

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNEBAGO, MAN., JANUARY, 1920



To all Western Home Monthly Readers a Happy New
Year. A Year of Peace and Prosperity



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LIKE the laundry, the rough and tumble of childish affairs, strains each of the millions of cotton fibres in sheet, pillow-case, towel, counter-pane or underwear — even Nurse's apron will catch it when the baby scrambles, feet and all, into her lap!

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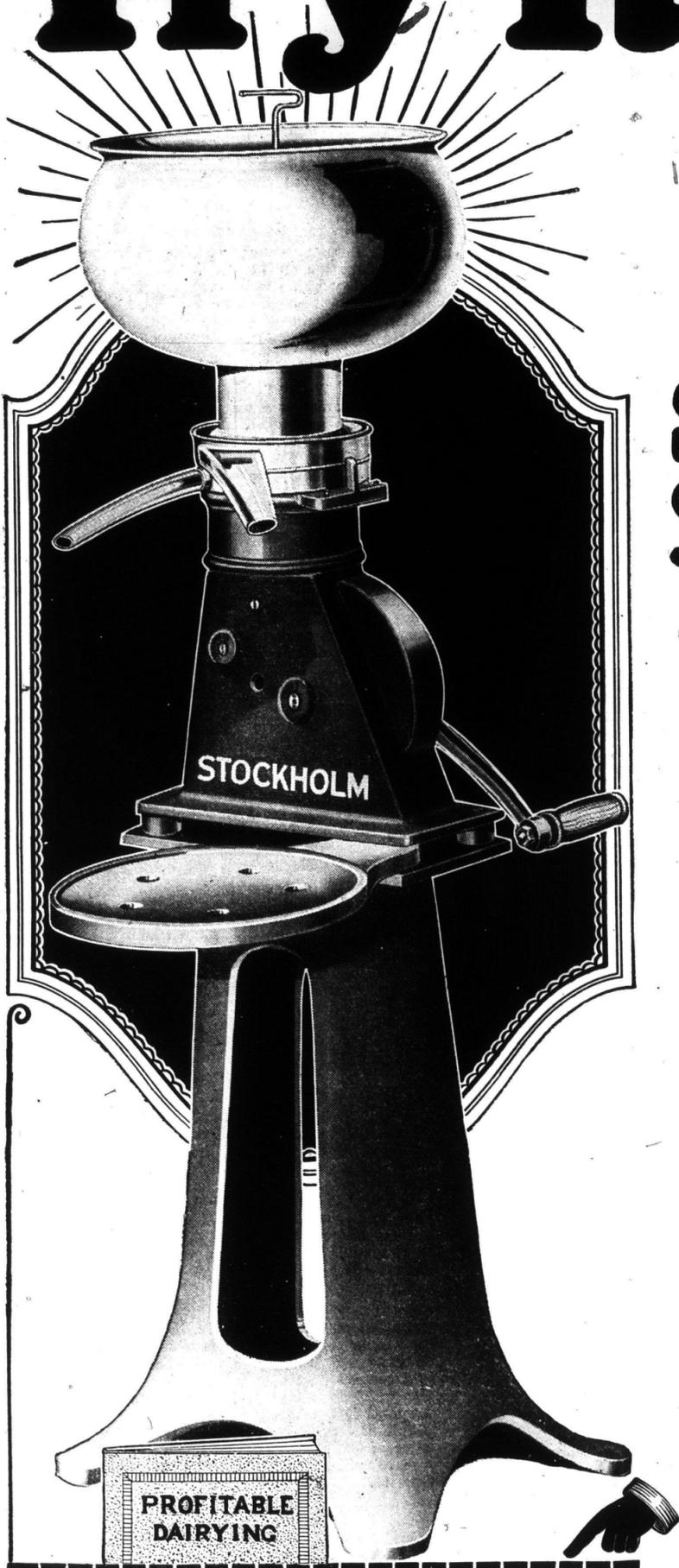
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What the World is Saying

A Muzhikal Item

The Russian muzhik has changed his tune.—Edmonton Journal.

Something He Must Be Taught

The ex-Kaiser must be taught there can be no wreck without a reckoning.—Saskatoon Star.

A Financial Note

One can buy ten cents' worth of almost anything now for thirty cents.—Duluth Herald.

His Blasted Expectations

The ex-Crown Prince isn't taking so much interest in the old man's shoes as he did not so long ago.—Anaconda Standard.

An Ethological Note

The gravest part of the yellow peril is that the Jap can get rich on what the average American wastes.—Springfield Republican

What They Are Finding

Germans are finding that the road back to international respect is hard and rocky.—Victoria Times.

A Thing To Be Remembered

Shoes are dear enough here, but think of the thousands of Europeans who haven't any at all.—Buffalo Courier.

The Collapsed Mark

The tumbling value of the German mark removes any chance for argument as to who lost the war.—Wall Street Journal.

To Make It Doubly Sure

The ex-Crown Prince says he was sure the war was lost after the Marne. So he fought Verdun just to make absolutely certain.—New York Tribune.

Or, Rather, by the Bale

One Bolshevik accomplishment is the measuring of Russian money by the peck instead of by the kopeck.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A Question

Hindenburg says that no one in Germany wanted war. Has no one learned to tell the truth?—Halifax Herald.

It Is Not Exclusively a Man's Isle

The elections have just been held in the Isle of Man, and we don't know yet whether any women have been elected or not.—Vancouver Sun.

Lloyd George and Prohibition

Lloyd George says he does not think prohibition possible in Britain, but he leaves the impression that he wishes it were.—Christian Guardian.

What Russia Needs

British Labor is out to make peace with Russia. What a lot of people would like to see if the Russians making peace with themselves.—St. John Telegraph.

How About Our Parliament?

Legislation will be introduced in the next parliament to tax war fortunes from ten to sixty per cent (Italian parliament).—Guelph Herald.

A Conundrum for the Admiral

We would like to ask Admiral Jellicoe whether we could refer to the large number sticking to public office just now as Canadian tars.—Vancouver World.

The "Good Old Days"

The "good old days" which the Duke of Portland sighs for, because he must cut down the number of his retainers, were good only for the privileged few.—Peterboro Examiner.

Some Truth In This

Mr. O'Connor says that greed is behind the high cost of living. And behind greed is old human nature, which does not appear to change a great deal as the centuries roll past.—Toronto Evening Telegram.

The Finishing Touch

The W.C.T.U. of the United States has been invited to hold its annual convention in a famous St. Louis brewery. That would be the finishing touch.—New York Sun.

Gay and Foot were Too Slow

From the published results in the Plymouth election, it would appear that Lady Astor led the other candidates. Gay and Foot, a merry dance.—Standard.

A Daring Windsorite

The Windsor official who proposes a standard dress for high school girls is another proof that all the heroes did not go to the war.—Hamilton Herald.

It Would Be Better So

The Japanese are reported to be acquiring a taste for Canadian whiskey. Canada would prefer to be advertised by other products.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The ex-Kaiser's Beard

Much attention is given to the fact that the man who used to be the Kaiser has raised a beard. If that were all that he has raised he might be forgiven.—Philadelphia Press.

An Ancient Joke Spoiled

Another ancient joke is spoiled. The only member of the new Ontario cabinet wearing whiskers is not a farmer and lives in Toronto.—Hamilton Spectator.

Quite So

Lord Jellicoe said in his Saturday address that many Canadians had never been at sea, which shows how completely he overlooked our political leaders.—Toronto World.

An Answer to the c.p.

"We are down and out; isn't that enough," remarks the crownless prince in one of his interviews. "Everybody knows that they are down, but what must be made sure for all time is that they are out.—Utica Observer.

A Composite Nation

The American nation is compounded of English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Jews, Poles, Southern Slavs and many other races.—London Chronicle.

Sifting the Immigration

In the first half of 1919 there were turned back at Canadian points of entry no fewer than 12,915 intending immigrants and 215 undesirable persons were deported. About one in every six is rejected.—Quebec Chronicle.

An Ottawa Note

Lady Astor says that she wants to be "a regular working member of the House of Commons and not a curiosity." Over here, however, the terms are regarded as synonymous.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Maritime Reference

The Montreal Gazette announces that the government has ordered the gas buoys put away for the winter. This, we take it, does not refer to recent departure of members of parliament for their homes.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

All the World Knows the Truth

Von Hindenburg testifies that "neither the German people, the Kaiser nor the government desired war." He says Germany organized her military forces "for defence." Was Belgium, then, the aggressor?—Providence Journal.

A Fine Idea

Montreal and Toronto are squabbling as to which city shall be the headquarters of the Canadian National Railways. Why not choose Winnipeg; put the headquarters at the central city of Canada, and end the Montreal-Toronto dog fight all at the same time?—Winnipeg Free Press.

It Makes Germany's Guilt No Less

The Vorwaerts of Berlin says that there is now no doubt but that Germany was ruled previous to the war by next to a madman. Too bad the German people could not have seen that five years ago. The world might have been saved a lot of bloodshed.—New York World.

The Ideal Husband

The husband who honestly tries to be kind and gentle to his wife and seeks to please and cheer her up, does not come into the house with muddy shoes and does not lean his head back against the wall; and his wife would not stand such conduct, unless she was as untidy as her husband.—Shaunavon Standard.

Democracy at Toronto

One advantage of abolishing those silk knee breeches which former lieutenant-governors of Ontario wore at the openings of the house, is that the office is thus democratically thrown open to our bow-legged citizenry.—Brockville Times-Recorder.

A Scotchman Wrote It

One cannot find words to comment fittingly upon the lack of imagination or anything else in the brain space of officials who would do away with the kilt.—Toronto Globe. (A hundred to one that a Scotchman wrote that stinging sentence.)—Lethbridge Herald.

Cause and Effect

"This industry cannot operate without help" was the explanation of the Commissioner who closed the municipal workhouse in Camden, N.J., which had been operated since 1912 by habitual drunkards. After the advent of prohibition the number of inmates rapidly declined.—Minneapolis Journal.

Hamilton's Bracing Air

Shades of Wesley! The new woman wants a room in every church set apart for dancing. And this sentiment was applauded at the Y.W.C.A. convention which just concluded in Hamilton. But perhaps that rarified air of the Hamilton mountain made the ladies feel that they couldn't just keep still.—Guelph Mercury.

Some Journey

A member of the Northwest Mounted Police has arrived at Dawson after a 600-mile journey alone, except for a dog team. The West used to abound in romances of this kind, but now only the North supplies them. Canada has so much North that it will have almost a monopoly of future outdoor adventure on this continent.—Victoria Colonist.

"It Was Whiskey"

A man in the dock yesterday in Toronto said before sentenced on a conviction for manslaughter: "Your Lordship, I am very sorry. He was a good friend to me. We worked together a long time. It was whiskey. I ask mercy. It has been a lesson for the rest of my life." How often the same plea has been made! There is a world of meaning in the three, "It was whiskey."—Toronto Globe.

Motherhood and Politics

Instead of being a bar to useful public service, motherhood should better fit women for a true vision of the public needs. The time has gone when ridicule can successfully answer the claim put forth by women for participation in public affairs. Mothers have a superclaim, for they are the first to suffer, the first to weep and the first to mourn when nations are afflicted with unrighteousness and injustice. Motherhood makes nations and civilization possible. Who can promote them better than mothers?—New York Herald.

Good Advice

So we advise mere man to assume a detached and philosophical attitude toward women's styles. There is no use getting excited, no use trying to change them, no use appealing to a woman to adjure them. The best thing to do is to let the women have their own way. It is the only thing to do, because they'll have it anyway. So what's the use. Besides, it is nothing but vanity and imagination that makes men think they know better than woman what is best for women.—Regina Post.

Not Likely To Be Acted Upon

The suggestion is made in London by a financial newspaper that the whole property of the Church of England and the Church of Scotland should be sold and converted into cash for the relief of the country, which is so heavily in debt. Such a confiscatory proposal is not likely to be taken seriously by the people at large. It is a novel idea which may cause some of the church's supporters to remark with respect to reducing the debt: Let Bung do it.—Montreal Gazette.

If

Mr. Spencer told us we could expect a bumper crop in 1919! He stated that we have a bumper crop every fourteen years, and the last one we enjoyed was in 1915, so the next is due to arrive in 1929. We agree with Mr. Spencer. If we have a favorable spring, and the early frosts keep off; if the gophers and the chows and the cutworms leave the grain alone; if we have good growing weather, plenty of sunshine and rain, but not too much of either—if the hail and the rust and the early frosts keep off; if there is plenty of twine and harvest help; if the neighbor's stock don't break in, or the threshing machine break down; and the snow doesn't interfere, or we don't get tired of waiting for the railroad, and pull out of the country; then we certainly will harvest a bumper crop. "Oh boy, what a grand and glorious feeling it would be!"—Lloydminster Times.

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Chills and
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The Western Home Monthly

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No. 1

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A Chat With Our Readers

By the time this issue of The Western Home Monthly reaches its readers the year 1919 will have passed into history, and a new year with its problems will have entered.

The Western Home Monthly wishes every reader a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Its resolution at this time is to be of greater service than ever in every home that it enters. To bring with each issue a message of gladness and comfort to father, mother and young folks. To be the friend of every member of the family. To be of practical assistance in facing the responsibilities of life's battle. It realizes that its first duty is to its readers and to present to them only what is helpful and wholesome.

We quote the following from a letter received from a lady reader of The Western Home Monthly who has been in close touch with Western rural and urban life for some years, and who has the additional advantage of being very familiar with Eastern conditions. It should prove of much interest to manufacturers and merchants who are seeking the trade of the progressive Western home.

"In every farm home in which I have yet been I have seen The Monthly, and the farmer of to-day is 'no slouch' when it comes to home comforts, as I daresay you know. A car, a piano or a pianola, nice rugs and furniture, and labor-saving devices in the kitchen are quite ordinary features of farm life now and the women dress in as nice clothes as the city women, and more sensibly I think. I have numerous rural friends and I know they read your ads. diligently. One purchased suits for her two boys, another a piano and a third a kitchen range from ads. found in a recent Monthly. As to the more urban subscribers I have noticed that it is usually the refined and 'leisured' element who take your splendid Magazine.

"Naturally their tastes fix themselves on the luxuries more than on the necessities, but as all the world is interested in food, food ads. will not be overlooked by any, no matter how wealthy. The rich woman is as keen for a good bargain as any other. Incidentally there seems to be more wealth out here in the West to the square mile than down East. I should think Eastern advertisers wouldn't want a more promising field. Some conservative souls in Toronto still think we are living on pemmican out here and rubbing whale-oil on our faces."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

Calgary, Alta.

Sirs:—Kindly send me 10 extra copies of the Christmas number of your paper, as I am always so delighted at this season of the year to get such a grand holiday number to mail to my friends! Enclosed find cost. The Western Home Monthly is indeed an instructive, entertaining and valuable paper.

H. N. SLATER,
Subscriber for twenty years.



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is welcome

Do not make the mistake of thinking that cocoa is only an occasional drink. It is so valuable a food beverage, so rich in the elements of nutrition, so delicious in flavor, and so wholesome that it should be used regularly and often.

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Debt

ONE of the greatest debts a man owes to himself is the constant care of his teeth. If your teeth are in such bad shape that you don't think that they are worth taking care of, put on your hat and coat. You should be on your way to the dentist.

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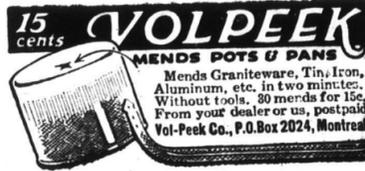


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"Yaller"

The story of a dog that knew

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

Note to the Editor.—This story is based on the following facts:—That within the author's experience a sheep dog, uncertain as to the safety and future of her puppies, has been known to carry a poisoned bait to them; that a fox, tormented beyond endurance after an encounter with a porcupine, the quills of which were causing it great pain, was found drowned in a shallow, sandy bedded pond, into which it must purposely have walked in order to take its

own life. These facts would seem to indicate that an intelligent animal understands that by doing certain things it can relieve itself of all misery. As to whether a dog and a fox have been known to run together, I cannot say, but at certain seasons many dogs will not fight a vixen. Dogs have been known to mate with wolves and coyotes, and there is no reason to think that a similar union should not exist between a dog and a fox.—H. M. B.

YALLER was a little mongrel sheep dog, so much of a mongrel indeed that no one strain in his composition predominated another. He had a long shaggy coat and was about the size of an Irish terrier, but when one looked into his eyes—bright, lustrous, brown eyes they were—it did not seem to matter much what breed he was. All his life he had trodden the prescribed pathway of virtue; he had been a wise puppy and he grew up an ultra wise dog, and had it not been for the coming of temptation in that occult form it so often assumes, he would have lived his poor drab little life with hardly a diversion from the pathway of righteousness.

Don, Yaller's master, was a poor shepherd boy. In truth his hair bore the first shades of autumn, but there are some men who are always boys. If he

had money his friends sponged it out of him, but he was as unsophisticated and generous as the skies. He lived an appallingly lonely life in a small peat and boulder hut in the centre of the great moor known locally as the Black Allotment, and since for days on end he and Yaller saw no living soul but each other, it is not to be wondered that, as is so often the case, the dog acquired many of his master's characteristics. Anyone could fool him, so limited was his knowledge of the world of men and dogs.

Don lived for his shepherding—so did Yaller. He knew each and every one of his master's charges, and on glancing at the flock he could tell not only when one was missing, but he knew which one. Away he would go ere Don had time to count his flock, presently to reappear with the straggler, and await further orders. Don had only to point to one sheep and Yaller would sort it out and bring it to the pen, even if it were among two hundred and a hundred and ninety-nine crossed and criss-crossed its trail. In fact, shepherding was born in Yaller, as it was in Don, for both of them sprang from a long line of shepherd ancestors.

It was one early spring night when the great temptation came into Yaller's life. The curlews and lapwings had just arrived from the lowland swamps to fill the heathered hills with their wild, sad whistlings, and that evening, while Don sat over his porridge and Yaller sat at his side, looking up into his eyes, the sharp yap-yap of a fox sounded over the bracken ridge to the south. "Yap-yap-yahh! Yap-yap!"

Yaller pricked his ears and whined. Don quietly rose from his place and took the rusty fowling piece from the two hooks above the stretch of bleached sheep skin which served as a window. In this land the hand of every shepherd and keeper is raised against the long-limbed red fox of the hills, the notorious sheep killer, particularly at this season when there are young lambs about.

Don quietly opened the door and peered out, Yaller at his heels. "Yap-yap-yarr!" And there at the crest of the ridge they saw the fox, clearly silhouetted against the sky as it pointed its muzzle northwards and gave utterance to that sound, which is the fox's love song all the world over.

Don knew that the distance was great, yet it would be useless to leave the hut, so taking steady aim he fired, hoping to wound the fox when his dog might run it down. The fox disappeared on hearing the shot, and Yaller needed not the urging to "go on, boy, and fetch her," for well he understood his master's feud—which was therefore his feud—against all foxes.

Over the ridge went Yaller, to vanish from view, and there, straight ahead of him he saw the fox, seated on a boulder watching his approach. As he drew near she leisurely descended and loped away, at which Yaller made the best of his speed and found himself gaining.

Then a strange thing happened. The fox had not yet exerted herself, and when only thirty paces separated them she stopped and came back to meet the dog, wagging her tail and leering in the most friendly manner possible. Yaller, taken completely by storm, veered aside then circled round, sniffing and growling, but the growls died in his throat as the little lady fox, for such it was, made various signs of her friendly spirit.

Truly she was a beautiful little creature, golden and russet, and the kindly, unsophisticated little heart of Yaller was won straight away. Ere five minutes had elapsed he and the vixen were running flank to flank, Yaller showering his kisses upon her muzzle, but very shortly his master's whistling reminded him of his duty, and he went bounding back for home.

When Don and Yaller had been the last round of the sheep that night, Yaller was left to mount guard—that is, his master gave him to understand that the fox might return, and that therefore he must not sleep too soundly. Don retired to his bunk, the old fowling piece ready, and Yaller curled up as usual at the foot of the bunk, but one corner of the sheep skin window was left hitched up so that Yaller could steal out if he chose.

Continued on Page 17

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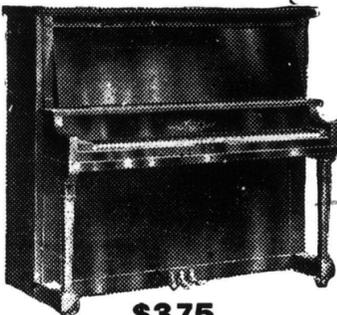
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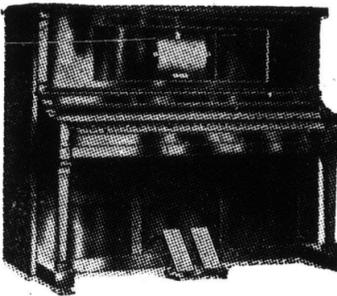
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RUSSIAN SOCIALISM

THE very worst thing that can happen socially is for a section of the people to live to themselves, thinking of themselves, working for themselves, plotting and planning for themselves. Selfishness is at the root of all our miseries. Our great misfortune is that owing to our rapid growth and our absorption in our daily work, we have not observed how the people have been breaking up into classes — each with its peculiar belief and interests. Race, language, religion and industrial conditions have all made it easy for class feeling to develop.

Perhaps the most distressing feature of all is that the great antagonisms which vex us to-day are not of local origin, but have been transplanted from foreign soil. Strange as it may seem, the nation we all looked upon as ignorant, semi-barbaric and ground down under despotism, has given us the men and women who have been foremost in fomenting discord. The arch-revolutionaries to-day in America are the Communists and more than half of them are of Russian origin. They are of kin with Lenin and Trotsky. They form the extreme Left of American Socialism. They believe not only that capitalism is the cause of all our social ills and must be destroyed, but that the only means for its destruction is an attack by force upon industrialism. As their policy is destructive rather than constructive, it is not surprising that everything connected with the present system of living comes in for abuse.

As a sample of the beliefs and proposed methods of the Communists, the following clipping is of more than passing interest. We may just as well know what we are facing on this side of the Atlantic. This overthrow of society as it is at present constituted is to these people their religion and there is nothing so hard to overthrow as a new religion.

Papers seized by United States Government officials in their recent federal raid revealed the plans of the Union of Russian Workers to bring about an overthrow of the government of the United States and a general strike. A manifesto contained the following statement: "We must consciously hasten the elementary movement of the struggle of the working class; we must convert small strikes into general ones and convert the latter into armed revolt of the laboring masses against capital and state."

"At the time of this revolt, we must, at the first favorable opportunity, proceed to an immediate seizure of all means of production and all articles of consumption and make the working classes the masters in fact of all general wealth. At the same time, we must mercilessly destroy all remaining of governmental authority and class domination, liberating the prisoners, demolish prisons and police offices, destroy all legal papers pertaining to private ownership of property, all field fences and boundaries, and burn all certificates of indebtedness—in a word, we must take care that everything is wiped from the earth that is a reminder of the right of private ownership."

"To blow up barracks and police administration, shoot the most prominent military and police officers, must be the important concern of the revolting working people. In the work of destruction, we must be merciless, for the slightest weakness on our part may afterward cost the working classes a whole sea of needless blood. . . . We go tranquilly, cheerfully, not because it is painful for us eternally to be calling to bloody combat—no. But because there, far beyond the corpses of heroes, beyond the blood covered barricades, beyond all terrors of civil war, there already shines for us the magnificent beautiful form of man without a god, without a master, and free of authority."

"We hate religion because it lulls the spirit with lying tales, takes away courage and faith in the power of man, faith in triumph of justice here on the real earth and not in a chimerical heaven. Religion covers everything with fog, real evil becomes visionary, and visionary good a reality. It has always sanctified slavery, grief and tears. And we declare war upon all gods and religious fables. We are atheists."

The following are about the best words that have yet been written on this subject:

"During the past three months the New York section of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers has held a series of meetings to discuss aspects of industrial unrest. Acting in accordance with the wish expressed at one of these meetings, a brief declaration was prepared on social and industrial unrest, which was approved at a general meeting."

"The text of the declaration is as follows:

"Social and industrial unrest result from the fact that human relations have not kept step with economic evolution."

"Competent directive management of essential enterprises is the logical solution. Such management must be free from autocratic control, whether by capital or by labor."

"Sharp social or industrial disputes are no longer private. Society is affected, therefore such cases must be subject to the decision of authorities based upon intrinsic not arbitrary law."

"Industry and public utilities must serve the people. There is no room for special privilege of

Editorial

capital or of labor. Strikes, irregular employment or arbitrary acts of ownership or of management are harmful, not alone to the immediate parties, but to society as a whole.

"Productivity and public service are absolutely essential."

"On account of the peculiarly intimate familiarity of engineers with industrial problems our responsibility is great."

"Therefore, we, engineers and members of the New York section of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, declare that the following essentials are established by facts and experience, urge all our members to uphold them, and invite other engineers to co-operate with us in having them unanimously recognized, viz.:

"Every important enterprise must adopt competent productive management, unbiassed by special privilege of capital or of labor, and disputes must be submitted to authorities based upon intrinsic law."

"Credit capital represents the productive ability of the community and should be administered with the sole view to the economy of productive power, that is, it should be granted only to those who are able to render valuable service."

GOOD MUSIC

ONCE every year there comes to Winnipeg from New York a Grand Opera Company. Once every year there comes from Minneapolis a Grand Symphony Orchestra. To these two organizations Western Canada owes a debt of gratitude for they keep alive the passion for really good music. That the temper, taste and ideals of a people depend upon the music they hear was recognized long ago in ancient Greece. Plato protested against the introduction of a new musical instrument, because he said it would breed revolution; meaning, of course, that it would give rise to a new set of emotions, which would be beyond control of the state. What would he think of the innovations of the last few years in America? In other words, what would he have to say about rag time and jazz?

Plato was not wrong. Any one who lives in an atmosphere of jazz will appreciate his point of view. There is nothing more upsetting, more calculated to destroy serious thought, than this very kind of music. It is not melody. It is not harmony. It is simply a merry-go-round of glamor and noise. It does not suggest high ideals. It does not educate the feelings. It stifles every tender emotion and destroys the sense of rhythm. As a joke it may pass muster; as a serious attempt at art, it is in the same class with the painting of the Cubists and the nonsense poetry of Lear and Carroll.

It is for parents to prohibit their children from contamination of all kinds. There is no contamination worse than that of bad books, bad pictures, bad music.

It is no argument to say that children and young people like it. They grow to like anything if the taste is developed early enough, but if a wrong taste is developed in childhood, nothing in the way of pure aesthetic development is possible later on in years.

The first care of parents should be to select wisely what their children hear in the way of music. In rural districts, where there is a gramophone in every home, care should be taken to select the best and only the best. There is a best and a worst even in comic selections.

There is a home in this city in which is played every night before the children are sent to bed, "O, Rest in the Lord." In another home is played, "Honey! honey! Kiss for Money," or some such selection. And the children find the spirit of the music in each case becoming a part of their lives. Does it not make some difference which family a young person happens to live in?

There are some rights which a child possesses, and one of these is the right to have that which is educative and inspiring. Western Canada can not afford to cultivate a taste for poor music. Material prosperity alone is nothing. The true test of greatness is found in the measurement of intelligent feeling and will.

LLOYD GEORGE

THERE is nothing more interesting to study than the career of a great man. There is no greater man of late years who is more worthy of study than David Lloyd George, the premier of Britain.

As a statesman, according to Herbert Sidebotham, he possesses the distinction of having been connected with three political parties, and has been beloved and hated by each in turns. As a director of manufacture of munitions he gained a reputation as the ablest business mind in Britain; as a member of the Council of Four he stood out as the man who was

able to see every question from all sides, and thus pave the way for the only possible compromise; as responsible in a measure for the success or failure of the armies in the field, he possessed uncanny power as a master of strategy, so that it was said by a competent war critic "Lloyd George had in him the making of a greater soldier than any one engaged on either side, with the possible exceptions of Foch and Ludendorff."

This wonderful talent is in part the result of his early association and training, in fact the result of his natural temperament, in part the result of his wonderful capacity for hard work, and in part the outcome of his religious and social belief.

No man ever worshipped rank and popularity less than he; no man was ever more ready to take a man on his own merits as he understood them to be, and not as the world estimated them. He was and is a Radical. Whether he was a Liberal, too, is open to doubt. For with a Liberal, tradition counts for a great deal, with a Radical it counts for nothing. This is no criticism of Liberalism, for it is needed in the world to-day as never before. At the same time it is an admission that the war would never have been caused according to the policies of either Liberal or Conservative administrations, but only by a Radical, who was bold enough to recognize the conditions as abnormal, and calling for unusual measures.

This explains Lloyd George's break with Asquith. It explains his anxiety to have a small War Council formed. It explains the formation of a League within the League. The only thing that the British premier wants is results, and neither tradition nor political friendships will stand in his way. Some people wonder why Lloyd George left the control of Parliament to another. Only on rare occasions does he enter the House. He is almost as much away from the central legislative power in Britain as President Wilson is from the Congress of the United States. This is easily explained when one understands how Lloyd George does not place as much confidence in parliament as most other men. He believes that many reforms can be effected much more quickly and effectively without submission to parliament, and as has been said, he wants results and has no time to waste. He does not win his great victories on the floor of the House—though there have been two or three recent victories of this kind. He wins them by his public speeches, his bold policies, his impetuous action.

To Lloyd George belongs the credit of lining up the whole nation behind the war. Until he took command a small coterie of military men assumed control. When he took the helm all industry and all professional ability were linked together for the winning of the war. This is no doubt one reason why he was so thoroughly disliked in some quarters.

That he has made mistakes in judgment no one will deny. How could it be otherwise in matters of such magnitude and complexity? And can any one wonder that he had little use for some of the "experts" in war, finance and statesmanship.

What is the future of Lloyd George? Personally, he, no doubt, would like to retire from public life. He has done a man's work and is entitled to a rest, but like Ulysses, he must continue his active life to the end. Shall he become the leader of a new party—neither Liberal nor Conservative, but composed of both, or shall he espouse the cause of sane Labor—for there is some very sane Labor in Britain? Shall he as leader of this party begin constructive policies that will give free effect to those views which before the war made him so unpopular with the people of privilege? This latter alternative seems to be the likely one. And if he can allay the unrest in Britain by a policy based on justice and prompted by genuine goodwill, he will have conferred the greatest possible benefit upon his people, and prepared the world for that social peace which is more to be desired than the peace among the nations.

MIGHT BE WORSE

THINGS are never so bad but that they might be worse. We think that butter, eggs and milk are high and so they are, but how do our prices compare with these: "In Petrograd, on November 8th, bread cost 300 roubles per pound; meat, 600 roubles; butter, 1,700 roubles; meal, 35 roubles; carrots, 65 roubles; and beetroot, 70 roubles." Or how do prices compare with those in Poland? Poland is in some ways in better condition than most of the mid-European states "In Warsaw a good dinner costs about 100 marks—to the average Pole \$20 or \$25. The average Polish workman must feed his family on one-tenth of that."

We think that when American exchange is quoted at 8½ per cent we are in a bad way, but the French franc is worth about 9½ cents—not quite one-half its value of four years ago.

Flour is high—but in Minneapolis wheat has been selling at \$3.40.

None of these things need worry us if we can only preserve an even balance in advancing rates. The trouble comes only if when the merry-go-round begins to move, some people are not taken "on board."

The men who have the adjusting to do have no easy task. They deserve all our sympathy. Give them a fair chance to make good. It is a mighty bad time to rock the boat.



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The Bear's Face

By Charles G. D. Roberts

THERE ain't no denying but what you give us a great show, Job," said the barkeeper, with that air of patronage which befits the man who presides over and autocratically controls the varied activities of a saloon in a Western lumber town.

"It is a good show!" assented Job Toomey, modestly. He leaned up against the bar in orthodox fashion, just as if his order had been "whisky fer mine!" but, being a really great animal trainer, whose eye must be always clear and his nerve always steady as a rock, his glass contained nothing stronger than milk and Vichy.

Fifteen years before, Job Toomey had gone away with a little traveling menagerie, because he loved wild animals. He had come back famous; and the town of Grantham Mills, metropolis of his native county, was proud of him. He was head of the menagerie of the Sillaby and Hopkins Circus, and trainer of one of the finest troupes of performing beasts in all America. It was a great thing for Grantham Mills to have had a visit from the Sillaby and Hopkins Circus, on its way from one important center to another. There had been two great performances, afternoon and evening. And now, after the last performance, some of Toomey's old-time acquaintances were making things pleasant for him in the bar of the "Continental."

"I don't see how ye do it, Job!" said Sanderson, an old river man who had formerly trapped and hunted with Toomey. "I mind ye was always kind o' slick an' understandin' with the wild critters; but the way them lions an' painters an' bears an' wolves jest folly yer eye an' yer nod, willin' as so many poodle dogs, beats me. They seem to like it, too."

"They do," said Toomey. "Secret of it is, I like them; so, by-an'-by, they learn to like me, well enough, an' try to please me. I make it worth their while, too. Also, they know I'll stand no fooling. Fear an' love, rightly mixed, boys—plenty of love, an' jest enough fear to keep it from spilin'—that's a mixture'll

carry a man far—leastways, with animals!"

The barkeeper smiled, and was about to say the obvious thing; but he was interrupted by a long, lean-jawed, leather-faced man, captain of one of the river tugs, whose eyes had grown sharp as gimlets with looking out for snags and sand-banks.

"The finest beast in the whole menagerie, that big grizzly," said he, spitting accurately into a spacious box of sawdust, "I noticed as how ye didn't have him in your performance, Mr. Toomey. Now, I kind o' thought as how I'd like to see you put him through his stunts."

Toomey was silent for a moment. Then, with a certain reserve in his voice, he answered: "Oh, he ain't exactly strong on stunts."

The leather-faced captain grinned quizzically. "Which does he go shy on, Mr. Toomey, the love or the fear?" he asked.

"Both," said Toomey, shortly. Then his stern face relaxed, and he laughed good-humoredly. "Fact is, I think we'll have to be sellin' that there grizzly to some zoological park. He's kind of bad fer my prestige."

"How's that, Job?" asked Sanderson, expectant of a story.

"Well," replied Toomey, "to tell you the truth, boys—an' I only say it because I'm here at home, among friends—it's me that's afraid of him! An' he knows it. He's the only beast that's ever been able to make me feel fear—the real, deep-down fear. An' I've never been able to git quit of that ugly notion. I go an' stand in front o' his cage; an' he jest puts that great face of his up agin the bars an' stares at me. An' I look straight into his eyes, an' remember what has passed between us, an' I feel afraid still. Yes, it wouldn't be much use me tryin' to train that bear, boys; an' I'm free to acknowledge it to you all."

"Tell us about it, Job!" suggested the barkeeper, settling his large frame precariously on the top of a small, high stool. An urgent chorus of approval

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The Bear's Face

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came from all about the bar. Toomey took out his watch, and considered. "We start away at 5:40 a.m.," said he, "an' I must make out to get a wink o' sleep. But I reckon I've got time enough. As you'll see, however, before I git through, the drinks are on me, so name yer p'ison, boys. Meanwhile, you'll excuse me if I don't join you this time. A man kin hold just about so much Vichy an' milk, an' I've got my load aboard."

"It was kind of this way," he continued, when the barkeeper had performed his functions. "You see, for nigh ten years after I left Grantham Mills I'd stuck closer'n a burr to my business, till I began to feel I knew most all there was to know about trainin' animals. Men do git that kind of a fool feelin' sometimes, about lots of things harder than animal trainin'. Well, nothin' would

straight up the hill, an' him too close at my heels fer convenience. Then I remembered that a grizzly don't run his best when he goes uphill on a slant, so on the slant I went. It worked, I reckon, fer though I couldn't say I gained on him much, it was soothin' to observe that he didn't seem to gain on me.

"Fer maybe well onto three hundred yards it was a fine race, and I was beginnin' to wonder if the bear was gittin' as near winded as I was, when slap, I come right out on the crest of the ridge, which jest ahead o' me jutted out in a sort of elbow. What there was on the other side I couldn't see, and couldn't take time to inquire I jest had to chance it, hopin' it might be somethin' less than a thousand foot drop. I ran straight to the edge, and jest managed to throw myself flat on my face an' clutch at the grass like mad to keep from pitchin' clean out into space. It was a drop, all right—two hundred foot or more o' sheer cliff. An' the bear was not thirty yards behind me.

"I looked at the bear, as I laid there clutchin' the grass roots. Then I looked down over the edge. I didn't feel frightened exactly—so, fur — didn't know enough, maybe, to be frightened of any animal. But jest at this point I was mighty anxious. You'll believe, then, it was kind o' good to see, right below, maybe twenty foot down, a little pocket of a ledge, full o' grass an' blossomin' weeds. There was not time to calculate. I could let myself drop; an' maybe, if I had luck, I could stop where I fell, in the pocket, instead of bouncin' out an' down, to be smashed into flinders. Or, on the other hand, I could stay where I was, an' be ripped into leetle frayed ravelin's by the bear; an' that would be in about three seconds, at the rate he was comin'. Well, I let myself over the edge till I jest hung by the fingers, an' then dropped, smooth as I could, down the rock face, kind of clutchin' at every leetle knob as I went, to check the fall. I lit true in the pocket, an' I lit pretty hard, as ye might know; but not hard enough to knock the wits out o' me, the grass an' weeds bein' fairly soft. An' clawin' out desperat with both hands, I caught, an' stayed put. Some dirt an' stones come down, kind o' smart, on my head, an' when they'd stopped, I looked up.

"There was the bear, his big head stuck down, with one ugly paw hangin' over beside it, starin' at me. I was so tickled at havin' fooled him, I didn't think o' the hole I was in, but sez to him, saucy as you please, 'Thou art so near, an' yet so far.' At this he gave a grunt, which might have meant anything, an' disappeared.

"Ye know enough to know when you're euchred," says I. An' then I turned to considerin' the place I was in, an' how I was to git out of it. To git out of it, indeed! The more I considered, the more I wondered how I'd ever managed to stay in it. It wasn't bigger than three foot by two—or two an' a half, maybe—in width, out from the cliff face. On my left, as I sat with my back agin' the cliff, a wall o' rock ran out straight, closin' off the pocket to that side clean an' sharp, though with a leetle kind of a roughness, so to speak—nothin' more than a roughness—which I calculated might do, on a pinch, fer me to hang onto, if I wanted to try to climb round to the other side. I didn't want to, jest yet, bein' still shaky from the drop, which, as things turned out, was jest as well for me.

"To my right, a bit of a ledge, maybe six or eight inches wide, ran off along the cliff face for a matter of ten or a dozen feet, then slanted up, an' widened out agin to another little pocket, a shelf like, of bare rock, about level with the top o' my head. From this shelf a narrow crack, not more than two or three inches wide, kind o' zigzagged away till it reached the top o' the cliff, perhaps forty foot off. It wasn't much, but it looked like somethin' I could git a good fingerhold into, if only I could work my way along to that leetle shelf. I was figgerin' hard on this, an' had about made up my mind to try it, an' was reachin' out, in fact, to start—when I stopped sudden.

"A healthy-lookin' rattler, his diamond-pattern' back bright in the sun, come out

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"I was nigh jumpin' stright off that there ledge right into the landscape."

do me but I should go back to my old business of trappin' the beasts, only with one big difference. I wanted to go in fer takin' them alive, so as to sell them to menageries an' all that sort of thing. An' it was no pipe dream, fer I done well at it from the first. But that's not here nor there. I was gittin' tired of it, after a lot o' travelin' an' some lively kind of scrapes; so I made up my mind to finish up with a grizzly, an' then git back to trainin', which was what I was cut out fer, after all.

"Well, I wanted a grizzly; an' it wasn't long before I found one. We were campin' among the foothills of the upper end of the Sierra Nevada range, in Northern California. It was a good prospectin' ground fer grizzly, an' we found lots o' signs. I wanted one not too big fer convenience, an' not so old as to be too set in his ways an' too proud to larn. I had three good men with me, an' we scattered ourselves over a big bit o' ground, lookin' fer a likely trail. When I stumbled onto that chap in the cage yonder, what Captain Bird admires so, I knew right off he wasn't what I was after. But the queer thing was that he didn't seem to feel that way about me. He was after me before I had time to think of anything jest suitable to the occasion."

"Where in thunder was yer gun?" demanded the river man.

"That was jest the trouble!" answered Toomey. "Ye see, I'd stooed the gun agin a tree, in a dry place, while I stepped over a bit o' boggy ground, intendin' to lay down an' drink out of a leetle spring. Well, the bear was handier to that gun than I was. When he come fer me, I tell ye I didn't go back fer the gun. I ran,

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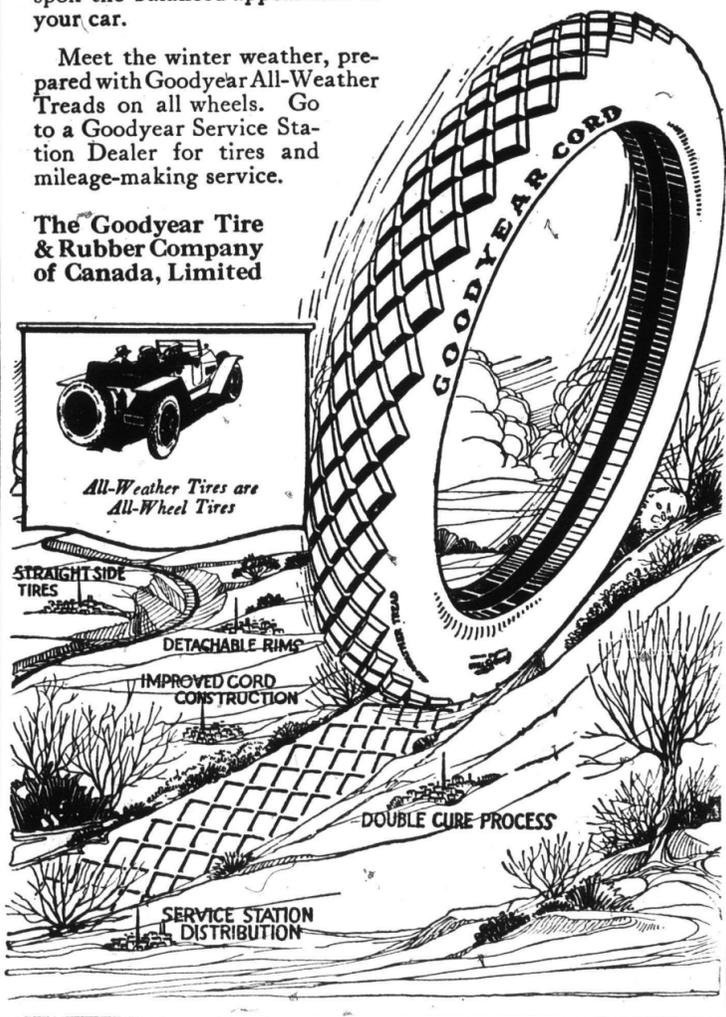
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The Bear's Face

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his way down to this pocket o' mine, which was maybe his favorite country residence. I didn't like, one bit, the idee o' his comin' an' findin' me there, when I'd never been invited. I felt right bad about it, you bet; and I'd have got away if I could. But not bein' able to, there was nothin' fer me to do but try an' make myself onpleasant. I grabbed up a handful o' dirt an' threw it at the rattler. It scattered all 'round him, of course, an' some of it hit him. Whereupon he coiled himself like a flash, with head an' tail both lifted, an' rattled indignantly. There was nothin' big enough to do him any damage with, an' I was mighty oneasy lest he might insist on comin' home to see who his impudent caller was. But I kept on flingin' dirt as long as there was any handy, while he kept on rattlin', madder an' madder. Then I stopped to think what I'd better do next. I was jest startin' to take off my boot, to hit him with as he come along the narrow ledge, when suddenly he uncoiled an' slipped back into the crevice.

"Either it was very hot or I'd been a bit more anxious than I'd realized, for I felt my forehead wet with sweat. I drew my sleeve across it, all the time keeping my eyes glued on the spot where the rattler'd disappeared. Jest then, seemed to me I felt a breath on the back o' my neck. A kind o' cold chill crinkled down my backbone, an' I turned my face 'round, sharp.

"Will you believe it, boys? I was nigh jumpin' straight off that there ledge right into the landscape an' eternity! There, starin' 'round the wall o' rock, not one inch more than a foot away from mine, was the face o' the bear.

"Well, I was scared. There's no gittin' round that fact. There was something so unnatural about that big, wicked face, hangin' there over that awful height, an' starin' so close into mine. I jest naturally scrooged away as fur as I could git, an' hung on tight to the rock so's not to go over. An' then my face wasn't more'n two feet away, do the best I could; an' that was the time I found what it felt like to be right down scared. I believe, if that face had a come much closer, I'd have bit at it, that minute, like a rat in a hole.

"For maybe thirty seconds we jest stared. Then, I kind o' got a holt of myself, an' cursed myself good fer bein' such a fool; an' my blood got to runnin' agin. I fell to studyin' how the bear could have got there; an' pretty soon I reckoned it out as how there must be a big ledge runnin' down the cliff face, jest the other side o' the wall o' the pocket. An' I hugged myself to think I hadn't managed to climb 'round onto that ledge jest before the bear arrived. I got this all figgered out, an' it took some time. But still that face, hanging' out there over the height, kept starin' at me; an' I never saw a wickeder look than it had onto it, steady an' unwinkin' as a nightmare.

"It is curious how long a beast kin look at, one without winkin'. At last, it got onto my nerves so I jest couldn't stand it; an' snatchin' a bunch of weeds (I'd already flung away all the loose dirt, flingin' it at the rattler), I whipped 'em across them devilish leetle eyes as hard as I could. It was a kind o' a child's trick, or a woman's — but it worked all right, fer it made the eyes blink. That proved they were real eyes, an' I felt easier. After all, it was only a bear; an' he couldn't git any closer than he was. But that was a mite too close, an' I wished he'd move. An' jest then, not to be gittin' too easy in my mind, I remembered the rattler!

"Another cold chill down my backbone! I looked 'round, right smart. But the rattler wasn't anywheres in sight. That, however, put me in mind of what I'd been goin' to do to him. A boot wasn't much of a weapon agin a bear, but it was the only thing handy, so I reckoned I'd have to make it do. I vankeed it off, took it by the toe, an' let that wicked face have the heel of it, as hard as I could. I hadn't any room to swing, so I couldn't hit very hard.

of the crevice an' stopped on the shelf to take a look at the weather.

"It struck me right off that he was on happened. I sat there figgerin' how I was goin' to git out o' that hole; an' my figgerin' wasn't anyways satisfactory. I knew the bear was a stayer, all right. There'd be no such a thing as tryin' to crawl 'round that shoulder o' rock till I was blame sure he wasn't on t'other side; an' how I was goin' to find that out was more than I could git at. There was no such a thing as climbin' up. There was no such a thing as climbin' down. An' as fer that leetle ledge an' crevice leadin' off to the right, well, boys, when there's a rattler layin' low fer ye in a crevice, ye're goin' to keep clear o' that crevice.

But a bear's nose is tender, on the tip; an' it was jest there, of course, I took care to land. There was a big snort, kind o' surprised like, an' the face disappeared. I felt a sight better.

"Fer maybe five minutes nothin' else happened. I sat there figgerin' how I was goin' to git out o' that hole; an' my figgerin' wasn't anyways satisfactory. I knew the bear was a stayer, all right. There'd be no such a thing as tryin' to crawl 'round that shoulder o' rock till I was blame sure he wasn't on t'other side; an' how I was goin' to find that out was more than I could git at. There was no such a thing as climbin' up. There was no such a thing as climbin' down. An' as fer that leetle ledge an' crevice leadin' off to the right, well, boys, when there's a rattler layin' low fer ye in a crevice, ye're goin' to keep clear o' that crevice.

"It wanted a good three hours of sundown an' I knew my chaps wouldn't be missin' me before night. When I didn't turn up fer dinner, of course, they'd begin to suspicion somethin', because they knew I was takin' things rather easy an' not followin' up any long trails. I looked like I was there fer the night; an' I didn't like it, I tell you. There wasn't room to lay down, an' if I fell asleep settin' up, like as not I'd roll off the ledge. There was nothin' fer it but to set up a whoop an' a yell every once in a while, in hopes that one or other of the boys might be cruisin' 'round near enough to hear me. So I yelled some half a dozer times, stoppin' between each yell to hsten. Gittin' no answer, at last I decided to save my throat a bit an' try agin after a spell o' restin' an' worryin'. Jest then I turned my head, an' I forgot, right off, to worry about fallin' off the ledge. There, pokin' his ugly head out o' the crevice, was the rattler. I chucked a bunch o' weeds at him, an' he drew back in agin. But the thing that jarred me now was, how would I keep him off when it got too dark fer me to see him. He'd be slippin' home quiet like, thinkin' maybe I was gone, an' mad when he found I wasn't; fer, ye see, he hadn't no means of knowin' that I couldn't go up the rock jest as easy as I come down. I feared there was goin' to be trouble after dark. An' while I was figgerin' on that till the sweat come out on my forehead, I turned agin—an' there, agin, was the bear's face, starin' 'round the rock, not more'n a foot away.

"You'll understand how my nerves was on the jumps, when I tell you, boys, that I was scared an' startled all over agin, like the first time I'd seen it. With a yell, I fetched a swipe at it with my boot; but it was gone, like a shadow, before I hit it; an' the boot flew out o' my hand an' went over the cliff—an' me pretty nigh after it. I jest caught myself, an' hung on, kind o' shaky, fer a minute. Next thing, I heard a great scratchin' at the other side o' the rock, as if the brute was tryin' to git a better toe-hold an' work some new dodge on me. Then the face appeared agin, an' maybe, though perhaps that was jest my excited imagination, it was some two or three inches closer this time.

"I lit out at it with my fists, not havin' my other boot handy. But Lord, a bear kin dodge the sharpest boxer. That face jest wasn't there, before I could hit it. Then, five seconds more, an' it was back agin, starin' at me. I wouldn't give it the satisfaction o' tryin' to swipe it agin, so I jest kept still, pretendin' to ignore it; an' in a minute or two it disappeared. But then, a minute or two more an' it was back agin. An' so it went on, disappearin', comin' back, goin' away, comin' back, an' always jest when I wasn't expectin' it, an' always sudden an' quick as a shadow, till that kind o' got onto my nerves, too, an' I wished he'd stay one way or t'other, so as I could know what I was up agin'.

"At last, settin' down as small as I could, I made up my mind I jest wouldn't look that way at all, face or no face, but give all my attention to watchin' for the rattler, an' yellin' fer the boys. Judgin' by the sun, which went mighty slow that day, I kept that game up fer an hour or more; an' then, as the rattler didn't come any more than the boys, I got tired of it, an' looked 'round for the bear's face. Well, that time it

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MERELY MARJORIE
REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

I WON'T marry you!" said Marjorie. Wasn't that just like her? I don't know another woman in all the world who would say that. However, though I would allow such a statement from no one else, a chap must permit something to the girl whom he intends to marry, so I merely answered:

"I had no idea you were so self-sacrificing."

"Poof!" said Marjorie. "If you were the last man in the world, Tom Randolph, I should turn up my nose at you."

I looked at the nose. "No doubt," I told her; "I've always been lucky; I'm used to having pleasant little things turn up for me."

Marjorie tapped her white-shod foot on the veranda floor and pretended to look at the river.

It was one of those gilt-edged evenings in the first flush of real spring, late May, you know, when the air is heavy with new honeysuckle and the vines have just begun to screen the porch; when—Oh, you know!

"What will you give for my thoughts?" asked Marjorie, presently.

I had wanted to make her talk first. That's why I had waited. The surest way to make a woman talk is to give her a chance. "I will give you my heart," I vowed.

"Nonsense," she said. "Why do you want to marry me?"

"Well," I protested, "I've got to do something."

"But there are so many—"

"Not at hand, Marjorie, not at hand; and whatever I do must be done before next spring. Manhattan Power and Electric has swallowed half of my small patrimony, and, now that the time for dividends has arrived, is calmly taking its siesta. The Unimpeachable Life and Casualty Company is still staggering from its last round with the Young Investigator, champion heavyweight of the world. And as for the final quarter of my estate, you ought to know what has become of the Arizona and Montana Land Investment and Bonanza Farm Corporation. I can survive a twelve-month; but after that I haven't the slightest idea what poor robin will do then—do then."

"And so," said Marjorie, "you propose me."

"I propose to you."

"Are you sure it wouldn't be throwing good money after bad?"

"It's throwing an empty purse into the mint. It's only just. Your own father was the man who got me into that glittering Arizona—"

"But you said yourself that took only a quarter of your money."

"Precisely. There are four of you children. I am an equitable man. Your father got a quarter of my money. I shall ask him for only a quarter of his."

Marjorie smiled. "And there's not time to seek elsewhere?"

"Neither time nor capital."

"How about inclination?"

We looked at the moon. "Ah," I said, "as for inclination! Marjorie's hair is golden—"

"You used to call me 'Reddy.'"

"With a passionate tint of red. Marjorie's eyes are violet and serious, and deep and tender—"

"Do you remember the night I winked at Mr. Mallard?"

"I do not."

"You had been—"

"Really, Tommie—"

"Don't call me Tommie! If you do that again I shall stop at once."

"Tommie!"

"Marjorie's mouth is petulant and ingenious; daring and afraid; tempting and fugitive."

"Tommie, if you don't stop—"

"And if you call me Tommie again I shall kiss you."

"Tommie!" cried Marjorie—and I did it.

After all, I am in love with Marjorie; I cannot remember a time when I was

not. I arose thoroughly satisfied. "I am so glad!" I said.

"About what?" asked Marjorie.

"About your surrender."

"But I haven't surrendered."

"Why, you let me kiss you!"

"Oh, well, a girl can't always avoid—"

"Has ever been another man who—"

Her head shot up, chin thrust forward.

"Well," she said, "I should hope!"

"Girl, girl," said I, "this is a terrible blow, and yet—and yet—"

I waved away all her past, heroically—"what do those others matter now?"

"They may matter a good deal. I simply haven't surrendered. You see I let you kiss me, but I didn't kiss you."

"Then I must begin all over again?"

"You mustn't begin at all."

"Marjorie," I said, "I have never left off. Why, we were sweethearts in pinafores! I recollect distinctly how, when our nurses were gossiping and the baby carriages—"

"Go-carts, if you please, Tommie: I came a little after the day of baby carriages."

"That's a detail. I remember, I say, how the go-carts were close together, and you dropped your bottle on the bricks and cried, and I—I handed over mine."

"First the milk to me and then the money to father. Generous boy!"

"Yes. And I remember how in kindergarten—"

But she gave a cry of dismay. "You've skipped five years," she said. "Don't you remember the mud pies?"

"Of course," I answered. "And the dolls' house in the attic!"

"You said my best doll was ugly."

"I was comparing her with her mistress."

"And—and you always would throw spit-balls at father."

"I don't recollect that," I said. But I did: I should, just then, have liked to throw a sixteen-pound shot at father for selling me that Arizona gold brick.

"Oh, yes!" insisted Marjorie. "Don't you recall how he caught you and spanked you before all the girls and boys, and how we all laughed, and how you cried?"

"No," said I shortly. "But I remember how my mother used to have to wash your face and hands the instant you came within her reach. And, at any rate, I am now, by way of getting square with your father—I am going to marry you."

Marjorie shook her glowing head.

"No," she whispered.

"Oh, hang it! Don't be so selfish! It's unwomanly."

But she only shook her head.

"Stop that!" said I. "It's annoying; I'm not used to it, and it argues a poor vocabulary. Marjorie, is there another man?"

"All of them."

"Bosh! Nowhere so much as in love is there safety in numbers. And it can't be because I'm poor, since your father is rich enough for seven."

"It's not that," said Marjorie.

"Then—oh, but this is impossible! It—it can't be that you're not in love with me?"

Marjorie's little hands gripped the porch rail. Bending toward her—so that her hair brushed my cheek—I caught her scented whisper:

"Tom" (she said "Tom!"), "are you never really, truly serious?"

"Marjorie, when you use that tone I am really, truly anything you happen to want. I can't help myself, and it's not fair, because you know I can never hold out when you talk that way!"

She looked up at me. "It doesn't much matter, Tom; whether I'm in love with you or not; the point is that I'm not certain of you."

"Prove me!" said I.

She gave me, swiftly, her little hand, firm, throbbing, warm. "I will prove you," she said.

I cast one pitiful glance over my shoulder as if to bid farewell to my last bridge burning in the rear, and then valiantly murmured, "Try!"



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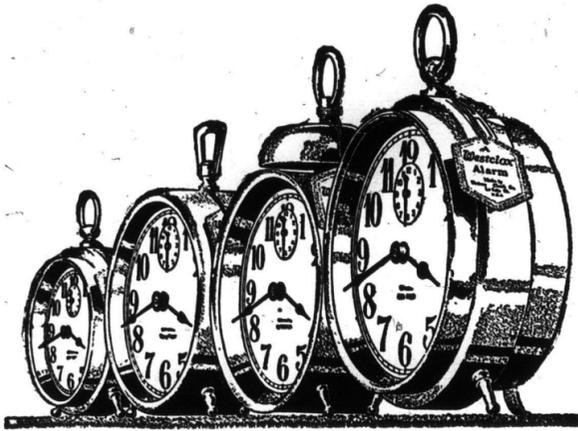
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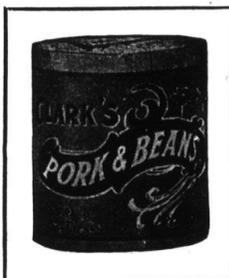
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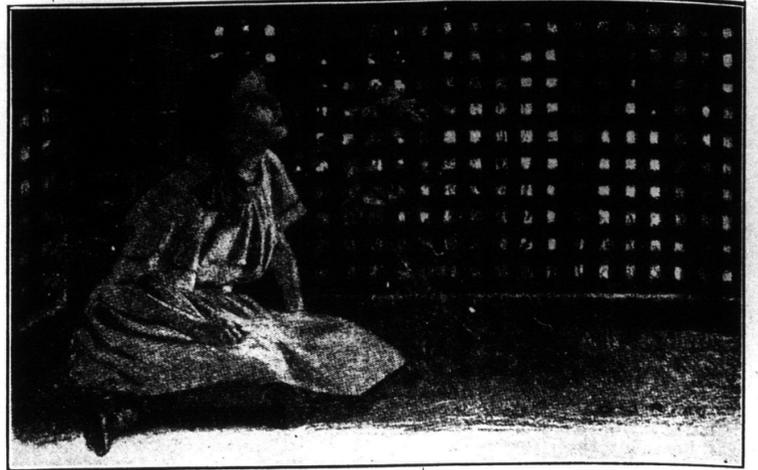
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"She hunched herself into a defiant little heap. 'Hateful ole thing!' sh whispered."

Goldilocks

By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyks

LILLY and the twins and Rosa rushed noisily in from school crying variously, "Want a doughnut!" "Doughnuts! Doughnuts!" and "Mayn't I have a raisin-cooky?"

"Wait a minute," laughed Mrs. Remson. "You haven't any of you said a word to Aunt Vance."

The four faces sobered instantly. "Halloo," said the twins, dimly.

"How d'you do?" asked Rosa, shyly, as she drew nearer and held out her thin little hand. Aunt Remson smiled, the gentle smile she unconsciously reserved for her motherless niece.

"My land," wheezed Aunt Vance, "this child gets more pindling all the time. William, even if he is a boy, has got more fat on his bones than she has."

"I weight seventy-nine pounds," chanted Billy, proudly, "and I grew four inches just this last year."

"Sounded like it when you come up the steps," responded his aunt, dryly.

"Now can I have a doughnut?" he demanded, turning to his mother.

"Do you think it's good for them to eat between meals?" put in Aunt Vance.

"They do get so hungry," murmured Mrs. Remson. "Meg's doughnuts never seem to hurt anyone, either."

"Well, I think all sweets are bad," sighed Aunt Vance, putting her hand to her cushiony side. "Doctor Flannery has positively forbid my touching them."

Rosa, rummaging in the cooky jar a moment later, peered naughtily across the lid at her cousins.

"Doc-tor Flummerty has pos-i-tively forbid," she mimicked, closing her eyes and sighing melodramatically.

"Gosh, but I hate Aunt Vance," sputtered Billy, his mouth full of doughnut. "She makes me think of mush."

Rosa shivered. "I'm glad my this year's stay is over there," she sighed, "only Ann Mary is nice. I love her Ann Mary. You'd like Ann Mary, Billy, for she makes the grandest apple pie."

"Shouldn't," snapped Billy, "shouldn't like any place nur anybody where Aunt Vance was."

"I shouldn't," decided the blue-eyed twin, "I shouldn't, either."

The brown-eyed one giggled. "I should," she insisted, impishly, "I certainly should."

"You should not," shrieked the other as they chased madly from the pantry. "You should not," her thin voice screamed "cause you're my twin and you couldn't."

"Could!" taunted the other from the grape-arbor fence. Billy and Rosa sauntered forth to watch the combat.

"What are you hanging round here for?" asked Rosa curiously as she nibbled close to the raisin.

"Crowd's gone to Bat Weaver's," he responded, laconically.

"Play hy-spy if I get enough kids?" demanded Rosa.

Billy considered, loftily. He hated playing with girls: it was only a little better than not playing at all. But in view of his recent difficulties with Bat Weaver he could not consistently enter into the neighborhood revelries, so when she had rounded up the twins, the three Schuyler girls, and the boy who had

just moved across the street, he consented to "count out" with a glib twisting of the mystic formula that elected the new boy "it." Rosa wriggled breathlessly through the cellar window to a snug nook under the side veranda. As she squirmed close to the lattice to peer out at the new boy, who was chanting monotonously "forty-fi-an-fifty-fifty-fi-an-sixty—" she observed that his half-shut eyes were slyly searching the landscape.

"O-oo-ooh, the little cheat," she thought, disgustedly. "Wait till I tell Bill on him."

Above her she could hear the creaking of Aunt Vance's rocker. Her dolorous voice sounded disagreeably clear above the creaking.

"You ought to put a stop to her stromping around so," said the lady, severely. "She isn't allowed to romp around so at my house; to my mind thirteen is altogether too big for such goings on." Rosa stuck out her tongue in the darkness. But she grinned when she heard Aunt Remson's laugh.

"She's just a little girl, really," said Aunt Remson. "I haven't the heart to stop her fun, Kate, I simply haven't. Did you notice what beautiful manners she has? Didn't she greet you nicely?" Rosa's head lifted proudly.

"Huh, manners is all that ever will be beautiful about her," grunted Aunt Vance. "My land, I never saw such a limpsey-looking child anywhere. She certainly don't get her plain looks from the Stephenson side, and I will say her mother was right pretty whatever else she was. It's a mystery to me how she can be so downright homely."

"Just growing fast," said Aunt Remson, lightly. "She has lovely eyes and I think she will be a great deal prettier in a year or so."

"Pretty!" snapped her sister-in-law. "That gawky little thing pretty! Don't be such a fool, Jane. I said to Ben when I sent her on to you last month that it was no wonder to me Frederick didn't mind not seeing her more'n twice a year. She just gets on my nerves. I could stand her staring eyes and her pindlingness—but that hair! Just stringy-looking I call it—you can't even braid it smooth. Put it in one braid and it's crooked—two of 'em simply look like rat-tails."

Rosa's hand was over her mouth smothering an impulsive gasp of protest as she hunched herself into a defiant little heap behind the lattice. "Hateful ole thing!" she whispered, hotly. "She's jus' stringy-looking, too! Ole, fat, bunchy-looking stringy! Don't care at all, I don't!"

But she yanked a slender braid over her shoulder and eyed it curiously. It was undeniably limp and t.in. The anger died in her great eyes and she stared, bewildered. She was quite unconscious of Aunt Remson's eager defense. She did not see the new boy peering through the lattice; she hardly heard him whooping joyously a moment later: "Touched the bye for Rosie! Yah, she's it!"

She pulled herself wearily through the cellar window, crawled up the stairs and cut onto the back veranda.

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Goldilocks

Continued from Page 10

"I'm not playing any more after I'm it," she announced, tragically. "I wouldn't play now, only I'm it."

The twins stared at her. "Aw, you got up this game," sputtered Billy. "I wouldn't be a quitter when I'd gone and started a game."

She turned her back mechanically and began counting with an aching throat, "Fi-ten-fifteen—" Unconquerable tears forced themselves through her tightly closed eyelids. When the game was over she refused to give any explanation, but stalked stiffly into the house and upstairs to her bedroom.

Her fingers were shaking as she turned the key and listened. Nobody was following her. Standing with her back to the door she gazed straight across the room to the dressing-table mirror. With the blessed unconsciousness of childhood she had never thought very much about her actual appearance. Her birdlike glances at the mirror had been to gaze proudly at the pretty frills Aunt Remson fashioned, or to scowl at the prim collars Aunt Vance always bought. But now, for the first time, she was facing with desperate eyes a somebody she had

"Dear Lord," she sobbed, crouching on the bedside rug, "it isn't fair—not a bit fair! You didn't have a right to let me grow so homely that he couldn't love me. It isn't fair at all!"

Presently she heard the twins pounding on her door. "We're playing millinery store!" shrieked Elsa. "Come on out and trim hats! We found elegant trimmin's up in the attic!"

She opened the door slowly. They looked sharply at the traces of her grief and demanded its reason. "My tooth ached," she lied, bravely, and then sucked remorsefully at her molar to rouse a tiny hole to action so it would not be a lie.

Elsa promptly put her grimy fingers to her cherubic mouth and drew forth an elastic string of gum (which she rolled knowingly in her smudgy palm. "Stuff it in good and hard," she admonished, holding it out to her cousin. "Don't go and tell mamma, 'cause the new dentrist hurts somethin' fierce. I'm never going to tell on a tooth again as long as I live!"

The twins were fearfully and wonderfully arrayed as became real milliners, in sweeping skirts and elaborate bodices. Elsa was adorned with a gorgeous necklace which, in its humbler, prehistoric days, had begun existence as a brass curtain chain. Eloise's jewels were more simple, but quite as effective. From a lengthy green ribbon about her neck there dangled a queer-looking locket.

"It's ole black tin, I guess. I play it's a vanerly box, only it won't open," she scolded, "not even when you bite it."

But when Mrs. Remson sought for them at supper-time she caught at the "vanerly box" with an exclamation of surprise.

"It's Fred's old gutta-percha locket," she explained to her sister-in-law. "He wore it on his first watch-fob and we used to tease him so about it." She flicked her thumb-nail at the spring fastening as the children crowded eagerly about her. The locket flew open.

"And I found that!" breathed Eloise in awe-stricken delight. "I found it right in that old yellow box! Oh, my soul!"

"Who is the pretty lady?" asked Rosa shyly.

Aunt Remson put the locket gently into the girl's hand. "It's your mother, sweetheart," she said.

Rosa's fingers closed swiftly over it as she fled. Upstairs once more, crouching on the bedside rug again, she gazed rapturously at her treasure. The locket was fat and thick, and under the dusty glass shone a queer old tintage. The cheeks were tinted very pink, the hair very yellow. It was not stringy-looking hair; it was wonderful curly hair. The eyes smiled; the lips smiled; Rosa smiled back at them happily.

"Oo-oo, aren't you swe-ee!" she murmured, hugging her hands to her heart so tightly that the locket hurt her. "Oo-oo, you are so sweet!"

She looked at it again, drawing long, happy breaths. This was a very much nicer mother than the faded photograph with tired eyes that hung on Aunt Remson's wall. In the other side of the locket, pressed under the glass, was a curl of yellow hair tied with a bit of blue ribbon. On the little oval paper was written in very small letters: "To Frederick, from Goldilocks."

Rosa looked at the curl even longer than she had stared at the picture. At supper, as she slid into her chair, her eyes were shining. Aunt Remson smiled understandingly. She did not mention the locket. But Aunt Vance, sipping her cup of substitute coffee, remembered.

"Rosa, what did you do with that picture?" she asked sternly. "It ought not to get lost again, seeing your mother's dead. Ben, did you know the children found a picture of Rosalie to-day? Tintage—in gutta-percha. I think you ought to put it in your safe until Frederick comes."

For the third time in that awful day Rosa fled to her room. Elsa dropped her fork in amazement. "Aren't you going to make her behave, mamma?" she asked. "She is so rude to-day. She jumps off like a squirrel."

In the twilight, with Aunt Remson's hand on the stringy-looking hair, she stopped her sobbing.

Continued on Page 42

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"Daughter, I want you to come out."

never seen before. Somebody with straggling hair, with a stubby little nose, with freckles and awkward teeth, and with eyes so big and sorrowful that she hid her face in her hands and wept.

As she groped for a handkerchief her fingers touched the leather case that held her father's picture. The sobs grew quieter for a moment as she looked through her streaming tears at the beloved face, but a new misery was crowding fast upon her first grief. A great pity for the unhappy father of so ugly a daughter possessed her. It seemed to her that all the sorrow of those mournful eyes, all the sadness of that smileless mouth, meant that he grieved because he was ashamed of his unlovely child.

On the wall beside her was the calendar with the days checked off with tiny dots so the others could not see and laugh. Only last night she had fallen asleep tingling with delight as she counted the days until she could hear the deep tones of his dear voice—and feel the swift touch of his lips as he kissed her. And all those beautiful dreams of the time when they should-live together were dying as she stared at the picture. He would never want her—

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Goldilocks

Continued from Page 11

"Honest, shan't she?" she questioned, doubtfully. "Honest, won't you let her?"

"Honest, she shan't," comforted Aunt Remson. "It's quite yours until father comes, and I'm sure he'll let you have it."

Rosa was silent a very long time. "Aunt Remson," she said, timidly, "do you love folks—folks who aren't pretty?"

"Um-m," murmured Aunt Remson, her mouth close to the hot cheek. "And folks who are pretty and sweet and who go to bed right away quick when their father says bed-time. Good-night, dear; I've got to tuck the twins in or we'll have double croup."

Long after the others were asleep Rosa lay wide-eyed and tried to forget the homely little face of the mirror and remember only the pretty new mother. She did not cry about it any more.

"I guess," she thought, as she grew blessedly drowsy, "I guess the Lord wouldn't have been so good to a regular pretty girl and sent her this locket. He must jus' know how I needed you." She kissed the locket. "Course he couldn't love me very lots, father couldn't, after having you—but I want him to!"

During the rest of Aunt Vance's visit, and indeed long after she had happily terminated her stay, Rosa was quiet enough to satisfy the most exacting aunt. She moped over her books or sat lost in day-dreams. Once, to be sure, she convulsed them all with one of her old-time pranks. She floated to bed chuckling, her head covered with grotesquely lumpy spots, "kids" borrowed from Sadie Atwater and laboriously adjusted according to the profuse directions upon a box.

The before-breakfast frolic the morning following was hilarious. They were not successful curls that the "kids" had produced on Rosa's head. Her fine locks were hopelessly tangled in unaccustomed coils; they stood out facetiously at the wrong places and were wickedly straight in sections. Aunt Remson found the girl and her cousins in gales of laughter. Without an obliterating shampoo school was out of the question. Of course it was all very funny, but somehow there was a nervous strain in Rosa's laughter.

"I s'pose," she said, soberly, with her head over the radiator in a frenzied

attempt to get properly dried before school, "I s'pose, Aunty Rem, that if the Lord hasn't time to make you curly you can't do it yourself. Probably Sadie's hair is a weeny bit curly anyhow."

After all these sober days Aunt Remson sighed with relief one afternoon when she heard Rosa's little gurgle of laughter and watched her race excitedly into the house with the others. The absurd cause of the children's glee brought tears of mirth to her eyes.

"The bottle man is coming!" shrieked Billy. "Us four is going to get miller-yuns of bottles for him!"

"Two cents for big ones this year!" cried Rosa, with shining eyes. "I know where there's a whole raft of 'em!"

"'Nd a cent for mejum sizes!" panted Elsa.

"Teensy a cent 'nd two for a cent, mamma!" Eloise screamed.

Whence came the mysterious rumor no one seemed to know, but the entire neighborhood engaged busily in the absorbing pursuit. The Remson children ransacked the attic, the medicine chest, the pantry shelves, and even the stable. They pleaded with Jake, the stable boy, to put his liniments and oils into tin cans; they prowled behind the garden fence, they tramped miles to rumored dump-heaps. For two exciting days the hunt raged and then, perforce, for lack of game, the hunters gave up the chase.

Coming back the last afternoon from a hunt that had yielded only two small "rainkillers" and a cracked fruit jar, Billy and Rosa added and counted as they trudged along a cross-lots path.

"Gee whosh!" said Billy, stopping abruptly. "I know a bully place!"

"Where?" demanded Rosa.

"Miss' Thompson's house."

Rosa snorted her disgust. "Couldn't go there," she objected. "Aunty wouldn't let us. She'd be awful 'shamed if anybody saw us."

"Women make me tired," grunted Billy, "all knocking her all the time. Promise not to squeal? Honest? Well, I've been there!"

He gloated over Rosa's horror and went on, boastfully: "Yep, twice. She called me in to fix her birdhouse up on her stoop, and then she let me hear her funnygraft, and she let me run it myself, too; gee, I think it's a peach-erino. I don't see why ma's so down on funnygrafts."

"Oh!" gasped Rosa, in dismay. "You

Continued on Page 13

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"Father, dear," said Rosa, "I have, please go away till it is dark."

Goldilocks

Continued from Page 12

musn't ever go there again, Billy; nobody goes to her house."

"I do," asserted Billy, independently, "and I say she's all right. Folks are jus' jealous of her. Gee, hain't her hair grand!"

"Yes," agreed Rosa, soberly. "She's got awful swell clothes, too." Billy went on. "I should think folks would like her 'stead of being so down on her."

"But Mrs. Rensalaer Brown says she's simply impos's'ble," insisted his cousin, "and nobody does know her."

"Hold this basket," ordered Billy, with masculine decision. "I'm going to sneak around and ask. 'I'll bet we get a slew."

Rosa waited, timorously. Miss Thompson, it appeared, was not at home, but her maid good-humoredly collected a great many bottles, at least fifteen cents' worth they reckoned as they trotted home with the heavy basket. They found the twins busily scrubbing in the kitchen. It was Meg's afternoon out and Eloise had been seized with a brilliant notion. The bottle man might pay more for clean bottles! Billy and Rosa joyously agreed it was a splendid idea. And as they smeared themselves with soap they squabbled happily over what should be the division of profits, and speculated gleefully over the probable envy of their less energetic neighbors.

"Ole Miss Johnson's rheumatism comes in grand bottles," chuckled Elsa, as she tried a nutmeg grater on a refractory label.

"Currycomb couldn't get that off," Billy grunted, throwing down the can-opener in disgust. "Gee, girls always want to wash things. I'll bet he won't pay a cent more. I'm not going to wash. Jake said I could go to the blacksmith's with him. Mind you don't touch mine while I'm gone." But late in the afternoon when he counted up his bottles he was certain that one was gone. He wasn't exactly sure, but he thought it was a very large two-cent one, and he vehemently accused the twins of having smashed it. After their mother had quelled the inevitable strife she sighed a little.

"Children are such savages," she said to Meg as she helped the irate maid clear the disordered kitchen. "Seems to me they wrangle constantly."

"Miss Rosa doesn't," drawled Meg. "She's still as a lamb 'nd she helped wash oop a bit, too."

"She's a dear little soul," agreed Mrs. Remson. "But then," she added in humorous defense of her own, "just before father comes she's good as she can be!"

For it was only two days more! Two days and a night and then he would come! Rosa asked shyly for light-blue hair ribbons instead of the customary dark ones.

"And I want my birthday dollar," she said. "I guess I won't wait till Christmas to spend it."

Aunt Remson patted her cheek as she gave her the money. "Is father going to have a present, too, this time?" she laughed.

Rosa nodded, her eyes shining. "A lovely one!" she sighed, "a lovely one that's a surprise. You couldn't guess it at all!"

Her happy anticipation made Mrs. Remson sigh. She seemed filled with delight, quivering with joy. Her cheeks flushed softly, her eyes shone. The chubby prettiness of the twins seemed ordinary enough beside the tremulous happiness that made the plain little face lovely. Mr. Stephenson would arrive on a seven o'clock train. That meant late supper and naps for the girls. For dear Aunt Remson, who couldn't keep secrets at all, hinted broadly that Uncle Frederick was planning an evening treat.

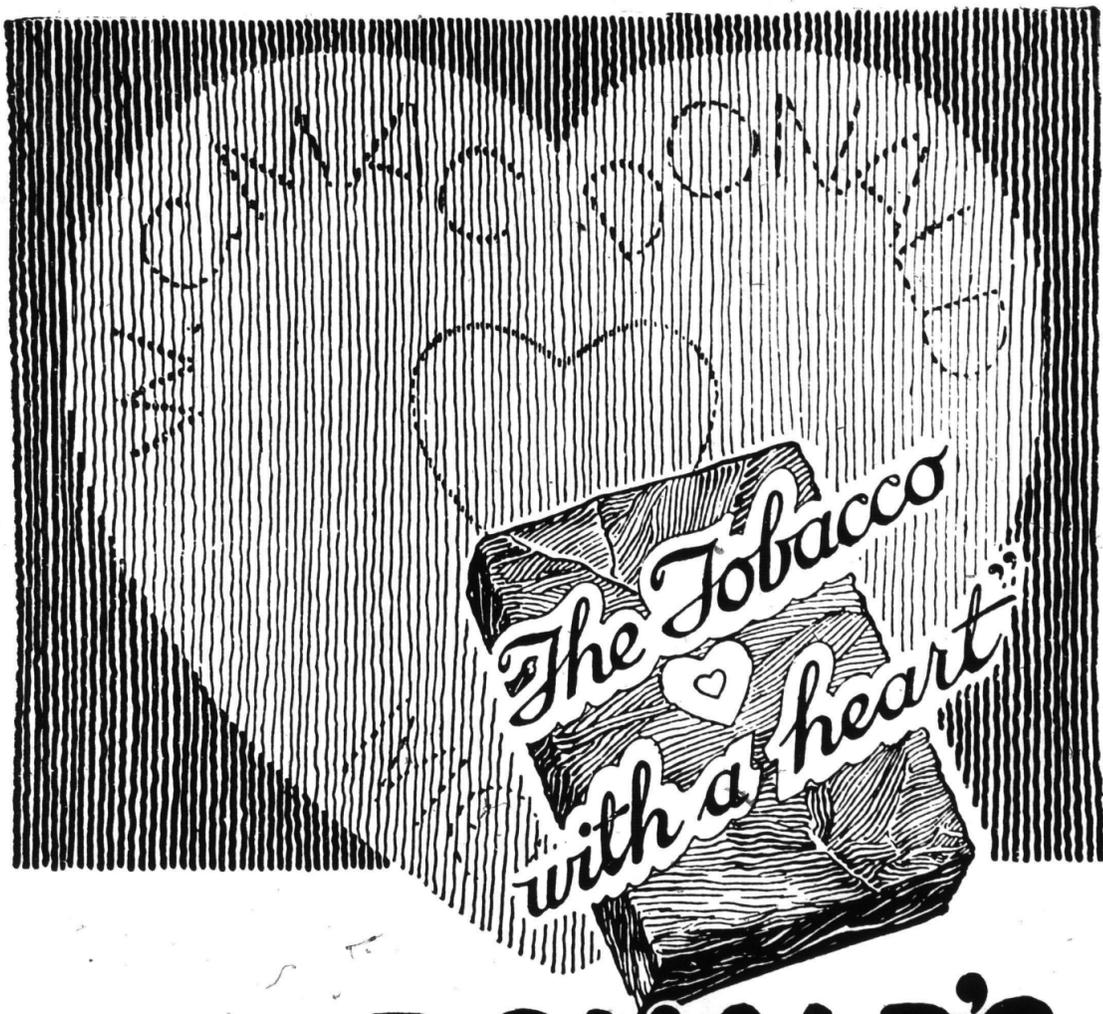
Climbing the stairs for the nap, Rosa looked down at her aunt in the hall and kissed her hand prettily. She shut the door of her room softly, locked it, and danced gleefully to the mirror.

"Rosa Fredericka! Rosa Fredericka!" she whispered. "you're going to be jus' lovely! Perfectly lovely!"

Aunt Remson tapped softly at her door at six o'clock. "Wake up, lazy bird!" she cried.

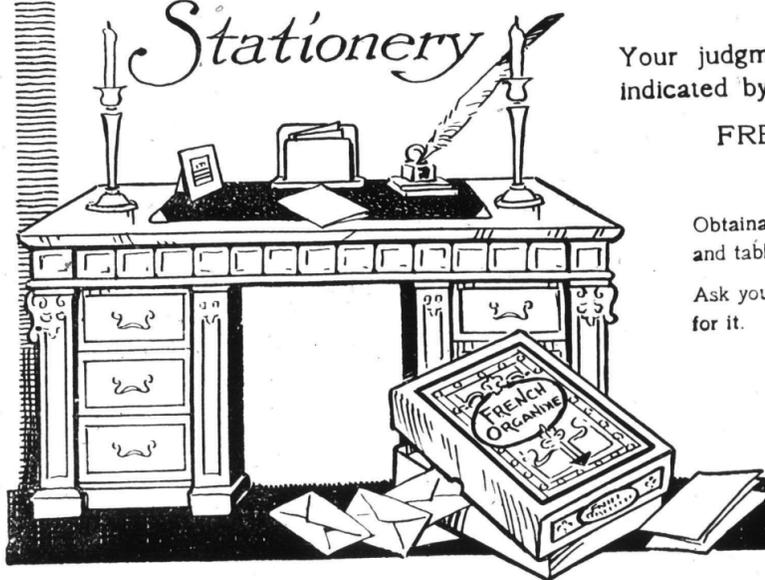
A muffled sound reached her. "Rosa, open the door for me. I want to help

Continued on Page 14



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"Aunt Remson put the locket gently into the girl's hand. 'It's your mother, sweetheart,' she said."

Goldilocks

Continued from Page 13

you dress—here are the new hair ribbons." "I can't open the door," faltered Rosa. "Can't open it! What did you lock it for? Don't you know that lock sticks? I'll shake and you lift up. That will do it."

"I don't want to," Rosa said, in a very small voice. "Please don't ask me—I can't."

Mrs. Remson stood still and thought. Outside in the October twilight the twins and Billy were sweeping up maple leaves for a bonfire. She listened to their happy shouts, and then to the half-stifled breathing of the girl behind the door.

"Rosie, dear," she said, softly, "it's almost time for father. Aren't—?" "I know," said Rosa brokenly. "Don't tell me—don't tell me!"

"Do you want to stay here until he comes?" asked the perplexed woman.

"I guess I do," faltered Rosa, and as she heard her aunt's retreating steps she pressed her face against the door and sobbed. Aunt Remson went back swiftly.

"Rosa," said she, shaking the door sharply, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No'm, I—I"—a white envelope was pushed under the door—"I can't see my father—I—you give him this letter."

Her puzzled aunt stared at the little letter and sighed. She was too wise to argue with the steadfast girl, but she was frankly troubled. Mr. Stephenson and his surprise arrived at the same time. A great touring car stopped in front of the house, a long coated figure leaped out and caught at the twins and Billy. Rosa stared through her peep-hole in the blind.

Continued on Page 48

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Deep Sea Trawling as Laddie sees it

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

WE WERE in the little fishing village near "the Head." It consisted of wee cabins for the men who came but seldom. Larger ones for the more regular fishermen. Two of these had full stores of gear; from big motor boats to unopened boxes of halibut hooks. It lay on an exposed eastern shore just at the mouth of the harbour, just where a nor'easter could get in its best licks. Well, the bait boxes were full of clams. The tubs of trawl line were all baited,



A typical fishing station—Herring Rock

they and the little barrel buoys with their wee flags were aboard. The mooring was off. The engine was purring. The mud hook was lifted and off we plunged into the big dead swell that was running. The sun was just thrusting his great golden globe out of the dark roll ahead. The early morning scavengers, the gulls, were screaming and wheeling. The seals were lobster hunting along the ledges. Great blue herons were homeward bound, after a night's feasting on the tidelats. And we, too, were away—seeking our prey.

To a landlubber the scene offered no pet fishing grounds. All the wide rolling

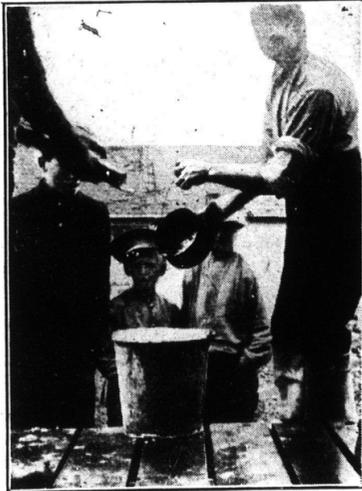


A Rocky Coast

waste looked alike to us. Ten thousand rollers ahead and ten thousand more to follow. But where were the fish? We were handlining for cod out here last month for this good old journal, and a good tossing up we got, thank you, kindly, and to-day looked as if it might beat that other one; the way the great dark billows rolled under us and tossed us aloft.

We ran out about ten miles. A bit of a breeze came off the land and helped us along mightily. Peter was at the engine and he knew how. Now he stopped it. Drew the big dory up alongside; put his tubs of trawl in, and jumped in and sculled off. He had six tubs of codline, each with fifty fathoms in, a double-baited hook every short yard—a perfect forest of hooks, if you figure them out as Laddie did with a stump pencil on a buoyside. Between three and four thousand hooks on that half mile of deeply sunken line. Peter soon paid out his trawl, threw over his barrelbuoy with its wee breeze snapping flag, and rowed rapidly back to us. Up came the twenty-five fathoms and the anchor. Within two hours we were back at the wee fishing village—our long set line far out in the sea.

We remarked, while Peter was throw-



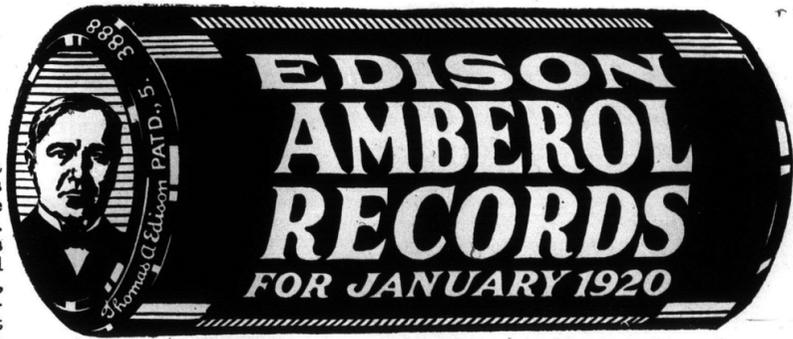
Making "lead soup." Casting the deep sea lead for the sounding line

ing our trawl, that it might be bad for him if he got caught by one of the big sharp hooks while so big a swell was running, so we asked him about it.

"Yes, you've got to watch out. One chap I know was hauling in halibut trawl in a heavy chop and fouled his gear someway. They brought him up with the trawl, hours after they missed him, dead as a mackerel. It don't do to take your eyes off your trawl when you're hauling. I got caught just once—when I was looking somewhere else." Poor chaps, this would most certainly be an awful end, fouled in the gear, miles off shore, a big sea running and no help to be hoped for from mortal man.

Peter was not able to go after his

Continued on Page 16



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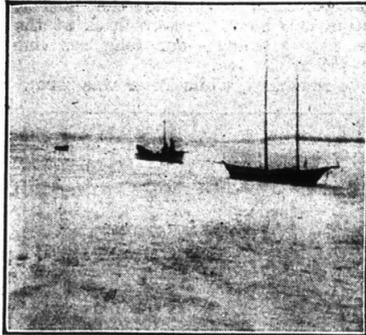
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Deep Sea Trawling as Laddie Sees It

Continued from Page 15

trawl that day and it was after daylight the next morning before we got out there. Laddie, with the binoculars, was the first to spy the wee white barrel buoy. It was such a tiny thing in so great a scene. There was no windchop, however, and that made it easier. We threw out the anchor, and Peter launched out and hauled the trawl into the dory. Luckily the dogfish had not found it all. In places every hook held a fine, big codfish. Then came more "dogs," but the set was fair; and he brought in over two hundred fish which would weigh some half ton or more. It's a busy life—within another three hours we were headed back for the harbour. Peter and Laddie busily cleaning cod, I steering. These semi-speed motor boats look too



Types of fishing vessels—a sailing "Pink," so called from its narrow stern; the second a gasoline fishing boat

that kind, and they had laid six days; so they were just about skin and bone. A little over fifty dollars a share, when we might have had two hundred easily. The joke was that we baited up again and ran back to anchor off that same cove, and set the eight lines, and never took one single halibut.

"Some great gales out there. I know of one schooner, with the watch on deck, dories all nested; trawls all out; 'cookee' in galley making some late mess; heavy sea running, and a big wind blowing, when—over she went—turned a clean turtle. 'Watch' scrambled over her and got on deck again as she righted. Some job cleaning up and putting out coals. The lids of the galley stove were burned right into the ceiling, some wind that night, eh?"

"Another time we passed a fishing schooner, with her trawl right over her mast-head. She had laid on her beam ends and picked her trawl right up. Odd sight to see the gear over her top-mast. She's no gentle nurse that old Atlantic."

Peter is a grand one to while away the hours with his deep sea yarns. I tell you, my good readers, a man can't very well exaggerate what that old ocean will do to you.

A well authenticated case on this coast is of the crews that went astray in the fog. You see each crew has a certain dory. Two men to a crew, thus comes the word "dory chum." All the eight crews set off with their gear, up came a fog like peasoup. They all "set" alright and after many failures the whole eight crews made the schooner. Everything



Deep sea hand-line fishing: a good couple—a cod and a haddock at one pull

shallow and light for the work. They have no ballast. The "pink" sailing past us as we headed in, a shapely, narrow stern (thus named pink) had fully a ton of ballast in her hold, but she did not make any better weather of it, and did not seem any stiffer.

"I can stay out here with this long, thin shell when all the old solid built ones poke their noses for harbour," said Peter.

"I would think with only a foot keel she'd be tender," said the boy. For answer Peter took the wheel and threw her across the oncoming crest of the great swell—and she took it on even keel like a sea-bird.

Now this little peep that we have taken at trawling is "shore trawling." You want to go out into the great deep—listen to Peter:

"We were a two-master, a bit over a hundred long. A hundred barrels of bait



These fishermen run their boats full speed on to the skids

on ice, bound for Greenland. Took shelter off Newfoundland from a bit of a blow and thought we'd make a "set" just to pass the time away. Put the eight dories over and set all lines. Took a good sleep, and next morning we had our full catch; one big cargo for one set. Every hook held a big black halibut that would go one to three hundred-weight. No, they don't wreck the gear when caught, no matter how many, they just lay low right on bottom, like a line of soldiers in a trench, and come up like logs of wood—yes, they struggle a bit, but we soon had eight doryloads of three thousand pounds a piece, and we made five trips before we took the last fish off. Some hundred and twenty thousand pounds in one set. We should have gone in and flensed and salted, but instead we ran back to 'gloster' and had to sell the whole cargo for three cents a pound. You see they were big fish, from deep water, lots of water in

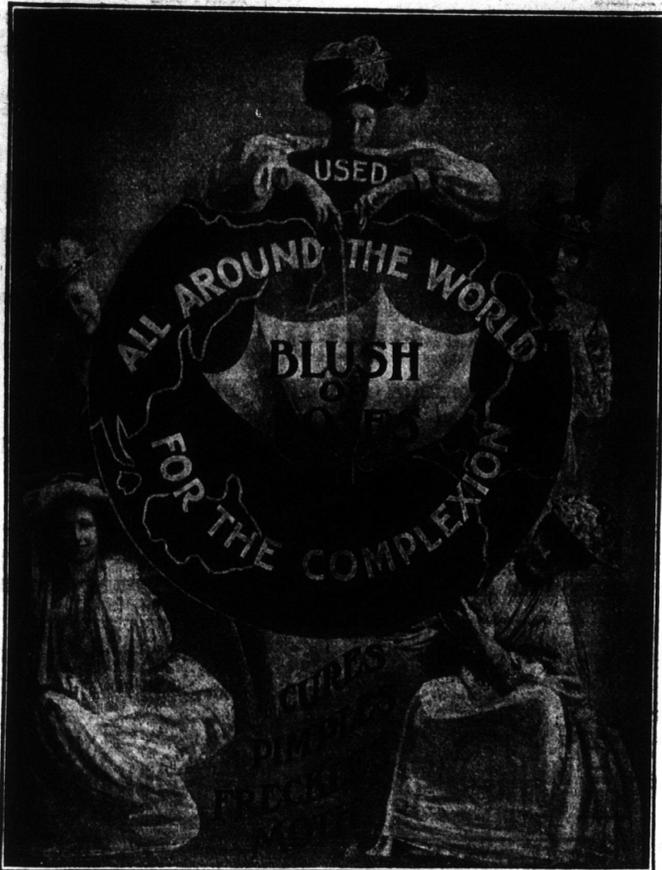
froze hard that night, and the fog rolled off a bit, only to settle down again as thick as ever at the mid-day, when all the crews were off after their gear. The schooner was blowing her horn or banging her gun every few minutes, and number one crew made it late in the day with a good haul—they brought their gear in, everything stiff and hard. By midnight seven cold, weary crews had made the schooner, and the cook warmed them inside, and out. Every crew brought in their gear, showing that tomorrow was going to be a fierce one. The fish were solid; the gear a frozen mass. Twelve, one, two passed, faint dawn came with a salvo of hail, and no sign of number eight dory and her crew of two men.

All that day the schooner cruised, with loudly slatting sails, in zero weather; at night she came to and burned her lights. The next day she cruised all over and finally, at nightfall, gave up and set her bow for home. It fell below zero again during the night, but warmed up the next day, too late! The men had been adrift now over fifty hours. Both dead, no doubt, so the crew made harbour, sold their catch, did the long, cold trip out to "the banks" again, and gave up all hope of ever hearing of their mates.

"Number eight" rowed all day, at times heard the horn or gun, but never seemed to get nearer. All that night they bailed and threw out gear and fish.

Continued on Page 51

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"Yaller"

Continued from Page 4

And choose he assuredly did. Don read in the little dog's restlessness the proximity of the fox, but he was sound asleep when Yaller got up and left the hut, casting sidelong glances in the direction of the bunk.

On the same flat boulder sat the little she fox, waiting as though by appointment, and ere long the two were running side by side, the vixen leading the way. Slowly she edged round in the direction of the flock of sheep which, since his puppyhood, Yaller had guarded. The bleating of a lamb brought her to a dead stop with ears acock. She looked at Yaller, licking her chops, then gazed off into the grey loneliness towards the sheep, taking three steps in that direction.

Words could not have made more clear what her suggestions were, and Yaller, understanding, dropped his tail and looked wistfully towards home. "I am ready to follow you anywhere," he might have said. "But I cannot do that."

The vixen came up to him, jostled him with her shoulder, and licked his muzzle, then again she led him on towards the flock. An old ewe rose suddenly from the heather, her two white lambs vastly conspicuous under her, and barred the way with lowered horns and stamping forefeet. Yaller she knew, yet even him she could not trust, and as for this russet and golden freebooter from the heights—she knew well enough why the fox was there.

The vixen approached a foot or two, whereupon the old ewe charged. Vic neatly sidestepped, and looked to Yaller to back her up, but the little sheep dog sat on his haunches taking no hand in the unlawful business. Only in his eyes was a new lustre—the lustre which shone from the eyes of the vixen, who was out to hunt and to kill, for in such is the joy of life.

Vic circled round, while the old ewe, her eyes shining with fear and solicitude for her little ones, pivoted between them and the vixen, so that every time Vic approached she found herself confronted with lowered horns and stamping hoofs. Round and round she went, faster, faster, fainting, parrying, till the old ewe became flustered and giddy, while Yaller's eyes shone brighter as he watched. At length he could no longer refuse the invitation to lend a hand, and rising he bounded in and threw the ewe by a single, harmless twist.

The vixen had darted in and clutched a lamb fairly before the deed was done, and when Yaller turned she was carrying it off triumphantly, looking to him to follow.

This was not the only kill that night, for ere dawn came Yaller and the vixen had scattered the sheep to the four winds, while every here and there a dead lamb lay. Yaller himself did none of the killing: his part was to throw the charging ewe, cut her off and isolate her till finally she became bewildered and stuck in a bog, or galloped away in wild stampede. But, Oh, the wild joy of it! Yaller tasted that night, as he had never tasted before, the true delight of living, for this was the wild life of his dreams, unfettered, unrestrained — to-night the wild wolf within him found its being. Often he had started in his sleep from such a chase as this, to stare wild eyed at the fire or look into his master's face, but never had those dreams taken any definite shape — always they were dim, ethereal visions of breathless pursuits and bloody deeds done in the half light, harking back to his wild ancestors who lived as he was living now, fettered by no laws, boundlessly free, with all God's earth at their feet.

With the first coming of dawn Yaller licked the crimson from his coat and rolled in the sand to hide all traces, finally to sneak back to the hut. He entered with deadly stealth and curled himself up at his master's feet, there to lie awake, looking into the face of the sleeping Don. And as he looked the wild wolf gleam came back into his eyes, the gleam of savage blood lust, cold, cruel, and he stirred restlessly with a new consciousness upon him. It took the form of a strangeness in those old familiar things about him, the little rusty stove, the in-

congruous oddments that strewed the walls, even the man himself. It was as though they were all new to him, as though he had stepped hither from another world, a world to which he really belonged, and that this was not his place. He had crept back to his old familiar corner, yet here, this dawn, he knew himself a usurper, and the desire came upon him to creep away and hide—to hide from the man.

Don awoke, groped for his dog, touched him and slept on. Then to Yaller there came the knowledge of his guilt — the knowledge that he had done an irreparable thing, for which no quarter could be given. He knew nothing of sheep dog lore, the lore that governed him and his kind, how he had sprung from spotless ancestry, at least on his mother's side. There is a book, in which the name of each dog is written, and here and there in that book a list comes to a dead end

at a name against which is scrawled a big black cross. That cross means sheep killer, the blackest of all crimes in the sheepdog world, for there is no curing it, and when once a dog has fallen, be he the cleverest and most human in the world, he is irredeemably lost. There is but one penalty, dealt without court or question, and that dog's name remains henceforth on the list of the unspeakable, and the shadow of his name falls even upon his children.

How much of this Yaller knew we cannot say, but one thing is certain, that from that hour on he knew himself beyond reprieve.

Don rose, wolfed his breakfast of porridge and brook trout, then went out with Yaller skulking at his heels. He looked across the moor and saw the destruction far and wide, uttered a cry of bewilderment and horror, then turned to his dog.

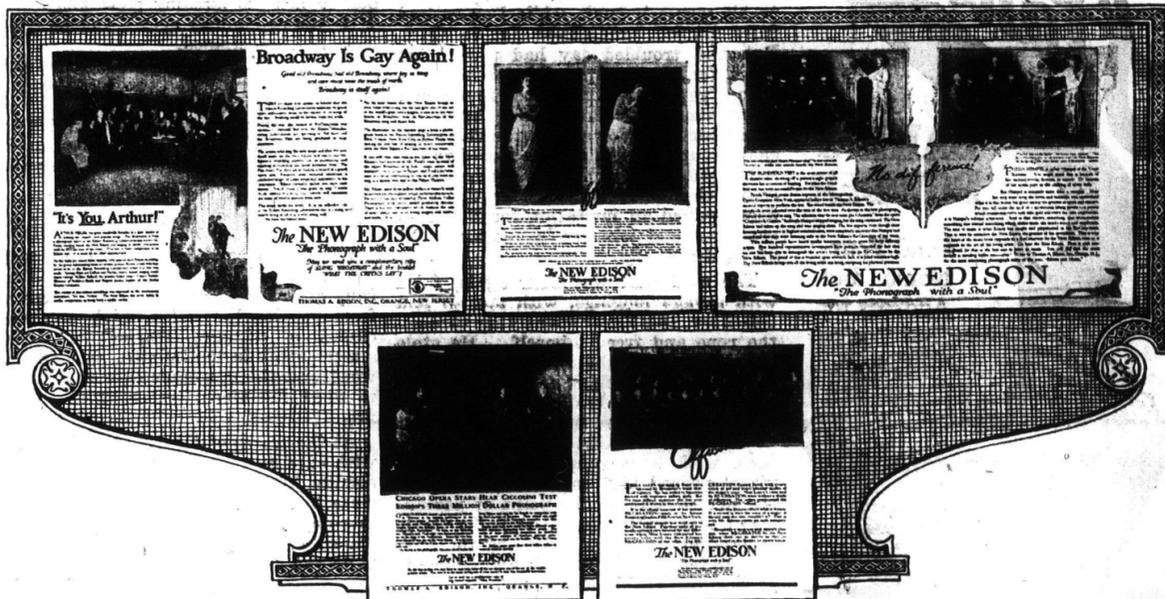
"Did ye no hear, mon!" he cried. "Look at 'em! Look at 'em! O Yaller! Yaller!"

Yaller crouched down in the heather, shame and guilt in every line of him, and when his master spoke again he covered away trembling. But his master's voice was kind, and Yaller knew himself as yet undiscovered.

In truth the possibility of Yaller's guilt never occurred to Don. He knew the ways of mountain foxes, how swift and silent they are, and now, when he came to examine the ground, he found Yaller's prints everywhere, judged that the dog had done his best, probably driven the foxes away in the end, and he only cursed himself for sleeping so heavily.

Don was greatly troubled in his mind, for the grievous destruction was a black slur on his abilities as a shepherd. It

Continued on Page 18



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During 1919, these five Edison advertisements appeared in magazines. They told of five remarkable tone tests given by Edison to prove that no difference exists between an artist's art and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

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"Yaller"

Continued from Page 17

might result in his losing his job, but at all events there was nothing for it now but to go ahead and do his best. He left the dead lambs where they lay, and from his cabin he took a tin of strychnine, and poisoned the carcasses one by one. The last he left untouched, but round it he set four steel traps, cunningly hidden, and over each trap, to deaden the scent of it, he laid the skin of a murdered lamb. He let Yaller smell the poison and warned him against it, then as dusk came on he shepherded his surviving charges into a wind-shelter near his door, and retired early. More certain than guns and endless waiting were those poisoned baits, for the foxes were sure to return to the banquet, and for the present it merely remained to steer clear of the place and lie low.

That night Yaller was tied by a cord to his master's bunk, while Don retired fully dressed, determined not to sleep. But the troubled day had proved too much for him, and he did not hear the sharp "yap-yap" of the vixen four hours after sundown. But Yaller heard it, heard her come down from the ridge and sneak round the cabin. She moved to the windward side for him to get her body scent, then she sniffed under the very door—sniffed an invitation for Yaller to come out and join her in another night of breathless joy.

The wild wolf was astir again, filled with savage longings, with stealth and treachery, and Yaller silently bit through the rope and freed himself. He stole noiselessly from the window and joined the vixen, to run flank to flank with her whither she would lead him, and so across the level upland of the Black Allotment to the poisoned baits. Here Yaller hung back with a warning growl, but the vixen enticed him on to the feast, till she herself was on the point of partaking of that death cup. Then Yaller threw himself between the vixen and the bait. He scratched earth upon it and defiled it so that she could not eat, and the vixen, understanding, contemptuously defiled each poisoned bait in turn, till she came to the one by which the traps were hidden.

She was no longer suspicious, for she had learnt the nature of the deceit, nor did she understand why Yaller hung back with warning growls. Boldly she approached the trap, till she was within an ace of stepping upon it, when Yaller again leapt up and threw himself with shoulder squared between her and the deadly peril.

Snap! There was a dead thud and a spume of silver sand shot up into Yaller's face. He himself had misjudged the exact location of the trap, and now he was firmly held by both forepaws, while the vixen backed away with fear in her eyes.

She backed away to the ridge and sat there looking down at him, while Yaller crouched where he had fallen and uttered never a sound. Once only did he fight to free himself, but learning the utter futility of it he crouched and waited.

Waited — for what? For death? Ah no, that would have been merciful. A thousand times worse than death was the thing that lay ahead, when his master would come along and find him here, caught red-handed at his crime, jailed like a thief by this shameful, hateful thing, set for the very thief that it had caught!

The night dragged by, the pale dawn came. Yaller heard the opening of the cabin door and his master's footsteps coming towards him. The vixen uttered a warning yap as she peered over the ridge, and Yaller, panting, crouched lower in the ling.

But there was no hiding from his shame. His master stood on the bank above and looked down at him with condemning eyes. The condemnation was in the soul of Yaller, for even now no suspicion of his guilt had crossed his master's mind.

"Yaller! Yaller! Did ye no think on, boy?" muttered Don. "Did ye no mind the trap?" And as he approached Yaller rose, eyes gleaming, bristling from crown

to tail, and warned him with a snarl to keep away.

In Yaller's mind was understanding now. The tame dog was dead within him, killed by shame and humiliation, and there remained only the animal wolf, fighting to survive, the wolf upon whose head there was the price of death. But his master dexterously clutched his collar and pinned him down, then with his foot Don pressed the spring and set the prisoner free.

Yaller got up and limped away, casting savage sidelong glances in Don's direction. Faster and faster he limped, and the louder his master called the more shamefully he sped away.

From over the ridge there came the sharp yap-yap of a vixen, then full into view she came, trotting down to meet the dog. At the crest of the ridge they joined, running flank to flank, till on a level place they paused and looked back, the vixen to yap derision at the man, the dog to lick his bleeding paws and stare with yellow, wolfish eyes. And now, at last, Don understood.

"You devil!" he shrieked, his voice shrill with anger. "You two-faced, skulking, cowardly little devil!"

And there, for fully five minutes he stood, pondering over each event as it had passed, and seeing in each the guilt of Yaller clearly written.

When Don turned and went his way Yaller followed far behind, looking wistfully after him now. The curlews called from the lonely wastes, high overhead circled a buzzard, soaring, wheeling, a mere speck in the infinite. Golden and wonderful the sun crept over the ridges, to flood the world below with liquid fire.

At the crown of the ridge Yaller stood with ears acock, looking down upon the sombre little home where he had lived since his puppy days, testing the sweet morning breeze for some faint trace of the man he loved. He turned and snarled upon the vixen, warning her not to follow, then slowly he began to wend his way through the fairly light to the dell below.

The golden rays of the sunbeams slowly turned to silver, kissing the jagged ridge with purest, virgin light. There was a purity in the very air as though the world were starting clean and new, and with Nature's full awakening a silence fell. Yaller knew nothing about the stainless blood of his ancestry, how for generations back, the black cross of shame had marked no name on his mother's side, but this he knew—that for the thing that he had done forgiveness was impossible. He knew, above all, that he had betrayed his master's trust, and that for him there was but one way back to the threshold of his home.

He had his choice, and he took it bravely. He knew but one home, and the door was closed to him; he knew but one friend, whose hand was raised against him. In one direction only the gates were wide open, and Yaller limped to the foot of the ridge, where lay the poisoned baits.

The sun was well up when Don heard a scratching at the door, and rising from his sad thoughts he clutched the old fowling piece, and threw the door wide open. No need to raise his hand, for there at the threshold lay Yaller, looking up at him with penitent, pleading eyes.

"Yaller! My little Yaller!"

The boy was on his knees at the little dog's side, caressing the long hair from his face, staring down into his eyes from which the glory of life was speeding fast. "Yaller! My little friend! You've done it now." And Yaller, with a great peace at his soul, licked his master's hands.

Who can read the mind of the sheep dog? Who can vaguely guess where his understanding begins and ends—if its end, indeed, is within the sight of man? Little Yaller had seen the only way, and having gulped the poisoned bait he knew himself redeemed, and dragged himself with his last remaining strength to his master's door, to look into his master's eyes—purged and reinstated.



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Thought she would not live.

The New Commercial Hotel, Hamilton, Canada. Gentlemen, July 27th, 1916.

I am enclosing you a photograph of my little girl Helen. Her life was undoubtedly saved by Virol. She weighed eight pounds at birth, but she did not thrive and when five months old her weight was seven pounds. She was in Grant Avenue Hospital in this city, suffering from a complication of meningitis and pneumonia and we had simply given up hope that she would live. The doctor then put her on Virol and the immediate improvement was so remarkable that the Virol feeding was continued and I am perfectly satisfied that she owes her present condition of splendid health to your wonderful food.

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Strange and Unique Ranching Schemes Launched in Canada

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Francis J. Dickie
See Illustration on Page 48

The Federal Government of Canada has just granted a concession of 75,850 square miles in the region of the Churchill River in the Hudson Bay district to a private ranching company, the North American Reindeer Company, capitalized at \$750,000, which proposes to embark upon a ranching project unique in the history of the Dominion. The ranch is the largest in area in the entire world, and upon it will be grazed domesticated caribou, commonly known as reindeer, to supply beef and leather. Musk-oxen may also be raised in captivity. In return for the concession the company pay a yearly rental of \$192,000, which is four cents an acre on their 48,000,000-acre holding. They also are to give the government five per cent of the yearly total of their herds. The animals which the government so acquires will be turned over to Indian and Eskimo living in the territory. By this plan the government hopes to foster a new industry and make the Indians and Eskimo free from the danger of starvation which now frequently faces them when game fails. The plan is very much the same as that so successfully carried out by the United States Government in Alaska. Twenty-seven years ago the United States Government imported twelve hundred head of reindeer into Alaska from Russia. To-day, there are 85,000 head in Alaska, and the native Eskimo, from a nomadic and wretchedly existing people, depend entirely on game and fishing, have changed to a very prosperous people, many of them owning individually as many as a thousand head of reindeer.

The new Canadian company propose to drive their first herd from Alaska overland to the Churchill River country, a difficult undertaking, as the distance is about two thousand miles through wilderness region.

If this drive proves successful, it will be the most unusual feat of its kind perhaps ever performed in the world's history.

The great possibilities that lie in raising reindeer and musk-oxen were called to the attention of the Canadian Federal Government in May of this year by Stefannson, the Arctic explorer, when he addressed the House of Parliament on his return from the Arctic. He suggested the establishing of a station on Melville Island (see map of Canada for a better understanding of this article), where a start could be made in the domesticating of the musk-ox and the caribou, which animals abound upon the Arctic prairies. These prairies, called "barrens" because of the absence of trees, are, however, richly clothed with moss, that feeds the animals both winter and summer; rank and plentifully growing grass also flourishes in the summer, and dries for winter feed. The members of the House at Ottawa reported favorably, and Stefannson's scheme will in all likelihood be put into practise in the near future. Meanwhile the private company have undertaken to graze reindeer on the largest scale in the history of the world.

But there are still other possibilities which in the near future are bound to receive attention. Thirteen years ago the Dominion Government started the conservation of wild animal life on the largest scale ever attempted by placing seven hundred and fifty bison, commonly called buffalo, in a natural park at Wainwright, Alberta. To-day this herd numbers over twenty-two hundred, and soon will be too numerous for the park to support. At the same time, nine hundred miles to the north, near Fort Smith on Great Slave River, are between three and five hundred wild buffalo, called "wood-buffalo." Undoubtedly, these are a remnant of the great prairie herds that were so numerous seventy-five years ago. The new environment has somewhat altered them in appearance, but as far as can be learned they are the same animal as formerly roamed the plains to the southward. If a few hundred of the herd at Wainwright were transported to the Fort Smith region, there is every

possibility that in a quarter of a century the buffalo would roam the region in thousands. The buffalo can be brought back to flourish in this northern region, which will undoubtedly never be used by man. The rapid increase of the Wainwright herd proves this, and the infusing of some of their blood into the strange wild herd in the northland

would be bound to result in a large increase.

On the Arctic Barrens also roam wild caribou in numbers so vast that men who have watched some of the herds on the march have been appalled. These caribou are estimated to be greater in number than even the buffalo two hundred years ago. The great naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, in a recent report to the Commission of Conservation, Canada, estimated them at 30,000,000. At present the people of Dawson City get their yearly winter supply of meat by killing thousands of the animals which pass near on their winter migration inland. With a railway pushed to the

barrens, which, it is hinted, the Rhonnda interests have now under consideration, immense numbers of these animals could be killed and shipped to market. The flesh is good and the hide worth about four dollars a pound for bukskin if taken in the late fall.

At this period of the world's history when the world seems even farther from meeting the demand, the wonderful possibilities of Canada are now commanding the attention of financiers and economists, and undoubtedly in the next few years undertakings in the way of making use of caribou, musk-oxen, and, let it be hoped, the buffalo, will be made.

The Increased Price of Wheat

The Canadian Wheat Board has announced an increase of 50c. a bushel in the price of wheat to the millers. This action has been taken because Mr. Julius Barnes, of the United States Grain Corporation, has succeeded in his attempt to have removed those war-time restrictions which prevented the free entry of Canadian wheat into the United States. The farmers of Western Canada must appreciate what has been done for them by Mr. Barnes.

There was a time when there was loud discussion in Canada as to what effect free wheat between Canada and the United States would have upon the price of wheat. It was argued on the one side that the price of wheat at Minneapolis would be reduced to the Canadian level, and it was as emphatically asserted on the other side that the price of Canadian wheat would approach to the higher level usually obtaining in Minneapolis. Upon whichever side of the controversy the merits of the case lay, those who argued against free wheat won in the reciprocity election of 1911.

Many things have happened since the year 1911, so many that we are living now in a new order of things altogether. Amongst the many changes that have taken place are those affecting trade in wheat as between Canada and the United States. Both countries have removed the duty on wheat. So far as governments and parliaments are concerned, free trade in wheat between Canada and the United States is now the law. During the war, and for many months after the Armistice was signed, both countries maintained restrictions which made free wheat impossible. Now, however, the United States Government has removed all those restrictions, while the Canadian authorities have not. We have now a one-sided free wheat between the two countries, and the immediate result of this is an increase to the Canadian farmer of 50c. a bushel in the price of his wheat.

Have the farmers of Western Canada changed their attitude in regard to free wheat? The question sounds comical now that they have at last a concrete demonstration of the value of the American market. But the question is not as comical as it sounds, and for this reason there is not a chance in a hundred that the United States will keep its market open if Canada continues its present method of selling wheat. The farmers of the United States, especially of the spring wheat growing areas, cannot be expected to look with favor upon the free entry of Canadian wheat into their markets, and they will find allies in the United States in any attempt they may make to re-impose the duty or the restrictions. And in making such an attempt their spokesmen can make use of the kind of argument which has never failed to find a response in the United States.

They can argue that while Canada has removed the duty upon American wheat, it still maintains its restrictions, because American wheat and flour cannot come into Canada except through a permit or a license from the Wheat Board. Not only so, but it can be argued with perhaps still greater effect, that American millers cannot purchase Canadian wheat on commercial terms and by commercial methods; that if they attempt to purchase Canadian wheat they can deal only with a Wheat Board which has a statutory monopoly of all Canadian wheat; and that, therefore, the Canadian market is not only closed as against United States wheat and flour by its licensing system, but also that this form of protection is reinforced and strengthened by the Canadian Government method of selling.

It is impossible to show that this argument is false. This being the case, it is unthinkable that the United States will long keep her market opened to Canadian wheat if Canada continues this method of selling. True enough the United States authorities have not objected so far as the present crop year is concerned, and they have not objected for the simple reason that they have no logical foundation upon which to base such an objection as far as this year is concerned. If Canada has a Wheat Board, they have a United States Grain Corporation. If Canada has restrictions still, they had restrictions until the other day. The operations of their Grain Corporation were so limited since the beginning of the present crop year that it was no inconvenience to them to remove their restrictions against Canadian wheat in the middle of the crop year.

The operations of the Canadian Wheat Board are so complicated that it cannot be expected that they should cease their operations before the end of the present crop year. So far, therefore, as the handling of this year's crop is concerned, there is no reason why the United States should object to Canada's method of selling her wheat, but should Canada maintain her present method of selling beyond this crop year, there is not a chance in a hundred that the United States will keep her markets open free to Canadian wheat.

It would be a curious development if, while the farmers in 1911 fought and voted for free wheat, they should for 1920 adopt a method of marketing Canadian wheat which would as inevitably defeat free wheat between Canada and the United States as thoroughly as it was defeated in 1911.

The above article appeared in the Winnipeg Telegram, December 29th. Without expressing any opinion on it, I think it is worthy of the most careful consideration.

JOHN E. BOTTERELL
President Winnipeg Grain Exchange

Crop and Trade Conditions Throughout the Dominion

Complete reports submitted on conditions in the various provinces of the Dominion at annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal will be of special interest to mercantile and farming communities.

Montreal, Dec 20, 1919.

At the Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal complete reports were submitted by the Superintendents of the Bank, dealing with trade and farming conditions in the various provinces of the Dominion. These reports cover the particular operations carried out in the various sections of the country, and on this account become of very special interest to the mercantile and farming communities desirous of keeping in touch with the important developments that are occurring throughout Canada.

We quote from the different reports as follows:—

Prairie Provinces

During part of the past season extensive areas in Saskatchewan and Alberta experienced, in common with the North-Western States, severe drought and loss of crops, but owing to good yields in other areas and to high prices the value of grains raised exceeded that of the year 1915, when the largest crops in the history of the West was produced.

Failure of pasture and hay in certain districts caused anxiety to ranchers, and while autumn rains brought relief, the scarcity and high price of feed for winter use forced the sale of some unfinished cattle at prices adversely affected by worse conditions in the United States. The high value of wool has encouraged sheep ranchers to pay prevailing prices for winter feed and carry over flocks. Heavy and profitable yields from irrigated lands are giving a new impetus to irrigation, which already stabilizes the live stock industry in Southern Alberta.

Sawmills were in active operation during the past season and found a ready market at profitable prices.

Coal, a most important natural asset of Alberta, and Saskatchewan, especially of the former, has not been produced in quantity equal to demand, strikes and labor shortage having reduced the output.

There has been renewed activity in the search for oil in Alberta. In Northern Manitoba, gold and copper prospects are receiving increased attention and attracting capital.

Results from the summer fishery in the West were satisfactory. The principal source of supply at present is Lake Winnipeg, from which whitefish alone to the limit of three million pounds was taken. Other important fisheries are at Lesser Slave Lake and Lac la Biche.

Some progress has been made in carrying out an extensive plan to develop new power at the Winnipeg River, Manitoba.

There are many evidences of increase in the population. Immigration desirable in character, although not yet large, shows a substantial increase over last year (1918), while the figures are small compared to pre-war years.

Central city real estate has been firmer in price, and small dwellings are in great demand. Farm lands have sold freely at new high prices.

Trade, wholesale and retail, has been good. Manufacturers have operated their plants to capacity or limit of labor, and have found a ready market.

The past season witnessed fresh activity in constructing branch railway lines although all plans could not be carried out owing to shortage of labor.

The West on the whole has had a prosperous year, exceptions being the districts in which crops were lost through drought.

The two visits of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales were the happiest and most important events in many years.

British Columbia

In the opening months of the year the lumber trade was dull, but in the spring

a heavy demand arose in the United States and accumulated stocks were disposed of at rising prices. Great activity prevailed during the summer and autumn. The demand for cedar shingles has been good and prices have reached unprecedentedly high figures. The outlook for the coming year is exceptionally good, both in domestic and foreign markets. The pulp and paper mills have been busy, and their product is on the increase. Shipments are largely to the Orient and to the Antipodes.

The total salmon pack, while not quite so large as last year, brought high prices, and the result proved satisfactory. The halibut fishery is decreasing, due to over-fishing of the banks. All things considered the fishermen have had a profitable year.

Mining development throughout the Province has been retarded by unsettled labor conditions and the high cost of supplies, and the total output for the year is not expected to be as high as that of 1918. Mining is being carried on in a practical, businesslike manner, and there is no speculation in mining stocks.

Grain crops were affected by drought and were below the average. Fruit and vegetables have been good crops with prices ruling high. More attention is being given to agriculture, and farmers and growers generally have had a profitable season.

The shipbuilding programme in British Columbia is about finished and new contracts have not yet been made, although negotiations are in progress with that object in view. The industry has been valuable to the coast cities in British Columbia during the past three years. The Government is building a graving dock at Esquimalt and negotiations are being conducted with the Government for construction of a drydock at Vancouver, a necessity for the port.

Wholesale trade has been good and retail trade active.

Railway construction has been carried on during the year in extending the Pacific Great Eastern, connecting up the Canadian National Railway between Kamloops and Kelowna, and in extending the local railway on Vancouver Island.

Municipal outlays have been restricted to ordinary expenditures. The Dominion Government have in contemplation a considerable expenditure for extension and improvements to Vancouver harbor.

The real estate situation has improved during the year; properties have been turning over at fair prices, but without speculative values. Rents have increased, and there is a scarcity of dwelling houses in all parts of the province.

The population has increased, and further immigration is expected during the coming year.

Conditions throughout the province on the whole are better than they have been for some years, and prospects appear good for continued business activity into the new year.

Overseas Record

The record of the staff of the Bank overseas showed that 1,405 members of the staff had served with the colors. Of this number 1,182 had survived, of whom 663 have already been reinstated. Of the total who joined the colors, it was Sir Frederick's sad duty to record the fact that 223, or 16 p.c., gave their lives for their country. In paying tribute to them, Sir Frederick said:

"No words of tongue or pen can fully express our pride in, or our admiration for, these gallant young crusaders. It must suffice to say that their names are not merely written in the records of this Bank and in the history of the Empire they served so well, but live on far away, woven into the fabric of other men's lives. Such dead are honored with unchallenged admiration."

Dollars and Cents

Financial News and Views. Intricate Financial matters discussed in language that anyone can understand

BANKING

INSURANCE

FINANCE

Foreign Exchange

When a Canadian finds that it costs approximately \$111—as it did several days ago—to buy a bank draft for \$100 payable in Minneapolis, he immediately becomes very interested in the mysteries of foreign exchange rates. He is still more interested when he finds that a British sovereign is worth only \$3.65 in New York, whereas, under ordinary conditions, it would be worth \$4.86. These abnormal exchange rates are very unsatisfactory and very disturbing to trade, and every Canadian cannot help being materially interested in them.

So it is worth while going a little deeper into this exchange problem so that we may understand the effect of the high value of American money in this country. If one hundred American dollars are worth \$111 in this country, it means that Jack Canuck will have to pay Uncle Sam \$111 in exchange for every \$100 of American goods which are brought into Canada. In other words, Canada pays \$11 more than the face value of the articles purchased. Of course, there are certain advantages in the situation which may benefit the individual Canadian. If Jack Canuck sells goods valued at \$100 to Uncle Sam and received payment in the shape of \$100 of United States bank notes, why then Jack Canuck can go to his bank and get around \$110.50 for the American money—the odd 50 cents being the bank's charge for changing the money into Canadian coin. The exchange rate works both ways.

Now, what is the reason for this difference in value between United States money and Canadian money. To put it plainly, the main reason is that we are buying too many things from Uncle Sam. If it could be arranged so that Canada bought just as much—and no more—from the United States as the United States buys from Canada, the money of Canada would be worth just about as much as the money of the United States. But, unfortunately for Canada, we are unable to arrange matters in this way. Last September the United States sold Canada nearly \$78,000,000 worth of goods, and Canada sold to the United States only \$42,643,500 worth. As a result Canada has to pay the difference of \$35,456,500 in money, and as the United States have more Canadian money than they need for business purposes; they don't want any more. So if a man goes to New York with five hundred dollars in Canadian money, he will find that the banks will not change this money for American money unless he is prepared to pay them a commission for doing so.

In the first nine months of 1919, Canada bought \$108,000,000 more goods from the United States than was sold by Canada to the United States. All of that \$108,000,000 will have to be paid in cash or its equivalent to our United States cousins, and the only real way it can be paid is in either goods or gold. The Canadian Government is not particularly anxious to allow real gold to be sent out of the country and, what is more the government's gold holdings only total \$120,000,000, and the chartered banks have a further \$81,000,000, making a total of \$201,000,000 as our total stock of gold. It is easy to see that we cannot continue to buy so heavily from the United States, or our gold will soon disappear. As a matter of fact, the exchange rates have been so high that the Dominion Government felt compelled to ship some gold to New York, and so a consignment of \$20,000,000 went over the line several days ago. But this was only a drop in the bucket, and made very little difference to the high rate of exchange. The only real remedy is for the Canadian people to cut down their buying from the United States and to increase their sales to the American people. So long as we continue to buy every month from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 worth of goods more from the United States than we sell to

them—as we did in September—the exchange rate will be against us.

But, you will say, are we not building up foreign trade and are we not told that business is expanding remarkably between Canada and the other countries of the world? Why is it that we do not get sufficient gold from these other countries to pay our debts in the United States? This is a very proper and reasonable question to ask. The question is easily answered.

Dollar for Dollar

It is very plain to the average man nowadays that a dollar is not worth as much as it was several years ago. The farmer gets \$2.26 for his wheat, but he cannot buy as much with \$2.26 to-day as he could have done in 1911. The store clerk gets \$90 per month for doing the same kind of work as he would have done in 1911 for, say \$45, but he cannot get as much for his \$90 to-day as he could have got for \$90 in 1911. So it is easy to see that you cannot judge present day wages or earnings from a dollar and cents point of view. The real test is the purchasing value of the dollar. If a man who earns \$100 per month has to spend \$99 per month for living expenses, he is no better off than the man who only earned \$50 per month in 1911, but was able to live on \$49.50 per month.

Having this in mind an American professor has suggested a method by which a dollar can be made to always purchase the same amount of goods. He states: "What is needed is to stabilize or modernize the dollar. A dollar should always purchase a certain fixed quantity of commodities." Nearly everyone will agree with him on this point and wish him luck in his efforts to bring about this much desired change.

Are Local Banks Desirable?

J. W. Leedy, an Alberta farmer who was formerly governor of Kansas, is a very ardent champion of the United States system of local banks. He recently published a pamphlet entitled "What's the matter with Canada?" and in this publication he states that: "The policy of the banks in letting the struggling farmer get on the best he may until he has 'arrived,' and built up a reputation for honesty before they grant him any credit, is what's the matter with Canada." Mr. Leedy suggests that local banks similar to those operated in the United States would be better for Canada than the present branch bank system.

Local banks undoubtedly have some good points when compared with branch banks, but those good points are very few when compared with the Canadian banking system as a whole. It is a well known fact that local banks in the United States have had no difficulty in securing 12 per cent and more on loans made to their farmer clients, whereas the maximum rate in the greater portion of Western Canada is 9 per cent, and the average rate is 8 per cent. Another point relating to country branches is worth considering. Many people think these branches in Western Canada are making tremendous profits. As a matter of fact, one Canadian bank which has opened branches extensively in the west, made a careful examination of the results obtained from these branches. It was found that out of 93 branches, 60 were not earning sufficient to pay their own expenses, and some of them were very much behind in this respect.

The Canadian banking system stood the test in the panicky days of 1907, when many United States bankers were compelled to shut up shop for the time being. American concerns had to rely on Canadian banks for the money with which to pay their employees.

The experiences of the local banks of North Dakota are also worth considering in this connection. Between 1893 and 1918, depositors lost \$301,000 through bank failures in that state, and early this year a chain of 14 state banks became hopelessly insolvent.

The Wardens of The West

Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. W. Higgins

A little travel, like a little knowledge, is a dangerous thing. This is the experience—the acknowledged experience—of the most travelled traveller, the most exploring explorer. The world is full of odd surprises; surprises which would stagger the raw hand and flabbergast the untutored. The old and trite saying: "Fools admire when men of sense approve," is especially applicable when the subject of travel is being discussed. The uninitiated, the inexperienced in the world's magnificence, the mind untutored in the entrancing art of travel is invariably the one to go into raptures at the first indication of terrestrial allurements, the first to cry with unreasonable enthusiasm and extravagance at Nature's first revelation.

Experience teaches, however, and it is in the exacting school of experience, so ably and rigorously presided over by this hard-headed old autocrat, that we begin to learn a whole lot of invaluable lessons; lessons which not only remove



Mt. Robson, Highest in Canada

the dangers ever present with a "little knowledge," but which also ennoble us by broadening our outlook, by enlarging our view and by giving us just that insight into a host of things, leaving us in wonder and awe, to grope our own way into the labyrinths and mazes of a perpetually increasing, an eternal land of wonder.

The experienced traveller; the traveller who, when he speaks of what he has seen and the lands in which he has travelled, has right to be heard and who speaks with the authority born and begotten of experience, eschews the unbalanced language of the novice. He approves, when the inexperienced goes into raptures and loses himself in a frenzy of extravagant iteration.

It is with the unequivocal modesty and reverence of the man who has travelled much, that we approach the impressive and fascinating subject of Canada's mighty wardens of the West; the incomparable, the majestic, the inspiring Rocky Mountains. The magnitude of these colossal warriors of ages, their magnificence, their infectious grandeur and peerless beauty, their glory by day and their mystery by night, are beyond the power of pen to portray, beyond the life of man to comprehend.

The Canadian Rockies, is an expression familiar to the average denizen of this Dominion, but, how few even begin to comprehend its true meaning, its marvellous significance. The Canadian Rockies! The phrase in itself is an inspiration, suggestive as it is of a land of silent sentinels engaged to-day, as they have been for tens of thousands, may be millions of years, in a vigil of strange solitude. The everlasting hills are surely here, as they tower skyward for thousands of feet, snow-capped and gorgeous in the light of the sun, sombre and sad in the shadows of night.

But, when the Canadian Rockies are lightly and flippantly referred to, it should be remembered that they represent but a small portion of the heritage of beauty with which a prodigal Nature has endowed this magnificent Western Wonderland. The fact that so little reference is made to the glories of the gigantic, nameless lakes with which this gorgeous territory is studded, to the mighty, foaming rivers, to the infinite and silent valleys, to the towering trees and trickling brooks and to the sober-shadow-land which yawns away into a seeming eternity, when the reddened sun and his golden glory fade over the last radiant mountain-top, speaks eloquently of the fact that the vast majority of Western travellers have passed through

this enchanting country on the beaten track of steel, satisfied with the most casual glance at this land of unsullied delight, content, mayhap, to tell the story in the distant, street-soiled city, of a trip through Canada's Western Wonderland, when they were but the merest, the most common-place lookers-on, from the precincts of a well-ordered dining-car, or, like one or two "experienced travellers" coiled up in the depths of a capacious "lower berth," while radiant Nature was at her best.

"Whereon the foot of man has never trod," "On which the eye of man has never gazed," are terms which have a new meaning and bear a different interpretation when this land is reached.

One can never forget the relief to the eye and the sense of delight when the first mountains begin to loom into view. The monotony of the level stretch of unending prairie is completely and irrevocably left behind as the well-ordered and luxuriously-equipped Canadian National train approaches the entrancingly-beautiful town of Jasper, occupying a natural position of intrinsic beauty and snugly leaning against such an array of magnificent multi-hued mountains as may be found nowhere else in the entire world. Pyramid and Warren mountains, mountains of strange reflections, a revelation in changing glories of light and shade, with the chilled waters of the same name sparkling in the sun or scintillating in the fitful light of the dazzling starshine, calls forth the unstinted admiration of the least-impressionable traveller. Goat mountain to the west and, still further west the leaning form of Mount Cavell and the glacier-torn and lacerated form of Mount Hardisty may be clearly discerned. In between in a valley land of unparalleled beauty—wherein the lashing and spray-tossed waters of the mighty Athabaska add a vigor and a charm, lies the town of Jasper, the starting point for many a trip from which travellers return impressed with earth's beauty as they never were impressed before, and endowed with an experience that would justify them in applauding, instead of merely approving. "Fools applaud where men of sense approve" may be true of other hallowed terrestrial sanctuaries, but here, all express admiration at first, but as the enchantment of this paradise grows on one, and reality assumes the place of phantasy, reverence and delight follow in the natural order of things.

But beautiful and gorgeous as the snug little town of Jasper may be, and delightful as it is to the eye of the most critical, it is but the gateway to



Jacques Lake, Jasper Park

an illimitable paradise. Lakes, brooks and rivers are in abundance, all teeming with fish, and the angler who is familiar with the delights inseparable from "casting the fly," will find here sport such as he never dreamed of. The hunter will also find a surfeit of game for it must be remembered that this is a new land and possibly the last new land the world will ever disgorge. Beyond Jasper is famous Mount Robson, the highest peak of the entire Canadian chain, 14,000 feet high.

But what of the ordinary visitor—the visitor who comes out of the merest curiosity and with a desire to associate with the beauties of Nature and revel in the solitudes of these amazing mountains. What is there to induce such to travel here; what is there that will divert the mind from the countless problems of the big city, the cares and anxieties of a business-life overflowing with anxiety and worry? The

Continued on Page 22

Record Progress Reported by The Royal Bank of Canada

Semi-Centennial Report Best in its History. Assets Now Stand at \$533,647,084 an Increase of Over \$100,000,000 for the Year. Deposits Gained Over \$80,000,000. Strong Earning Power.

In further celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, the Royal Bank of Canada, in its statement for the year ended November 29th last, reports a twelve-monthly period of record progress from the standpoints of financial strength, liquid position and profits. Recent exhibits of Canadian banking institutions have indicated that, although the period through which the banks have passed have been difficult ones owing to the important readjustments necessary, they have been able to further strengthen the already strong positions occupied at the end of the war.

The Royal Bank in its annual statement proves that it is no exception to this general rule, the report being the most notable ever issued by the progressive institution. Total assets for the first time in its career rose over the \$500,000,000 mark, being shown at \$533,647,084, a gain of \$106,134,102 over the figures of a year ago. To this splendid aggregate liquid assets contributed \$273,908,862, representing an increase in the year of almost 49 millions, and being the equivalent of slightly in excess of 55 per cent of the bank's liabilities to the public. The latter compares with 56.6 per cent a year ago and 53.2 per cent in the 1917 period.

Profits for the year were \$3,423,264, compared with \$2,809,846 in 1918, or

equal to 21.74 per cent on the average capital employed during the twelve months. This compares with 20.1 per cent in 1918 and 18 per cent in the preceding year. The capital of the bank was increased by \$3,000,000 during the year, an issue of \$2,000,000 par value being issued to shareholders at 150 early in the current calendar year, while a second additional issue was sold to the London County, Westminster & Parr's Bank, Limited, with which the Royal formed a close working arrangement, in April last at a price of \$200 per share. These increases brought the outstanding capital of the Canadian institution up to \$17,000,000, the premiums on the new stock, amounting to \$3,000,000, were added to reserve, bringing the latter up to a parity with the capital.

Profit and Loss Balance over Million

After all deductions, which included disbursements among shareholders during the year in the way of dividends and the anniversary bonus, there remained a balance at the credit of profit and loss account of \$1,096,418, or over twice the amount carried into the 1919 accounts from the previous year. Comparative figures of the position of the profit and loss accounts of the past three years are given in the following table:—

	1919	1918	1917
Profits	\$3,423,264	\$2,809,846	\$2,327,979
Previous balance	535,757	564,264	852,346
Total	\$3,959,021	\$3,374,110	\$3,180,325
Less:—			
Dividends	\$1,866,196	\$1,614,702	\$1,549,404
Bonus	340,000
Pension Fund	100,000	100,000	100,000
Premises	400,000	400,000	250,000
Government Taxes	156,406	133,651	128,357
Patriotic	40,000	60,000
Halifax Fund	50,000
Reserve	500,000	528,300
Total ded.	\$2,862,603	\$2,838,353	\$2,616,061
Balance	\$1,096,418	\$535,757	\$564,264

The balance sheet portion of the 1919 exhibit of the bank is a notable one. Total deposits of \$419,121,399 are \$86,529,682 in excess of that at the end of the previous year, savings accounts contributing over 62 millions to the increase and demand deposits 24 millions. Circulation showed a small increase over the 1918 figure, the total of \$39,837,265 being less than half a million in excess of that of a year ago.

Current coin, Dominion notes and foreign currency on hand at the end of the year aggregated \$55,681,547, compared with \$42,124,658 in 1918.

Holdings of federal and provincial government securities show an increase of almost 9 millions, standing at \$45,323,598, while other stocks and bonds at \$52,815,433 were higher by over 8 millions.

The balance sheets of the past two years compare as follows:

ASSETS			
	1919	1918	
Coin and Notes	\$55,681,547	\$42,124,658	
Cent. Gold Reserve	24,500,000	26,000,000	
Notes other Banks	3,464,200	10,678,020	
Cheques, other banks	23,757,240	20,034,899	
Due by Canadian Banks	17,103	6,042	
Due outside	18,101,373	10,391,516	
Government Securities	45,323,598	36,599,976	
Other Securities	52,815,433	44,705,300	
Call loans, Canadian	16,435,614	10,067,481	
Call loans, outside	33,812,751	24,374,191	
Total liq. assets	\$273,908,862	\$224,982,088	
Current loans, Canadian	143,259,518	119,184,715	
Current loans, outside	90,210,271	64,175,163	
Overdue Debts	365,089	388,513	
Real Estate	1,495,271	1,171,131	
Bank Premises	7,016,444	6,492,011	
Letters Credit	16,467,978	10,162,629	
Cir. deposit	750,000	742,818	
Other Assets	173,648	213,910	
Totals	\$533,647,084	\$427,512,982	
LIABILITIES			
	1919	1918	
Deposits, demand	\$159,656,229	\$135,243,278	
Deposits, notice	259,465,169	197,348,439	
Circulation	39,837,265	39,380,975	
Due Government	14,000,000	9,000,000	
Due other banks	7,463,823	6,095,721	
Bills Payable	806,776	316,058	
Letters of Credit	16,467,978	10,162,629	
Public liabilities	\$497,697,243	\$397,547,102	
Capital	17,000,000	14,000,000	
Reserve	17,000,000	15,000,000	
Accruing dividends, etc.	853,422	430,122	
Profit & Loss balance	1,096,418	535,757	
Totals	\$533,647,084	\$427,512,982	

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The Wardens of The West

Continued from Page 21

answer is simple as well as convincing. Concealed within this wonderland are the very antidotes and cures for all the mental and many of the physical ailments which afflict mankind. Nothing is more calculated to restore the jaded and enfeebled human system than the health-giving air fresh from the remote, snow-capped sentinels. These old warriors of a million years have unlimited stores of Nature's health-giving elixir on hand, and they never fail to distribute the same with a lavish hand. The toil-worn wreck from afar, speedily assumes a new lease of life, and just as speedily forgets all about the torpor which travelled here with him. From the very first, a keenness of eye and a sharpness of appetite tell their own tale, and before many days are over the complaints of physical debility and mental deficiency are conspicuously absent.

The reason for this is self-evident to the thinking man. Nature cures her own children of their childish complaints.



Mt. Warren on Maligne Lake

She takes them by the hand and leads them into paths wherein are to be found inspiration after inspiration; she shows them the unsullied and entrancing delights which she has painted with a generous hand. Over that vast valley-land she points to a hoary headed giant bathed in the magnificence of the western sun, and beyond that an infinity of nameless mountain-tops which guard, like leviathan sentinels, the passes, valleys and gorges of this incomparable land. Entranced with the beauties, and amazed at its extent, the shop-soiled denizen of the throbbing city forgets his own troubles and ailments, and, in that period of forgetfulness, Nature effects her most effective, her most marvellous and most permanent cures.

To know Canada and its Rockies—"the Wardens of the West"—a trip should be made to the Pacific Coast through the Yellowhead Pass, traversing both Jasper and Mount Robson National Parks. This

route of the Canadian National Railways is stamped with widely differing characteristics and possesses an even more imposing majesty.

Cabmen are much the same wherever you find them, whether in Paris or New York or Mexico. Here is a characteristic bit of repartee that a Denver engineer related to a Washington Star reporter:

In a block once in the traffic of Mexico City my cabby, who had not the best of tempers, shrieked at the man ahead of us:

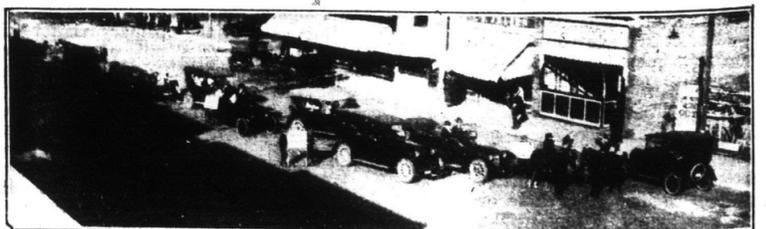
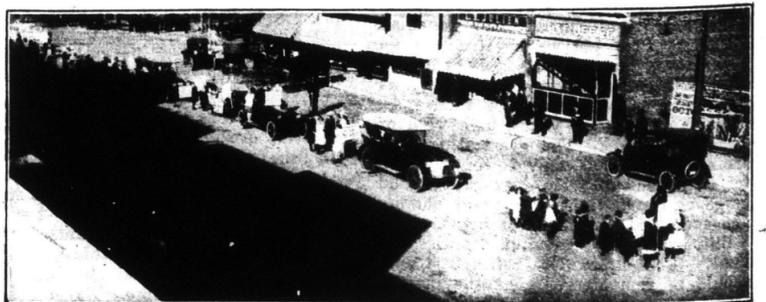
"I had a beard like yours once, but when I found what it made me look like, I cut it off!"

"Yes," answered the other cabby, "and I had a face like yours once, and when I found I couldn't cut it off, I raised a beard!"

Child Welfare in Alberta

The province of Alberta has undertaken quite an advanced course in connection with Child Welfare. It comes under the supervision of the Department of Health, the minister being Hon. A. G. MacKay. The superintendent of the nurses is Miss C. Smith, and the work is growing to such an extent that a number of assistants are necessary. There are five districts now working under the system and another is in process of organization. Each will work under the central organization.

The first formal opening of a child welfare station in the province took place quite recently at Stettler, where there was a parade and demonstration. Much interest was shown in the event, numbers being in attendance from the town and surrounding country. The merchants of the place made special window displays for the occasion. The mayor of the town and Miss Smith headed the procession, which consisted of a large number of automobiles. Hosts of banners and placards were in evidence, carrying progressive and suggestive inscriptions on the importance of child welfare work in the community. Some of them were: "Babies Health—Nations Wealth," "Give Us Fresh Air," "Give Us Protective Laws," "Give Us Fathers and Mothers Who Think," "Down With Patent Medicines," "Give Us Pure Milk—We Want Plenty of H 20," "Give Us Proper Clothing—We Want Intelligent Care," "Swat the Fly—We Don't Want Flies," "We Want Clean Homes," "We Want School Inspection," "We Must Have Regular Habits," "We Must Have Medical Attention."



The above illustrations show procession at Stettler, Alta., on occasion of formal opening of Child Welfare Station.

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WANTED—Listing of farms or land for sale for U.S.A. agents. Write us asking for listing forms. United Sales Agency, 302 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg. 1-20

I HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR SALE-ABLE FARMS—Will deal with owners only. Give description, location and cash price. James P. White, New Franklin, Mo. 3-20

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Poultry Chat

By Helen Vialoux, Charleswood

May the New Year hold much good for us, and remove the spirit of bitterness in our midst. May love take the place of hate and every creature be not ashamed "to labor for an honest living," then shall we have "A Happy New Year."

I wonder how the hens will thrive when the much talked of 6 hour day "for work" comes into operation? Me thinks this scheme will not fit in with poultry keeping. During incubation and chick rearing new and up-to-date machinery cannot take the place of the "chief push, the man or woman behind the hen." Prof. Herner once told me that "there was work enough on a successful poultry plant to keep a man going 18 hours out of the 24 in the hatching season." This cold and relentless winter will long be remembered, swooping down upon us on the 10th of October. The hens have had little chance to brace up, after their moult, and lay as usual. The pullets, also, wanted a few weeks to fit them for the egg business. No wonder eggs sold for \$1.25 per dozen in Winnipeg in December, and were scarce at the figure.

Every style of poultry house, and every breed of fowl has been put to a severe test throughout Canada. The reports of the big egg-laying contests will be noted with much interest. Five breeds of hens are entered in the Ottawa competition. Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Silver and White Wyandottes and White Leghorns, which by the way are in the lead at present. Ontario entered 36 pens of 10 hens each; Quebec, 9 pens; Manitoba 2 and B. C. and Nova Scotia each entered one pen. The contest runs on for the period of one year, 1st prize, \$70; 2nd prize, \$60; 3rd prize, \$50; 4th prize, \$40; 5th prize, \$35; 6th prize, \$30; 7th prize, \$25; 8th prize, \$20; 9th prize, \$15; 10th prize, \$10. Special prize of \$10 to the pen laying greatest number of marketable eggs each month of contest. \$10 to each individual hen laying the greatest number of marketable eggs each month. \$25 prize to pen showing best revenue over cost of feed each month. \$25 to pen with largest number of birds in the record performance class. \$25 to hen showing best record for the year. \$5 to pen laying the largest number of eggs on the last day of February. Surely the hens will all "have a heart," and do their best, when such valuable prizes are given them, providing weather conditions are not ideal.

The actual cost of one dozen eggs produced in winter, at the present high price of grain, is a much discussed question just now when feed is dearer, than any time in our history. The U. S. department of agriculture has sent out a bulletin recently on this subject. The claim is made that 10.9 lbs of grain is required to produce one dozen eggs when laid by pullets, whereas, a yearling hen needs 34.6 lbs of grain to produce her dozen eggs in winter. The ordinary farm flock consists of half pullets and half yearling hens as a rule, which, brings the average cost of pro-

duction of one dozen eggs to at least 84 cents per dozen. That is worked out this way, average amount of grain per head, 28 lbs., a bushel each of wheat, corn and oats, or 140 lbs of mixed grain costs, \$4.35, market price in the States, or in other words, 3 cents per lb. This is not charging up anything for care or housing, etc. This sounds very well and is no doubt correct, as far as the experiment goes, but it is so unnecessary for anybody to feed only sound grain to a flock of hens. What about green feed, often refuse matter, and house scraps, such as peellings, and odd pieces of food? Then the mashies, either moist or dry? They come much cheaper than hard grains and as we know are better, for the hens. Eggs should be produced at 6 cents per dozen in any well managed flock.

The Winnipeg Poultry Association have planned big things for their show this year, which will take place in the Convention Hall, Board of Trade Building. The poultry show will open on January 30th and run until February 5th, both dates inclusive. Entries close on January 20th, J. R. Young, secretary Winnipeg Poultry Association. The judges appointed are L. J. Jarvis, Geo. Woods and Geo. Robertson. The secretary, J. R. Young has sent out a strong appeal to farmers in particular to produce more poultry, and to make an effort to raise a better type of farm bird than the present somewhat nondescript fowl so often seen in the country. Eggs have never been so scarce and high priced the world over as at the present time. The food controller in Great Britain fixed the wholesale price of eggs in England at \$1.25 per dozen. In November, 1919, private advice, at Christmas, told of eggs retailing in London at a shilling each. It is certainly high time western Canada produced more fowls, and it is to be hoped the campaign launched by the Winnipeg poultry Association may bring forth fine results. When the farmer can be induced to specialize a little in chickens then shall we see that talked of average of 100 hens to each farm. They tell us there are 750,000 farmers in Canada. Imagine what a boost poultry raising will get when these farmers all get busy.

Why not join the Winnipeg Association? The membership fee is but one dollar, excellent semi-monthly meetings are held in Winnipeg when many timely topics are lectured upon and discussed. The "Country Gentleman" of December 20th has a leading article on "The King's Egg Circle, Prince Edward Island," which is full of interest. What team work is doing for the farmers and egg producers on that favored Island is clearly shown. Until the farmers organized themselves into this egg circle of 130 members, eggs were traded for goods at the country stores at such a low figure it did not pay the producer to provide comfortable winter quarters for them. The fowls were scrubs, and shift-

Continued on Page 25

Buyers' Service Bureau

1920 bids fair to be a prosperous year for all. You will, no doubt, make many purchases. Naturally you desire to be in a position to make the most of every dollar. Buying reliable advertised goods is a step in the right direction. Perhaps there is some special information you desire—information regarding goods not advertised in the columns of *The Western Home Monthly*, the name of some manufacturer whose goods you are interested in, or information regarding goods not advertised. This information is readily available through our BUYERS' SERVICE BUREAU. Simply fill in the coupon below and we will supply the desired information.

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"Highland" Chums"

Poultry Chat

Continued from Page 24

ed for themselves to a great extent. Then in came the organization of "The Kings Egg Circle," entry fee 25 cents, yearly dues \$1., objects, "to improve the quality of eggs as they leave the farm; to place them in the hands of consumers with the least possible delay, and in the best condition, and to get highest price for the farmer." All business arrangements are made by the board of directors, who are elected annually and meet monthly. They engage the services of an egg collector, who makes his circuit once a week, collecting the eggs, and eggs taken up one week are paid for the next trip. The cases of eggs all go to Charlottetown, the central receiving depot, where they are candled and sold on a quality basis. This egg circle is a tremendous success and the farmer's flocks and poultry houses have improved wonderfully. In 1915 the sale of eggs from this circle amounted to \$10,000 in 1918 they were \$15,000 and this season will be considerably more than that.

In the province of Prince Edward Island there are now 53 "egg circles" all having come into being in 6 years, and men and women are showing the keenest interest in their fowls, and mongrel stock is replaced by well-bred flocks. The Barred Rock is a prime favorite on the Island. Wheat and oats make up the grain ration. Crushed oats bran and shorts the mash. Mangels and turnips are the principal green vegetables fed, and oil meal added to the mash increases egg production. In winter green cut bone and meat is not fed at all. A stiff fight against the egg circles was put up by the disgruntled country merchants who missed their cheap egg supply from the farms, but careful management on the part of the officials of "the Canadian Farm Products Co., Limited," who handle the eggs from the 53 "Egg Circles" in the Island saved the situation. "Circle eggs" carry a special brand, a trade-mark, and are marketed through a central shipping station. "Circle eggs" have now a reputation for their excellent quality.

A WORTHY BENEFICENCE

The worst fate that can befall a child is to be deprived of the benefits of training in the home. It is a pleasure to note that the Government of Manitoba has spent during 1919 about \$200,000 providing for widowed or otherwise dependent mothers, in order that they might bring up their children in their own homes. There is no other province or state which makes such a generous allowance, and in no other place is the expenditure so carefully made. The thousand or more children who are brought up under parental care will return all that is spent upon them by the state. They will return it in good citizenship.

In matters of this kind the state can take no risk. It is only carefully-trained citizens that are of value. Those who are neglected may easily become a menace to safety.

There are other ways in which a province may assist the unfortunate. It may make provision for the deaf, the blind, the suffering, and for the feeble-minded. Canada is well to the front in most matters such as hospitals, asylums for the insane, schools for the deaf, sanatoriums, and there is under way in Manitoba a movement by the government looking to provision for the mentally un-sound. It is cheering to observe that though the western provinces are called upon to expend so much for the support of institutions that have to do with trade, industry and finance, they yet have a care for those things which are more distinctly humanitarian. There is hope for a people who in the rush of business find time to think of the few who need special assistance.

Dread of Asthma makes countless thousands miserable. Night after night the attacks return and even when brief respite is given the mind is still in torment from continual anticipation. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy changes all this. Relief comes and at once, while future attacks are ward off, leaving the afflicted one in a state of peace and happiness he once believed he could never enjoy. Inexpensive and sold almost everywhere.

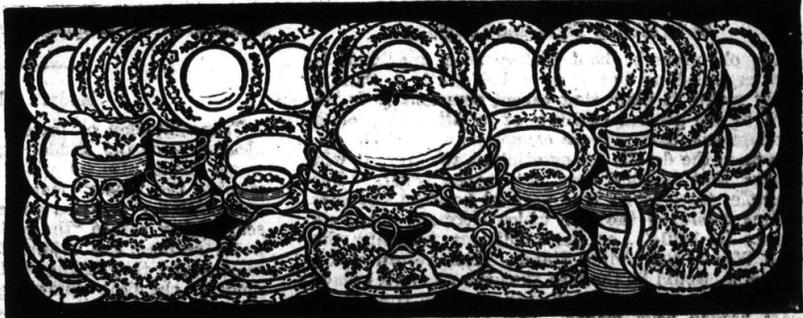
Mother!

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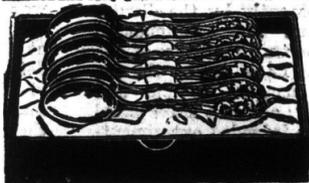


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Immigration Must Be Sifted

There is room in Canada for millions more people, but surely it must be manifest now beyond question that there is no room for any newcomers who are not determined to become Canadians. There were reports from Montreal recently that a movement was being organized in that city with a view to assisting the immigration to this country of large numbers of oppressed Polish Jews. It was stated that funds were being provided by those who had initiated this movement or become interested in it, and that it was not intended to ask the Dominion Government for any assistance. That such a scheme may have its good points is not to be denied; but that it contains serious possibilities of evil is much more undeniable. No man or woman with a feeling heart can be indifferent to the sufferings of the victims of oppression anywhere in the world. But Canadians are not fairly open to a charge of callousness because of their perception of the necessity of considering first the safety and the best development of Canada, when plans for the promotion of immigration from south-eastern or central Europe on a large scale are proposed, especially when the people whom it is proposed to bring over are the kind that do not settle on the land, but crowd into already congested areas of cities. In the past there was nothing considered but the getting of population. Hereafter there should be a careful sifting of immigration.

As to Sitting Tight and Laughing

The old proverb about history repeating itself is now regarded as not even a half-truth. Careful study makes it plain that except occasionally in regard to the general outlines of a situation, or a development, that proverb cannot be applied closely. The more the details are scrutinized, the more it will appear that history does not repeat itself. For example, there is no true parallel between the conditions following the war which Germany made on France in 1870-71, or the conditions following the Civil War in the United States. Most absurd of all, of course, would be the idea that the recoveries made after both those wars resulted in any way from those wars having been waged. An Ontario newspaper said recently:

After the Civil War there were strikes, riots, inflated prices, and misgivings for the future. History is repeating. Sit tight, laugh when you can, and things will become normal in good time.

Confidence and cheerfulness are, of course, most excellent things. Advising everybody to be confident and cheerful is, needless to say, excellently good advice. But for recovery from the effects of prolonged war waged with a terribleness beyond any comparison more destructive than any preceding warfare in history more is needed (it is also needless to say) than sitting tight and laughing. Energetic work and thrift and intelligent, public-spirited citizenship are the first essentials.

The Good Points of a Baby

Surely it ought to be regarded as more important for a parent to know the good points of a baby than of a calf, or lamb, or other beast of the field. A movement to enlarge the knowledge of fathers and mothers concerning the good points of a baby has been begun in the United States. The Philosopher has to thank an Iowa reader of The Western Home Monthly for sending him a copy of the report of the address made by Dr. Lenna M. Meanes, Medical Director of the Baby Health Conference held a couple of months ago under the auspices of the Iowa State Department of Agriculture. Dr. Meanes is one of the originators of the movement for the spreading of knowledge of the good points of a baby. "There was a time when not much attention was paid to babies," she began her speech by saying. "The farmers of Iowa entered their babies and their hogs in the state fairs and usually the hogs took prizes, and the babies were pronounced runts. The farmers didn't begin losing on their baby entries, until people began to ridicule them. Now there are more people in Iowa watching how babies are examined and measured up at these state fairs than there are watching how sheep are judged. The Iowa physicians have succeeded in putting baby where the hog and the sheep formerly stood." These remarks of Dr. Meanes are, of course, not to be taken too literally, as The Philosopher need hardly point out. Obviously she was speaking in an exaggerated strain to arouse and provoke attention. The subject she was speaking of deserves all the attention which can be aroused. In this matter of increasing knowledge in order that human life may be bettered by being given the best possible start physically, there is room for vastly more service than has yet been provided in any country. Such work is human welfare work of a fundamental kind.

With Regard to Religion

There is nothing which is being said oftener at the present time than that the new world-wide conditions after the war present a challenge to organized religion and a problem which the churches must grapple with in a struggle which will put them to a severer

The Philosopher

test than they have ever yet had to encounter. But, after all, is not the challenge one which addresses itself to individuals? No one of us can avoid it, or escape our duties and our obligations in this connection. There is this fundamental fact, which there is no gainsaying, namely, that religion is the greatest influence for good in the world. Criticism of the churches and pointing out of their shortcomings in one way or another does not, in the least, alter that fundamental fact. It was said long ago by a great thinker that man is inescapably religious. Religion is a great human need. Nothing can take the place of it. It may be neglected for a time, but sooner or later this great human need must reassert itself. There appears to be some ground for thinking that of recent years there has been in some measure a failure in the duty of religious training in the homes. It is all very well to criticize the churches. But it is of primary importance that religion holds its place in the home. And in regard to religious teaching and training it is a basic fact that precepts are of small value in comparison with example. It is not by what they say, but by what they are and what they do, that parents provide, or fail to provide, their children with the instruction which is most valuable in the shaping of character.

Modern Alchemy

Transmutation of metals was the dream of the alchemists of the Middle Ages. They believed there was a magic element which possessed the powers of turning the "base" metals into gold, and also had extraordinary curative power. That object of their search they named "the philosopher's stone." They never realized the object of their experiments; but incidentally they did much to lay the foundations of modern chemical knowledge. "The philosopher's stone" has long been regarded as nothing more than the delusion of visionaries. But the most recent achievements in science recall the alchemists and their search for the magic element of their dreams. The late Sir Michael Ramsay, who discovered the element known as helium, succeeded in demonstrating that it was produced apparently by the disruption of another element, radium. This he announced as the first observed case of the transmutation of one element into another element. Later on, by the use of radium, he obtained the elements sodium and lithium from the element copper; and in a letter dated July 25, 1907, he wrote that he intended experimenting on gold. But other work and ill health, which led to his death, prevented him from pursuing his researches further. In that same year the present Sir Ernest Rutherford, who had been Professor of Physics at McGill University, in Montreal, became head of the Department of Physics in the University of Birmingham, in England. He has ever since been working with radium, and has produced results which are described as revolutionizing previously entertained ideas of the structure of matter. He has not found "the philosopher's stone," but he has found cases of the transmutation of metals in addition to those discovered by Sir William Ramsay. He has demonstrated, it appears, that there is a type of atom, not before recognized, which he terms the nucleus atom, which carries a charge of positive electricity. His discoveries are authoritatively said to be of the utmost importance. Among the problems on which they are declared to have a bearing are those of fuel and heat.

A Visitant From Space

November and December are termed by astronomers "meteor" months, on account of the number of fragments circling in space which come within view of inhabitants of this planet during those months, some of these fragments actually alighting on the earth's surface, but such projectiles from the sky being exceedingly rare, indeed, as most meteors are consumed before they actually reach the earth. When they enter the outermost parts of our atmosphere the friction caused by their terrific speed through even that highly rarefied air is so great that they are set afire. It is estimated that not more than one in a million of them gets to the earth before being consumed. They first become visible when they are about ninety miles from the earth. Sometimes a meteor causes violent atmospheric disturbance and a sudden rain-storm. Such a meteor was that which was visible one night a few weeks ago to people living around Lake Michigan. It was, by all accounts, a most remarkable meteor for size, brilliance, and the atmospheric disturbance it caused on its way to plunge into the lake. Apparently three are in space innumerable fragments of Biela's comet, which went to pieces in -845, and in the same neighborhood (if we may use such a term) is the most notable of all the meteoric systems, known as the Leonid system. Into that neighborhood the ball on which we live swings

annually towards the close of our calendar year. Whether the meteor which fell sizzling into Lake Michigan was a fragment of Biela's exploded comet or Leonid fragment, or neither, has not been stated authoritatively. All that can be said is that such a projectile, if it landed in a city would greatly outdo in destructiveness the most destructive projectile contrived by man. If it were not for the manner in which all but about one out of every million meteors are burned up before reaching the earth by the heat caused by the friction which begins with their first contact with our atmosphere, the world would suffer some serious bombardments from space. The Philosopher once saw a meteor of very hard metal, about as large as a man's head, which fell near Shelburne, Ont., a good many years ago, and buried itself some eight or ten feet in the earth. When it was dug out, the earth around it was frozen by the cold within it, though its outer surface was red hot when it landed. Coming through space, its temperature was, of course, what the scientists term "absolute zero"—which is about 400 degrees below the zero of the Fahrenheit thermometer. The red hot state to which its surface had been brought very rapidly by its progress through the air had not penetrated to that terrible cold within.

Ancient and Modern

After reading General von Ludendorff's voluminous recollections of the war all the way through to the last page, one of the impressions left on The Philosopher's mind (in addition, of course, to the strong impression of von Ludendorff's innate Hunnishness of mind) is that, in what may be called the purely intellectual department of warfare there have not been many changes since ancient times. In weapons, explosives, electrical devices, and all the thousand and one marvels of modern invention, by which man is able to make such use of the powers that are in nature, modern warfare is, of course, incomparably more complicated than ancient warfare. But the essentials of strategy and tactics remain, after all, essentially the same. Joffre's falling back before superior forces until he was able to turn suddenly and make a stand on the Marne was, in its way, the same thing as Napoleon did at Austerlitz. The victory won by the Germans on the East front in the Tannenberg operations early in the war, which von Ludendorff describes at such great length was won by withdrawing the centre and extending the flanks and so enveloping the advancing Russians, just as the Carthaginian general Hannibal enveloped and defeated the Romans in the great battle of Cannæ, in 200 B.C. It would not be difficult to find other historical parallels. And yet the war which filled the world with such devastation between its beginning in 1914 and its ending a little more than a year ago was waged in a way which neither Caesar nor Napoleon could have conceived of. The historical parallels and comparisons which we may choose to make are like finding a similitude between the tanks and the elephants coated with armor which Clive, the British general in India, sent into action in the battle of Plassey, and which created such consternation among the native troops of the Nawab Surajud-Dowlah and so helped materially in winning that historic victory in 1757, by which Bengal came under British rule.

A Disclosure

What must be taken as a sincere expression of an important element of German opinion is the speech made by Field Marshal von Hindenburg at a private meeting of German mine-owners in Upper Silesia. It was taken down in shorthand by a Pole who was present. He sent it to Paris, where it has been published. The New York Times has published a translation of it into English, from which the following sentences are taken:

"We Germans, we are not conquered. In a little while our enemies will have occasion to realize what the force of the German soul amounts to, how invincible the German muscles and fists are, what might of toil and what resistance to all weaknesses animate the brains and hearts of Germans.

"Our enemies will learn that the idea of vanquishing us was folly. Blood will flow in great streams to expiate the crimes committed against the industrious people of Germany.

"The time is near when the sacrilegious hands of those who have dared to raise them against us will fall helpless. And then, in the midst of the crawling of decrepit nations, we shall see the mighty fist of Germany rise and strike, to chastise, and to assure to our country once for all, happiness expansion and supremacy."

Can it be doubted that the foregoing utterances of von Hindenburg are an outpouring of the mentality of many Germans? The old "will to victory," which was the keystone in the arch of Kultur, still possesses some magic potency in the imaginations of certain Germans, even now that the arch of Kultur has been shattered to fragments. The vaporings of von Hindenburg are futile. All the "will to victory" which Germany can conjure up will not alter the fact that, to say nothing of the military side of the situation, Germany could not last against a blockade. That was proved, even before Germany ceased to have any sea power.

Out of The Fire

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edwin C. Cuming

THE winter sun was setting across the old prairie and the moon that was still in its infancy was rising in the east, promising that the evening was to be one of great success for the social which had been planned in the little school-house several miles away from the shack of Richard Tempest. Like all prairie dwellers, Dick took his amusement with a zest and enthusiasm, and whenever an event such as was scheduled for that evening was upon the bill, he was one of the first to be present. It was not often that such events came round, and it had seemed to the lad that had come out from the east some eighteen months before, that they came all too seldom. The social was to be one of those ordinary events that help to break the long monotony of the winter in which otherwise there was little to do except the weekly visit to the post office, and the weekly visit of the preacher, who drove several miles to supply these people with a service. Very often even these visits were made impossible because of the severity of the weather.

The homestead that Tempest had taken was situated away from the trail that was called in those parts frequented, although the business that passed over it was limited to about three teams a day. Indeed the only break in the loneliness was the occasional visitor who called to see him when the work he had to do necessitated the borrowing of some piece of machinery that Tempest happened to own. Dick was a bachelor, and indeed seemed to be hopelessly so, although his neighbor Clemens, whose wife did his baking in the busy season, had often chaffed him with the fact and held out to him the comforts of marital happiness.

"Do you think I would ask a girl to come out here and live in this wilderness," he had said, very seriously on the last occasion of his visit; "No, sir, I have more respect for the girl who will honor me enough to be my wife. I think I'll wait until I can have things fixed up a little better and then, well Mrs. Clemens satisfies me with her splendid baking, although I suppose it is hardly fair to you to expect to depend upon her always. Still I'm going to surprise you one of these days old fellow and bring home a girl to that, to the old shanty on the hill."

An event had happened in the district during the past few days that had captured the attention of the whole neighbourhood, and had formed the topic of conversation at the post office for nearly three weeks. Consternation had been caused in the hearts of these said bachelors by the advent of the new teacher from the east who had come to teach the small crowd of children of every nationality in the schoolhouse that had been recently erected. It was a little event in the life of a great city, for many new teachers are appointed every year, but out here several miles from the railroad, it was an event that had to be talked over and discussed. Then those who had seen her had testified that she

was a lady of unusual charm, and while several of them had laughed about the idea of a really good teacher coming out so far away from the railroad, they had admired the pluck, and when later they had heard the pupils talk about her, they had confessed themselves non-plussed.

Laura Owen was one of those girls who are constantly graduating from our colleges, who have come to see that there is in the great profession they have chosen the road to a great service, to the new nation that is being built out on these western plains, and who are ready to risk everything in life that the growing generation should have at least a chance to make it all that they dream it should be. Miss Owen had dreamed of this nation, and while her parents and friends had tried to dissuade her, she had stood by her decision and had come out west to do her part in the great work she had at heart. Thus when she had come to the little settlement the farmers had become especially interested in her because of the views she held, and the ideals she had brought with her. It was not long before she had the whole settlement by the ears, and the men were overwhelmed by the spirit with which she went about her work. To them life was to be measured in the dollars they received from their wheat, and when they found that crops for one reason or another were falling off, they were ready to move on to more suitable lands where they thought there was possibility of greater wealth. They failed to understand anyone who could have anything like the ideals about the great big stretches before them, and yet they felt that somehow Laura Owen had seen a vision that was bigger than theirs.

"Say, Bill, that school-marm has some great ideas about these prairies. She seems to think that it is heaven itself, and at least that it can be made something like the golden streets. You ought to have heard her talking down at Harvey's the other night, say, it certainly made me feel as though I would sell out for about thirty cents, after what I had said during the day. She says that the prairies are to be the great country of the future, and she wants the women to go in for a sort of better home movement. She certainly did roast the fellows that sell out as soon as they have 'proved up,' and she says they are as bad as an extra crop of gophers."

"Well, Lee, I think she's about right, you know. After all most of us are here for what we can make out of the country, and after all the improvements we put on are pretty poor after all. Most of us wait just as long as we can settle upon our farms, and then we clear out to some place where we can get more cheap land, and we are not ready to work here for what we get. Harvey was telling me about what she said, and it sort of hit me between the eyes. I think, boys, I'll have another year on my place at least, and not go to town this next fall as I figured. After all a fellow can make money out here

Continued on Page 29



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The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

WORDS—THEIR USES AND ABUSES

"The use of long words, which we get from other tongues, not only makes our thoughts and our speech dim and hazy, but it has done somewhat to harm the morals of our people. Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals, and we call it "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth and we are told that it is a case of "prevarication," it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it."—H. Seymour.

"In the elaboration of definitions and high sounding phrases, the art of duplicity is unconsciously cultivated. Those who profess to be scholars sometimes becloud the truth by multiplicity of words."—Editorial.

"There are certain words," says T. D. MacGregor, "which are part of the daily vocabulary of everybody, young and old, rich and poor, educated and uneducated. They are the domestic, the closely personal words that we all use when we are just ourselves and not trying to be dignified or reserved. As a rule, these words come of good old Anglo-Saxon stock. They are homely but strong. They are the heart of our English language, the most valuable heritage of our common tongue."

It is interesting to notice how few words of home and family and everyday life are of ponderous Latin or Greek derivation:

Mother	eat
sister	go
brother	run
work	wife
talk	son
do	home
sell	walk
father	drink
daughter	buy
love	see
think	

Who can enjoy a chat with a man who always talks of women as females, and of a man as an individual; with whom things are never like but similar; who never begins but commences; who does not choose but elects; who does not help but facilitates; nor buys but always purchases; who calls a beggar a mendicant; with whom a servant is always a domestic, when he is not a menial; who calls a house a residence, in which he does not live but resides; with whom a place is always a locality, and things do not happen but transpire?

Compare: It is not to be denied that any system which demands the propulsion of cars at an abnormal rate of speed is not entirely consistent, in the opinion of experts, with the greatest attainable immunity from the dangers of transportation.

With: Expert opinion looked upon all plans for the running of trains at a high rate of speed as fraught with great danger to the public.

RULES OF PROCEDURE

There are some countries where it is unusual for a young man to occupy the position of presiding officer at a meeting of any kind, even on small committees, but it is not so in Canada, and especially in Western Canada. Here, in the nature of things, the young man frequently finds himself under the necessity of "taking the chair."

In the discussions that inevitably arise, it is rather embarrassing to the beginner to be called upon to decide points of order, and for the benefit of those to whom such work is new, the following outline of procedure is offered. It is not complete, but it will meet the requirements of the ordinary case.

It frequently happens that the most important business before a meeting occurs through the medium of a resolution, and in this case the following practice may be observed:

A motion is a proposal made before a meeting for the purpose of arriving at a decision.

Every motion must be moved and seconded, otherwise no discussion is allowed and no vote is taken.

An amendment is a motion to alter the terms of an original motion.

Every amendment must be moved and seconded. There should be only one amendment before a meeting at the same time.

The vote on the amendment is taken first.

If an amendment is defeated, the original motion is open to further amendments.

If an amendment is carried, it takes the place of the original motion, and is subject to further amendments.

POSITIVES AND NEGATIVES

"Every form of unhappiness," says James Allen, "springs from a wrong condition of mind." This may not be entirely true, but it is true in very many cases. A wrong condition of mind, however, is hard to correct without some sort of mental analysis and such an analysis may be aided by a classification of mental conditions as to their positive and negative effects. So we learn that mental conditions may be grouped as follows:

Wrong Mental Conditions	
Hatred	Condemnation
Lust	Ill-will
Covetousness	Self-indulgence
Pride	Anger
Vanity	Desire
Right Mental Conditions	
Love	Compassion
Purity	Goodwill
Selflessness	Self-control
Humility	Patience
Meekness	Self-conquest

Unfortunately, a wrong mental condition does not stop at that; it produces effects. Thus, the effects of condemnation are persecution and hatred from others, while the effects of compassion are protection love and reverence from others.

MORE ABOUT BOOKS

"We get no good By being ungenerous, even to a book. And calculating profits—so much help By so much reading. It is rather when We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound. Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth— 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

E. B. Browning.

"The true university in these days is a collection of books."—Carlyle.

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To give books successfully, two things are necessary; first, a knowledge of the recipient's taste and existing library; second, a knowledge of the book or author that you choose.

GREAT BLUNDERS

In a library at Chicago is a book in which five hundred men, out of work, have written of the greatest blunders in their lives. Some of them are given here:

- (1) Didn't save what I earned.
- (2) Did not, as a boy, realize the value of an education.
- (3) If I had taken better care of my money, I would be better in health and morals.
- (4) Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment.
- (5) The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink.
- (6) One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn.
- (7) My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade.
- (8) The turning point in my life was when, at fifteen, I ran away from home.
- (9) Spent money foolishly when I was earning good wages.
- (10) When I let myself be misled into thinking that I need not stick to one thing.
- (11) Self-conceit and not listening to my parents.

CENTRES OF POPULATION

One-half of the population of the Dominion of Canada lives in the towns and cities. The products of the forests, the mines, the fisheries and the land are produced by a population that averages less than one to the square mile. Outside of the cities, Canada is the second most sparsely populated country in the world, having a density of about two to the square mile. Australia has a density of about 1.25 to the square mile.

Canada has now a great national debt. For the time being, the national expenses are being met by loans and taxation, but production is the only thing that will really reduce the debt, and production will increase to the extent that agricultural opportunities are made available to the mass of the people.

LOYALTY

"I think," wrote Elbert Hubbard, "that if I were working for a man I would work for him all the time." This is a thought that has almost been lost sight of during these days of controversy. There are many men, in many institutions, who work for their employers only a part of the time. The suggestion is not that you shall work twenty-four hours a day for a man, but that you shall work, say, eight hours and that in thought you shall be loyal for the rest of the time. If you cannot be loyal to your firm in thought, perhaps it is time for a change.

A POINT OF VIEW

A farmer friend of mine told me the other day of a conversation reported to him, which ran somewhat as follows:

First Farmer: "Well, we've got the boys and girls started out, and now we're ready to make a move."

Second Farmer: "What are they doing?"

First Farmer: "The three girls are teaching, and Jack and George have gone into solicitors' offices. We're about ready to move to the city and retire now."

Second Farmer: "What a tragedy!"

His remarks, of course, were in reference to the plans of the old people to move to the city, after their children were started on careers! It all depends on the point of view. What do you think?

CHANGING THE YEAST

A few weeks ago, through the courtesy of a friend, I was able to attend a session of the annual meeting of the shareholders of the United Grain Growers. It is some time since I mixed with the farmers, and it was invigorating to meet once more the strong, keen men of the soil. There were several agricultural veterans there and whenever one rose to speak, he said something worth listening to.

One old gentleman—I'd like to meet him again—calmed the meeting at a clamorous point by telling of his efforts at bread making.

"I've baked my own bread for a good many years," said he, "and it must have been pretty good, or I would not have lived so long. Now, so long as that bread is raising all right, and comes out of the oven light and white, why I stick to that good old yeast, but when it comes out a sticky, heavy mess and acts as though I mixed it with my left hand, why I change the yeast."

There's some philosophy here, with a capital P, and for many of us it might be advisable when things are not working just so, to change the yeast.

UNSATISFACTION VS. DISSATISFACTION

The man who is unsatisfied is working towards an ideal.

The man who is dissatisfied hasn't got an ideal.

The man who is unsatisfied is an asset to the community.

The man who is dissatisfied is a menace to the community.

The man who is unsatisfied enjoys his present work, and is looking to the future for better things.

The man who is dissatisfied, does not enjoy his work, and doesn't know where to look.

The man who is unsatisfied is a positive force.

The man who is dissatisfied is a negative force.

To be unsatisfied is a legitimate condition.

To be dissatisfied is an illegitimate condition.

THE RESOURCES OF CANADA

I have received from the Department of the Interior, and I suggest that you write for a copy of it, a publication entitled "Resources of Canada—Fifty Compact Facts." These facts are so fascinating, so important, so stupendous, that I wish this entire page could be devoted to them. From a bewildering selection, I quote one:

"Area, 3,729,665 square miles; population, 8,500,000. Compared with the United States, Canada is equal in size to the United States and Mexico, but has a population less than that in the three cities of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia."

There is a line from the Good Book which says that "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." I don't know whether we are entitled to make such an application of it or not, but whenever I see an array of facts concerning the resources of Canada, this is the line that comes to mind.

STUDY PARAGRAPH

This is the third of our study paragraphs, and it is in the nature of a general knowledge test on Canada:

What is the approximate area of your own province?

What is the longest river in Canada?

What are the seaport provinces of Canada?

Name, in order of size, the three leading industries of your province.

In what districts is coal to be found in your province?

In what city is your provincial university located?

What industrial opportunities does your own or nearest town offer?

What raw material is available for manufacturing purposes?

What are the special advantages of your district from a development point of view?

Has it any disadvantages which might be relieved or overcome?

Out of The Fire

Continued from Page 27

if he likes to work for it. By jingo, if a girl can come out here and work for the kids in this district for what we are paying her in the school taxes, I say that she has something behind her more than high-brow talk."

The men had come by this time to the school house, which they found had been transformed by the decorations that the object of their talk had put up, and while they felt the natural bashfulness which is characteristic of the men who live out in the great deserts of the world, they felt a sense of admiration for the stranger who had brought about the social they were attending.

The evening programme was one of great success, and different to any they had ever attended, and all those who came felt they were meeting each other in a way which helped them to know the best in the other lives. The dainty supper that was served brought forth the praise of every bachelor, while the dance at the end of the evening seemed to cement the friendships that had been made earlier in the evening.

Richard Tempest stayed behind after most of the others had left, for he wanted to have a talk with this strange new girl about the things she had said around the settlement, and to widen the acquaintance that had begun during the evening. Very soon the last of the lights had been extinguished, and he saw his chance to speak with her and walk with her on her way home.

"Do you know, Miss Owen, I have been very interested in some of the things you have been saying around the settlement since you have been here, and I want to tell you that as far as I am concerned you have made a convert to your creed. I thought to move out this year when I had completed my homestead duties, but I have decided to stay and do what I can to make this country what you say it can be made," he said, in introducing the topic.

The teacher was interested and attracted by what this young man had to tell her, more especially because she recognised that he had been trained above the average of the settlers, and because she realized that her new convert would have an immense influence upon the others. She had mapped out a plan of campaign for the making of these settlers' homes better and more like home, but she realized that to attempt it without the help of some others, who had seen the same vision, was to invite failure. In Tempest she saw, not simply the educated farmer, but a propagandist who would carry weight among the men and women who were his neighbors.

"I am awfully glad to hear what you say, for Mr. Tempest, I think that you men who have been trained in college can do so much more in the way of leadership in this western country. These people think that because they have come out here to master these primitive conditions it is necessary to leave behind them all those things which have made for culture, and yet you know as well as I do, that, with the cheap books and the departmental stores, it is possible to make this prairie country the greatest in the world in the training of better and finer citizens," she had said, and if Tempest could have seen her face he would have seen that it was lit up with a wonderful light, the light which comes to one who has seen a great and wonderful vision.

The enthusiasm of the girl gripped Tempest until he found himself admiring the spirit which she had shown. He, too, had passed through one of the eastern colleges and had come west in order to make for himself a home, and to build a fortune apart from those in the east who had given him his start in life.

"Well, I want you to count on my help whenever you need it, and when you start your campaign just reckon me among your supporters," he had said.

The winter and early spring that year were filled with evenings such as the one that has been described, and the district showed signs of a great interest in the new movement. In these entertainments much was done for the amusement and the education of these people, and much of the loneliness of the long evenings

passed as they gathered from time to time under the direction of the teacher and those whom she had gathered around her. The school house that in so many places was simply the place where the children spent their time for several hours of the day, became the social centre of the community, and its effect was to be seen in the many little improvements which had come into the homes unannounced. Very many of the women felt a thrill of gratitude as they realised that these improvements had come as the result of the bigger vision that had been given to them and their husbands of what even the prairie home could be, and they looked out into the busy days of the spring and summer realising that life would be somewhat easier for them. Another and bigger change, however, had taken place in the life of Tempest at least. These two young people, the teacher and the farmer, had found themselves thrown together a great deal during the arrangements that were necessary, and Miss Owen found in Tempest a ready and willing helper at all times. The spring at length gave place to the long days behind the plow, and the hot days of the summer made all such activities impossible. The acquaintance had grown, however, into a friendship that was deep and strong, and in the heart of Tempest had taken a much more serious turn. Somehow, whenever he thought of the home he was to build some day, he found it impossible to think of it apart from Laura Owen, and indeed all his plans had a place in them for her. With the shyness, however, of the man who had spent a great deal of his time in the great silences he took care that she should not guess the depth of these thoughts until such time as he was ready to reveal them and to carry his plans to culmination. The next fall he thought would bring him the crop with its good return, and then he would find himself in the position when he could ask her to share his home with him. Thus he watched the crop mature with feverish interest, and every ounce of effort of which he was capable went into its production. Gradually he saw the fruits of his labors coming to perfection, and with it there came the determination that was in his heart to bring his dreams to fruition. If the crop was good he said he would ask her to become mistress of the house he was to build.

As the fall, however, was nearing an incident occurred which seemed at the time to place the possibility farther away than ever. Coming out of the field one evening after a long day's work he noticed that away to the west there appeared a great cloud of smoke, and while for the time he took little notice of it, he looked with some anxiety as he saw it grow in size after he had finished his chores. About ten o'clock he went out to have a last look round before retiring for the night, and looking around toward the place where he had previously seen the cloud of smoke, was alarmed to see that the sky had not only grown furiously red, but that he could easily distinguish large flames spreading themselves along the whole horizon. With the alertness that was natural to him he saw that the matter had grown serious and that unless something was done immediately the whole countryside would be in the grip of the dreaded prairie fires. Without waiting for any better covering than he had at the time, he rushed into the barn, unloosed his horses, and as quickly as it takes to tell was on his way towards the west from which he could see the flames making rapid progress. All his thoughts about his own crop and property seemed to have left his mind as he raced along to get near to the scene of the disaster. At every homestead he called the men who were available to join him, and wherever they were not engaged plowing out their own firebreaks they joined him.

"Looks like it was a bad 'un, Dick. I suppose that because we have a decent crop this year a fire has to come and take it, seeing that everything else has been in our favor. I never saw such a country in my life. Then there's that school-marm tellin' us to keep on and help out; believe me when I see her next time I'll tell her what I think about her views," grumbled Clemens who had been aroused to the danger of the oncoming fire.

Continued on Page 30

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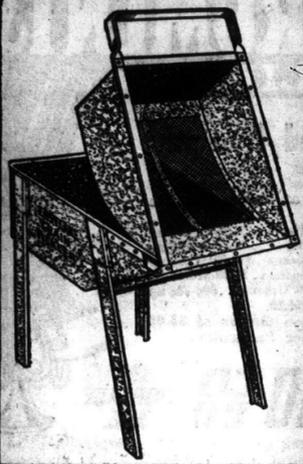
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Out of The Fire

Continued from Page 29

"Say, Jack," replied Tempest, "I think it will pay you to say less about the teacher until you have thought the thing out for yourself. This isn't the fault of the country, but rather of some careless fool that has not looked where he threw the lighted match he had when he finished with it. The country's all right and what the school-marm has said is right after all. Besides your crop has not been touched as yet, and if we can help it the fire will not get as far as this, so shout when you're hurt next time."

It was evident that Dick was not in the mood for argument and the crowd grew quiet, as men do when they are facing danger, and a long night of work. Gradually the fire came into view as they passed over the rises of the prairie, and to all it was evident that it was one of the worst they had ever seen. As they came nearer the intense heat and the draught that the prairie fire always causes could be felt by all. At a distance from which he saw he could direct the efforts of his crew Dick dismounted,

and immediately they set to work on the oncoming demon. On and on it came, with a mad rush that seemed almost supernatural, and all through the long hours of the night, with bleeding hands and singed faces, the men fought it as though it were a thing alive. Once or twice they found it necessary to retreat before it until again it seemed to gain the upper hand over them in its rush across the great waste. Several of the men found that because their own homes was in danger it was imperative that they leave and protect their own, and to plow fresh furrows in their fire-breaks. With the heroism of the men who leave the comfort of the east to make their homes on the frontiers they held on until they had placed the danger behind them. Among them all there was none who worked harder than Tempest himself, and despite the well meant entreaties of his friends he rushed into the danger to save his men, and kept at his post until he was well nigh exhausted, and even then held on again until it seemed that the man must drop in his very traces. It was the struggle of a great man who had learned endurance upon the playing fields of the eastern college, and the grit of the football field.

At last towards the middle of the morning the last flicker seemed to have been put out and the men satisfied that they had conquered their enemy, left for their homes without thinking of the captain whom they thought would follow them as soon as he, too, was satisfied that danger was passed. But the night's work had been too strenuous even for him, and with the reaction that always follows a great crisis he fell faint in his tracks without making his home, and with the coming of a slight wind, a small part of the glowing embers had been fanned into another small fire, which, however, soon exhausted itself on the blackened ruin of the prairie. It was not until it had done considerable damage to the man himself, however, that it went out. It was not until some time after that Bill Clemens, coming in from his fields, gave him a thought, and recalled the fact that he had not seen him around all day. Calling together some of the other men he became aroused to the necessity of a search, and very soon they found themselves again upon the scene of the night's battle. In a few minutes they found him where he had fallen, burned and unconscious. In a

Continued on Page 31

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Out of The Fire

Continued from Page 30

few minutes the men had him in the rig,
and hurrying back to the nearest shack
to give him the best of care and atten-
tion.

As it happened Laura Owen had called
at the house to learn from the men the
extent of the damage, and to ask
whether it had been possible to save
the crops a few miles away. As the
buggy drove up and unloaded its heavy
burden she caught a glimpse of the man
who had toiled with the heroism of the
night before, and curiously felt that in
some way the accident had struck at her
own happiness. She felt an interest in
this strong man she had never dreamed
would have been possible, and into her
face there came a look of genuine dis-
may. For several hours the man raved
in his delirium, and said things about
his relations and himself she had never
learned before. Above all else, too, he
gave expression to the dreams of his
life, and told the story of the hopes
that had found their rise in his life since
the night in the school house.

With the drawing near of the night,
and the realization of the lack of room
in the small shack, there came the
question of the disposition of the patient.
There was hardly room for the require-
ments of the family let alone the de-
mands of a hospital, and thus it was
suggested by Bill himself that he be
taken to his own shack, and that the
women-folk take turns in the nursing.
Their scheme seemed feasible, and know-
ing the independence of the patient it
promised to fit in with what they knew
to be his feelings in the matter. Laura
had heard the suggestion with some feel-
ings of dismay, and while she saw that
under present conditions it was the only
possible line of action, she wished that
in some way it could be made possible
for her to nurse the man to whom she
felt a tie. The more they talked the
greater the problem seemed to grow,
until, with a blush that came into her
cheeks, she suggested that if he were
moved on the morrow she herself be
allowed to act as nurse with the help of
the neighbors.

Thus it happened that on the next
day the patient was taken back to his
home, and placed under the care of the
volunteer nurse, all unconsciously to
himself, for while he had regained his
reason he was unable to understand what
was afoot.

Some three weeks after he was sitting
in the door of the shack fighting out a
battle with himself. The fire had
meant that he would be laid aside for
a month longer in the time when above
all others he was needed in his fields
early and late, and that in this year,
when the returns of his crop seemed to
spell the meaning of the great future
for him of success or failure. It was
while he was thus engaged that his
nurse returning from the school house
came upon him unawares, and stood for
some minutes watching the play of his
emotions beneath the bandages that
swathed his face.

"Well, well, Mr. Patient, how is it
to-day? I suppose to-morrow you are
planning going out into the wood-pile
or driving the binder, contrary to my
instructions," she said, with the playing
of the fun upon her face.

"No, Miss Nurse, you should know
by this time that there are no wood-
piles in this country, and all that we
burn is coal. This is not Ontario, Miss,
it's Saskatchewan," was the reply.

"Oh, they say that when a patient
begins to get irritable he is on the road
to convalescence, and I am congratulat-
ing myself that my amateur nursing is
not so bad after all. The only thing
I was afraid of was that I might give
you some lotion that the doctor left for
medicine, and I have been studying all
the things I ever learned about antidotes,
but I see that you are on the road to
recovery, and I am about to get my
dismissal. After to-day it will not be
necessary for me to come every day,
will it? she said with a banter that
brought a smile to the face of the man.

"Really, Miss Owen, I want to have
a very serious talk with you before you
get dismissed," he said.

"No, sir, serious talking is a pleasure
that a man who gets burned in the way
you did, has to forego for a time at
least, and it is contrary to my orders,"
she said with a smile that made it all
the more imperative that the man in
question unburden his heart.

"Well, Miss, I can assure you that while
the boss of this shanty is able to sit in
the doorway the nurse is not allowed to
run it, and while you can refuse to hear
the serious talk I can at least talk," was
the challenge he flung out to her.

All right if you will get so spunky
I suppose you must have your own way,"
was the reply.

"Well, I wanted to ask you
why you have been coming here
every day after the school for
the last three weeks to tend a fellow
that you did not know except as a home-
steader out here on the prairie. That's a
very dangerous practice you know, for
people will talk, and when they talk it's
not the pleasantest things they talk
about either," was the introduction to
the matter.

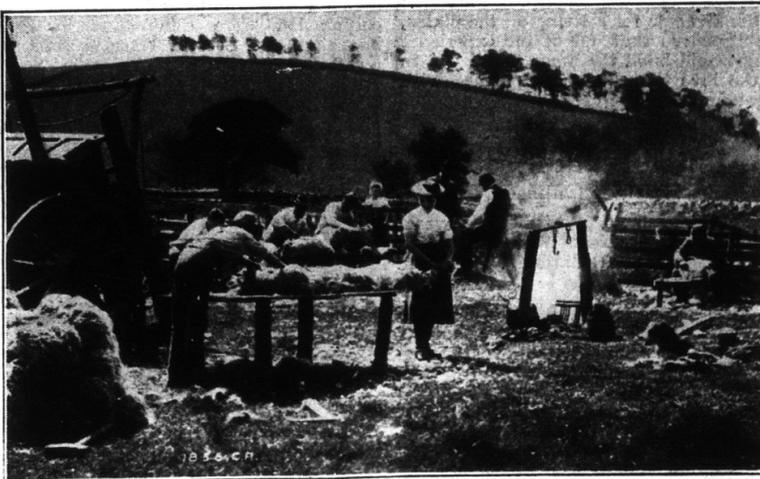
"Well, Mr. Tempest, I have come to
the place where I have made up my mind
that the things of life can be classified
into two great classes. The things that
really matter a great deal and those
that do not matter very much, the help-
ing out of someone who needs it is in
the first class, the things people say, as
long as you are able to help are in the
second class," she said, with a sense of
turning off the question.

"Say, but that's a great philosophy to
have about life. I never really thought
about that. Still, you know, I don't
want you to quit coming, and yet I
realize that for your own good, perhaps,
what you said about dropping your
daily visit is right. To be candid, how-
ever, I don't think you have answered
my question."

With a look that was far off, Laura
Owen remembered some of the things
her friend had said during those nights
of delirium, and as she looked at her
questioner she found her eyes filling
with tears. She realized the struggle
through which he was passing, and the
fight that he had put up that this year
should bring to him the fulfillment of
his dreams, and she saw, too, that the
enforced idleness spelled for him a great
disappointment.

"Mr. Tempest, the night that they
brought you into that shack you said

Continued on Page 32



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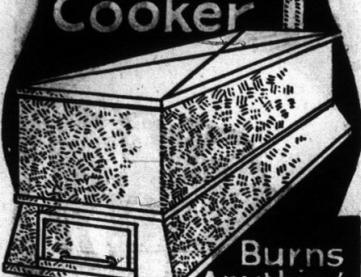
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Out of the Fire

Continued from Page 31

some things that would cause the countryside to talk a very great deal more than my coming here from day to day, and if it were not that they remembered you were not in your right reason, they could talk with all the gossip that can get together," she said, as a blush came over her cheeks.

"Of course I can't be held responsible for what I said then, but I hope it did not make you feel uncomfortable."

"You asked me a little while ago whether I thought you ought to come every day now that I am getting well, but if getting well means that I am going to lose my nurse, we'll I'm going to stay sick. Seriously, though, you cannot know just what it has meant to me to have you round, and I am dreading the time when I have to get out again."

The speech brought one of those silences, which come between those who find in them the most eloquent of speech, and each, looking into their own lives saw the dreams they had dreamed during the past months.

"Do you know, Laura, I have been thinking to-day that this shanty has been too long without a mistress, and I want someone for whom I can work to bring the best of my life. After all it does not matter whether a man becomes rich if he has not found someone to whom he can bring his success. I have dreamed my dreams of building a house here such as you have described, but of course that's out of the question this year; still, when I'm able to get around next year, will you come here and help to me to make this one of the best homes in these parts," he asked.

Laura Owen went back to those speeches she had made, and remembered the drudgery through which so many of the women passed as their men made the prairies into a garden.

"Did you ever realize, Dick, that it's not the house that makes the home, but something that is very much greater?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear, I do, and that's just the reason I want you to come here to my house, and to be my wife," was the reply. Since that night in the school house I have been thinking of the future, and I have somehow got you mixed up with it until I see now that the future is just another way of talking about the home we are going to build here together."

The sun was setting on these old prairies, and the two sat together telling again the story of the fire. Then as they looked out across the stretches and saw the shacks that dotted it they realized that there was a work for them both to do. All the teaching in the world would not be as effective as showing to these people that their homes could be the gates into the heaven if they put into them the best of life's gifts. As the sun began to set with the glow of the fire in its beauty they saw the promise of the life work ahead, and in the promise of the morning that was to be, they consecrated themselves upon the altar of each other's life, and through that consecration to the needs of the great western stretches.

The fire had brought to them a great vision, and as they realized that these others were passing through the fires too in the struggle for a living on the plains, they resolved that out of the experience they would build the home which had in it the love that had been purified with a great experience.

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Notable among the year's developments was the addition of \$2,000,000 to the Reserve Fund, thus bringing the total to \$5,600,000. This was made possible by the application of \$1,781,170 premium from the \$3,000,000 new capital stock issue and \$218,830 transferred from current profits. The addition to this account brings the total reserve up to 70.28 per cent of capital.

The bank's liquid or quickly convertible assets are in excess of \$76,000,000 compared with \$72,000,000 last year, and bear a percentage of 47.23 per cent to public liabilities.

A gratifying feature of the Bank's return is the increase shown in public savings, notwithstanding heavy withdrawals for Victory Loan subscriptions. Deposits show a grand total of \$135,496,514 compared with \$127,242,698 a year ago. Non-interest bearing deposits actually declined from \$58,805,207 a year ago to \$51,119,804, but interest bearing deposits, which are essentially the savings of the nation, increased by \$15,939,219 or 23.29 per cent to a total of \$84,376,709. But for a wide participation in the government loan, unquestionably even larger figures would have been shown, which is direct evidence that the banking campaign based upon



Mr. H. B. Shaw, General Manager of the Union Bank of Canada. At the recent annual meeting he presented the strongest financial statement that has been returned in the bank's fifty-five years.

national need for further thrift and economy is accomplishing much of its purpose.

The total of current loans for this year is \$86,529,156 compared with \$74,021,028 last year, an increase of \$12,508,127 or 16.89 per cent. This substantial gain will indicate that the bank is doing its share in meeting the increased demand for loans from the Canadian public.

In an international way the Union Bank of Canada has made interesting progress, with the rounding out of the Park-Union Foreign Banking Corporation, which is jointly owned and controlled by the National Park Bank of New York and the Union Bank of Canada. During the year branches of the corporation were established in San Francisco and Seattle, U.S.; Yokohama and Tokyo, Japan; Shanghai, China, and Paris, France. Being in addition to the Union Bank's own branches in New York city and London (Eng.), the foreign connections thus established promise to be of far-reaching importance in the furtherance of Canada's export trade policy. In Canada, during the year, by

the opening of 89 new branches, the Union Bank of Canada's branch bank system was brought up to a total of 390 branches.

THE 1920 BONSPIEL

The Winnipeg Bonspiel, the great curling event of the continent, opens once again at Winnipeg, February 10th, and the prospects of greater numbers than ever are already evident. The secretary, J. Fred Palmer, Confederation Life Building, Winnipeg, and his staff are busily engaged on the many arrangements that have to be completed with so great an undertaking.

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Music and the Home

PROPOSAL TO PERMIT SERIOUS-MINDED STUDENTS TO ATTEND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA REHEARSALS

If Orchestra Programmes are so Educational, Why Not Throw Open the Educational Advantages of the Rehearsals

Every now and again there comes to the front some good suggestion aimed at the widening and deepening of the educational influences at work developing the love of music among the general public. This time the suggestion hails from New York, which city poses as the hub of at least some fairly important musical activities. And on the face of it, it looks worthy of further discussion by the leaders in the musical life of every Canadian centre that possesses an orchestra.

The sponsor of the proposal is Herbert F. Peyser, who says: "One superlatively important thing might be done which is not. The educational value of orchestral rehearsals is curiously and persistently overlooked. There are naturally many practical reasons that prohibit the indiscriminate use of the rehearsal period. But the measure these hours can contribute to the educative benefaction of deserving students is a matter suited to very serious recognition. We have in New York at least three orchestras of the highest pretensions that could enlighten by illustration the understanding of the pupil or the nascent composer as six months of the class-room discussion could not. By opening to the properly accredited hours of rehearsal they would forfeit nothing and aid much. If the symphony concert is in the surest sense an institution of cultural force, why so—and from a most constructive standpoint—is the preparatory labor that goes to mold interpretations, insure executive smoothness and generally illuminate works of the understanding of those who present them.

"Beyond question rehearsal attendance would appeal to the prospective composer in his desire to study at first hand the value of timbres, of combinations, of balance, of effects. And there is no strictly valid reason why the admission of unobtrusive observers should be distasteful to the conductor or instrumentalists. At need a very nominal fee could be charged, a slight increment, perhaps, but not to be altogether scorned. For quiet and becoming behaviour adequate provision could easily be made. At need a system of credentials might be devised to assure the conductor of the seriousness and merit of his auditors.

"Some years ago, when there was less music but more taste than to-day, the custom of 'public rehearsals' was an approved one. These rehearsals, which at best approximate the actual concert conditions, were of recognized interest and value. The term has practically vanished to-day. It was, to be sure, only to final and hence fairly finished rehearsals that admission was made. But as the architect is engrossed in the minutiae of

construction so is the tonal builder in the handling of his materials from the ground up. It is not without significance that many of the supreme masters of orchestral revelation lived, as it were, in the orchestral pit in their impressionable days."

Out of Tune.

It's a well known fact that before musicians are ever able to play in harmony, they must first have learned how to tune their instruments. They were taught in the beginning that being out of tune brought only discords and confusion, and that if they were to be successful musicians the question of getting in tune was the most important thing to learn. Their welfare depended on being in tune; out of it, they stood no chance.

So does the same principle apply in life to those of us who have never learned to tune up our minds to harmony and sweet music, but, instead, are always playing discords and dirges. On and on we go playing the funeral marches and singing: "There's no justness about anything; no good ever comes to us; every one else is better off, so what's the use of living." Never tuning up, we go on condemning and wishing we were dead. What an orchestra to belong to—a regular dutch band.

Can't we, poor players, see that we're always going to play discords and funeral marches until we get to know something about music? Our instruments are becoming weaker and weaker every time we play the dirges; and the more we play them the more incapable we will be of ever learning how to play the kind of battle marches that stir up the blood to worth while action. Until we can so tune and play our instruments, so long will we be a member of the dutch band.

If we, unmusical players, say it's circumstances, environment, uncongenial work, or lack of opportunity that is preventing the playing of sweet music and leaving the ranks of the dutch band—then it's up to us to get in and renovate our old instruments, put on new strings, tune up, and begin to play the battle marches that'll inspire us to charge and make prisoners of all the opposing enemies. By continually playing this kind of music a seat in the big orchestra will eventually be discovered.

In trying to get into this big band, it is well for us out-of-tune musicians to remember that all the famous players who belong to it had to do a lot of strenuous tuning before they were ever admitted; but, instead of complaining about it they kept right on tuning their tones until harmony and sweet music was played. Marching to the beat of time and tune gradually overcame all bad notes, and finally they became leaders of the big orchestra.

It was often hard for them to keep step in that marching, the road was so steep and rocky, and often they staggered and fell; but they always knew

Continued on Page 34

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Music and The Home

Continued from Page 33

then that a note had been skipped or a string was broken, and that as soon as these had been remedied the marching could again be resumed. So, on and on they marched, knowing that the sweet music counted instead of the dirges.

If we present members of the dutch band ever figure on joining these players in the big orchestra, we've got to remodel our old instruments, tune them up to harmony, and learn to play music so well that nevermore will we hear discords and funeral marches.

THE WIND

By Pharlenia Courtright

The wind has been where the pine trees are,

Chasing the light of the northern star,
Sporting wild with the northern sprites,
Chasing the phantom northern lights.
Racing, chasing, chasing, racing,
Ever, forever, racing, embracing
The wind and the light, the wind and the star.

And the wind has come from afar, afar.
Has come from where the hurricane gale
Turns the silent sheeted moonbeams pale,

Dipping the surf, lashing the gale,
Steeling the sheen of the moonbeam pale.

Thrashing, crashing, crashing, thrashing,
Ever, forever, the salt surf lashing.

The wind, the surf, the moonbeam pale,
The ceaseless rune of salt-sprayed gale,
The long, lean lance of northern light,
And the minuet of the northern sprite.

Lipping the listless leaves of the corn,
Damp with the dew of the baby morn,
The wind has wooed the prairies wide,
Has sighed in the grass with gentle pride.

Sighing, crying, crying, sighing,
Over the rolling prairies flying.
The wind in the grass, the wind in the corn,
The wind has come with the hope of morn.

The wind has come to the door of my heart,
And the wind and I no more shall part;
For all of the world from pole to pole,

The wind has drifted into my soul:
The sigh of the gale, the moonbeam pale,
Ever, forever, the cavern's wail,
The love of the moon, the hope of the day,
The wind has brought from far away.

Music Gossip

The Winnipeg Women's Musical Club is opening the twenty-first season with a membership of 500.

Twelve recitals are being given this season in the Hotel Vancouver at Vancouver, B.C., under the auspices of the Women's Musical Club there.

The Victoria, B.C., Ladies' Musical Club has been in existence for fifteen years.

The Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, 250 strong, will give their annual concerts February 23rd, 24th and 25th. They will be assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski and also by Olga Samaroff, pianist.

The Civil Service Operatic Society, Ottawa, an organization composed entirely of government employees, was formed last year and achieved a remarkable success in the "Pirates of Penzance." They propose to give several Gilbert and Sullivan productions this winter.

Ottawa is to have violin classes in the public schools. For several years past, theory, sight-reading and singing have been taught free in the schools, under the supervision of James A. Smith, and this has been so successful that the violin will also be taught free. Donald Heims will supervise this important work. The trustees are to be highly commended for this progressive move, which is bound to have far-reaching consequences in the development of our future musical life.

The Municipal Band of Wichita, Kansas, 45 musicians, give free weekly concerts the year around.

A new \$700,000 high school is going up in Dubuque, Iowa. It will contain music rooms, an orchestra room and a concert auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,400 people. The Dubuque schools give credits for orchestra and glee club work.

The Board of Education of Des Moines, Iowa, has adopted the system of giving credit to high school students for the outside study of music under private instruction. Provision is made for credits toward graduation and college entrance for study of the piano, voice, pipe organ, violin and other instruments of the symphony orchestra, such as the flute, oboe, clarinet, English horn, etc.

It is evident that people will never be satisfied in this country until everybody has more pay than everybody else.

Chloe—"I would only marry a man who has lived and suffered."
George—"I suppose what you want is a widower."

Sergeant—"Why haven't you shaved this morning?"

Private—"Rubbing his face in great surprise—"Ain't I shaved?"

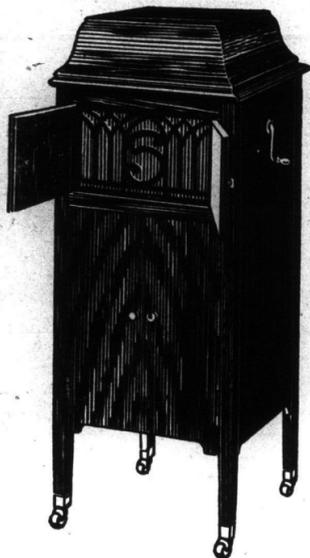
Sergeant—"No, you're not. I want to know why."

Private—"Well, you see, there was a dozen of us using the same mirror, and I guess I must have shaved some other man."

A Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

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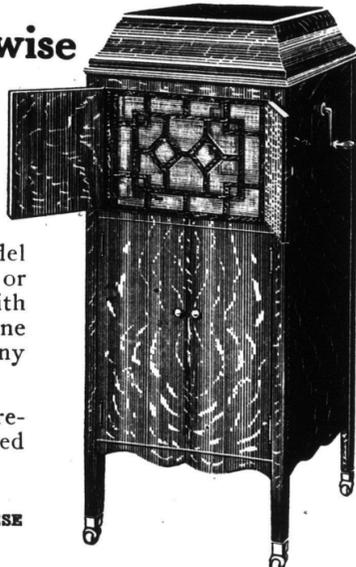


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The Moose Race

Written for The Western Home Monthly by G. H. Smith

Maj. Moose was the biggest and strongest of all the wood folk. He was also vain and more given to boasting than some of the others thought was becoming. One day, toward the end of the long winter, Maj. Moose said:

"I am tired of grubbing here in the woods. To-night I shall go to the haystack of Farmer Goodman, a mile beyond the edge of the forest, and have a good feast."

"Be careful, Major," said Ray Coon. "I think that Farmer Goodman has a dog."

"Poof!" answered Maj. Moose. "Little do I care for a dozen dogs. Come along, all of you! I'll show you some fun, and perhaps there will be something good for all to eat."

When night came a party of the wood folk set out with Maj. Moose for the haystack of Farmer Goodman. The three deer did not go, because they were too timid. Grandpa Fox and Grandpa Coon said that the walk was too long for them. But Dame Bear and her son, Billy Bear, Ray Coon and the two Fox boys, Bouncer Rabbit and his friend, Gray Squirrel, and several other young folk of the Rabbit and Squirrel families—all were in the party, which set forth in high spirits.

It was late when they started and the walk was a long one. Some of them were pretty tired before they reached the haystack, which was just behind Farmer Goodman's barn. There was nothing to feast on except the hay, which none of them, except Maj. Moose, cared much for; but no dog appeared, and when the wood folk had rested a bit all were in the mood for a frolic.

"What strange thing is this?" called out Billy Bear from the barnyard.

"That?" said Ray Coon. "Why, that is Farmer Goodman's pung! He hitched his horse to it and rides to town. I have often seen him."

"I wish that we had a horse to haul us home!" sighed Dame Bear. "I've walked far enough for one night. I am tired."

"What's that?" said Maj. Moose. "Who is tired? Just pile into that pung, all of you! I'll haul you back home in a jiffy. I'm stronger than ten horses, and I'm the fastest of all the wood folk."

"You are the strongest, but not the fastest!" promptly cried out Gray Squirrel. "My friend, Bouncer Rabbit, is the fastest of all the wood folk. Ask the deer or the skaters. They know! See! Here is a tiny toy sleigh that Farmer Goodman's little boy forgot to take in last night. I'll get into that, and Bouncer will haul me home faster than you can haul the others in the pung."

Maj. Moose fairly snorted with scorn at the idea that Bouncer Rabbit could run faster than he could. While he was fuming and scolding, Billy Bear put the harness over his shoulders and tied the reins to his broad antlers. Then Billy Bear and all the others, except Gray Squirrel and Bouncer Rabbit, climbed into the pung.

Meantime Gray Squirrel was harnessing Bouncer Rabbit into the little toy sleigh, and as he did so he whispered something in Bouncer's ear and patted him on the back until Bouncer fairly danced with eagerness for the homeward race to begin.

It was daybreak by the time they were finally ready to begin the race. Then Ray Coon, who sat behind Billy Bear in the pung, gave the word.

"Go!" he shouted.

Maj. Moose plunged forward down the road that led from Farmer Goodman's barn toward the forest a mile away. He dragged the pung with all its passengers as if it had had no weight at all. Right beside him went Bouncer Rabbit in long leaps that would have made the little toy sleigh a very hard place for Gray Squirrel to ride in had he not been clever in keeping his balance. When they had crossed the field and were entering the forest, Maj. Moose looked out of the corner of his eye and saw that Bouncer was still close beside him. He flung his

head high and rushed on faster than before, but he could not leave Bouncer Rabbit behind.

The wood folk who had not been to the haystack were astir by this time. Jet Crow cawed loudly overhead, and the others stood aside in amazement as the racers rushed by.

So they sped onward, Maj. Moose plunging ahead with a great show of strength, and Bouncer leaping lightly beside him. Soon they came in sight of the frozen lake. It had been agreed that the race should end on the farther side, and the course was up round one end of it.

"We are almost there!" shouted Gray Squirrel, as he leaned forward in the little sleigh. "Now is the time, Bouncer! Now is the time!"

With faster leaps and longer leaps Bouncer Rabbit flashed to the front. All that Maj. Moose and those in the pung could see was a flurry of snow as he flew ahead of them, far toward the head of the lake. Maj. Moose half stopped and threw high his antlers in disgust.

"Look at that!" he grunted, panting hard. "Shall a rabbit beat a moose? No, indeed! I'll cut across the lake, and get there first, after all."

"But that will be cheating!" cried out Ray Coon.

"Who cares?" answered Maj. Moose. "If I can't win in one way, I will in another!"

So saying he crashed through the snow-covered bushes to the shore of the lake, with the pung bouncing heavily behind. Then he stepped out on the frozen surface. But it was late in the winter, and the sun had weakened the ice near the shore; it buckled under the weight of Maj. Moose and the pungload of wood folk. There was a sudden crackling and crashing, and all in an instant Maj. Mooses and the others were splashing in the cold water. Maj. Moose flung himself about so desperately that he quickly broke the harness and floundered ashore, and the others, dripping and shivering, followed him as best they could. On the distant shore of the lake they could see Bouncer Rabbit loping leisurely along toward the finish line.

"What a mess!" exclaimed Maj. Moose, cross with himself and with everyone else. "To race with a rabbit and have it end like that! I'll have nothing more to do with a place where such things can happen!"

So he lumbered off through the forest toward the other side of the big mountain, and the wood folk saw him no more.

This is how Bouncer Rabbit, whom all the wood folk like because he is a modest fellow and everyone's friend, won the third race of the winter. That night he and Gray Squirrel took the little toy sleigh back to the yard of Farmer Goodman, whose little boy had wondered all day what had become of it; but the big pung was too heavy for the wood folk to drag out of the lake, and there it stayed, close to the shore, until Farmer Goodman himself found it. And he never ceased to wonder how it got there.

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Man—"Very good. Lend me ten."

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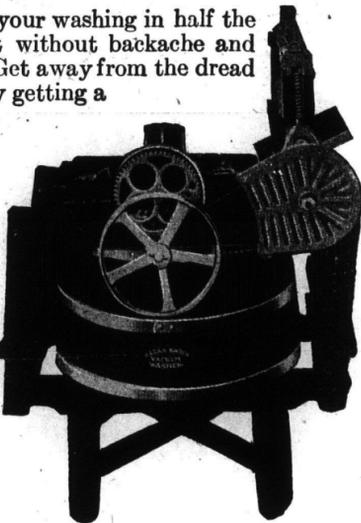


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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

That is the question which every thoughtful woman in Canada is asking herself as she looks forward into the New Year. We had such high hopes for 1919. Peace had come and 1920 surely no period of reconstruction could compare with the horrors of war. Twelve months have gone by and the world seems one sea of turmoil. Thousands of days of time have been wasted in strikes, the cost of living has advanced, and every day there is a fresh demand from some section of the community for higher wages and shorter hours. Production of all the necessaries of life has been curtailed for want of labor and owing to unprofitable prices to the producer. The world seems suddenly to have gone mad with the idea that it can live without working. Not quite all the world, however, for the Germans are working twelve hours a day, evidently resolved that, having failed to conquer by force of arms, they will conquer by peaceful penetration, by being ready to sell goods to the whole world at a lower rate than is possible to the countries where labor is high in price and refuses to work more than six or seven hours out of the twenty-four. There is a very present danger that the awful sacrifice of human life in the war will be made

Discontent is rife and presently the full significance of unemployment will be upon us. Lavish spending is not confined to any one class or any one part of the country—it is as universal as discontent. It is not a very rosy picture for 1920 and the old, old wish of "A Happy New Year" sounds almost like a mockery, and many feel like saying "Who will show us any good?" "Who is the Moses who will lead us out of the bondage of our discontent into the promised land of prosperity and development?" May it not be that it is a Deborah rather than a Moses who is needed? Or to come to plain everyday speech, is it not the duty and the privilege of the women of Canada to lead the country back to sanity and right living? This is not a sermon or a lecture to the women of Canada, but only an appeal. Many times in the past women from different parts of Canada have been good enough to write me and say that suggestions made in this page have been helpful to them in forming opinions, or in coming to decisions. Of course, there have been others who have not hesitated to tell me that I did not know what I was talking about, and, perhaps, they were correct, but placing the ones who approve of the pages over against those

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS FROM PREMIER OF ALBERTA

THE best message to the readers of The Western Home Monthly is one that will help them to see that Providence has spread as many blessings over Western Canada in 1919 as over any other part of the world. Despite the almost cataclysmic disturbances that threaten other nations of the earth, the foundations of peace, good will and order remain unshaken in Canada. It is true that it has been a year of short crops, but it is not a year of famine and desolation such as faces, we are told, 100,000,000 people in Europe. We have nearly five times as much wheat as will feed us, and we should rejoice that we can help the stricken nations at the other side of the earth. Absorption of the citizens of our vast army is progressing better than we hoped, and reconstruction to a peace basis of industry progresses favorably. We have the industrial equipment and the intelligent labour force to meet the opportunities of the time, if we apply it to our vast resources, to do much good for the rest of the world that cries for food as the first condition of permanent peace. While we suffer from high prices, we do not suffer from great scarcity like the people of the old lands, where rationing is still in force. Happiness is a relative thing. Compared with the stern exigencies of other people, Western Canada can rejoice as the psalmist that her "lines are fallen in pleasant places." We have a goodly heritage.

Chas Stewart

Premier of Alberta.

of none effect by the selfishness and idleness of those who have survived. The rejection of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations by the American Senate, while an awful blot on the escutcheon of the United States, is by no means the only menace to future peace. Every idle man and woman, every man and woman trying to force their ideas of immediate reformation by acts or speeches of violence is endangering the world's peace. Every man and woman spending money lavishly for things they do not need and for which they are paying twice and three times what they are worth, is endangering peace. Every Canadian who is spending money to-day for goods from the United States other than for some vital necessity is endangering the future stability and peace of Canada. This is no "Made in Canada" propaganda, but merely a statement of the folly of further increasing the rate of exchange against us, by the purchase in the United States of things we could do without. At a time when the country has just emerged from war and carries an enormous war debt and requires, above all things, to produce as much as possible and spend as little as possible, spending is on a more lavish scale than it has ever been even in pre-war days, and production in all lines from farms to manufactures is less and growing smaller.

who disapprove we may venture the modest hope that the "eyes have it," and take courage to once more appeal to the sanity, the courage and the self-sacrifice of women at this time of stress and danger. Within the next two months there will be great gatherings of women in annual meetings, more especially the women from rural communities. What stand are these gatherings going to take on many of the questions of the day, more especially on the high cost of living? Are they going to take the view that governments and commissions can solve the problem? Are they going to keep up the tirades against war profiteers (it's an awful provocation, but, frankly, does it get anywhere?), or are they going to pledge themselves to the soundly economic course of producing more and spending less? It is awfully easy to say "Other women are doing it, the spending, why should not I when I have the money?" It is hard when you want something and have the money to buy it, even at the exorbitant prices being charged, to say, "It is not worth the money, I can do without it and I will." It takes courage and sacrifice to do that, but it is worth while. You say, "What is the good of my doing it, no one else is?" That is where half the trouble lies to—

Continued on Page 37

The Woman's Quiet Hour

Continued from Page 36

day. We are ceasing to be individual, to remember that we are responsible for our own actions not for the actions of others. In short, we are forever talking about "our rights and other people's duties," whereas what we should be concerned with is "our duties and other people's rights." Things are badly twisted, but they can be untangled if we will go back in spirit and in principle to that little jingly hymn of our childhood:

Jesus bids us shine with a clear pure light,

Like a little candle burning in the night; He looks down from heaven to see us shine,

You in your small corner, I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine for all around, Many forms of darkness in the world abound;

Sin and want and sorrow, so we must shine,

You in your small corner, I in mine.

If every woman in Canada to-day had her candle of "duty first, pleasure after" lighted and burning it would not be long before the glow would be strong enough to light the pathway to better and saner things.

My appeal to my women readers is that with the new year they light this candle and keep it burning and find in so doing a truly Happy New Year.

women. There are many avenues of industry in Canada that would be the better for their coming in very considerable numbers."

The Dusty Room

A young girl was sweeping a room one day, when she went to the window-shade and hastily drew it down. "It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. The untaught girl imagined it was the sunshine which made the dust.

Now, many persons imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man, who had lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was all ready to die. He didn't owe any man a shilling. If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart, how would it look? It would show them sins enough to crush them.

This light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. It reveals what was before hidden. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins, let us never try to put away the feeling. Don't let us put down the curtain, and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves; and, better still, he will show us the true way of happiness.

PHOTO CONTEST

It will be remembered that we announced a Photo Contest in our October and November issues, and the number of competitors has been far beyond our anticipation.

Much of the work submitted was of very high order and called for care and patience in making a decision. We wish to thank all those who took part. It is an encouraging sign that in this new and busy Western land there are many people interested in this fine art.

The following are the awards:—

1st prize, "The Evening Meal," by Miss Anita F. Goakin, Miami, Man., \$10.

2nd prize, "Rural Beauty Spot and Farm Life," Mr. M. I. Sibbald, Stonewall, Alta., \$8.

3rd prize, "Cultivating a Taste for Recording Interesting Events in Rural Life," Mrs. George Long, Box 34, Veteran, Alta., \$6.

Special mention for, "Excellent Progress and Well Kept Grounds," Mr. Richard P. Robbins, Shaunavon, Sask.

Honorable mention:—Mr. M. W. Cooke, Coleman, Alta.; Mrs. Swan Oslon, Kelowna, B. C.; Miss A. Hewitt, North Fork, Cowley, Alta.; Mrs. Wm. Peden, Victoria, B. C.

Amid many trying and discouraging signs of the times there is one sign, one rainbow of promise, which should cheer us on our way. That rainbow is the almost passionate search of **Wanting large numbers of the younger to Know** people after knowledge. Every school of advanced education, every college, every university the world over is crowded with learners and seekers after knowledge. There are doubtless mixed motives urging this sudden interest in education, but whatever the motive behind it, the search for wider knowledge is a good thing and can only be productive of good.

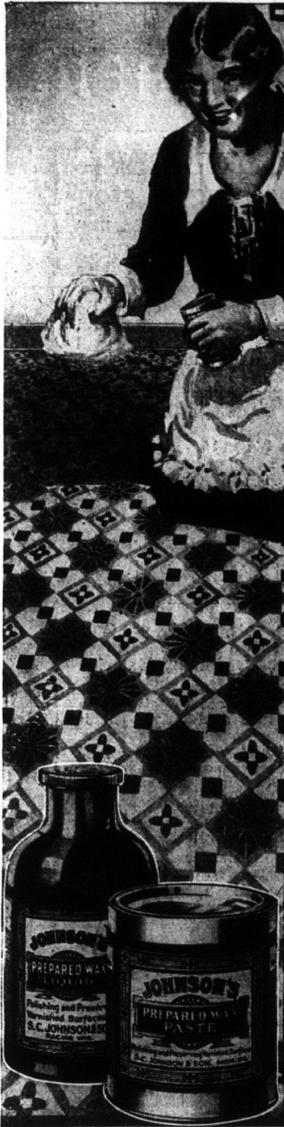
During December, the first party of demobilized British women war workers arrived in Canada. The party was small, just under one hundred, but if these women may be taken as a **A Splendid sample of others to come,** then Canada may indeed rejoice at the class of female immigration she is to receive from the British Isles in the near future. Talking with one of the women who received the party and who has had wide experience in immigration matters, she said: "These women were a perfect revelation. I have never seen their type before. Strong physically, alert, the word 'capable' was written large over them. With Dr. Helen Douglas, I can only regret that the insistence of organized labor and the organizations of Great War Veterans is hampering the Women's Council of Immigration to offering only domestic service as an outlet for the energies and capabilities of these

AN APPRECIATED CONCESSION

Canadian wholesalers, jobbers, and merchants handling products made in the United States have all recently been hard hit by the fact that owing to the Canadian dollar being at a discount merchandise from the United States has been costing them 10% more than formerly. Under these circumstances an increase in price to the consumer became only a question of time.

Under such circumstances it is pleasing to learn that the Pepsodent Company of Chicago, the well known manufacturers of the New-Day Dentifrice, appreciating the difficulties of the exchange situation, and unwilling to let Canadians pay more than standard prices for their product, have signified their willingness to accept payment of their bills at the Canadian rate of exchange. While appreciating the fact that the present balance of trade between the two countries will be ultimately adjusted so that the Canadian dollar will again be as valuable as the American one, there is no gain-saying the fact that the Pepsodent Company in the meantime will, while protecting the Canadian public, be shouldering a no inconsiderable loss.

Certainly this is an instance of great public spiritedness and we hope that other American manufacturers will be disposed to act accordingly. In the days to come the Canadian public will remember concerns which made sacrifices on their behalf during the present period of disorganized international finances.



Renew Your Linoleum

Is your linoleum dull and dead-looking? Bring it back to life and it will reflect a bright, clean, well-cared-for home. All you need is Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth. The wax gives a dry, glossy, dustless polish of great beauty and durability.

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Polish all your furniture, woodwork and floors with Johnson's Prepared Wax. It forms a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a table or dresser top. It covers up mars and small surface scratches, and prevents checking and cracking.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is made in paste, liquid and powdered form. Use the LIQUID WAX for polishing furniture, leather goods—woodwork—and automobiles. We advise the PASTE WAX for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, marble, etc.

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As a Western institution our Bank appeals particularly to the agricultural interests of the Prairie Provinces. Our first country branch was opened in 1886 and we have consistently followed a policy of extending our rural connections with the growth of settlements. We claim to have been of material assistance to agricultural communities in developing their resources, and in carrying them through poor crop seasons.

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"If I only knew of something to stop that Backache—help my Rheumatism—cure my Neuralgia, I would send and get it at once."

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Gombault's Caustic Balsam
The Great French Remedy
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It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is perfectly harmless. Kills all Germs and prevents Blood Poison. Nothing so good known as an application for Sores, Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Carbuncles and Swellings.

"I had a bad hand with four running sores on it. The more I doctored the worse it got. I used Caustic Balsam and never needed a doctor after that."
—Ed. Rosenberg, St. Ansgat, Ia.

Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of Caustic Balsam relieved me of gonitro. My husband also cured eczema with it, and we use it for corns, bunions, colds, sore throat and pain in the chest."

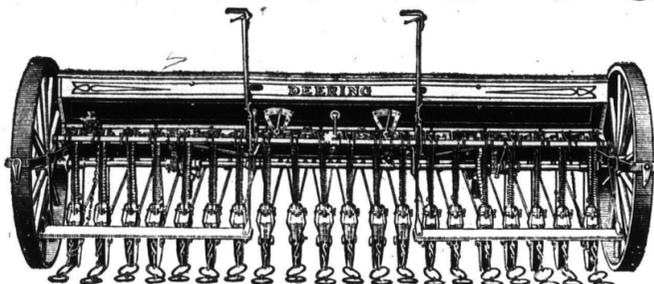
A Safe, Reliable Remedy for Sore Throat, Chest Cold, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Rheumatism and Stiff Joints. Whenever and wherever a Liniment is needed Caustic Balsam has no Equal.

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They plant the seed at a uniform depth, giving the whole crop an even start and producing an even stand. Even ripening, better color, better grade and higher prices for the grain follow naturally.

Deering front seed delivery, the long leverage of the rear pressure springs, and the slanting feed run openings in the fluted force feed, are a few of the features that make **Deering** drills do such good work. These features are worthy of special attention from any drill buyer.

The **Deering** drill line is complete. It includes double disk, single disk, hoe, and shoe drills in sizes from 14 to 22 markers—6-inch spacing. The different styles of markers are interchangeable. Grass seed attachments can be supplied for any **Deering** drill.

The local dealer carries the drill best suited to your work. See him and choose a **Deering** drill that will plant your seed so that you have a much better chance of a bumper crop. Or, if you like, write the nearest branch house listed below for full details of all **Deering** drills.

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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

The Ice House

Each year that passes proves more and more the value of the ice house on the farm. By the aid of coal, we are able to forget from time to time the rigor of our winter, and in a like sense, the ice which we periodically store will help materially to offset in many ways the extreme heat of the summer. Under present conditions it is most important that there be as much foodstuff saved as is humanly possible, and by the use of ice we find an economical and efficient means to that end. While the raw winds blow and the temperature is below zero, perhaps we may feel inclined to look upon the task of drawing ice as more trouble than it is worth, but the advantage gained by the possession of a number of blocks of well-stored ice will, in the long run, show the wisdom of establishing and yearly replenishing an ice house. The cool drink that comes to the hay field is one instance that proves a cause of congratulation that an effort was made to gather the winter harvest of the river.

The food in the house may be kept in a much fresher condition where ice has become part of the farm supplies. The soft water, too, from the melted ice, will prove an acceptable means of washing. It is not a difficult matter to keep ice; about forty cubic feet of space per ton of ice is about the right basis on which to plan storage. No floor is needed, and if the soil under the building is light and porous, it should be ample for drainage. The earth should be covered by about one foot of small stones or cinders and about the same depth of sawdust should be under the ice. A foot of space should be allowed between the ice and the walls of the ice house, the space being filled in with sawdust. The top layer of ice should be covered with one foot of sawdust.

sary that the water on the outside of the can has a higher level than the milk inside the can to ensure all the milk being influenced by the cool water. Should the temperature of the milk in the cans in the cooling tank have too much of an effect on the water, a block of ice should be added or fresh water supplied.

It is very advisable, in the process of cooling, that the milk be safeguarded from evil odors from the cow barn or from any other source. If the milk is properly cooled under the above conditions so that the unfavorable elements get no chance to thrive, the keeping quality and marketable condition of it will be materially enhanced.

Utensils

Milk utensils should be simple in construction in order to facilitate the cleaning of them as any crevices which are not very easy of access, will soon prove a good accumulation place for dirt and its attendant evils. Wooden utensils are to be avoided, as the wood being more or less absorbent easily takes in any particles from the milk and retaining them thus soon becomes in a foul condition. The inferior tinning of metal pails is another case where the milk will have less chance of keeping sweet, as the exposed iron where the tin has worn off, will prove a detriment to the purity of the milk. Also, these patches where the tin has come away will materially add to the difficulty of keeping the article thus manufactured, clean. The main point is to get utensils with as few seams and crevices as possible, thus eliminating the chance of any lodgment of dirt and bacteria. Heavily tinned, seamless pails are the recommended kind. In the case of seamless pails not being procurable, it is as well to have all seams in the pails obtained in their stead, filled and flushed with solder.

The Care of Milk

Of all the articles in common use for diet, milk is one of the most susceptible to the treatment it receives, such as the cleanliness of the vessels in which it is contained, temperature to which it is subjected, and especially to the purity of the air in the building. When a cow is milked, a certain amount of foreign matter containing bacteria gets into the milk. While a certain amount of these bacteria may not be of an objectionable kind, the majority are, and therefore the object should be to nip in the bud any conditions that go toward encouraging the growth of them.

The temperature at which these bacteria are most likely to thrive, is about 95 deg. Fahr., which is a little higher than the temperature of the milk as it comes from the cow. It is, therefore, of much importance to get the milk cooled down as soon as possible to a temperature of from 45 deg. to 50 deg. Fahr., which is unfavorable for the growth of these organisms.

In the cooling of milk there are various means employed. One that appears to be the most commendable is to use a tank containing iced water. As soon as the milk is taken from the cow, it is placed in a can standing in this water and covered. It is very neces-

The Honey Bee as an Adjunct to the Western Farm

It is not too soon to plan for spring activities at this date, and among the items up for consideration, the establishment of an apiary will be in all likelihood a topic of conversation in many a farm home this winter. The increased demand for colonies of bees during recent years has proven that this former native of the tropics has proven itself worthy of adoption in Western Canada.

Most new introductions have to go more or less against a tide of certain kinds of prejudices, and the fact that the bee has a sting has been no very favorable credential, especially as a host of mosquitoes and other stinging insects have somewhat overdone the part. However, experience on the part of bee keepers has gone far to overcome the supposed ferocity of the domestic bee, and on many a farm to-day this industrious little insect is there to stay, and in the words of a veteran beekeeper, "He would be kind of lonesome without them." This friendship is enhanced when it is found that the bee is a self-supporter, produces delicious honey, cross-fertilizes plants, interferes with no one unless provoked and forms an engrossing study to the studious minded on the farm.

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About the Farm

Continued from Page 38

Location

The location of the apiary should be in such a position that it is protected by windbreaks and receives a fair amount of shade. Of course, the most desirable position is a private enclosure containing the home grounds, so that the bees will be undisturbed from wandering animals, and be in sight of the house when any swarms may come and for general handiness. Bees will travel one or two miles to obtain their supplies, and it is as well to remember this fact when considering your location. Low or swampy land should not be chosen for the site of the apiary. The hives should be protected from high winds on the side where the winds prevail. This may be accomplished by the use of a hedge or shelter fence. If the apiary is located near high trees, the recovery of a swarm is likely to be more difficult than where the trees are low. To get the early morning sun on the hives is an advantage, therefore do not place them on the west side of a building. Place the hives in a row, about six feet between each; such a system allows one to keep the grass cut around the hives, which is important.

Nectar-producing Flowers

Among the principal sources of honey are the following plants: Manitoba Maple, Caragana, Wild Plum, Lilac, Honeysuckle, White Clover, Alfalfa, Basswood, Sweet Clover, Golden Rod. A beekeeper located in a district producing such plants may assure himself of, at least, a good field of labor for his bees.

Bee-Keepers' Supplies

The winter is the best time for the purchase of most of the supplies though the purchase of foundation for the combs is better delayed until spring, as it is brittle in cold weather.

The following may be the only requirements for the first year: Two hives of bees (Langstroth 10-frame), two extra hives, one smoker, two extracting supers, one bee veil, one honey extractor, one pound foundation, two queen excluders for the bottom of the extracting supers.

A Popular Breed

The Italian bee is recommended as docile and generally satisfactory. They were introduced into America in 1860, and are easily distinguished by their golden yellow banding. They are becoming more popular than the common black bees and are better workers.

Management

The bees should be set out in the selected location as soon as they are received, and the hives inspected once a week in the season.

To inspect, the beekeeper should approach the hives from the back, having previously got the smoker in working order; the smoker having been filled with dry rotten wood, old sacking, or rags. Reach round the hive and send one or two puffs of smoke into the entrance, lift the back of the cover a few inches and send a few puffs of smoke there, also in order to drive the bees down between the frames. In order to be on the safe side, gloves with gauntlet cuffs and a veil may be worn during the inspection. A screwdriver or a similar tool is handy to raise the ends of the frames, but all jerks and knocks should be avoided. On finding a comb with a complete store of honey, the bees should be gently brushed with a whisk so as to fall on the ground in front of the entrance of the hive, and then the full comb placed into a tin box into which no bees should be allowed to enter. As each full comb is taken out, an empty one should be put in its place, but in the case of a new apiary being started, of course a frame of foundation will have to take the place of the comb on which the bees will start to build cells. After the inspection, the cover should be gently replaced, and the full combs may be taken away for extraction.

Swarming

It is advisable to keep swarming under control as much as possible. If the bee-

Continued on Page 40

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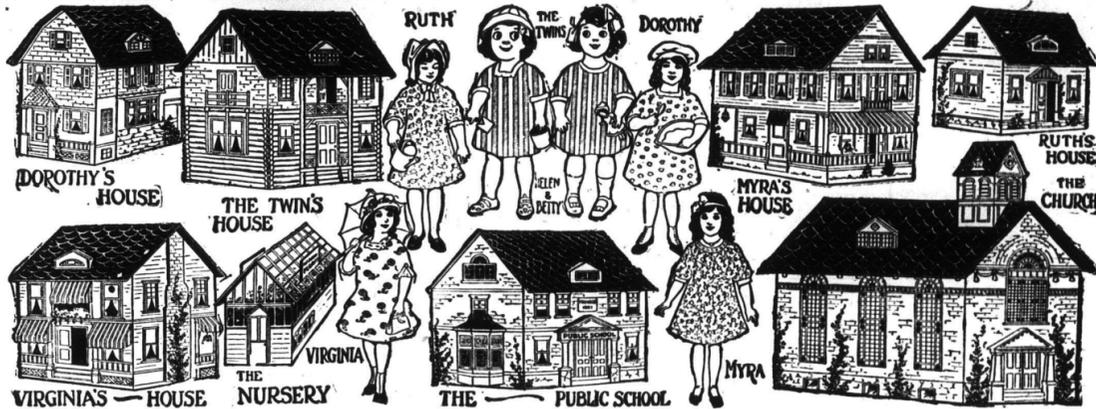
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horses and carriages, dogs, cows, flowers, trees, fences, etc., etc., all with real metal stands for them, and everything else you could think of to make you the most wonderful and beautiful Dolls' Village you could think of. You will be the envy of all your friends when you get this marvelous outfit. **GIRLS**—We are giving you all these wonderful prizes free to introduce "Daintees," our delightful New, Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume. Just send your name and address to-day and we will send you Free a big sample package to try yourself and with it just \$5 big handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. Open your sample package and ask



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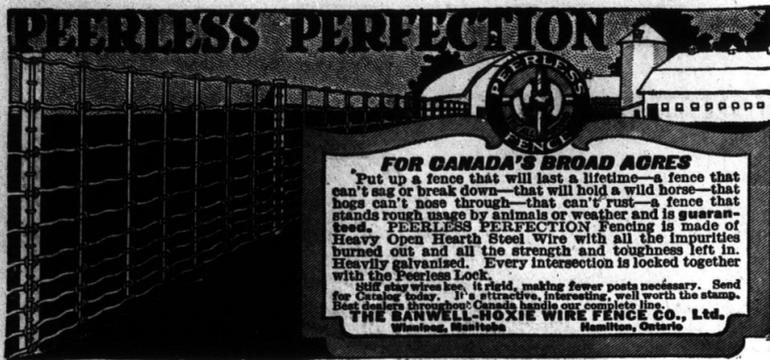
If ordered together we send both machines for only \$19.50 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of \$19.50 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time. Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 200 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**



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To encourage you to do your best work we will divide **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD** among the boys and girls who have sold the most Calendars for us by February 1st, 1920. 1st prize \$25.00. 2nd prize \$15.00. 3rd and 4th prizes \$10.00 each. 5th, 6th and 7th prizes \$5.00 each. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th prizes \$2.00 each. 15 prizes of \$1.00 each. **HURRY!** Get your order in now. Remember, you keep one-third of all you sell anyway. These special prizes are in **ADDITION TO YOUR REGULAR EARNINGS**. Don't delay a minute. This is the best time of all the year to sell Calendars. Start **NOW** and try for the big first prize of \$25.00 in gold. Fill in and mail us the coupon **TO-NIGHT**.

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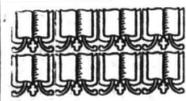
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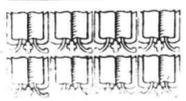
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This china is Japanese made, each piece being hand decorated. While they last we offer you your choice of any one of the above for only two new subscriptions. Shipment will be made immediately on receipt of order by prepaid parcel post.

Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG

About the Farm

Continued from Page 39

keeper has the colonies within sight of the house, he is likely to be warned when a swarm issues from a hive. There will be an unusual amount of humming, and on looking out large numbers of bees will be seen circling about the hive. After a while they will make for the limb of a tree or bush and slowly form up into a large ball. After the majority of them have quieted down a new hive should be placed under with empty combs all ready, and if the bush is a low one, the limb on which the swarm is may be bent as far as possible gently toward the hive, then given a sudden jerk to dislodge the bees, which will fall on top of the frames, the cover of the hive, of course, previously having been removed. In the majority of cases the queen will fall on the hive with the other bees. After a little while the bees will gradually disperse among the frames, and then the cover can be gently replaced. It has been found a good plan to leave the hive quiet until evening, after the bees have ceased work, when the hive may be placed alongside of the others.

The chief reason for swarming is an overcrowded state of the hive, and there are several suggested remedies, and among them are, additional ventilation, which may be provided by raising up the front of the hive off the floor by means of wooden wedges, so that the entrance is slightly enlarged. Another method is that of frequent extraction to provide more storage room.

General Remarks

Of course, the success of the beekeeper will be governed by how close he studies the habits of the bees. It is best to start with a friendly feeling toward the bees. Do not allow any visitor to stand in front of the hives, as the bees are naturally busy on fine days and will resent any obstruction in their line of route to and from the hives. The time to choose for the examination of the hives is the day when the bees are scattered over the fields and not in the evening, when they are in the hives, and not wishing to be disturbed. The same rule applies to dull days, for on such days they are naturally seeking shelter, and will resent their shelter being encroached on. It is advisable to avoid the wearing of black clothes when attending to the bees, as they dislike black. In cool weather, do not let the examination of the hive be too long an operation, as any brood inside the hive will tend to be chilled. When they are busy on bright days they have too much to occupy them to give much heed to the beekeeper, and if knocks and jerks are avoided in his work, harmony will be established in the apiary.

Where there are children on the farm, the establishment of an apiary will form a most engrossing Nature study, and there are many tasks to which they can turn their hands to help, such as making up frames, extracting the honey, preparing the smoker, etc.

In purchasing your first bees, it would be as well to purchase from a reliable neighbor, to be sure that the bees are free from disease. If your neighbors have no bees, communicate with some reputable firm.

The above article covers some of the points in beekeeping, and it is to be strongly recommended that the prospective beekeeper applies for some of the

free literature on bees issued by the government. Such literature will prove interesting and profitable during the winter evenings, and provide a store of knowledge which may be put into practice on the arrival of spring.

Poultry Plans

At the present time of year serious consideration on the part of the poultry keeper will be in right order. The breeding season is ahead, and the sorting of the fit from the unfit is a matter on which improvement of the flock depends.

If trap nests have been in use, by this time the pullets which have promising futures as layers, will have likely made themselves known. For perpetuating the laying strain, it would be advisable now, to watch their records so that they may be reserved where merited, for next season's breeding. The breeding hens should get all the fresh air and sunshine possible plus exercise. No "stall feeding" in luxurious ease, but plenty of scratching for grain buried in the litter. Plenty of green feed will assist materially in putting them into good condition for the breeding season.

Now is the time when the late cockerels, fresh killed and crate fed, will find an appreciative market.

The Willing Cow

"She's an awfully good cow. Our children think the world of her. You'll like her immensely," said the farmer.

"And how much milk does she give?" asked the purchaser.

"Don't know exactly, but she's a nice cow—first class."

"Well, you must have some idea—does she give a gallon at a milking?"

"Never kept very much-track."

"But you have a rough notion. Does she give as much as half a gallon a day?"

"Couldn't say definitely. She's an awfully good, kind old cow though. If she's got any milk she'll give it to you."

A More Dire Threat

There was trouble in the back yard. Six-year-old Billy had thrown a stone at a boy in the next yard, who was making vociferous threats. "If you throw another stone," he yelled, "I'll sick my dog on you!"

"Huh!" replied Billy. "If you come into my yard, I'll sick my mother on you!"

An Old Friend Gone

A man from London was invited to go for "a day's snipe shooting" in the country. The invitation was accepted, says Tit-Bits, and host and guest shouldered guns, and sallied forth in quest of game.

After a while a solitary snipe rose, and promptly fell to the visitor's first barrel.

"We may as well return," his host remarked, gloomily, "for that was the only snipe in the neighborhood."

The bird had afforded excellent sport to all his friends for six weeks.

Its Appropriate Status

"How's the punkin pie?" asked a customer in the rapid-fire restaurant.

"Punk!" frankly replied Heloise, the waitress.



A roadside retreat

Work for Busy Fingers

A Maltese Lace Yoke

In this yoke the Maltese lace is made with two doubles over each working loop on staple.

With No. 50 cotton, on 1/2-inch small wire staple (outside measurement), make two strips of Maltese 60 inches long, and one strip 27 inches long.

Place a loop (1) on hook with working thread, and begin at first end made, on one of the long strips. Be particular about this, for the Maltese stretches so easily it is difficult to get an accurate measurement, and if the strip proves too long, it may be raveled back from the other end.

1st row—Cluster of 3 1 of Maltese by inserting hook from back through 3 l's, turn needle to usual position, and sl st over all, ch 5. Do this 10 times. Now without chs between make 4 more clusters, ch 5, and repeat from beginning 10 times, or more if larger yoke is required. The model is for 34 or 36-inch bust measurement. Fasten last ch to first cluster. Ravel back the end of Maltese, if necessary, and join to other end. Be careful that there is no twist in the work.

2nd row—sl st to middle of first 5 ch, ch 1, 1 d over same ch, * ch 7, 2 d over next ch. Repeat from * until d's have been made in last ch before reaching the 4 clusters at point of scallop, then, without a ch between, make 2 d over first ch of next scallop, and proceed as before around each following scallop. Join last ch to first d. Repeat this row 3 times.

9th row—sl st to middle of 4 ch, ch 7, * work 1 t cluster, like the single ones in 6th row, over next ch, ch 3, 1 l t over next ch, ch 3, repeat from *, fastening last ch to 4th st of 1st ch.

10th row—sl st to middle of 1st ch, * ch 5, 1 d in next ch, repeat from * all around, fastening last ch at starting-point of 1st st.

11th row—sl st to middle of 5 ch, * (2 t, p, 2 t, p, 2 t) over next ch, sl st over next ch. Repeat from *.

Outside Rows — Take long Maltese strip, and interlace to first strip used.

This is done with the hook only, no working thread being used. Take the finished work and the extra strip of Maltese in the left hand, laying one flat against the other, with the new strip toward you. Slip the forefinger between the two strips. Insert the hook from back into a loop opposite the first of the four clusters around the scallops. Draw a loop from the opposite strip through the first loop, and continue interlacing in this way around the yoke as follows: Around the curve of the scallop draw through (one at a time) 2 loops of the new strip to 1 of the finished work, then 2 loops of the work to 1 of the new strip. This interlacing should be so done as to keep the work flat, and may be varied as is necessary to fit the pattern. Tie last loop at back of work.

2nd outer row—Begin at right side of point of back scallop opposite the 4 clusters. With working thread make



6th row—sl st to middle of 7 ch, ch 3, thread over hook 3 times, draw a loop through from under this same ch, and work off 2 loops twice, as in making a t; thread over twice, draw another loop through, and work off 2 loops twice as before; thread over once, draw through 3 loops on hook, thread over, and through last 2 loops, * (ch 7, 2 d in next ch) 3 times, ch 7, thread over hook 3 times, draw a loop under next ch, and work off 2 loops as in t; thread over twice, draw another loop through, and work as t; thread over twice, and again work as t. There should now be 5 loops on hooks, thread over, and draw through 3, over and through 2, over and through the last 2, ch 7, thread over hook 4 times. Proceed to make another t group, like the last, over the next ch, working in same manner until after the thread is drawn through the 3 loops on hook (4 loops on hook) thread over twice, and make another t cluster over next ch. After making like the group on last ch, there should be 5 loops on hook, thread over hook, draw through 3 loops, thread over, through 2, over again and through last 2, ch 7, and make another single t cluster, then repeat from * all around, fastening last ch to first cluster. Break thread.

7th row—Take the 27-inch Maltese strip and make a cluster of 4 loops, as 3 were grouped in first row, * ch 3, sl st over any 7 ch, ch 3, make another cluster of 4 loops on Maltese. Repeat from * all around. Break thread and join ends of Maltese.

8th row—On the other side of the Maltese strip just joined, make a 3-1 cluster, as in 1st row, ch 4. Repeat all around, fastening last ch to first cluster.

clusters of 2 l's of Maltese, with 5 ch between all around the end until opposite last 1 of the group, then cluster 3 l's of the Maltese with 5 ch between, until next group of 4 clusters is reached. Repeat.

3rd row—sl st to middle of 5 ch * (2 t, p, 2 t, p, 2 t, p, 2 t) in next ch, sl st over next ch, repeat from *.

Sleeve Trimming—Make 2 Maltese strips of length desired for sleeve.

Upper row—Make a 3-loop cluster of Maltese, ch 4. Repeat. Join ends of Maltese, and interlace to 2d strip, taking up 2 loops at a time, on each strip. Join ends of last strip.

Lower edge. 1st row—3-1 clusters with 5 ch between. Repeat. 2nd row—sl st to 1st ch, * (2 t, p, 2 t, p, 2 t, p, 2 t) in next ch, sl st to next. Repeat from *.

Make beading at top like 9th row of yoke.

A Quartette of Fancy Designs

Nothing is nicer for a gift than a bit of handwork, perhaps especially something done with the tatting-shuttle, crochet-hook or knitting-needles, and all the more so if the one for whom the gift is intended is not skilled in the use of these implements, or has little or no time for such work. There are a thousand and one things to make, for personal and household use and adornment, and at a merely nominal cost—the price of the thread. Loving thoughts and good wishes in abundance should, however, be put in with the stitches if the gift is to

Continued on Page 42



Watch Your Child's Tongue!

Constipated Children Gladly Take "California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!

Catarrh Truth

TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

NO APPARATUS, INHALERS, SALVES, LOTIONS, HARMFUL DRUGS, SMOKE OR ELECTRICITY HEALS DAY AND NIGHT

UNIT 1.

UNIT 2.

UNIT 3.

You who have experienced the insidious attacks of catarrh will realize the important part each UNIT has to play, if the trouble is to be completely remedied. JAN-O-SUN, with its three UNITS, is complete. It performs all necessary functions, from freeing the head of congestion to clearing the

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sticky smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming, or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder, no plaster, no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different—something delightful and healthful—something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but it freed me of my suffering, it freed my friends. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

BE FREE FROM CATARRH!

Catarrh is filthy and loathsome—it dulls one's mind, it undermines your health and weakens your will. The hacking, coughing, spitting is obnoxious to all, and the foul breath and disgusting habits make even loved ones avoid you secretly. Your delight in life is dulled and your faculties are impaired. You know it will bring you to an untimely grave because every moment of the day and night it is slowly yet surely sapping away your vitality!

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly. SEND NO MONEY Just write me to-day before you do anything else. Just say, "I want to try Jan-O-Sun." That's all you need say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information FREE, at once. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for so many others.

JAN-O-SUN—59 St. Peter St., Dept. 193, Montreal, Que.

Abolish the Truss Forever

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—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore 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. Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

THIN PEOPLE NEED BITRO- PHOSPHATE

**Increases Weight, Strength and Nerve Force
in Two Weeks Time in
Many Instances**

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern



foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes ought to brighten, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health. Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was once thin and frail, reporting her own experience, writes: Bitro-Phosphate has brought about a magic transformation with me. I gained 15 pounds and never before felt so well."

CAUTION—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

Catalogue Notice

SEND 10c. in silver or stamps for our Up-to-Date FALL AND WINTER 1919-1920 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.



GENUINE Cash or Credit
DIAMONDS
Terms: \$1-\$2-\$3 W'kly
We trust any honest person
Write for Catalogue to-day
JACOBS BROS.
Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade Toronto, Ont.

Work for Busy Fingers

Continued from Page 41

give the most perfect satisfaction; don't forget about this.

No. 1—Commence on the shoulder with a chain of 30 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 5, shell of 3 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles in next (chain 5, miss 7, shell in next) 3 times, turn.

2 to 11. (Chain 5, shell in shell) 4 times, turn.

12. (Chain 5, shell in shell) twice, * chain 2, 3 trebles under center of 5 chain, ** chain 2, shell in shell, chain 5, shell in shell, turn.

13. Edge (like last row to *): (chain 2, 3 trebles under 2 chain) twice, chain 2: edge (like last row from ** to end).

14. Edge: (chain 2, 4 trebles under 2 chain) 3 times, chain 2; edge.

15 to 42. Same as 14th row, increasing the groups of trebles by one each row. The 42nd row will therefore have 31 groups. This completes one point, which may be made deeper, if required, by the working of additional rows as directed.

8. Twelve spaces, 16 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

9. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

10. One space, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, turn.

11. Nine spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

12. Six spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

13. (One space, 4 trebles) 3 times, 2 spaces, turn.

14, 15. One space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.

16. Four spaces (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, turn.

17. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

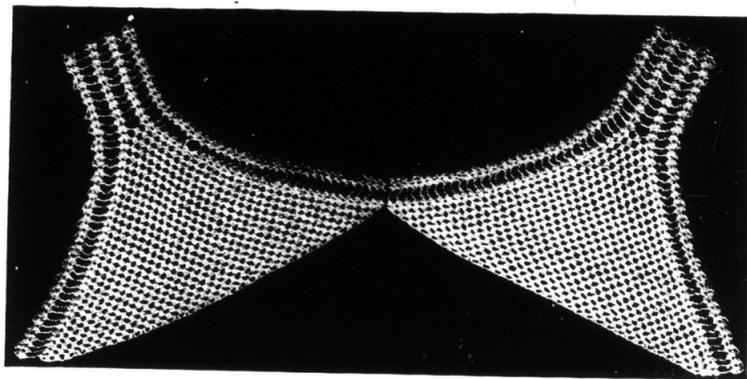
18, 19, 20. Eight spaces: fasten off.

No. 3—Make a chain of 80 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch, 24 more spaces on chain, turn.

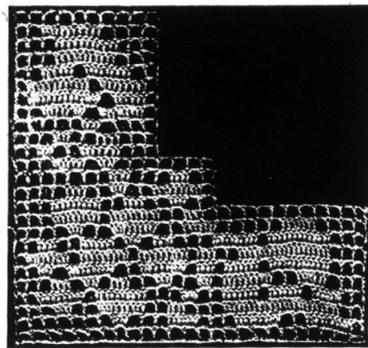
2. One space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

3. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 25 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.



No. 1. The favorite pointed yoke, of a pattern simple and pretty.

Return to the foundation chain, fasten in, and repeat from 1st row, making a shell in same stitch with each shell of 1st row, with 5 chain between shells. Join the 2 shells of 42nd row to 2 shells of 42nd row of 1st point. This completes one half the yoke. Make the other half in same way. Lingerie ribbon is run over and under the chains between shells of the edge. Very simple and pretty.



No. 2. Corner in filet-crochet, Japanese design.

No. 2—A design in filet-crochet, copied from a bit of Japanese china, serves prettily as a corner for doily, handkerchief or napkins. Make a chain of 65 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch (chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble, forming a space) 19 times, turn.

2. Five spaces (chain 5, treble in next treble, for 1st space), 10 trebles, 12 spaces, turn.

3. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, * 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

4. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 22 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

5. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

6. Like 3rd row to *, 22 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

7. Like 5th row.

4. Two spaces, 7 trebles (1 space, 7 trebles) twice, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

5. Three spaces (4 trebles, 1 space) twice (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

6. Three spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

7. One space (10 trebles, 1 space) 3 times, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 19 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

8. Three spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 3 spaces (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

9. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

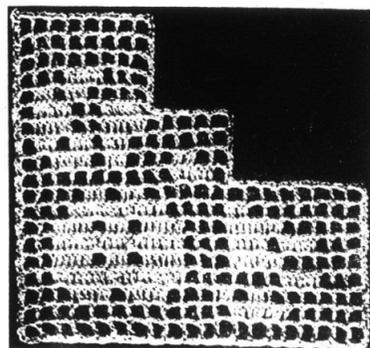
10. Twelve spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

11. Three spaces, 10 trebles (2 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 2 spaces, turn.

12. One space, 10 trebles (2 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 4 spaces, turn.

13. Seven spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

14. Seven spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.



No. 3. Corner for napkins and doilies.

TORTURED BY TERRIBLE ECZEMA

**Suffered Three Years Until She Tried
"FRUIT-A-TIVES"**



DAME PETER LAMARRE

Pointe St. Pierre, P. Q.

"I think it my duty to tell you how much your medicine has done for me.

I suffered for three years with terrible Eczema. I consulted several doctors and they did not do me any good.

Then, I used one box of 'Sootha-Salva' and two boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives' and my hands are now clear. The pain is gone and there has been no return. I think it is a marvellous cure because no other medicine did me any good and I tried all the remedies I ever heard of, without benefit until I used 'Sootha-Salva' and 'Fruit-a-tives.'

'Fruit-a-tives' cooled the blood and removed the cause of the disease, and 'Sootha-Salva' completed the cure."

Dame PETER LAMARRE (fls).

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

RHEUMATISM

A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvellous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mark 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.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316F Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

Cured His RUPTURE

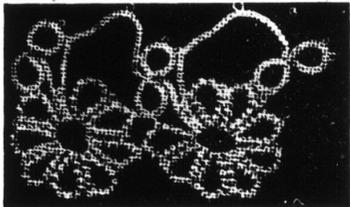
I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 703F Marcellus Avenue, Manassas, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured, you may save a life or at least save the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

Work for Busy Fingers

Continued from Page 42

- 15. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
- 16. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
- 17. Five spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.
- 18. (One space, 10 trebles) twice, 2 spaces, turn.
- 19. One space, 16 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.
- 20. One space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, turn.
- 21. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
- 22, 23. Three spaces, 13 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
- 24. Four spaces, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
- 25. Ten spaces; fasten off.

No. 4—Make a ring of 9 double knots, picot, 3 double knots, picot, 12 double knots, close; another ring in same way, drawing close together at base; a chain of 9 double knots, picot; then begin the daisy with 1 double knot, 5 single knots (half of double knot, repeated), to make a twist, slipping the shuttle under but not through the thread; make 3 twists, 1 double knot, join to last picot of last ring, 1 double knot, 4 twists, 1 double knot, picot, 1 double knot, 4 twists, 1 double knot, close; 2nd ring of 1 double knot, 4 twists, 1 double knot, join to last picot of preceding ring, 1 double knot, 4 twists, 1 double knot, picot, 1 double knot, 4 twists, 1 double knot, close; make 3 more rings like 2nd, joining to each of preceding; make 6th ring of 1 double knot, 4 twists, 1 double knot, join to



No. 4. Daisy border in twisted tatting.

preceding ring, 1 double knot (2 twists, 1 double knot, picot, 1 double knot) twice, 4 twists, 1 double knot, close; make 7th ring like 6th, joining as before, and 8th like 1st, omitting last picot; a chain of 6 double knots, join to picot of preceding chain, 10 double knots, join to 1st picot of 1st ring, 12 double knots, picot, 12 double knots; 2 rings, as at first, joining 2nd ring by 1st picot to middle picot of 7th petal of 1st daisy. Repeat, making 1st ring of daisy like 6th, joining by 1st picot to 2nd picot of 2nd ring, and by middle picot to middle picot of 6th ring of preceding daisy.

Of coarse thread, this pattern makes a beautiful border for table-runners, center-pieces, etc.

WHAT THE BROOK TELLS ME

By Ailsa McLachan (Age 9)

Sometimes as I linger beside the brook,
Watching its waters so clear,
It seems to say, Now, listen, and look,
And I'll tell you a story, dear.

And then it begins to tell me
A story of far-away lands,
Where the meadows are filled with
daisies,
And the children play on the sands.

And then it tells me of the Eskimos,
In their houses made from snow,
Where in that far north country
Not a bush nor a tree will grow.

And then, as the sun is setting,
And I go to call the sheep,
My mind is full of the stories,
That I dream of in my sleep.



Free!

Mail the coupon below for a trial bottle of D. D. D. It is FREE. If you have eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales, rashes, or any skin ailment, mild or violent, do not fail to send for a trial bottle of D. D. D. It is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerin, and other ingredients. This prescription is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin diseases.

D. D. D. is the logical remedy. It is a penetrating liquid. It works its way right into the tiny pores where the disease germs are lodged, and cleanses them of impurities. The relief is instant. As soon as you apply D. D. D. to that burning, biting, itchy, it will bring cool comfort and rest. Now you can get D. D. D. in a small trial bottle. Mail the coupon today. Hundreds of grateful people all over the World are recommending it to their friends. Prove to yourself what others say is true, but don't wait. Get instant relief. Send the coupon today sure.

The Standard Skin Remedy

D. D. D. D. D.

Read Amazing Indorsements from Grateful People:

I was a great sufferer with eczema, the weeping kind, about two years ago. Was laid up all winter. Tried all the doctors in reach and got no help. Saw an ad. of D.D.D. The first bottle helped me, but I was so bad one bottle did not last long. Both hands, arms, and legs to my knees were a sight to see. I used several bottles of course, but it was cheap after doctors. I am well of the terrible disease now but I keep D.D.D. close at hand.

PETER MERCER,
Pt. Burwell, Ontario.

Would my few lines help some sufferer from skin disease. A year ago I was a fright, you could not put a pin on my whole body. I was tormented beyond words. I could not sleep, I tried several doctors. At last they said "it is scrofula." Then Mrs. Ryder of Brookvale said, "try D.D.D." It helped me and I think it will help you. I used two sample bottles and three dollar bottles and I think I am cured as I have seen no sores or pimples for five months, thanks to your wonderful D.D.D.

JOHN M. CLARK,
Brookvale, N.B.

I had been troubled with eczema off and on for over 40 years and four years ago it broke out on me again. I was a complete wreck. One leg was raw from my toes to my body and the other was raw from my toes to my knee.

No living man could ever believe what I had to suffer for over a year. I have been doctored with 3 good doctors here in my own town. I believe they did all they could for me, but yet they are not to be compared with D.D.D. 4 years ago when the eczema broke out on me I saw your ad, and I sent for a dollar bottle and found it was doing me good so continued using until I was completely cured.

It took only 13 bottles and for three years I haven't had a sign of eczema. Some people ask me why it is that you don't need to advertise all the time for just to be a bottle is sufficient advertising.

When I was using your medicine and the people saw what it was doing for me I was advertisement enough for Chesterville, and after I was cured there was a school teacher came to see if I could tell her what would cure her of the same disease and I told her D.D.D. She used it and now she is back in her school teaching and not a sign of eczema.

If this letter is of any use to you, you may use it in any way you like. There is another in my family that suffered with the same disease and was cured by D.D.D.

RUFUS GARRETT,
Chesterville, Ontario.

With our baby the rash started on his cheeks. Later on the legs, then it appeared on his wrists. We tried doctors and salves for more than a year. He became worse and worse. His wrists were awful to look at. His forehead was covered and from ear to ear he was unsightly.

I had to make little cotton slips to pull over his hands to keep him from scratching. I spent \$50.00 in salves alone. Finally I got a bottle of D.D.D. and after reading the causes of eczema and the directions for using D.D.D. I commenced its use and soon saw a change. In about three weeks the sores were healed. He has been perfectly well now for a year. His face and hands are like velvet.

I would feel if I neglected to return thanks to the D.D.D. Company, I should be like one of the nine lepers.

Mrs. W. H. SPENCE,
McGregor, Manitoba.

Mail the Coupon Today for Free Trial Bottle

Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Read above how this wonderful remedy has been of unspeakable benefit to others. See their signed letters and prove it to yourself before you turn this page. Send for D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Send today.

D. D. D. COMPANY, 27 LYALL STREET TORONTO, ONT.

D. D. D. COMPANY
27 Lyall Street
Dept. W.M. 59, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: Please send me trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

How to Purify the Blood

"Fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots commonly called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, may be taken in water with meals and at bedtime, for the cure of indigestion, constipation and bad blood. Persistence in this treatment will effect a cure in nearly every case." Get the genuine at druggists.

FENNINGS'

The Celebrated English Remedy
As used in Great Britain and Colonies for the last fifty years

FEVER

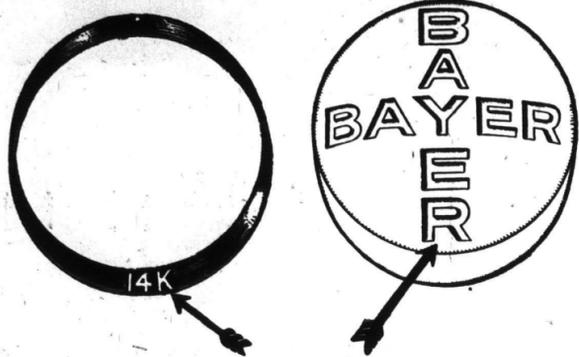
Sold in bottles at 50 cents each, with full directions by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Montreal. Branches in all parts.

CURER

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" on Aspirin is like 14 Karat on gold. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer" Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



We have already given away \$5,000 FREE. \$200.00 more IN CASH and numbers of Merchandise Prizes will be GIVEN AWAY at an Early date.

1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash. 2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash
3rd Prize, \$35.00 in Cash. 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes—Each \$10.00 in Cash.

TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES
Herewith will be found the picture of a Log Hut in the Woods. At first glance all you see is a man, a woman and a dog. If you look closely the faces of 8 other persons will be found. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.



You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once: we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Five Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.) Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring

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Fashions and Patterns

CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date Fall and Winter, 1919-1920 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 thirty of the various simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

A Unique Dinner or Afternoon Gown—Waist 3089, Skirt 2644. For this stylish model Lady's Waist Pattern 3089 and Lady's Skirt Pattern 2644 was selected. It will be attractive in brown duvetyne with trimming of fur bands and bead embroidery, or in black satin, with facings of green or brick color crepe. It is nice also in serge, velvet or crepe de chine. The waist is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/4 yard. For a medium size it will require 5 1/2 yards of 45-inch material. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c for each pattern in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Popular Style—2719. Serge or gabardine would be nice for this model, with cuffs and collar of pique, drill or satin. Plaid or check suiting may be combined for this dress. The sleeve is cut for wrist or elbow length finish. The pattern is in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Unique Design—3085. This is a good model for duvetyne, taffeta, satin, serge, velveteen, tricotine and crepe. The vest may be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 re-

quires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Skirt measures 1 1/2 yard at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Party or Best Wear—3091. For this style net or embroidered crepe and crepe de chine, satin or silk could be combined. The design is also attractive for other combinations. The skirt is made with "pouch" drapery at the sides. The overblouse is finished with girde ends, to which a sash of ribbon or material may be attached. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 4 1/4 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A New and Pretty Night Dress—3064. White crepe de chine was chosen for this style with embroidery in blue, and "Val" lace for trimming. The style is good also for lawn, batiste, nainsook, voile, crepe, satin and silk. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Practical Apron—2697. This is a "slip-on" model with side closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the sleeveband or finished loose, as back view illustrates. The style is good for percale, gingham, chambray, seersucker, drill lawn or muslin. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c

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Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 44

A Practical Set of Short Clothes—3090. For the dress here portrayed, nainsook, lawn, poplin, repp and voile could be used. The drawers and petticoat are nice in lawn, longcloth, muslin, cambric, domet or canton flannel. The dress may be made with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The petticoat may be finished without the ruffle. This pattern is cut in four sizes: six months to one year, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 will require 2 3/8 yards of material 36 inches wide for the dress, 7/8 yard for the drawers, and 1 7/8 yard for the petticoat. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A New Frock for the "Little One"—3084. For this style one could choose soft silk, poplin, repp, batiste or nainsook; for service and utility, check or plaid woolen or gingham, chambray, or linen could be employed. The sleeve may be in wrist length with a band cuff, or cut short and finished with a "turnback" cuff. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will require three yards of 27-inch material. Collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Very Attractive Dress for Home Wear—3063. This is very good for gingham, chambray, lawn, drill, linen, serge, gabardine, voile, poplin, repp or percale. It is a dressy model that may be finished with a comfortable sleeve in bishop style or one in short length, with a turned back cuff. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 3/4 yard. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Popular Style—3087. For the growing boy there is no better suit than the

blouse and straight trousers. As here shown, galatea in blue and white stripes and white drill are combined, making a serviceable suit. Serge, velvet, cheviot, flannel and corduroy are good for the trousers, and gingham, madras, flannel and chambray for the blouse. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 3 will require 1 1/4 yard of 36-inch material for the blouse and 1 1/2 yard for the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A New Frock for the Growing Girl—3092. Plaid woolen in brown and green tones, with facings of white poplin and a sash of black velvet ribbon, is here reproduced. The skirt is gathered over the sides and has deep plaits in back and front. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. This pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Simple House Dress—2658. This is a good style for gingham, chambray, percale, flannelette, lawn and drill. The fulness at the waist is confined by the belt. The sleeve may be finished so it can be rolled up. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 42-inch material. Width at lower edge is 2 1/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Good Coat Style for the Growing Girl—3073. For this model, jersey cloth, zibelene, plush and other pile fabrics, velvet, chevots and Scotch tweed would be appropriate. The collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

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Correspondence

A Plea for the Teacher

Dear Sir:—For several years my father has been a subscriber to the W.H.M. and I always enjoy the letters in the Correspondence Column to a great extent. I saw in the last issue a letter from a prospective school teacher, who wonders why more school teachers do not write. I confess that I do the same. I know for a fact that fewer people of that profession send in their views on various matters than people of any other class. The editorial in the last issue I read with keen interest and since then I have heard discussions upon it which have prompted me to voice my opinion of it. I liked it very much. There is no doubt about it that something is wrong with the management of the rural schools in this country. Probably the reason for it is the nomination of deficient trustees. Why should just any man in the district be selected for a trustee? No matter how ignorant of school affairs, no matter how little he cares for the education of the young, he is nominated as a trustee of the school in the district for a period of one, two or even three years. I have seen very deplorable conditions result from these men who do not send any children to school, show not the slightest interest in it, or the work of the teacher or the progress of the pupils. They do not even desire that school should be open. They say only "It increases my taxes". Every improvement in the school or outside it, pictures on the walls, the necessary space of blackboard, painting the school or washing the floor, the books required for the use of the children, reasonable increase in the teacher's salary—to them it means not the joy it will give to those who work there all day or the zest it will give to their work, but only, increased taxes. It seems to me that any land owner should contribute his share towards the education of the children of the land and gladly, because it is in his power to do that much. Therefore, a municipal school board would improve matters. The trustees would not be called upon to supply the school with necessary things, doing so complainingly and sometimes not at all. Then nowhere would the teacher have to suffer for some personal prejudice against her, so far as her work in the school room is concerned. A municipal school board would be more impartial and therefore fairer and squarer to the teacher. The tax question would not be the only one considered, but a reasonable salary would be paid without comment. I have thought of this for a long time and it in every particular appeals to me as a foundation for a better and sounder school management. One thing more I would like to mention—the teacherage near the school. On bitter wintry days, the only one that goes out and plods her one or two miles to school is a young school teacher. None of the farmers move one step from their homes, except on a team of spirited horses and with plenty of robes around them. They have the means of getting over the prairie in the least possible time. The teacher faces any blast, as you may say, and what is more no one thinks anything of it. For her it is nothing, for the rest of the family, impossible—unthought of. If she had a little house close to her school she could be her own mistress with a place to call her own. Instead of a cold bite at noon, she could have her warm dinner like everybody else in the district. She would learn to cook and keep house at the same time. She could keep someone, a sister or a little girl for company and be in her house as she best liked, not as sometimes an ill-endured boarder in a family where she is considered a bother and made to feel her loneliness keenly. Of course she is paying for her board and the work she causes. Thirty dollars a month is, to my mind, too much when she had a cold bite at noon especially and furthermore no conveniences of any description. She could live comfortably on that if she boarded herself. To her cottage she could bring her belongings, her piano (if she has one), her books and her other little effects and be happy. I must apologize

for the length of this, but it would be interesting to hear the views of some teachers on this subject. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself,
— A Reformer.

He Did His Bit!

Dear Editor and Members:—I have been a silent and interested reader of our W.H.M. for a number of years, the best in its class. The correspondence page certainly promotes friendship, just the thing we want on our lonely farms and ranches, especially in the winter time. I notice a new discussion with us, "The boys who stayed at home to produce food and the ones who fought." We were always led to believe the plow-pilot was unfit for overseas service and was the sole support. I joined up in '16, was over two years in the war, got a few "honors" which put me six months in hospital, but that was nothing. What I wish to say is, I was the sole support on the ranch, but that did not stop me. In my absence, however, the ranch went to pieces nearly. Father could do but very little on it and had to sell off a lot of the stock and, of course, the crops were not properly looked after, and labor one could not get. Since I came back I have been getting the place back into shape, but this I do not mind as many were in the same fix. What makes me so tired is that a large majority of the returned boys are expecting too much. They will tell you of all the hardships, etc., they had to put up with, but what did they expect, a picnic? I realized all these things were existing when I joined up, like a good many others did, but it didn't stop me, I was only doing my duty and expected the worst. Really some ought to be put in glass cases. "Ever a Jolly Kid," you write an interesting letter and in the right frame of mind. Certainly the farm is the place to be jolly and far from lonely. Do come again. Re a Farmerette's query, might say there are few women ranching "all on their own." In B.C. I know one personally, she having pre-empted 160 acres off the government in the wilderness and now she has a nice place. Of course, she had capital, about \$2,000. She had to employ labor and found it terribly hard work. Personally, I would not advise any woman to take up land. She would have to be very strong and with an iron constitution and do all sorts of man's work, unless, of course, it is a ready-made fruit or chicken ranch. I hope the editor and members will forgive me for taking up too much space. With best of good wishes to all.
True Canadian.

Suggests New Topics

Dear Readers:—Have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for years and have decided to add to the quiet discussion on the correspondence page. I like the correspondence page as an opportunity to read the character and temperament of each individual writer. I often wonder how the members define that word "bachelor." Its intrinsic meaning seems to be "not full fledged" as in "Bachelor of Arts" in contradistinction to "Master of Arts." As we generally apply it, it means, an unmarried male adult of the genus homo. Personally, I don't consider a man a bachelor until he is a confirmed woman hater, or has passed up his last chance through old age. I have been "bacheling" myself for almost four years—of necessity—working an improved half section at the same time, with help in harvest only. I can eat my own cooking and wear the clothes I wash, but I'm not a good hand at it, and don't want to be either. We have not had a great variety of topics lately on our page. Dancing occupied a lot of space in some letters. My views on dancing are that it is a splendid form of physical exercise if practised in moderation, just as skating, but all-night dancing is anything but beneficial physically and much less morally. Dancing is really a legacy from our heathen ancestors. Then "Overalls for Women." Why not? If women must work, let them dress to suit the occupation. Let a man try to handle

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The Bear's Face

Continued from Page 8

wasn't there. But in place of it was a big brown paw reachin' round the edge of the rock all by itself, an' clawin' quietly within about a foot o' my ear. That was all the furthest it could reach, however, so I tried jest to keep my mind off it. In a minute or two it disappeared; an' then back come the face. I didn't like it. I preferred the paw. But then, it kept the situation from gittin' monotonous.

"I suppose it was about this time the bear remembered somethin' that wanted seein' to down the valley. The face disappeared once more; and this time it didn't come back. After I hadn't seen it fer a half hour, I began to think maybe it had really gone away; but I knew how foxy a bear could be, an' thought jest as like as not he was waitin', patient as a cat, on the other side o' the rock fer me to look round so's he could git a swipe at me that would jest wipe my face clean off. I didn't try to look round. But I kept yellin' every little while; an' all at once a voice answered, right over my head. I tell you it sounded good, if 'twasn't much of a voice. It was Stevens, my packer, lookin' down at me.

"Hello, what in deuce are ye doin' down there, Job?" he demanded.

"Waitin' fer you to git a rope an' hoist me up!" says I. "But look out fer the bear!"

"Bear nothin'!" says he.

"Chuck an eye down the other side," says I.

"He disappeared, but came right back. Bear nothin'," says he agin, havin' no originality.

"Well, he was there, an' he stayed all the afternoon," says I.

"Reckon he must a' heard ye was an animal trainer, an' got skeered!" says Stevens. "But I wasn't jokin' jest then."

"You cut fer camp, an' bring a rope, an' git me out o' this, quick, d'ye hear?" says I. "There's a rattler lives here, an' he's comin' back presently, an' I don't want to meet him. Slide!"

"Well, boys, that's all. That bear wasn't jest what I'd wanted; but feelin' ugly about him, I decided to take him an' break him in. We trailed him, an' after a lot o' trouble we trapped him. He was a sight more trouble after we'd got him, I tell you. But afterwards, when I set myself to tryin' to train him, why I might jest as well have tried to train an earthquake. Do you suppose that grizzly was goin' to be afraid o' me? He'd seen me afraid o' him, all right. He'd seen it in my eyes! An' what's more, I couldn't forgit it; but when I'd look at him I'd feel, every time, the nightmare o' that great, wicked face hangin' there over the cliff, close to mine. So, he don't perform. What'll ye take, boys? It's hot milk, this time, fer mine."

Goldilocks

Continued from Page 14

"Where's my daughter?" cried the beloved voice. "Who's hidden my daughter? She what?" he demanded—"a letter? Goodness, how formal!"

He read the letter standing on the step below the window. "Heavens, Jane!"

he caught his sister's face in his hands, "what's all this about?"

"I don't know," she answered, kissing him, with a smile of relief. "I thought it must be serious. The poor child seemed to feel bad over it."

He tucked the letter into her hands. "The blue room?" he asked, and was off before she nodded. Then Mrs. Remson read the letter:

Dear Father:—I should like to go to some convent, please, and be a nun, if you will just say yes. I think I had better go. I am sorry I cannot see you, but you must not talk to a perspective nun because men can't. I would like to kiss you good-bye to-night when it is dark. Your loving daughter,

—Rosa Fredericka Stephenson.

P. S.—I am sorry not to be a Presbyterian any more, but of course I can't and be a nun.

He had bounded up the stairs and was standing at her door.

"Daughter!" he said, softly.

"Father, dear!" cried Rosa, "please, please go away till it is dark!"

"It's nearly dark now. Hurry out! They're all waiting! We're all going down the river for a ride and dinner!" The door did not open.

"Daughter," his voice was stern now, "I want you to come out directly."

"I can't—I can't," insisted Rosa, stubbornly. "You mustn't ask me, for I can't."

"If it's the nun business," he said, brusquely, "you can tell me that tomorrow. Come, open the door!"

"I won't!" she sobbed.

The quick temper he thought he had lost in his years of suffering flared out. The door gave way with a crash that sent her flying wildly to the farthest corner. She was weak with fright when she heard him stumbling over her little stool in the darkness. He fumbled for the light, caught at the swinging bulb and snapped it on sharply.

Her slender form looked almost ludicrously small, shrinking back against the darkly polished door of the wardrobe. Her dress was disordered, her head swathed ridiculously in a fringed bath-towel, and her eyes, swollen with weeping, blinked. She shielded them from the light with a quick lift of her crooked elbow. Somehow the movement irritated him.

"Good Lord! I'm not going to beat you," he burst out, angrily. "Come here to me!"

She did not move. "Come here!" he repeated.

"Go away!" she begged, piteously. "Please go away!"

The abject terror in her voice gave him a curious thrill of sympathetic fright. "What's the matter?" he asked, more gently.

"I can't tell," she murmured. "You—mustn't ask me."

He stood still a moment, completely bewildered.

"If I were you," he said, awkwardly, as though he were wheedling a hysterical woman, "I'd wash my face and take off that silly towel and put on a pretty frock. They're waiting, you know."

"I can't!" she moaned.

"What utter nonsense!" he said, sharply, stepping toward her, "what foolish—" In front of the little dressing-table he stopped abruptly.

The locket was there. It was propped open on top of a pile of schoolbooks, and the curl, which had been imprisoned for so many years, lay loose beside it. He

was silent so long, standing with his back to her, that she hid her face in her hands.

"Rosalie," he murmured, "Rosalie—" The room was quite still; Rosalie's daughter was forgotten. He drew a long breath and reached for the locket. It was then that he saw for the first time the tall bottle with the gaudy label that stood beside the books. He picked it up, curiously, and began reading the delusive words that his daughter had read the fateful day she scrubbed Mrs. Thompson's empty bottle: "Wanted to produce a rich, glossy, natural golden shade defying detection. Unusually lasting in results, exceptionally easy to apply!"

He strode across the room and jerked the towel from her head. Matted and dampened, one side oddly splashed with brown and the other bleached a vivid yellow, the little head bent low under his startled gaze. She flung herself at his feet in the agony of her humiliation.

"Don't—don't look at it," she cried. "It—it said beautiful golden, but it told an awful lie—that bottle! I truly didn't mean to be bad—I just wanted to make it nice so's you'd love me. But if I'm a nun it won't matter. Their hair don't show at all. Please let me be a nun, and don't—don't scold me! Anyway not to-night, because to-night I thought you'd be calling me Goldilocks!"

In the long moment that he stared down at the ridiculous little figure, a sharp consciousness of his years of selfish devotion to the dead and his grudging love for the living swept over him. He turned down the merciless light and in the darkness bent over his little girl.

"Daughter, dear!" he murmured, pityingly, as he caught her in his arms and kissed the stained tresses. "Daughter, dear!"

The long-ago endearment faltered on his lips, the memory of it was cruelly poignant, but his broken whispers sounded in her ears like heavenly music.

"Goldilocks!" he sighed. "My dear little Goldilocks!"

Deep Sea Trawling as Laddie Sees It

Continued from Page 16

They had a bit of biscuit and water, but the cold almost prevented them eating. All that day they rowed and bailed, drifting and tossing. The bowman's eyes bothered him and he snuggled into the bow. In the morning he was dead, and the lonely survivor worked on desperately. Sometime later he made an isolated ledge or island, and managed to drag the dory up a bit, and to carry the body of his mate ashore. Later again he found the island to be but a desolate rock and he carried the body back and finally managed to get the dory afloat once more. His frosted hands were giving him such pain that rowing was a torture. Finally, during the night, the cold increased so that he had to let his hands freeze to the oars to make any progress. What course he steered no man can tell. He made the shore, but he lost all fingers of both hands, poor chap. Now you and I will say: "I bet he never went afloat again." I want you to imagine the most unlikely thing that he could do. Say, for argument, that he sailed off for a hundred miles alone; he did much better than that. This sailor-

fisherman, with nothing but the stumps of his hands left, embarked in a single-masted, tiny sailing boat, not big enough to be called a vessel, and started off for—England! This is the same Gloucester man I am telling you of who made the trip, alone and unaided, and landed safely across the great Atlantic. He is a United States citizen, but one of the thousands of brave, hardy seamen a fellow meets or hears of hereabouts.

I have collected these sea yarns, true ones all of them, for you, my readers, as I am trying to solve where the "old lady" gets her tars, gets these men who are absolutely fearless on the great waters (one hundred thousand British seamen are needed by the navy every decade). They grow up in these long, narrow, wild harbours, where the everyday struggle has become so much a habit that danger is really unknown when met.

But, as Peter says, "You want to keep your eye open or the bit of fish slime on the deck some day will plop you over, or the tangled end will foul you, or, as occurred here this very month, the up and out heave will hurl you clear over, and your boots and oilskins will do the rest."

The more we see of these hardy Nova Scotians the more we admire their everyday sterling courage.

SONG OF THE WASTER

I have followed fast on pleasure's trail,
And drank of her lazy wine;
I have basked in bowers of roses pale,
And claimed the best for mine;
But the path that beckoned my restless feet,
Is losing its old-time lure:
The wine and the roses I once thought sweet
Now but for a day endure.

I've roamed 'neath the sun of Eastern skies,
And acted the idler's part;
O, I heeded little how swift Time flies,
So care-free was my heart.
He has taken toll, and I knew it not;
Has whitened my empty head;
I seek for old friends in the dear home spot—
They are "missing" now or dead.

I brooked no bounds 'twixt a right or wrong,
For I lived for self alone;
I was found where the gay and giddy throng;
I bowed at Beauty's throne;
But the right and wrong had their eyes on me
As I danced unthinkin' by;
Now the wreck of my life I clearly see:
For the vanished years I sigh.

I buried my talents deeply down,
And I squandered my time in play;
I was pleased with the gilt in Folly's crown,
Her saucy quips so gay.
Now I see Old Age from behind the screen
Leer out with a bleary gaze;
He mouths and he mutters, "O Wastrel, keen!
Weep now for thy golden days."
—Frances.

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



Caribou feeding on barren ground

Healthy Citizens are a Nation's Greatest Asset

How the Manitoba Board of Health is working to conserve the greatest asset of the first Province of Western Canada

The Manitoba Provincial Board of Health was completely re-organized in 1916, the necessary legislation having been passed at the 1916 Session. "Public Service" is the motto and the principle underlying all the work of the Department.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING

The high rate of infant mortality from preventable causes was one of the first problems attacked by the Manitoba Provincial Board of Health under the administration of Hon. Dr. Armstrong, Municipal Commissioner, when reorganization had been completed.

A system of rural nursing was decided upon for the purpose of giving instructions in sanitation and hygiene in the home and the school.

Starting with four nurses in 1918, the work has developed so that there are now over thirty nurses whose constant duty it is to follow the welfare of the children from infancy to adult life.

The nurses give instruction on the prevention of diseases in child life, on the scientific feeding of infants, on the importance of sufficient nutrition for the growing child, the value of fresh air and sanitary conditions in the home.

Children of school age and under are examined regularly, and the parents of those suffering from minor affections of the eye, ear, nose, throat, or any other organ, are advised to consult a physician and have the disability corrected. The nurses take particular care to discover as far as they can all early symptoms of tuberculosis and recommend them for treatment. This has a double value in that it gives the patient the great advantage of early treatment and at the same time removes the possible source of infection to others of the household.

It is gratifying to be able to report that this work has had the sympathetic co-operation of the people, especially the women, and the results have been most encouraging.

Infant mortality has been reduced to less than one-third of that of 1912 and 1913.

Teachers report that the correction of minor disabilities, such as adenoids, enlarged tonsils, etc., has had quite a noticeable effect on the intellect of the pupils treated and has given them an equal chance with their associates.

Many cases of tuberculosis in the incipient stages have been discovered, and through the kindly influence of the nurses have been placed under treatment at a time when a cure may be expected.

It is the intention of the Department to extend this work until the benefits of public health nursing are available to every community in the Province of Manitoba.

CHILD WELFARE STATIONS

The effort of the Health Department in connection with the better health of our young citizens does not end with the public health nursing system. A constant general campaign of public education has been carried on. Public addresses and lectures have been given in all parts of the province. These have included regular lectures to normal students, addresses at teachers' conventions, and at many other public gatherings. In addition to this, permanent child welfare stations have been established

in three places in the province: in the City of Brandon, the Municipality of Assiniboia, and the Town of Dauphin.

Mothers are invited to bring their children to these stations where they are given every possible help by way of advice and instruction. It is the intention of the Department to enlarge this work as circumstances permit.

COMBATING VENEREAL DISEASES

A determined and organized effort has been made by the Health Department to lessen and if possible to remove altogether the ravages of venereal diseases that for centuries have been so great, although comparatively unknown, a menace to society.

It is recognized that with scarcely an exception all cases of venereal diseases seek treatment somewhere. By the requirements of an act passed by the Legislature at the 1919 session, all sufferers must now apply for treatment only to a registered physician or to the free clinic recently opened in Winnipeg, either of which have the authority under this law to control the patient until a cure is completed. The free clinic is of the most modern type, ensures complete confidence, and is at the disposal of every citizen of the province. It is located in the Boyd Building, Winnipeg.

FREE VACCINE AND ANTITOXIN

Owing to the great increase in the cost of vaccine and diphtheritic antitoxin immediately after the outbreak of the war, the Health Department adopted the policy of furnishing these free of charge to any citizen in Manitoba requiring same. Distribution is made through local health officers, to whom any practising physician in the province may apply for a supply. A constant campaign for vaccination has been carried on with excellent results, some 20,000 vaccinations having been reported in 1918. Manitoba is, therefore, well prepared for the possibility of the smallpox epidemics reported from other places spreading to this province.

MUNICIPAL HOSPITALS

Hospital accommodation is now easily available for every community in the Province of Manitoba.

The Municipal Hospital Act passed at the 1919 session of the Legislature provides the machinery whereby any area requiring an hospital, and having a population sufficiently large to finance a fifteen-bed institution, may create a hospital district. The procedure is simple and in the hands of the people themselves, with the willing co-operation of the Government and the Department of Health.

The value of this legislation is indicated by the fact that eight new hospital districts have already been created and steps towards the organization of several others are well under way. It is expected that building operations on a number of these new hospitals throughout Manitoba will start early in the spring.

Mothers' Allowances

CONSERVING FUTURE CITIZENSHIP

The Manitoba Government in 1916 enacted legislation providing for allowances to widowed or otherwise dependent mothers so that they might be enabled to care properly for their children in their own homes. It was the first legislation of its kind in Canada, and in the scale of its allowances is the most generous known on the American Continent.

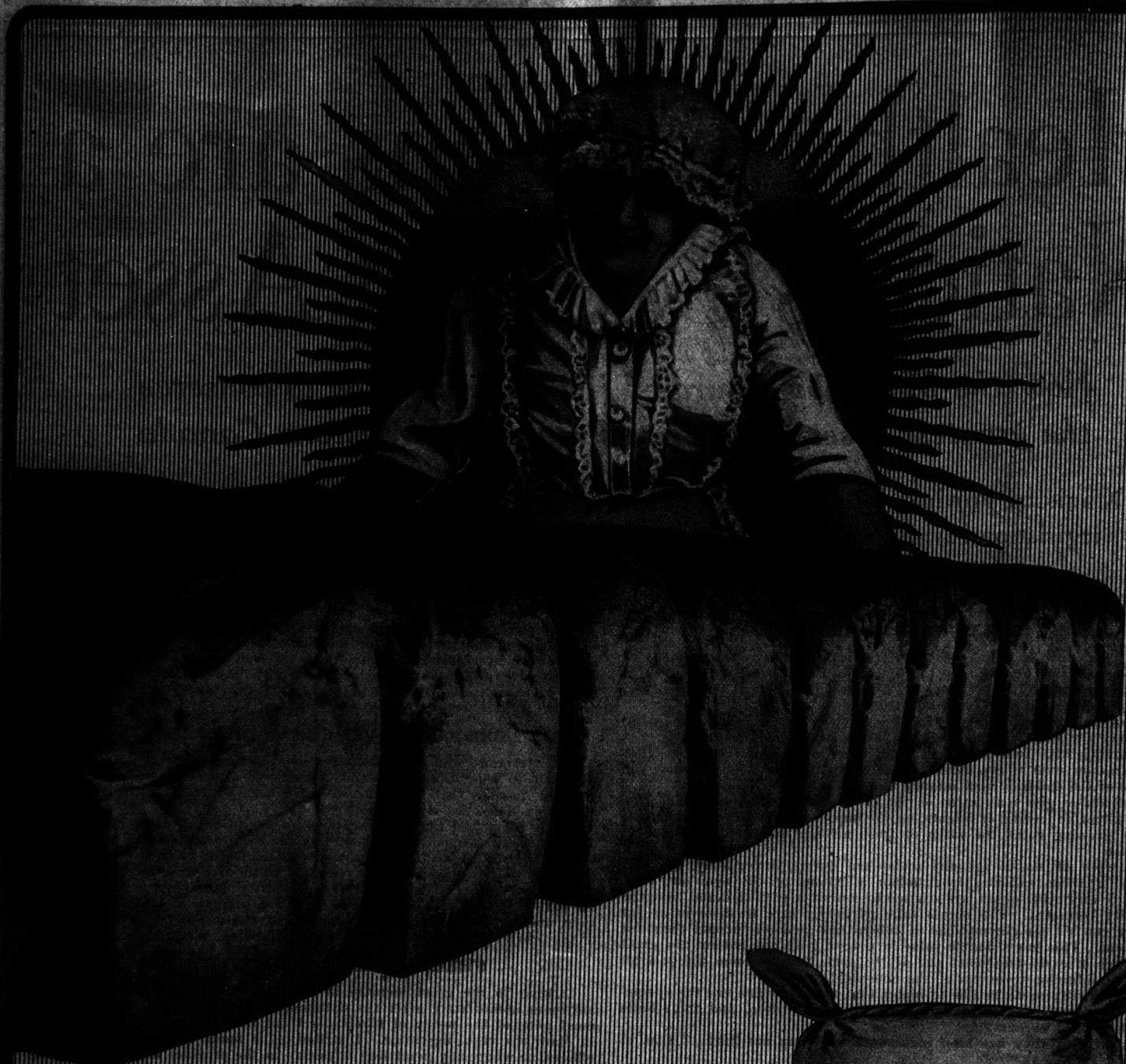
The act is administered by a commission of men and women who serve without remuneration.

There are now 351 families benefitting under the act, and the expenditure for 1919 will amount to approximately \$200,000.00.

The commission is assisted by municipal committees, which receive and pass on applications for allowances in their districts.

The principle of Mothers' Allowances is not only humanitarian, but is undoubtedly founded on good business for the state. Without this aid, the dependent mother would almost invariably have to work out to earn a livelihood for her children, and this would mean either breaking up the home or the neglect of the children while the mother was at work.

The Manitoba Mothers' Allowances system amounts, therefore, to nothing more nor less than the payment by the State of a salary to the mother for the proper upbringing of her children so that they may have a fair chance to develop into useful successful citizens.



PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread."

