted herself at his feet and smiled at him the boy asked her. Looking about him at the squaws he said, "Katwa-Wawa?" at which the small child pointed gravely in the direction of the hills.

Christopher got up, and strolling to the ridge he saw a herd of burros in the distance, while in the midst of them was a squatting figure wrapped in a blanket, Katwa-Wawa! Then he partly understood. Katwa was the burro woman. She took no part in the camp life, had no husband, no children, (but instead she spent her life out on the bleak hills minding the herd, one of the tribe, yet one apart from them. Had she done some dreadful thing that she was treated thus? She was still young and good looking,

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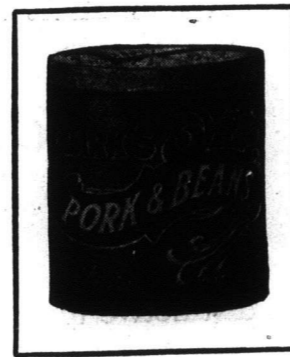


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yet that the other Indians treated her with contempt was clear.

As the days slipped by Christopher came no nearer to solving the problem, and there was so much to do that he gave it little thought. Very soon he found his feet and made friends with the other boys of the same age. Each of them had funny names, but Christopher christened them anew which seemed to please them. There was Old Cockalorum, Son of a Gun, Chief Chickwood and Tommy Tow Toppin, and the days were spent rambling through the woods with their bows and arrows hunting partridge, squirrel, gophers and woodchuck, or fishing in the creek, which contained trout large enough to pull a small boy in. One had merely to drop a colored flower attached to the hook into the water and jerk it along, and one of these huge brutes would come dashing after it.

But as the days passed Christopher picked up various Indian words, and was soon better able to make himself understood. It was from Tommy Tow Toppin that he inquired about Wabawaba, and after a gigantic struggle with words he wrestled the facts out of Tommy that Waba was once a member of the tribe, but that he had done something very bad and was driven out. Thus, like the bank beaver, he was living a solitary life, no home, no colony, no nothing. "And Katwa-Wawa?" inquired Christopher, and then it was that he really learnt something. Katwa was Waba's wife, the wife of the outcast, and thus her lowly position was explained.

That night Christopher did some hard thinking. He was at last able to sum things up more or less accurately. Waba had journeyed north here for a secret glimpse of his dear wife. He had sent Christopher to shoot the burro evidently as a signal to Katwa, and knowing that she would receive money for the animal, money she sorely needed. Thus he had helped her, and Christopher's heart was touched by this realization. He saw how easy it would have been for the Indian to have robbed him of all his money, but evidently this course had never occurred to the simple soul of Waba.

VIII

In the meantime telegrams were flying up and down the route of the Transcontinental Railway. Detectives and railway officials were at work, for both Christopher and his tutor had completely disappeared. The tutor had taken Christopher's advice and quietly bunked. From Banff he had wired to Christopher's uncle that they had arrived safely, then from Vancouver he had taken boat to San Francisco, in short he was no end of a bouncer. It was not till the hydro at Banff wired to Christopher's uncle in response to a whole string of instructions regarding the boy, that neither the boy

nor his tutor had been seen, that things began to hum.

Nobody was particularly grieved, though Christopher's uncle was distinctly annoyed. He regarded Christopher as a business matter, and he did not like business matters to go wrong. And so he bombarded the railway company with telegrams, and finally offered gigantic rewards for the safe return of the youngster.

In the meantime Christopher was entirely happy. Kind faces smiled on him on every side, food was abundant, and the glorious freedom made life a fairy land. When the days were hot he and the other boys played in and out of the water like turtles. They had many hunting and war games, played in the dusk of evening, and ere many days were passed Christopher's skin was tanned to almost as dark a hue as that of his companions. Little Maya-Maya, the daughter of the Chief, the darling of the teepees, and he, were the best of friends, and from her, while they squatted quietly by the camp fire at dusk, leaning against one another, Christopher learned many Indian words. He could all but speak the language now, he could set a dead-fall or a snare, handle a paddle with the rest, read the tracks in the sand of the runaway, in fact he was fast becoming an Indian boy in all but name. He wore their clothing, his hair was long like theirs, he spoke their tongue, but at times memories floated back to him of glaring, dusty streets, where tired eyed men and women wore heavy clothing, and troubled their minds with a thousand things that do not matter. All that seemed very far away, a part of another world. He had left no loved one there, but here he had found Son of a Gun, Old Cockalorum, Tow-Toppin and dear little, brown little Maya-Maya, the chums for which he had longed away in that southern world. And Christopher thought that if his mother was watching him she would be very happy now.

They loved each other, these quiet people of the woods! There were no angry words or angry looks amongst them. A boy could do nothing wrong out here where there was nothing to spoil. Of an evening the children would gather into groups, leaning against each other, laughing and talking quietly in their quiet way, all the best of friends. They had quiet little games which they played in the sand or on their fingers, a joyous relaxation in the scented dusk of evening after the long, strenuous day. And as they played there was never any question as to whose turn it was, such was the good fellowship among them.

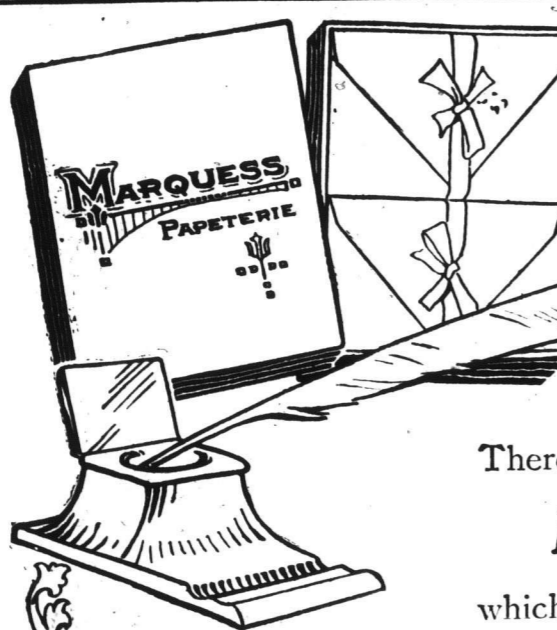
But Christopher's holiday was drawing to a close, for when Wabawaba arrived back at civilization almost the first news he heard was that a thousand dollars were offered for the boy Christopher Dawson. Therefore, Waba dispatched a cable to Christopher's uncle, then quietly turned his face northward to bring Christopher home again.

IX

It was during a coon hunt that Christopher fell and sprained his ankle, to be carried back to the teepees by the other boys, so that for many days he could only squat by the fires, watching the squaws at their work or playing with the very small children. At mid-day every day the camp was emptied save for the papooses and one squaw left in charge. The braves would go off hunting, all the older children were away in the woods, and the squaws also would be off gathering wood or birch bark or some other camp necessity.

On this particular day the heat was sweltering. Christopher sat at the mouth of a teepee nursing his ankle, and the camp was empty save for the papooses and Katwa-Wawa the mule woman, whom they had left in charge. Katwa never talked, and Christopher was just beginning to feel the time hang heavily when he caught sight of something moving down by the creek. He looked again, it was an Indian in a canoe, but the man was approaching stealthily, silently, as though afraid of being seen.

What could it mean? Was it a surprise attack from some hostile tribe? Christopher chilled at the thought of it, and glancing behind him he saw an old trade rifle, heavily loaded, at the other side of the teepee. So he told himself that if it came to a scrap he would stand by little Maya-Maya. Slowly, cautiously, under the brushwood of the bank, the Indian approached, till he could obtain a full



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Around Cape Flattery with the Neah Bay Natives

By Bonycastle Dale

view of the camp and see that it was deserted save for the single squaws. Then nimbly he landed, beached his canoe and came towards them.

Next moment Christopher uttered a cry of surprise and joy. "Katwa-Wawa, here is Waba!" he cried. "See, he comes behind you!"

Katwa turned, and seeing her husband, ran towards him with tears of joy. The scene that followed brought a sob in Christopher's throat, and a great sorrow rose up within him for these two poor creatures, separated from each other by the law of their tribe. He felt that if he could do something to reinstate poor old Waba, he would be able to go back quite happily to his southern world.

Then, even while such thoughts were in Christopher's mind, a fresh turn of events attracted his attention. Out of the bush on the other side of the camp, full into the clearing, there suddenly tumbled the prettiest little, plumpest little black bear cub one could imagine. He was chasing a yellow butterfly, making terrific grabs at it but missing it every time by yards, and in the midst of his antics little Maya-Maya suddenly caught sight of him, and with a ripping peal of laughter ran out to catch him. In their eagerness Maya and the cub fell sprawling over each other, whereupon the cub let forth a frantic yell for help.

Instantly the scene was changed from one of absurdity to one of tragedy. From the bush beyond there came a terrible roar, then a huge she bear, all fangs and claws, dashed from the shadows straight at Maya! For one terrible moment it reared over her with paws raised ready to strike, but luckily for little Maya she did not move. In that moment of extremity Christopher forgot his sprained ankle, and dashing back into the teepee, he clutched the huge trade rifle. The bear in the meantime had gripped little Maya's clothing with its awful fangs, and in spite of Waba's frantic shouts was dragging her away into the bush. Then came a terrific report, and—silence. The bear, its skull and spine shattered by the heavy bullet, lay very still, and little Maya-Maya, quite unharmed, lay beside it.

Then Christopher, shaken and half stunned by the kick of the heavy weapon, heard shouts and the barking of dogs as the Indians came running back towards the camp. Waba and Katwa were at his side, and the boy, not quite knowing why he did it, thrust the smoking weapon into the hands of Waba-Waba, the outcast. Waba read the silent message in the eyes of his young white friends, and across his hard features flitted a smile of gratitude. Thus when the braves and the squaws, the old and the young, arrived on the scene, they saw Waba, the outcast, standing with the smoking rifle in his hand, and there, in the centre of the clearing, lay the dead bear, little Maya's clothing still clenched between its murderous fangs. Then it was that a mighty shout went up for Waba, who had saved little Maya-Maya, the daughter of the Chief, the darling of them all, and one by one the braves shook Waba's hand with the touch of re-elected brotherhood.

"My brothers and sisters, you have been very kind to me. You have taught me many things by which I am a little wiser and a little happier. You, have taught me that the sun, the moon and the stars are his who learns from them. But to-day I must leave you, it cannot be otherwise. The white man cannot live for ever with the red, or the red with the white, though it is well that they be brothers for a little while. Away south in the land of the kitcha-mokomen, there is much for me to do when I grow older. Waba-Waba and Katwa-Wawa will take me thither, so farewell my playmates and my own little sister, Maya-Maya! We may never meet again, but I will think of you always in the sunshine of my thoughts. Farewell! Farewell!"

Everybody's Doing It

"Some men have no hearts," said the tramp. "I've been a-tellin' that feller that I am so dead-broke that I have to sleep outdoors."

"Didn't that fetch him?" asked the other.

"Naw. He tol' me he was a-doin' the same thing, and had to pay the doctor for tellin' him to do it."

LADDIE, Jr., get your little fat body well rubbed with vaseline, the Neah Bay's are going to take us round Flattery after sea game early to-morrow morning." "I'd rather use a hydroplane and fly across," laughed the lad. "I don't just fancy landing in that surf, it's turned us back twice already, but one might as well wish for green cheese from the moon as a flying boat out here, so I'll be ready, sir."

We were standing on the little sandy cove in sheltered Neah Bay, the furthest out tiny harbor of the great Olympic range of mountains and peninsula on the American side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, straight across, due south, from Vancouver Island, B.C. Outside the rippling bay the huge billows of the Pacific poured into the Straits, great smooth green seas. On the rocky point of the cove a group of guillimot flirted and played and quarreled all the livelong day, so I sent the boy to picture them while I prepared the outfit for a drenching on the morrow; the lad is learning the

work to judge by the focal plane snap he procured.

The terrific seas and surf of the outside of Flattery prevented my picturing the canoes and crews. These hurl the broken water of the surf off, these hand made canoes, cut out in one piece from dry cedar logs, cut by rude tools and finished off by fire and white hot stones and other ruder tools—stand an enormous sea. The one selected for our trip outside was thirty feet long, about three feet wide at the gunwale, and the bows rose some four feet out of the water. "Hyas Chuck soleks" (a big rough sea), cried O'poots, our Nootkan personal guide from amid the group of Neahs, as we neared the beach before daylight next morning. Outside the guillimot guarded point, where last night it had been so calm, the wind howled and the waves roared in the darkness, but the natives hauled the canoe down the sands and made ready, so, perforce, we entered. Twenty strokes carried us out of the shelter into the wind, and it hit us like a stiff current as it eddied along in the murky gloom,

the high prowed craft entered into it as boys do into a game they love. Headlong and swiftly, the three paddles on each side, short sharp cedar paddles, leaped out like the fins of some antediluvian amphibious monster into the strange phosphorescent light of the sea. From where I crouched in the centre each blade bit into the dark water almost unseen, and emerged blazing with the strange blue flame caused by the little diatoms that rise to the surface at night time to feed. One particularly impressive sight, one that at first made me grasp the gunwale and sit erect and stare, was to see the creaming top of an advancing roller suddenly flare out from end to end with this uncanny light—it looked as if fire and not water was overwhelming us—yet we rose buoyantly in the midst of this blue fire and milky white foam and skidded down the off side into the trough.

By daylight we were well out into the open sea, on our left the long Olympic range was finally sinking into the Pacific to form Cape Flattery Tatoosh Light gleamed fitfully, then was lost in the glory of a sunrise at sea. The long even swells of the ocean did not bother these clever paddlers a bit. They made a long outer sweep to avoid the "backwash,"

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Your Sweater Coat should represent much more than mere warmth—nowadays you want looks, comfort, individual style and cleverness.

Penmans Sweater Coats are specially designed for stylish sport-wear—the unusual color combinations give the prettiest possible effect—the quality and finish assure long service and certain satisfaction.

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THE HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE

A Cheery, Healthful, Homelike Atmosphere

is helped by the happy home folk, the familiar surroundings—and moist, pure air. You cannot easily have the first two without the last. The air in every room should have the snap and vim of outdoor air. It must be supplied by a furnace with a capacity for heating the air instantly as it passes. Know these "HECLA" points.

THE STEEL RIBBED FIRE POTS with a heating surface capacity three times greater than that of any other furnace

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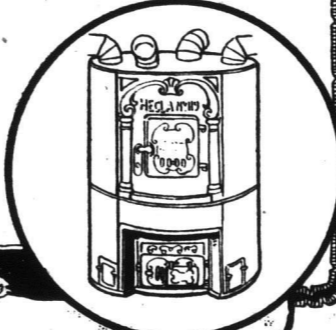
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These are only some of the ways in which a "HECLA" cuts down the coal bills. A big point is the ease of operation and care of the "HECLA"—a few minutes, morning and night, and you're through.

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Investigate our guaranteed plan for Heating Homes. You should have our book "Comfort and Health" in any case

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If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money—25c for collars, 50c per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book. Made in Canada.

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The Fence For Real Protection

gives life time service. Is made of the best Open Hearth steel fence wire, all impurities burned out, all the strength and toughness left in. Makes the fence elastic and springy. Will not snap or break under sudden shocks or quick changes. Galvanized to prevent rust and the coating will not flake, peel or chip off. Can be erected over the most hilly and uneven ground, without buckling, snapping or kinking. Lock. The heavy stay wires we use prevent sagging and require only about half as many posts as other fences. Send for catalog. It also describes our farm gates, poultry fencing and ornamental fencing. Peerless Perfection rapidly fencing Canada's highways and byways.

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Prohibition Is Here To Stay!

But don't let that worry you. You can make **GENUINE LAGER BEER** right in your own home with

HOP MALT EXTRACT

This beer conforms strictly to the Temperance Act, but it is as different from ordinary so-called "Temperance Beer" as day is from night. It has the real creamy beer flavor, because it contains only pure malt and hops. If you like a glass of **REAL LAGER BEER** get some Hop Malt Extract to-day

Large Can, enough for 6 gals. \$1.50
Small Can, enough for 2 1/2 gals. 1.00

Prepaid AGENTS WANTED

HOP MALT CO. Dept. O Beamsville, Ont.

still we got enough of it. Did you ever notice a chip in a great pot of boiling water, well that is the way old ocean harried us as we rounded the great wireless Tatoosh station and headed sou'east for Flattery Rocks and Cape Alva. Twice before had we come this far only to find the surf so immense that it was impossible to land; to-day, to the novice, it looked even more so. Ahead, as we backed and paddled, rose a mighty wall of water, smooth on the upcurl, curving on the overbreak, a wall fully a mile long and twenty feet high and a couple of hundred feet wide. It rushed along for the shore until it fell over upon itself and formed the second great wave, then it split up into many surf breakers and broken water stretches, broke until it was white as freshly spilled milk.

"Look! that wave is hollow!" cried Laddie. Truly it was, a fearsome hollow. As the monstrous wall of water reared and fell over it left in the curl of its mighty crest a huge air space, a space great enough for us to have paddled in and fully a mile long. When this broke, as it did before it reared itself up to form the next roller, it sent out a terrific, earsplitting bellow like some monstrous amphibious bull.

"We can never make it!" I read the words through the cupped hands of the boy. Our canoe was sweeping on rapidly in the tremendous "swishing" body of water that swept shorewards. At some unseen signal the now naked Neahs started paddling like demons, paddling might and main to keep us on the top of the surf wave. Up!—Up!—Up! we went. I can feel that sickening rush yet. On, on we swept, just behind that vast air chamber that rolled like some enchanting, fascinating vision ahead—suddenly the entire fabric of onrushing surfwave and giant airwave collapsed and down we went into the boiling onrush—right behind us advanced the next surfwave—it caught us up out of that creaming turmoil, hurled up skyhigh on its roaring crest, and deposited us, soaked and breathless, amid a mass of flashing breakers and screeching undertow. Seven pairs of brown legs leaped overboard in a twinkling, "Kwut! Kwut! Kwut!" (push, push, push), they howled, seemingly into our ears as they grasped the gunwale of the long cedar craft. "So-pen-na," screeched O'poots, (jump), and out the lad and I leaped on the wet sands and raced ahead of the oncoming wave. We beat it, breathlessly, and sat down to wipe off our machines and watch the Neahs drag the canoe up in the backwash, a backwash so strong that it swept pebbles as big as footballs back with it.

All this took but a few—awful—minutes. On the way through the reefs we saw the Sea Lions, they were Stellers Sea Lion, great tawny beasts. The giant males weighed over half a ton. As our canoe dashed on its wild career through the reefs we saw whole bands of yellow sea lions sitting on the dry tops of the highest points in the reefs. The ones on the lower were quite brown, that is to say the water made the wet hair look that color. Some of the younger animals let our cascading craft come quite near them before they slid off the ledges. It was all we could do to see them for the flying spray and falling rain so photography was out of the question. The entire herd was feeding on squid and a rare octopus, or Devil Fish, as these grizzly creatures live under the rocks and beyond the lowest lowtide line, and the sea lions were diving and feeding on them. Nice soft food for a sea lion, as I have seen a coast Indian pick up one and bite off a nice morsel from one of its tentacles, and the weird looking thing was not dead at that. The skins of these huge sea animals, the sea lions, are of little value, so little that we never took any, nor did I allow my men to slaughter them. It is said they are destructive to fish—well! so are we—and these big handsome, excellent divers and swimmers, eat an hundred squid to one fish as proved by many a dissection on this lonely coast. I have had a big inquisitive female follow me for miles, or it may have been a young male, as its head was small and smooth. At times she was within a long paddle stroke of the canoe and, as her face is just like a human skull, or the face of an old withered female, it was an uneasy looking object to have skirting along with me. Again we have come across a herd of these big strong amphibians feeding after nightfall on the tideflats in shallow

water when the minute phosphorescent diatoms made every swirl in the water a lick of blue flame, to see a skull-like sea lion emerge in a dribbling uplift of living flame was to clutch wildly at the gunwale if unfamiliar with night work on the coast. You can always tell the males by the "mane" of coarse hair on the back of the neck. Some of these old monarchs have a large harem, as many as ten sleek females following him everywhere and paying the most assiduous court to the old robber once he flops and scrambles up the reef. We have watched an intruder appear, a rival for the affection of the harem. The great bull would bristle all over and launch himself forth on that hapless intruder with a truly bull-like roar, snapping and barking his way down the slippery rock; here, if the intruder attacked, they would wrap their long necks about each other, tearing and biting until great patches of blood appeared on their yellow and brown coats; later, after victory, the big bull would flop slowly up the reef rock and entwine all the sleek female necks with his own puffed and bloody neck, whining in the strangest tones.

After a wee bit rest and a rude bite to eat we heard the Neah's cry, "Nah-hal-les! mas-sh-chuck-chacko," (look here! the tide rises). "Couldn't we walk back to Neah Bay," asked the boy, as the Olympics rose between. It was out of the question, but honestly, I would rather have climbed a climbable range than go out through that dreadful turmoil again, but the range was to us impassable, so we reluctantly took our places in the canoe. Off came the few clothes our men had drawn on, and down the bubbling sands the canoe went. "Splash!" into the first shore roller, into the canoe the men leaped and the paddles flew out like miniature bird wings, great masses of spume and foam choked and blinded us, and the curl of the first breaker covered us completely; but some way, the odd shaped bow I suppose helped, did not fill us. We had no time to "paddle-splash" the water out for it seemed as if the whole ocean suddenly reared up in front of us and the great air cavern burst with a tremendous roar and whirled us this way and that; the men jockeyed and rode there almost motionless until—at a given "Is-kum" (actually the word get-to) off we flew again—in the time it takes to tell it we had worked out of that howling waste, soaked, breathless, with a canoe load of water sluicing back and forth. All the dark tumbling objects were sea lions plunging off the rocks but, neither coming or going, were our eyes free enough for one instant from salt water splash to clearly distinguish anything.

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If

you never tasted

Grape-Nuts FOOD

you have missed one of the good things in life

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The Harvester

By G. R. Belton

Once free of the reef we rose and fell on the huge surges of the Pacific rejoicingly, as though we were in calm water then, as the wind was fair, they rigged up a rude lateen sail and off we plunged through screeching whitecap and silent trough to our little tent on the side of the calm waters of Neah Bay.

"Salt chuck—canim!" I could hear the natives shouting early next morning. Laddie, Jr. and I rushed down to the shore, true enough, there was an upturned canoe on the sea and the survivors were squatted on the bottom of it. With a silk-like rasping of sand and a crunch of pebbles a big war canoe was launched and off set eight men of the Neahs to the rescue. The wreck was about two miles out in the Straits, but through my powerful glasses I saw enough to doubt the danger of the squatted figures. I could see Laddie in the bow of the speeding craft standing up fumbling with his camera. What! was the cold blooded lad actually going to picture the wrecked men before he helped to save them? Then, wonder of wonders, as the canoe closed up on the wreck I saw one of the occupants fly! away, then it all dawned on me, a flock of cormorants, Brandts, wing-wetted with much diving after smelt, had spied the tide carried log and flew over and sat upon it and had opened out their wings as a woman hangs clothes on a line to dry. The laughing Indians returned after all the "survivors" had flown away, Laddie Jr. triumphantly screaming from the bow, "I got a fine picture of those wrecked chaps."

Many a rare specimen of deep sea fishes and mammals we took along the edge of the terrible currents that sweep Flattery. One, a Wolf Ell, the sea wolf of the natives is a thing of graphic homeliness. A slimy skin, a great spotted fan dorsal fin, a mouth actually filled roof and tongue with huge flat-topped crushing teeth, as the boy said, "The wolf ell is as long as a man, with teeth like a dog, head like a turtle and body of a fish." Although the natives eat parts of it we preferred pilot bread plain that day, thank you very kindly!

The Octopus is the dreaded Devil Fish of the nature fakirs, a mass of jelly-like arms and grisly body, totally unable to raise the long tentacle-like arms above the water (or once it is itself out of the water), using the long arms and the myriad suction discs, some seven hundred to an arm, to cleave to the rocks beneath some lowest low tide line, here to feed on the small crustacea that is swept beneath it. It is readily taken by little native lads with a long cedar pole armed with a rude gaff. I have seen a youngster approach one of the great boulders, drop on his knees, dart forward his gaff and, before the big squid could firmly fasten his myriad suckers, drag out forty to sixty pounds of trembling, bluish grey gristle, out came the sharp knife, off were whipped the eight long tentacles, sometimes fully six feet in length, in they fell into a rude sack and off trotted the lad with a day's dinner for the tribe. We have handled these uncanny looking things in all manner of ways, carried them for miles alive in the canoe, dissected them, caught them and everything but eaten them, and I think they are fully as dangerous as a can of dew worms.

If any of you want a place to spend a truly enjoyable vacation, with a bit of rough coastwise sailing thrown in, take one of the steamers at Seattle and do the shores of the Olympic Peninsula along the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

All Gone

Teacher—"Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct."
 Little Bessie—"Dick."
 Teacher—"Dick? What sort of a bird is that?"
 Little Bessie—"Our canary. The cat extinted him!"

One More Relic

A tourist, "doing" one of the many old inns of England, had ordered tea and a sandwich. The waiter was boring her with his tiresome descriptions of the historic connections of each piece of furniture, and the legends surrounding every article in the house.

"So everything in the house has a legend connected with it," she remarked, when he paused. "Well, do tell me about this quaint old ham sandwich."—Everybody's Magazine.

FRANK SMITH staggered from the doctor's office like a drunken man. Getting a grip on himself again he walked more steadily, with the stiffness of the man who must keep stiff or collapse, and with the face of one who had got his death blow. He passed people on the street like one in a daze, nodding in a mute way at a friend or acquaintance as some such went by; even strangers gave the young fellow more than a passing glance; one, a clergyman, hesitated as if about to speak to the stricken man whose face showed so white and still.

He reached his little room at the boarding house before he really let his mind rest upon what the doctor had said.

"Not exactly tuberculosis," was the verdict, "but a very dangerous tendency towards it. You have been weakened down by those successive colds and must get built up again. Get out into the country for a while and rest, where there is plenty of open air and clean wholesome food."

Rest! He grinned bitterly. With about thirty dollars in his pocket and about fifty to pay with it there was a good chance to rest. Those "successive colds" of the late spring had eaten up his savings and the final illness from which he had just arisen a week or so before had put him actually behind. The country? He knew of places others had visited, but how could he do it? He knew nothing of farm work, milking, driving horses,

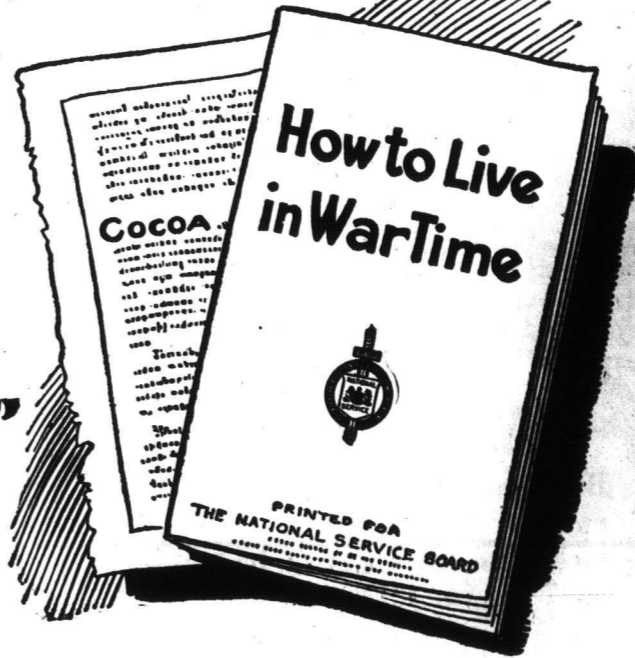
anything that would make him of any use to an Ontario farmer, or he would have tried it even if sure of his keep and clothes for a while.

"Hey, Smith," came a cry from across the hall, "give us a hand with this trunk."

Frank rose wearily enough but glad of something to divert his mind. "Going on a holiday?" he asked his neighbor.

"Holiday nothing," was the reply, "I've jumped the job. Going out west to work in the harvest and then look up a homestead. I'm sick of 'Forward' from the floor boss and selling dinky truck in the stores here. Me for the simple life Franky, me boy. My people were all farmers till I took the craze to be another Marshall Field. Have been three years at it and got up to twelve a week. Don't know anything about farming as they do it in the West, but I'm going to try it anyway. Don't need to know anything about it to stook or pitch

The Kitchen Must Help as well as the Workshop and the Trenches
 Lloyd George



Read the booklet which the National Service Board of Canada has prepared to guide you in household economy during war time. It may astonish you to learn that a cup of cocoa, with sugar and milk, contains more nourishment than a cup of beef extract, chicken soup or bouillon.

COWAN'S COCOA
 "Perfection Brand"
 MADE IN CANADA

At meals drink Cowan's Cocoa; as a confection choose Cowan's Maple Buds or Queen's Dessert. In this way you will need less of other foods, thus conserving the food resources of the country and at the same time saving money. Patriotism will prompt the invest-

ing of money saved from household expenses in War Savings Certificates, the Government offering \$25 certificates, maturing in 3 years, for \$21.50, every dollar going to win the war. Study the Government booklet, "How to Live in War Time," and make Cowan's fit into your daily menu.

Ask for Cowan's ACTIVE SERVICE Chocolate; just what our soldiers in the trenches appreciate. Specially manufactured to meet their needs.

Buy War Savings Certificates



"We never have coffee at our house, because I can't make good coffee".

Have you ever started right —with Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE?

In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. 185

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



-TAKES CLEAN FLOUR TO MAKE CLEAN BREAD

Royal Household Flour is sifted again and again through finest silk sieves. No dirt, fluff or lint can possibly remain in

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

Bread made from Ogilvie's will be clean, sweet and fresh. Cheap, inferior flour makes unclean, greyish bread. WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

YOUR DEALER HAS OGILVIE'S

Makes Cooking a Pleasure

No bending over a hot top to reach the dampers—Kootenay controls are all on the outside—in front. And the oven thermometer shows the temperature without opening the oven door. This range saves fuel, time, trouble and—your temper. Write for booklet.

McClary's KOOTENAY RANGE

LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B. HAMILTON CALGARY 15
SASKATOON EDMONTON

McBEAN BROS.

The price is fixed on 1, 2 and 3 Northern wheat. Lower grades can still be sold on sample, and farmers should use commission firms for this purpose. Do not sell either high or low grade wheat at track prices, but sell only after car is unloaded in terminal elevator.

Oats should be selling around 80c. per bus. Conditions strongly favor it. In fact, they could easily advance to a dollar long before next crop is harvested. Owing to wheat shortage, oats must be used for human food, and \$2.21 wheat makes oats worth over 90c. for grinding into flour. Hold your oats.

If on C.P.R. or G.T.P. bill cars to Fort William; if C.N.R. to Port Arthur. Mark shipping bills "Notify McBean Bros., Winnipeg, Man.," so we can check up grading when car arrives in Winnipeg. If you need money, draw on us through any Bank with shipping bill attached to draft for fair advance.

Write us just before selling or shipping your grain as conditions might change on short notice. Again we urge, don't sell your oats at these prices.

Winnipeg, Sept. 19. **McBEAN BROS.** GRAIN EXCHANGE

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

sheaves anyway, so the ad. for men says." "Let me see the ad. for men you spoke about," said Frank when the trunk was strapped.

It was the usual railroad advertisement for men to help in the harvest fields of the West. Ten dollars fare out and eighteen to return. Wages from two to four dollars a day and board.

Frank's heart beat fast a moment or so. But could he stand the work in his weakened condition? Well, he could take less wages for a while, and according to accounts the farmers were wild to get any kind of men at all. Then with a slump he thought of his pocket book. Not enough money left to pay his board and the doctor let alone fare west. He stared long at the advertisement, and when after repeated calls he went to supper he had it still in his hand.

After he had tried to eat, everyone else having left the room, Mrs. Paul came in.

"Thinkin' of goin' west to harvest?" she asked, looking at the advertisement he had laid aside as he sat down.

"Afraid I can't make the raise," he replied, with a grin.

"'Twould do you a lot of good, Mr. Smith. If you are short you might pay me when you come back. I had another fellow do that five years ago and he did well out there. And paid me every cent, too. Came down last winter with his wife; owns a good farm of his own now."

Alone in his room Smith thought it over. "If I can stall the doctor off I'll go. If I live I'll pay it; if I die—well—but I won't die," and the set of his teeth showed the type of man he was. They don't die, that kind, nor do they give up either.

The doctor was easily "stalled." Before Smith could stammer out more than a word or two he said, "All right, Smith, go ahead out West. It will do you a world of good, more than my medicine could do. Never mind the account, you can pay it again."

And thus Frank Smith left Toronto on a harvest excursion for the West; a poor, white-faced young fellow, not much more than a lad in size, weak and thin, and with the remains of a cough. "Go as far West as you can," was the advice of the doctor, so he shipped for one of the furthest West towns along the main line of the railroad that he had chosen. Colonist cars are not very comfortable riding for even strong men and Frank was just up from an illness of weeks, but the newness of the adventure was partly the stimulus that kept him up and the trip did him no harm.

At the station he had been billed to there were many farmers to meet the excursion, and every stout farm hand was snapped up at once, with active bidding for some of the best men. One man who had been outbid twice was plainly angered by his luck.

"Oh, well," glibed the successful farmer who got two good men from under his nose, "you can take this," and he pointed to Frank with a laugh.

Smith colored to the roots of his hair, but said nothing.

"Did you come out to try the harvest?" asked the burly farmer.

"I did," replied Frank.

"Have you ever been in the harvest fields?"

"No."

"I'm afraid you'd be little use to me. You don't look strong enough for the heavy sheaves. But I must have some one," he added looking closer at Frank. "I'll take you along anyway and try you," he decided.

And so without bargain as to wages Frank Smith went out in the farmer's buggy to try stooking after the binder.

Called at half past five, which would be half past three in Toronto, Smith woke with difficulty, gathered his faculties together, wondered grimly if he had at last reached the place the Irishman told of "where they wake you up in the night to give you something to eat," then crawled down to the kitchen and out to the stable. He could do little more than watch Turner, his employer, as he fed the horses, cleaned and harnessed them and did the "chores." Then both returned to the house for breakfast. After breakfast the mystery of harnessing four horses and hitching them to the binder in the yard was as complicated and hard to follow for Frank as the routine of a department at Eaton's would have been to Turner; but Turner, like most farmers who have been born to seg-

these things done as a part of the day's routine like buttoning one's clothes, thought it was mere stupidity that made Frank's help worse than useless.

The sun was just rising as they started for the wheat field; there was no dew and the morning was crisp, bright and exhilarating. Over by the hills the prairie chicken's booming showed Turner that a "dance" at sunrise was on and the chickens were circling in the ludicrous manner of their kind; Frank wondered what beast or bird of prey was making the hollow sounds. Wild cries overhead drew his attention and Turner pointed with the butt of his binder whip to a wedge of wild geese just coming into view in the south. "The first wild geese," he said, "we must cut as quick as we can, there will be frost soon."

Frank's blood was moving smartly with the half intoxication of the ozone laden air and the inspiration of the morning, and when Turner, reaching the edge of the seemingly endless field of wheat, suddenly threw in the gear and the four big horses bent to their collars and the binder tore a wide swath out of the tall grain, he could hardly keep from emitting a boyish cheer. The rattle of the binder and its "click clack" when the sheaves were thrown on to the carrier were like music to his ears. Turner went on, dropping the bundles at regular intervals, but paying no attention to Frank who began to wonder what he was to do in the cutting business that was started.

He remembered a picture of wheat shocked up and started to stick up the sheaves as nearly the same way as he could. Turner suddenly stopped the binder and got off to fix something in the knottor, then before getting on again said, "Wait till I come around again before you start to stook," and went on with the binder, Frank sat down; the hum of the binder grew less and less; soon he wondered if Turner had stopped and piled some sheaves to see; no, the binder was only half way around. When it came around Turner got off. "I see you're nothing but a greeny," he said, not unkindly, but the idea that a country hoodlum, as he considered Turner, should call him a greeny brought hot blood to Frank's face and a tingle to his fingers.

A few minutes work by Turner's experienced hands showed Frank, who was far from being stupid, how to stook as well as was needed, and he began to save steps and make every motion count.

After a while he began to feel the sheaves very heavy; he was plainly tiring out. It must be near noon, anyway, he thought, and went over to where he had left his watch in his vest on a stook. It was half past nine. A mo-

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ment's consideration showed him that he could not stand this till twelve. He rested a few minutes then started again, stiff and sore. At half past ten he was so far gone that he was about to tell Turner that he thought it was no use to try to continue when he saw the boss waving to him from the binder.

"Go to the house," said Turner, "and finish cleaning the stable as you saw me doing when we were called to breakfast. Then put down hay for the horses, pump some water into the trough for them, and go to the house and see if Mrs. Turner wants anything; wood or water, or something from the garden. You looked fagged out," he added kindly, "it's hard work at first and you ate very little breakfast. You have to learn to eat," he laughed, "if you are to stand this pace."

Frank went in feeling like a man set amongst boys as unfit for a man's place, but he did the work asked of him, and carried water and wood for Mrs. Turner as well as digging some potatoes and picking beans and peas for to-morrow's dinner.

"You look hungry," said Mrs. Turner offering him a hot biscuit.

Though he was faint with the smell of the good baking and the hot dinner he quietly refused the biscuit, shame rising to his soul as he thought of being offered a "piece" like a child. Mrs. Turner looked at him curiously.

"You're not used to the ways of farmers," she said. "Neither was I when I came here. I was the teacher in that

the water from that drinking jug over your face. You must have fainted from the heat."

Frank was again ashamed, but in a different manner. He guessed this was the school teacher, a successor to Mrs. Turner. And he felt the shame of his weakness more than ever; he did not know why.

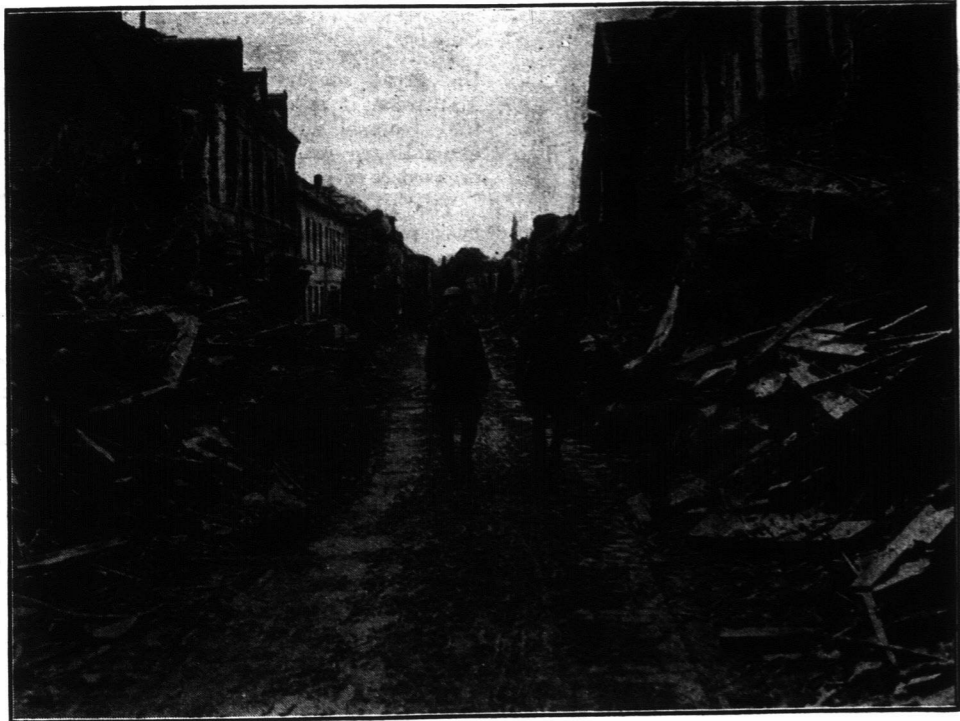
"Shall I help you to the house?" she asked.

"Oh, no! I'm all right," he said hurriedly and started to work again as hard as ever. She watched him a while curiously and then moved off. Frank finished the field, going on his grit alone, and got to the barley in time to help Turner unhitch. Turner handed him the lines to drive in, and he felt the big straps that guided the four huge animals like strong ropes in his hands. Unhitching was not so mysterious as the hitching up of the morning, and Frank began to see the plan of the matter.

The rest of that wheat field stood till all but it was cut, and was still looking green enough when Turner left one afternoon for town after anxiously mentioning the full moon and danger of frost that night, causing Frank to smile and wonder at this sign of superstition in so practical a man.

At supper Mrs. Turner was plainly worried.

"It looks like frost to-night," she said. "Jim had to go to see his father who has been taken with a paralytic stroke again. If he were home I believe he'd start to cut that wheat after supper. The horses are rested all afternoon and



Canadians in a village that has been heavily bombed.

little school down the road before I married Jim," she added.

A few minutes talk brought out the fact that she came from Toronto also, and in the conversation Frank's hand went out, almost involuntarily for the hot biscuit. Both of them laughed.

To his surprise Frank found that he felt strong and able again after noon, and he went at the sheaves with his whole strength. At three o'clock Turner swung suddenly from the grain with his horses and binder. "I'm going over to cut that barley," he said, pointing with his whip to a yellow field across the farm. "The centre of this wheat is a little green. If you finish here you can come over there."

Finish here! Frank struggled like a hero for what seemed hours, and the rows of sheaves looked as endless as ever. He ran from row to row almost frantically though his sinews were aching and his head now almost bursting. He had to stop and lean on a stook twice; then his nose began to bleed and he knew he was "played out." He got the blood stopped, felt better and started to work again, when leaning on a stook for a minute he suddenly felt it grow dark all around him.

The next he knew was the feel of cold water on his face and the sight of what he first took to be an angel looking down on him. He started up quickly.

"Better?" said the angel, with a smile.

"Yes," he said, "what happened to me?"

"That I don't know," said the presence. "I saw you lying all crumpled up beside that stook as I came home from the school. So I raised your head and poured

it will be bright moonlight, one could cut till midnight and perhaps finish the field."

"I will try it," said Frank. "I have made a fool of trying it when Mr. Turner got me up on the binder sometimes, but I can do my best anyway."

Hitching up was no longer a mystery. Mrs. Turner looked over the rig-out and thought it was done right enough; then she had to return to her babies and let him start alone for the field.

Then the trouble started. Something was wrong with the hitching up of the binder, and Frank could not see what it was. He got nervous and lost confidence. Starting into the grain without throwing in the gear, he clogged the knives and had to clean them out again; then forgetting to throw out the gear before working at the knives, he very nearly got his fingers cut off when one horse moved forward a little and started the machinery. Finally he got started, forgot to dump the carrier and clogged the knotter; got the lines tangled in the reel and nearly had a runaway; went on fairly well for a piece, and found he had no twine in the holder and was throwing out unbound sheaves; finally, in turning the corner he landed the machine right into the wheat, where all four horses started to feed from the heads within reach.

Then he heard a laugh behind him, stopped as if by a hand over the mouth. It was Her of course; who could it be to be worse?

"Here," she said, "give me those lines and you got out and stook."

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Taking some twine from the ball, the teacher girl tied her skirt around her and jumped into the binder seat, pulled up the lines, swung the horses around, then got out and adjusted the hitching. Swinging the four horses into line with the grain and giving them a touch of the whip she started down the field with "Feels like old times," smilingly over her shoulder to Smith. He set his teeth and went at the stooking.

The sun went down as the full moon rose opposite to it, making the night almost as bright as day. To an experienced farmer the fact that Frank could see his breath in the hollows would have shown him that the frost was coming. All he knew was that Mrs. Turner said the wheat must be cut, stooked and the stooks capped, or they would suffer loss by the frost. And he knew that the girl teacher was slashing it down as fast as Turner would have done, and that if he would prove himself a man he must keep up to her with his stooking. At ten o'clock Mrs. Turner arrived in the field with a lunch and all ate heartily while the horses rested and eat an oat sheaf each. Then she turned in and helped Frank stook and cap the stooks till he was up to the binder, and the field was well on to the fast finish that comes when the standing grain is nearly down.

Yet it was after midnight when the girl swung round the binder for the last

pick-up down the centre of the field, and the light that had scarcely left the north-west sky for the short night of the northern summer, now began to strengthen. The moonlight was pale till it gave no shadow as the two finished capping the last stooks and unhitched the horses from the binder. Each mounted one of the tired horses and rode to the stable. The neigh of the big chestnut sounded to Frank like a shout of victory as he stopped at the pump; the girl went on in and as Frank came to the kitchen door after unharnessing and feeding the animals, Mrs. Turner pointed to the white frost on the grass showing in the dim glimmer of coming light.

"But the wheat is safe," she added. "Come in and have supper, breakfast, or whatever it is, and then lie down for a rest."

Just at noon as Frank pulled his weary legs to the stable to feed the horses, Turner arrived.

"We cut the wheat," said Frank. "Finished before daylight."

"How on earth did you manage the binder?" asked Turner.

"Miss Black ran the binder and I stooked," he replied.

"Well, well," ejaculated Turner. "She seems to turn up right handy, don't she?" he teased. "Heard her say she'd like to go to town this afternoon, being

Saturday. Mebbe you'd like to drive her?"

Mebbe he would. And mebbe he did.

It was not the same Frank Smith, to look at anyway, who took the train for Toronto after his three months on the Turner farm, with its hard work, good food, some chicken shooting in the fields at times, duck hunting on a wet day at the sloughs (and someone with him to hold the horse), getting geese from a cover in the stubble fields, someplay as well as lots of work. It was a sturdy, hard-muscled, browned and tanned man who would no more cringe to a debtor or despond over bad luck than he would lie down on any sort of work that another man could do. After he had taken the train on the return trip he wondered what he was going back for, and to what. He had scarcely a relative in Toronto or elsewhere; a stepmother, married again after his father's death, was in a small town near the city, but he had never been welcome there since her gibes had driven him to the city at the age of fourteen. What was he going back for? Well, he would show the doctor and Mrs. Paul that he was worth while in more ways than one.

And did he return to the West and take up farming? asks the man reader of this story. And did he marry the school teacher girl? asked the reader of the gentler sex? Oh, that's another story.

Manitoba Farm Loans Association Securities

In this year of bountiful harvest for the great majority of the farmers of Manitoba, it is well for them to soberly take counsel with themselves as to the expenditure or disposition of their increased earnings.

The phenomenal prices of foodstuffs have resulted in the profits of producers being more than doubled, which will naturally leave a large surplus of unexpended money to their credit.

In view of the great uncertainty of the future, and in the light of past experiences which show that agriculture produces an average which is much below the figures of this year, either in yield, or price, it would appear to be a wise and prudent course for every farmer with a cash surplus to create a "reserve account" to take care of the possible contingencies of ensuing years.

Many farmers may have mortgage encumbrances which do not mature this year, but for which they should make provision, or have sons, or brothers at the front who will need financial assistance upon their homecoming, to start again the neglected farm left idle for a higher duty. Every farmer with such requirements will do well to consider the securities of the Provincial Government, issued under the Manitoba Farm Loans Act by the Manitoba Farm Loans Association, which are peculiarly suited to his needs, carrying as they do a high rate of interest (5%) and are procurable for any period from one year, upwards.

If your mortgage comes due next year, or, as a provision against unfavorable crop conditions which may occur, you intend to carry a cash balance, you may obtain a deposit investment which will very considerably increase the earning ability of your money. If, next year, you do not need this money, it can be re-invested at the same interest rate. There is a double advantage in doing this, as your money will be loaned out to other farmers to improve their conditions, which will automatically improve your own.

It is apparent that the Manitoba Farm Loans Act has not only established a new economic basis for farm loans, but has put a very much higher value on saving deposits and reserve funds.

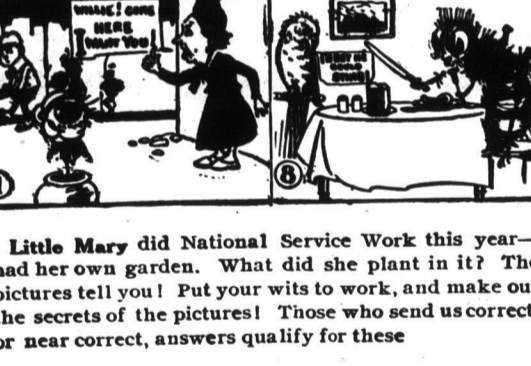
It is up to the farmers of this Province to give their loyal support to a project of such far reaching value by becoming either borrowers, or lenders. This principle of organized co-operation means more in the development and improvement of agriculture than any other movement, past or present, in that regard. The lenders of to-day may be the borrowers of to-morrow, and the borrowers of to-day, the lenders of the morrow, but in whatever capacity you find yourself, you may be assured you are dealing with an institution whose business is being transacted on sound and progressive principles for the benefit of the people of Manitoba.

What Did Little Mary Plant?



1. BRUSSELS
2. GEE! THAT'S A FUNNY THING TO SOW!
3. FRESH EGGS
4. What vegetables do these pictures represent?

TELL US AND Win a Motor Car, Piano, Pony Bicycle, Phonograph Range, Watch, Sewing Machine Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.



5. OOH DIDN'T HE SHASH IT!
6. HE'S MY COUSIN
7. OUR HORSE'S NAME IS RAJAH BUT WE CALL HIM "RA" FOR SHORT
Little Mary did National Service Work this year—had her own garden. What did she plant in it? The pictures tell you! Put your wits to work, and make out the secrets of the pictures! Those who send us correct, or near correct, answers qualify for these



8. What vegetables do these pictures represent?
9. YOU WILL BE PAID A REWARD OR CASH
10. EVERY qualified contestant will receive surely a valuable reward, or cash, as may be preferred (send for list) for introducing the new magazine, Rural Canada for Women, to some of your friends and neighbors. These rewards, or cash, are in addition to the Big Prizes which may be won.
So begin right now to solve the puzzling pictures. Tell us what Little Mary planted in her garden.
To help you get right started, Picture No. 1 is Cauliflower (Call-eye-flower); and picture No. 8 is Beets (Bee Eats). So you see how to study the pictures. Can you get them all right? Try!

NO MONEY REQUIRED TO ENTER

YOU do not have to pay a cent, or buy anything, to enter this interesting contest, and to qualify for one of the Big Prizes. All you have to do is to send in your answers. Then you will be promptly told how correctly you have solved the pictures and whether you have qualified for an opportunity to win the Big Prizes (full list on request). Also you will receive post free a copy of "RURAL CANADA for Women," the new magazine for women, and will be asked to show your copy to some of your rural friends or neighbors, to make them acquainted with it and interested in it.

The Prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct, names, which are considered by the judges to be the neatest and best written (proper spelling, punctuation, etc.). The Competition is open to all persons over 10 years of age—men and women, boys and girls. All members of a family or household may compete, but not more than one prize will be awarded any family or household. So send along your entry, and try for one of the 50 Big Prizes. YOU may win the \$750 car or the piano, or the pony.



2nd Prize Value \$350

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- 2nd prize—Sweet-toned Ennis Piano; value \$350
- 3rd prize—Lovable Shetland Pony and Cart; value \$100
- 4th prize—Gilson Gas Engine (or cash)
- 5th prize—Famous Clare Bros. High Oven Range (or cash)
- 6th prize—Singer Sewing Machine (or cash)
- 7th prize—Standard Cream Separator.
- 8th prize—Hoosier Beauty Kitchen Cabinet (or cash)
- 9th prize—High Grade Bicycle (or cash)

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Address Solutions to

The Contest Editor, RURAL CANADA 33 Continental Building, Toronto

YOU WILL BE PAID A REWARD OR CASH

EVERY qualified contestant will receive surely a valuable reward, or cash, as may be preferred (send for list) for introducing the new magazine, Rural Canada for Women, to some of your friends and neighbors. These rewards, or cash, are in addition to the Big Prizes which may be won. So begin right now to solve the puzzling pictures. Tell us what Little Mary planted in her garden. To help you get right started, Picture No. 1 is Cauliflower (Call-eye-flower); and picture No. 8 is Beets (Bee Eats). So you see how to study the pictures. Can you get them all right? Try!

RULES

- 1. Write on only one side of the paper.
- 2. Put your answers on one sheet of paper, with your full name and address (stating Mr. or Mrs. or Miss) in the upper right-hand corner. Anything other than this must be written on a separate sheet. Remember only those over 10 years may compete.
- 3. Qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three outside judges whose decisions will be accepted as final.
- 4. Contest closes December 27, 1917, immediately after which date the judges will award the prizes.



3rd Prize Value \$100

Spawn of the North

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis J. Dickie

AN ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." So says the old Spanish proverb. Those white men resident in the Canadian north-land during the last three centuries, ably seconded by the native women of the country, have nobly lived up to it, with the result that to-day the pure blooded Indian is practically non-existent north of parallel 53 till the Arctic Circle is reached.

So, like many another halfbreed, Johnny Mackay laid recognized though illegitimate claim to this ancient and honored Scottish name. And during the first twenty-five years of his life, the latter ten of which he spent floating down or, "tracking" up the varied waterways of Alberta and Mackenzie Land as freighter for the Hudson's Bay Company, by this name was he known. Then one day as one of the packers for a returning big game-hunting son of the English nobility he journeyed as far as the growing metropolis of Edmonton, then on the fringe of the wilderness; and through this and subsequent happenings, forever lost it.

It was during the three wonderful weeks of this first visit to civilization that Johnny, through a chance met white acquaintance learned the value of "markers."

All breeds are gamblers; and when Johnny's new found friend took his last dollar in a two handed game of stud poker, Johnny accepted the misfortune philosophically, even convinced as he was at the last that his antagonist of the paste boards had not done it fairly.

That such action was all in the game Johnny admitted. If a man could cheat you so well that you did not know how you were cheated why, that was 'not cheating.

So much for Johnny's philosophy. When the game was ended he begged the stranger for his secret of success; but, being penniless was refused.

However, knowing that some of his fellow packers of the nobleman's recent retinue would willingly lend him money, Johnny requested and was granted another meeting upon the following day. During it, and on the payment of fifteen dollars, he was presented and made familiar with the workings of two packs of "markers."

Now, to the ordinary man, "markers" seem no different from common playing cards. Yet their difference is marked—double emphasis on the word. Upon their scroll work backs, plain to the one who knows is set forth the size and suit of every card.

In almost any game of chance, the manipulator of such a deck is certain of success; in the case of the game of stud poker to perhaps the greatest extent, by reason of the nature of the game.

On the return trip, starting with only the few dollars left over from his borrowings after paying for the cards, Johnny quickly was in possession of all his companions' money.

Reaching his home cabin in the settlement of Lesser Slave Lake he decided that work would never again be his until such a time as the spots should be worn off the two miracle working decks.

Within a short time, however, he annexed the bank roll of every breed resident in the little post; after which time hung heavily upon his hands. So, when Arthur Hemmingway, traveling correspondent for the New York Chronicle, dropped into Lesser Slave to pick up a crew to aid him in five months summer journey up the Peace River to the Canyon at the Continental Divide, Johnny willingly joined the party and, on account of his English was made head packer.

Arrived at the settlement of Peace River Crossing, Hemmingway laid over two days to obtain agricultural information upon the district for future articles.

And Johnny, upon new territory, lost no time in starting a stud poker game. On the second evening while the play was in progress, Hemmingway stroled over from his tent. Dropping to the ground, he seated himself cross-legged at one side of the Hudson's Bay blanket around which Johnny and three Peace River halfbreeds were gathered, and in silence watched the game proceed.

Shortly after his arrival, two of the men lost their stakes and sourly went

away. But a third, when similar luck befel him, said a few swift words in Cree to Johnny and disappeared. Noting that the winner waited, Hemmingway, too, sat on. Presently the player returned, carrying in one hand a rifle. After a careful examination of it, Johnny handed over fifteen dollars and the game continued.

Again Johnny won. Once more the losing breed hurried away. This time he returned with a heavy stock saddle, upon which Johnny advanced thirty dollars. This in turn he also quickly won, even more rapidly than he had the value of the rifle. Penniless again, his opponent sat several moments. Then for a brief space, rapid monosyllabic Cree

passed back and forth between them. Finally Johnny nodded. Upon receiving his affirmation, the vanquished man passed out of sight toward the settlement beyond. This time he was longer in returning.

The nine o'clock setting sun of the northern summer season dropped beneath the sky rim, tinging fierce red the long lined cumulus, piled one upon another into strange likenesses to distant mountain ranges.

The soft, long falling twilight was slowly blurring the distant view when the halfbreed swung in sight, closely followed by a lithe young squaw of perhaps eighteen summers.

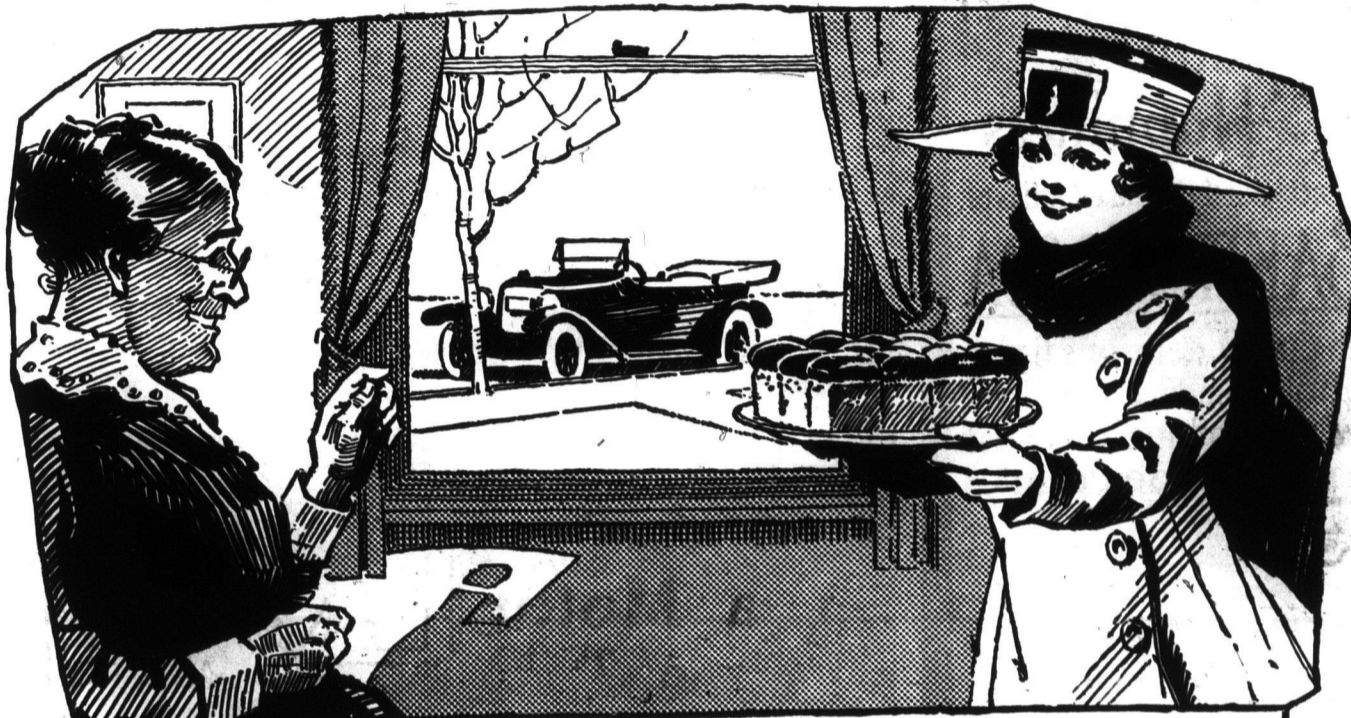
Even Hemmingway, who had hitherto scorned the idea of native beauty, was startled by the woman's physical and facial perfections. Unemotionally she squatted down beside her lord as he once

more began bargaining. For perhaps twenty minutes the players argued fiercely. At last, after giving the girl careful final survey, and still apparently reluctant, Johnny handed over sixty dollars.

Swiftly now the game proceeded. Hand followed hand in quick succession, and always Johnny won. Presently he raked in the other's last remaining dollar. For a moment the loser sat thinking; but unable to remember any possible resource he got slowly to his feet, was about to turn heavily away, when Hemmingway's voice stayed him.

"Wait a minute, my friend," he said sharply. As he spoke his one hand reached over and swept up some of the money that Johnny as yet had not time to stow away.

The departed man turned; stood staring wonderingly at this strange white man,



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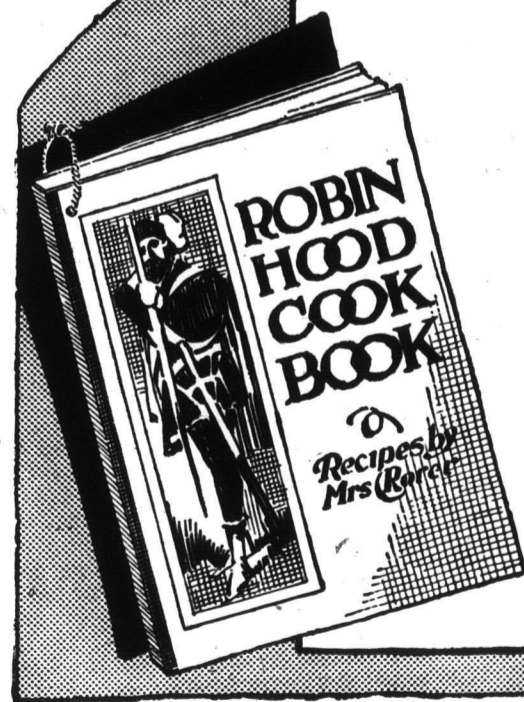
A world-renowned cooking authority—none other than Mrs. Rorer, of "Ladies Home Journal" fame, to whom we sent some for trial, says "I found Robin Hood Flour excellent—in fact, I am afraid it has quite spoiled me for any other".

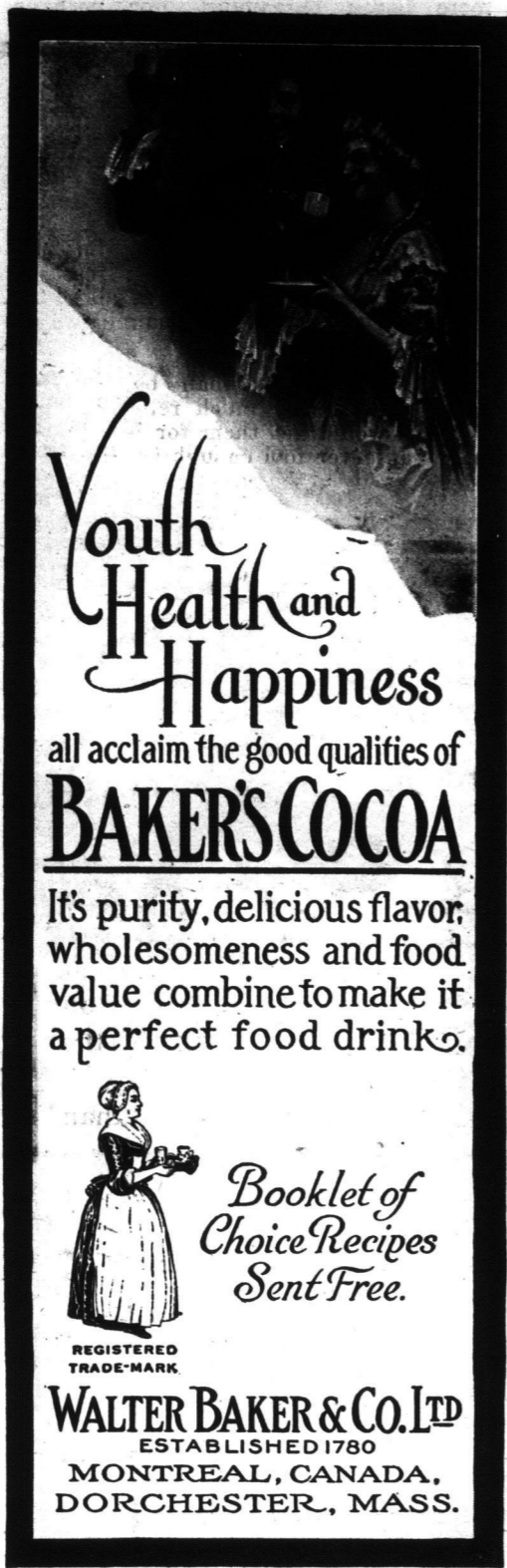
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while the girl's eyes lit suddenly with faintest gleam of hope. Money in hand Hemmingway got to his feet. As he did so the rest of the crew, returning from a mocheagan (dance) in the village, which their lack of funds had drawn them to in preference to a game of cards, came up and, gathering close, watched wide eyed the odd tableaux.

"What'n hell's the matter with you!" Johnny gasped out, more in surprise than anger.

"Nothing; only just going to give this man back what he's lost."
Hemmingway's blazing eyes met fearlessly the answering scowl, and he went on, addressing now the fleeced one: "You take your saddle and your rifle and your woman, and whatever money's here,"—he tossed over the little roll of bills—"and get home."

Not comprehending the way of this intervention, but grateful, the man reached for his rifle, at the same time giving curt command in Cree to the girl, who rose and reached for the saddle. With a cry Johnny leaped the width of the blanket toward the rifle, now more precious than the bulky and hard to transport saddle. But as he did so, Hemmingway caught him by the shoulder, spun him around, and, still holding him, roared out: "No, you don't; you spawn! I've seen too many big city slickers to be fooled by such a coarse worker as you. You let this man go, and to-morrow you hit the trail from here, for I've got no use for card cheats!" Always Hemmingway had been a champion of the underdog. Hundreds of times in the past he had suffered hurt to body

party in a sixty foot scow boat swung down the majestic Peace, bound by easy stages for Fort Vermilion and Fort Chipewyan beyond. On board was a light Peterboro canoe, for their use on little side trips.

Some sixty miles below Fort Vermilion on the Peace are the famous "chutes," three miles of bad water, at the end of which is a fall of six feet. The stream can, however, be navigated by scows with little risk. Wishing to do a little investigating the professor had the scow shoot the rapids and then tie up right below them. But no suitable camp at this point was found after this was done, so the crew carried the outfit back along the shore where a level space almost at the river's edge offered a site some two hundred yards above the falls.

Down river a few miles lay the Quatre Fourches, the most remarkable stream of water in the world, which flows not only different ways at different times, but flows different ways at the same time, a phenomenon caused by varying high water marks reached on the Peace River, Lake Athabasca and Lake Mamawi, all of which streams the Quatre Fourches is connected with.

(Writer's note—The stream Quatre Fourches is an actual one existing in the Canadian north country in the spot as described therein, and has been viewed by many.)

Professor H— had heard of this. Anxious to get if possible a photograph of objects floating different directions at the same time on the same stream, he left one afternoon with his wife and one



Canadians polishing souvenirs for Fritz during a slack time in the trenches.

and bankroll in the cause of some badly treated one. And so, as he had watched the game, his ire had risen. But holding himself in he had waited for the final play before making his denouement.

"I'll git ye fer that!" Johnny Mackay snarled out, in his anger a little of the burr of his lowland ancestors crept into his accent. It was so bizarre coming as it did from swarthy skinned almost pure Indian countenance that Hemmingway was constrained to laugh.

"Alright, you spawn; hop to it any time you like," he answered, and then turning on his heel he went quickly back to his tent.

But Johnny did not wait for vengeance. Something in the manner of his companions, whose money he had acquired so steadily in the past, warned him of threatening danger. So, even before Hemmingway had fallen to sleep, Johnny, but new named "Spawn," for, seizing the reporter's apt expression, his fellow breeds had dubbed him so, left the camp silently and under cover of the dark.

But though Johnny Mackay, no longer was socially welcome among his fellow voyageurs, he yet remained in demand as a packer and a guide, for he was the best in his line. So when Professor Robert H—, head of a famous American college, decided to spend the following summer in the north, it came about that Johnny was hired as head packer and guide over a crew of three. With his professor came his wife and son Willie, a boy of six.

Leaving Peace River Crossing the

man for a trip down stream to the Quatre Fourches, leaving Johnny and his half-breed companion in charge of the camp and little Billy.

Shortly after the professor and companions left for down river, Johnny, needing something out of the scow that lay moored below the falls, left camp, where the other breed lay smoking and watching little Billy at play.

Returning some quarter of an hour later, Johnny was just turning the last covered point, which shut off the view of the two tents a hundred feet further on, when he heard a frightened call from the other boatman. On the run Johnny came into view of the camp to see his partner at the river's brink staring into the bubbling, swift flowing stream carrying already a dozen feet away the helpless form of six-year-old Billy. The man, Johnny noted, was paying out a light stout rope, to the end of which was attached a short length of firewood, serving as rude but adequate buoy. But though the stick now bobbed close to the child, Johnny realized that this form of succor, while allright in the case of a man in such predicament, would fail by reason of the child's lack of comprehension and utter fright, which now caused it to wildly thresh the water. But a second did he take to grasp every detail. Now with a yell to the man to keep paying out the rope Johnny ran full speed along the bank, thus making faster time than the floating body. Coming opposite it, he sprang into the water. Attired only in moccasins, single shirt and overalls, he swam fairly

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Canada

By Albert D. Watson

Lord of the lands, beneath thy bending
skies,
On field and flood, where'er our banner
flies,
Thy people lift their hearts to Thee,
Their grateful voices raise:
May our Dominion ever be
A temple to thy praise.
Thy will alone
Let all enthroned;
Lord of the lands, make Canada thine
own!

Almighty Love, by thy mysterious power,
In wisdom guide, with faith and free-
dom dower;
Be ours a nation evermore
That no oppression blights,

Where justice rules from shore to
shore,
From Lakes to Northern Lights,
May love alone
For wrong atone;
Lord of the lands, make Canada thine
own!

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal
hand,
Hold us in honour, truth and self-com-
mand;
The loyal heart, the constant mind
The courage to be true,
Our wide-extending Empire bind,
And all the earth renew.
Thy name be known;
Through every zone;
Lord of the worlds, make all the lands
thine own!

A shabby man entered a small general
store in a Scotch village and asked the
owner, a genuine Scot who was known
far and wide for his "pawky" humor, if
he might have an empty soap box.
"All right," said the shopkeeper, "ye
can have one; but the price is twopence."
"Tuppence!" ejaculated the applicant.
"That's too much money altogether. I
can get them for less than that."
"Less than twopence? You're dream-
ing, man," replied the other, who disliked
nothing so much as haggling. "Where
can ye get them for less?"
"Down at your neighbor's, Tamson's,"
was the rejoinder.
"Oh," replied the man behind the
counter, apparently much relieved; "no
doubt ye would get them for less there,
but I was never fool enough to leave my
boxes outside on the pavement all night."

easy. As he struck the water he noticed
that the other boatman, having reached
the end of the rope, was now running
with the end slowly along the bank, thus
performing the same duty as he had
formerly by paying it out, in so far as
keeping it near to the child.

With long, powerful overhand strokes
Johnny fairly threw himself forward,
cutting against the current, yet ever
carried down. A dozen strokes and he
reached the rope. A precious two seconds
he lost, but caught it at last in his teeth
close to the floating buoy.

The rapids of the "chutes" have a
strange effect on a floating helpless body,
tending to roll it over and over in the odd
cross swirls and choppy little waves
peculiar to the channel. As he plunged
on with the rope tight held, Johnny saw
the tiny and now unstruggling body
lift on the crest directly ahead. And
now he knew the urgent need for haste,
for the toning diapason of those six feet
falls thundered ever louder in his ears, a
sound that marked their deadly nearness.
Full well Johnny knew that, though men
might jump the "chutes" in stout and
flat bottomed scow, no human form stood
any chance to go over that fall because it
would be immediately carried under and
held perhaps many minutes until beaten
to pulp by strange back swirling currents
from the down plunging tremendous
volume of water.

Now all the strength of long trained
arms and stout legs went into desperate
dash for that tossing mite so near now
to his hand. He reached Billy; with one
hand caught his wide coat collar, and the
man on shore, seeing, ceased his running.
Anticipating now being towed in, John-
ny's free left hand caught the rope from
his teeth, and his heart leaped with joy
as he felt it go taut.

But a minute later came realization
that that was all the rope was doing—
it was taut, but he made no headway
through the water. With both arms
happened, and his body held fighting
against the stream he went under one
minute, was up the next, then down again,
taking full in the face every little wave.
Yet half choked and blinded as he was,
he realized that the man on shore was not
equal to drawing them both ashore against
the now terrific draw of the river so close
to its fall. A moment hope swelled in
Johnny's heart, for held as they were
fixed against the current the side draw
of the water was bound to eventually sweep
them into shore, just as a ferry boat on
cables takes advantage of a river's
current. Only a moment did the hope
remain—choked and blinded as he was, he
still saw that the movement shoreward
was so slow that before they could be
swept inshore by the action of the current
so much time would elapse they would
both be drowned.

There was but one thing to do—and
into Johnny's mind came decision, perhaps
born of some of the finer blood of distant
chivalrous ancestor of the Scottish heath.

Slacking on the line, with two skilled
turns of one long used to ropes, he made
the child fast, then let go, and the eager
sucking waters dashed him away to the
brink of the boiling, gurgling flood, then
over its edge so smooth into the whirlpool
beneath that beat and whirled him
around and around, yet moving him
never a forward inch, while from above
poured ceaselessly with thunderous roaring
a mighty hammering flood upon his
helpless clay. At last the whirlpool, re-
lentless, tossed him out onto the quieter,
gentler flowing stream beyond, but it was
only an insensate, corporeal mass that it
carried on toward distant and lonely ice-
bound sea. Johnny's soul was gone—
but back on shore little Billy lived.

And months after, at great expense,
the grateful professor, who had heard the
earlier story of Johnny's card playing and
ostracising, had barged down the Peace
a ponderous stone, and raised it at the
spot where little Billy was brought
alive to shore.

There is no body beneath this mass of
granite, for seldom does the Peace give
back its dead, but perhaps the soul of
Johnny may be made glad, for carved
upon the rock are these words:

"He Played the Last Hand Fair."

"Oh, no," soliloquized Johnny bitterly;
"there ain't any favorites in this family!
If I bite my finger-nail, I get a rap over
the knuckles, but if the baby eats his
whole foot they think it's cute."—The
Christian Advocate.



Pay Will Be The Same

Men selected under the Military Service Act will receive the same pay as those now on active service receive. Pay will start from the time a man reports for duty. Money from the Patriotic Fund and Separation Allowance will also be available for selected men.

Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment, in addition to food, is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.

The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows:



	Pay	Field Allowance
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As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is \$20.00 per month for the rank and file, \$25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and \$30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civilian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.

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A young composer
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For passionate strings,
Raging against stupidity and wrong
Which rot the Heart of Things.

Scorn for the times
Breathed in the sombre, yet alluring
strain.

There was a sneer
In the swift modulation, at the pain
Of one poor sordid year.

When he was dead
From dusty manuscript they played the
song
This dark and bitter joke
Before a clamant and unruly throng
Of sentimental folk.

These, with closed eyes,
Heard in the strain a sound of dancing
feet
In fairy dells;
Spied the young bobolink upon the wheat
Before the Angelus bells.

Little they knew,
But all the understanding viols laughed
At the grim melody
Which cried of surly avarice and craft,
Towards and treachery.

—J. E. Middleton.

Transferred Affection

The music schools are full of girls, bright, active and ardent in the pursuit of study. Many of them are accomplished pianists or violinists. Then Prince Charming happens along. The Prince finds a girl of talent and sensitiveness and insists upon marrying her. For a year or more after the wedding the music study is continued. Then as occasional choristers come to aid the duet, practice is neglected. The plea is that the mother has much to do that she has transferred affection to the kiddies. That may be true, but it is doubtful if any mother is so busy as not to be able to afford half an hour a day to maintain her interest in music. The country is full of brilliant women who have not "kept up" their studies and yet husbands are just as fond of music in middle age as when they went a-courting. Furthermore, the advantage children have in hearing their mother play or sing with elegance and distinction is not fully realized.

The Three Periods

We are so accustomed to the use of harmonious chords that we are inclined to the belief that consonant sounds were early discoveries in music. On the contrary they are as recent as Shakespeare. Musical History divides itself naturally into three great periods. The first, from the dawn of race consciousness to about the year 900 A.D., developed the melody. Sometimes it was sung, sometimes played by rude instruments, but there was no such thing as the instrument playing one note while the singer voiced another. Towards the end of the period octave singing and playing appeared.

Then there was a discovery made. A monk found out that two or more melodies might be played concurrently and that the result was pleasing. Thus began the Mediaeval Period when Music became so involved and "scientific" that it was regarded as a branch of mathematics. We have records of composers who were able to provide 32 melodies for simultaneous singing. This was the polyphonic period which came to full flower in Palestrina and the ecclesiastical composers. Not until 1600 A.D. did the principles of modern harmony emerge with a dominant melody and voices or instruments in accompaniment. We call this the Modern Period and Bach was its Prophet.

Patriotic Songs

Shortly after the War broke out the presses of all the music engraving plants in Canada were running at top speed. So many people had written patriotic songs, words and music, and were so insistent that they should see the light that press feeders were a

sorely overworked crew. Not many of those songs have persisted. Even the best of them is not often heard nowadays. Perhaps we have begun to realize that trivial songs are merely stupid in presence of this appalling event. Perhaps also the men capable of writing something great and permanent are like many other creative artists, dulled by the terror of the times.

Our experience of two years ago is the experience of the United States to-day. All the inhabitants of "Tin-Pan Alley" in New York City are ragging the war and cabaret singers are in a sort of syncopated fit. The periodicals dealing with the graver side of music are full of advertisements calling attention to this or that anthem of Freedom, to this or that Special Hymn of Patriotic occasions. All over the vast extent of the Republic amateurs touched with the fire of patriotism, and not necessarily by the flame of inspiration, are committing their more or less fervent aspirations and imaginings to paper, and the presses run far into the night. What will be the result? Perhaps one or two great songs will arise. In all probability they will be written by some one as obscure as de Roget who in a sudden blaze of inspired passion produced La Marseillaise.

Life, a New York publication, has offered a large prize to the person who writes a song best expressing the spirit of the United States. Other publications have conducted similar contests. It is highly improbable that in the army of mediocrity engaged in such competitions a Captain of patriotic music or verse will be discovered. Great poems and great music are not generally written to order. One cannot buy such things as one buys linoleum or soap.

Known For One Work—And That a Masterpiece

On that memorable night before the great battle on the Plains of Abraham, it will be recalled, General Wolfe floated silently down the St. Lawrence recited to his men around him Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." As he finished he said "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec to-morrow." The man who was the author of it, one of the finest writings in the English language, wrote practically nothing else that has survived.

In music we have composers, who have to their credit a long string of pieces. Others again especially perhaps among the opera-composers have but one outstanding work that made and retained its popularity. Of the latter class, a well-informed writer on topics pertaining to the opera says: "In opera most of the composers who are counted as one-opera composers, are victims to the vagaries of genius rather than lack of effort. This may not have been the case with Rossini, whose William Tell and the Barber of Seville are the sole survivors of about forty works for the stage; but Rossini was lazy. Others have striven seriously to write of permanent interest but have failed. Among these are the following whose masterpiece is given with the date of its first production: Balfe (The Bohemian Girl) 1843; Mascagni (Cavalleria Rusticana) 1890; Leoncavallo (I Pagliacci) 1858; Flotow (Martha) 1847; Humperdinck (Hansel and Gretel) 1893; Giordano (Andre Chenier) 1896; and Ricci (Crispino e la Comare) 1865."

But it is not fair to attribute the non-success of any opera to its music. Often a real injustice is done a composer by forgetting that an opera is not entirely dependent on the music for its reception by the public. One writer's comment is that "the combination of music and libretto is rare. Fortunate are the few men like Wagner, Boito and Wolf-Ferri, who have had the gifts to build both. Mozart, while unfortunate in some of his libretti, wrote so charmingly that his music has survived despite some very feeble plays. Verdi had the gifted Boito as his librettist for his latter works, and Puccini has been fortunate in having fine books for all his pieces. The gift of turning out melodies is exceedingly rare. Mozart had it, as had Verdi, and some

would declare that Sir Arthur Sullivan in his lighter pieces was similarly blessed."

When a musician gives to the world a great opera, he has done a big thing. In the producing of what is termed good drawing-room songs the musical public is served in a different way. A great many of the composers are prolific writers. We think of Arthur Tate, Hermann Lohr, Jack Thompson, W. H. Squire, Jack Trelawny, Liza Lehmann, d'Hardelet, del Riego, Dorothy Forster, the late Noel Johnson and others who each have many successful works to their credit. And when it comes to lyrics for the songs the same thing applies. One of the most frequently seen names in this connection, whose words are used by various musicians and publishers is that of Ed. Teschamacher.

Life Among the Serbians

Serbia is, or rather was, the land of primitive things and primitive beliefs. Poverty and simplicity are everywhere visible in the homes of the peasants. Their houses are of the simplest. Some of the dwellings are built of adobe and thickly whitewashed, most of them show the brown mud which has been plastered upon a basketwork of willows. Roofs are everywhere constructed of reeds, or willows laid side by side very thickly, with the fluffy Hungarian grass as thatch. All the houses, even of the well-to-do peasants, and often of the middle class, are of one story and of only one or two rooms. They are set well back from the road and in a yard usually surrounded by sheds and pig and cow houses.

A visit to the house of even a wealthy grain raiser shows the narrow borderland between dearth and sufficiency in Serbia.

It is a little two-roomed dwelling built of adobe and whitewashed. At each corner of the house appears a stripe of blue and in the centre of each wall a design in blue is painted. About the windows another geometrical pattern in red takes the eye. In the living room a fire is burning on the earthen floor on a raised hearth. Close by is the oven, also of clay, with bread baking in it. Having got rid of the many and fiercely barking dogs that are much interbred with wolves, one takes off his boots at the threshold and enters. In the home itself the men go about in their stockings, minus boots or shoes, and the women with naked feet.

A great copper kettle hangs over the everlasting fire of corncobs and in it are leaves and twigs boiling slowly so as to yield their purple dye for household purposes. In an earthenware jar, cracked and scorched on its outside with the heat, a savorious stew of pork, beans, potatoes, gourds, pepper pods and capsicum is simmering. Plates of coarse white ware, blue pitchers, lamps and wooden platters are displayed on the mantelshelf of the great open chimney. The walls of the room are red-ochred and covered with thousands of flies. In a corner a shelf supports the large tin and earthenware pans with wooden covers for holding stores, etc., together with other utensils. In the tall cupboard hard by the entrance to the cellar under the kitchen there stand innumerable bottles and demijohns of plum wine and brandy, arrack, vodka and all sorts of home-made liquor. In it a little shelf holds the candles which the folk burn at the altar by way of devotions. Behind the living room lies the bed room with its great wooden bed and blue walls.

When the house is to be built, the proprietor does not consult any architect. Having chosen a piece of ground for the purpose, he puts on it several lumps of rock or large stones. If in the morning a frog or other living small thing is found when these are lifted, the site is regarded as satisfactory and building is begun. Even the presence of a worm is sufficient to the rural Serbian to bring luck to his new house.

The attitude of the average Serbian toward death is that it is merely a consequence of Nature. They keep their coffin boards in their lofts and a barrel of strong plum wine, which is as strong as any alcohol, in the cellar, to be drunk at the funeral by the survivors, who usually then indulge in a feast. There is a strong belief among all Serbians that

more than two deaths in one year will follow in the same family if a black cock be not buried alive with the second corpse. Until the funeral has taken place, it is not etiquette to eat or to drink or to do any housework. And, as the Serbian peasants believe that the soul of the dead person remains in the house for some twenty-four hours after death, a loaf of bread and a bottle of plum wine or of spirits are placed on the table of the room in which the deceased expired, and remain there until the coffin is lowered into the grave. A coin is also thrown down on to the coffin lid before the soil is turned in, so that the departed shall not enter the other world empty-handed.

During the first twelve months of mourning the women of the household pay five visits to the grave. Until the year is over they must neither sing nor wear flowers. Five feasts for the soul of the departed are also held during the twelve months, the guests always bringing their own food with them. Anything that is left is afterward distributed among the poor at hand.


But Christmas in Serbia, that land of

pigs and plum wine, and poverty, has a ritual of customs deemed of the greatest importance. The native word for Christmas Day is "Bojich," which means "The Infant God;" and its celebration begins early on the previous morning. Almost immediately after dawn two of the youngest of the family go out into the nearest forest or woodlands, and carefully cut down a small oak. To bring good luck it is requisite that the tree falls toward the east. If through miscalculation or carelessness, it falls toward the west, misfortunes are to be expected during the coming year. Two logs are then sawn off the oak, one of them larger than the other. These are termed the "Baduyak," and have to be kept burning from midnight on Christmas Eve. When the baduyak is put into the fire on the open hearth the thicker end which sticks out is smeared with honey very thickly and on Christmas morning, as soon as the family are all up they greet each other over the baduyak with endearments and the best of wishes for next year.

Roast pig takes the place of turkey as the principal Christmas dish. It is

cooked about four in the morning, and, as it is the custom to fast on Christmas Eve, every one falls to very heartily. But no one ever thinks of eating a mouthful until the first Christmas visitor has arrived to greet the family. This individual is known as the "Polozuik." On entering the house, he walks up to the hearth and strikes the baduyak a blow, saying, as the sparks fly out, "May you have this coming year just as much good luck, prosperity, progress and happiness as you wish." He then embraces the family, each one, across the burning log and is kissed in turn by all present. Prayers are offered up by the head of the house. After this the roast pig is put on the table, together with stuffed gourds and roasted onions, and the feasting begins, it may be truthfully said to continue all day.

One wonders how many of Serbia's traditions and customs will pass in this war of Armageddon. Already her losses throughout her four years of almost constant fighting have exceeded 54 per cent of her male population and some 28 per cent of the women and children.

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DO NOT HESITATE to take quick advantage of this remarkable proposition—a subscription to a first-class farm paper at very low cost and the opportunity to win this Latest Model Touring Car at no extra charge. Send for free sample copy of The Nor'-West Farmer and circular with complete description of this magnificent offer, or fill in and mail the coupon, with your remittance and estimates.

VALUABLE INFORMATION—The wheat sample contains exactly five pounds of 1917 No. 1 Northern. Count all or certain part of this quantity and make your estimates of the number of kernels in five pounds. In the 1916 contest, our sample weighed ten pounds and contained 175,339 kernels. In 1915 we used four pounds, which contained 59,811 kernels.

How many kernels in five pounds of 1917 wheat?

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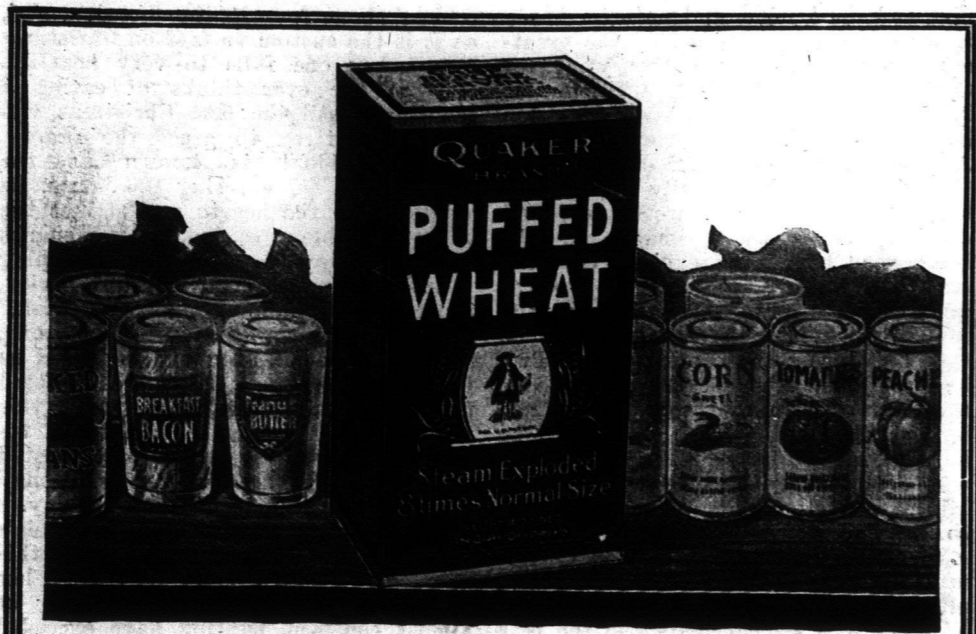
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Photograph of jar containing 5 lbs. of No. 1 Northern Wheat. Prof. S. A. Bedford, Official Contest Judge, will break the seal and count the kernels after the close of the contest on May 1st, 1918. His decision will be final and satisfactory to all.



The One Lone Package

On the Pantry Shelf Shows a Wrong Idea of Puffed Wheat

Some people treat Puffed Grains as tidbits, to be served on rare occasions. These bubble grains, flavory and flaky, seem like food confections. As some folks say, "They seem too good to eat."

That is a wrong conception. Puffed Wheat and Rice, above all else, are scientific foods.

They are whole grains, rich in minerals and vitamins. They supply what flour foods lack.

And they are fitted, like no other grain foods, for easy, complete digestion. Every food cell is exploded, so digestion can instantly act. And the whole grain feeds.

Their easy digestion makes them perfect between-meal foods, or good-night foods, or luncheon foods. Everybody revels in them. Keep plenty on hand, and both kinds, so children can have all they want of them. At odd hours or at mealtime, they are the best foods one can eat.



Puffed Wheat in Milk

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Both 15c
Except in Far West**

**Puffed
Rice**

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper, float in bowls of milk. Use as wafers in soup, as nut-like garnish for ice cream. Douse with melted butter, like peanuts or popcorn, for an after-school delight. They are as welcome as confections, and far better for the child.



Mix With Fruit



Use Like Nut Meats

The Quaker Oats Company

SOLE MAKERS

Peterborough, Canada

(1698)

Saskatoon, Canada

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Facing the Future

"To every girl there openeth
A high way and a low,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every girl there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every girl decideth
The way her soul shall go."

We are all facing the future. We are always facing the future.

Have we a high aim in life? God would not have given us that desire without the ability to accomplish it.

Every girl who reads this is facing life's mountain—the higher we climb the more beautiful is the vision from the top.

There are dangerous places in this climb—forests, crevices, rocks, wild animals, all are there and nothing but Divine guidance will insure safety in the climb. The first step in a girl's life is the wise selection of a guide—one who will assist us over the difficult places in the climb. To-day is full of difficulties and it is hard to climb, but our brave boys in the trenches realize the value of the necessity of life's great Guide.

"Pray for me every night," writes one soldier over there, to my little girl—"for," he continues, "it was only through His guidance that I came out of Vimy Ridge alive." All our soldiers are living

talks with girls. I believe the poets would not care.)

"She that hath light within her own dear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;
But she that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under midday sun,
Herself in her own dungeon."

We plant a seed and wait for it to grow. We place it in the sun. If it is placed in a dark place it will be weak and delicate. How true to life this is. We need years of sunshine to make our lives strong.

"If I covet one high grace
It is this: upon my face
Just to wear an inner light
To illumine others' night."

"Give me such a look so high
That the saddest passerby
On a sudden glad shall say:
'Somewhere shines the sun to-day.'"

Then in the climb upward there are those about us who need a little help—our companions on the way.

"Many a heart is hungry, starving,
For a little word of love,
Speak it then and as the sunshine
Guides the lofty peaks above.
So the joy of those who hear it,
Sends its radiance up life's way,
And the world is brighter, better,
For the loving words we say."



A German plane which was brought down behind Canadian lines.

the great truth He taught. In the struggle of these times I have learned lessons—those who are suffering the most say the least. Suffering is the fire that burns the impurities of life out of us and leaves only pure gold. Those who are doing the most talk the least.

We say the toll of life in this awful struggle of war is terrible. It is: But let us not forget the lives wasted in peace—needlessly wasted. Tuberculosis, preventable diseases, alcohol, poverty, prostitution, drugs, and child labor factories have wasted millions of lives every year. We believe this war will make the world change these destructive agencies that waste human lives, because it is stirring the world to a readiness for great deeds and sacrifice.

One English soldier in his diary says: "I have seen the naked souls of men stripped of circumstance. Rank and reputation, wealth and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, manners and uncouthness—these I saw not. I saw the naked souls of men." There is a spirit there of mutual respect and understanding that does away with class—out of it all is coming a universal love for humanity. It must. At the top of the mountain is the vision beautiful.

Women—mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of men are seeing visions these days—they are rising up through an universal sacrifice for the betterment of mankind. They suffer. But they see visions they have never seen before.

While climbing the mountain of life let us stay in the sunshine. It will make us stronger. (Sometimes I quote poetry using the feminine pronouns—in my

In this climb let us not be blind to the beauty about us—the sympathetic smile, the little child's faith, the old lady's gentle word of love, the poor woman's gratitude for small blessings. These are gems of wondrous brightness everywhere.

There is a beautiful story of an Indian girl who wrapped the flag about her when an assailant tried to attack her. She felt his respect for the flag of his country would make him respect her virtue.

Is it not the duty of every girl who lives under the protection of the Union Jack to live a life so pure that she would be worthy of wrapping the flag about her—worthy of wearing it?

When a girl sacrifices her purity she is not true to the flag that protects her—the flag our brave men are sacrificing their lives to save.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Yes—at the top of life's mountain is this vision. This vision beautiful. Unless our minds grow we cannot see visions.

Fanny Crosby studied astronomy and her mind was lifted to lofty visions. Think of the millions of men and women this blind woman lifted because she willed her mind to see beauty.

Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

One of Them

She was cashier in a certain establishment. He earned a good salary. So they were married but they did not "live

happily ever after." He furnished a little home. It was cozy and comfortable, but she simply could not stay in it. She wanted a pair of fifteen dollar boots more than a bill of good groceries. Sightseeing on the streets meant more to her than efficient housekeeping. Finally she said: "I'm going back to work as cashier."

"If you go back to work," he replied, "I'll leave the city."
She went back to her old position. He went to the coast.

She has not heard from him since he left.
Her love of dress has crowded out all other love. She is in the army of discontented wives. Why?

A Curfew

There were four of them—young girls—from ten to twelve years of age. There were scores of other girls their age out on the streets, in picture shows and in cars. Little girls whose mothers did not care, I presume. They winked at men, honked auto horns and had a general gay time. It was eleven o'clock at night.

Does nobody care about these very young girls?

Is there no curfew in Winnipeg to keep these young girls at home so late at night?

Who is enough interested in these very young girls to start a movement to keep them at home nights—a curfew like the one in force in Toronto?

What is worth more to our country than the lives of these young girls who are on our Winnipeg streets unchaperoned until twelve o'clock at night?

Life's Best Gifts

Love and work are the two greatest blessings that can come into any girl's life. If her heart be full of love her work will be full of beauty. Love and work keep one gloriously young. The knowledge of successful work gives us courage. I feel sorry for the young woman with plenty of money and nothing to do.

By constant mental effort we can increase our capacity for achievement and improve our personality. Any woman over forty is responsible for her face. It is the expression of her life.

One's everyday thoughts, like one's everyday clothes, need not be brilliant, but they should be clean.

These day dreams of ours set their sign upon our faces.

Every employee in a commercial institution will do one of two things at the end of a given time—show a profit or a loss for the firm—and the average employer will not retain and advance a girl unless she is a profitable investment.

Poor health, overworked nerves, aches and pains are business handicaps. There is little excuse for petty ills in this day when sane hygienic living is taught on every street corner. Do not try to market your family troubles, your personal needs or your financial reverses.

Until we have services of real value to offer we cannot expect the business world to buy.

It takes a big heart, a big mind, and a big purpose to acquire success—and with all this—even in these times—women must be women still—gentle—sincere—and cheerful. The trinity of a woman's power is purity, dignity and spirituality.

One of Our's

She was one of our Western Home Monthly readers. Last winter she came into the city to take a course in school. I admired her very much for her unusual amount of cheerful optimism in the face of difficulties. She came to see me at times to talk over her work, and when she left I felt that she had helped me.

Now she is teaching in one of the foreign community schools recently opened by the Minister of Education.

Her chief aim is to help these people educationally and socially. She will be a power in that neighborhood.

Next year she hopes to come back for another year in school. She is working her way through school—a worth while young woman whom I admire very much. What a force of influence is possible in a young woman of this type! Let us connect the reminders of our daily work not with drudgery, but with the joy of attainment and success.

The Truant Hearts

By Nancy Byrd Turner

"Home-keeping hearts are happiest"—so runs the old refrain:

"That have an anchor for their joys, a peace below their pain;
That hear not, in their deep content, the ringing call to roam."
But oh, the hearts that fared afar and turn again to home!

That fared afar with dreams for guide, on misty wanderings,
And found them regions new and strange, and learned them wondrous things;
But stopped at last to shade the eyes between a tear and smile,
With "Friends, I'm weary just a bit; I'm going home awhile!"

They had not known the yellow light could linger on so late,
That apple boughs could bend so close above the garden gate;
They had not thought the sunset bird could sing the dim years long
Without a bar of music changed in all its blessed song.

They had forgotten how a breath of summer wind is stirred
Through open windows suddenly, soft as a welcome word.

With snowy curtains fluttering, and fittings in the hall,
And ripple running ripple in the green vine on the wall.

Forgotten but to learn again the scent of rose-and-musk,
The tinkle of returning bells across the dewy dusk;

The cricket-quaver in the grass, the crying whip-poor-will,
The beauty of the wistful moon low on the western hill;

Till, shadows blurred to quiet gray before the misty sight—
Lids heavy with the drifting dark, the burden of the night—
Speech but a slender thread of sound, half-broken in the gloom—
Hopes, dreams and memories are one in the old tender room.

"Home-keeping hearts are happiest"—so runs the rime of old.
And surely they have chosen best who bide within the fold:

But ah, the hearts that halt one day, out in the world of men,
With "Comrades, I am tired now; I'm going home again!"

She Knew Amos

The man who takes trolley rides through the country, says a writer in the Boston Advertiser, sees and hears much that is amusing. A few days ago, while I was riding through the outskirts of Amesbury, an old lady—but a decidedly spry one—hailed the car. She was accompanied down to the road from the house by a young woman, possibly her daughter.

The elder woman put her foot on the lower running board, grasped the upright and was about to climb into the car, when she turned to the young woman and said:

"Don't forget that gingerbread in the oven, 'Liza. You know pa just hates burnt gingerbread."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. But the old lady paid no attention to him.

"And, 'Liza," she continued, "when you pick up the eggs, himby, look out for that Rhode Island Red that wants to set! She'll pick ye if ye ain't careful."

"All aboard!" again shouted the conductor; but as the old lady proceeded to climb on to the car she paused long enough to say to him, "Ye can't scare me, Amos. I've known ye ever since ye was knee-high."

Amos grinned, pulled the bell, and we were on our way.

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IT seems early to be talking about Christmas, doesn't it? But to the wise these days of autumn chill are sounding warnings that Christmas is not so far away. Year after year Christmas has seemed "so far away" until almost the last moment, that it has been spoiled by lack of preparation. Prepare this year. Send now for the DINGWALL Catalogue, so that the supply may not be exhausted later when you may chance to be in a Christmas mood.

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The Coal Mines of Alberta

By C. W. Higgins

WITH the advent of fall and the long winter days but a few weeks away, the people of Canada are now giving the coal situation a large amount of attention.

At all seasons of the year, the mining of coal is recognized as one of Canada's chief and important industries. Evidence of this fact has been very noticeable of late by the heavy movement of coal by the transportation companies. On virtually every train, operated for transportation of freight, carloads of coal are being hauled through the various provinces, from the many mines located in Canada. This will, to some extent, offset any rumors that Canada is faced with a shortage of coal for this winter.

The writer, a few days ago, was privileged to visit the Drumheller coalfield, which is declared to be among the largest in Canada. Drumheller, which is a town of more than 2,500 persons, is located on the Canadian Northern Railway, 85 miles east of Calgary, on the Red Deer River. In addition to this being only one instance in which the Canadian Northern Railway traverses through districts where industries of national importance are located, this transportation company has been instrumental to a large extent in the development of many of Canada's industries, particularly the coal and lumber and live stock industries. Since the opening up of this town by the railway company in 1911 until this day, Drumheller has been known as the coal town, and it may rightly be said to be such. Coal mined at Drumheller is supplied not only to the prairie provinces of Manitoba Saskatchewan and Alberta, but is finding a trade market in Eastern and Central British Columbia. The town is built in a valley which is very picturesque. Numerous shacks and tents occupied by miners, assist in scattering the town to many miles in length. On either side hills of considerable height may be seen for miles. In several of these, seams of coal are visible to the naked eye.

Fourteen mines are now in operation in this Alberta district, and many miles of trackage has been built by the Canadian Northern Railway to accommodate cars to transport the daily output of coal. For miles hundreds of cars may be seen waiting to be loaded with coal to be distributed at various points in the prairie provinces.

The mines are operated the year round, provided labor is available. The slack season is from April to June. Beginning May 1st, 1917, the commencement of the coal year, there were 96,000 tons of coal shipped from these coalfields up to August 1st, as compared with 32,000 tons during the same period in 1916.

Those who have visited coal mines and seen operations, know how interesting an industry it is. Through the courtesies of the manager of the Alberta Block Company mines, and the Midland collieries, the writer was given the pleasure of accompanying the foreman to these respective mines, which are about thirty-five feet below the surface. Upon descending the shaft which leads to the mine a thought comes to one of entering a new world.

There, an underground of many miles of trackage is open to the visitor. On these, coal is transported from the seams to the hoist by means of small cars, carrying about a ton, and drawn by mules or horses. Each mule or horse, as the case may be, draws about four cars on an average. When a long haul is required the animals are arranged in tandem style to draw from eight to ten cars. On the main track which is several hundred feet long, electric lights make it most convenient for the miners and animals. Off the main passage and in places called rooms, the miners use a small lamp, containing calcium carbide, also electric lamps.

In each mine, more than 150 men are employed mining coal, which is now finding place in many homes of the West. The workmen go on duty at eight o'clock. Each morning an examination of every nook and corner in the mines is made by two examiners, two hours before the men go on duty. This is to detect gas. The examiners carry safety

lamps and these lamps are made in such manner they go out immediately gas is discovered. Each miner has his own work to do. Some miners work by piece work, others by day, in either case their remuneration averages much more than the average laborer.

The seam of coal which averages about six feet thick is cut by a six and a half foot cutter bar of steel with a pick set in chain, driven by 30 horse power motor. This cutting of the seam continues till a length of about 25 feet is made by bars and picks; then the coal is mined to a distance of about five and a half feet high, leaving in some cases, about half a foot of coal at the top for a support to the roof. While the seam is being cut, which is usually done by two men, tracks are being constructed in order to have this coal conveyed immediately.

From 500 to 600 tons a day is the output in the Newcastle coal mine on the eight hour shift. This coal is hauled up from the mine by a hoisting engine of 270 horse power, is lifted 75 feet, then screened and dumped into cars on train



W. P. Hinton, the new Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

below. From every mine car which comes up to the surface to be screened a sample, which goes through the 1/4-inch screen, is taken and weighed. Each miner puts a brass check and number on the car and the weighman, after sample is weighed, gives the miner credit accordingly. Each car is dumped in a three-inch screen, then the stove coal is taken out. What coal goes over the three-inch screen is lump and disposed of accordingly. Three railway cars are loaded at one time. In an endeavor to place all grades of coal on the market the management of many mines have remodelled their collieries during the year. Much might be said of the development work in all collieries in the Drumheller district and great praise is due the mine managers, who are declared the best practical managers in Canada for the excellent foresight displayed in the arrangement of tunnels and precautions against accidents to workmen.

The coal is brought to the surface on a slope wide enough for a double track, power is supplied by a five horse power engine, a double drum hoist is used.

The question may be asked how the men and animals exist down in the mines. Every mine is ventilated by huge fans; several are driven by 50 horsepower engines. The fan in the A. B. C. mine has a capacity of 100,000 cubic feet per minute against one-inch water gauge. This air is distributed equally in the various rooms in the mines by means of doors. Two hundred cubic feet of air per minute to each man and animal is required by law.

It might be supposed that coal mining is anything but clean. This belief is

Summer Days in Moose Land

By H. W. Wicksread

SUMMER has come at last. In the Northland the ice is off the lakes, and the snow has disappeared from the woods. And with the summer has come that restless feeling which every old bush whacker will recognize.

Business took the writer up North to Agate, on the C.N.R., last week, and, falling in with a friend who had some exploring to do around Kapuskasing Lake, it did not take much persuasion to induce him to remain over Sunday and go along with him. A friend had comfortable quarters already fixed up so that no time was lost in camping, and in half an hour after getting off the train on Saturday afternoon we were afloat in one of Chestnut's canvas productions and paddling towards the outlet of the lake.

The day was perfect, and almost windless, and the little fourteen-footer slipped fast through the water under the impulse of two paddles, and, both of us being old timers, the impulse was fairly steady and strong, and interrupted only by the difficulty my friend had in storing his No. 12 feet under a thwart adjusted for No. 8's. The insertion was accomplished by turning the feet horizontally, and, after insertion, allowing them to come back approximately to the perpendicular again. But this arrangement was productive of considerable discomfort and could not be maintained indefinitely and "spells" had to be permitted for straightening out. Aside from this difficulty things went merrily and an hour brought us to the railway bridge at the outlet.

the spring freshet came boiling and tumbling through this gap at a tremendous pace, and curled up in great surges below. It was obviously no place for a 14-foot canoe, and having seen what we wanted we reascended the river not quite so quickly as we came down, and landed at a little trading post near the outlet of the lake. The post is typical: A log building neatly built, with a living room and kitchen attached, and a bedroom partitioned off at one end. About the door was the usual knot of Indians, squaws, children and paposes in their cradles, looking out on the world placidly and contentedly through beady black eyes. A few mongrel dogs were scavenging round for scraps of food, and in a pen in one corner of the paddock were a couple of cute looking fox pups. The store showed the usual shelves with cottons for the squaws, a bunch of traps for the hunters, a few cheap guns in a corner, tinpails and frying pans suspended from the ceiling and a miscellaneous assortment of canned goods.

The contrast between the old order and the new was very marked and striking, for only 50 feet away was the modern railway, the embodiment of civilization in actual touch with the primitive conditions of half a century ago.

Next morning was fine and sunny and dead calm again, and we started with an extra canoe and two men for a longer exploration. The lake was crossed to the mouth of the Chapeau and ascended to the first rapids. Our consort canoe occupants hooked a fine pike, and might have caught a great many more, but the brutes



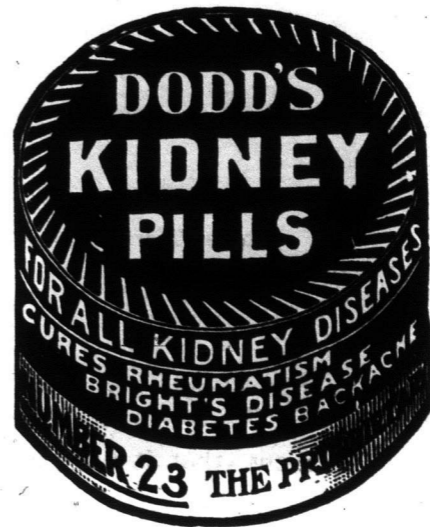
Canadian Official Photograph—A village being heavily shelled.

"Kapuskasing" or "Kebsquasheshing," is a considerable body of water, approximately an equilateral triangle of three miles side, and marks the edge of the "Clay belt." To the south is the ordinary Laurentian country of rock and gravel ridges stretching away without a break to Lake Huron. To the north is a great plain of rich clay land, with low ridges and an occasional isolated hill. The most conspicuous of these is Mount Holden, near the south shore, rising to an elevation of 300 feet. It was named after a former bishop of Rupert's Land. From the south enters a large stream which crosses the C.P.R. 75 miles further south, and has been given the name of the town at that point, "Chapeau," and alongside it but quite disconnected is a long bay running some five or six miles into the interior and representing a former glacier bed, with moraines and "Eskers" of gravel and boulders very strongly marked.

The Kapuskasing runs out of the northeast angle, and is joined a mile further down by another larger stream, the Nemagosenda or Trout river. The two together form one of the great rivers of the north, and one of the main affluents of the Moose. The water was high in both rivers, and we swept swiftly down between low banks fringed with reeds and grasses behind which was the interminable forest of spruce and balsam. Three miles down an ominous roar announced the proximity of the first rapids, and some blazes on the left showed the portage. We landed and started out to explore and examine the rapid, which is the formidable affair caused by a rocky construction of the channel, which narrows the river up from 150 feet to one-third that width. The great volume of

were so voracious that they fairly swallowed the spoon, and it was fifteen minutes work to extract it. Descending the river again we turned up the long bay and explored to the extreme end, a long stretch of placid river-like water winding between gravel hills wooded with Norway pine and poplar. We climbed one of these hills and got a glorious view in every direction over this great oneland of the north, and we made some tea and had a leisurely lunch at its foot.

This is evidently a favorite hunting ground for the Indians and several cosy camp grounds had been occupied. A birch bark canoe had been left for the winter at one and smashed in by the weight of the winter snows. Presently out of the woods came two fine moose, which began to splash and swim about in the shallow water. Unless it be a somewhat similar country 100 miles further west this is probably the best moose preserve in the world, and the men told all sorts of stories of their numbers. The writer has himself come upon five in a single afternoon without going ten feet off the regular canoe route, and on one occasion had to wait for a cow and calf to get out of the way. We shouted and yelled, and the moose went ashore and made off, but later in the afternoon we sighted another having a bath, and, paddling quietly, got between him and his landing place. When he saw us his only line of retreat was across the bay. He had a start of two hundred yards, and the bay was four hundred wide. But do not imagine that we caught him, although we gained on him a little. He landed, trotted up the hillside in leisurely style and disappeared over the crest line. His curiosity, however, had evidently been excited, for a few



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moments later he was back to have a look at us, and walked deliberately along the ridge in full view. This it must be remembered was within sound of the whistle of the locomotive, and a mile or two further on the trains could be seen across the lake, and to get here from the station we had not to walk more than ten yards. Beaver signs were numerous, and several ducks skittered away in front of us.

The trip back to civilization with the sun sinking and the shadows lengthening was very enjoyable, and there were as many pike to be caught as we cared to attend to. Before sunset we were back at headquarters. The eastbound train came along at midnight. We boarded it, tired from our day's ramble, but well content, and pleased to think that within 20 hours of the metropolis of Ontario there was still a country where man could resort to savagery for a brief space and commune with nature in the wilderness. And what a wilderness it is! One can wander for days and even weeks with only an occasional portage, and never return the way he came. The watery lanes are innumerable, and many of them known only to local Indians.

Kapuskasing is not a particularly good fishing lake, and seem to contain few fish but pike and pickerel, but there are numerous others teeming with fish, and in several streams the king of game fish, the brook trout, runs up to five pounds in weight, and is always hungry.

Too Fresh

The young bride was doing the family marketing for the first time. She stopped at the fish-stall and looked over the array of sea food.

"All perfectly fresh, ma'am," said the dealer ingratiatingly.

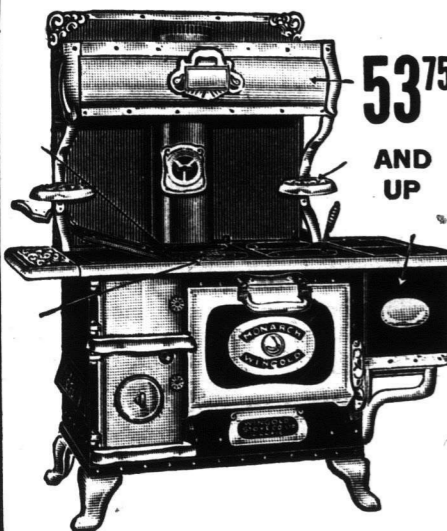
"Oh dear!" exclaimed the bride. "That's what everybody says. I wish I could find some stale fish. You see, my husband has indigestion, and the doctor won't let him eat fresh bread. I'm sure fresh fish would be even worse for him."

—The Globe.

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far from the truth. Very little dust is noticed in the mine. When the men ascend from their day's work they are given a shower in the wash shop on the surface. In this shop there are ten showers of hot and cold water. This building is heated in winter by exhaust steam by big radiators.

In the Drumheller valley two seams of coal are operated. In the Newcastle, A. B. C. Premier, Atlas and Western Gem mines coal is over five feet thick, while in the mines in the lower seam, coal is seven feet thick. These mines include the Monarch Collieries, N. A. Collieries Midland, Sterling, Drumheller, Rosedale, Star Mining Co., the Rosedear Coal Mining Co., and the Western Commercial at Wayne.

The Philosopher

In the Years to Come

One thing we may take as manifestly and unquestionably true. It is that the war has been forging a new Imperialism, which will have nothing to do with any old politics or factious differences. The war has drawn closer together the self-governing parts of the Empire. How to perpetuate and make operative this closer union is an exceedingly difficult problem, partly because prejudices lie slumbering in the ashes of old political controversies, which have heretofore flared up when any breath has stirred the heap. But we may confidently look forward to the certainty that the problem will be solved. The peoples of the Empire have a common ideal of government, common conceptions of law, liberty and democracy, and surely we Canadians, in common with our brothers of the other self-governing nations of the Empire, can look to a future, when without lessening our own control of our national and domestic affairs, we shall share as well in determining the foreign and defensive policies of the Empire, on the wise administration of which the perpetuation of British ideals depends. We do not yet fully realize, perhaps, how by the part Canada has taken in the war the Canadian nation has been thrust forward in the world. The Canadian people have taken their share in the work of determining the greatest issue in the whole history of civilization, will never again be content with our old outlook. Few people have come so quickly to their maturity. We shall never again be content with our old provincial and dominion outlook.

The War and World History

In his noble History of the English People, John Richard Green points out the immense enlargement of English sympathy that followed upon the trial of Warren Hastings. "The attention, the sympathy of Englishmen had been drawn across distant seas to a race utterly strange to them," he writes, "and the peasant of Cornwall or Cumberland had learned how to thrill at the sufferings of a peasant of Bengal." If the trial of Warren Hastings had that effect in the eighteenth century, surely a like effect on a vastly greater scale will be produced—or, to speak more accurately, has already been produced—by this great struggle of the twentieth century. Troops from Asia and Africa are fighting on European soil in defence of human freedom, side by side with European troops and with soldiers from this continent; men born under the Southern Cross are fighting shoulder to shoulder with men from this country and from Newfoundland—lands which to Australians and New Zealanders have seemed to lie within the Polar circle of the north. The war is making us all feel that we are citizens of the world. The range and potency of the events of the present time dwarf everything analogous in the history of the world. The Greco-Roman civilization provided the paths and the mechanism that made triumphs of early Christianity; the Crusades exerted a powerful influence in shaping European history. That this war will have a profound and enduring effect upon the development of civilization is certain.

The Problems that Peace will Bring

When the roar of the guns in Europe has ceased and the tide of men begins to flow into this country, there will be need for clear vision and for resolute hearts in facing and solving the problems which peace will bring. To the waiting plains and valleys of our country many faces will turn in hope. But ways and means must be devised that will ensure that the men who devote themselves to agricultural pursuits find themselves rightly placed, and are not square pegs trying to fit themselves into round holes and that there shall not be wanting all that wise, foreseeing and just legislation can achieve to make the conditions surrounding their industry such as will give them contentment. When the war is over there will be an unprecedented period of adjustment. The problems in connection with the returned soldiers will be of great magnitude and complexity and there will be many other problems. We must not forget that within the boundaries of Canada is one-third of the area of the British Empire. Canada is plainly destined to play an important part in the period of adjustment and reconstruction after the war, and there will be need of all the intelligence and public spirit that our country can muster in order to ensure the working out of our country's salvation.

When Kultur Threw Aside Its Party Manners

If peace were made with no indemnities, no reparation by Germany, what would it be but condonation by civilization of German outrage, lawlessness, pillage, rapine, devastation? It would mean the receiving back into the brotherhood of nations of this people of Kultur, who learned all that the world had to teach, saving only common decency and common humanity. They have the blood of civilized peoples on their hands, an imperishable stain. They were never truly civilized. They took the semblance of civilization from the civilized peoples simply as an item in their schedule of efficiency, they codified it and systematized it in their own way with philosophy and science and German erudition and renamed it Kultur. They disguised it with party manners. But when the time came for them to leap upon civilization, they cast aside their party manners, and reverted to butchery and lustful savagery and frightfulness.

As to Worry and Duty

In an excellent sermon to which The Philosopher had the pleasure of listening recently with profit, the preacher declared that worry is an evil which is more destructive than drink or vice, that it wastes life, that it is sinful, and that it is always a personal weakness. Which is all true, and, indeed, it had all been said many times before. But it deserves to be said again and again. The preacher's words were vivid with living truth. Senseless worry, as he warned his hearers, is actually shortening lives in worse than useless waste. The worrier should consider what countless numbers of people are worse off than he is; this, surely, is a reflection which the war has brought home to every person. The duty of triumphing over what the preacher well called the

"personal weakness" of worrying is only part of the whole duty of moral steadfastness which the war is teaching the lesson of. This strong scourge of duty which is driving the flower of our manhood to fight for all that makes human life precious, or, indeed, worth enduring, is an instrumentality making itself felt in shaking the dross out of life. Duty must be faced. Children who have not had this truth made part of their character are wretchedly unequipped for life.

Two Aspects of Ourselves

"Viewed from one angle," says a writer in the Round Table, "the Canadian people resemble a crowd fiercely scrambling for coins; viewed from another, they seem capable of the highest ideals and loyalties." Is not this true of all peoples? Is it not true of individuals as well? The Philosopher, realizing that he must needs strive to attain as much of that fair-mindedness without which there can be no true Philosophy, is constrained to admit that the first half of the sentence quoted from the Round Table writer sets forth a truth which has been very much in evidence because of the circumstances of this country. The great majority of those who came to Canada did so with the purpose of improving their fortunes, and they knew that for success they must depend upon their own efforts. Hence there has been in our country a high degree of individualism—"every man for himself"—and an immense amount of pre-occupation with material things. But this self-seeking individualism has been no more general and no more strenuous than it has always been in any new and prosperous country. And surely the war has brought proof in great abundance that there is no lack in Canada of devotion to the highest ideals and loyalties. To say that the war has purged our country completely of self-seeking individualism would be to say too much. But it is true beyond question that the great lesson of the war is the lesson of individualism that realizes its duty of service to the common welfare, instead of the selfish pursuit of individual gain. The realization of this duty is the only foundation of true democracy.

The Grafting in Autocracies

The German attempt to discredit President Wilson's reply to the Pope by pointing out certain manifest shortcomings and defects in democratic countries, especially graft, resorted to the favorite weapon of the opponents of the advance of democratic institutions of self government. There is no system of government known that has ever, in actual operation, proved itself perfectly flawless. But the evils of democracy are not only less in magnitude than those that flourish under absolutism, but the democratic system cures itself of them. The great cleansing agent of publicity is ever at work. Whereas in autocracies such as Germany, or Austria, corruption is concealed. There is none of the sunlight of publicity. Graft flourishes on a scale impossible in a democracy. Favorites of the court, male and female, are provided with titles and honors, palaces and incomes. The people pay for all.



Row upon row of burnished steel bayonets flashed in the sun when these British troops marched on to the place where the great British field service to mark the commencement of the fourth year of war was held. It was an inspiring sight that of thousands of armed men assembling to pray before going into battle for a fourth year to achieve the peace that will be permanent and everlasting. This remarkable photograph that has just reached Canada, shows the troops in their places waiting for the command, "Order Arms."

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Materials—Two large hanks of No. 5 mercerized crochet cotton. Make 245 ch sts, making a 31-inch ch for the width of cover. To alter width, increase or decrease by 21 ch sts.

First row—1 d c, into 6th ch st, sps for this row, 5 ch sts, turn.

Second row—1 d c over d c, * 1 gr, 1 sp, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Third row—1 d c, 1 sp, 1 d c into every st, with 2 sps, at end, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fourth row—1 sp, 2 gr, sps across, 2 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fifth row—2 sp, 1 gr, sps across, 2 gr, 1 sp, 5 ch sts, turn.

Sixth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, * 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, repeat * having 2 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, at end, 5 ch sts, turn.

Seventh row—2 sp, 1 gr, * 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 4 gr, repeat * 5 ch sts, turn.

Eighth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, * 6 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Ninth row—2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 4 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Tenth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, * 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Eleventh row—2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, * 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twelfth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, * 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Thirteenth row—2 sp, 1 gr, * 3 sp, 3

gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fourteenth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, * 5 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, repeat *, 5 ch sts, turn.

Fifteenth row—2 sp, 1 gr, repeat 14th row, 1 gr, 2 sp, at end, 5 ch sts, turn.

Repeat backward until you have completed 23rd row.

Twenty-fourth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, sp across, making 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp at end, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-fifth row—2 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, sp across and continue border at end, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-sixth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 3 sp, 3 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 3 gr, 3 sp, 1 d c into each st, across and repeat border at end, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-seventh row—2 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 5 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 5 gr, 2 sp, 2 gr, * 1 sp, 1 gr, alternately across center, repeat border, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-eighth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 2 sp, 5 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 5 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, sp across, repeat border, 5 ch sts, turn.

Twenty-ninth row—2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 3 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 3 gr, 3 sp, 2 gr, * 1 sp, 1 gr, repeat *, across center, repeat border, 5 ch sts, turn.

Thirtieth row—1 sp, 2 gr, 4 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 2 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, * 1 gr, 3 sp, repeat * across center, repeat border, 5 ch sts, turn.

Thirty-first row—2 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 2 gr, * 1 sp, 1 gr, repeat *, this completes the center pattern, make cover 36 inches long.

Scallop 5 ch sts, * 1 d c, into 2nd sp, 1 ch st, skip 1 sp, 9 t c, skip 1 sp, 1 ch st, repeat * at each corner make 12 t c.

Next row, * 1 s c, over d c, 2 ch sts, 1 d c, 1 ch st, over each t c, 2 ch sts, repeat *.

Examination Gems

Epidermis is what keeps your skin on. The torrid zone is caused by the friction of the equator which runs round the earth in the middle.

Longitude and latitude are imaginary lines on the earth which show you which way you are going.

The days are shorter in winter because of cold contracts.

A Mr. Newton invented gravity with the aid of an apple.

There was no such man as Hamlet. He lived in Denmark.

A curve is a straight line that has been bent.

The climate is caused by hot and cold weather.

The pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

A boy who is amphibious can use all of his hands.

A miracle is anything that someone does that can't be done.—Christian Intelligencer.

Sunday Reading

The Truth

Do Christian mothers realize the importance of absolute truthfulness in their dealings with their children?

I was recently spending a few days in a family of which the mother is one of those women who shine at home, who lives her religion day by day; one who, while insisting upon exact truthfulness in her children, practices the same herself. I have known her sometimes to make quite a sacrifice that she might keep a promise made to a child; her word, once given, is held sacred.

During my visit, I heard one morning a little five-year-old daughter telling an old playmate something that the latter seemed to doubt. "How do you know it is so?" she asked. "Oh!" replied the five-year-old child confidently, "mamma says so."

Still the playmate doubted; when rising with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, the surprised and indignant little one exclaimed: "What! don't you believe my mamma? Why, she never, never told me anything that was not true."

Can our little ones always say? "My mamma never, never told me anything that was not true?"

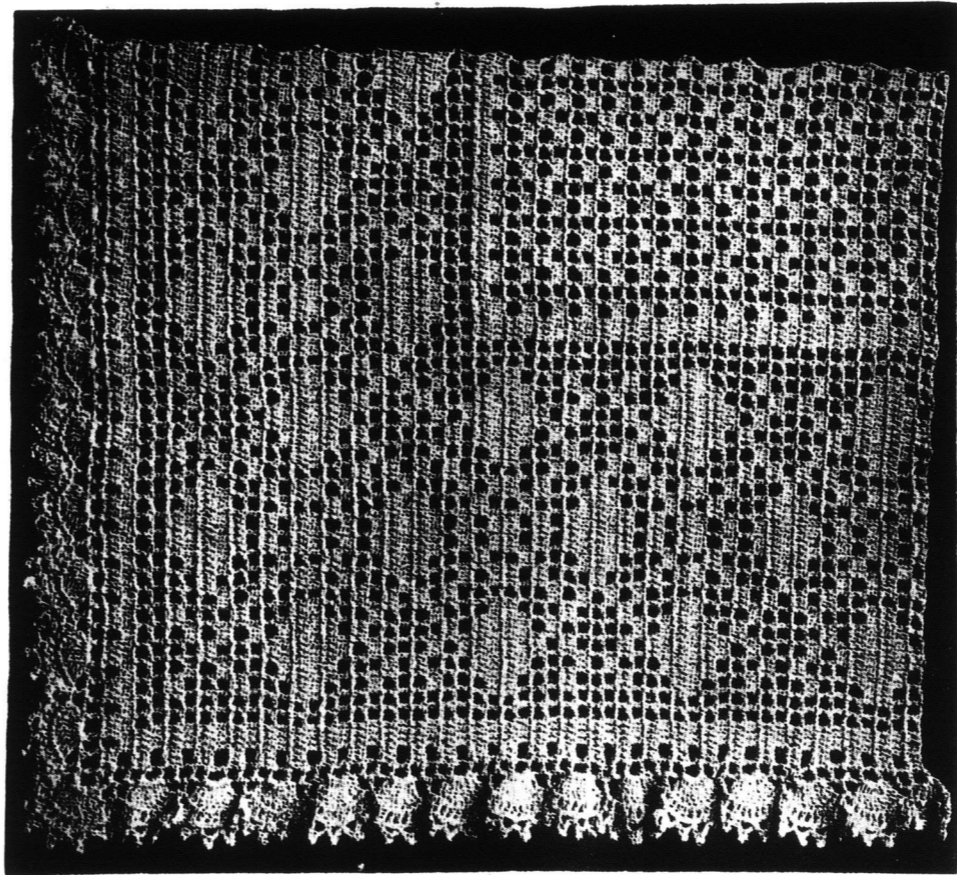
The Fall Campaign

The summer is ended. The pastors and members of city churches, who have been spending a few weeks in the country, have nearly all returned to their homes. On last Sunday there was a marked increase in many congregations. Familiar faces were seen in the pews which had been vacant for weeks, and the voice of the pastor was again heard. And now is the time for renewed activity. Those who have been absent for rest are at their posts. Congregations increase and listen with better attention than in the heat of summer to the preaching of the Gospel. A cheerful, hopeful feeling prevails. A wise pastor will be quick to discern that the signs are propitious and prompt to take advantage of them.

Let no moments be lost. Begin the campaign early, and carry it forward, by God's help, with energy and determination against the kingdom of sin. The world lies in wickedness and is to be redeemed. Time is passing, life is brief, souls are perishing, and what must be done must be quickly. The time has come for fresh consecration to the service of God—a consecration earnest and sincere. Renewed efforts should be put forth to increase the size of the prayer-meeting, the class-meetings, and all the other means of grace. Sermons, while not failing to be instructive, should ring with stirring exhortations, alike to saint and sinner. From the depths of earnest, praying souls should bring forth the feeling, "The time of ingathering is near at hand." Much is gained when such a feeling is alive, for it proves, in most cases, to be the harbinger of success. It is, in itself, an inspiration to work. Hope bids us labor on, that its bright and pleasing vision may become a reality.

Solemnity

Not a few good people make "solemnity" their only test. A solemn deportment, a solemn countenance, a solemn sermon, a solemn prayer-meeting, a solemn social these are their ideals! Now we believe in solemnity, although there is not in all the Bible such a command as "Be ye solemn!" while there is one, "Be ye joyful!" Solemnity, if not a Christian virtue, is yet, in certain circumstances, a Christian propriety, and a suitable effect. Funerals and death-scenes are ordinarily solemn; many sermons should be so preached as to produce solemnity; a multitude of occasions, both secular and religious, have to do with facts which should secure solemn thought and feeling. But, because Christians should sometimes be solemn, it does not follow that they should always be so, and that any other spirit is sinful. While they are to avoid frivolity, silliness, and mad mirth, they are not to think that holiness and solemnity are identical.



Interesting Story of a Heathen

Of how much value are the Old Testament Scriptures for spiritual life! The Burman Missionary tells this story of an old and blind man, who thirty years ago came into possession, through a countryman stopping overnight at his house, of a book printed in Burmese, and containing only the Psalms and a part of the Prophets. Before he had finished the Psalms, he cast away his idols and Buddhism, and believed in a living God—Creator, Preserver, and Judge of men; and from that time he has worshipped and prayed to the Eternal God. He committed many of the Psalm-prayers to memory, and daily offered them, especially the 51st. For twenty years he lived in this way before ever hearing of Christ and the atonement. Coming then from the interior to Promé, he heard of a foreign teacher residing there, and from him received a copy of the New Testament. He says that if a man should go about and attend to his business twenty years by starlight, and the sun should then rise on him in all its glory, he thinks it would produce about such a change in his eyes and vision as the Gospel of Matthew produced on his mind; that then the long night of praying to God and hoping for mercy without a mediator or an atonement came to an end, and for the past ten years his hope has been firmly fixed on Christ, and there it rests.

A Good Meeting

Three families from the city, spending the summer vacation in an out-of-the-way corner, took much of their pleasure in the touring car that one of the families owned. One evening the three men and their wives left the children to go to bed by themselves, and set out on a moonlight ride. The evening was clear and cool, and the car ran smoothly and steadily over the roads. About eight o'clock they passed through a scattered village, and turned the corner at a little church. Lights shone from its windows. "It is prayer-meeting night," said one of the men. "Let us go in, and see what kind of meeting they have." About a dozen people were gathered in the front of the room. The visitors entered during a hymn, and attracted little attention as they took seats in the back of the room.

An elderly layman led the meeting. As he was nearly blind, he repeated the Scripture lesson, from memory. He added a few simple and commonplace words of interpretation, and then spoke with more freedom of the value of the truths that the lesson contained. "We cannot afford to let such precious truths drop out of our lives, or to lose any opportunity of coming together and reminding one another of them," he said. "You remember we debated whether it was worth while to keep up this meeting during the summer, but we decided to do so, and though our numbers are few, I am sure we shall have a good meeting. Will some one select a hymn?" The hymn was sung; and then there were short prayers and testimonies from the little group at the front.

Then, one by one, the visitors rose, and spoke brief words of experience and encouragement. After the meeting they were greeted by the little company with heart-warming sincerity.

"We always have good meetings," said one of the women, "but I think this is the very best one we have ever had."

The six friends returned in the moonlight. The air was sweet, the moon was glorious, and in their hearts was a tranquil joy from the half-hour in the little church. That had made the evening not merely enjoyable, but memorable.

A Passing Touch

Mrs. Phillips, waking to the glory of a May morning, was ashamed of herself at the sinking heart with which she faced it. But the task had to be done. Jennie had outgrown all her last summer's dresses and must have new ones soon, for hot weather might be upon them any day; besides, putting it off only made it so much the harder. Yet even as she told herself these things, she was almost hoping that Mrs. Burgess would not be able to take care of Little Brother after all.

Mrs. Burgess, big and cheerful, put an end to that way of escape an hour later, when she ran over for the baby. "I've just been longing for a chance to run off with him," she assured his mother. "Don't be surprised if you find us both missing when you come back!"

Mrs. Phillips tried to smile as she put Jennie's best hat over the carefully brushed hair. Jennie was very quiet, but her soft eyes were shining with excitement. She was just beginning to be old enough to want new dresses. Her mother, understanding the look, turned sharply away. That was what she could not bear—the buying cheap things for Jennie; that was what made shopping-day a torture in anticipation, an agony in retrospect.

When they reached the city, she hurried past the windows where little girls' dresses were displayed, and turned her head resolutely when they passed the spring hats, decorated with bewildering knots and clusters of flowers. Jennie's hat would have to be trimmed with stiff bows—if only Jennie's mother had had any knack in her finger-tips!—and Jennie's little new gowns would have to be the cheapest gingham.

Setting her lips firmly, she led the way to the gingham department; she went straight for a counter marked "Domestic—6½ cents a yard," and began to look for something in blue to match Jennie's eyes. As she stood there, two beautifully gowned women passed. One of them shivered fastidiously, and said to her companion:

"Oh, do you see how any one can buy such cheap stuff?"

Mrs. Phillips' hand dropped from the counter, and the hot color surged into her face. The next moment a pleasant voice spoke beside her:

"Aren't these the prettiest things for little girls' dresses? And they wear so splendidly! I always think if I had a little girl, I'd love to make her dresses like these—pretty enough for anybody, but not too pretty to live in, you know."

Mrs. Phillips' eyes, full of pain, met a pair of sweet and friendly ones beneath a marvelous hat.

"Do you really?" she cried.

"I do, indeed," the other answered, gently. "You see—I have no little girl."

Mrs. Phillips drew a sharp breath, but the look in her eyes changed.

"Jennie," she said, "which do you want—the pink or the blue?"

Personal Visitation

Well did John Wesley say to his young preacher, "Were the angel Gabriel to take charge of a congregation, he could not secure its spiritual prosperity without visiting from house to house." We may plead the claims of study; the pressure of the age on the pulpit; all this and more; yet the imperative duty of personal visitation remains. More sinners are convicted by winning, than are won by conviction. And winning is done by the hand to hand, and face to face. Our poor nature, even under contrition or suspense, likes to make answer to the truth and to the appeal; and Jesus goes out to meet it by the wayside and the well. It cannot make answer to the pulpit; to the pastor at the fireside, it can and does. It is a relief to do it; it is submission, often; with thousands, it is salvation. In one season of religious interest, out of thirty who professed Christ, I have reason to believe that not more than two would have done it without personal interview with the pastor. And in that neglected interest of souls, all the year through, between the great efforts and the great visitations, few indeed ever come to Jesus save by the pastor's hand, not his pulpit.

A Nebraska farmer, who had been counted doubtful at the best, greeted in a most unexpected way three prohibition workers who approached him. He was a big, sturdy giant, and out in the field picking corn. As the crew from the federation came toward him, headed by a stocky business man, whose flushed face belied his habits, the farmer stopped his team, squared himself around, assumed a defiant attitude, and cried: "Come on, boys. Come on and talk to me all you want to. But I tell you right now, no matter what you say and what you promise, I'm going to vote her dry."—The Christian Herald.

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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Prejudices

It is a very easy thing to let our life become a prey to prejudice. This undesirable condition is bound to be the outcome of indulging one's petty dislikes. Brooding over real or fancied grievances and harboring animosities are positively bad for a man. This sort of thing operates as a poison on the moral system. By and by these attitudes usurp the whole horizon of the life, just as clouds spoil the brightness of a promising day.

We almost all have prejudices of some kind. Charles Lamb says, half in fun and probably half in earnest, that he hated Scotchmen, Hebrews, Negroes. That represented, so to say, his choice of dislikes. Nearly everyone has a little bevy of them. Almost everybody draws the line somewhere. Such a one is strong in his advocacy of social equality among people of his own race, who yet cannot abide the Oriental—Japanese, Chinese, Hindoo. A distant day will undoubtedly come when national prejudice, of the sort just alluded to, will be a thing of the past. At any rate, for our own peace of mind if for nothing else, it behooves us to check the reign of prejudice in our lives.

To-day's Happiness

It is very hard to realize in a practical and effective way that all we are immediately responsible for is the present day, the present hour, the present moment. If we could keep these "presents" right all would be well. There has been much debate about the bearing of a belief in Immortality on everyday morality. John Ruskin refers to the question in "The Crown of Wild Olive." He says that in his addresses to the working men of England he long took it for granted that they believed in the mortality of the soul. Suddenly he found that many of them did not so believe. As a result he had been shooting beside the mark. Ethical arguments presupposing a belief in Immortality had been leaving them untouched. He changed his tactics. He continued to believe in the persistence of the soul, so far as he himself was concerned; but his appeals for right conduct he thenceforth based solely on considerations affecting this present life. Even if there is no to-morrow, he said, it is wise in your interests to live in such and such a way to-day. John Morley refers to the same subject in his noble essay on Compromise. (Every young Western Canadian, by the way, should read such noble compositions as Mill's Essay on Liberty and Morley's Essay on Compromise. If they do not appeal to you the first time, read them again. They demand a certain mental fitness, and you should not rest satisfied until you realize their insight and elevation.) He shows that failure to believe in a future state is certainly no warrant for license. In other words, he attacks the soundness of the argument involved in the words: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." If we die to-morrow, he says, that is precisely why we should decline to live irresponsibly in the time that now is. "Work for the night is coming," should rather be the motto of such a man. In particular, so far as our relations to others are concerned, Morley points out that inability or refusal to believe in a future state should be no apology or ground for ruthlessness, cruelty or lack of consideration. Such a one, he puts it, should remember: the happiness I refuse or fail to give to those around me to-day, they will never have. As long as time runs, what they miss to-day, they miss forever.

That is powerful, is it not? One could hardly have a better rule. To-day's joys to-day or never. A scowl, a frown, a bitter word, often destroys the happiness of a whole group for a whole day. That day is irrecoverably gone. Immortality or no immortality, no to-morrow can supply the quantum of happiness that was meant for to-day. Remember that time passes irretrievably. Clutch at that rule: Give to others to-day the happiness that, forfeited to-day, can never be recovered.

Local Journalism

The city lords it too much over the country. This is on the whole more the fault of the country than of the city. In other words, in many respects the country lets things go by default. Nowhere is this more true than in the matter of journalism. Everybody reads the big city daily, and nearly everybody neglects the local paper. Part of this will always continue. People will always have to read the big daily for world news. But the local paper should be given a chance. The editorial column of most country papers is a joke. It is not strange that this is the case. In the first place, the editor is overdriven. He owns the paper besides editing it. He solicits subscriptions and advertisements, he sets up the type, he does what editing is done. Occasionally he writes what he thinks a specially good article. The probability is, he gets not a word of appreciation. More attention is paid to some paragraph giving the measurements of a new potato, or describing a dance, than is accorded to a serious political article. The editor is hardly to be blamed if he stresses the details that seem to command

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editor would throw his columns open to certain carefully selected people. Why shouldn't the local preacher, teacher and lawyer, to mention no others, use the local paper as an organ for the expression of their views? Doubtless this is sometimes done, but too rarely. Let the local paper be a "trying-out" field for literary talent. The countryside abounds in interesting details of natural history. I remember some years ago seeing an interesting extract in a Winnipeg paper taken, if I am not mistaken, from a Souris contemporary. The article described an interesting fact in the habits of the squirrels along the Souris River. Instead of nesting in fallen or hollow trees, they had developed the practice of making their nests in standing trees, in effect like birds. I inferred that this was due to the absence of big, fallen trees. The detail may be unimportant, or it may even be untrue, though I have no reason to think it was, but it illustrates my point. Local papers might be made very rich in the reporting of peculiar and characteristic happenings.

Incidentally, but most importantly, talent would be developed. Every district has its quota of unusually clever people. Agnes Laut, was, for many years, after I came to Winnipeg, on the staff of the city schools. I think I am not incorrect in this. Later she was on the staff of the Free Press. The editor of those days used to tell me about articles that he frequently refused to accept from her. But she was not to be beaten. She persisted. She had faith in herself. To-day she is the author of many books, is a prolific contributor to big magazines, and, I think, has a residence on the Hudson. We all remember when Mrs. Nellie McClung was living in Manitou. It was the life that she knew that she took and utilised. She has made quite a stir in the world, and I have little doubt that she would make quite a stir on almost any stage she chose to move on. I remember a few years ago—perhaps ten—being in Crystal City. At a meeting where I delivered an address a young man, Robert Stead, read a poem of his own composing, "The Settler." I think Stead has since done quite notable work. Such and such a boy who sends an article to the local paper, who gets it printed, who repeats the experiment again and again, may ultimately gravitate to Winnipeg, to Regina, to Calgary, to Edmonton. Thence, urged on by laudable ambition, he may go to New York or to London; and the local paper will have the satisfaction of having nurtured a man of real talent. I was in Nova Scotia this summer. What was the paper that I was specially interested in? The Morning Chronicle of Halifax. Why? Because it was the paper that had been the vehicle for Joseph Howe, perhaps the greatest of Canadian orators; for Fielding, for fifteen years Finance Minister of Canada; for Longley, now Justice of the provincial supreme court; for Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick." I have been a number of times in Camden East, the little village near Napanee, Ontario, where Gilbert Parker spent some years. It would be interesting to look up the files of the local paper to see whether there are not some articles by the man who was destined to become famous and wealthy as a novelist, to become a member of the British House of Commons, and to be knighted.

Let the local newspapers of Western Canada conceive themselves as nursing grounds for all the talent that is locally available. The paper itself will take on a local flavor that will enhance its value and its standing; and the country will be enriched by the only thing that makes a nation worth while—namely, the evocation of talent.

Public Examination Days

When I was a boy, in what were supposed to be the very poor schools of the province of Quebec, the school year always closed with a public examination. The children appeared dressed in their best. The people of the village attended in considerable numbers. The teacher was on his mettle. Recitations bulked largely in the programme. I wonder if this practice has not largely disappeared. And if it has, is it not regrettable? I had an interesting conversation this summer with the post master of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. He gave me this queer proof that the people of that province are well satisfied with their school system. He said that in his boyhood the practice of holding public examinations at the end of the year had obtained. To-day, he said, there is practically no such thing.



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His inference was that the people are perfectly satisfied to-day that all is well with the schools. I think it will be agreed that the inference is at least doubtful.

As I say, recitations used to figure largely in those programmes. Most of the great snatches of literature that I remember automatically occur in passages that I learned for such occasions. Just to illustrate. From one of Chatham's great speeches on the American Trouble I recall only these words: "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign enemy was embarked on my soil, I never would lay down my arms, never, never, never!" It was for such days I first learned the prologue of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; beginning, "The way was long, the wind was cold." For them I learned the old minstrel's passionate apostrophe to Scotland, commencing, "O Caledonia, stern and cold, meet nurse for a poetic child; Land of brown heath and shaggy wood, Land of the mountain and the flood." This summer I met A. H. Powell, a member of the International Waterways Commission, at St. John. We chatted for some hours in his great library of 5000 volumes. What did he talk of most? The great literature that he had learned as a boy out of the school readers.

Looking at the map of New Brunswick this summer I suddenly saw the name Tracadie. Echoes began to waken in my brain. What was stirring there? Vague memories, growing every moment more substantial, of a sombre description, read in boyhood in a school reader, of a lazzaretto for lepers situated at Tracadie. The thing had made an impression on my mind that I had never shaken myself clear of, and here I was within a half day's journey from that very Tracadie. I could hardly resist the temptation to take the time necessary to go; and I am sorry now that I did not yield to the temptation. How do I know what that impression of sombre solemnity has meant for my mind and life? There are two things we ought to stand for in connection with the local schools: a full revival of the good old-fashioned practice of holding public examinations, and for great readers that will fill the minds of the children with great and noble images, ideas and ideals.

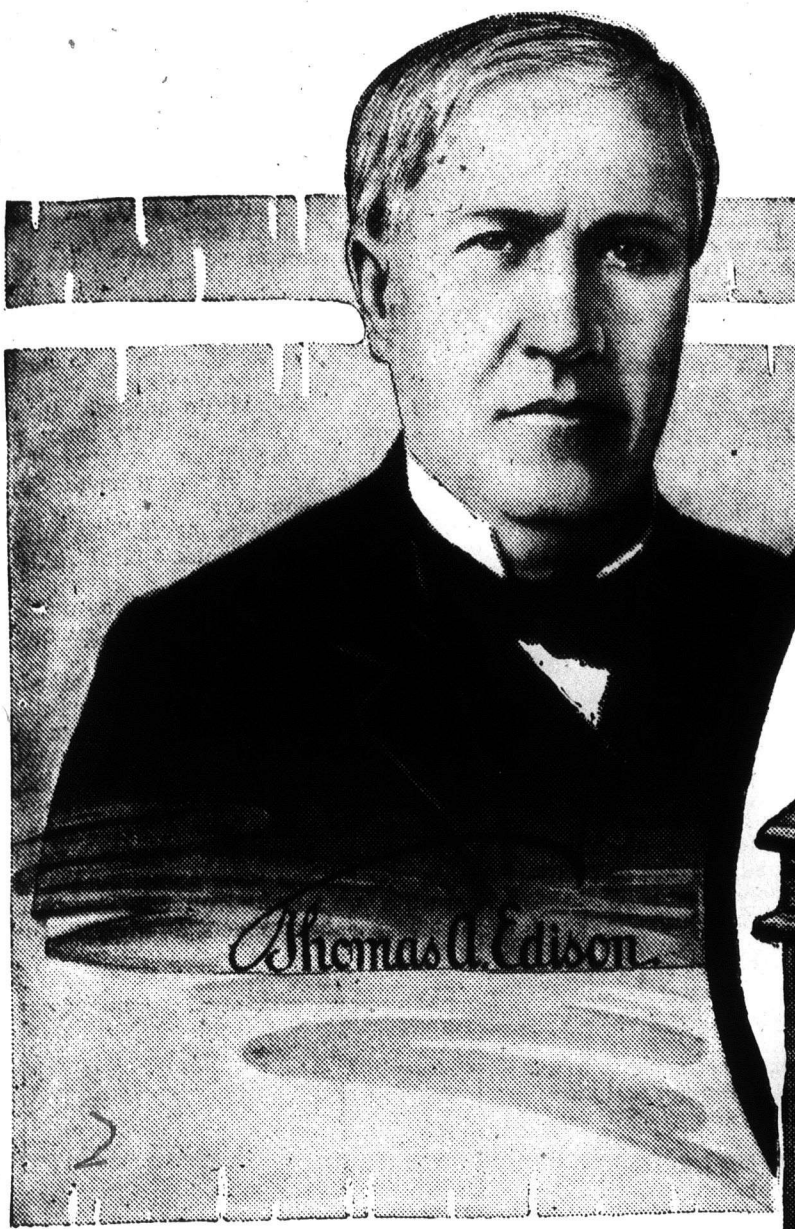
Get Outside Yourself

One of the grand objects of self-discipline should be the development of the ability to get outside ourselves. We are too much disposed to "impute" ourselves to other people and to other things. In other words, we are too self-centred and subjective. I remember a bit of description that occurs in one of the dramas of Goethe. A traveller gazes at the spectacle of the setting sun. Thereafter, traversing with his eye the horizon, he sees images of the sun everywhere. He sees suns where there are none. Similarly we see our own judgments and opinions, likes and dislikes, everywhere. Each one who hears a certain sermon gets out of it what suits himself.

Let me give a couple of illustrations of my point. I have just finished reading a celebrated French novel called "Madame Bovary," by Flaubert. It is one of the classics of French Realism—one of the most famous novels of the nineteenth century. It is the record of the unhappy career of a woman who is unfaithful again and again to her husband, and who finally, involved in debt, commits suicide by poisoning herself. The critics discuss at great length the question: Is it moral or immoral, is it a virtuous book or a vicious one? I have just read a criticism of it by Fagnat. He says the book is in itself neither moral nor immoral; which it proves to be in any individual case depends on the reader. "To the pure all things are pure."

My other illustration comes nearer home. I have just this morning been chatting with a man who has been travelling through Saskatchewan and Alberta. "What about the West and conscription?" I asked him. One doesn't know what to think on this subject. If the Liberal Convention was a genuine reflection of Western opinion, apparently Saskatchewan and Alberta are against conscription. A bank manager in a small Saskatchewan town tells me he has yet to meet the farmer who favors enforced military service. A young Winnipegger spent his holidays at the home of a well-to-do farmer north of Regina. All the settlers are Ontario people, and most of them extremely comfortable. According to him they are, almost to a man, against conscription. My friend of to-day is a Conservative. He is a great admirer of Borden. "What about the West?" I asked him. "Well," he said, "I was in a machine shop at Govan the other day. In came a strapping young farmer about 35 years of age. I'm a Liberal but I'm done with Laurier. That's one sign," said my friend. "In Brandon the other day I met a man who said he had never polled anything but Liberal votes, but Sir Robert Borden is the greatest Canadian since Confederation. That's another straw showing which way the wind blows." And so this man goes about hearing, for the most part, what he wants to hear, and reaching conclusions that coincide with his own wishes or judgment. And, by the same token, that is what most of us do. I repeat, one of the hall-marks of the soundly disciplined man is the ability to observe facts impartially and objectively.

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Children

The White World

By May Turner

The world is very strange and white. It's beautiful to see,
With snow upon the neighbor's house, and snow upon the tree.
That tall and slender bush with snow quite to the ground is bent,
And underneath, perhaps, is formed a cozy little tent.
The garden fence has woolly lines of snow upon each rail;
There's snow upon the milkman's cap, and on his big tin pail.
Here's pussy coming from the barn; she lifts her feet so high!
O pussy, hurry on to us, for we are warm and dry.
White cushions on the arbor seat; a drift beneath the hedge;
White flakes float by the window-pane and fall upon the ledge.
The snow is beautiful to watch while mother sews her seam,
And on the walls behind us is the pleasant firelight gleam.

Birthday Surprises

By Rose Mills Powers

The little girl who liked to sew,
But couldn't bear to read—oh, no!
Last birthday found, strange to relate,
A row of books beside her plate
Instead of a new work-box—dear!
She thought it was so very queer,
And cried a bit. At last she took
The very smallest, thinnest book,
And, though she thought her heart would break,
She read it through for mother's sake.
And then she read them all, and lo!
She likes to read as well as sew.

The little girl who liked to read,
But not to sew—oh, no, indeed!
A lovely work-box she received
Upon her birthday. How she grieved
At thimble, needle-case and thread!
She wanted picture-books instead,
And thought she surely never could
Say "Thank you!" for them, and be good.
At last in tears she set to work
And sewed and sewed and did not shirk,
Till now no clothes her dollies need.
She likes to sew as well as read.

Betty's Ripple

By Agnes Cairns Pohlmann

Betty dropped a pebble into the pond.
Little circles formed and spread until they reached the opposite shore.
Betty watched the ripples and began to wish.

"I wish," she said, "that I might do something to make a ripple that would go away off, past this little old farm where I've always lived, past our state, even to the edge of our country."

Then she laughed and ran up to the house. Soon she came out with a small, gaily colored basket on her arm.

This basket had been woven for Betty by a little crippled Indian boy who lived on the Indian reservation, two miles above Betty's home.

Many times Betty's mother had sent her with loaves of fresh bread and with butter and milk for the little Indian, who lay upon a cot all day long, and Betty was filled with sympathy for the boy who could never walk, run or play.

Betty's visits were bright spots in this boy's life, and in return for her many kindnesses he had woven for her a gay little basket.

Betty loved it and counted it as one of her treasures. To-day she intended to fill it with berries.

She soon reached the berry patch beside the railroad-track. She lined her basket with the leaves that were still wet with dew, and began to pick the berries.

Just as her basket was filled, she heard the whistle of a train, and hurried down the track to the water-tank, where the train often stopped.

To Betty the stopping of the train was always a great event. Sometimes it was a passenger-train with its load of people looking from the windows; sometimes it was a cattle-train. To-day it was a long train of parlor-cars that stopped at the water-tank.

Betty saw a man step down from the train. He glanced hastily about, and then quickly gathered some of the wild flowers growing near the track.

Betty saw him hold them up to one of the windows, and then she noticed for the first time that a pale little girl was looking out smilingly at the man.

She could not resist the impulse to go nearer, and as she came near the window, the girl saw her, and smiled in a friendly way.

There was a look of suffering on the girl's face that reminded Betty of the little crippled Indian boy.

Then she remembered her basket of berries; she hurried to the window and held them up to the little girl.

The man turned back, and Betty exclaimed, "I wish to give them to her! Please let me give them to her!"

The man hesitated an instant, then with a bow and smile that Betty thought were quite wonderful, he accepted the offering and passed it up through the window to his daughter.

"Please empty them, Adele," he said, "and pass the basket back." But Betty cried eagerly:

"Oh, please don't! They are so much nicer in the basket, and the Indian boy can make me another."

"Who is the boy?" the gentleman asked, and then Betty told them about her little Indian friend, and assured them that he would be glad she had given her basket to the little girl, because he was sick, too, and would understand.

"Please thank him for me, won't you?" called Adele from the window, "and won't you tell me your name, so that I can write you a letter from San Francisco to tell you how much I enjoyed the berries?"



Hide and Seek.

At the mention of San Francisco Betty's eyes opened wide in wonder. "Oh, I should love to have a letter from so far!" she said.

Adele told her that she would be glad to write to any one who had been so kind to her. Then the man wrote Betty's name and address. The whistle blew and the long train slowly moved away.

Betty gazed after it until it finally disappeared; it reminded her on the ripples that her pebble had made on the surface of the pond. With a satisfied smile she said, "I believe I have made a ripple, after all, that will go right to the edge of our country; and better than that, it will start a ripple that will come back to me!"

The Ant-Hill

By Alice Cook Fuller

In their hurry Teddy and Edna ran right through a small ant-hill.

"Be careful!" cried Teddy. "Oh, let's stop and watch them!"

"Yes," said Edna. "They always seem so busy."

In great numbers the little creatures hurried out of their home. They ran here and there, and did not seem to know what to do or where to go. They may have felt as you or I would feel if the roof of the house were blown off.

"See, Teddy," cried Edna, "some of them are carrying rice!"

"I wonder if that is part of the food they have stored away for winter?" Teddy asked. Edna did not know; so they asked mother.

"No, that is not rice," said mother. "The white things that the ants are carrying out are baby ants. They are very helpless. They cannot walk or crawl. They are called the larvae, or pupae."

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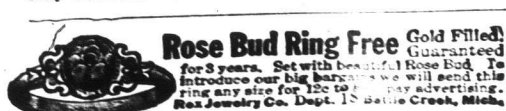
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There are certain workers among the ants whose duty it is to care for these babies. They carry them about, wash them, feed them, and care for them in every way until they are well grown and able to care for themselves.

"Sometimes the nurses for these baby ants are slaves. The ants have fierce, bitter, deadly wars with other tribes, and they carry off the young ants that they capture, and bring them up to work for them. The ants that do this are found in South America, and they are called Amazon-ants. Some of the ants in other countries do the same. When it is warm, these nurse ants carry the baby ants up into the sunshine, and when it looks as if it would rain, they hurry them into their homes, just as we would care for a tiny baby."

"Do all ants live in houses like these?" Edna asked, as she watched the little fellows running here and there.

"No," answered mother. "Some of them build little wee mounds of dirt about two inches high. The mounds look like tiny chimneys. Others build bigger mounds than that; sometimes their houses are four feet high. These are made of sticks, straws and bits of dirt. The ants build long tunnels or rooms under the ground. Then there are the carpenter-ants, that find a live tree in which the heart has begun to die. They cut out this heart, and build fine rooms and galleries in the live wood. The rooms are polished as smoothly as possible, and the walls are almost as thin as paper. "Some South American ants build



The Pipe of Peace

houses from fifteen to twenty feet high. They are very rough-looking outside, but inside they are finely finished. Moreover, there are many rooms in these same tall houses that reach far under the ground, like a kind of basement."

Mother pulled up a blade of grass. On it were a number of little green bugs. "See, children," she said, "these are the ants' cows. They get a kind of sweet stuff from them which we call honeydew. The ants are very fond of this."

"Not very long ago I read about some ants in Mexico that are very fond of honey. In fact, they are called honey-ants. They hunt their food at night, and eat so much that they cannot move. They look like white currants when they are full of honey. The Mexicans like these honey-ants to eat."

"O dear!" said Edna, shivering. "I would rather have my ants in my garden than in my plate," and Teddy agreed with her.

Mr. Rabbit Gets De Bes' of Mr. Lion an' Mr. Tiger

I one day stopped to talk with an old negro woman sitting on the shadowed side of her whitewashed cabin. Her little granddaughter was with her and they were eating bread and milk. Some hens and chickens were picking around and watching the entree, hopeful of getting a share of the feast; and a dog lay on the ground also alert and expectant, and a pig was rooting close by, and he, too, seemed to be watching for the bestowal of a portion of the bread and milk.

Round about were wild, grassy hillsides, and a stream ran through the hollow. While we were talking, the little girl sud-

denly exclaimed: "I done seen a rabbit over dar in de briers!"

"Dat remin' me er de stories dey use to tell 'bout de rabbit an' de yuther creetur when I was a chile," remarked the woman. "I thought den de tales was all true, and I was sure Mr. Rabbit ketch us if we go down to de branch in de evenin'; an' if we see Mr. Rabbit den, we chiluns would light out skeered to death."

"What were the stories?" I questioned. She responded with a series of several, which she told with great animation, acting out all the parts and changing her voice to suit the words of the different characters, and now and then rising and skirmishing around the yard to illustrate the more dramatic portions.

"Well," said she, replying to my query about the stories, "dey mostly was about how 'mongst all de yuther creeturs Mr. Rabbit was de smartest man in de crowd. He was a sly rascal, he sho' was. One day when Mr. Rabbit an' Mr. Fox talkin' together Mr. Lion an' Mr. Tiger drove pas' wid a load er fish. 'Look a' dar!' says Mr. Rabbit, 'I want some er dose fish!'"

"'But yo' can't git 'em,' says Mr. Fox. "'Yes I kin,' says Mr. Rabbit, and he cry out: 'Hol' on, Mr. Lion; hol' on, Mr. Tiger!' an' when dey stop he run an' jump up on de fish wagon."

"De lion and de tiger, dey order him off. Den he runs way up de road an' hide in de bushes, an' when de fish wagon come along he holler out: 'Whoop, whoop, whoop, diddle-um-ding, varmint of all kinds, lions an' tigers, an' dey can't keep my th'ot a'ar!'"

"'Hyo! Mr. Lion,' says Mr. Tiger, 'what dat? I reckon we better be gettin' along in a hurry.'"

"'So dey whip up der hoss. But Mr. Rabbit ran fas' as he kin an' git ahead once mo' in de bushes an' soon as dey come along he holler: 'Whoop, whoop, whoop, diddle-um-ding, varmint of all kinds, lions an' tigers, an' dey can't keep my th'ot a'ar!'"

"'Dat skeer Mr. Lion and Mr. Tiger so much dey jump off de wagon an' run like dey sent for. Den Mr. Rabbit he drive off wid de fish, an' de nex' day he 'pint a time fo' a big feast. All Mr. Rabbit's frien's come except Mr. Fox, an bimeby he come, too; but he was all limpy an' rasslefrassled. 'Boo-hoo-hoo!' he cry, 'I done met up wid Mr. Lion an' Mr. Tiger, an' dey 'cuse me er stealin' der fish; an' dose fellers, dey took me an' dey mos' tor me all to pieces.'"

"'Dat de way—de rabbit always doin' de mischief an' someone else gettin' punish fo' it. Yes, de rabbit mighty slick. He de cunningest li'l' ole creetur in de woods. Sometimes when he chased by dogs he find a long holler log lyin' on de groun' wid a hole jus' large enough fo' him to slip through, an' he-go in one end and out de yuther. De dog foller his track to de log an' he spen' his time pawin' at de place de rabbit went in, an' de rabbit git safe home. But his bes' trick when he runnin' from de dog is to take a circle around an' come back to his track, an' dar he stop an' lick his paws to take off de scent. Nex' thing he fotch a few jumps out sideways an' sit still an' let de dog run pas'. Den he go off about his business.'"

This is the story the old negro woman heard in her childhood and told me.

McPhee's Reinvestment

An Irishman named McPhee lived in a shanty that stood in a field near a main highway out of Kansas City. The foundations of the shanty were lower than the road, through which ran a big water main. As the living floor of the place was raised on posts to make it level with the highway, it left a large cellar underneath, where McPhee kept a dozen hens.

One day the water main burst, flooded the cellar and drowned the hens. Thereupon McPhee entered a claim for damages against the city. After much delay, influential friends succeeded in getting thirty dollars in settlement of his claim.

"I've got me money!" shouted the old man to his next-door neighbor.

"Glad to hear that," was the reply. "and how much was it, McPhee?"

"Thirty dollars."

"And phwat are ye goin' to do with the money?"

"I'm goin' to buy thirty dollars' worth of ducks," said McPhee.

"KEEP THE COLLEGES FULL"

—is the title of a leading article in one of our western agricultural journals recently.

"Where young men are qualified and the army has not called them, send them to college", advised the British war specialists who came to the U.S. and Canada this year.

The British Government has just voted \$25,000,000 to set its colleges in full motion again, and particularly its technical institutions in agriculture.

Says Dean Curtiss, of Iowa Agricultural College, who visited Canada recently, "Canada realizes that it needs leaders in agriculture more than ever now, and will need them in the years to come on farms, in schools and in experiment stations, and that it can train them best in the agricultural colleges. The farmer of the future cannot meet the nation's needs unless he is thoroughly trained to do so. The world is moving swiftly and the farm must keep pace. Reasons for getting an agricultural education were never stronger than they are now. The nation needs well trained farmers; the farm needs them; the young man himself needs the education."

We believe we are right in making a special appeal to you, young man and young woman of the West, to enter the Manitoba Agricultural College this fall.

Young women over sixteen years of age, young men between sixteen and twenty, young men over twenty who have been farming and who have not been called to the colors, should come to the Agricultural College to prepare themselves for greater opportunities and better service.

The estimated value of the crop in the three western provinces this year is the highest yet. Hundreds of you young men and young women can afford a winter at college. The College course will increase your earning power. You can be spared after threshing, when College opens. College closes in time for spring work.

Write for folder describing the first year course in either Agriculture or Home Economics. State which one you want. Write to-day.

J. B. REYNOLDS, M.A., President,
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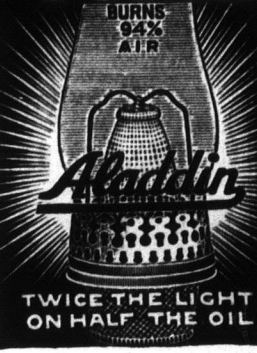
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Tough steak should be chopped and mixed with diced potatoes and then baked. Grated cheese over this dish improves the flavor.

Four peppercorns, four cloves and one teaspoonful of mixed herbs are the proper flavoring for one quart of water for soup.

A saucer of baked beans can be heated with catsup in a pan and a spoonful of toasted crackers serves nicely for the noonday luncheon.

When next frying oysters, dip them first in mayonnaise and then in crumbs before immersing in the deep fat. They will be found delicious.

When the eyes seem weak and watery bathe them night and morning with a mild astringent, such as two grains of alum to two ounces of water.

Do not destroy any net from old curtains. Cut into squares of desired size and stitch together, and they will make excellent wash-cloths.

Be careful never to use too much butter in cake. Use a scant amount rather than what the rule calls for, and it will save many a poor cake.

When frying doughnuts, French fried potatoes or anything of the kind, drain on brown paper and you will find the grease drawn out into the paper.

To wash water bottles or any vase having a long neck, fill with clear, hot water and tiny bits of torn paper. Shake well and rinse in clear water.

When broiling halibut, cover the fish with minced green pepper. The seasoning will be found delicious.

Lime water and olive oil, applied with a soft muslin rag, is one of the best lotions for burns and scalds.

Straight hair can be curled by moistening with quince seed, rolling in paper and holding in hot tongs to dry.

A pinch of soda in water in which green vegetables, peas, string beans and cabbage are boiled will keep the color.

Vegetables which have been served with a white sauce should be warmed over only in a double boiler lest they burn.

If one of the rooms in the house seems too dark, try putting a piece of brassware highly polished, in a conspicuous place.

Soaking the hands and wrists in hot water will sometimes relieve a headache. Soaking the feet in hot water also helps.

Singe chickens by holding over a saucer of burning alcohol. It will not blacken the flesh.

The Home Doctor

How Tuberculosis or Consumption is Caught

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

"I don't know how I contracted this disease," the victim of the Field Marshall of infections says. "There never was any in our family on either side."

"Have you always lived in the same house?"

"No. We moved into it 20 years ago, when I was a little girl."

"Was it disinfected and cleaned before you moved in?"

Tuberculosis or consumption is never inherited. It may be caught from the grown ups, it may be contracted like lump-jaw or glanders, from animals, but it is not passed on like insanity "unto the third and fourth generations."

"Droplet infection," is one way innocent people "take cold" as the beginning of tuberculosis is often called sneezes, and coughs are not the only way the bacilli of tuberculosis are scattered.

Dr. William H. Park has pointed out that the considerable force of the amount of air, which passes the lips, when such words as "if" and "to" are spoken, suffices to spray the germs in the lungs into other people's faces.

Experiments made in the New York subway, show that the number of bacteria thus "spoken out" increased in a ratio

drinking water, and uncooked fish and vegetables. No one disputes the fact that abundant bacilli reach many water supplies. In the Saranac River, three and a half miles below the sewer entrance, living bacilli of tuberculosis have been caught.

After the installation of a good water supply at Lowell and Lawrence, Massachusetts, the mortality from tuberculosis in those mill towns, still remained the same. Indeed the bacilli have been found ten miles below their possible sources in several streams near sanitariums for tuberculosis.

Obviously an essential stage in ridding a community of tuberculosis is the enforcement of measures, which put this knowledge into use. Until the sources of tuberculosis are removed, a consumptive is as dangerous as a leper.

Conscientious Objectors

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

"What is a conscientious objector?" writes an interrogator, who thinks very properly that the answer may be connected with health and happiness.

To correctly and comprehensively explain this much abused excuse for resistance it is necessary to hark back to the meaning of conscience. This poaches



Canadians, who were wounded on Hill 70, being checked before the train leaves a Casualty Clearing Station

equal to the increase in the number of passengers present at any time.

Guinea pigs made to inhale air in a closed room in which rugs infected with sputum were beaten, inhaled the tubercle bacilli, later developed pulmonary tuberculosis and died.

The dust of rooms inhabited by persons with active tuberculosis, is more or less infected with these microbes. These observations, together with the known fact of the enormous number of germs in the saliva and sputum, confirms the discovery that dust-dried expectoration must be a great source of the dread disease.

The average consumptive spits out about 1,000,000,000 or a billion living tubercle seeds every day.

Do you now understand why handkerchiefs, linens, laundry, carpets, floors, walls, bedding and pavements, which receive these bacilli become origins of the militant scourge?

Whenever these expectorated germs cling to the lips, face, nostrils, clothing or fingers of the sick person, there is danger that one or more persons will become contaminated, and long months after the source has been forgotten, fall ill with its symptoms.

Infants nursed or attended by tuberculous maids or mothers are in the greatest danger, because the contact is close and intimate. Merely to shake hands with a consumptive may not be so dangerous, because the hands are frequently scrubbed and cleansed.

Tuberculosis may be "caught" in various other ways, from watered milk, raw milk from tuberculous cows, from

upon the broad domains of psychology.

Conscience has to do with the moral aspect of things, while "consciousness," the same Latin word, means the whole field of the universe about which you become aware. If you read Caesar, Cicero, Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Livy, and the other Latin writers, you are sometimes "up against it" to know whether they mean a moral approval of your mind or merely your awareness of a thing; whether it is conscience that is speaking, or only that you are conscious of a thing.

To speak generally, before details are discussed, a modern "conscientious objector," to self-defense against a man or a nation, who like a pirate murders your fellow citizens or ravages your women and children, or to vaccination, quarantine, or other honorable means of personal and social protection, is one who often has no conscience for the general good and welfare of all, and who is unconscious of all the facts which impel normal people to demand vaccination or to make resistance to the encroachment of others upon the inalienable rights, honors, health, and happiness of the individual, the community, or the nation.

Academically in medieval discussions of logic—a polemical duel between giant intellects ranged on two sides of some great question such as: "Was the world created or is it an emanation of God?"—the objector was the philosopher who denied the thesis, which another dialectician maintained.

The great Jesuit priests of to-day, nobly carry on these learned discussions in logic. They are called as they were in the

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thirteenth century. "Big Acts." Intellectual Titans range themselves against each other, one out-vicing the other, in proving or objecting to the particular question at issue. At Loyola, Baltimore, and at Woodstock, Md., I have studied and been entranced at their wisdom, knowledge, and skill.

The objector, however, in these "Acts," accepts the rules of logic and admits that there are two or three self-evident facts such as "a thing cannot be and not be at the same time," "a man knows he is alive," "a cause is greater than its effect."

Obviously if any sane man denies the first of these plain metaphysical truths, to wit: that a proposition and its contradictory cannot both be true, there is no use reasoning with him.

Yet the pacifists and the "conscientious objectors" against all war, all vaccination, all vivisection generally use just such arguments. They "object" by ignoring or refusing to accept self-evident facts such as vaccination prevents more deaths, more sickness, more invalidism, and more hideous scars many times over than smallpox and typhoid fever combined; pure vaccination never in itself causes lockjaw; vaccination pure or impure, well or carelessly done never causes cancer; vivisection does not cause as much pain to experimental animals such as rats, serpents, and pigs, as butchering for the table does to domestic animals used by "conscientious objectors" for victuals and drink, such as sheep, calves, robins,

A feeble infant with whom hiccup comes to be of daily occurrence often falls into a state of extreme exhaustion; in such a case great care should be taken to ward off or put an early stop to the attacks.

Where there is any serious disorder of the abdominal organs, persistent hiccup is a disquieting symptom; and when it occurs as an accompaniment of kidney disease, it is almost always of grave significance.

In simple cases, very slight measures are sufficient to put an end to the attack. Anything that causes a feeling of suffocation will generally effect a cure, because that feeling naturally results in a forced contraction of the diaphragm. One old-fashioned remedy is the slow sipping of a glass of water; another is the drawing and holding of deep breaths at regular intervals.

In the case of small babies, a mere change of position will sometimes stop an attack. When the hiccup does not yield promptly to simple measures, careful search should be made for the cause. In the case of infants or small children, this is usually connected with the diet.

Pneumonia

This name is applied to several distinct acute diseases of the lungs, but most commonly to that caused by the poison of a particular microbe, the



A Canadian writing home, after a battle, "Am Safe." The spiked boards were laid on roads and along trenches to hold up our men and horsemen; but they did not.

deer, pigeons and other slaughtered creatures for food or millinery.

In the end a man's conscience is little less or more than his knowledge or intellectual judgment between two alternatives. If his experience has been full of the hard realities of life, if his facts have been gained from actual contact with the fires of the world, his judgment will guide him unerringly to a resolute decision and deed to safeguard his honor, his health, his rights, and his happiness in the light of the practical facts which take human nature as it is into account. If he is a "conscientious objector," a dreamer, his judgment usually is fallacious.

HICCUP

Hiccup is the spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm; it may be a symptom of the most trivial importance that yields to the simplest kind of treatment, or of a serious and intractable affection that persists for a long time, and even produces death by exhaustion. No one may hope to be entirely free from hiccup; in its simple form it is extremely frequent, but upon the whole it is more common with children than with adults.

Sometimes the attack comes on without any apparent cause; but it may follow a sudden chill, such as that caused by stepping from a warm bed to a cold room; it may accompany a violent fit of crying, or it may be due to the distension of the stomach by food or gas. Severe fright or nervous shock have also been known to lead to intractable attacks of hiccup.

pneumococcus. "Lobar" or croupus pneumonia is so named because it attacks one or both lobes, and involves the whole of the lobe or lobes affected. In "lobular" pneumonia smaller parts of the lung, called lobules, are invaded, and the patches of disease are scattered here and there over one or both lobes.

The air-cells of the infected lung become inflamed, and are filled with an exudation of fibrin and blood. Thus the lobe becomes a solid mass, impervious to air. At the same time the poison is absorbed by the blood and causes the symptoms most characteristic of the disease.

Lobar pneumonia begins suddenly, with a severe chill and usually with a sharp pain in the side. Sometimes there are no premonitory symptoms, and the transition from health to serious illness occupies only a few hours. Fever begins with the chill, and quickly attains its full height. It remains high with little variation for several days. The patient's breathing is labored, rapid and shallow.

This condition persists for several days—from three or four to nine or ten—and then, in favorable cases, relief comes almost as suddenly as the disease began. The fever begins to fall rapidly; the breathing becomes easier; the pulse drops nearly to normal; the cough grows less troublesome; the duskiness of the face disappears; delirium, if there was any, ceases, and the patient seems almost well. He is not yet well, however, for the lung is still filled, but the system has got the upper hand of the invading germs.

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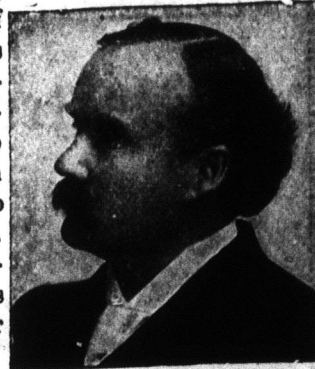
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About the Farm

Shrinkage of Grain in Storage By Earle William Gage

Farm products stored after harvest are usually subject to variation in weight, which generally manifests itself in a loss, or shrinkage. The principal factors bearing upon the extent of this variation are the moisture conditions of the atmosphere, the degree of maturity at which the crop was harvested, and the method of storing. The question of shrinkage is always important to the farmer because it has a direct bearing upon the marketing of his products and his financial returns. An estimate on how much may be realized from a quantity of grain or hay after storing for a certain time always necessitates a consideration of the shrinkage, for otherwise losses may result where profits were at first expected. Storing farm products, however, does not always entail a decrease in weight; but on the contrary sometimes results in a marked increase. Investigations regarding this subject have been made in various parts of the country.

The reported observations on wheat in Michigan included studies on the variation in weight during storage and on the relation of the degree of ripeness to the weight of the grain. As early as 1879, Dr. R. C. Kedzie showed farmers that wheat when allowed to become overripe, or dead ripe, as it is generally known, weighs less than when harvested at the period of complete ripeness. It was found also that the amount and quality of the flour, as well as the germinating power of the grain are reduced when the crop is allowed to stand after complete



A stately and affectionate ma.

ripeness has been reached. The greatest loss, however, due to overripeness, is caused by the shelling of the grain. Certain varieties of wheat have less tendency to shell than others, and by giving these the preference and harvesting at the proper stage of maturity, loss from this source may be reduced to a minimum. In 1898 the shrinkage of White Clawson, a soft, white wheat, and Buda-Pesth, a hard, red variety, was determined. At the time of threshing the grain was dry and in good condition, and after having been stored for three hundred and twenty-two days, the White Clawson had lost less than one-half of one per cent, and the Buda-Pesth less than one-tenth of one per cent.

It will also be interesting to note the loss in weight by shrinkage of grains while stored in grain elevators. Such observation was made in Detroit not long since, where fifteen hundred bushels of wheat in a hard and dry condition were stored immediately after threshing. After ten days a shrinkage of a little over thirty bushels, or a loss of about two per cent, had occurred. On another occasion nine hundred bushels put into the same elevator, while still slightly damp, lost three and one-third per cent in weight during four months. This loss represented a shrinkage of about thirty bushels. These facts led to the conclusion that the variation in weight of well-cured wheat in that state does not amount to more than five per cent on the average for all storage.

In New York State small quantities of wheat were placed in netting bags, at the Experiment Station, which were suspended from the ceiling of the laboratory. On July 18, when the grain was threshed, it contained twenty-seven and two-tenths per cent of water. The lowest water content while the samples were exposed to the natural air of the room was reached

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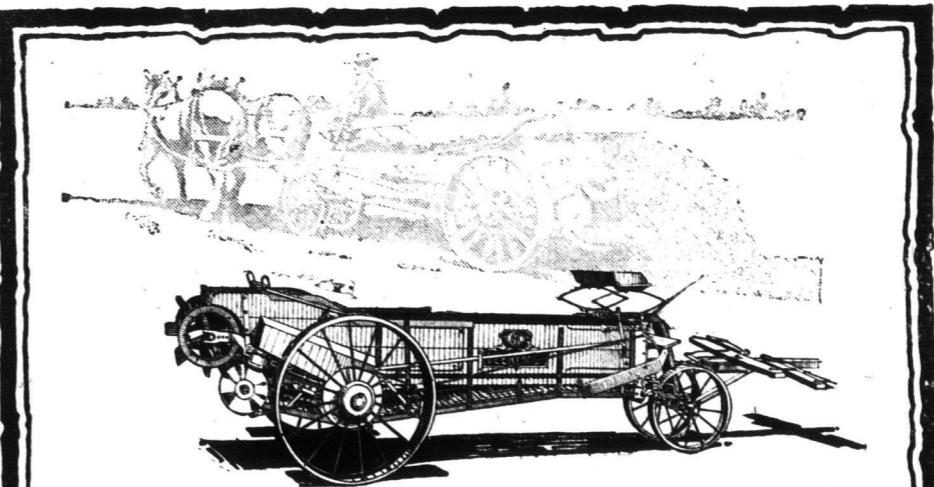
August 24, when it amounted to six and four-tenths per cent. On November 22, the room having then been heated by steam since October 12, only two and ninety-six hundredths per cent of moisture was present. At the same station, on various dates from September 22 to November 12, inclusive, samples were taken from the interior of a mass of several hundred bushels of wheat and the moisture content determined. It was found to vary from eleven and ninety-six one-hundredths per cent to sixteen and fifty-seven hundredths per cent. These results served to reveal how fast wheat loses its moisture and how extensive the shrinkage in weight becomes when it is subjected to dry air. One experiment shows that oats, barley and wheat, placed in an absolutely dry atmosphere for eighteen days, lost in weight nine and three-tenths, seven and eight-tenths, and six and two-tenths per cent, respectively. The loss at first was very rapid, but it became slower and slower toward the end of the test.

The atmosphere of the region in which wheat is stored has much to do with its shrinkage, as the air also affects all grains stored. Take the wheat growing districts of California as an instance. Wheat cured there in the field at harvest times becomes nearly as dry as it would in an absolutely dry air, and when transformed to a temperate climate, may increase in weight as much as twenty-five per cent, while a gain of five to fifteen per cent may be looked for with almost absolute certainty. In Utah it was noted that in the dry climate of the state wheat

third, two and one-half per cent for the last three months. The loss for the entire period amounted to one thousand four hundred and thirty pounds, or a little more than twenty per cent. In each instance a bushel of corn weighing eighty pounds when stored weighed sixty-four pounds at the end of the year; or if calculated to weigh seventy-five pounds when put into the crib, weighed sixty pounds after the year's storage.

In Michigan an experiment was made with a crib containing 16,767 pounds of corn, quite damp and heavy, owing to the condition of the weather. The corn was placed in the crib about October 1. On February 15 following, the loss in weight was found to be 5,725 pounds, or a little more than thirty per cent. While this result may be considered an extreme case, it will clearly reveal to the farmer the ultimate result he will obtain in harvesting his corn under poor conditions, and that there is every demand upon him for greatest profit of taking proper care of his corn crop. Another farmer in Michigan left his corn in the shock in the field until January 25, and of 3,310 pounds, experienced a shrinkage of 359 pounds, or nearly eleven per cent, calculating the loss by picking several bushels from shocks fed right up.

It should be remembered that the average results indicate that when corn is put into the crib fairly dry and in good condition the shrinkage during the winter months is not great, being a trifle over five per cent as an average for six months after the corn is cribbed, and that this loss would not be sufficient usually to



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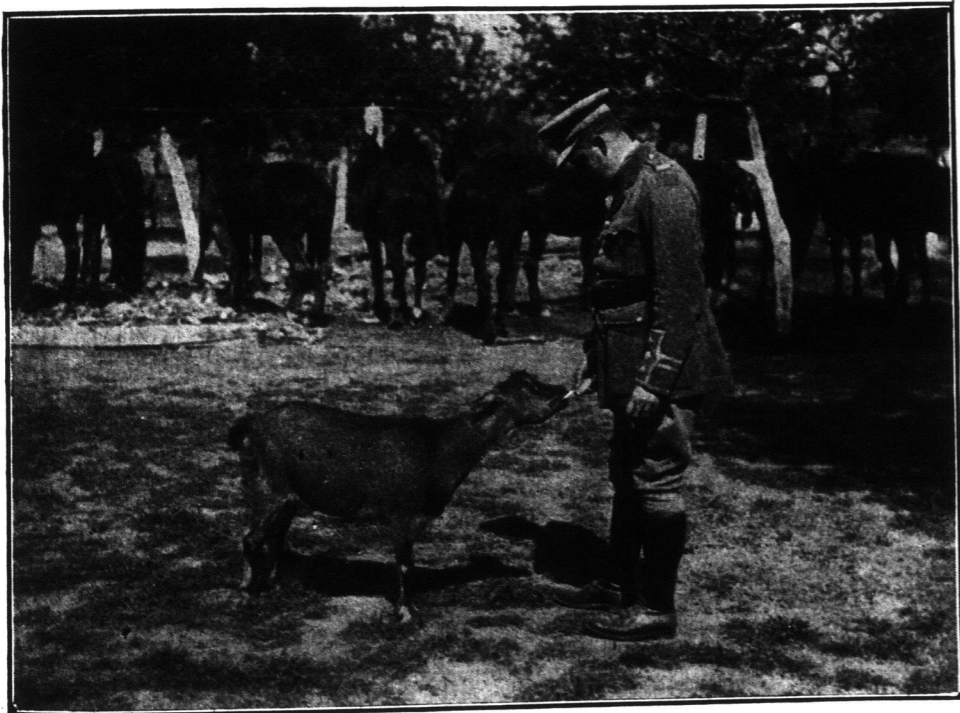
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Nanny—the pet of a Canadian mobile veterinary section takes a cigarette from the C. O. Many new men to the section lose their smokes if they leave their coats on the ground or within her reach.

gained slightly in weight during winter storage. Wheat flour and coarser by-products of the flouring mills show a rise and fall in weight similar to whole wheat as the moisture content of the air changes.

In ear corn the loss of weight during storage may be quite large. In most localities farmers expect that seventy-five pounds of ear corn will depreciate five pounds from fall to spring. This is caused to a great extent by the excessive moisture content of the ears at harvest time. This will be found to be true in the drier climates of the West and Northwest, where, in addition to the climatic advantages, the ears are generally husked from the standing stalks. Where the corn is put up for fodder, the ears continue to ripen in the shock, but do not dry out so well as if allowed to mature on the stalk. Frequently greater care needs to be exercised in storing corn than in the storage of any other grain crop.

In one region in Iowa—the heart of the Corn Belt—seven thousand pounds of corn were husked and stored in a crib in the middle of October. The crib was built upon the platform of a pair of scales, so that weighing could be made at any time without moving the corn or destroying the normal conditions of storage. The weights were taken weekly during the entire year that the variations of weather conditions might be ascertained. The shrinkage during the year was nine per cent for the first three months, a little over five per cent for the second, over three per cent for the

required for a bushel of ear corn as sold in the fall and as it may be sold in the winter or early spring. It is believed that the loss in weight during the eight months is not so great as to decrease the actual value of the corn, when it is considered that at husking-time the price is often more than ten per cent than in the spring or early summer. The total shrinkage of weight in a year of nine cribs of corn was only eight and sixty-two hundredths per cent. Attention should also be called to the fact, however, that precaution was taken to avoid loss in weight from other causes than shrinkage.

As to whether the farmer should hold his corn or sell it early in the winter may depend upon several factors, as the price of corn, size of the general crop, condition at husking time, and the accommodation which the farmer may have for saving his crop. If the crop be normal and the price of corn be unusually low at husking season, and the farmer has a good crop, the usual recommendation would be to hold the corn. Judging from various experiments, corn may be held safely without great loss in weight until March or April, and if there is a question as to the success of the new crop it may be advisable to hold old corn even later than the date mentioned. Iowa farmers are unable to hold their corn crop long, as it becomes affected with the grain weevil or grain moth, though northern farmers who are not experiencing losses from these sources

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will be able to hold the crop in cribs with success, even into late summer and fall.

It behooves every farmer to take great care in the harvesting of his grain crops. This shrinkage is a question of the condition of the grain when threshed or husked, and the farmer may, in many instances, hold down shrinkage to a great extent. Of course he has no power over the weather conditions, but he has power to do much better than he has in many instances. Let him do it for his own financial gain.

There is nothing repulsive in Miller's Worm Powders, and they are as pleasant to take as sugar, so that few children will refuse them. In some cases they cause vomiting through their action in an unsound stomach, but this is only a manifestation of their cleansing power, no indication that they are hurtful. They can be thoroughly depended upon to clear all worms from the system.

Care of Tools

By L. M. Röchl

The important point next in order after having equipped the farm shop with a kit of well selected tools, is that of keeping the tools in good working condition. This necessitates keeping them clean and dry and all edge tools sharp. It is by all means advisable to have a place in the shop for each tool and to draw a silhouette of the tool on the wall where it is to hang so that one may easily detect what tool is missing.

Tool Sharpening

Now it isn't necessary to have a new saw to saw a board straight or a new chisel to work with. You can do just as good work with old tools as with new ones, but it is necessary to have the tools, whether they are new or old, in good condition. Every tool should be kept clean

and if it is a cutting tool, like a saw or chisel, it must be kept sharp. You know how much better work you can do with a sharp jack knife than a dull one, and this is just as true of any other edged tool. For that reason we want to spend some time learning how to sharpen tools the right way.

First let us consider an edged tool like a chisel. There are three separate operations to the sharpening of it; first, grinding; second, whetting the beveled or slanting side of the edge; and third, removing the wire edge.

We can grind this chisel on an emery stone, or if you haven't one, then on a grindstone. The chisel should be held on the stone or grinder so that the edge is at right angles to the stone. In other words, don't hold it sidewise or slanting. You should hold it firmly in that one position, because if you change the position, an-

other bevel will be formed. However, don't hold the tool on just one part of the stone. Move it from side to side, without changing the slant at which it is held. In this way the wear will come on all parts of the grindstone, whereas, if the chisel was held in just that one place, one side of the grinder would soon be worn more than the other.

After the chisel is ground to a fine edge, it must be whetted. For this we would use the whetstone, which is found in every tool chest, and which we usually call an oil stone. In whetting, hold the beveled or ground side of the chisel firmly on the stone, and give three or four forward strokes. Do not move the wrists for this motion. The movement should occur at the elbow and by the swaying of the body back and forward.

Now all this grinding and whetting has made a wire or tin edge on that chisel. You have all noticed this same thing when you sharpened your jack knife on the grindstone. You can pull that wire edge off with your thumb and forefinger, if you try, but in this case we are going to use the oil stone again. Lay the flat side of the chisel flat on the oil stone and move it back and forth three or four times or until that wire edge is removed. Never raise or lower the end of the chisel while doing this because if you do, you will be sure to spoil the edge or else not get the wire edge off at all.

Next, we will consider the sharpening of a saw, and in the sharpening of this tool there are four distinct operations; first, jointing the saw; second, setting the saw; third, filing the saw; fourth, removing the wire edge from the teeth.

By jointing the saw is meant bringing all the teeth to an even length so that if the saw is placed on a flat surface with the teeth down all teeth will touch the surface. This is done, by drawing the side of a flat file across the teeth of the saw once or twice. In order to keep the file perfectly square with the saw, which is absolutely necessary to make the saw cut straight, a block called a saw jointer may be used. This is merely a block which holds the flat side of the file at a right angle to a slot. This slot admits the blade of the saw and holds it at a right angle to the file.

After drawing the file across the saw once, look at the points of the teeth very closely and see if the file has touched each tooth. If the point of a tooth has been touched, it shines. If any tooth has not been touched, the file must be run over the saw again until all teeth are brought to a straight line.

After the teeth of the saw have been brought to an even length, the saw has to be set. This consists in bending the teeth outward, one on one side, the next on the other side, and so on until all of them are bent. The set should not extend more than half the length of the tooth. For ordinary work the teeth should be set about one-third the thickness of the blade. For dry lumber the saw will require less set than for lumber which is wet or green.

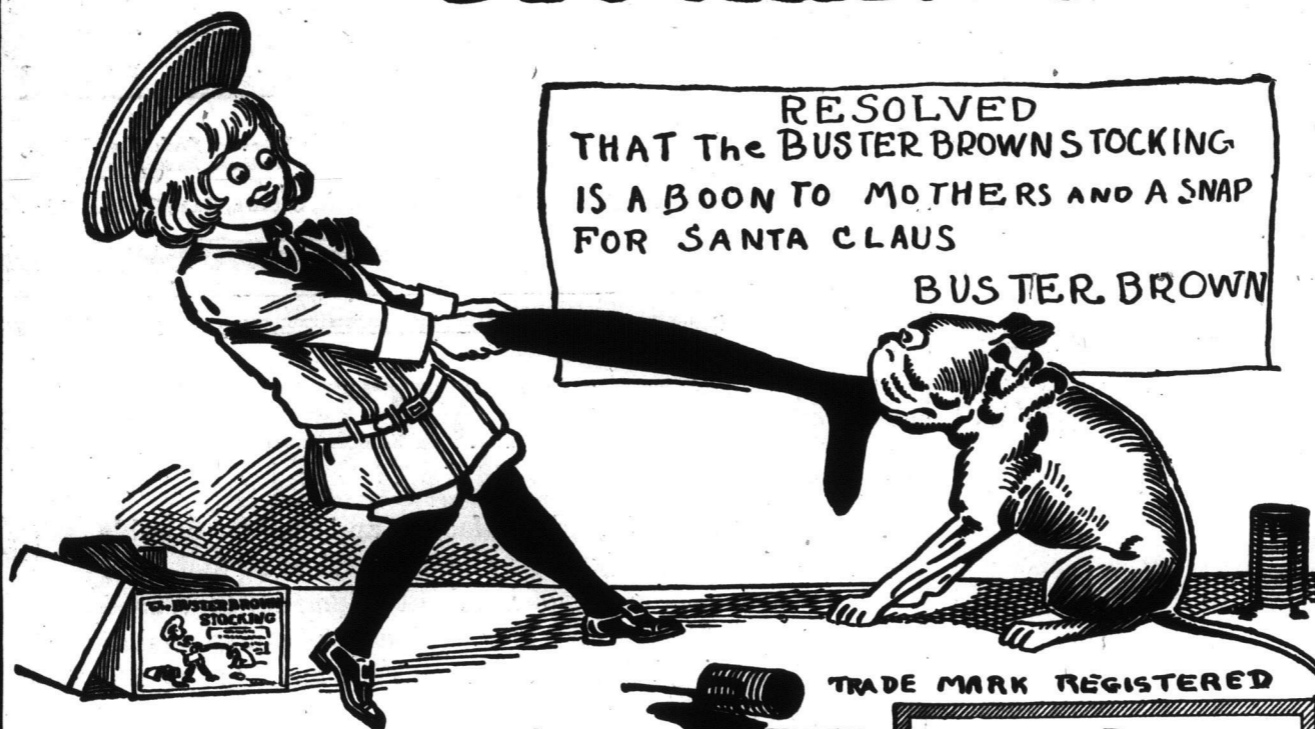
Now the saw is ready to be filed. If it is a cross cut saw, the point of the file should point toward the point of the saw at an angle of about 45 degrees, but in filing a rip saw the file is held straight across the saw. File every other tooth the entire length of the saw from one side, then turn the saw around and file the rest of the teeth. Use only forward strokes with the file. When the tooth is brought to a point be sure and stop filing or it will be shorter than the rest and not do any cutting. The front edge of the tooth projecting away from the filer and the back edge of the tooth next ahead, should be filed with the same stroke.

When the teeth have been filed satisfactorily, place the saw on a flat surface, such as the top of the bench, and run a whetstone over the teeth with one light stroke. This removes the wire edge or burr from the teeth.

To Can Corn

When removing husks be sure that all the silk is stripped off. Take a sharp knife and score each row of kernels through the center, then cut the corn from the cob. Pack as close as possible in the jars and fill each jar full. Put on the tops and follow directions for canning peas. Cook three hours, then put on the rubbers and clamp on the tops, cook fifteen minutes longer and proceed the same as for the other vegetables.

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Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

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Household Suggestions

Bread

In making whole wheat bread the best results are obtained from a sponge at first. A sponge is a thick batter, not a dough. We knead a dough or beat and mix a batter. All bread dries quickly if too much flour is used, but whole wheat bread is also tasteless if made up too stiff. In fact, I get the best results by using a paddle or bread mixer, without kneading it at all. Heat one pint of milk until quite hot, but not boiling; add one pint of cold water, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one compressed yeast cake moistened in half a cupful of warm water. Stir in a quart of whole wheat flour, and beat for five minutes. Cover and stand in a warm place for three hours. Then add sufficient whole wheat flour to make a soft dough. Work it well with a spoon and pour it into three square greased bread-pans. Cover and stand in a warm place until very light—about one hour—and bake in a moderate oven, 300 deg. Fahrenheit, for three-quarters of an hour. Turn the bread at once from the pan and cool without covering.

The dry yeasts take a much longer time for growth. Set the sponge at night, and finish the bread in the morning.

White bread is best when made first into a dough. Heat the milk, add the

beat the cake for three minutes; then beat the whites of the eggs; fold them into the batter carefully, and turn the cake into the pan or pans and put at once into the oven. Make sure that you understand the oven; do not open the door nor move the cakes for at least ten minutes; peep into the oven to make sure that they are baking nicely, and close the door quietly. If the oven is too hot the cakes brown before they are light, and the result is that when you cool the oven down they crack in the centre. Butter cakes must be baked slowly, while sponge cakes, lady-fingers and such cakes should always be baked quickly.

Fruit Bun

You require 4 pounds dough from the baker, 2 pounds each currants and raisins, 1 pound each pounded sugar and butter, ¼ pound each blanched almonds and orange peel, 1 ounce each cinnamon and ginger, ½ ounce Jamaica pepper, and 1 nutmeg, grated. Mix the butter into the dough with the hands, and take away 1 pound of the dough, and roll it out with a little flour. Cut off as much as will form the top crust of the bun and with the other part of the pound line a greased baking tin. Clean and prepare the fruit, and mix with the sugar and spices. Work all into the



How's the omelet going, cook?" A Canadian officer talking to the cook, who is in his cookhouse of three walls, in a badly shelled village; always wears a white apron and uses his wife's rolling pin which he brought from Canada.

water, salt and yeast the same as for whole wheat bread. Then add white flour slowly, beating all the while, until you have a stiff dough. Take this on a board and knead it until it becomes soft and elastic and free from stickiness. Put the dough in a bowl, cover and stand in a warm place for three hours. Then mould it quickly into loaves; place each in a greased bread-pan, cover again, and when very light—in about one hour—bake in a moderately quick oven, 330 deg. Fahrenheit, for three-quarters of an hour. When using home-made or dry yeast allow the first dough to stand overnight.

For bread and rolls use a good patent spring wheat, while for cakes and pastry use a soft, starchy "pastry flour."

To Make a Cake

If the cake is to be a butter cake arrange the oven so that it will be in good condition but rather moderate. Cakes without butter require quick ovens, with the exception of angel's food and sunshine cake. First read the recipe and collect all the ingredients; measure the sugar; measure and sift the flour; add baking-powder and sift it again; separate the eggs; get the pans; grease them or line them with paper. Beat the butter to a cream; add the sugar gradually and beat until light; add the yolks of the eggs and beat again, and if the recipe calls for water or milk add it slowly and alternately with the flour. When you have used the last of both

remaining dough. Fill the lined tin neatly; put on the dough crust, and with a fork prick over the surface. Bake in a steady oven for 3 or 4 hours. After the top is browned, brush it over with beaten egg or milk, to glaze it.

To Broil a Steak on a Gas Stove

Personally I like gas broiling, underneath the oven of the ordinary gas stove, where the steak is not pressed between a small hinged wire broiler. Scrape the outside of the steak—that which has come in contact with handling; trim off the long, tough end, and put it aside for another dish, and remove a portion of the suet in the fold of the steak. Heat the broiler smoking hot, throw on the steak and put it as near the fire as possible; brown it quickly on the upper side; turn it; stick the fork near the bone in turning; broil quickly on this side; turn it again and place it down six or seven inches below the burners, where it will cook slowly for five minutes, on one side; then turn, and cook it for five minutes on the other side. It should be rare from side to side, but not raw, nor purple, in the middle.

This recipe answers for a steak one inch in thickness: a steak one inch and a half thick will take fifteen minutes; a two-inch steak, twenty-five minutes. For the ordinary family the steak should be at least one inch in thickness. A thin steak allows the escape of the juices, and this makes even a good steak tough, dry and tasteless.



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Recipe for Quaker Sweetbits A Cookie Confection

1 cup Sugar, 1 tablespoon Butter, 2 Eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon Vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



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(1897)

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Have ready a granite roasting-pan or an ordinary stoneware platter; lift the steak to the hot platter; dust it with salt and pepper; rub it with butter on both sides, and, if you like, add just a suspicion of garlic. Transfer it to the serving-dish, pour over the butter sauce that has been made in the seasoning dish; garnish the steak with parsley, and send at once to the table.

Broiling Over a Coal Fire

Remove the lids on the front of the stove; see that the fire is bright and free from gas; open the direct draught into the pipe. Trim the steak, put it into the wire broiler and fasten it; hold it near the coals until it is thoroughly seared on one side; turn and sear it on the other; turn every twenty seconds for five minutes, then place it on a rack about six inches above the fire; cook slowly on one side; turn and cook on the other; it will take less time over a coal fire than under the gas. If the steak is one inch thick six minutes will be quite long enough; an inch-and-a-half steak will take twelve minutes, and a two-inch steak will take at least twenty minutes. All steaks must be cooked slowly toward the end of the time. Season and serve at once.

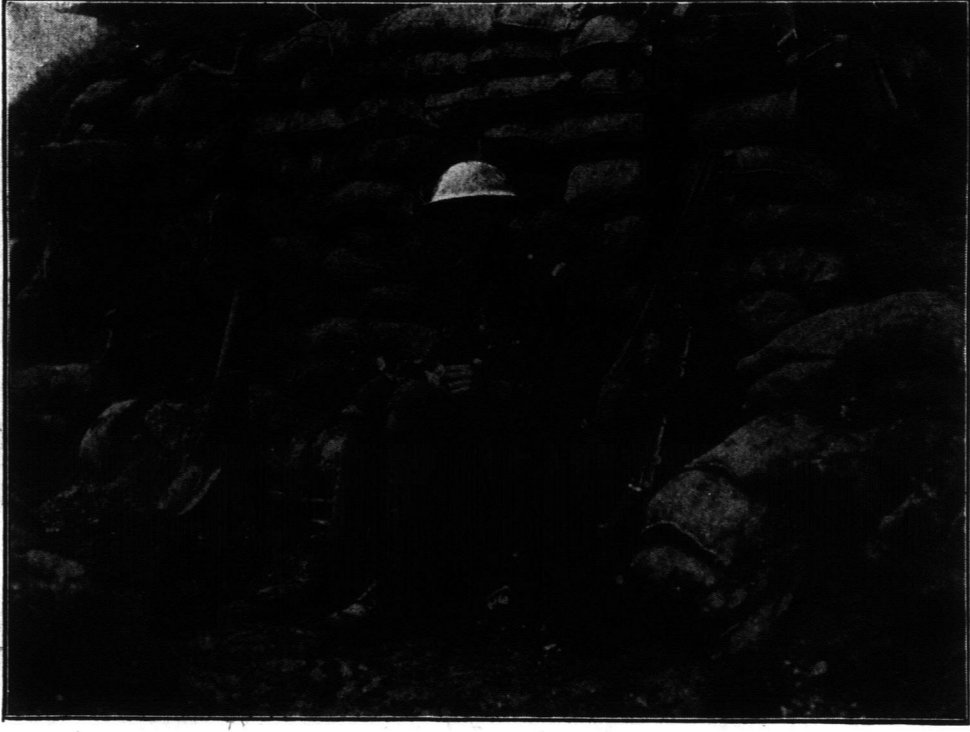
Broiling over charcoal is practically the same process as broiling over a coal fire.

eggs beaten to a stiff froth. This will give you a sherbet entirely unlike the watery, snowy affair usually served as water-ice, but it will be like spun glass, white, delicate and velvety. Pineapple sherbet is made by using a pint of freshly grated pineapple instead of lemon-juice, and orange sherbet by substituting a pint of orange-juice in place of the lemon-juice. Otherwise they are made like the lemon sherbet.

Candy

Fudge—To make fudge, take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, two-thirds cupful of milk, two squares of chocolate, butter the size of a walnut, vanilla to flavor. Grate the chocolate, and put the sugar, milk and chocolate together in a granite saucepan and when almost done, add the butter. Let boil, stirring constantly, until when tested in cold water a soft ball is formed. Take from the fire at once, add the vanilla and stir until smooth, heavy and cool enough to retain its shape. To facilitate this, stand the whole in a panful of cold water while stirring. Butter a shallow pan, using unsalted butter, or a little clean lard, and spread the mixture in this to the depth of half an inch. Check in squares and let get cold.

Cream Taffy—Two cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of vinegar, half a cupful of water, and butter the size of a walnut; boil without stirring



Canadian War Records—A Canadian enjoying his "eats" from home.

Dessert

Frozen fruits are prepared by mixing the fruit cut into small pieces with an equal amount of cold water, and adding sugar to the taste. Pack and freeze precisely as you would ice-cream. When the mixture is half frozen add a pint of whipped cream to every quart of fruit and water. You may use strawberries, raspberries, cherries, peaches, pineapples, or apricots. All will be found very nice, and you will have a variation in frozen desserts from ice-creams.

Angel-cake and sponge-cake are especially nice to serve with frozen fruits. And as to ice-cream, did you ever try serving bread and butter with it in place of cake? Many persons prefer it, especially men, who as a rule are not given to eating cake. And in turn a large number of women are repudiating it, and when they take anything with ice-cream, make rolls and butter—cold rolls, not hot ones—their choice.

Another variation of frozen dishes is the sherbet, or water-ice. This is made with water, sugar and fruit-juice, and frozen in the usual manner. For a lemon sherbet use the juice of six lemons, one pint of sugar, one tablespoonful of gelatine, the whites of three eggs and one quart of water, all but a gill of which should be boiling. Soak the gelatine in the gill of cold water for about a quarter of an hour, then add the boiling water to dissolve it; when it is dissolved add the sugar and juice of the lemons. When the sugar is dissolved strain and set aside to cool, and just before freezing add the whites of the

until it will candy when dropped in cold water. It should not get too hard, nor should it be too soft. Test as you would molasses candy. Flavor according to taste. Have a platter, or marble slab nicely greased, and pour the candy on this, and when cold enough to handle, pull until white, and cut into small pieces. If the syrup is stirred while boiling, it will return to sugar.

Walnut Squares—Two cupfuls of brown sugar, half a cupful of sweet cream; boil together until it ropes; then take from the fire and add one cupful of finely shaken walnut meats, mix well and pour into a greased shallow pan, and when partially cooled, crease into squares with a knife. When cold, it will be pronounced delicious.

Butter Taffy—Two cupfuls of light brown sugar, half a cupful of New Orleans molasses, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two of water, half a cupful of butter; boil fifteen minutes, or until brittle enough to pull well. Try in ice water, and when done, pull until smooth.

Bread Pudding

Beat two eggs without separating, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and beat again; add one pint of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, a grating of nutmeg; pour into a baking-dish, cover the top with a buttered bread, buttered side up, and bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set (about twenty minutes). Serve cold.

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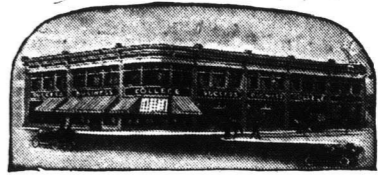
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Fashions and Patterns

Fashion Letter

Quiet elegance rules the styles of this season, although here and there one sees some very brilliant and bold designs. The materials used for evening dresses are especially gorgeous and beautiful. Trains are among the interesting features of evening gowns. The skirt front may be short and narrow and have a knee high slash. The corsage will be extremely décolleté. There are many lovely redingote models, so adaptable for the straight lines and combinations of materials in prevailing models. A rather full coat like redingote, falls straight over a narrow skirt of contrasting material, and has the material of the skirt repeated on the coat trimming. Beige, broadcloth and satin are good for such dresses, and braid is the most desirable decoration; indeed braid is used on many other models. It ranges in width from

frock of silver gray satin and chiffon has this skirt. It has touches of embroidery and is finished with a cape of chiffon.

There is a new silk-and-wool material called cashmere cloth. There are also new rough crepe weaves in silk and wool and new pussy willow satins.

Plaid and checked velvet skirts are combined with coats of plain velvet. Wide, open sleeves are seen, with under sleeves, but the long sleeve fitted at the wrist is as ever, popular. Oriental notes are shown in many styles, and Egyptian and Chinese ideas figure in one tone silks and the many colored stuffs. Practical little frocks of dark invisible plaid are nice. Short, straight coats are being shown for tailored suits. For early fall one may wear a small hat and its height will be its principal feature. This year, as last, many of the



wide Hercules to finest soutache running through all weaves of silk and metal, and used on all kinds of material from net to fur. Braid will be lovely on the new navy blue serge frocks, which will be most popular this fall. A pretty cashmere frock in a new shade of brown, has rows of flat two-inch silk braid in gray, green and white. In this day of wool scarcity, we are glad to know that cashmere is to be used for fall gowns. Broadcloth too will be fashionable, and the velours or suede finished woglen stuffs will be the most fashionable. Dark frocks, of serge are trimmed with velvety suede cloth, dark red being especially liked. Sometimes this trimming shows only on collars and cuffs, and is often covered with braid. Some models have waistcoats of the suede cloth, or narrow underskirts of which one may see but a glimpse under the long tunic or redingote. Satin skirts are worn with bodices of net or lace. The skirts are cut in the new tonneau style, following the natural figure lines and appearing to curve and narrow toward the bottom. A pretty

hats are built higher in front than at the back. For simple turban styles, the trimming should be simple. Pompons, ostrich fancies, stiff smart ribbon bows and feather bandings are among the trimmings favored for the tailored hat. Some of the new small hats show narrow brims, some of which are turned up flat against the hat, faced with feather trimming. Dressy hats show draped crowns and brims with edges thickened or weighted with various trimmings. Velvet, repp and satin are used for coverings. Lace too, will be used for the "Dress" hat. A smart hat of brown velour has an upturned brim held back by narrow braided ribbon tied on one side. Another of blue velvet is ornamented with gold applique wings in buckle effect.

A Simple, Popular Model—2225—The simple gown is the gown of the season. In this model, the lines are pleasing and the development is easy. The pockets may be omitted. The sleeve is smart in either wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust

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measure. Size 36 requires 6 1/8 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 7/8 yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—2209—Good for gingham, galatea, khaki, chambray, linen, linene, serge, voile, checked and plaid woolens. The coat blouse slips over the head, but additional opening may be made at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Dress for Home or Calling—Waist—2208. Skirt—2211—This comprises waist pattern 2208 and skirt pattern 2211. Satin, silk or crepe would make up nice in this combination, but different materials may be used for the skirt and waist. If

An Ideal Undergarment—2221—This model combines envelope drawers and a corset cover. It is nice for muslin, crepe, cambric, lawn, dimity, batiste and silk, and may be trimmed with lace or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34 inches bust measure; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46. Size medium requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal Work Dress—2207—This is a one-piece model with simple, comfortable lines. The fulness is confined at the waist by a belt, but could be drawn up through a casing with tape or ribbon. For service and practical features this design has much to recommend it. It is good for all wash fabrics, for serge, flannel, flannelette and brilliantine. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a medium size, 6 3/4 yards



desired the waist may be cut without the fichu section, and the skirt without the pockets. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 6 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size for the dress as illustrated. The skirt measures 2 3/4 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A New Riding Skirt—2215—This model has trouser portions joined to the skirt portions and will make a very comfortable and practical garment. Back and front are finished with deep lap tucks. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot. The pattern is good for Jersey cloth, serge, mannish mixtures, linen and broadcloth. It is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

of 44-inch material. The skirt measures 2 2/3 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Suit for Mother's Boy—2197—One could make this of linen, linene, drill, khaki, galatea, gingham, percale, serge, velvet or corduroy. The lines are simple and the style is a comfortable one. The trousers are straight and with side closing. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will require 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Negligee—2199—This model in rose crepe, white or blue batiste, in figured crepe or China silk,

To Asthma Sufferers.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy comes like a helping hand to a sinking swimmer. It gives new life and hope by curing his trouble—something he has come to believe impossible. Its benefit is too evident to be questioned—it is its own best argument—its own best advertisement. If you suffer from asthma get this time-tried remedy and find help like thousands of others.



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SEND 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Fall & Winter 1917-1918 Catalogue containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.



IS THE BEST FOR CHILDREN

Because it is healthy, soft, comfortable, durable, absorbs moisture and perspiration quickly, thus preventing colds. It is the only natural covering for the little one's body. For the children there is Underwear, Stockings, Caps, Coats, Sweaters, Night Dresses, Night Shirts, Pyjamas, Slippers, Dressing Gowns, etc.



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British "founded 1883".

So Bad With Kidneys Would Faint Away.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

Mrs. Albert Williams, Edam, Sask., writes: "I have the greatest pleasure in telling you what Doan's Kidney Pills did for me.

Ten years ago I was so bad with my kidneys that I would faint away and could not stand to do anything. I had been that way for two years, and had done all I could, but did not get any better until one day some one put a little book in our door, and I saw how another young girl had suffered like I was then, so I thought I would try them, and I am glad to say that after taking four boxes I have never had the same thing again, thanks to Doan's."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the original pill for all kidney troubles. They are put up in an oblong grey box, and bear the trade mark of a "Maple Leaf". See that you get "Doan's" when you ask for them.

Price 50c. per box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

will be very attractive. It is also nice for cashmere, flannelette, percale, lawn, dimity and dotted Swiss. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34 inches bust measure; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46. Size medium will require 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Work Garment—2205—This will be ideal for housework or for the studio, on warm days. It may be finished in gingham, linen, khaki, percale, chambray or lawn. The closing is at the centre front, under a box plait. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34 inches bust measure; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46. Size medium requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model—2224—This model is cut on Moyenne lines and has smart, inserted pockets at the sides. The waist fronts are finished in surplice style. The sleeve has a deep, shaped cuff. Serge, Jersey cloth, mixed and plaid suitings, voile, broadcloth, satin and velvet, are nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 36-inch size, 6 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures 2 3/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Popular Garment—2222—Union Suit with or without sleeves for men and boys. This model is good for cambric, muslin, linen, jean, flannel and flannelette. The sleeve may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 28, 32, 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches breast measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, without sleeves. With sleeves, it requires 3 3/4 yards of the same width. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Dress for School or General Wear—2200—This style is smart for gingham, percale, lawn, chambray, serge, poplin and voile, also for velvet, corduroy and linen. It is nice, too, for combinations of material. The fronts are lapped at the closing and the neck is finished with a deep collar, forming revers over the fronts. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Dress—2198—This is nice for plaid or checked gingham, with chambray or line for pockets, collar and cuffs. The belt is slipped through openings in the pocket straps. This pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dressing Sacque—2210—This smart style would be lovely in dotted challie, cool Swiss or dimity, and is also nice for crepe, batiste, lawn and percale. China silk, too, could be used, or crepe de chine, satin or chiffon. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Cucumber Relish

Three quarts of fresh cucumbers peeled and sliced. One quart of onions peeled and sliced, one-fourth cup of salt sprinkled over and let stand one hour. Take one quart of vinegar and half a cup of water, add to it one heaping tablespoonful of celery seed, one tablespoon of white mustard seed, one tablespoon of turmeric powder, one cayenne pepper. Add this to the cucumbers and onions and mix well; boil up well and can. These are delicious for meats of all kinds.

The Oil of the People.—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefited by it and would use no other preparation.

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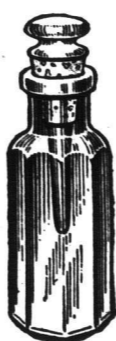
Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.
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Lift Corns Out With Fingers Don't Hurt a Bit—It's Magic

Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or callus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

You feel no pain or soreness when applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment

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Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bed-ridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

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Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?

Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and aware that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

Free Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo. Write today—NOW.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

BEFORE AFTER

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper, "Trados" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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CATALOGUES FREE.

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. Percival, M.D.

Do you know that over five hundred thousand Americans and Canadians are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent of human illness is caused, directly or indirectly, by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided.

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean, and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been sug-

gested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known.

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study, and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 254, 163 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this in The Western Home Monthly.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

Correspondence

At the Lakeside

Dear Editor—As I have been a silent reader of your valuable paper for quite a number of years, I at last have found enough courage to attempt writing a letter; I don't suppose it will ever escape the waste paper basket, but as the old saying is, never venture never win, so here goes:

I am not a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, but my brother is, so I have been fortunate in getting nearly all the numbers to read. I think if I were to mention any favorite pages, it would be "The Young Man and His Problem;" "The Philosopher" and the Correspondence page.

At present I am camping in a small tent by the lakeside, all alone. Of course, there are a few more cottages along the lake. I am not here because I am so fond of spending my vacation at the lakeside, but rather acting on the doctor's advice on account of my health not being the best.

I was raised on a farm in Ontario, where I have lived nearly all my life until last spring, I had a chance of coming west, so I took it. I have spent the summer with my brothers, the eldest being married, so we are not having the batching experience that a great many of the Western boys are having; although I can truly sympathize with them, for I quite well remember my own experience which I had five years ago, when I was out West for four months, and it seemed like a year. It happened that we were just starting up on a section of land that my father had purchased. We landed there with two carloads of settlers' effects and not a building on the farm. It was not the most pleasant experience to have, and having to batch it did not make matters any better. However, through the kindness and generosity of our neighbors, we managed very well. The brother that I speak of has got married since that time.

The crops in this district are looking fine where they have any kind of a chance at all, but it sure is an eyesore to drive along some of the roads and see the weeds; honestly, I have seen some places where you cannot tell the wheat from the summer-fallow. I would think that the high wages and the price that twine is this year would be enough to convince the farmers of the West that it does not pay to be handling so many weeds, when it is very little more work to have a clean crop of wheat. The main thing is to get on the summer-fallow at the right time.

The hail storms which struck our district last year have caused a great many farmers to insure their wheat this year, which I think is a splendid idea.

Any person wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the Editor. I will sign myself

"Lonely Camper."

Sound Advice for "Spitfire" and "Pocahontas"

Dear Editor and Readers—Having at one time been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I take the opportunity of saying a few words to two correspondents. These two individuals seem to be anything but friendly in their discussions regarding their different views, with regard to farm boys in khaki, versus the city boys. Now being a soldier of over two years experience, I think I can make both "Spitfire" and "Pocahontas" see good, sound, judgment on both sides, if they only would bend a bit in each other's direction. If they care to write, I'll answer them, backed by experience gained on the firing line. I'm going back to France for the second time, having just left a hospital a week ago. It takes up too much space to sit and write out the good points in both "Spitfire's" and "Pocahontas'" letters, or else I'd gladly do so. And should they, or others care to write to me, I'll be only too glad to discuss anything regarding soldiering with them, whenever I find time available in which to enjoy myself. Thanking you, I'll close leaving my address with the Editor.

"A Soldier."

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

YOU CAN CURE CONSTIPATION

BY THE USE OF

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills.

A free motion of the bowels daily should be the rule of everyone, for if they do not move regularly constipation is sure to follow, and bring in its train many other troubles when the bowels become clogged up.

Miss Emma E. Melanson, Halifax, N.S., writes: "I am now 20 years of age, and since I was 16 I have been greatly troubled with constipation, so much so that at times I would be in bed 3 or 4 days a month. I tried all the old fashioned remedies, castor oil, cascara, etc., with only temporary relief until my sister-in-law gave me some of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. From the first they seemed beneficial, and I gave them a fair trial. This was two years ago, and with an occasional dose I have kept entirely free from constipation for the period mentioned."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

GALL STONES REMOVED IN 24 HOURS WITHOUT ANY PAIN WHATEVER

INDIGESTION, Stomach and Liver Disorders, Appendicitis, Peritonitis, and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, which is a dangerous complaint and misleads persons to believe that they have stomach trouble, Chronic Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until those bad attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear; then they realize what is the trouble. Ninety out of every hundred persons who have Gall Stones don't know it. Write us to-day and avoid an operation and a lot of pain and suffering. On sale at all Druggists. Address us,

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quickly kills all nits and vermin in the hair. It is double the strength of any other but perfectly safe to use and will not injure the most delicate skin; nourishes and beautifies the hair.
In 15c. & 25c. sizes. Extra large size 50c.
Agents: Of all Chemists.
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Send sample of your hair.
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FENNINGS' For children cutting their teeth, prevent convulsions, are Cooling and Soothing
CONTAIN NOTHING INJURIOUS TO A TENDER BABE

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Sold in stamped boxes at 50c. per package, with full directions, by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Montreal. (Branches in all parts.)
(Alone have the trade mark, "A Baby in a Cradle.")

Read "Fennings' Every Mother's Book." It contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, etc. A Free Copy will be sent Post Free on application to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight, Eng.

POWDERS

DIARRHOEA and VOMITING CURED BY DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The pain and suffering, the weakness and oftentimes collapse associated with an attack of diarrhoea, especially when violent vomiting occurs, make it a disease to be dreaded, and for which prompt relief and a ready cure are greatly to be desired.

The salutary action of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in giving almost instant relief from the pain, checking the too frequent and irritating stools, settling the stomach and bracing up the weakened heart, render it without a peer for the treatment of all bowel complaints of young or old.

Mr. James G. Vandusen, Medora, Man., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and have found it to be the most satisfactory remedy of its sort."

I was troubled with diarrhoea and vomiting for a long time. At last I purchased a bottle of your grand remedy, and after I had used but a quarter of it I was completely cured.

Under no circumstances would I be without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry."

"Dr. Fowler's" is an old and reliable remedy, having been on the market for the past 72 years.

You do not experiment when you buy it.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous.

Price, 35c.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

I CAN HELP YOU

if you suffer from Piles, I can tell you how to treat yourself at home to get rid of

PILES FREE TREATMENT

A free treatment of my new absorption method will give early relief and prove to you its value.

Send no money, but write me to-day, and tell your friends about the free trial treatment.

MRS. M. SUMMERS,
Box 86 WINDSOR, ONT.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR GRIP

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the remedy to restore your Energy, and to rebuild Health and Vitality.

If anyone who feels weak or languid, whose vitality has been lowered from any cause, whose nerves are overstrained or "jumpy" will take a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, he or she cannot fail to be astonished at the wonderful new health and vigour that will follow and follow quickly. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are an ideal brace-up. They strengthen the nervous system throughout, invigorate all the bodily functions, give "Spring" and "Grip" and fitness even to the weakest. And there is no dope in them.

A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address: Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the supreme remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Nervous Ailments, and Nerve Paralysis, and for weakness in children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Price 50 cents per tube, six tubes for the price of five, from Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Don't waste your money on imitations; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Proprietors, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

Too Hard on the Bank Clerks

Dear Editor and Readers—Thanks, very much for publishing my last letter. I may say that I enjoy this circle very much. The letters are all very interesting.

Have just been reading "A Rationalist's" letter of this issue and it strikes me she hits rather hard on the poor "bank clerks," whom, she says, work about six hours a day at a few figures. If "A Rationalist" had experience in bank work, she might say that they work as many as ten and twelve hours a day and at quite a number of figures, too. It is very easy for people who have nothing to do themselves to point out those who should go to war. Up to this time any one who wishes to don the uniform and go and fight has a right to do so, but if he wishes to remain at home, he is again quite at liberty to do so. I, myself, am in favor of conscription to a certain extent, but what will happen to Britain's food supply if all the men leave the farms to go and fight? Conditions for food are bad enough already. What will happen if only old men and women are left to till the soil? Of course, women and girls will do their best, I am sure, but Canadian women won't make such a success of it as the women of France have. I am sure those noble women deserve much honor.

The crops around here are fairly good, but they have suffered considerably for want of rain. In this district they were completely wiped out by hail last year,

much credit. What would we do without these men? The girls cannot do it all, and just because some of these men can't go is no reason why they should be called slackers. They are NOT slackers. I have three brothers at the war, and the other one would go if he could be spared. I live on the farm in Western Canada.

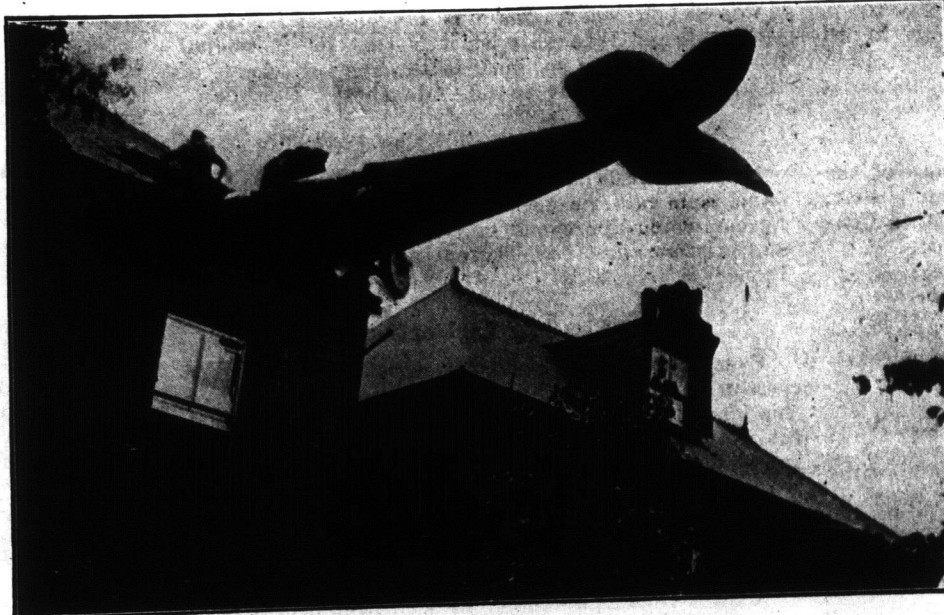
I am anxious to receive letters from anyone. My address is with the Editor. Wishing your paper ever success.

"Forget-Me-Not."

Herewith we append an interesting letter received from one of our subscribers. Possibly a reader can kindly oblige with the information desired.

Aug. 26th, 1917

Dear Sir:—Just a line to let you know I was much pleased and interested with the picture of your arrowheads in your August number. I was surprised there was so many kinds of them. Nothing has interested me more since I came on the prairie. You quote the Indians made these by heating the stone and dropping cold water out of a quill on them. This is likely from the best authority. I spent a lot of time examining these heads as I have found quite a few, and I came to the conclusion they had two instruments for making them with—one was an inch or so wide used for splitting them off the blocks to the right thickness; the other was very narrow and slightly concave, used for dressing them with. I have found lots of pieces from five to ten pounds weight of this amber-colored rock that they made



Neglecting to knock, this aeroplane paid an unexpected visit to a house in England. It got into difficulties while passing over Twickenham, and landed on the roof of a house in Lebanon Road, smashing clean through to the bedroom below. The pilot was only slightly injured.

so the farmers deserve a good crop this year.

Well, I must close, wishing the club and all the readers every success, I remain, "Business Girl."

From Overseas

Dear Editor—Being a reader of The Western Home Monthly, which I get from a friend, I thought I too, would write and try my luck as a correspondent, as I have lots of spare time, and I like writing very much. I live in a very lonely country district with my widowed mother, and I have one brother at the war. I send him The Western Home Monthly and he is delighted with it. I, myself, think it a splendid magazine, and the letters which I always read first, are so interesting. My age is 26, and I will answer anyone who cares to write. Trusting you will print this, I am,

Yours Sincerely,
"Bluebell."

Agrees with Irish Norah

Dear Editor—This is my first letter to The Western Home Monthly, although I have often intended to write. Whenever The Western Home Monthly comes I turn to the correspondence page and find much pleasure in reading it. I often wish The Western Home Monthly came every week instead of every month.

I quite agree with Irish Norah in regard to young men in civilian clothes being called slackers. These young men who are staying at home, doing their work on the farm, are helping their country just as well as the ones at the front, although they don't receive so

them out of, it showed all appearance of being cut with some instrument. I have found a good many heads all made out of the same kind of stone unless one and it was made out of what I would call fire-stone, the same kind of stone the Old Country people of Ontario used to light their fires and pipes with. Could you tell us where they learned this art. Did they know how to do it before coming to Ontario. The man that made this last arrowhead I speak of, never tried another out of the same kind of stone I feel sure, and if he did not know how to use profane language before he started he learned it good before he was through. I read in a Winnipeg paper some time ago about a man that was out by Hudson Bay, I forget his name. I think he said he saw the Indians make arrowheads with the quill and water business. If you know him, I wish you would tell him if he is ever there again to fetch one back with him, so that we may examine it. Perhaps he did and I did not hear of it. Could you tell us if a beaver's tooth would cut stone. I do know they can cut the hardest dry ash knot that can be found.

John Lyle, Lyleton, Man.

A Thorough Pill.—To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

If You Want Evidence

That Hemorrhoids, or Piles, Can be Completely Cured, Read These Letters—Both Are Sworn Statements.

Toronto, Ont. (October) — Next to personal experience the sworn statements of reliable people is the strongest evidence obtainable. If you have any doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively and completely cure piles, these letters should convince you.

Mr. Samuel Parker, fruit grower, Grimsby, Ont., has made the following declaration before M. W. W. Kidd, Notary Public of the same place: "I do solemnly declare that I was troubled with bleeding piles and was advised to go to the hospital to have an operation performed. My wife said 'No, get a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.' I did so and have used it according to directions while living in Manitoba and obtained a complete cure, for I have never been troubled with piles since. I am now seventy years of age and want to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all sufferers from piles. My wife has used it for itching skin and obtained complete cure."

Mr. Donald M. Campbell, Campbell's Mountain, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment with great success for hemorrhoids or piles of fifteen years standing. After trying all kinds of so-called pile cures, three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment gave me a complete cure. I have also used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and there are no others so good. You may use this letter, if you wish, for the benefit of others who may suffer as I did."

Sworn before me, Murdoch Gordon Campbell, J.P., in the County and for Inverness County.

If you would like to try Dr. Chase's Ointment at our expense, send a two cent stamp to pay postage and we shall mail you a sample box free. Full size box 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmandson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

TESTIMONIALS FOR MEDIGINES

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company Publishes Only Genuine Ones.

The testimonials published by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company come unsolicited. Before they are used the Company takes great care to inform itself about the writer. Never knowingly, has it published an untruthful letter, never is a letter published without written consent signed by the writer.

The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives, once burdened with pain and illness.

It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health; and their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.



When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

What the World is Saying

A Slogan

Our cause is just. In God we trust. Berlin or bust!—Chicago Herald.

The Transformation

Slowly but surely German "might" is being changed into a very plain German "might have been."—London Truth.

What Germany is Ready to Do

Germany is entirely ready to make another peace, if somebody will kindly furnish the scrap of paper—Milan Corriere di Sera.

The Only Way

The only way to enlighten the German people is to chastize them. Enlightenment will then arrive.—Tokio Shimbun.

An Accurate Description

A German Ambassador is necessarily a criminal and usually a blunderer.—Paris Journal des Debats.

The Kaiser's Hue

If the old saying were true, the Kaiser's face and ears would be by this time almost as red as his hands.—Bombay Times of India.

Paying for the War

Low birthrate scares Germany, for she cannot afford a failure in the crop of future taxpayers.—Wall Street Journal.

The War-Maniac

Having collected 10,000 volumes on War, in all languages, the Kaiser should be sentenced to spend the rest of his life reading them.—Paris Figaro.

What Name?

A German navy official said the other day of the German people, "God has called us by name." Now, we're curious to know by what name.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Reason Why

"We know what we want," says the Imperial German Chancellor. So do the rest of us. And that's why you are not going to get it.—Paris Matin.

A Peace that Would be No Peace

The world welcomed horseless carriages and wireless electricity, but it is not at all keen for a peaceless peace.—Toronto Telegram.

Characteristically German

"If we hold out one more winter, the worthlessness of American assistance to our enemies will be apparent to all the world," says the Cologne Gazette. Dream on, Rudolph, dream on.—Minneapolis Journal.

Kultur Produces No Such Thoughts

The German Government may occasionally have had a sane, a human or a civilized thought. But during the last three years it has successfully concealed all trace of it.—New York Sun.

When Dogs are Drafted

When the government drafts 40,000 army dogs, we presume that the Skye terriers will go into the aviation corps and the setters will grab off all the desk jobs, and the yellow curs and dachshunds be conscientious objectors.—Boston Transcript.

Not Their Way

Any one who supposes German military authorities would keep silence about it if they really had Kitchener as a prisoner gives them undue credit for reticence and modesty.—Victoria Colonist.

Boche Bosh

"It makes slaves of Germans in the United States," says the Cologne Volkszeitung, to have English the official language of the country. But there seems to be no help for it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Kaiser's Guilt

Soap, says Mr. Oswald Schuette in a dispatch from Switzerland to the Daily News, is one of the scarcest things in Germany. Probably the Kaiser, like Lady Macbeth, has been trying to wash the blood from his hand.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Radical Forecast, Indeed!

A forecaster in a contemporary magazine attempts to show what the world will be like thirty-five years from now. Some of his expectations look reasonable enough, but when he says that women's fashions will not be subject to continual change he shows himself a radical prophet indeed.—Halifax Herald.

Naturally

Unrest is growing in Austria, reports say. A large iron heel on the neck naturally tends to make a country restless and even irritable.—Dundee Courier.

Exactly So

Our fortunes are so closely linked with those of the Entente Powers that there is no such thing possible as treachery towards England or France that is not also treachery towards America.—New York Tribune.

This Changing World

A quietly dressed woman of about 35, carrying a batch of papers in her hand, was walking along John street, Adelphi, yesterday morning smoking a briar pipe! Soon not a single masculine privilege will remain!—London Daily Express.

Mr. Wilson's Way

Roosevelt would have said, "The Kaiser is such a liar we can't believe him," but Mr. Wilson phrased it: "We cannot take the word of the present German ruler." Which was the same thing all dressed up in a bird-tail coat and white gloves.—London Opinion.

The Kaiser and His Bulldog

Von Hindenburg tries to encourage the Kaiser by emitting growls like a bulldog, and the Kaiser tries to encourage Von Hindenburg by sending him new medals to be fastened on his collar.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Individual and the Whole

One lesson which this war is going to teach us before we get through with it is that the individual doesn't amount to so much in the general scheme of things as he thought he did.—Manchester Guardian.

Luther Was a Christian First

Missouri's German Lutheran synod changes its name and gets rid of the "German." We imagine Luther would approve if he could be heard. He was a Christian first, a Teuton afterward.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Only Explanation

Ever so often, as the story writers put it, some person arises to display his ignorance, his idiocy or his ignominy by asking why we are at war. We are at war because we want to remain decent, and decency demands the crushing of the frightfulness that has its lair in Berlin and menaces civilization.—New York Herald.

No Other Way

A decisive triumph must be won over brutal militarism. Force is the only thing that the Prussian despots fully understand. When they are forced to their knees, then may we have peace. Any other way of bringing it about would be dangerous, for it would leave the wild beasts of Berlin free to make war all over again when they got good and ready.—Washington Star.

The Problem of Civilization

The peace of Europe cannot be established until Germany is powerless or is made free. In freedom the German people would gain an incalculable blessing; if they cannot move towards it and seize it when the occasion fits, they must at any rate be stripped of the force which has been a curse to themselves and to the civilized world.—Montreal Gazette.

Titles in Canada

Canadians will not mind if royalty takes Canadian titles, as has been suggested, but they are certainly much disgusted with the crop of lordings that is springing up in this fair and otherwise democratic Dominion. If there is one measure more than another that is calculated to bring titles into disrepute in Canada, it is the promiscuous tacking of titles on every man who has the price.—Hamilton Spectator.

The One Supreme Truth

This, then, is the one supreme truth which is being taught the world: That which occupies the mind enters into the conduct, just as that which is near the heart invades the intelligence; and what enters into conduct fashions fate. It is not safe in educating citizens to think of nothing but industrial and commercial success and to forget morality. Germany has done so. Her delight has not been in the law of the Lord. She has meditated therein neither day nor night. And she shall not be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth fruit in his season. Her leaf shall wither; and unless she changes her soul nought that she doeth shall prosper. She had issued a challenge to the nature of things which is moral; and she is in process of being worsted in the fight.—The Round Table.

The Future Must be Made Secure

Much as we abhor a continuation of devastation, it would be the greatest tragedy in the records of civilization if the terrible sacrifices made by all the peoples should fail to purchase the world a future in which such a catastrophe is not made at least less possible.—London Spectator.

What the World Knows

The bombastic proclamations of a disordered Emperor do not deceive the world. Germany has failed, and her leaders know she has failed; and when her greedy and half crazed people realize it they will set up a universal cry, which your society is anticipating in her behalf, for "Peace without victory; no annexation and no indemnity." But who is to pay for ruined Belgium and France; the ships that the U-boats have sent to the bottom of the sea; ravaged Serbia, and all the devastation which the Hun has wantonly wrought?—Toronto Globe.

Sage Advice to Hindenburg

General von Ardenne, military critic of the Berlin Tageblatt, gives most sage advice to the great general staff. He declares that the best policy now is to overwhelm and utterly defeat the French army and they concentrate all of Germany's military force against the British and crush them before America can lend any aid. It is a wonder that Hindenburg has never thought of that. Possibly, however, he has. One almost suspects that if the German Commander-in-chief were able to compass the destruction of the French army, he would have done it some time ago.—London Times.

A Question Answered

"What are we fighting for?" Well, for one thing, to protect the precious hides of the half-wits, ingrates and chatters who ask the question—although that's an incidental part of the job which is becoming distasteful. If the whole crowd could be gathered up and shipped into Prussia, maybe some of them would learn at last "what we are fighting for." The man who asks the question really makes an assertion. He declares that he is either mentally defective or a traitor.—Cleveland Press.

Abraham Lincoln's Native County

The top of the morning to Larue county, Kentucky, birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and banner draft district of America. Its quota for the national army was 132 men. Only 132 men were examined. No one claimed exemption. The whole 132 passed. It is a perfect record, and Kentucky may well be proud of Larue.—Toronto Star.

Political Sleight of Hand

The psychology of the professional politician resembles that of the prestidigitator. The attention of those to be influenced is directed to objects and acts which habit has rendered congenial and attractive, and meantime something quite different is carried forward to an unforeseen result. As a rule the most effective form of motivation is one which combines appeal to highly idealistic ends with appeal to immediate profit: the Old Flag and an appropriation, the prevention of the vicious schemes of the opposing party plus a larger price for crops and general prosperity.—New Republic.

The German Idea of Honor

The German idea of honor and wisdom is well illustrated in a cartoon published by a Stuttgart newspaper. It shows the ghost of King Leopold of Belgium shaking an accusing finger at King Albert and saying: "Foolish Albert! If I had been in your shoes I should to-day still be King in Brussels, with a German decoration pinned on my coat." It would be difficult to imagine a more degraded conception of personal, national, or international good faith, honor and decency.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Truth About Germans

Let us clear our minds of cant; we are at war with the German people from the "All Highest" to the lowliest of his subjects; we reciprocate the hatred of the whole nation by an equally cordial detestation of their repulsive methods of war and in peace; we recognize in them a nation of spies, from the Kaiser to the Kellner, from von Boehlen (managing director of Krupp's) to the barber, who have eaten our salt, while planning our destruction. We abhor their substitution of expediency for honor in all their dealings; we detest them for their repudiation of the moral code of civilized nations and of the ethics of the Christian religion; we shudder with unspeakable disgust at the behavior of men, women and children towards our prisoners; we loathe the ghoulish glee with which they murder the victims of their submarines. . . . So long as this generation lives it will be an unpardonable insult to our gallant dead, and reckless treachery to the living, ever to allow another German to set foot upon our shores.—Nineteenth Century.

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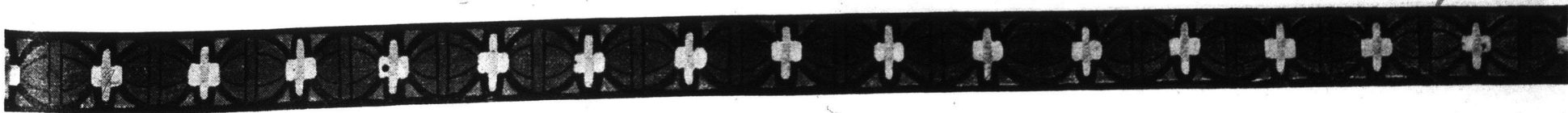
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