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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



"THE CALL"

Winnipeg, Man.

June, 1918



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The Western Home Monthly

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

Vol. XX. No. 1

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

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

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

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

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

Chat With Our Readers

The Western Home Monthly is a market place for the homes in Western Canada. A careful examination of our magazine will prove to the reader that we are true to our name, for the contents thoroughly define all that should be in a "home" magazine. Every need of the home and family may be found in our advertisements, and one who does not read the advertising columns misses a great deal, for advertisements carry a message of economy and value to the one who needs to purchase comforts and necessities for the home. We carry a great amount of advertising because we reach more homes in Western Canada than any other magazine. If there is anything needed in clothing, home furnishing, provisions, or farm labor-saving devices that the reader does not find in our advertising columns, we want to know it—for we are justified in our belief that The Western Home Monthly is the best advertising medium in Canada. The test of any magazine is "reading it." Every day we receive letters of appreciation, for which we are grateful. During the past year we have made thousands of friends, and the coming months promise a great increase in circulation, in advertising business and prestige, as a clean intelligent and popular magazine. We do not attribute our success to luck, but to an absolute determination to produce a periodical that will meet every requirement of home life. This is the creed of The Western Home Monthly.

The Western Home Monthly is a genuine friend because it multiplies joys and divides sorrows. Articles, poems, and paragraphs, full of encouragement and inspiration grace the pages from cover to cover, until the world becomes more rosy to the reader.

Taking a moderate average to a home it is safe to state that 200,000 people, men, women, and children, for we aim to interest them all, find enjoyment and interest in every issue. It gives them exactly that right combination of reading that suits every member of the well regulated home.

Laddie Appreciates

Eriksdale, Man., Mar. 27th, 1918.
Dear Sir:—I feel I must tell you how pleased I was to get news of "Laddie" again by Bonnycastle Dale. I used to enjoy his letters and look for them as anxiously as my own boys. I was sorry to hear he was wounded badly and have kept looking and watching for news of him in The Western Home Monthly every

month and felt sure he must have died of his wounds. It was nearly midnight when we got the book last Friday—so too late to read anything then, and when I woke up on Saturday morning I was thinking of "Laddie" and you can imagine my surprise at breakfast time when one of them said: "Oh, 'Laddie' isn't dead, after all, here's some news of him." Wasn't I pleased and I do hope he will soon be strong and well again.

My own boy "went under" at Vimy Ridge—shot through the neck with a German machine gun bullet just as they reached the third line trenches.

Your magazine is just fine and should be in every house and read by all. Yours sincerely, an interested reader. Mrs. J. H. B.

By long odds, the most attractive premium ever offered by a publication in Canada is advertised in this issue. We were lucky enough to get hold of a quantity of the famous Limoges cups and saucers and we agree to send you a half dozen in return for only three new subscriptions at one dollar. Limoges cups have been selling at from one dollar to a dollar and a half each, which is really a fair price for such beautiful ware. Winnipeg stores have Limoges on sale at around these figures and in the country the price is higher. You will see that you are being offered \$9.00's worth of china for an hour's work. Surely it is worth it! The cups and saucers are original Elite Limoges French china with decoration of branches of small full blown pink roses, foliage and floral sprays. Irregular gold edge, gold decorated handles. In a few month's time this china will be very hard to get at any price. The city of Limoges is very close to the battlefields and there is little china industry being carried on these days. We have never before been able to make our subscribers such a liberal offer and possibly may be unable to again. The quantity at our disposal is limited and when it is exhausted, we shall be unable to obtain more. It is a case of "first come, first served." Better play safe and start getting us those three subscriptions at once.


For your convenience we append a subscription blank in case your subscription has expired. Please note that we have not yet advanced our rates—many other publications have. Our rates are still \$1 a year or \$2 for three years.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg,

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find \$..... in payment for year's subscription.

Yours truly,



Begin the day with BAKER'S COCOA


"Is Itself a Food"


A pure, delicious drink; should also be considered a valuable adjunct to a meal as it contains a large amount of nutritive matter in an easily digested form.

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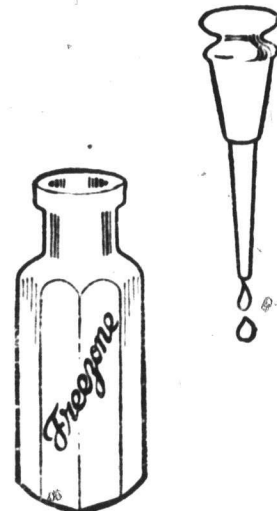
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The Red Cross is Yours Just as the Army is Yours

Yours to support with the same fervor that led you to the bottom of your purses for Victory Bonds. Our same loyal fighting men will be assisted by your contribution to the Red Cross—but in their hour of greater need when stricken down by a bursting shell or sniper's bullet.

Red Cross brings to the wounded soldier all those tender attentions that you would pay yourself to your own son, were you on the spot to do so. You who have next-of-kin on the battle-torn fields of Flanders will know what that means—From you who have not sacrificed to so

great an extent, the more will be expected.

Red Cross looks to the Farmers of Manitoba and Saskatchewan for a generous measure of support in the coming campaign commencing June 17th. At home amid comforts and luxuries we have more to-day than ever before—"Out there" those lads whom Red Cross helps have sacrificed everything.

Here's What Red Cross Does With Your Money

Every Canadian wounded soldier becomes a personal care and charge of the Red Cross.

Red Cross maintains four Canadian Hospitals in England.

Red Cross maintains eight Canadian Hospitals in France.

Red Cross has built and maintains a great Hospital in Paris, the gift of Canada to the soldiers of France.

Red Cross maintains a fleet of 80 motor ambulances between the trenches and the hospitals.

Red Cross supplies 23 Casualty Clearing Stations behind the Canadian lines.

Red Cross personally visits 945 hospitals in England and France, and give individual attention and comforts to every Canadian soldier therein.

Red Cross provides \$1,000 per man for treatment of Canadian soldiers at St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind, the World's foremost institution of its kind; and provides equally specialized care at Queen Mary's Hospital for facial treatment.

Red Cross is the only institution on earth that is permitted access to our prisoners on enemy soil—over 2,800 of them to-day.

Be Ready with a Generous Contribution

Whether it be cash, or a promise to pay at some later intervals during the year.

SASKATCHEWAN
Headquarters
New Armour Block, Regina

MANITOBA
Headquarters
Kennedy Building, Winnipeg



Editorial

Old Fashioned but Wise

IN reading history one finds accounts of princes, generals and whole armies engaging in prayer previous to the battle attack. Nor was this prayer mere form and superstition, nor the outcome of fear and faint-heartedness. It was a recognition of the fact that in every struggle God is the deciding factor and that He will give the victory to those who are working in line with His will. There is only one thing for men to do therefore at this juncture, —to perfect themselves so that God may work through them as His instruments, and to pray without ceasing that they may know His will and work according to His plans. It is therefore a great comfort to know that in the Premier of Great Britain, and in the President of the United States, and in the chief of their supporters we have men who are not merely religious according to form, but devout prayerful souls who in all humility and earnestness are depending upon the leadership of Jehovah. This is to thinking men in Christian lands the most hopeful omen. It is a recognition that in this as in all wars the victory comes not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Living God. Recently Secretary Daniels told how a Presbyterian elder, found at the White House, two other Presbyterian elders engaged in prayer. These were none other than Robert Lansing, Secretary of State and Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. These men believe in prayer, and it is because of such men that victory will be accorded in good time to the allied forces. It will come when our people are at heart of the same mind and purpose as these our leaders. If this be not true, then God as an overruling Providence is a myth. It was no mere sentiment which led our greatest singer to say:

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
One of our papers commenting upon the scene at White House truthfully says:

It is impossible for any one to maintain a truly efficient leadership of the people who does not bow before the Eternal and recognize the majesty of the tasks he has in hand. The present terrible struggle is leading us to recognize the ultimate dependence of the people upon spiritual realities and moral forces. Napoleon was wrong when he said, whilst at the zenith of his power, that God was on the side of the army having the most cannon. Whilst we must maintain a superiority in general military efficiency, the greatest asset of the Allies after all lies in the essential righteousness of their cause. The quiet prayer of the President in his little office is quite different from the blatant expressions of the Kaiser and his Prussian war-lords.

Lincoln's Prayers

THERE could be no finer illustration of the thought just advanced than the following story, narrated by General Sickles:

"It was on the 5th day of July, 1863, that I was brought to Washington on a stretcher from the field of Gettysburg. Hearing of my arrival, President Lincoln came to my room and sat down by my bedside. He asked about the great battle, and when I told him of the terrible slaughter, the tears streamed from his eyes. I asked him if he had doubted the result. He said 'No.' Then he continued:

"This may seem strange to you, but a few days ago, when the opposing armies were converging, I felt as never before my utter helplessness in the great crisis that was to come upon the country. I went into my own room and locked the door. Then I knelt down and prayed as I had never prayed before. I told God that He had called me to this position, that I had done all that I could do, and that the result was now in His hands; that I felt my own weakness and lack of power and that I knew that if the country was to be saved it was because He willed it. When I went down from my room I felt that there could be no doubt of the issue. The burden seemed to have rolled off my shoulders, my intense anxiety was relieved, and in its place came a great sense of trustfulness, and that was why I did not doubt the result at Gettysburg. And what is more, Sickles," he continued, "I believe that we may hear at any moment of a great success by Grant, who has been pegging away at Vicksburg for so many months. By to-morrow you will hear that he has won a victory as important to us in the west as Gettysburg is in the east."

Then, turning to me, he said: 'Sickles, I am in a pathetic mood to-day, and I know that you will get the doctors do not give me that hope. Mr. President, I said, but he answered cheerfully, 'I know you will get well, Sickles.'"

The Fuel Situation

WHEN reputable men with good judgment are appointed to office the only thing for the people to do is to accept their leadership. So it becomes us all just now to follow the advice to get our coal bins filled before the summer ends. If we cannot get hard coal we can use our own western fuel. Perhaps we shall profit from trying to use it for a few years. We shall easily learn to manage our furnaces so as to avoid the unpleasantness that accompanies the use of the softer coal, and then in the years to come we shall be independent in this matter of fuel. At the same time we should not be held up by the few operators who control the western mines. What happens to them at this juncture matters not a jot. They should get a fair price and no more. The people are sending their sons to this war. The people must get a fair deal. Profiteers in the coal business are just as objectionable as profiteers in munition manufacture or profiteers in the pork business. The common people deserve fair treatment, and every one of our controllers must see that they get it. The big interests have not yet died in Canada. Their endowed friends are yet in much evidence. But the public official is wise to-day who reads the signs of the times. The clean-up is about to be made.

Protect the Public

THE common people are not getting a fair deal. That is one outstanding fact—and no camouflage will hide it. Last week a gentleman bought eggs in this city at the farmers' market for 45 cents a dozen. They were labelled specially fresh. Next day he went to Birtle and bought equally large eggs and equally fresh at 30 cents a dozen, the express costing him three cents a dozen. The merchant in the country says that the wholesalers in Winnipeg will give only 28 cents. Now why should there be a spread of 17 cents on a 28 cent purchase? Again, we say, that the purchasers are not getting a fair chance. The statement of Mr. O'Connor who tells of the holdings of the cold storage men, explains things a whole lot. This week the controllers were forced to close down on the grain elevators and to regulate their purchases and manufacture. Next week they will require to regulate the activities of the cold storage operators. Cold storage is most necessary and should be encouraged. Every ounce of production should be conserved. This does not mean, however, that the owners of cold storage plants should plunder the public. Government control and operation of such plants would seem to be very necessary.

Quebec

IT is a great joy to observe the change that is taking place in Quebec. Young men are joining the colors, and the press is moderating its tone. Truth and reason are beginning to assert themselves. It is a great thing, this, for Quebec, for Canada and for the Empire. It would be harmful indeed should any one province voluntarily separate itself from the Dominion and it would be particularly harmful if this province differed racially from the rest of the nation. One can only imagine what would happen in Canada at the close of the war, should Quebec remain out of the conflict, and victory be won without her aid.

Education

HOW much the world has changed in a few brief years! For instance, the ordinary life in Canada from decades ago furnished occasion for the development of many qualities which go to make good men. Home industries supplied most material necessities. The production of these necessities demanded careful training, all of which was given in the home. This training constituted the main portion of a young person's education. The school merely supplemented this home training. The work done in school could not be called the means of the pupil's education. One professor will put it in this way: "I had but three months in the years of schooling, which left nine months to get an education."

With the decline of home manufacture the school has had to assume new duties. It must take up in part what the home neglected and this in the interests of the pupils and society. The school's main work to-day is to teach the arts of life. To reach this conception there must be a swinging away from the ideals of a century ago. As a writer in the Atlantic Monthly has said:

"In planning the education of a child it is our duty deliberately to determine as fully as possible what experiences and environments are necessary in order that he may come to his fullest development. The whole duty of the educator is this—to supplement the ordinary contacts of life with others, so that the entire environment will develop to the fullest the possibilities of the child. It follows that the content of formal education cannot be fixed, but must change continually so as always to supplement and complete the continually varying environment and experiences of every day life. With the unprecedented rapidity of changes in the modern world, only by intentional keen analysis of the situation, by maintaining a perpetual inventory, can

we hope to make the necessary adjustments. * * *

That education is incomplete which does not keep open the vistas of life in every direction."

This will go hard with the workers of the old school. And the chief conservatives are not all in the chairs of the college. The greatest reactionary may be a worker at the bench or a tiller of the soil. The finest thing in the world in a man is his willingness to adapt himself to changed conditions. A progressive is the only man who really counts. The golden age lies ahead not behind us. There is a great change coming over our schools. The war will make even a greater change necessary. We shall do well to study times and seasons, movements and conditions. We do that in business of all kinds, in domestic life and in government. Why not be equally wise in matters of education?

The Winnipeg Strike

EVERY right-minded citizen is in sympathy with labor, but there are a good many people in Winnipeg, who during the last month have lost sympathy with labor unions.

Labor whether of hand, head or heart, is the greatest and grandest thing in this old world. Carlyle calls it divine. Only the man who labors knows what it is to live, and he only has a right to live. Vampires, sluggards, parasites should die. Those who produce that which is of value to society should be rewarded and encouraged. Those who live on the labor of their fellows, being a menace to society, should be ostracized. There are some in Canada, even in Western Canada, who to-day deserve nothing less than ostracism. If it require any stronger language than this to describe the attitude of The Western Home Monthly to honest labor and to useless leisure or capitalistic injustice let it be supplied as a substitute.

That, however, is not the point at issue just now. Affairs in Winnipeg were not due to a struggle between labor and capital. Although in the discussions these terms were freely used, they were echoes of past struggles and hatreds. The conflict may have been owing in a measure to the apathy and inertia of the City Council and to an unfortunate remark of one of its members, which was probably misinterpreted; but it was partly due to the misguided effort of the instrument which at this time dominates labor. Men acting as members of a union made decisions they never would have made as private individuals.

History is but a record of men escaping from one form of tyranny to fall into subjection to another. There is no form of tyranny to-day more relentless and at times more unreasoning than the union—whether it be religious, industrial or political, whether it be of workmen clamoring for a higher wage or capitalists working for greater profit. This is said despite the fact that unions when properly organized and controlled are of the greatest possible benefit—alike to the workers and to society. A union should be a means towards noble and useful ends. It should not be an object of worship, it should not be the centre of a man's religion.

The trouble in Winnipeg was unfortunate because it was a quarrel between the members of a family. It is quite possible that the electrical workers should have been receiving a higher wage. It may have been that the Council was dilatory and apathetic. Let us take all this for granted. Yet that did not justify a strike much less did it justify the sympathetic action of other unions. There was a better way out.

And even had the unions under normal conditions been justified in the action taken, they could not be justified on taking such action during war times. Schism at this time was a stroke at the men who are at the front. It was a blow at the Empire. It was unfair to the mass of citizens who while sympathetic with labor were the first to suffer from the action of the strikers.

It is doubtful if ever any speech delivered in Winnipeg did quite as much harm to the cause of labor union as that which asserted the right of the workers to ask for everything they could enforce. That is Kaiserism pure and simple. It contains a doctrine which is on a par with that of the railroad dictum—"Charge all the traffic will bear." It is on a par with the practice in the sweat-shop and the galleys. It is un-Christian and inhuman. And on the other hand no one can sympathize with the view that labor men have no right to strike. Yet some judgment should be exercised in declaring a strike.

While on this subject of strikes The Western Home Monthly wishes again to urge what it has already more than once emphasized—that neither side, in a dispute of this nature is justified in fighting it out to a finish without regard to the third party. The third party is the general public—and it is the chief sufferer. There seems to be only one solution to problems of this kind—co-operative industry. Every workman should have a share of the profits of the company in which he works. Is there any other solution?



This local treatment, together with the general use of Woodbury's, will gradually clear your skin of blemishes

To make your skin flawless— the right treatment for skin blemishes

DOES a bright light make you feel conscious of all the little imperfections of your skin?

Or can you face a trying light confident that your skin will stand the test? Your complexion naturally should be flawless. If it is marred by blemishes, by blackheads, by enlarged pores — its condition can be corrected.

Every day as old skin dies and *new skin* forms, you can, by giving this new skin the proper care and treatment, keep it as clear and flawless as it should be.

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. To clear your skin from blemishes caused by this powerful and most persistent enemy, use regularly the following cleansing and anti-septic treatment:—

Try this treatment tonight

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of

this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

This special treatment, together with the general use of Woodbury's, will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and gradually acquire the freshness and flawlessness which it should have naturally.

The other famous Woodbury treatments for the various troubles of the skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks of any of these treatments and for general cleansing use for that time, a 25 cent cake of Woodbury's is sufficient.

Get a cake today. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2405 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

You will find the special treatment for keeping your skin free from blackheads in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's



Try the famous treatment for rousing a sallow, sluggish skin. Directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Sergeant Jimmy's Hunch

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

JIMMY Linedare was told to go to Blanche Riviere and recruit the rebels.

"That town's impossible," he objected. "But I'll take a whack at it just the same. I know I can't do it alone but I've a hunch I'll get help when I need it—it's never failed me yet."

"That's why I'm sending you, Jimmy," said his Captain. "Everybody knows you're the best riverman in this part of the country. It's not so long since you broke the jam at Grande Fourchette with the help of a trivial little earthquake. They know it at Blanche Riviere, too, and they're that darned superstitious they'll begin to see things the minute you arrive."

"Oh, I guess I've got a few hunches all right," chirped Jimmy, pleased enough to be sent where two other recruiting sergeants had failed.

"How did they begin?" asked the Captain. "I don't think I've ever heard of the original one."

"Oh, that," smiled Jimmy, fidgeting. He wanted to get on with the business in hand, not to be explaining the favors of over peculiar providence. "It was a wild bull chasing me across a forty-acre field in a thunderstorm and when he was about to launch his spring offensive he was struck by lightning."

Blanche Riviere had stood back with complacent pride in its anti bellum policy while the war went on month by month and the richest of Canadian manhood sprang to the colors with patriotic zeal. It probably was unique in not having sent a single man to serve his country.

It was not their war, they maintained, so why should they fight? They would not be drawn into the maelstrom that was bearing to destruction the male support of the nation. Theirs was the modest belief that the day was coming when the men of Blanche Riviere would be the only fit men in Canada left to reorganize the depleted ranks for defence—of they knew not what.

These men numbered about two hundred, able-armed and fleet of foot. They dwelt in the woods during winter and followed the river in spring, that is, all except those in business in the little village itself.

It was the late springtime when the white-breasted moose birds winred their flight to colder climates and the robin and the wren took possession of the green boughs.

The drive was over and these men loitered around, creating amusement not always harmless, making at times a troublesome event of the village constable's duty.

Wickers, the constable, was glad to see Jimmy. He shared his office in the corner of the jail with him and promised to "join up" as soon as Jimmy gave the word.

Jimmy handled his task with such diplomatic skill that not a few declared for him.

"He doesn't say a word about signin' ye on," declared Jackson, the village tailor. "Just tells about the job they're up against in France and how they're drivin' the Germans out inch by inch and how the fellows in the West are standin' by ready to go help when called. Makes a fellow kind o' wish he was over there helpin' some, too."

The insidious seed was falling on fallow ground to the amazement of the rabid Stay-Outers. Street orators sprang up to denounce this newcomer as a serpent in the grass. Would his mushy talk turn them who had declared to keep out of it? Could they not see that his words were as poison? This straight-legged youngster must be sent about his business as the others had been. A meeting would be held on Wednesday evening to count noses for the cause. The details of that meeting need not be divulged. It showed that probably seventy-five per cent only were staunch to the old resolution. A clash of factions was imminent to see just how many Jimmyites there were who could still be saved.

Jimmy spoke to Jackson quietly and cautioned him to keep his followers from open rioting.

"See them one by one and tell them to keep out of street fights. I don't care if I have to go away from here without a

single recruit. I don't want them unless they think it's right to come. And when they're ready to come I'll be ready to sign them up."

"What's this dope in the paper about you not losing anything you set out to do? We all heard about that jam bustin' when you was alone on the logs with a cant hook when all of a sudden the whole pile collapsed and the earth shook so that men on the banks of the river fell over. Seems as if it's a habit of yours gettin' the elements to work for you in a pinch."

"It's all true, Jackson," said Jimmy, solemnly. "I came here to recruit the whole town of Blanche Riviere. I'm not telling everybody that. I'm telling you because I know you're with me and know why I'm doing it. I don't know how it's going to turn out but I've got a hunch that the Stay-Outers will join up when the time comes. You fellows keep quiet. Don't call any public meetings. You tell Bill and ask him to tell Sam, and so on, to keep by themselves. Tell them when they want company badly to go with a Stay-Outer and talk nice to him. The question will come up sure enough and if you speak canny you'll get the other fellow thinking right. I don't say there won't be a fight. If there is we'll trim them—but let them start it."

"We'll try it, anyway, Jimmy," promised Jackson.

Blanche Riviere nestled in a valley

wanted to go at once. Every time Jimmy went back there were more to hear his story of a heartless enemy and the need of men to beat him down. One day he said to them:

"If you will come to Blanche Riviere tomorrow very early in the morning I will have a uniform for each of you and some excitement besides."

The uniforms had arrived that day, three hundred of them. They came in response to a letter Jimmy had sent his Captain. The Captain had written a week before in this strain:

"I'm glad to see you are sticking to Blanche Riviere. There is no hurry about results but I'd be blamed glad to get a word from you."

Jimmy replied: "I'm still on the job and have every eligible man measured for a uniform. He doesn't know it, however, thanks to Jackson, my trusty lieutenant. (Big talk for a Sergeant, eh? But, then, I've a Captain's job.) Some may refuse to don the uniform but I've a hunch you won't get many back."

Events moved fast the day the Indians went to Blanche Riviere at five in the morning. The little jail was a hive. One cell of three was set apart for the medical officer while Constable Wickers administered the oath, and Jackson helped Jimmy make soldiers of all who passed the doctor. Jimmy explained to them that all they had to do was to walk erect and keep step and salute him. When they went to the Central recruiting station they would be taught all the rest.

The Stay-Outers had been holding

indicating a blackeyed, sleek individual, "you go light him up. Six men go wid you. Be ready. Everybody else, you know what to do. Go quiet. Get the constable first—he's got a gun. Then the Jimmy fella. Better Joe Chevroix and Bill Belanger come wid me for the cute work at de jail. The rest o' you ketch the Jimmyites as they come out from dinner and get 'em to de dock. Watch out for de Indians."

Jimmy was careful to warn the Indians that no roughneck work was to be done.

"They're same as you and me; they're coming along with us but they may put up a strong front before they see we're all of a family going to fight an enemy that butchers papooses and steals women. Just stick around with our friends and when the others show fight take away their clubs and bring them to Wickers. Seven men will stay with me at the office to stop any trouble there."

He went over these instructions slowly and painstakingly so that all would understand perfectly. He had not heard of the plot to capture the Jimmyites that very day and so left himself open to surprise. He and Wickers arrived at the jail early after dinner to see Lalonde sitting on the step, apparently alone.

The jail had a ten foot wall around it running thirty feet on each side. While Lalonde sat on the steps his aides were only fifteen feet away, just around the corner.

Wickers warned Jimmy to watch out for treachery when he caught glimpse of Lalonde, and feeling for his weapon he indicated that he was taking no chances.

Lalonde grinned as they neared him and said he guessed he'd better sign up since it was the custom. Wickers kept an eye on him while he unlocked the jail door. But he was not prepared for the agility of that cat. Lalonde dropped on all fours and got a clinch on Wickers' legs before he could step aside. His balance gone he stumbled against Jimmy and both fell. Two quick jumps brought the others from the fence, and seven Indians raced down the street to the rescue. Lalonde wrenched the gun hand of Wickers so that it was powerless. Jimmy was seized by the others and in a jiffy he and Wickers were locked up in their own jail. A horde of Stay-Outers swarmed from nowhere and after a brisk encounter swept the Indians, along with Jackson and two others who had come to Jimmy's aid, off toward the dock, scuffling, limping and howling like dogs in a net.

The whole village was on the qui vive. The women were about equally divided in their sympathies, while the storekeepers wished only for peace and fat prosperity. The news spread rapidly that Jimmy and Wickers were locked up and the village was in the hands of rioters. Women and girls frowned at the fate of Jimmy, who was a nice, upstanding, bright and cheerful fellow. It almost made them wish their men were more like him. Those who were keen for freedom from military enslavement half regretted that they were out of sympathy with the rest of the country. They knew in their law-abiding hearts that trouble would come of this outburst against authority, that it could be only a temporary gain and then jail for the offenders.

Wickers' wrist was badly sprained and Jimmy bound it up for him. Then they talked of escape. The windows were securely barred and the door had no visible hinge that could be taken off. Presently more Indians began to arrive excitedly with tales of bludgeoning and capture and begged leave to use knife or gun.

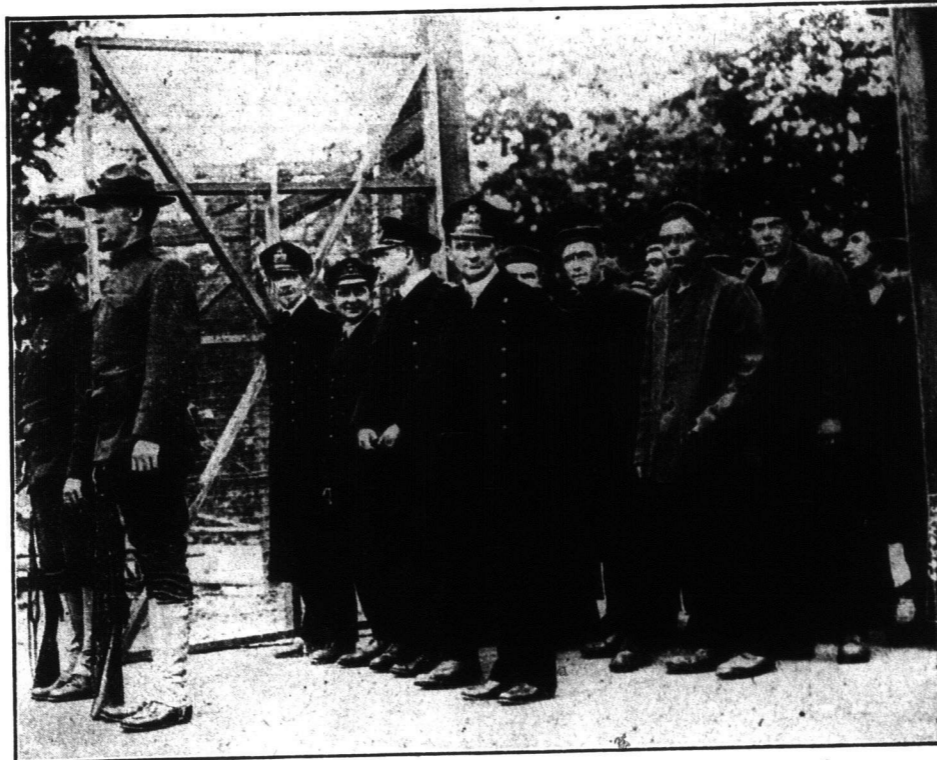
"No, none of that kind of fighting," warned Jimmy through the bars. "Just go get a good heavy crowbar and pry off two or three of these bars till we get out."

The strangest sound that had ever fallen on the hearing of Blanche Riviere now held the whole populace enthralled. It was martial music. They could not see by what produced but it existed and was coming nearer. Eyes strained in the direction of the road leading to the village from the west and skirted off toward the station.

Jimmy grinned at Wickers.

"What is it?" asked the latter. "My hunch," said Jimmy. "Where the devil it comes from, I don't know, but that's a silver band of not less than thirty pieces, and listen! By all that's holy, there's a regiment of infantry behind it."

Stalwart men they were who marched



The captured officers and crew of the German submarine U-58 are shown here just inside the first barbed wire gate at Fort McPherson, where they will be held in the war prison camp. They were made captives when the Jackies rescued them from the sea after the destroyer Fanning sank the submarine. The officers in the group guarded by Marines are: Lieut. Frederick Muller and Warrant Officer Henry Ropke.

about a mile from the Transcontinental railroad as the crow flies. The river ran crookedly through it so that the main street crossed two bridges. Hills bristling with giant Canadian pine guarded the village on two sides; the river fed and bled it. A trunk road ran diagonally from the railroad station to the village, paralleling the track for half a mile. Supplies arrived by boat from the depot as the shortest route.

Indian Reserves are often obstacles to town builders. One of them lay between Blanche Riviere and the railroad. A siding ran down to the water's edge from the main line and there logs were loaded for shipment by rail. One day, perhaps, the Reserve will be opened for exploitation and a mill erected there. Just now Blanche Riviere suffers from the isolation that favors the first citizens of the land.

Jimmy spent a portion of his time daily on the Reserve. There he spoke to the idle youths and fired them with the story of a great fight. He watched with keen satisfaction the kindling flame in their amber eyes; he envied their stalwart poise. Here were soldiers of the finest. He hoped he had Indian blood in him because he thought the true Canadian had the native bravery of the Indian, who in his most barbaric state was never the soulless savage the modern Prussian is.

The Indians responded nimbly. They

numerous street corner meetings and publicly declared that at the first sign of actual recruiting Jimmy would go. In secret the men were coached in the measures to be taken. They were to fashion handy clubs on the pattern of a policeman's baton. And when the word was given by their leader, Xavier Lalonde, they were to band together and seize the secessionists and bear them off up the river to a deserted camp where guard would be kept over them until they came to their senses and renounced all traffic with the would-be soldiery.

Jimmy had his twenty-seven Indians in uniform before the Stay-Outers were fully awake. The Jimmyites were out in force, too, but no attempt was made to enlist them. This had the Stay-Outers guessing.

After a heavy dinner of soup, pork and beans and raisin pie, Xavier Lalonde declared his intention of taking the bull by the horns.

"Now, it's dis way, boys," he harangued his crowd. "The lumber company, she's behind us. Men's goin' to be hard to get and wages good if we stick. Comprav? All we got to do is take the tug, 'Sonsie' and back him up to de biggest scow on de rivaire, and load our baggage." here he grinned and the crowd applauded. "Load our baggage on de scow and hike for dem place by de bush. Now, Pete Forget."

Maid of the Mountain Mist

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

into Blanche Riviere behind their band. Jimmy told his Indians to stand erect—attention—and salute when he did.

The Colonel of the battalion saluted in response and then ordered:

"Battalion—mark time!"

They closed up while the band beat a tattoo in unison with the tramping of a thousand feet.

"Who's in charge of this squad?" the Colonel asked Jimmy, smiling.

"I am, sir," answered Jimmy, approaching him. He then told the Colonel what had happened and asked him if he would lend a hand to restore order while his troops were there.

"I certainly will, my boy," the Colonel promised, kindly. "By Jove, that was a lucky accident, after all. We're a Western battalion, as you see. Our train is stalled two miles west of here. We expect to be here about four hours while they get another engine. The boys need a stretch, anyway. Most peculiar accident. A plug blew out of the boiler and the engine discharged all her steam in about two minutes. Now, you say these thugs have some of your possibles down at the dock on a scow? Captain Calling," he hailed.

"Take your company down to the dock and just detain every man of military age you happen to see. Captain Keller," he waved, as one company fell out and the ranks closed up. "I see a bridge yonder. Take your company there and head off any up-stream traffic. The band will try musical tactics to allure these wanderers back. We'll parade the town and see if we can awake a military spirit. The Marseillaise!" he called to the bandmaster, and to the thrilling notes of the greatest of battle hymns they went marching through the streets. Jimmy, at the head of his Indians took up the rear. Men, women and children joined the ranks and sang as the band played. When the tune was changed to Tipperary the strangest thing of all happened. The two scouting detachments returned with a crowd of men with bludgeons and a crowd without, slapping each other on the backs and cheering like boys let loose from school. Then they all sang Tipperary.

The band was indefatigable. Air after martial air charged the atmosphere of Blanche Riviere with a sentiment so alive that it seemed the most patriotic spot in the world. And all the while, Jimmy, Wickers and the doctor passed recruits or culled the defectives. The disappointment of these latter was pitiable. The net results was half a battalion and they all marched out of town behind the Colonel of the recruiting depot thirty miles away. Some demurred at being whisked away at so short notice.

"That's the spirit," cheered the Colonel. "You'll get a few days leave when you learn a little drill. Sergeant Jimmy Linedare, you are to be congratulated."

"Not me, sir—the cheers go to the Battalion from Alberta. Whoop her up— one, two, three—!"

An explosion of voices cracked out three resounding cheers and the overcrowded troop train moved slowly eastward.

Up to the Hills

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. H. Arnett

Up to the hills I go
Looking for strength and power;
Up to the silent heights
That far above me tower.

But the way is long and hard
That leads to that distant green;
There is many a stony slope,
And many a deep ravine.

The snowy showers of May
Bring to my heart a chill;
But on and up I go
With my eye on the topmost hill.

Time with fetters firm
Binds us down to the clay;
And I cannot reach the height
In the span of one brief day.

But my spirit leaps beyond
To a freedom ever new,
And brings the strength and power
As the distant heights I view.

ROD McCartney looked out of his cabin door to where far down in the valleys the morning mist rose in thick white billows that hid all but the tops of the tallest pines. It was early and the air was chill for the sun, which by noon would be scorching the pine-needles of the trail and sending tremulous heat-waves shimmering across the canyons, was still in hiding behind the peaks of the eastern range.

He turned back to his little stove and resumed preparations for breakfast, continuing meanwhile a sort of monologue for the benefit of Kitch, his dog, who lay at his feet wagging a lazy tail and anticipating the rind of the bacon with eager eyes.

"Yes, she looks like another hot day old boy, just as you and I prophesied from the sunset last night. Here! Catch this! Good dog!"

McCartney now placed two slices of cornmeal mush into the pan beside the bacon and fell to musing while they browned. Then, with the single deft movement that is born of long practice he

hint of the merry soul within, he might have passed for a melancholy wight who, tiring of the world and all its works had sought a hermit's seclusion. On very cool days McCartney even affected a velvet jacket, dark brown in hue and much bespattered with paint.

"If I am any judge of weather," he now observed to the dog. "We are going to sizzle all week. Oh, well, 'happy is the bride the sun shines on' * * * Odd, but as a prospective groom, Kitch, I find myself—shall I confess it?—thinking of the morrow with a fatalist's indifference. Sit back and beg for this crust now! You'll appreciate it the more. The man or dog to whom the tidbits of life come without effort * * * and to think that I, a struggling artist with only two commissions to my credit so far and lung trouble into the bargain, should have secured the prize of prizes. I'm a lucky devil, all right!"

He glanced up at a photograph of a handsome, high-spirited-looking girl, which graced his rude chimney shelf.

"She's a pippin, Kitch, only that reminds me! I'll have to keep you in the



The interesting map that is reproduced here shows the country that is traversed by shells from the big German gun, in the Forest of St. Gobain, in its daily bombardment of the City of Paris. It is shown in the map that the actual distance is 116 kilometers, or 71.92 miles. It will be observed that the flight is in a southwesterly direction, and the range will require an elevation that will take the projectile eighteen or more miles high at the crest of its trajectory. British and Allied ordnance experts have not determined the exact character of this gun, and there are many interesting speculations as to its plan and construction. The Paris reports say that the shell is 9.5 inches in diameter, and that it costs about \$7,000 to fire each shot. One shot from this gun killed five American women who were worshipping in a Paris church on God Friday.

seized the handle of the pan and tossed the contents lower side up.

"Of course the main thing is that we have fine weather for to-morrow," he went on in thoughtful voice. "To-morrow, Kitch—dost thou know what day to-morrow is? No? Then I will tell thee. It is the day we receive our life sentence, old boy."

McCartney smiled wryly at his own witticism and essayed to whistle Mendelssohn's wedding march while he poured out a cup of coffee from the tin pot which had been sending up a fragrant aroma for the past ten minutes.

"We three are going to be married to-morrow, Kitch. Why don't you wag your tail and leap upon me at the joyful news, you ungrateful old scout? There's the sun at last! Now we shall be more cheerful, methinks."

Somewhat of the picturesque Bohemian was Rod McCartney up here in his element. Almost he partook of the characteristics of the beloved Samoan philosopher, in outward aspect, at any rate. Pale, broad of brow, with deep-set dark eyes whose sombreness gave at first to

stable or garage, for my lady dislikes dogs. Also she—let's be honest on this last day of our bachelor liberty—she lacks soul, I'm afraid. It means far more to her to engage in a bridge tea than to spend an hour up here at Mountain Mist Cabin, communing with nature. Oh, well—cynics say that soul, after all, is a deucedly uncomfortable piece of baggage."

As McCartney noisily washed the tin dishes of this and also his previous meal he smiled at the memory of his betrothed's one and only visit to this mountain top. It had been in the previous autumn and she had come with her uncle, a wealthy cattleman of the neighborhood of Calgary. Treading the winding, slippery trail in dainty white kid shoes, she had been so thoroughly occupied in clinging to Rod's arm and maintaining her balance that the glory of the view about them had quite escaped her.

"A horrid, wild, rough spot!" she had designated Rod's shrine up here at the top of the world. But she had dined on pork and beans, flap-jacks and maple syrup, with tea and coarse corn bread. "I had pronounced the fare heavenly"

after she had gotten over the novelty of the tinware plates and cups.

Then she and her uncle had admired some of McCartney's sketches and later the lovers had gone to the spring for a pail of water, where a small incident had frightened the girl almost into hysterics. As they had bent over the pool watching their flickering images the girl's engagement ring had suddenly slipped from her finger into the water. In a twinkling the ever resourceful McCartney had dropped to his knees by the fern-bordered box and with the aid of a poplar switch soon recovered the ring. But as she tremblingly put it back where it belonged she murmured that it was an omen, and quoted:

"Be it alive or be it dead
You two will never wed."

"Ridiculous!" Rad had returned cheerfully. But the remembrance of Lawrence Hopewell his old rival, who had health and wealth and a pleasing personality—everything in fact which he had not—had bothered him sometimes, ever since.

Rod commenced his packing at once, for by noon he expected to be well on his way to Henniker's Crossing, the nearest railway point.

It was with mingled feelings that he tramped down the mountainside two hours later. The dew still lay thick upon the ferns but the lower strata of the mist was lifting so that presently he was able to discern the blue and purple and wine of the shadows at Mount Murphy's base. When the racy little river tumbled into view he set his two pieces of luggage down and turned to look backward and upward for the last sight of Mountain Mist Cabin. It was now but a small dark patch on the ledge of the highest shoulder of the mountain, which thrust itself from out the mist-clouds like a Titan rising from the sea.

Some day he would come back. He would sleep once more on his odorous pine-needle bed, smell again the smoke of the fires in the valley on frosty autumn mornings, hear the call of the caribou, watch the daily miracles of down and sunset.

He took off his hat and waved it at the rude little hermit abode.

"Good-bye little old cabin!" he cried aloud. "Some day—yes, some day—till then, good-bye!"

Kitch had scampered on ahead and was hot on the trail of a rabbit. There was a clutch at McCartney's throat and a mist in his eyes as he swung on down the trail, and crossed the little floating bridge that he himself had made.

Two miles further east there dwelt an old half-breed and his wife and it was to their cabin he was making his way for he had hired one of the cayuses belonging to their simple outfit, for the nineteen mile journey to Henniker's Crossing. Down here in the valley lands the heat was intense. Already the June sun was high in the heavens and there was no sign of a breeze.

Once or twice McCartney stopped short, sniffing the air.

The mountain on which stood the fire-ranger's old cabin that he had occupied for the past two summers curiously enough was an island, in the sense of being entirely surrounded by water. Up there he had been secure from forest fires and he had been in the mountains long enough now to recognize the infallible portent of this menace. So that rounding a sudden bend in the trail he was scarcely surprised to find that his nose had not deceived him. On a slope of heavy timber to the left rose smoke plumes in half a dozen spots. He could even hear the hiss and crackle of the flames. At the same moment he discerned in the distance far down the trail the figures of the old half-breed and his wife mounted each on a cayuse. They were travelling westward as rapidly as the difficult paths along the mountainside would permit and Rod knew that their little cabin must have been devoured. Suddenly, as he stood there, wondering whether to proceed or turn back and await the travellers at the point where they would cross the shallows of the little river, very suddenly a deep roar behind him settled the question. Turning he saw that the fire had crossed the cedar swamp that he had skirted half a mile back and was eating its way with almost lightning velocity up the red pine slope of Mount Murphy.

He could only go forward then, which he did at a rate of speed that he would not have believed possible, ten minutes before.

All morning the pupils of school district, Number two, Turtle Valley, had been most inattentive. Miss Harley, the little school teacher from Ontario could not understand their uneasiness over the trifling matter of a blazing pine slope four or five miles away and finally, discovering that the windows were receiving more attention than the geography lesson she pulled all the blinds on the east side of the room down. When lunch time came two or three of the pupils who were mountain born and mountain bred warned her that it would be only a matter of an hour or more until the fire would invade the valley, so Miss Harley, after a glance out-of-doors to assure herself that this was the truth and not merely an excuse for a half-holiday, dismissed the school.

"But I'm going to stay and correct these papers," she said, "so don't wait for me, any of you. I can watch the fire and as soon as it seems really dangerous I'll run."

So, when she had let them all go she settled down behind a big pile of examination papers and was soon lost in her work.

Once she sprang up to look at the fire. It seemed no nearer and she decided that it would veer and work away south. Another hour passed. Correcting papers in literature is an interesting occupation especially if half of the young authors are of Swedish, Galician, Russian, Danish and Red Indian stock.

A sudden gust of hot, acrid air penetrated to Miss Harley as she sat, pencil poised, eyes bent on her work. She glanced swiftly up, and then down the aisle to the open doorway. What she saw forced a muffled scream from her lips. Without waiting to gather up hat or coat she ran—ran out and up the trail to where the bridge, that led across the creek into Turtle Valley settlement, stood. Here, however, another surprise awaited her. The bridge was blazing at the farther side! Everything seemed to be blazing. She was ringed about with fire. Wringing her hands, her face white as her own chalk, she flew back to the road and plunging off it into the deep brush made for the water. One chance remained. If she could wade the shallows and reach the other side of the creek! But the recent rains had made the stream im-

passable by that means, and unfortunately she couldn't swim. She wondered why someone had not come to warn her before this, and the silence of this mountain district, which before had seemed soothing, was now almost unbearable. No sound but the steady roar of the fire and an occasional hissing when a burning brand fell into the water. No sight but blazing pines and thick yellow smoke.

A breeze had risen and was fanning the flames and the air was full of flying cinders. The little teacher covered her blistering face with her hands and staggered blindly up the slope again. In a voice half choked she cried repeatedly for help, but the cry fell on the hot, close air like an impotent whisper in a terrible nightmare.

The settlement lay to the west. That way her escape was completely cut off. So, to the eastern end of the valley she made her way, hoping to find a sandy stretch or a small lake or even a marsh. She seemed to be running directly in the path of the fire fiend but with courage, born of despair she kept on.

At the top of the first slope a glad cry broke from her lips. There was an answering shout from across the coulee and a man on a cayuse came galloping through brush and over boulders in a marvellously adept way for a Cheechako as she knew him to be. For despite his charred clothes, blackened face and hands she recognized the young artist who had painted her picture the previous autumn.

"Quick! Into the saddle!" he cried, as he came up.

"The bridge is burning! You can't go on!" she answered.

"I'm not going on. I'm going back. Quick! Give me your hand and jump up. * * * There!"

"But how did you get here—how can you get back through that awful—"

"I picked out a ticklish bit of trail. Hope you're not light-headed Miss—I've forgotten your name I think —"

"Harley."

"Miss Harley then. You see I just happened to remember that there was a school over here in the path of the fire and so I came across to see that all was well—which it isn't."

"Oh, yes it is. I sent the children home."

"So they told me. (I met two of them about one mile beyond the Indian encampment.) But you, I am afraid are either very brave or very foolhardy."

"Don't scold, please."

"All right, I won't. But for punishment you will have to climb a nasty bit of a mountain ledge. Are you game?"

The flash of her eyes answered him. They rode on in silence for a time, the horse picking a deft course along a rough boulder-strewn coulee.

"I don't think we've met," McCartney said presently, "since that afternoon I sketched you at the school picnic."

"Was the picture saleable?"

"It brought me a fair-sized cheque. I called the picture—which of course I painted later—The Maid of the Mountain Mist. I have a copy of it that I will show you if we reach the spot where I cached my bundles before the fire gets there. Jove, it's hot!"

"My face feels like a live coal."

"Mine feels like a coal-heaver's. I've lost part of my eyebrows and my mouth is full of cinders. But thank heaven I got to you in time!"

"Where are we going? Is it really safe over here?"

"Hobson's choice! We're heading for my old cabin, about the only safe place hereabouts, now. And to think I left it for good—said good-bye to it very sentimentally in fact—only this morning!"

"Were you going away?"

"Going to be married."

"Oh!"

"Now put your arms tightly around me—I'm an engaged man and quite safe—and hang on, for here we come to that ticklish place."

Miss Harley took only one look downward. Then she shut her eyes tightly and gripped the waist of her escort, while the cayuse climbed nonchalantly over a stretch of ledge that was scarcely two feet wide. Far below at a dizzy depth—the river purred musically. It looked like a bit of silver cord to the eyes of the artist. Silence had wrapped them round now, for here in this canyon the rush and roar of the fire had diminished. But it burst upon them again as they descended upon the other side.

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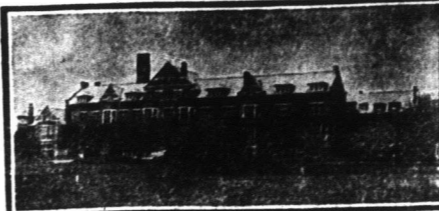
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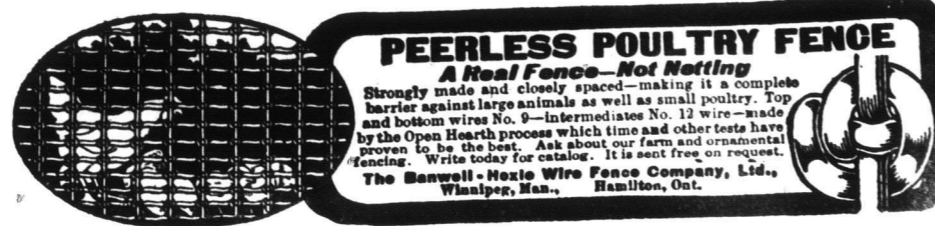
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McCartney stole a glance down at the pair of small hands visible near his belt line. On the third finger of the left hand sparkled a solitaire diamond.

"Oh! Isn't it grand up here!" breathed Miss Harley, suddenly. "Look across and down. Isn't that view remarkable? I've no adjectives suitable—"

"We can behold a stretch of country twelve miles in breadth. But see the fire! Do you notice—anything peculiar about it?"

"It seems farther away. Is it going out?"

"Not much! If anything it's only gathering force. The timber is heavy in this district. What I refer to is the freakish tendency of it to form the letter O. We are encircled by it."

Miss Harley was too greatly excited to notice the hint conveyed. So he endeavored to speak plainer.

"You may be shut in here for days."

"Really? But there's a cabin you said?"

"Yes. A half-breed and his wife are there, also my dog. There are only two rooms,—but we must manage."

"But you! Your marriage—"

"Must wait. You too, by your ring—when is yours to take place?"

"Next month. As soon as school closes I am going east. The eleventh of July is the date."

"And this is the twenty-sixth of June."

mused McCartney, then roused himself.

"Look, Miss Harley, you can now see Mountain Mist Cabin."

* * *

As McCartney had prophesied they were shut in for days on this isle of safety and the days lengthened until a whole week had slipped by. It was no hardship apparently, to the girl. She entered into the novelty of being marooned with a zest that was a continual source of admiration to the artist. There was about her a subtle sense of repressed energy, of bubbling good spirits and sheer joyousness of living that captivated him. Already she had become a sort of jolly comrade.

When Rod and the half-breed were absent on a scouting expedition she washed and ironed the blouse she had been wearing. She delighted in camp cooking, and in the evenings she and Rod would sit on a mossy ledge overlooking that red circle and exchange little confidences, until darkness closed in.

At the end of the ninth day the fire had burnt itself out on the northern side and the half-breed loaned Rod a cayuse to go to Henniker's Crossing. At the little telegraph office he wrote out several telegrams to his friends and those of Miss Harley assuring them of their safety. He spent the night in the small village, patiently awaiting a reply from Calgary.

Early next morning a night letter arrived for Miss Harley, but yet no message from Calgary for McCartney. The telegraph operator to add to his dismay, had informed him that the newspapers of a week ago had faithfully and duly recorded the deaths of Miss Harley and himself in the devastating forest fire, and when the news of their safety now began to spread the curious and overjoyed villagers gathered about McCartney and trailed him from the station to the small hotel and back. They had not known him before, but any living thing that could emerge from such a cataclysm was a legitimate and worthy object of interest.

He hoped Mildred would not insist on postponing their wedding, and in the intervals of visiting the station he procured a suit of clothes, a hat and boots. He need not go back to Mountain Mist Cabin at all. He could hire a messenger to take Miss Harley's telegram. From his pocket he again drew the picture and this time he slowly tore it into bits and scattered it to the winds. Then, with very bad grace, he awaited Mildred's long-delayed reply, smoking cigar after cigar viciously.

The message came at last, but it wasn't from Mildred. Her uncle had sent it. It ran:

"Mildred and Lawrence married twenty-seventh. Gone to Bermuda. Very glad to know of your safety. Explanations follow in a letter."

McCartney sat down on the platform, his feet dangling over the right-of-way, his mouth hanging open.

"Lighted, by thunder!" he whispered.

It was late when he reached the tiny cabin back in the heart of the mountains. Miss Harley met him at the fern-edged

spring, having heard the click of the cayuse's hoofs from afar. Together and almost in silence they tethered the animal and walked back to the cabin. By the light of the single, tiny oil-lamp the little teacher read her message from home. Then she handed it to McCartney with a half-gasp and sank into a chair. He read:

"We are, as you may guess, delighted at the news of your safety. But hearing of your death Jim Barnard married Kitty Ellsworth. They left for Old Orchard yesterday. A letter follows this."

When he glanced up it was to see little Miss Harley's golden-brown head bent on her arms on the chair back. Her shoulders were heaving.

"Don't, please don't!" he begged. "It isn't worth a tear. Any man who would—oh, damn it!"

Then with a great deal of awkwardness he patted one of her shaking shoulders. He cleared his throat.

"I too was—jilted," he said. "My pair are honeymooning in Bermuda."

Miss Harley looked up then. Her eyes were quite dry.

"You—you're only laughing then!" exclaimed Rod, stepping backward.

"With relief. See! I took his ring off a week ago."

She held up a sunbrowned left hand, guiltless of ornament.

"Why?" demanded Rod, with masculine denseness. She ignored the question, but blushing, asked:

"Did you say you too—had been—"

"It's an ugly word. Don't say it. Anyway it scarcely applies for you see they thought we were dead—"

"They might have had the grace to wait a few weeks! But I don't care. I—I guess I really never cared."

"I didn't either. I—I care only for one person," and Rod's tone was significant.

"Me too. And he—he looks like Stevenson. That's—what first attracted—"

But she got no further for McCartney thought it time that they sympathize with each other in a more definite form.

They were married at Henniker's Crossing and spent the honeymoon—at Mountain Mist Cabin. Each summer they spend a honeymoon there.



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A Son of the North

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Wray Archibald Donaldson

THE day was clear and frosty, and the snow, blown into deep drifts by the biting winds, covered the wide expanse of lonely prairie like a glistening carpet. Here and there a dark spot peeped from between two larger drifts where the ground had been swept bare by the cold, wintry wind. Except for these few spots, and a darker smudge on the distant horizon, nothing broke the monotonous whiteness of that vast stretch of rolling land.

It was along this frigid landscape that Ben Carr and his dog team moved slowly in the direction of the now steadily declining sun, far to the south. His dogs were few and haggard, and they seemed to move painfully in the frosty air. Ben himself, wrapped in a great coat, once the grizzly hide of a mountain bear, but on which the hair was now left only in patches, strode thoughtfully beside his slowly moving sled.

Now, as he raised his head, there was disclosed a countenance as haggard and as worn as the bodies of his half-starved dogs. It was the face of a drunkard; the features were those of a wreck of

and to give his drunken and dissipated life to his country, and to the cause of Christianity. From the wide and trackless region of the North he came to try, for the first time, to make some use of his life. As the weary dogs plodded onward toward that one sign of habitation in that rolling waste, the sun sank lower and lower in the southwest. Soon the dog team merged into a shapeless blur in the distance. It grew steadily smaller and smaller, until at last it was lost in the larger blur far away.

Far from that rolling waste, covered with a glaring carpet of white, far from that lonely trading post, and from the fair dominion of the Maple Leaf that lies to the south of it, in the rain and sleet, trying to pierce the heavy darkness with two blazing eyes, stood Ben Carr. His knees were buried in a deep pool of slush and muddy water, and on his right there loomed a high, dark bank, dimly discernible in the misty gloom. He was clad in a rough coat of khaki, caked with mud and soaked with the pouring rain. His form, silhouetted against the dim stars that peeped through the dark clouds, was not the same as when he pushed his solitary way southward on a clear November day over a year before. Strenuous training and constant physical exercise had improved both body and mind, but the old curse was there to remain, until death separated the tired and hopeless soul from the worn and wasted tegument that now held it captive.

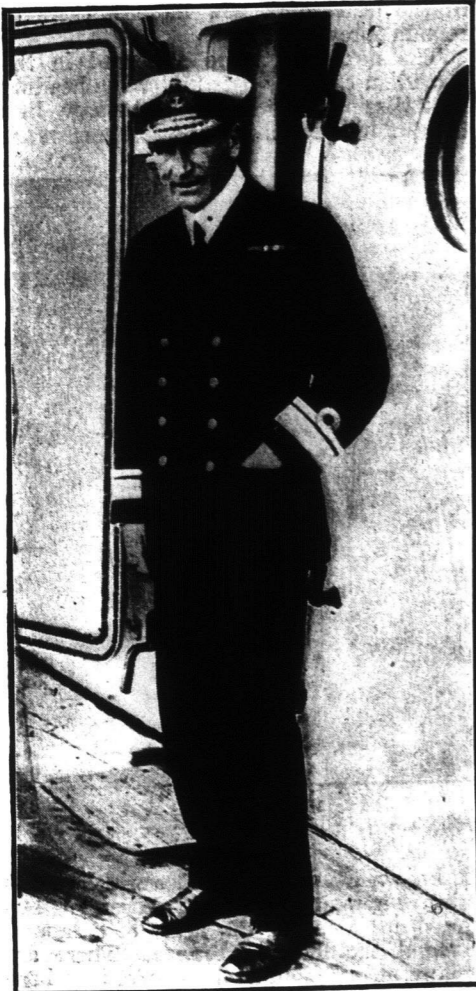
From the pitchy darkness ahead there came the sound of picks and shovels at work. It was to these sounds he was listening. He knew that no Canadian Engineers were at work that night; these were undoubtedly German. After some minutes of careful attention, he turned to his solitary comrade and held a whispered conversation with him for some time. The comrade nodded and left him. He was alone, in the listening post, not fifty yards from the enemy trenches, and more than thirty yards from the nearest Canadian outpost. It was the first time he had ever been on active duty, and, as he listened to the sound of the German workers, he was tense with excitement. Every muscle in his body was alert and every nerve was tingling.

Suddenly a flare shot skyward and hovered over the German trenches. Cautiously he lifted his head and peered over the parapet. On a mound, admirably adapted for defence, were half a dozen German engineers. They were busily engaged in constructing a sort of emplacement. But it was not the sight of the engineers that caused the cold sweat to stand out on his brow. It was not that, that made him start violently and suppress a cry of astonishment and fear. Stealing noiselessly from the German trench, and slipping cautiously in and out of the shadowy shell holes, but ever making their way toward the emplacement, were six German infantrymen carrying two machine guns. He wondered why his comrades did not fire at the party. Just then the brilliant flare died out, and left Carr surrounded by a darkness even more dense than before.

He wondered again why the Canadians did not fire. Then he recollected that a bank of earth, thrown up by the workers, had obscured the party from the view of the outpost as well as that of the Canadians in the trenches, while he, from his advantageous position before the lines, could observe their movements.

Patiently he waited in the darkness for another flare. All was in darkness except for the intermittent flash of the big guns, and the spurt of flame from some rifle, as a shot rang out on either side. All along the front there was comparative quiet. Most of the big guns in the rear had silenced for the night, and their ear-splitting roars were heard but seldom in the darkness.

After five minutes of weary waiting another flare shot up from the Canadian lines, and Carr was enabled once more to resume his observation. The machine guns were now in position, and the party of engineers had retired, leaving the crew of six in the emplacement. The little stronghold was practically impregnable. The fire from the guns would rake the Canadian trenches, and an attack by his comrades would be impossible.



Admiral Sir Reginald Y. Tyrwhitt, D.S.O., is shown on shipboard in this British official photo. He led the British forces that covered the daring naval raid on the submarine bases of Zebrugge and Ostend. That naval operation was one of the most glorious of the war and resulted in the complete bottling up of the former port. Admiral Tyrwhitt has earned renown for his work during the war. He has been commander of the destroyer flotillas of the British first fleet.

humanity. The curse had laid its cold hand heavily on his brow. But those features were softened by an expression of sadness. It showed in his sunken eyes, and in the lines about his drawn mouth. He was dissipated and despairing, but some remnant of his former manhood, once so free and so strong, remained in his determined manner, as he clenched his lean, spare hands, and turned his face to the clear, frosty skies.

"My God! Why must this be? The curse, the wretched temptation! After a month, last night I gave in! It is useless. I will give my miserable life to my country. It is better that than spending all my days in misery."

His cry rang on the icy air long after he had ceased. He shook his head mournfully, in hopeless despondency. Turning to his dogs, in a voice that vibrated with suppressed emotion, he bade them make one more effort to reach that dark smudge on the horizon. It was the fur-trading post of the Hudson Bay Company on the Slave River. He was on his way to Edmonton to enlist,

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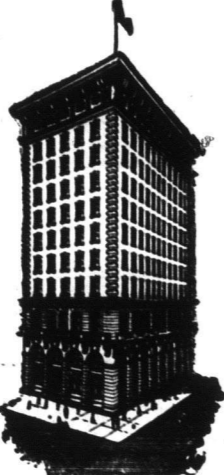
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THE PIONEER BANK OF WESTERN CANADA

The Germans, however, were quick to realize their advantage. As Carr cautiously thrust his head out to get a glimpse of the German trench, he saw a helmeted head appear above the parapet. Another and another appeared beside it. Why did the Canadians not fire? He longed to aim his trusty Enfield at those heads, but the spurt of flame would disclose his position to the enemy.

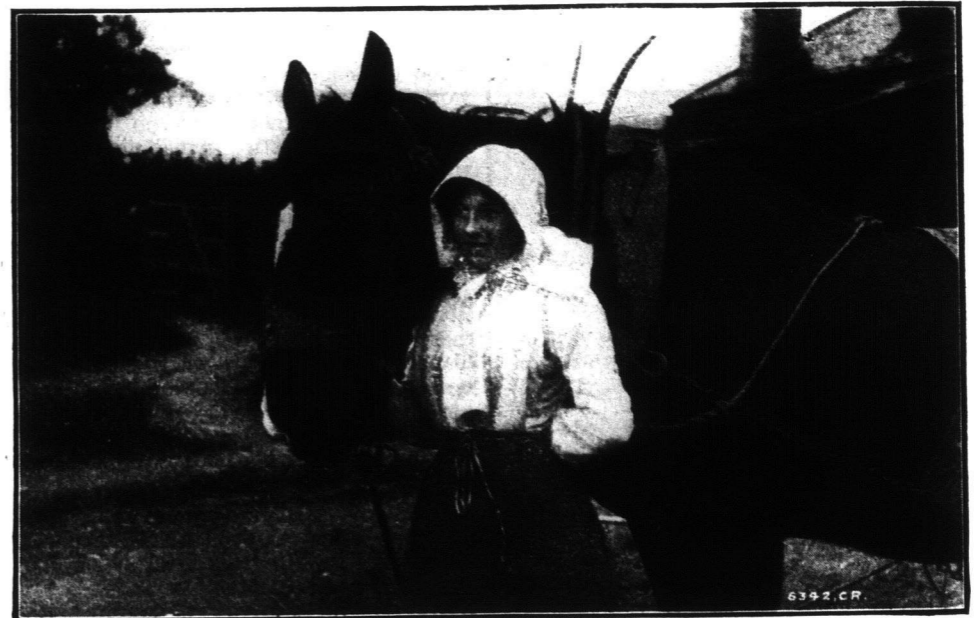
He knew only too well the meaning of those heads. The Germans were massing for an attack on the Canadian lines. His comrades, weakened by long service on the damp and filth of the trenches, were few in number, and he realized with a sinking heart the consequences of a well-directed attack on their trench. All the noble memories of Ypres, of Langemarck, of St. Julien and of scores of other hard-fought battles, in which Canada had covered herself with glory, would be forgotten if the enemy broke through that night. He resolved to stop the attack at any cost. Something had to be done and done quickly.

Swiftly and silently he made up his mind. He groped about for a bomb, and found two. Climbing the parapet, he stole stealthily toward the party. Twice he stopped and took shelter in a convenient shell hole as a flare was sent up by either side. Once he saw a spurt of flame in the night ahead, and a bullet flicked up the dirt at his feet as the report of a rifle rang out. The fire was answered by some one in the Canadian trench, but the bullet lodged in a bank, a dozen yards to his right. The Germans, now depending on their machine gunners, were already

Struggling dizzily to his feet, he staggered to the gun and whirled it around on the advancing gray line. He had some difficulty in understanding parts of the mechanism, but he had watched the machine gunners at practice, and he knew how to work the deadly weapons. As he poured a hail of lead into that long gray line he was dimly conscious of first a wilting, then a wavering, and then the Germans broke and ran for their lives for the shelter of their own trench. The attack had been beaten by a single man! Weak from the loss of blood Carr sank to the ground. He had received a fatal wound in his encounter with the foe. He knew he was going, but he smiled, a weak and weary but a very happy smile. He had done his duty.

Dimly he saw the Canadians rally, and, with a cheer, dash onward toward the fleeing foe. Someone produced a flag and waved it aloft. At the sight of his country's flag waving in the unnatural light of the star-shells, Ben drew his bleeding form with difficulty to attention. His figure stiffened in one last salute, and Private Ben Carr sank dead on the ground he had so bravely won, and so nobly defended against the foe. At that moment a shell from one of the big guns in the rear burst with unerring aim over the little mound and buried the emplacement with its heroic captor's body deep in the heart of a new mound, there to remain forever.

The next day there appeared in the Canadian casualty lists under the heading of "Missing" the name of Private Ben Carr, address unknown. Nothing more



In Britain, women manage the horse, the plough and the field.

beginning to crawl out between their barbed wire entanglements in readiness for the attack.

At a signal from the German commander, the gunners opened fire. Instantly the darkness was pierced by brilliant lights. Hundreds of star shells filled the air. The peaceful quiet of the night was now a roaring, raging battle. Spirits of flame burst from the muzzles of hundreds of hidden rifles. But now the time for action had arrived. By this time Carr had worked his way up to within a few yards of the emplacement. He was hidden from both sides by a huge bank of earth. There he crouched ready to meet death at any moment. The rattle of the rifle fire drowned all else. In the confusion Carr leapt to his feet and dashed straight at the machine guns. He was half way before they noticed him. Even then only one man turned his gun on him. A bullet grazed his head. Another plowed through the flesh of his forearm. But he paid no heed. Already he was within striking distance of the emplacement. With his revolver he accounted for two of the gunners before they had a chance to fire. He threw his first bomb when he was within twenty feet of the deadly weapons, and flattened himself on the ground. The earth was shaken with a thundering explosion. He leapt again to his feet and dashed on, while showers of mud and bits of steel still fell around him. He had cleared the emplacement of the enemy and he still had one bomb left. Plunging into the little fort he sought shelter behind its walls.

He glanced hastily around him. One of the guns, he noticed, was still intact. The other had been hopelessly shattered,

is known of him. To the world he must always remain "Reported Missing," but he sleeps alone in the heart of a mound behind the lines in France. There are many, many mounds in France, in whose bosoms sleep many of Canada's noble sons. But each is marked with a rude cross and on them a comrade's hand had roughly traced a simple memorial. But no wooden cross marks the last resting place of Ben Carr, no rude engraving tells his simple story. Nothing but the lonely mound marks the grave of one of Canada's bravest sons. But the lives he saved are still strong with the spirit of determination to push on that Cause for which he gave his life.

He rests alone in a peace that had never come to him in life.

"Greater love hath no man than he who lays down his life for his friend."

The Blue of the Heavens

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. H. Arnett

The blue of the heavens is here upon earth
In the blue of the Crocus that blows in the wind
The grey of the clouds is inside of the cup,
And the gold of the sun in its heart you will find.

The blue of the heavens is here upon earth
In the warm loving light of your true eyes of blue—

The soft changing grey of the clouds, too, is there—

And their sun-steam of fire brings a thrill ever new.

The Reinstatement of Dolan

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis J. Dickie

If you look carefully on the map of a certain great Canadian transcontinental railway you will, after a little time and search, find Butze. It is a mere point of the road lying midway between divisions on the prairie section of the road most westerly toward the mountains. Just a sidetrack and a dismantled box car are there, the latter made habitable with added windows and sundry doors for the lone man who is night and day operator, ticket and freight agent, baggage—and express man—in fact the whole kaboodle.

It was to this spot that Dolan came. Dolan who three weeks previously had been chief train dispatcher at Edmonton, the division headquarters. Dolan had been liked by everyone there; chief among them had been Hazel King, the train-master's daughter.

But Dolan had a besetting sin. He liked his booze; so after many moons of self enforced sobriety had one day again succumbed to a craving that had been a mordant pain for so long a time. Result lost job—lost girl.

When lack of funds had caused him to sober up once more and necessity forced him back to work, he was, on account of his remarkable efficiency, sent to Butze in the above mentioned position—and Butze was the end of the world.

Darkness had fallen, and as he sat smoking Dolan was very lonely, sick already of the monotony of this little sun scorched spot. Roasted by day, mosquito pestered by night, always alone, had brought quick realization to him the value of his late held position. And too, a strange hunger was on him, a hunger for the sound of her voice and little gurgling laugh. The days were more utterly void now that Hazel King had passed out of his life.

Dolan wondered dully what she was thinking to-night, for two nights before his fall from grace he had held her hand and there had been something in her eyes that had made the man hope. But it was all useless now. He swore softly, but there was more of pathos than profanity in his tone, and struck with unwonted vigor at the singing pest that for a moment had lighted upon his cheek.

Suddenly the pounding of the keys caught his attention. Q.D., Q.D., Q.D., the call clicked out. Artland, first station east of Butze, was calling Chauvin, another flag stop twenty miles westward from Butze.

To an experienced telegrapher the keys create more than mere unemotional sounds, and in that quick repeated calling Dolan sensed danger and listened.

"Flag No. 1 and sidetrack her. Light engine running will just passed here making sixty miles an hour."

For a minute there was silence then the operator at Chauvin pounded back.

"No. 1 just gone through hitting the grit forty miles an hour."

With a perception quickened by years of train despatching Dolan had grasped the details almost before the sounder ceased.

The passenger had left Chauvin on time and running on her schedule was due to pass Butze in thirty minutes while the runaway under her own steam and aided by the long gradual dropping grade, that existed between Artland and Butze, would cover the ten miles between these points in twelve minutes at the outside and passing meet the passenger almost half way between Butze and Chauvin.

And as Dolan grasped these facts he realized with horror the helplessness of his own position.

Had his side track been clear the simple throwing of the east switch would have deflected the runaway onto it, where in all probability the engine would, after running the length of the siding, derail upon striking the closed points of the west switch. But standing upon this track were two cars of cased dynamite for the One Girl mine and Dolan shuddered at the thought of the havoc that would be created should the engine strike these. Endless yards of both siding and main line would be twisted and torn away and he too would be blown to pieces without any good being attained. For the oncoming passenger, unwarned, would rush onto this twisted steel and derail with

perhaps even more fearful result than the head on collision that now portended.

For a minute Dolan sat striving for some solution, some way to avert the danger but there seemed none.

Then suddenly he leaped to his feet, set the board against No. 1 and grabbing a hammer that lay on the near window sill, rushed out and started down the track in the direction of the approaching runaway.

The remembrance of the deserted gravel pit, that joined onto the main line a little more than a mile east of Butze, had come to him and he prayed that there was time.

There was now little more than ten minutes left before the runaway would pass that point. As he ran he wondered if he could do it? Cover the mile and a quarter that lay between him and the old

abandoned switch and throw it in time to deflect the light engine.

For half a dozen telegraph pole lengths he ran easily, light-footed. Then his breath shortened. The vocation of operating does not tend to make a man's wind either lasting or sound and his late debauch had weakened him, left his tissues flabby.

A little farther on he slackened his pace. Though every second was precious he realized he could not last the distance at this speed.

It was black dark. At first his legs responded easily and his strides were long and his feet lifted high; but as the yards diminished he grew heavy footed and stumbled often. The larger stones that were mingled with the new placed gravel hurt his feet and unevenly tamped ties threw him out of step sometimes almost overbalancing him.

Dolan got his second wind but now the pace was telling and he breathed in panting gasps. Once he fell and falling tore his

hand cruelly on the sharp edge of a half driven track spike.

Before half the distance was covered every step and quick drawn breath seemed to drive his lungs painfully against his shoulder blades and his diaphragm was a dead leaden weight.

A drop of blood dripped from his nose, then another till the fast flowing stream choked his breathing forcing him to gulp the air through his mouth. And the running blood poured over his open lips into his mouth and dripped down from his jaws like the slavering of a blood hound.

From away down the track came the rumbling roar of the engine. Dolan wondered if he could make it. His legs seemed impossible of faster movement but terror and the nearness of the goal brought new life and he ran with quickened step.

He did not think collectedly any more now.

The switch—the switch—repeated over and over in his brain till it seemed almost

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that the words were being roared aloud into his ears.

Gasping, breathing labored, half sobbingly, he stumbled sideways across the steel—the red switch stand was reached.

And near, so near that the hissing exhaust seemed beside him, was the fast driving engine.

With quivering arms he raised the tight clutched hammer and smote the heavy padlock. Twice he struck before it gave. Then grasping the switch bar and raising it off the catch Dolan lunged upon it with all his weight and remaining strength. Old, long disused and rusty, it stuck. Once more Dolan pulled, every last ounce of muscular power despairingly put forth, and it gave, suddenly swinging clear around to the notch so quickly that Dolan slipped and fell but with hands still gripping the bar.

And thus he lay only half conscious of the rushing locomotive that striking the open switch lurched heavily, then still holding the rails, went tearing with screaming of wheels on rusty steel down the sharp inclined track into the gravel pit below.

Dazed and weak as a child, now that the ordeal was over, Dolan got to his feet and resetting the switch started slowly up the track for the shack.

A little regretfully, now that the danger was over, he remembered that the semaphore was set against the passenger. No. 1 was a mail train and with her time was precious. With this thought uppermost the operator quickened his pace a little, though each step now was agony for his

job back again. I am so glad. My hero. Come to me soon. Hazel."

And after he had read this many times and turned it fondly in his hands, Dolan picked up the official letter. It was from the superintendent, curt, laconic, official.

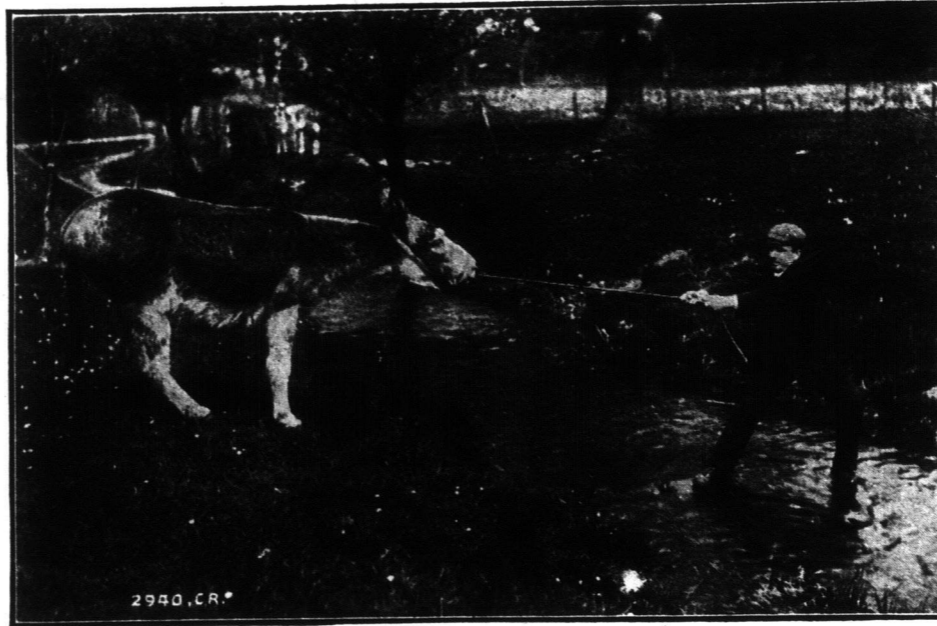
"John Dolan, Operator Butze. Am sending you relief to-morrow. Kindly report to me as soon as possible after his arrival. You are to resume duties as chief dispatcher at Edmonton. H. H. Brown, Superintendent."

And somehow that night as Dolan sat staring out to where the parched, bare hills cut off the horizon, the loneliness was gone from his heart, and the mosquitos feasted upon him unnoticed for strange words were filling all his thoughts to exclusion of even sense of hurt. "My hero, my hero."

The General and the Jug

Gen. Bailloud who commands part of the French expeditionary force in the Balkans, is so well liked by his men that nearly every good story that originates in his corps is either about him or attributed to him. The latest anecdote from an Associated Press correspondent concerns the general and a soldier who was returning alone to quarters near Monastir, with a water jug in each hand. Coming across another mud-stained pouli sitting beside the road, the soldier hailed him:

"Hello, old man!"



Stubbornness personified.

leg muscles ached with a burning ache which increased with every step.

It was a very weary eyed, blood bespattered creature that greeted the astounded crew and the few passengers from the day coach that were walking up and down the platform, though the passengers for the most part were in their berths, and Dolan with a little tired gesture waved them aside as they started to crowd about him, and went within the shack to wire that the line was clear. As he entered he heard his call being rapidly repeated and opening up he replied and started to send.

It was a terse message and to the point for Dolan was very tired.

To division headquarters he flashed. "Light engine ditched into old gravel pit. No. 1 on main line here awaiting orders."

And when the conductor had received his orders and the train rumbled off into the night Dolan washed the blood from his face, bound his hand, and stripping off the clammy, clinging clothes he rolled into bed to fall asleep to a lullaby of the myriad frog chorus and the long, mournful calls of the night birds, lamenting here and there upon the prairie in note of single and unchanging key, irregular, whimpering, most desolate sound.

It was two days later that the conductor of the accommodation local brought him two O. C. S. letters. One was a long official company envelope, but the other—one glance at the handwriting made him start. With trembling hands he tore it open to read:

"Dear John: I was travelling on No. 1 the other night, but was asleep in my berth when we stopped at Butze and never knew till the next day that I owe my life to you. Father has seen the superintendent and you are to have your old

"Hello!" replied the other.

"Say, can't you carry one of these jugs for me?"

"Surely," came the answer, and the two went on together.

"Would you believe it," said the first soldier, as they walked along, "they've chucked me into the grade of corporal!"

"What of that?" replied the other.

"Didn't they chuck me into the grade of general?"

The soldier nearly dropped his jug, then drew closer, and made out three faint stars on a mud-stained sleeve. He drew himself up at attention and saluted.

"Walk on, corporal," said General Bailloud, and together they trudged into camp, each carrying a jug.

Lysander's Appetizer

Lysander, a farm hand that Everybody's tells about, was recounting his troubles to a neighbor. Among other things he said that the wife of the farmer who employed him was "too close for any use."

"This very morning," said he, "she asked me, Lysander, do you know how many pancakes you have of this mornin'?"

"I said, 'No, ma'am, I ain't had no occasion to count 'em.'"

"Well," says she, "that last one was the twenty-sixth." And it made me so mad I just got up from the table and went to work without any breakfast."

"I dreamed last night that I proposed to a beautiful girl," he confided.

"And what did I say?" she queried breathlessly.

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Peace and War

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

Peace

MY landlady was insistent. I must go and see the curling match on Glenbracken Loch, and take my lunch with me. An alfresco lunch did not appeal to me when the thermometer registered 20 degrees of frost, and besides I was a Londoner, who regarded the country as a necessary evil, and a solitary week in Scotland as the inevitable penalty of overwork and of employing a medical adviser. But I could only obey the peremptory commands of my landlady, so an hour or two after breakfast saw me trudging up the steep avenue which led to Glenbracken Castle and Loch. I carried a cold parcel of comfortless sandwiches in my pocket, and a still colder discontent in my heart.

But it was New Year's Day, and the sun shone brightly, and the air was pure and exhilarating, so presently I found myself discarding my overcoat—I passed close to the grey old castle, and then followed a path through brown yellow bracken, and faded heather, frost sprinkled

reply. I repeated my question and he turned on me like a lion:

"Whisht! Dev ye no ken the skip's at his last stane?"

An instant later a large grey stone came gliding along pursued by a tall handsome man of middle age.

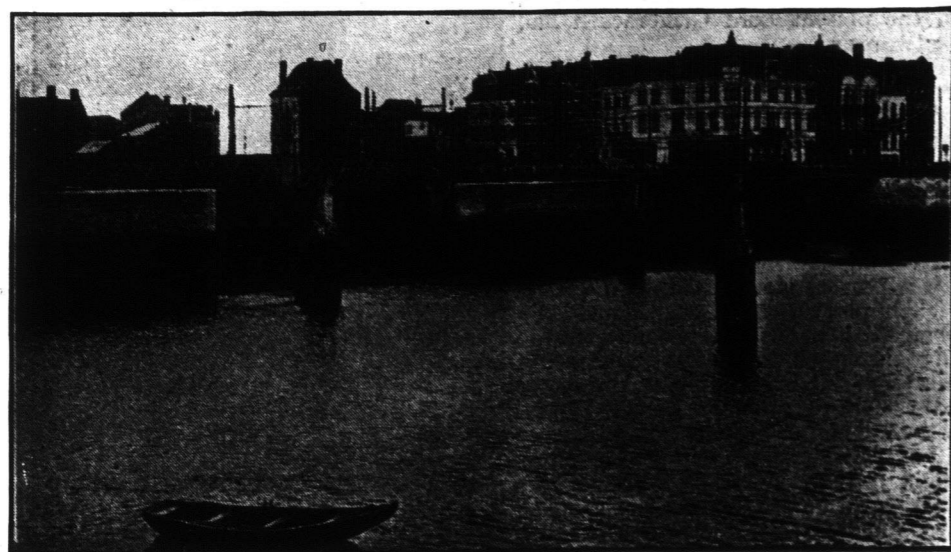
"Soop, men, soop!" he bellowed, and instantly three brooms belabored the ice for the players, for the players were all armed like housemaids with more or less domestic looking brushes.

There was a murmur of—"He's done it," followed by a derisive snarl.

"Na! he's aff the slide." Then another bellow from the tall man: "Up cows; oh, up cows!"

At these magic words the sweepers desisted, and there was a tense moment of excitement. The stone wound in and out among the others, till it finally halted exactly in the centre of the winning circle.

"Shot, shot, shot!" shouted a wild red-haired individual, waving his broom in the air, and, rushing to the tall man, he patted him vigorously on the back, exclaiming:



The upper photo shows the Mole at Zeebrugge which the British bombarded in their daring naval raid into this Belgian harbor that the Germans have used as their chief U-boat base. According to the reports of the survivors of the heroic fleet, the British destroyed every gun on the Mole (the breakwater that makes the harbor), demolished the sheds along its entire length and sank concrete laden ships in the channel to block the harbor. During the operations a covering party of British Marines landed on the Mole under the fire of the Germans and drove out the defenders who, in their terror, were sure Canadians were attacking them and shouted: "Donner und Blitzen! It's the Canadians!" and then fled. The lower photo shows the lock gate at Zeebrugge, which holds in the waters of the Bruges canal, at its terminus in Zeebrugge harbor. This is the gate that was blown up by the daring British raiders who entered the submarine base. The destruction of the gates will prevent the Germans sending U-boats down this canal from Bruges to the sea.

and sparkling, till I reached the summit of a small ridge. Here I paused. Before me lay a wondrous scene. The hills were snow covered, and glimmered white in the sunshine, and at their feet lay a loch, a large sheet of blue green ice, while overhead spread a cloudless sky of azure blue. The loch was dotted with people, and the stillness was rent by the cries and yells of the curlers, or the laughter and applause of the onlookers.

"You for a curler!" roared someone. "Ave mon, ye're raging!" came in fierce rebuke from another.

"Losh, Davie, lad, but ye're awfu' lazy the day! What's come till ye?"

These and other unintelligible expressions came floating up to me as I stood. At last I summoned courage to advance, and join a group who were intently watching the play.

"Who's winning?" I enquired of a remarkable looking old man, who towered head and shoulders over the crowd. No

"Aye, Skip, but yon, was a gran' stane!" The tall man laughed, while a roar of applause went up from friend and foe; then he turned to a fine brawny youth who was leaning on his broom: "Done for you this time, Sandy, my lad!"

"Aye, aye, my lord," answered the youth. "But we'll just bie a wee," and he laughed. So the tall man was the formidable Lord Glenbracken, who could make the most antagonistic assembly tremble before his biting sarcasm, and whose pride and exclusiveness was a byword in London society.

It was strange how the interest of the game took hold of me, and I was astonished to find it was one o'clock, when at last a halt was called.

A steaming hot lunch was sent up from the castle, so I modestly withdrew to a little distance to discuss my sandwiches in solitude. A faint murmur reached me of "Mrs. Murdoch's ludger frae Lunnon," and a moment afterwards I heard a gentle voice say: "Daddy wants you to come to

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lunch." I looked round, and found a pair of dark blue eyes fixed on my face. What tragedy did I see in them? I do not know, but the look haunted me for days.

"My father hopes you will join us at luncheon," and the master of Glenbracken cordially seconded his younger brother's invitation. They were a handsome pair, somewhere about seventeen and sixteen and already no mean exponents of the entrancing game.

"So glad to see you," said Lord Glenbracken heartily when I joined the party. "Sandwiches are a poor way of beginning the New Year even if they are made by Mrs. Murdoch. Here have some of this pie."

I was immediately accepted as a friend and with the hospitality so peculiar to Scotland, good things were showered upon me from all sides. It was a merry meal and the talk was all of the match.

"Jimmy cudna kep his stanes i' the hoose, an' Jock Thamsen cudna get his ower the hog."

"Aye, but the meenister was gieing the Pitlochry lads jist the awfulest licking that ever they had i' their lives."

I looked round and noticed for the first time that the Presbyterian divine was in our midst, talking, laughing, and chaffing with the best. A round, rosy-faced kindly little man.

The match was of annual occurrence and took place on the first of January, weather permitting. The same teams played against each other as far as possible, and the right to play descended from father to son.

The old man who had been so perturbed by my ignorance of curling etiquette had been a famous player in his day, and has always contested the match against the castle team. The honor of the house was now upheld by his four grandsons, the before mentioned Sandy being one. A splendid quartette. Typical specimens of the finest Scottish manhood. "Tam," the wild red-haired individual, was a descendant of the great Rob Roy, and his family had always held the privilege of filling up the castle rink when need was, and the present Lord Glenbracken had only two sons.

The meal was merry, but it was short, for the lunchers were sportsmen, and daylight must not be wasted. Again the stones slid back from end to end, backwards and forwards, while the spectators followed each stroke with unabated interest. At last the sun sank in an orange yellow sky, shading into golden crimson, and tinting all the snow covered hills with a passing glow; but still the indefatigable players curled on, till suddenly the great bell at the castle boomed out the end of the match. There was a pause while a cluster of skips and umpires added scores and performed other arithmetical gymnastics. Then someone handed a paper to Lady Glenbracken, who was standing behind a table laden with parcels and prizes. She smiled and in a clear rich voice, announced, "Glenbracken has won the match by two points."

There was much applause, and much talk and laughter, followed by the distribution of the prizes. Speeches and thanks ensued, and then the hands were crossed and a huge circle formed on the Loch. And upwards into the star-lit sky floated the time honored strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and the hills seemed to take up the chorus, and pass it on to the other.

Cheering and singing, singing and cheering, the party broke up, and almost unconsciously I stood watching Lord and Lady Glenbracken walk away arm in arm, with their two big sons frolicking round them, and all eagerly discussing the match. Then someone nudged me in the back and a voice said in my ear.

"Glenbracken's gotten the match, but Sandy beat the castle by five. Aye, Sandy's gaeing to be a gran' curler."

I looked round, and saw Sandy's grandfather with his four smiling grandsons round him. Then they too strode away in the starlight.

War

After many years my footsteps turn to Glenbracken, and I pause on the rising ground, and look down on the loch. It is New Year's Day, but there is no curling match. There is no snow on the hills, and no ice on the loch. Nothing breaks the strange stillness, and the sky is dark and lowering. An old man stood at the edge of the loch, and as I approached I

recognized Sandy's grandfather, though he was aged and bent almost beyond recognition.

"No curling to-day," I remarked wishing to be friendly.

"Na," he answered.

"I suppose it's for want of ice," I went on tactless.

"Na," he replied without emotion, "the curlers is maist a' dead."

A silence ensued, and then, with a sudden inspiration I said:

"Do you remember that grand stone of Lord Glenbracken's some years ago?"

He turned and looked at me.

Then he thawed. But what a tale of sorrow and disaster he had to tell. The Master of Glenbracken was the first to fall, leaving a widow in a three day's bride. His brother and the remembrance of those dark blue eyes came to me across the years—had won a V.C. for rescuing four of his men under a galling fire. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for he was ever the foremost in the fray, and had won honor and promotion all through the campaign. Then when he went back for the third time, there had been a skirmish and he had been wounded. The Germans advanced to take him prisoner, but he shot at them with his revolver, till he came to his last remaining shot, then rather than be taken a prisoner he had fired into his own heart.



The typical Scotch herd.

"Aye, shot hisself afore the eyes o' the pairty wha' was gaeing to his rescue, with Sandy at their head, an' a' they cud dae was tae bring back the body and bury it in an auld French kirk yard. So yon's whaur your laddie lies." The old man spoke without emotion of any kind. The shock had killed Lord Glenbracken.

And the "meenister" had been the first to enlist as a private, but he had fallen fighting bravely at Loos, while red-haired Jam had laid down his life among the Serbian mountains.

"And your grandsons?" I asked. Still without emotion he replied: "Jim was killed at yon place they ca' Golly Polly and Tam died o' fever in Africa, and Will was drowned i' the sea battle."

"And Sandy?" I asked.

He looked at me for a moment: "Sandy's hame," he hesitated, then added, "A bit shell's taen off baith airms jist aboon the elbow, an'—he'll niver curl again." And the old man turned away to conceal the tears he was too proud to own.

Obedient

Judge—"And in the future see that you keep out of bad company!"

Prisoner—"Thank you, your honor; you won't see me here again!"

Love's Test

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

DORA HAMILTON had been so happy during the first three months of her married life that, as she told her husband, Jack, "It seemed too good to be true." Sitting now in her small, yet dainty boudoir, she looked the very picture of content. Dora was little over eighteen years of age and she was an uncommonly pretty girl. The dark velvet dress she wore accentuated the whiteness of her delicate skin. Her pink cheeks were flushed with pleasure, for she had been reading over her husband's letters, a task young married women often allot themselves when the said much-loved one is away at his office and time is hanging heavy on their hands. The brown eyes, shielded by their dark lashes and surrounded by their halo of golden hair, were beautiful, intelligent eyes and full of "unspeakable thoughts" as she pursued her self-imposed labor of love. Suddenly she paused. There was a knock at the door and her maid announced, "Miss Teresa Porter."

The name conveyed nothing to her, and, not wishing to be found at her present occupation by a stranger, Mrs. Hamilton quickly pushed her letters into a table drawer, then turned listlessly towards the door as her visitor entered. A tall, thin woman of about twenty-eight walked in. She was over-dressed for a morning call, and her prettiness seemed of the "made-up" type. Certainly, the rouge on her lips and cheeks was not natural, nor was it conspicuous by its absence. The thick, dark chestnut hair did not seem to be her own; for, evidently she had left her house in a hurry, and had not taken pains to hide the hair beneath it, which was of another color! Mrs. Hamilton motioned her visitor to a chair, and then asked her politely to what she owed the honor of her visit?

"Does not my name convey anything to you?" asked the elder woman. "Surely Jack must have mentioned me sometimes?"

Dora started slightly on hearing the other name her husband so casually, but she pretended not to notice it.

"My husband" (her voice dwelt lovingly on the word), "doubtless had many acquaintances before we were married of whom I know nothing, but if you will tell me if there be anything I can do for you I shall try to do it, if possible." She spoke frigidly. Something antagonistic in the other woman seemed to make her long to get rid of her as soon as politeness would allow.

For a few minutes neither spoke, as each seemed to be studying the other. Mrs. Hamilton thought that perhaps Miss Porter was a district visitor, and had called to ask for money for the parish poor, then, on second thoughts, she guessed she must be wrong, for the woman did not look the type generally sent by clergymen on such errands. She could not imagine anything about her visitor, so she waited in silence for information.

"I came," observed Miss Porter at length, "to see if Jack, oh, I beg your pardon, I suppose I ought not to call him that now—I came to see if Mr. Hamilton might have mislaid some of my old songs and forgotten to return them. There was one especially, 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.' He often sang that with me while I played the accompaniment."

Mrs. Hamilton pointed to the piano and music stand. "You can look for anything you want there," she said.

Teresa Porter rummaged amongst the music then she turned away from the piano. "It's strange," she said, as if musing to herself. "Considering we were such chums, I can't imagine why he never spoke of me to you. Or perhaps he did and you don't like to own it. You needn't mind. I'm not jealous of him. How could I be when I threw him over myself?"

Dora Hamilton turned swiftly on the other woman. "I do not know why you really came here; but if it was to make mischief I'll kindly ask you to go. Whatever my husband may have been to you in the past it's nothing to me, for now he's all mine, and I know he has never been anything but honest and—"

"Honest?" echoed Teresa. "You poor, simple, deluded fool! So you really

think Jack honest?" She laughed out loud. "Well, that beats anything I ever heard!"

"Go!" cried Dora, rising and pointing to the door angrily.

"O, yes, I'll go all right, in my own time; but I'll tell you this first, and you can't help hearing my words. I threw Jack over because he was imprisoned on a charge of forgery! Ah, you start! So that's news to you, is it?" Dora was so astonished that she stood hopelessly mute while the other rattled on with her tale of slander. "Yes," she went on. "Jack was imprisoned and he was guilty all right, for he told me so himself. His uncle paid an enormous sum, and, of course, the matter was hushed up so there was no trial, but that didn't palliate his offence. Do you think I'd marry him knowing him guilty? Not I! I wouldn't speak another word to him. I supposed that one day, sooner or later, he'd console himself, as all men do, but I didn't think he'd be so mean as not to tell his future wife what he was before marrying her. No woman cares to hear that she has married a thief!"

"How dare you come with such lies, to my house!" cried Dora.

"Lies!" echoed the other. "Lies!"

"I don't believe a word you've said," answered Dora with more force than politeness. Instantly she knew why the other had come here. The question of music was but a subterfuge to force herself, for some petty jealousy, into her successful rival's house. Yes, Dora felt sure of this now. She had unconsciously been the other girl's rival. Well, she couldn't help the past, but, as Jack's wife, she would uphold his honor and allow no word against him, especially in his own house.

"You don't believe me, or you pretend not to do so," said Teresa, sarcastically. "Then ask himself." She pointed dramatically to the door where a young man now stood. He had entered unnoticed, and, hearing the last words of the sentence, and seeing who his visitor was, he pretty well guessed why the two women confronted each other so angrily.

"Yes, ask himself?" repeated Teresa. Scarcely glancing at her Mr. Hamilton walked across the room to where his wife stood, near the fireplace.

"Do you wish to ask me anything, darling?" he whispered to her gently.

"I—oh, I don't know," faltered Dora. "She," pointing to Teresa, "she says such dreadful things. She even called you—oh, Jack! Tell me, it isn't true?"

"What did she call me?" he questioned.

Teresa stepped forward. "I was only informing your dolly, golden-haired wife—"

"You can speak with respect of Mrs. Hamilton here," interrupted the man, angrily.

"Oh, well," went on Teresa coldly. "I was informing her of something in your past which you thought well to hide. You were not so cautious when you proposed to me!" She forced a harsh, unnatural laugh.

"Dora, dear," said Jack. "What is it you want to know? Tell me what Miss Porter was saying and you were as emphatically trying to deny when I entered?"

"Yes, trying to deny," put in Teresa coldly. "That's just what. In spite of the most overwhelming evidence to the contrary, and in spite of your own assertion to me a few years ago, which I just mentioned to her, your wife was trying hard to deny that you were once a thief!"

She shrieked the last word at him, and he winced at the sound of it. Instinctively, he dropped Dora's hand and moved a few steps away from her, but she moved nearer to him and put her arm affectionately round his shoulder. He looked down at her lovely brown eyes, now dimmed with unshed tears, and, reading there nothing but love, he said:

"Will you listen to all I have to tell you dearest, all I came home early to tell you to-day? Or will you let this woman sow seeds of discord here?"

"Speak, Jack," assented Dora. "I will hear you out to the end." She leant heavily against a high-backed chair, looking unutterably miserable. He had not denied the awful charge. What terrible story was he now to unfold?

"Thank you," said Jack simply. "It is true that once I forged a cheque."

(Dora shivered slightly, but he was not



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AND THE

Farmers' Telegram & Family Magazine

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The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine is essentially a family newspaper with features of interest to every member of the home. The Telegram's exclusive war news service is recognized as the best in Western Canada.

"The Farm and Its Interests," "Sunday at Home," "The Poets' Corner," "Woman's Domain," short and serial stories are only a few of the many features that have made The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine the most popular newspaper published west of the great lakes.

SPECIAL NOTICE

We will also include free and postpaid to the first five hundred people answering this advertisement the famous Canadian war picture, "The Charge of the Canadians at Ypres." This is a picture of a real war scene, and has been immortalized by the great British artist, R. Caton Woodville. Take advantage of this Great Bargain Offer to-day.

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Its easy looking after
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Please send me "Comfort and Health," also your guaranteed
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The Best Magazine Value Available—

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looking in her direction, and he continued as if in a hurry to get his tale over). "My uncle came to my rescue and paid it back. I did it in a moment of dreadful temptation. I needed the money to help one who was in a worse state than I should have been had I merely suffered imprisonment. And, incidentally, I may say that with that money I did save a life." He paused and shuddered, then went on slowly: "Now I know that I was entirely wrong. We may not do evil that good shall come of it. But I was younger then and though, of course, that was no excuse, still, Dora dear, it may be some palliation. I had not met you in those days either. If I had, methinks the wondrous effect of your goodness and sweet innocence would have kept my hands unsoiled. However, I soon saw that the only way to satisfy my conscience was to pay back to my uncle every penny he had paid for me. Then I could start afresh. Year after year I have saved, giving him a greater part of my salary, that is why I had to ask you to live so simply. The last payment was made this morning, and, as I now consider myself reinstated in his eyes, and to my own conscience, too, I intended to come to you, Dora, to tell you the whole tale, and—"

"Intended?" Teresa hissed out the word. "You surely don't believe that, do you?" turning to the wife.

Mrs. Hamilton glanced with a quiet dignity towards the scornful woman. "Yes, Miss Porter. Strange as it may seem to you, I still believe in Mr. Hamilton and I always shall do so. To have sinned once is not to be for ever sinning."

"What?" cried the other woman amazed. "You know the truth, and you can still forgive him?"

"Would you forgive the man you loved?" asked Dora.

"I could not love a thief!" Again the dreadful word rang out in the room, seeming to fill its every corner.

With a glance of unutterable disdain, Dora turned from Miss Porter and walked across to her husband, who, his tale finished, had thrown himself in a dejected fashion into the nearest chair, where he now sat, his head buried in his hands. She placed her little white hand on his shoulder:

"My husband," she said in a voice of infinite tenderness. "I believe you, and I love you still, not for the sin, which I detest, but for the whole-heartedness with which you have endeavored to repair the past. That is as if it had never been, and so it should be to all others. We cannot do more than make restitution." She glanced at her visitor as she said this, then turning again to her husband, she whispered: "I love you, Jack. Isn't that enough for you?"

He rose and faced her, and, for a moment, these two gazed at one another oblivious of any looker-on. In Jack's eyes there was such an appealing for pardon, such boyish adoration and longing. It evoked all the maternal solicitude which every woman always feels for the man she loves. She could not but show, in her answering eyes, all that filled her soul. Love, forgiveness, tenderness, sympathy, each strove for the mastery. Was it any wonder then that Jack drew his wife to himself and clasped her to his breast in a passionate embrace?

Teresa saw she was de trop in this household, and tears listened in her eyes as she realized all the love she had once so ruthlessly thrown away. She turned to go, but Dora heard her and, holding out her hand to this woman who had so unfeelingly come to slander her husband, she said: "I forgive you. Will you not let us, at least, part friends, for the sake of the love which once you gave my husband?"

Teresa seized the hand held out to her, and kissed it hastily.

"I am not worthy," she answered back; then, hurriedly, without a look at Jack, she left the room.

"O Dora! How generous you are!" exclaimed the man. "You have, surely, shown her what real love is, and that it can stand a test, when it is truly worthy of the name—Love."

Strange!

"I'm sorry to say, Mr. Jones, that your boy is very backward in his studies."

"That's strange!" At home in conversation with me, he seems to know it all

The Value of a Letter

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by S. Hester Fenton

Add a letter to your contribution to the Red Cross work. Tuck it away in the toe of that sock, or put it in the pocket of that pyjama suit you have so carefully made. The personal touch conveyed by a letter means so much to the recipient; and it is a little thing for you to do. Perhaps you don't like letter-writing? How many of our soldiers like fighting? What kind of letter should you write? Search your heart, and you will find the answer. What is the man, who will wear that pair of socks or that suit of pyjamas doing for you, and for the world? He is making it possible for you and mankind to live in honour and safety. Then tell him in no uncertain words how much you appreciate the sacrifice he is making. Tell him that you have faith in him. Let him feel that the nation is backing him. Tell him all the cheerful news you can. Do not fill your letters with lamentations about the horrors of war. God knows he has more than sufficient knowledge of them. What he needs is a message of cheer to help him bear them. So friends, be optimistic; be cheerful; above all else express your gratitude to him as an individual for the work he is doing, and your faith that such splendid efforts will be crowned with success. In short let him know that the womanhood of Canada is with him.

I know these letters bring cheer and encouragement, for I have written many and many and varied have been the replies. For various reasons one does not hear from all, but the percentage of replies is large. I am told that every soldier looks for a letter, and that those who do not find one are disappointed. It is hard to realize the monotony of a soldier's life. It is a monotony of hard work, ever-present danger, discomforts of the trench, and lack of home comforts. Anything that we at home can do to break that monotony we should do. Parcels, newspapers, letters, we send to the boys from the home town; but the letters mailed in our Red Cross socks often go to the boys not well supplied with personal friends.

I want to tell you of one letter written by a soldier's widow and received by a soldier friend of mine, lost her husband near the Dardanelles. He was major in the British Army; for some years he lived on a ranch in Western Canada. When war broke out he was called Overseas, and he was killed almost immediately. His wife carried on the ranch in his absence, and is still serving her country in that way. In addition she works untiringly for the Red Cross. By a strange chance her letter reached Billy, a young sapper working not far from the scene of her husband's death. He replied, and in return received a letter and a parcel. Billy was grateful. Other letters followed. The lonely boy found a confidante, and to her he told much of his story. He is an orphan, and out of his meagre pay, has been helping to support a younger brother and sister. Billy is ambitious, but he had no older and wiser friend to direct his efforts, instead he had family burdens and responsibilities that seemed too heavy for him. Mrs. A. has adopted him. He is working in the electrical branch of the Service. His adopted mother sends him regularly an electrical magazine, and has sent him certain technical books, which he is studying. When the war is over he intends to come to Canada, work on the ranch in the summer, and with the help of my friend go through college.

What a change that letter wrought? Billy was a lonely, discouraged boy, with heavy burdens. Other fellows received letters from home. Not he! But a letter from a large-hearted mother woman changed all this. He now has a definite ambition, and regularly receives cheering inspiring letters. The work he is doing for his country he can put to practical use later. Of course Billy may not come to Canada. There is always that chance. If he does not the loving thought will not have been in vain. The knowledge that someone cares is helping him now, it is making him a more efficient soldier. If he is spared Canada will benefit, for Canada has need of ambitious young men.

Put a letter in that sock. Who knows what cheer and inspiration it may bring to some lonely soldier?

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Most Progressive Church Club in Winnipeg

During the past seven or eight years I have admired the work of a neighboring club of young women. I believe it has filled a most important place in the city and is without doubt the strongest club of girls in any church in this city. This club, now known as the Young Women's Guild, has been a power not only in Grace Methodist Church but in the city and judging from the reports of their work this year they have reached many corners of Europe. I attended their annual meeting this month and so impressed was I with their year's work that I asked the leader for a copy of their reports. Now that I have them before me I find it difficult to eliminate for every paragraph is alive with accomplishment. The activities emphasize the importance of devotional features, educational and athletic. I know that their patriotic contributions in both money and work have been most praiseworthy. I believe financially they raised about two thousand dollars during their year and contributed five hundred dollars to

ed in getting the vote. Possibly no one worked harder during the campaign than our president, who was convener of the North Winnipeg committee and who addressed twenty-two meetings in the city and country.

In their recreational department gymnasium exercises, snowshoe parties and social evenings infused a happy spirit among the girls. The club did not forget the returned-soldiers and held socials in their club rooms, when, on each occasion over fifty boys were entertained. Music and games gave the boys every happy evening. This feature of the club is most commendable. As the convener stated in her report: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and what applies to Jack, must perforce apply to Jill—as the two are, as a rule, inseparable."

Mrs. Robson, the leader, in the beginning of the year amalgamated the young women's clubs in the church, believing that "In Union is Strength."

A beautiful atmosphere of harmony was the result of her capable direction. Early in the year they realized that there were many girls attending their church with whom they were not in touch. So an every-girl-canvas was made and a Sunday set apart especially for young women. Many names were added to their roll as a result. The following paragraph from their report explains a most praiseworthy ambition for a girl's club.

"Realizing our new responsibility as citizens, and by means of our devotional services on Sundays, athletic, patriotic and educational meetings on week nights, ever aimed towards the three fold development of young womanhood, we have tried to find and fill our place in the church and community."

A guild of such splendid accomplishment must be directed by wise leadership and the Grace Church Guild is most fortunate in their choice of a leader, for Mrs. Charles Robson whose picture appears in this issue is a woman who feels a responsibility to all classes of girls in the city. She was most successful in the formation of a club of factory and foreign girls, and infused in them the meaning of true Canadian citizenship. Last year the schoolboard complimented her work very highly. These girls met every week at her home and learned to make their dresses and hats as well as other helpful accomplishments. The fact that they were entertained in a good Canadian home gave them a new picture of home-life.

Mrs. Robson is also prominent in Women's club work and was one of the women chosen by the government for the Women's War Conference at Ottawa.

She is broadminded in her judgment, practical and patriotic in every effort—a woman citizen of power and influence and one who combines a sympathetic heart with clear forceful executive ability.

The Greatest Girls' Club in Winnipeg

This club of business girls includes every kind of worker found in the city. Mrs. Vere Brown conceived the idea and organized more than five thousand girls for systematic contribution to Red Cross work. Every member has signed a pledge card promising a certain amount each month. The pledges range from twenty-five cents to several dollars a month, but the girls are giving willingly, and feel the responsibility of their duty towards Red Cross service.

Mrs. Brown is personally interested in the girls and they appreciate her attention. At the Red Cross headquarters she has two women who attend to the cards and who keep a most excellent set of books recording the collections and other features of the work.

The system and method of management is most complete, and the successful response from the girls is proof of a wonderful organization under capable leadership.

In each place of business a girl is appointed to collect the pledges from the members who belong to the organization. I was interested in the increased amount that many of the girls had added to their



Mrs. Charles Robson.

the church fund. Debates, lectures by prominent men and women and literary evenings formed a most instructive educational programme for Thursday evenings. The most important problems of the day were explained by men and women who were authorities on the subjects—such as Prof. J. W. MacMillan on the Minimum Wage Bill, Miss Cotter on Social Service work, Mrs. Speechley on Red Cross.

I find this paragraph in the report of the Educational Committee: "Our president, Mrs. Robson, gave us several very interesting and helpful talks on Food Conservation and at all times during the year kept us advised of the food situation and on current events. Many other phases of women's activities have been studied and discussed during the year. One meeting of which we wish to give particular mention was that of the 29th of November. This meeting was converted into a mass meeting for the women of Centre Winnipeg, and held in the auditorium of the church in the interests of the Union Government. Mrs. Robson gave the address of the evening, at this meeting most of our girls volunteered their services in the campaign, and as an organization of business and professional women we assisted to the best of our ability in the Union Government campaign giving voluntary service as stenographers and canvassers in our spare time. Some nights there were as many as fifty girls or more working in the committee rooms from 7.30 until almost eleven o'clock, and on election day some were at the polling booths while others assist-

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS This Lovely Pony or \$100.00 Cash

Can You Solve This Great War Puzzle?

WHO WANTS ME?

Four Things That Will Win The War WHAT ARE THEY?

THE 16 Circles above can be made to spell out the names of the four chief things that are going to win the war. Our bright loyal Canadian boys and girls can help provide at least one of these things. Every boy and girl should know all of them. Can you tell what words the four magic circles represent?

How to solve it.—Each circle represents a letter of the word called for. The number of dots in the circle represents the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by a circle with one dot because it is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" would be represented by a circle with two dots because it is the second letter. "C" would be represented by three dots, "D" by four dots and so on. You must correctly count the dots in each circle, figure out the letter represented by its position in the alphabet and when you have them all figured out put them into proper rotation to spell the name wanted. It's not an easy puzzle but if you can solve it correctly you may win this lovely shetland pony or one of the grand Cash prizes above.

THE PRIZES

1st Prize Beautiful Shetland Pony or \$100.00 Cash	3rd Prize \$15.00 Cash
2nd Prize \$25.00 Cash	4th " 10.00 "
5th " 5.00 "	7th " 3.00 "
6th " 5.00 "	8th " 2.00 "
9th " 2.00 "	10th " 2.00 "

25 Extra Cash Prizes of \$1.00 each

GET your pencil and paper right now. Try to figure out the words and when you think you have them, write them out as neatly as you can and send them to us. We will reply right away telling you if your solutions are correct and sending you the complete illustrated list of grand prizes that you can win. Use one side of the paper only, putting your name and address in the upper right hand corner. If you want to write anything besides your answer to the puzzle use a separate sheet of paper. Be neat and careful because in case of ties the prizes will go to the boys and girls whose answers are neatest and best written. Proper spelling and punctuation will also count.

What Others Have Done You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes. Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith Edmonton. Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask. \$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont. \$50.00 " Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta. \$25.00 " Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont. We will send you the names of many others too.

Send Your Answers This Very Evening!



As gentle and playful as a dog, providing healthful fun for the whole family.

Only boys and girls under 16 years of age may send answers and each boy or girl desiring his entry to stand for the awarding of the grand prizes will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The Contest will close on September 30th and the prizes will be awarded immediately after. Send your entry today. Address: The Ponyman, c/o RURAL CANADA, Dent. 334 Toronto, Ont.

Monday a Half Holiday

That's what every Monday is to the up-to-date woman, the woman that has advanced beyond that old idea that washing, to be done right, must be done by hand.

"Klean Kwick" Vacuum Washer

saves half a day each week for pleasure or work that is more profitable than washing.

The "Klean Kwick" not only does the washing in half the time, but does it better than you could hope to do by hand.



Operated by Hand, Gas or Electric Power

Strong Wringer, excellent Rollers—every working part fully protected.

Better write to-night for full particulars and see our guarantee.

Cushman Motor Works of Canada, Ltd.

Dept. H Whyte Ave. and Vine St. Winnipeg

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Insure Safety on the Inside!

Think of your family being endangered by falling plaster (as frequently happens when old fashioned lime mortar is used). Imagine the destruction to your fine furnishings. You don't want this to happen, so in preparing plans for your future home safeguard your family from possible injury by specifying Gypsum Wall Plasters.

Whether the Plastering is to be used on wood or metal lath, or Gypsofibre Wall Board, remember that the only Perfect Wall is a Well Plastered Wall, and Gypsum Wall Plasters are the Only kind of Plasters used by Builders who know best.

Wood Fibre and Hardwall Plasters

which are made principally of calcined Gypsum (pure Plaster of Paris) have a Tensile Strength that is Two Hundred Times Stronger than Lime, and the cost is no higher when all the Saving Features are considered.

Wood Fibre and Hardwall Plasters are absolutely Fire Proof—also Vermin, Rat and Germ Proof; and being Non-conductors of Heat and Cold make Buildings Warmer in winter and Cooler in summer. Wood Fibre, Hardwall and Finishing Plasters are sold everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask your nearest Lumber or Building Material Dealer for descriptive literature and prices.

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MANITOBA GYPSUM COMPANY LTD.
Winnipeg, Manitoba

"Where City and Country Meet"

EDMONTON EXHIBITION

\$45,000 in prizes, purses and trophies **\$1,000** in special prizes for children

ENTRIES CLOSE JUNE 25. WRITE FOR PRIZE LIST

Government exhibits of wool, eggs, farm equipment, health exhibits, demonstrations of preparing food from wheat substitutes.

PARADE OF PRIZE-WINNING STOCK

Splendid attractions from the New York Hippodrome, the best Midway Shows on the continent, Hawaiian Singers, Lucielle Belmont, balloonist, the Edmonton Rotary Club Quartette, Auto Races, and the popular juvenile entertainers, the MARTIN CHILDREN.

EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS

Supervised Playground and Baby Check Room—where small children can, for a nominal fee, be left in charge of competent nurses while their parents enjoy the exhibition.

Northern Alberta's Annual Holiday—Edmonton Exhibition

W. J. STARK, Manager



Better Hens—Bigger Profits

Experienced poultry raisers have found that hens are made to lay more regularly and are better fattened for the market when fed with

BURNS' IDEAL POULTRY FOOD

Made from scraps of meat from Government-inspected beef—it is pure and wholesome. The small cost will be repaid you in better hens and bigger profits. Try a package.

P. BURNS & CO. LTD.
VANCOUVER CALGARY EDMONTON

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

original pledge. Mrs. Brown's personal interest in so many girls in the organization convinced me that she has the honor of launching forth the greatest girls' club in Winnipeg. She has grasped the situation of the business girl in Winnipeg, and I feel sure the result will be a permanent organization for business girls that will satisfy a long felt need in the city.

The keen interest of the business men of the city and of broad minded women, as well as the helpful enthusiasm of the girls themselves in the organization have encouraged Mrs. Vere Brown to give nearly her entire time to the organization.

After the war is over perhaps the members of this splendid organization will direct their efforts towards the erection of Boarding Homes or Institutions for business girls—where the young woman earning a small wage may have the privilege of boarding and rooming in the home as well as the girl with the comfortable salary—a place where the poorer girl will not be told "there is no room left" because the place is filled with the more fortunate class—a home that will never be guilty of turning an honest girl into the street.

Winnipeg needs an institution for business girls—directed by broad-minded women and men who understand the needs of business young women.

New Lines of Service

A smiling efficient young woman these days can attain about any position she wants. There is no reason for any girl to look on the dark side or pity herself

All Denver manufacturers and merchants are behind this woman. The club women of Denver provide car fare, clothes and soup for these people who are trying to make good.

England's women have entered into practically every line of work. They are connected in many ways with the British service. First they were attached to the Army, then to the Navy and now to the Royal Flying Corps. The director of the women's branch is Lady Gertrude Crawford who has acquired rare technical skill from having worked in the munition factory since the opening of the war.

Ruth Law is establishing an aviation school for women. Women are wearing bloomers and doing men's work every where. Just across the street I notice while writing this the first woman driver of a bread wagon in Winnipeg. She is dressed in the new regulation suit and says she enjoys the work. Western Canada, too, is rich in successful women who manage farms.

Mrs. Thos. Jones, of Invermay, Saskatchewan, has recently sold a steer that brought the highest price ever paid in the open market—17½ cents.

One young girl came to see me recently who is going into the bee-keeping business. She is so earnest about her new venture that I am sure she will succeed.

College girls in some places are ploughing up their lawns, croquet grounds and tennis courts for garden vegetables. Why a young woman might as well be out of the world as idle these days! What is that some one tells me? There are no idle girls!



"Every little helps."

for her environment, for doors of opportunity are opening at every turn. The questions to ask are: "Where can I be most useful? How shall I train myself to the highest efficiency possible for me?"

One time Miss Emily Griffith taught school in Denver, Colorado. She was in the poorest section of the city. She was not satisfied because she wanted to reach out and teach the middle-aged and the old. She wanted to teach them how to succeed—she wanted to find everyone among the city's poor who desired an education. To-day she manages an opportunity school, which is now part of the Denver school system.

She first proved to the business men that it would pay them to have more efficient help. She asked employers about the faults they found in their boys and girls. The department stores and manufacturers consented to co-operate. She inserted this advertisement: "Wanted—All boys and girls not employed to come to the Opportunity School Talk it over with Miss Griffith and find out why you didn't hold that job. Learn how to keep one and how to get a better one."

Large firms are to-day paying for their help to spend a part of their time in her school.

Her work is creating great improvement in efficiency.

She tells of cases where women have learned to cook and have found new hope because their families enjoy their home more; other girls learn to make their dresses.

Many of her pupils came after their working hours and could not afford an evening meal. She at once started to serve hot soups and biscuits.

Last week I took afternoon tea at a popular hotel here. There were twelve little tables in the tea-room and not a chair was vacant. Around every table except two were women and girls smoking cigarettes. Do not try to convince me they were resting from work. Their faces and manner were not suggestive of useful accomplishments.

William J. Hutchins in his five thousand dollar prize code says this on The Law of Good Workmanship.

"The welfare of our country depends upon those who have learned to do in the right way the things that ought to be done. Therefore:

"1. I will get the best possible education, and learn all that I can from those who have learned to do, the right thing in the right way.

"2. I will take an interest in my work, and will not be satisfied with slipshod and merely passable work. A wheel or a nail or a nail carelessly made may cause the death of hundreds.

"3. I will try to do the right thing in the right way, even when no one else sees or praises me. But when I have done my best, I will not envy those who have done better, or have received larger reward. Envy spoils the work and the worker."

A modern miracle is explained by a writer in the London Opinion as nothing so very wonderful.

"Owd George's wooden leg been giving him pain lately."

"Don't you be talkin' so foolish, Willum."

"It's sure enough. 'Is owd woman been a-whoppin' him wi' it."



GIVE TO THE RED CROSS

The great organization of the Canadian Red Cross tries, as nearly as it can, to be mother, father and friend to every wounded Canadian soldier, from the time he is put into a Red Cross Ambulance on the field, until he comes out of the hospital. The care of Canadian soldiers, prisoners in Germany, lies entirely in the hands of the Red Cross. No other friendly hand can reach them.

MANITOBA AND SASKATCHEWAN Campaign Dates June 17-22, 1918

This advertisement contributed to the RED CROSS by The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Ltd.

The Red Cross in Saskatchewan

Written for The Western Home Monthly by K. H. Miles

WHEN the committee in charge of the organization of Saskatchewan's coming campaign for Red Cross funds started out to secure as much information as possible on other provincial canvasses they found that the Saskatchewan Red Cross Society had both an enviable reputation, and a high record to maintain. One man, well known for his powers of organization when asked for advice as to the best methods of carrying on the campaign threw out his hands in a deprecating manner and confessed laughingly: "When it comes to organization the Saskatchewan Red Cross can teach us all!" Let us hope that the results obtained on June 17-22 will bear out this strong assertion.

What is the secret of Saskatchewan's success in Red Cross work? That this prairie province, with such a large percentage of its population foreign, and a greater proportion of its inhabitants dwelling in rural communities than in any other province of the Dominion, save "The" Island to the far east, has been successful was made evident when at the last annual meeting of the Saskatchewan branch the announcement was made by the President that one-third of all the chartered branches in Canada were in Saskatchewan while from the same province one quarter of all the general fund for the past year had been sent. Later at the general meeting of the Central Society in Toronto the President, Her Excellency, the Duchess of Devonshire, expressed the hope that in time all of Canada would be organized for Red Cross work as was Saskatchewan. Is this success due alone to the efforts of the men and women who have given so willingly of their time and thought to the establishment of a provincial society which would be the clearing house for the Red Cross money and supplies from the entire province?

Organization is essential to the success of any effort. The longer the effort must be sustained the more important is it that the organization shall be maintained and perfected. But in work such as that in which the Red Cross is concerned the organization without the hearty co-operation of those upon whom it depends for its revenue would be a machine of little worth. It has been the splendid spirit of the people of Saskatchewan which has established and extended the standard of support for the wounded and captive men of our overseas defenders. It has been the dauntless effort that often resulted in sums, paltry in themselves, but sent with a recognition that many other small sums were pouring in to make a whole worthy of the cause. That is the real secret of Saskatchewan's Red Cross success,—the realization that small efforts count, and that continuous small efforts must mark the course of every organized centre until the very end.

The four hundred and seventy odd branches of the Red Cross in Saskatchewan cannot be passed by without a word. Many of these have been formed since 1914 when it was felt that the need would be for a short period, and there was unbounded enthusiasm to carry the work along. After three and a half years of steady grind it is a far different matter to carry on, but with very few exceptions there has been a steady increase in the work done from year to year.

As branch after branch has come into the band of chartered workers—on an average about twenty branches are being formed each month during 1918—it is possible to increase the results, but this in no degree lessens the responsibility of the older societies. There are still many districts not organized. Some prefer to support the work in the name of some independent organization, and these "auxiliaries" give no small measure of assistance. In other cases nothing is being done, due no doubt in many instances to a lack of realization. It will be the task of the Saskatchewan organization in view of the coming campaign to reach as far as possible these silent places and ask for a clear cut loud response which will reach even as far as the sodden fields of Flanders.



John McQuarrie

OF **Clanwilliam, Man.**

Author of the new book

Fragments of Philosophy

Consisting of articles from his pen that have from time to time appeared in several of the leading journals.

At Bookstores **\$1.00**

NEW DESIGN Auto Seat BUGGY

Full Size High Back and Seat

Covered in Broncho Leather



You Get It Now For \$110

Shoe on back of box

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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Boston Again

This page is being written in Boston, the intellectual capital of New England. It has been my fortune in one way and another to see more of Boston than of any other American city. I was here in 1892 on my way to Nova Scotia. On that trip I saw the sea for the first time. I remember at Digby going down to the shore and tasting the water to find out whether it was really salty. I was here in 1901. That time I wrote a number of special articles for the Evening Transcript. I shall never forget certain words spoken to me by one of the editors the first day I saw him: "This paper is clean, wealthy, conservative." To this day that remains a pretty accurate description of the journal in question. I was here for five or six weeks in the winter of 1911. I think the outstanding memory of that visit is a great speech by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, delivered in Symphony Hall. It was the most admirable political speech I have ever heard. I was in Boston in 1914 when the great war broke out. The universities and the intellectual elements of New England generally were pro-ally from the start. Eliot, the president-emeritus of Harvard, and Lowell, the actual president, have played influential parts in shaping American public opinion on the war. And here I am again in 1918 when the war is dwarfing all other subjects. The streets are aswarm with soldiers and sailors. Harvard seems to be converted into a great military camp.

Propaganda On Every Hand

An enormous public propaganda in favor of the allies is being conducted in this country on behalf of the allies. If there is any counterbalancing German propaganda it is certainly being carried on stealthily. First of all there are the newspapers. Every English-language journal in Boston is vividly pro-ally. The Irish opposition to conscription, for instance, has been greeted with a howl of execration. Why should Irishmen in their home island be absolved from military service, when Irishmen here are subject to the draft? Then, there are speeches to no end. Roosevelt, Taft, and Sir George Adam Smith have spoken here at Boston during the last month. I have heard two speeches by Stephane Lauyaune, editor of the Paris *Matin*—one in English at Harvard, one in French at Huntington Hall. Another very informing address that I heard was by M. Baldensperger at the Copley-Plaza Hotel. His subject was "What We Know About Alsace-Lorraine Since 1914." Italy also is being well represented in the campaign of information that is being conducted. I had dinner last night at the Cock Horse Inn in Cambridge—the house once occupied by Longfellow's Village Blacksmith. At the same table with me were four attractive college boys. One of them was on the point of leaving for New York, whence he sails to enter on Red Cross work on the Italian front.

Aliens and Citizenship

It appears that there are 123,000 aliens in the American Army. Congress has passed a bill providing that all such shall be given full American citizenship provided they apply for the same within one year of the close of the war. This bill I understand is now awaiting simply the President's signature. Another interesting bill has meanwhile been presented to the Lower House at Washington. It proposes that American citizenship shall similarly be conferred on all aliens, domiciled in the United States, who are serving with any of the co-belligerents of the United States. This is splendidly indicative of good feeling. Another bill is pending in the Senate nullifying all the financial indebtedness of France to America. What the fate of these last two bills will be, it is of course too early now to say.

The Germans in Alsace

The speech by Baldensperger that I alluded to about was extremely interesting. In company with a French staff officer he had had occasion to call at the house of a doctor in an Alsatian village after the outbreak of the war. The woman of the house received them very cordially. The husband, when he entered, was more non-committal. After some conversation the two officers and the doctor went out into the street. The corner of the house had been damaged by a German shell. The garage had been demolished by a French shell. "That is a picture of Alsace—torn between the two," said the Doctor. The eldest son of the family entered. He had been attending a German school. He was extremely cool with the Frenchmen. A younger son, who had not been specially subject to German influence, was enthusiastically and boishly pro-French. Baldensperger said he had been in Alsace a number of times with English and American friends. These had invariably been struck by the fact that the shop signs are predominantly in German. This makes it look as if the people are in favor of the German rule. But listen, Baldensperger says: In 1886, I think it was, the German government imposed this regulation. Old signs may remain French; but,

according as necessity arises to change them, they must be couched in German. If a sign blows down it must be replaced in German. If the lettering becomes faded or defaced, and the proprietor decides to renew his sign, he must have it done over in German. So the German signs are not the result of choice but of German "thoroughness." The authorities have carried their propaganda to astonishing lengths. Alsatian children are transported to homes in remote parts of Germany. German children from distant parts are sent to Alsatian homes. The idea is that these children, kindly treated by German and Alsatian families, will become an agency of assimilation and interpenetration. Another example: The French pronounce Latin like French. The Germans pronounce it according to what is called the 'continental' method. The Germans have ordered the priests in Alsace to adopt the "continental" pronunciation of the Latin used in the church services. Lauyaune, the brilliant editor of the *Matin* dealt interestingly with the question of a referendum for Alsace. Should the question whether Alsace is to be left to Germany or to France be decided by a referendum? If so what about the four or five hundred thousand Alsatians who migrated to France after 1871 rather than accept German allegiance? What about the natural increase of population from this source? And what about the vast influx of Germans into Alsace since 1870, and their children? Should these vote in such a referendum? This sounds convincing. In other words, it makes it look as if a referendum is impossible in the conditions actually existing.

The Sense of Sin

I have heard a couple of admirable sermons by Samuel McChord Crothers whom I always try to hear when I am in Boston or Cambridge. The first was on the change that has taken place in our generation with respect to the sense of sin. According to the old conception sin was thought to be an offense against God. Take the confession in one of the Psalms: "Against Thee, against Thee only have I sinned." Suppose these words were written by David. What sin had David committed? He wanted to possess Bathsheba. He ordered one of his generals to place her husband in the hottest part of the fight, to abandon him, and let him be killed. What a dastardly crime! Then he was presumably capable of saying to God: "Against Thee, against Thee only, have I sinned!" As if he had not committed a sin against Bathsheba, against her husband, against society in general. In other words, there is to-day a new sense of the social, the humanitarian character of sin.

Sloppy Sermonising

I went to Appleton Chapel, Harvard university, the other Sunday morning. A certain Bishop—I shall not say of what communion—was to preach. I did not purpose losing my morning, and, as I knew nothing about the preacher, I took a place conveniently near the door. The sermon began in the most indifferent, mediocre way. The speaker had no air of being adequately prepared. His material seemed to be most loosely thrown together. He confessed that he was speaking just superficially, unsystematically. Well, I listened about 15 minutes, then I unobtrusively retired. Hastening across the street I heard the latter half of another admirable sermon by Crothers. A greater contrast could not be imagined.

War, Must Cease

This must be a war to end war. That is the spirit in which Canadians, Americans, British, and all well-intentioned peoples, must wage it. It is suicide to acquiesce longer in the folly of war. This war must be waged to the end, but we must see to it that there never is another. People sometimes talk as if war could somehow be kept within bounds, as if it might conceivably be waged by kid-glove methods. The idea is preposterous. The program cannot be carried out. War is the expression of hate, and hate will inevitably go to the limit. The Germans are logical in their conception of war. Sooner or later in every major war the worst expedients will be resorted to. Science will all the while be discovering more and more of the destructive forces that lurk in the universe. The secret will some day be found out of tapping and directing agencies that may conceivably be capable of doing to death whole armies and perhaps whole communities. I make the following quotation from a Boston paper: "The gas and chemical shells now used in Europe threaten to fulfil the prophecy that future wars will be fought with disease germs, or with atomic bombs of a type which go on exploding progressively until they have devastated vast areas. It is predicted by one authority that if mankind does not find a way to stop war, the cities of the future will be built underground for protection against air-raids. This authority might have added that unless man finds a way to terminate war, war will terminate man. The mad dog of Europe must be crushed. The rest of the world is pretty well ready to end the suicide of war."

The Position of Mr. Taft

Mr. Taft retired from the presidency badly discredited. It would at that time have seemed a safe guess that he was "done" so far as the public was concerned. He has belied all such prophecies. He has been during the last three or four years, and he is to-day, one of the best liked, one of the most respected, men in the United States. How is this to be explained? In the first place, he took his beating like a man. He did not sulk in his tent. He went on, smiling and working. He has been the chief ornament of Yale as professor of law. Everywhere he has radiated cheeriness and good will. There is hardly a man in the country more in demand as a speaker. After Wilson and Roosevelt, he is to-day the chief figure in the United States. Talking of speaking, Taft is a capital speaker. Indeed I think he is a better speaker than Roosevelt. Roosevelt's material reads inspiring, but in the actual delivery he is disappointing. Mr. Taft has taken leave of absence from Yale in order to act as arbitrator during the war, between capital and labor. He is admirably fitted by temperament for this role.

Progress

The Andes have recently been crossed by aeroplane. A certain Lieutenant Cendalaria has flown for 112 miles from Zapala, Argentina, to Curico, Chili, attaining an altitude of 10,500 feet. What came into my mind when I read of this was a tale by DeQuincey. In his "Spanish Nun" he tells of the crossing of the Andes by a woman, on foot. She passed through ice and snow and ghastly solitude. Needless to say, the feat occupied many days, and exposed her to the gravest dangers. Now the thing is done in an hour by the birdman, who laughs at ice and snow, cliffs and avalanches.

A Prodigy

I have met this time at Cambridge Professor Wiener, head of the Slavic department at Harvard. His eldest son offers a remarkable case of what one would be disposed to call precocity. He was able to read at eighteen months. He was reading Darwin at six. He matriculated at eleven, and graduated in arts at fourteen. He took his Doctor's degree at Harvard at the age of eighteen. He is now twenty-three or twenty-four, and is acting as one of the editors of a new edition of the *Encyclopedia Americana*. It is being produced at Albany. This is virtually as remarkable a case as that of John Stuart Mill. Mill had read more classics than an ordinary graduate at six. I wonder what explains a case like this of young Dr. Wiener. For one thing, no doubt careful direction by his father. Mill's father also carefully supervised his famous son's education. The elder Mill was a clerk in the India office. Out of hours he composed a voluminous history of the East India Company. His son studied at the same table with him in the evenings. According to the autobiography of the younger man, he was not permitted to use dictionaries for his Latin and Greek. The father was not too busy to tell him the meanings of new words. I wonder, though, whether the mixture of races has not counted for something in a case like that of the younger Wiener.

A Modest Fortune

The will of the late John Redmond, the great successor of Parnell as leader of the Irish Nationalist Party was probated some weeks ago showing an estate of \$28,000. There is something splendidly impressive about poverty on the part of a man who devotes his whole time to public service, provided such poverty is not the result of mere improvidence. Similarly there is something sinister and even revolting about the phenomenon presented by the professional public man who amasses a huge fortune, unless the sources of such fortune are fully disclosed as legitimate.

Picturesque Slang

America is the fruitful home of picturesque slang. I have an idea that the contact of many races, generating a collective vivacity, has much to do with the capacity for quickly evolving bright turns of expression. At St. Paul I turned my bag in at the parcel office in the Union depot. Just as I received the check from the colored girl at the counter I decided to lock the bag. The girl commented, "safety first." The remark covered the situation exactly. Last spring at Washington on the desk of a business man I saw a card with this legend: "Sit down, but don't intern." The other day I was talking to two young girls—sisters. The younger misunderstood some remark made by me. The elder sister contributed: "nobody home." The victim of the misinterpretation countered: "rats in your garret." The elder sister further added: "attic to rent." In Boston I heard for the first time these variants of this idea: "Bubbles in your think-tank" and "Sand in your gear-box." Unless I am mistaken, Canada is proportionally not nearly so prolific in the evolution of picturesque expression. I suppose a vast population, with the resultant acceleration of rapid movement, has something to do with the difference.



Woman's Outlook on Canada's Future

THE splendid spirit and patriotic endeavor of Canadian women has been one of the outstanding features in Canada's war effort. They have unsparingly given of their time and energy in the interest of the Red Cross and innumerable other activities which have come as a result of the war.

Thousands of Canadian women have been anxious to devote part, if not all of their time, in directions where their work would prove of advantage.

Registration will be the means of bringing to these women the opportunity they have desired.

The purpose of registration is to learn the exact capabilities of Canadian men and women, and the information gained through registration will make it possible for Canada to direct effort from less essential to more essential occupations and to widen the scope of woman's usefulness.

Every Woman

On June 22nd, every woman of sixteen years and over must attend at one of the places provided for registration between the hours of 7 a.m. and 10 p.m. and there truthfully answer all questions set forth upon the registration card. Failure to register means heavy penalties—as Registration is law.

Volunteer Workers Needed

The registering of 5,000,000 people in one day is a stupendous task, and voluntary helpers are urgently needed. Individuals, women's societies, clubs, fraternal societies, church organizations and municipal organizations are asked to help. The Board appeals with confidence to the patriotism of every

Canadian woman and to the pride which every locality must take in doing its own work well, to furnish the necessary number of volunteer deputies and assistants.

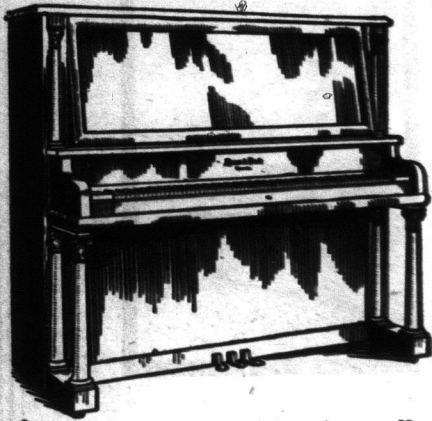
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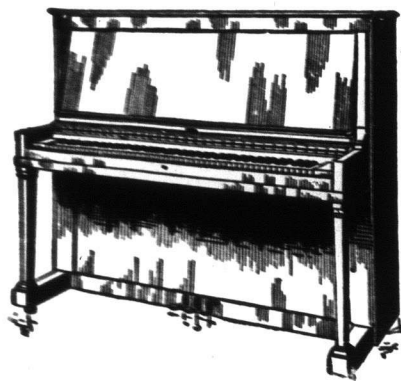
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Of all the British statesmen that have ever held the office of premier, there has never been one so passionately fond of music as Arthur Balfour. True, his uncle and immediate predecessor in the premiership, the late Lord Salisbury, was very fond of the works of Rossini and of Meyerbeer. But he did not possess the musical gifts or remarkable knowledge of music of Arthur Balfour. He has written a great number of articles and even a book on Handel, of whose works he possesses a magnificent and unrivalled collection. A couple of volumes of Schumann are his constant solace, and it was he who secured and paid for the publication of the whole "Book of Andreas Bach," a quaint volume of music which was written by Bernard Bach while he was a pupil of the great Sebastian Bach at Weimar in 1715.

Before the war, Balfour was one of the most constant attendants of the concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra, did much for a time to promote the comprehension in England of the works of Wagner and made several pilgrimages to Bayreuth.

The Thunder Drum

The thunder you hear at the theatre or the motion picture house is produced by means of the "thunder-drum," which is also used to make that rumble so necessary for war scenes. It consists of a substantial wooden frame about fifty-six inches square and seven inches deep, with an extra thick and heavy skin stretched across it. This drum is properly suspended behind the scenes, and the head is tightened by the heat from electric lamps or coils of a special kind of wire. Then when the sound of peals of thunder or deep rumblings are required, the drum is repeatedly struck with soft drum sticks which imitates the sounds called for remarkably well.

For Her Own Delight, a Child Should Be Taught to Read Music as She Would a Book

Judged by their public utterances, there are few of the leading musicians on this side of the Atlantic who hit the nail on the head oftener than does Josef Stransky, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society. Speaking recently to a group of educationalists, Mr. Stransky said: "I feel it is necessary for children to be serious in their musical studies. It is of no use to teach a child to make its fingers, flexible enough to play for aunt or uncle and to please the guests of the house; this only caters to youthful vanity and lessens appreciation of great achievements.

"Children should be taught music to broaden their views, to enlarge their sympathies, to add to their emotional expression, to increase their capacity for joy, to make their souls warm and tender. A child should be taught to read music as we teach it to read a book, for her own individual delight, for her development and increased spirituality. What you can do for others with your music is not important, unless you are a professional musician; it is what music can do for you that counts. I find that many children want everything given to them without a struggle, older people are sometimes like that, too. They are so accustomed to have the best music given to them without any effort on their part, that I sometimes wonder if this acceptance of the artistic wealth of the world without striving for it does not account for a delayed artistic attainment. If we are to have permanent joy in music, we must strive for the full understanding of it, we must become profoundly intimate with the spirit of the great masters.

"In speaking of the need of education in the home, I do not fail to recognize that there are families here where music is cultivated, where children know and love the finest compositions from their very youth and who attend concert and opera with delight and enthusiasm. But I feel that through the vast interest in light music, in dancing, in moving pictures, in the purely superficial side of life, very often the more serious craving for the arts is not nearly enough awakened in the hearts of the youth."

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Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Concerning Flour

Perhaps no regulation made by the Board of Food Control has been more trying to comply with or more difficult of comprehension to the people on the farms, than the one insisting on the return of flour over and above a certain amount sufficient for certain limited periods, and the matter has been further complicated by the amendment which permits "bona-fide farmers to hold, subject to the order of the Food Control Board, an amount of flour, made wholly or in part from wheat, in excess of the amount prescribed by the original order, provided that on or before the 15th of June, that they return to the miller or dealer from whom it was purchased or by whom it was manufactured, the amount which they are holding." This means that farmers who had not returned their flour promptly, instead of being punished for not doing so, are being permitted to hold it. A number of letters have reached my desk pointing out the injustice and aggravation of these conflicting orders, and I sympathize most profoundly with the farmers and their wives at the inconvenience which has been occasioned them.

I think, however, if the people understood what led up to the orders, they would have more patience with the Food Control Board, and probably more realization of the needs of the return of flour. Last January the Food Control Board announced that at a certain time a standard flour would be issued; namely, a 74 per cent extraction flour, which means that 74 lbs. of flour would be made from 100 lbs. of wheat, instead of 72 lbs., as was the previous custom, and that instead of a variety of grades of flour, there would be one grade only, which would be known as government standard flour. The Food Control Board made its initial mistake when announcing this grade of flour, in not prohibiting the millers and dealers from selling large quantities of white flour then on hand. There would have been no loss to the millers or dealers in such prohibition, as the Wheat Export Company, which buys flour for Britain and the Allies, was prepared to take every pound of flour that the millers in the country could give them. This prohibition was not placed and the public rushed to buy flour, with the insane idea that the standard flour was going to be something very inferior. The result was, in the three weeks preceding the order for the 74 per cent extraction coming into force, the millers and dealers in flour throughout Western Canada sold over 200,000 barrels more than in the corresponding period of any previous year. These sales could mean one thing only—namely, hoarding. While some of this buying was done in the cities, the bulk of this flour went into the country, and it was in an attempt to have this flour returned and made available for the Allies that the order No. 31, of April 25th, was issued.

When the flour began to be returned, two very grave difficulties presented themselves. One was, that undoubtedly quite a percentage of the flour had been exposed, or might have been exposed to contagious diseases, and another was that quite a considerable percentage had been in the hands of alien enemies and might, when returned, have contained ground glass or other injurious substances, and these two difficulties have been hard to overcome. Then on the heels of this trouble was the very real one of the inconvenience of lots of farmers returning flour which they would want again in a month or two. A very common practice of the western farmer is to lay in a yearly or half-yearly supply, and those of them who had done so last fall, found themselves in the same position as the people who had bought flour distinctly for the purpose of hoarding, so far as the law was concerned. The 200,000 barrels that were evidently bought for the purpose of hoarding, were seriously needed by the Allies, in fact, they are seriously needed at the present moment, so that the Food Control Board harassed by the needs of the people overseas, apparently did not give sufficient consideration to the details involved in the working out of their orders,

and they evidently tried to amend matters by the recent amendment of the original order, which, of course, caused some relief to the people still having flour in their possession, but unfortunately was only an added aggravation to those who had already returned their flour. The only consolation to the people who had complied with the law so promptly, was that it showed their entire willingness to meet any demands made upon them for the winning of the war.

Sumptuary Laws

Of all laws, those relating to food and clothing are the most difficult to draft and to enforce, and the laws that are most uniformly resented by the public. Perhaps Canada is one of the most difficult countries in which to make laws with regard to food and enforce them. The country is so large, and food has always been so abundant, that it seems almost impossible to convince people that there is a real necessity for food saving, and that the laws which are made are not merely caprices of the government and the board of food control, but are honest, though sometimes mistaken endeavors of men to meet the terrible situation overseas. When these men entered upon their task, they had no precedent for anything that they did, and the carrying out of the orders which they made has had to be left to an enormous extent, to the honor of the people. The Board of Food Control has learned by very painful experience, that there is a very large section of the community which has no honor in matters of this kind, and will not deprive themselves of anything for the sake of the cause for which so many of their fellow countrymen have died. Perhaps one of the most painful experiences in connection with this very matter of flour hoarding, was to find that a considerable amount of it was done by families who had men at the front. This seems well nigh incredible, and yet it is the absolute truth.

Food will have to be saved from this time onward until the end of the war, no matter how abundant the crops of North America may be this season, and the Food Control Board will have to continue to make regulations, and no doubt, with the very best intentions, they will make mistakes.

I would like to implore the women who read this page to exercise all the patience and charity which they can possibly muster in this matter. It is well to bear in mind that the three men forming the Board of Food Control, are all of them men working without salary, and leaving important business of their own, to endeavor to help their country in this crisis. There is neither honor nor glory in the service on the board, and no man or woman who does not possess a burning desire to help the cause of the Allies, would remain on this board for a single week. The amount of complaint and abuse which is poured in on the heads of these men is simply amazing, and no man who had not undertaken the work from a sense of duty would tolerate it. Food Control, Food Hoarding and Sumptuary Laws are not the most cheerful topics for a "quiet hour," but I have felt that inasmuch as my duties keep me very closely in touch with the work of the board, and also with the terrible need of food saving for overseas, that I should endeavor to lay before my readers some of the facts that lie behind these apparently inconsistent and unreasonable regulations.

Edmonton Exhibition

At the Edmonton Exhibition, which will be held July 8th to 13th, the directors will demonstrate their policy of paying a great deal of attention to the children; special classes have been provided for boys and girls between nine and seventeen years of age, in pig growing, colt raising, butter making, and other contests. Not only have the bigger children been provided for, but the exhibition association have planned that the mothers shall also enjoy the exhibition, and have decided to again conduct a "baby check room." Sand piles, swings, etc., have been fenced off, where the bigger babies may have a good time, and nurses will be on hand to take care of smaller tots. This accommodation is located near the emergency hospital, just inside the main entrance to the grounds.

The agricultural side of the exhibition, as is proper, occupies the centre place in all these preparations. Owing to the fact that the military still hold part of

the buildings, the exhibition authorities have found it difficult to make adequate accommodation, for all the live stock. But they have obtained the necessary accommodation, and judging from present prospects, this year's Edmonton exhibition will see a new standard set, both in point of numbers, and in the excellence of the exhibits. That Northern Alberta is essentially a mixed farming country is shown in the increase made in recent years; for instance, cattle in Alberta have increased by 500,000 head since 1914. The 440,000 head of swine in the province in 1916 had grown to 730,000 in 1917. Sheep show a similar increase.

The entries for this year close on June 25th. Excursion rates have been obtained, and plans are under way whereby automobile excursions will be run to the Edmonton exhibition. Everything is being done by the directors to popularize the slogan for 1918—"Where City and Country Meet."



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STRAWBERRY PLANTS—100, 70 cents; 1,000, \$5.00. Currants, 10 cents; gooseberries, 15 cents; raspberries, 5 cents; loganberries, 25 cents; carriage paid. Catalogue free. Hares, goats, eggs, "Hatching," fruit and flowers. Chas. Provan, Jangley Fort, B.C. 8-18

DO YOU WANT WATER—I have an instrument with which I have located over 400 wells in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Registers only on springs, no soakage shown. Terms moderate. This instrument not for sale. E. A. Hobart, Water Expert, Brandon, Man. 5-18

\$20.00 WEEKLY, SHOWING SAMPLES for large grocery corporation; all goods sold at factory prices to consumers. Granulated sugar, 6 1/2c. per lb. Pure lard, 5 pound pail, \$1.00; Sunlight, Gold or Surprise Soap, 7 for 25c. Everything at cut-rates. Men wanted everywhere. Sample case free. The Consumers' Association, Windsor, Ont. 6-18

The War Rosary

I knit, I knit,
I pray, I pray;
My knitting is my rosary—
And as I weave the stitches grey,
I murmur prayers continually.

Grey loop—a sigh,
Grey knot—a wish;
Grey row—a chain of wistful prayer,
For thus to sit and knit and pray,
This is of war the woman's share.

And so I knit,
And thus I pray—
And keep repeating night and day;
"May God guide safely those dear feet,
That soon shall wear this web of grey."

Now and again
A selfish strain,
But surely woman-heart must yearn—
And pray sometimes that she may hear
The sound of footsteps that return.

But if—O God
Not that, But if—
It must be sacrifice complete.
Then I will trust that afterwards,
Thou wilt guide home those precious feet.
—Nellie Hurst in "The Westminster."

William Blake

Men have called William Blake insane; but this notion arises from the fact that he possessed the highest and most exalted powers of the mind, but not the lower. He had genius and inspiration, without the prosaic balance-wheel of common sense. He had studied engraving under Basire, and followed it as a profession throughout life; but he also painted in watercolours. At the age of sixteen he began his public career as a producer of engravings, and already betrayed the bent of his mind by praise of Gothic art and of the Middle Ages, a thing unheard of at a time when men of such refined sensibility as Goldsmith possessed saw nothing in York Minster but a pile of barbarous rudeness. He lived scantily and hardly. Among artists he contracted a capricious friendship for Stothard, Flaxman, Fuseli; but he detested Reynolds and the other magnates of the Royal Academy, only less fiercely than Raphael, Rubens, and Titians. In his twenty-sixth year he married a wife of so little education that she had to make her mark in the parish register; but she believed in him, grew in mind under his influence, and became the best possible help to him. Both believed that his pictures were what, to the eye that sees them for the first time, they confessedly seemed to be—viz., visions transferred to the canvas or the plate. He was a thorough idealist. "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?' 'Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying; Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.' I



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Warranted to give satisfaction.

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A safe, speedy and positive cure for:

Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a HUMAN REMEDY for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

Japan Rose Bushes

The Wonder of the World

Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible, but we guarantee it to be so. They will

BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS

Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. **Season All The Year Around.** Package of seed with directions and our guarantee by mail 10c. Stamps 15c. A.I.E. Co., Dept. 5 239 Broadway, New York City

Drink MALTUM STOUT

The Bracing Tonic

FREE Rex Wonder-Rose Bush Seed. Set with rose bud on Rex sparker. Your choice for 12c, both for 25c. Warranted 3 years. Address: Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2, 3411 Broadway, N.Y.C.

An Old One?

Commissioner (to rural scout): "Now, my boy, tell me how you know an old partridge from a young one."
Boy: "By teeth, sir."
Commissioner: "Nonsense, my boy, a partridge hasn't any teeth."
Boy: "No, sir, but I have."



To win the war we knit and knit.

More Sun-Spots

The pun is not regarded as a high order of humor; nevertheless a good pun is irresistible. A writer in the Baltimore American relates this conversation:

"Who is that neglected-looking little boy with that awfully dirty face?"

"He is the child of Professor Sonnen-schein, the noted astronomer who lives over the way."

"Oh, is he? Come here, little boy. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope to see spots on the sun."

MURINE Granulated Eyelids,

Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes.

FOR YOUR EYES No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort

Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's or by mail, 50c per bottle. **Murine Eye Salve**, in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free. Ask **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it." A young artist, on finding the springs of inspiration dried up within himself for a fortnight together, went to Blake for comfort, and found him sitting at tea, with his wife. After hearing his complaint, Blake turned suddenly to his helpmate and said: "It is just so with us; is it not? For weeks together, when the visions forsake us, what do we do then, Kate?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake."

"Fragments of Philosophy," is the appropriate title of a book just published by the Munson Company of Toronto, from the pen of John McQuarrie, Clan William, Manitoba. The book is crammed with poignant truths cleverly applied to everyday problems. The author is a well-known contributor to leading publications, and his first book venture is a welcome contribution to Western Canadian literature.

Woman and the Home

Women

By Miss Lillian Scarth

Much has been said and written on this subject very lately and very often—about the new woman who cries as did the French Revolutionists, "Justice, Liberty, Equality," whose path, full of pain and unrest and the woman of old who tranquilly thanked Heaven for the privilege of being a woman—turning her emotion into service, which meant attendance to the wants of man and his children.

"There is nothing new under the sun," we are told often enough to make it credible. From the changed conditions of modern life, has a new woman evolved with new emotions, new capacities? I think not. The new conditions are here, but when we look for a new woman history tells us no—there are only different kinds of women.

There are women of all types, beautiful and plain, brilliant and dull, good and bad, positive and negative (that is to say, the effective and ineffective, the Joan of Arcs and Marie Antoinettes of history, the Becky Sharpes and Maggie Tullivers of fiction).

You are all familiar with the heroine of Vanity Fair. Becky had her ambitions, neither high nor worthy. Handicapped by an unsavory early environment, a small mentality, and unenviable disposition she however knew what she wanted and when a woman knows that, she will soon find the strength of her weapons. She used the weakness of Amelia, the egotism of Jo Sealey, the laxity of Rawdon Crawley and the softness of William Dobbin, in turn to further her issues and retired at last surfeited, to pay the price of satiety.

Her successes proved a dismal failure because ends and means were unworthy but decision creates resourcefulness and she must be given credit for both. Women seldom know their own power as they seldom know their own mind, but when a woman does know it she is a force to be reckoned with. "Genius is concentration" said a very wise man. There are few women geniuses.

Maggie Tulliver, idealistic and passionate had a heart full of visions, beautiful and worthy and the mixture of saint and sinner in her make-up made her altogether lovable. Her environment happy, her nature generous, she however only knew what she did not want, heaven help her and her conflicting impulses carried her to the winds.

Maggie's whole life was a negation, not a passive one, but active and vital, a struggle against her narrow limitations, never able to quite overcome them. Maggie's end was consistent; she sank against the current both literally and figuratively. Are we the playthings of the gods to sport as they please? What was wrong, the world or Maggie? The positive type of woman appears in history, the negative type only in fiction.

There are plenty of Maggie Tullivers in the world, splendid women yearning for the highest good, without force enough to cope successfully with contending forces.

The days of the woman with the soulful eyes, quick sensibilities and ineffectual will are fewer than of old. The strenuousness of modern life demands efficiency and effectiveness. To secure these we must begin early and train late and continuously. Success demands strength of character, a comprehensive term, the chief element of which is strength of will. Without this foundation, our rose-windows will crash in because already the walls are heaving.

Life is complex to most women and simple to a few. The few are those who move in a straight line with a clear vision of a goal away in the front, the women who count.

I remember expressing vehemently a wish for a happy but remote possibility and a little woman overhearing it said, "How long have you wished for it?"

"For a long time."

"Then you have never wished hard enough."

"But pardon, it seems so improbable."

She smiled and said, "You are not starting the right way to get it. You do not want it very badly or every day would bring it nearer."

One of my friends is a very clever and a very discontented woman. She paints pictures well, criticizes them better, sings

in tune, is unusually talented with her pen and cleverer still with her tongue. Her versatility and quick wit have commanded intense admiration throughout her whole life.

Recently she said, reflectively, "Look at me now, old and poor and sick of the world. I have always been lonely."

I considered her life. Though she inherited her mother's brilliancy and good looks the two women had always been in conflict but the daughter really loved always contested and was always dominated by the selfish old woman. When she died the daughter, middle-aged and unmarried was a rudderless craft in an open sea.

"Why did you not marry? You had plenty of chances." I asked her.

"I couldn't make up my mind about anybody."

"Why did you not choose something else then?"

She threw up her hands. "My dear, I never chose anything in my life."

She had never in her life known what she wanted.

Becky Sharpe's genius was all misdirected but it was admirable for its unity and persistence. Had she used it worthily twenty Amelias would not have equalled one Becky.

I know a little woman who married a few months ago and is living happily ever afterward. She came of an obscure family, neither handsome nor brilliant. When she was fourteen she resolved to get an education. She went into town, attended school during the day, returned to her boarding house at four o'clock to look after children and do housework till bedtime to pay for her lodging. She never wasted a moment, never lost her temper nor sight of her purpose. She learned to comb her hair neatly, keep her clothes fresh and make some occasional new ones.

She passed her examinations creditably, taught school a while, took a training course in the city, and came back again to teach in the town.

She now helped support her mother encouraged and assisted her younger sisters and began to take up the study of music. She was not musical beyond her keen appreciation of it, but she practised painstakingly, finally accepting one position as organist in a church and another as accompanist to an orchestra, both sources of excellent training. She cultivated friendship wisely, read carefully, epitomizing what she read, and learned to marshal, ticket it off, and dispense it judicially.

She had little time to flirt and frolic, but she enjoyed the acquaintance of two or three estimable young fellows and when she was twenty-seven she married one of them. He was not at all wonderful, but he was light hearted and level-headed two hopeful qualities in a husband.

It is only in books that marriage culminates a woman's career and her quiet perseverance in removing one by one the obstacles which lay before her has tested her strength and trained her for future responsibility.

"What a man soweth that shall he reap" but likewise, "If a man soweth not he shall not reap."

"Character is destiny." In the history of the world, this saying admits of so many examples that it is worth considering.

The gods have divided their gifts unequally and while some fare abundantly, others go scant. One woman grows up, beautiful and graceful as a flower, another must work early and late to secure the place the other woman wins with a smile, while still others struggle in the heat of the day, burdened with inherited physical weakness, lack of beauty, meagre mental endowment, or inherent indecision.

The world, however, has a divine and unconscious way of bestowing credit on all earnest human effort, and she who hopes to succeed without it will find herself suddenly alone and the toilers who were away in the rear, far to the front.

Keeping Babies in Good Health

(The "Times," New York)

The man who made New Zealand the safest place in the world for babies has just left New York for England, whither he was summoned to apply his methods to preserving the lives of English babies.



Each Package Saves About \$2 If Used to Displace Meat

Each large package of Quaker Oats contains 6220 calories of nutrition. In meats and eggs—on the average at this writing—that same food value costs 7 or 8 times as much.

Note the vast difference, measured by food units:

Calories Per Pound			
Quaker Oats	1810	Veal Cutlets	705
Round Steak	895	Young Chicken	505
Eggs	720	Fresh Halibut	565

Then mark the great difference in cost. You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one meat or egg breakfast.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It has twice the energy value of beef, and several times its minerals.

It is a complete food, supplying every needed element. And its flavor makes it wondrously inviting.

It is the advised food for the young, where cost is not considered. And the favorite morning cereal in mansion or in cottage.

The delightful way to reduce your food cost is to serve more Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavorly Flakes

We use queen grains only in Quaker Oats—just the rich, plump oats. The small grains, which lack flavor, are discarded. Thus we get but 10 pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. But those 10 pounds are the flavorly oats. And they bring you these exquisite flakes without any extra price. Be sure you get them.

35c and 15c Per Package

Except in Far West

(1921)

Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour. Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast and a part of the white flour. This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

3/4 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar. Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbites

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 1/2 cups uncooked Quaker Oats. Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, Canada

SASKATOON, Canada

He is Dr. F. Truby King, President of the Royal New Zealand Society for the Health of Women and Children and founder of the famous Karitane hospitals of that country. Dr. King was received in this city as a man with an important message at a time when the country was about to make a great drive to save the lives of 100,000 babies during the coming year.

New Zealand, in 1907, had a mortality record of only 80 babies per 1,000; this good record, through the work inaugurated by Dr. King, was made even better in 1915, when the rate was reduced to the remarkably low figure of 50 per 1,000. New York City has the lowest death rate for its population of any city in the United States, and is constantly reducing it. Yet, in 1907, the infant death rate in this city was 144 per 1,000 and in 1917 it was still as high as 88 per 1,000.

Dr. King's work, which has aroused the admiration of medical men all over the world, is not confined to any one class of people. Almost invariably public health work is for the very poor, and only the very poor feel that they can take advantage of it without the stigma of receiving charity. Dr. King, when he began his work, interested Lord Plunket, then Governor of New Zealand, and his wife. Lady Plunkett enlisted her friends not only as patrons but beneficiaries of the work. The Karitane Hospital was founded, nurses took graduate courses in the care of children, and mothers' stations were opened in different cities, where mothers could go for advice and take their babies.

There are now some seventy of these stations in New Zealand and there will soon be six of the Karitane hospitals. The peculiarity of these hospitals is that they are not for the very ill; mothers with small complications which may become serious can go to them either before their babies are born or afterward with the babies. They may remain perhaps a day, perhaps two or three days or a week. Their trouble is diagnosed and simple remedies are prescribed.

The society lays great emphasis upon the nursing of the babies. Sometimes, when this seems impossible, the mother goes to the hospital and, with judicious

feeding, rest, care and a little simple treatment the difficulty is overcome and she goes home with the assurance that her baby has a good chance for life and health. And all this is done for rich, poor or women of moderate means, and free of cost. Those who have money can always make donations to the society or become members, but it is primarily a national institution for the benefit of all the people. Through funds and donations it is partly self-supporting, but for every \$5 that the society puts into the work the Government gives \$6.

New York has its stations where mothers can go with their children for aid and advice and to obtain the right modified milk for their babies and its low death rate shows the value of the work, but it only reaches the poorer classes of people.

What our New Zealand women realized was that practically none of them had adequate practical knowledge and training for motherhood, and that this was not a class question but a universal failing of civilized communities," said Dr. King, when asked for a description of his work. "Our committees were selected to embrace all creeds and classes, to meet on a common ground of motherhood and humanity, with no trace or suggestion of patronage or charity. Our members aimed to acquire accurate information on matters affecting the health of women and children and then to disseminate the knowledge. We have sought above all to make it clear that the first things to be considered are fresh air, sunlight, cleanliness, proper feeding, exercise, rest, sleep and regular habits. When breast feeding is not possible, mothers are taught to modify milk, the proper times to feed the baby, the curse of 'pap-feeding,' the need of dry, hard food for the baby before the end of the first year.

"Going along our streets to-day, what is it that strikes us? As the crowd passes before us, how many youths or adults of either sex could we pick out who would compare favorably, as samples of human perfection, with the beautiful babies who are comparatively common? The vast majority of adults are out of the running altogether.

"I am greatly impressed by the re-

markable reduction on infant mortality during the last few years in New York City and the systematic way in which this whole problem is being treated. It appears to me that the plans are admirably adapted to bringing about the best results under the extremely difficult and complicated conditions which necessarily exist in a city of such enormous size, with its social and racial complexities and vast housing problems.

"In these respects our problem in New Zealand is much simpler, and we have the additional advantage of a less trying climate. I do not mean to suggest that marked climatic variations are prejudicial to fitness or efficiency. Indeed, I think that it is rather the other way. No one would suggest that the severity of the climate of Scotland and Scandinavia, as compared with that of England, has rendered the people of those parts inferior either in body or mind.

"The whole outlook, as regards the health future of any country, is bound up in the problem of training and educating girls to make them fit for motherhood, and capable of caring properly for their babies."

Flour Substitutes

Rye flour, as we all know, is no longer considered a substitute for wheat. But rye and wheat are the only two flours on the market now which produce a sufficient amount of gluten to make a good loaf of bread. Gluten is the elastic substance in flour which holds the gas bubbles caused by fermentation. It stretches the dough when yeast is used in the making of bread. Wheat or rye flour must, therefore, be used to some extent in all yeast breads. Barley, cornmeal, corn flour, rice, rice flour, potatoes, buckwheat, banana flour, or dasheen flour may be substituted for a part of the bread flour called for in the recipe usually followed in the making of wheat bread. However, not more than one-third substitute should be used, and very often one-quarter substitute makes a bread that more strongly appeals to the palate. It is false economy to make a bread that the family will not eat, leaving all pampered appetites out of considera-

tion. Substitute flour can be used in many ways to make delicious cakes, cookies, doughnuts, biscuits and muffins. There is no question, however, that a saving of wheat will result which will be greater in amount if these articles are made of substitute flours than if a loaf of bread is practically wasted by the housekeeper in her efforts to use up the war flour she must buy.

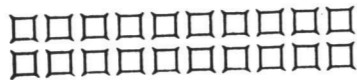
No bread in which substitute flours are used will equal the wheat loaf we are accustomed to, either in color, or flavor or texture. But this statement does not mean that breads made with substitute flours are not good. It simply means that they are different.

Perhaps it would be just as well to do away with the word substitute. It has a psychological effect that hardly gives the substitute a fair chance. Since our mental attitude towards foods in general affects digestion, any word or act that would impair it should be omitted. Let us then eat corn bread, oat bread, barley bread, rice bread, etc., without a thought to any substitution that may have been practiced. These breads will soon be liked for what they are, and not for what they pretend to be.

The usual bread recipe reads as follows: 3 cups flour, 1 cup liquid, 1/4 yeast cake, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon sugar.

If substitute flours are used several changes will have to be made in the foregoing recipe. For instance, cornmeal is a heavier medium than wheat flour, and a little more yeast will have to be used, or else the time of fermentation will have to be prolonged. Barley flour absorbs more water than wheat flour and decreases the time of fermentation. Both rye and barley mixtures result in a sourish, sticky mass if the time of fermentation is prolonged. Both rye and barley bread require a slower oven and a longer period of baking.

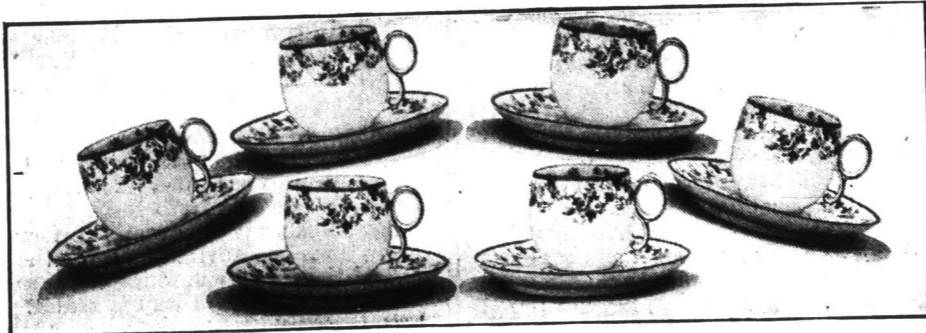
Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.



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EACH CUP AND SAUCER STAMPED "LIMOGES"



YOU WILL NEVER BE OFFERED SUCH A CHANCE AGAIN

READ HOW WE OFFER YOU \$9.00 WORTH OF THIS FAMOUS WARE IN RETURN FOR THREE SUBSCRIPTIONS AT \$1.00

HERE is some wonderful news for our readers. By a lucky chance we have been able to obtain a limited quantity of Elite *Limoges* Cups and Saucers—the famous china which made the word *Limoges* a household name all over the world. Before the war these cups and saucers sold at from \$1.00, in the cities, to \$1.50 in the country, apiece. The city of *Limoges* is now close to the war area, and the manufacture of china has necessarily had to be suspended, so that it is very uncertain when more supplies of this famous ware will be forthcoming. These elaborate cups and saucers will make handsome decorations for your parlor, if you do not care to have them for use at your table.

Description

The cups and saucers are original Elite *Limoges* French China, with decoration of branches of small fall blown pink roses, foliage and floral sprays. Irregular gold edge. Gold decorated handles.

Read Our Offer

We will send you half a dozen guaranteed *Limoges* cups and saucers in return for three new subscriptions to *The Western Home Monthly* at \$1.00 a year.

Note—We expect an immediate response to this remarkable offer, so do not lose any time, but start right in getting the three subscriptions. China will be sent by express directly order is received.

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

About the Farm

The Farm Well

Good water is as essential as good food for the maintenance or health in the family and the thrift of the farm live stock. An ample supply of pure wholesome water is not only a blessing of inestimable value but one of the most valuable assets a farm can possess. There is no country in the world with a greater abundance of pure water in lakes, rivers and springs than Canada and there is no insuperable difficulty in the larger number of our agricultural districts in obtaining a supply ample and pure.

A glance through the annual reports of the experimental farms shows that the division of chemistry is doing a valuable work towards the improvement of the farm water supplies throughout the Dominion. In the course of the past thirty years many hundreds of samples from farm wells have been analysed and reported on. A perusal of these reports shows that year in and year out only about one-third of the waters were pronounced as pure and wholesome, in other words, were free from excretal drainage matter. This is not as it should be, and the reason is not hard to find. In too many instances convenience only has been considered in locating the well. For the most part we find these polluted wells under stables, in barnyards or dangerously near the privy or where the slops from the farm house are thrown out. Wells in such locations can never be depended on to yield pure water. They must sooner or later become polluted

and pump will be found a paying investment, enabling the water to be pumped to the house, stable and barn, thus securing running water in the farm buildings, a convenience and blessing that needs only to be experienced to be appreciated.

White Feathered Fowls

Not all the so-called breeds are exactly pure white, many of the members of some of these breeds will show up with yellowish tints in the feathers; this is for the white breeds showing yellow legs. There are some white breeds that have dark legs, and these will show, as a rule, if kept to standard, pure white feathers if kept clean. A few years ago occurred a controversy over the White Rocks and White Wyandottes. These two breeds so closely resembling, some fanciers made claim that to breed either of these breeds to a pure white state of feathers you bred out not only egg-laying quality, but strength to resist disease, because of weakened vitality, others again declaring there was nothing in this. How it was settled, if ever, I cannot say, but this I knew then that the White Wyandotte will to the average flock show more pure white birds almost totally devoid of the yellow tint than will the White Rock, and also that both breeds that do show the yellow tint in the feathers show a tendency after one year old to grow whiter feathers for the following molting, and again, the fowls that persisted in



With all their household goods loaded on the cart and their two cows being led behind these French refugees are fleeing to points of safety behind the British lines. Many of the inhabitants of the front line towns were forced to seek shelter thus when the first attack of the German drive was launched. Many less fortunate than these pictured in this British official photo were compelled to leave all their worldly possessions behind when they fled.

by filth draining into them from the surrounding soil, which inevitably becomes saturated with manurial products. These wells indeed act as cess pits and the records show not a few instances in which the water of such wells possessed a distinct fertilizing value from the presence of excretal matter.

The lesson from these facts is: Don't sacrifice health to convenience, locate the well at a safe distance—50 to 100 yards at least—from any possible source of contamination. A bored or drilled well tapping a deep seated source, tightly sealed off at the junction of the soil and rock is likely to give the purest supply. If a dug well, line it to a depth of 10 or 12 feet with concrete or puddled clay, 4 to 6 inches in thickness, to ensure the exclusion of water from the surface layers of soil. Keep the surroundings of the well absolutely clear from the accumulation of filth and preferably in the grass. Make provision to carry off the waste water from the pump, so that it may not re-enter the well and so protect the mouth of the well that surface water cannot flow in and mice, frogs, snakes, etc., are excluded. With wells such as these pure water may be secured. A wind-mill, gasoline engine or hand force

showing up with that soft, yellow tint, scarcely perceptible, and yet there when contrasted with cloth or snow, or anything pure white, did seem to me more vigorous and more able to withstand colds, roup and various diseases, and did lay more eggs. This is my individual opinion; I do not give it as an established fact for all facts. At any rate, I do find some judges of poultry who do not incline to cut out a fine bird in the show room on account of that "brassy" tinge in its feathers, and I am sure that like myself perhaps they feel that strength, and to withstand disease and to produce more eggs is worth more than the pure white color demanded by the Standard. On the farm one need not be so particular as in the fancier's pens.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

The Headquarters of the Farm

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Allan Campbell

All big concerns have their headquarters and the farm is certainly a big concern. A spare room of the farm house used exclusively as an office will be found to be a most serviceable addition to the farm organization. There are times when the farmer needs a room where business conversations may be carried on without interruption, at other times pen, ink and paper will be wanted at a moment's

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wheat may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

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Bob Long says "My overalls and shirts are the best to buy, because—it costs you no more to get the genuine 68 lbs. to the square inch tested cloth in "Bob Long" Big 11 overalls, than the ordinary starch-filled, cheap, dyed cotton goods." Insist on "Bob Long" Brand—the cloth with the test.

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"Klean Kwick" Vacuum Washer

does the family washing thoroughly, from father's grease covered overalls to baby's daintiest dresses. Without a rip or even causing mother to worry about the lace.

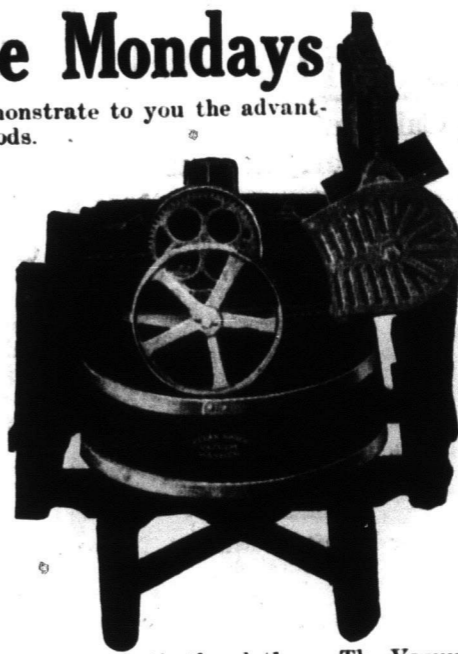
Ordinary washing machines poke, fork and stir the clothes. The Vacuum Washer pounces them with a vacuum cup-shaped head which chases out dirt and forces clean water through the entire wash.

OPERATED BY HAND, GAS OR ELECTRIC POWER. Strong wringer, excellent rollers—every working part fully protected.

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 Write for booklet telling what germ free vaccines are and wherein "cultural product" Ag-gressins differ from Cutter's Aggressin made from animal tissues.

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 from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.
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notice, or instant reference to some of the books on farm subjects may be urgently required and it is then that an office comes in most useful. There is no call for lavish expenditure in establishing a farm office. A small room with an ordinary deal table, a couple or three plain chairs, a home-made bookcase and a rough plan of the farm to hang on the wall.

The bookcase should contain such books as are most useful for reference on various subjects such as cattle remedies, treatment for noxious weeds, etc. Here, too, can be found a home for the otherwise, in many cases, homeless bulletins, scores of which may be obtained free from the government. The farm account books can find a permanent headquarters here also. The writer has seen an occasion where an organized search in a farm house finally ran a pen to earth in the tool box. It is the object of the farm office to eliminate such extra work as that. "A place for everything," as the saying goes, and the place for everything connected with farm accounting and correspondence is in the farm office, where matters of vital importance can be disposed of without lost time or causing confusion in the domestic circle. A diary with each page containing the date of two or three days of the week is useful. In such a book coming events can be noted and prepared for.

A plan of the farm is very handy, and by its use the seasons' field operations can be outlined. By having the various fields and the crops contained therein marked out, matters in relation to the work can be readily discussed without having to cover the ground by walking or driving.

The office should, in order to maintain its efficiency, be allowed to maintain its individuality, and not to be invaded by

spring wheat will be sown. But most important, our Allies need wheat. They need it badly, and any farmer who hangs on to wheat is actively engaged in opposing his own country. If our allies fail— But we do not want to think of that. They must not fail, and each one of us must help them in every way possible so that they may have the strength to go on with the fight for peace.

The Machinery for Cultivaion

If an attempt is made to break new land on a scale that will be an appreciable factor in our food supply, we shall have in the main to rely on gaso-line power with steam as a second factor. Taking large and small tractors together and allowing for unavoidable mishaps, each machine might be relied upon to turn over 40 acres of sod a week, or say during the season of eight weeks 300 acres. The season for breaking might if necessary be extended for two additional weeks, though experience has shown the best results from breaking done during the last two weeks in May, the whole of June and the first two weeks in July. Reckoning 300 acres for each machine, to break 1,000,000 acres will require approximately 3,300 machines. Probably 1,000 or even a larger number of these could be rented from farmers in the west, the balance would have to be secured from those who at various places hold these machines for sale and the factories in Canada and the United States. There should be no difficulty in procuring them from these places. All that could be had should be taken from Canadian companies and the balance from the States. If the middlemen's profit and the duty on the American machines is eliminated the



Tame birds in the wild duck breeding grounds on the Pacific Coast.

bits of harness, machinery parts, etc. To allow the use of it temporarily as a children's play room or for any other purpose would be to introduce confusion and untidiness where such a condition can least be tolerated.

Within the quiet of the office one is better able to thresh out the various problems that beset the farmer than in the midst of domestic chores and conversation and letters can be written by the aid of concentrated attention. Catalogues that contain good farm requirements have a knack of getting lost when they are wanted, but in such a room as above described these catalogues may find a safe storage and will be on hand when wanted. Also, the farm papers which contain many a valuable article will always be on hand for ready reference if kept in this official haven of refuge.

Wheat

It is the duty of all farmers who have any surplus wheat to keep it moving marketward. There is absolutely no incentive to hold it, and every reason to sell it. Kept on the farm it is piling up expense, in interest, insurance, etc., and is subject to fire and other losses. The price has been fixed to the middle of next year, with a new and we hope bigger crop coming on in the meantime. Winter wheat is reported in pretty good condition, and a very large acreage of

whole should be secured at a reduction of 30 to 40 per cent from what is ordinarily paid by the western farmer for these articles. Plows can be secured without any difficulty. In addition a liberal supply of horses and wagons would be necessary, these being needed for draying gasoline and supplies besides furnishing a number to meet unforeseen contingencies. 1,000 useful horses could be obtained in the west for the foregoing purposes. The supply of gasoline and kerosene need cause no concern, millions of gallons of gasoline are at present wasted by automobile owners in journeys that could easily be curtailed fifty or seventy-five per cent. The sooner something along this line is done the sooner will our people realize that this nation is at war, and that modern war means more than shouting at patriotic meetings and sending somebody else to the firing line.

Transplanting

Written for The Western Home Monthly
 by Dell Grattan

The first point to be considered in transplanting is to avoid injuring the roots. It is only necessary to consider the construction and uses of roots to see how impossible it is for the plants to thrive unless they are in a healthy state. Roots generally consist of two parts, the main roots, which are intended to act as grappling-irons to enable the plants to take a firm hold of the ground, and the fibrous roots which are intended to supply the plant with nourishment. These fibrous roots are most liable to receive injury from transplanting, because they are covered with a very fine cellular integument, so delicate in its texture as to be very easily bruised. They each

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 3 Ottawa St., Hull, P.Q.

"Fruit-a-tives" is certainly a wonder. For a year, I suffered with Rheumatism; being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine but without getting better; and thought I would never be able to walk again.

"One day while lying in bed, I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it.

The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the Rheumatism left me.

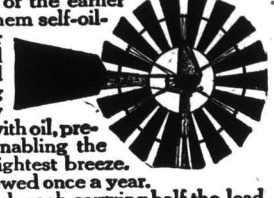
I have every confidence in 'Fruit-a-tives' and strongly recommend them to every sufferer from Rheumatism".

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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has become so popular in its first three years that thousands have been called for to replace, on their old towers, other makes of mills, and to replace, at small cost, the gearing of the earlier Aermotors, making them self-oil-ing. Its enclosed motor keeps in the oil and keeps out dust and rain. The Splash Oiling System constantly floods every bearing with oil, preventing wear and enabling the mill to pump in the lightest breeze. The oil supply is renewed once a year. Double Gears are used, each carrying half the load. We make Gasoline Engines, Pumps, Tanks, Water Supply Goods and Steel Frame Saws. Write AERMOTOR CO., 2520 Twelfth St., Chicago



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terminate in a number of small pores of extraordinary delicacy and susceptibility which act as little sponges to imbibe moisture for the use of the plant. It is well known that these small root hairs furnish the principal means of imbibing food, and that if they should all be cut off the plant must provide itself with others, or it will probably perish for want of sufficient nourishment. These root hairs are exactly of the nature of a sponge.

They expand at the approach of moisture, and when surcharged with it they contract, and thus force it into the fibrous roots, the cellular integument of which dilates to receive it. Hence, the moisture is forced by capillary attraction, it is supposed, into the main roots, and thence into the stem, branches and leaves of the plant, circulating like the blood in the human body. After it has been elaborated and changed into sap in the leaves, as the blood is changed in its nature in the lungs, it dispenses nourishment to every part as it goes along. The roots have no pores with the exception of those forming the root hairs, and only the small, fibrous roots appear to possess the power of alternate dilation and contraction, which power evidently depends on their cellular tissue being in an entire and healthy state. Thus it is quite evident that if the root spongioles be injured they can no longer act as mouth and throat to convey food to the plant.

Whenever a plant is taken up for transplanting, therefore, the operation should be performed carefully and any parts injured should be removed before it is replaced in the ground. Deciduous plants, and particularly trees and shrubs, are generally transplanted when they are without their leaves, because at that season they are in no danger of suffering from the effects of evaporation. They are often successfully transplanted when in leaf, but have to be more or less severely cut back. Shading is necessary after transplanting any plant that retains its leaves, as the evaporation from the leaves, if exposed to the full action of the wind and sun, would be greater than the plant could stand with its diminished root vigor.

If it were possible to transplant without injuring the fibres of the roots, and if the plant were immediately supplied with plenty of water, shading would be unnecessary. Indeed, when plants are returned out of a pot into the open garden without breaking the ball of earth around their roots, shade is not required. The reason for watering a transplanted plant is as obvious as shading. It is simply to supply the root hairs with an increased quantity of moisture, so that the amount imbibed by each may, in some degree, take the place of their diminished number.

All plants will not bear transplanting. Those that have tap roots, such as the carrots and certain kinds of poppies, are peculiarly unfitted for it. When plants having tap roots are transplanted, it should be on very light soil, and what is called a puddle should be made to receive them. To do this, a hole should be made deeper than the root of the plant, and into this hole water should be poured, earth thrown in and stirred so as to half fill it with mud. The tap-rooted plant should then be plunged into the mud, shaking it a little so as to let the mud penetrate among its fibrous roots. The pit should then be filled in with light soil, left loose to form a mulch. The plant must be shaded longer than is required by other plants, and when water is given, it should be poured down nearer the main root than in other cases, because the lateral fibrous roots never spread far from it. Plants with spreading roots, when transplanted, should have the pit intended to receive them made shallow, but very wide in its diameter, so that the roots may be spread out in it to their fullest extent. Those that appear at all bruised or injured should be cut off with a sharp knife.

It is a general rule in transplanting never to bury the collar of plants as they are liable to be smothered, though this rule has some exceptions in the case of annuals. Some of these, such as balsams, send out roots from the stem above the collar, and these plants are always much improved by transplanting. Others, the fibrous roots of which are long and descending, such as hyacinths, do not bear transplanting well. When it is absolutely necessary to move them, it should be done with a small instrument called a transplanter, which may be

purchased from most seedsmen or nurserymen. By use of the transplanter it is possible to take up a sufficient quantity of earth with the plant to remove it without disturbing the roots.

Fitting Horses for Work

Exercise rather than feed for toning up the muscles, hand rubbing after day's work.

Just now the important thing is to give the horse good treatment as he bows to the spring work. Unless the horses have been exercised well during the winter they are out of sorts, not only by being soft in their muscles, but their circulation and breathing and excretory systems are away below par.

Hence the necessity of beginning with easy work and of not keeping at it till the horses are exhausted. The horses have a way of starting off as if they were full of energy. The very opposite is the fact. The fine show of spirits is really a sign of poor condition manifesting itself in irritability that frequently is mistaken for strength. Indeed, it will mean time gained in the end for the farmer to do odd jobs with the horses for a day or two that ensure frequent rests before starting anything that even approaches in severity hard or regular work. Valuable lives may be spared by observing this precaution.

Every spring scores of horses suddenly stop work and die, not because they are too fat or because they are not strong enough, but because their circulatory system will not carry off the excess of matter suddenly thrown upon it by even a little light work. Many farmers have a way of feeding their horses a little more heavily than usual for a month or so before starting spring work. Generally speaking, this practice is a very poor one. If a little exercise were given every day rather than an increase of oats the horses would come to the plow and harrow in better condition. The increase of feed should be made very gradually and not till it has been preceded for a week or so by increase in exercise.

Then the day's work should be followed by a thorough rubbing. The horse that gets his muscles well rubbed will come to his work next day ready and keen. Moreover, the rubbing has a way of lessening the labor thrown upon the circulation. How the horses come out of the spring work depends to a very great extent upon their fitness for work when the season opens and the regular care they get from day to day. A little salt, half a teaspoonful is sufficient, should be given every night. If it is thrown into the bottom of the feed box before the oats the horses will make no objection. A liberal bran mash should be fed on Saturday night instead of the regular grain ration. The extra heavy feed of Monday morning is a mistake.

There is no reason why a team should not finish the spring work in better fettle than when it entered the work. The secret is care and a little judgment that prevents over-doing. In this connection too much emphasis cannot be laid upon having the collars properly fitted. After the horses have been conditioned by a little regular exercise the collars should be fitted with the utmost care. If there is any sign of sore shoulders the time to save trouble is the moment tenderness appears. Usually the sore shoulder is the fault of the owner, who does not insist that collars be properly fitted.

Explicit Directions

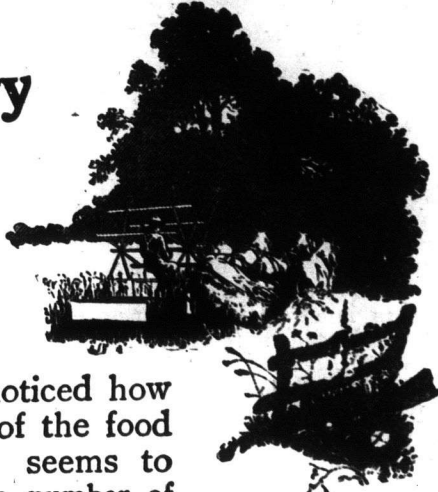
The Langworths lived in a corner house so easily accessible from the street that they were continually being annoyed by persons ringing to ask where other people lived. At last the son of the house, says a writer in the New York Times, decided to put an end to the nuisance.

"I guess," he said, complacently, "there won't be any more folks asking if the Browns, the Biddles or the Hansons live in this house. I've fixed 'em."

"What have you done?" queried Mrs. Langworth.

"Hung out a sign."
"And what did you print on it?"
"Just five words," replied Harold, proudly. "No body lives here but us."

No Worry About Harvest



HAVE you noticed how discussion of the food supply situation seems to center around the number of acres it is possible to plant rather than around the harvesting of those planted acres?

It is an unconscious, but none the less wonderful, tribute to the genius of the inventors of the reaper and binder that the public takes the harvesting of the greatest grain crop ever planted as a matter of course. The sole question now is, "How many acres can we plant?" The power and help required by the planting will be amply sufficient for the harvest where Deering binders and binder twine are used.

And, where they are used, the harvest will be complete. No matter whether the grain be tall or short, heavy or light, standing or down, lodged and tangled, a Deering binder cuts and binds it all without waste.

It is an easy matter to be fully prepared for harvest. Buy the largest binder you can use. The larger sizes conserve labor. Buy a new machine if there is any question about the efficiency of the old one. A new Deering is absolutely reliable.

We furnish promptly either new Deering binders or repairs for old ones. Do not hesitate to call on our organization for any help we can give in the harvesting of this year's grain crop—the most important crop ever raised. See the local dealer or write to the nearest branch direct—early.

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WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.
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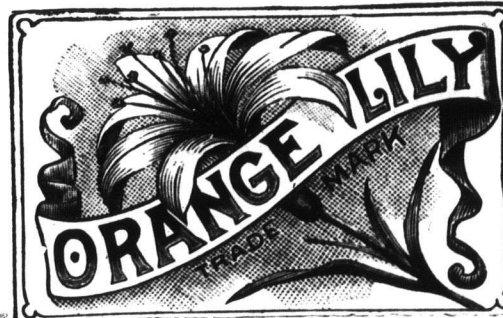
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These words or expressions having the same meaning are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby

offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c., sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps, Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.

The Secret Of A PERFECT BUST And Form Sent Free



Madame Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for twenty years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Letters sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

Madame Thora Toilet Co., Dept. M, Toronto, Ont.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT DRAWS OUT THE VIRUS

HOW GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT CURES ECZEMA, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ULCERS, ERUPTIONS, BUNIONS AND LEG DISEASE.

For fifty years Grasshopper Ointment has been a certain cure by removing the cause, which is to be found in poisoned and diseased blood. The ointment draws the virus out of the blood and tissue, and assures an early and complete recovery. Grasshopper Ointment may also be used for Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Scratches, Stings, and Bruises, as its healing antiseptic properties have been found to be unsurpassed by those of any other preparation. Grasshopper Ointment is absolutely harmless. Do not be persuaded to purchase any imitation and substitute preparations. Obtainable of all Stores and Chemists, and stocked by all Wholesale Houses throughout Canada.

The Home Doctor

Bread and Muffins Made of a New Ration

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., A.M., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Have you ever eaten Kafir corn muffins or feterita bread? If you have not there is a double pleasure in store for you, to wit, of the palate and of the pocketbook.

Experiments and the agricultural experimental stations of the west and south show that there is as little difference between Kafir and corn or feterita and wheat as between Alice's funny twins, Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

A table published recently in the Scientific American will give you an idea of these cereal flours.

				Fete- rita
Contents	Wheat	Kafir	Corn	
Starches	67.70	70.98	69.60	71.71
Sugars				

Protein-albu- men.....	13.94	12.69	10.50	11.50
Fat.....	1.56	3.52	5.40	3.34
Fiber.....	2.24	1.38	2.10	1.15
Mineral ferti- lizer.....	1.62	1.70	9.73	10.80

It was only six years ago that President Wilson's administration brought feterita into the country. It is now in fair way to become a staple farm product. It is particularly resistant to dryness and is a very hardy plant.

Mr. Hoover seems to be especially pleased that feterita, Kafir corn, milo, grain, sorghums, and other cheap fodders have grown successfully in American soils and can be utilized now to make delectable muffins, appetizing five-cent loaves of bread, and other things.

Mr. O. R. Geyer, an authority on these new cereal flours, says that the soils of the south are so well fitted for the growth

of feterita, Kafir, and milo that they will become a fine substitute for wheat and add greatly to the store of food products.

It is a surprise to a number of people to learn that the crop of cotton grown in the south yields lots of good foodstuffs. Yet cotton seed is such an excellent palu- lum that it is "too rich for your blood," and too protein a diet to eat alone, un- mixed with weaker food products. It requires skilled dietitians to cook cotton seed flour in such a manner that the pro- tein in it does not harm the human machine.

This served with such a cereal as Kafir corn, becomes so cheap and wholesome an addition to the larder that it is pro- phesied by Mr. Geyer to replace much meat and fish on the table. He puts the facts in this wise: "Commercial cotton- seed meal can be used in the prepara- tion of food products, which contain 51% of protein and, if used intelligently, can be made to replace meat in an ordinary diet as a source of protein.

"As sold on the market, cotton-seed meal will contain from 30% to 48% protein—the tissue making albuminous part of a food. Compared with the per- centage of protein found in other foods, the balance in favor of cotton-seed meal is apparent."

Round steak contains protein in quan- tities from 12% to 16%, beans have about 20%, peanuts about 25%, and wheat bread about 9%.

Some protein is the nitrogenous, muscle building part of nutriment, rations which include cotton meal are "some builders." This part is three to five times greater in cotton meal than in wheat flour.

Potato in the vernacular is "not in it" with Kafir corn flour, feterita, and cotton seed meal. "Americans will never be in this respect driven, like dumb cattle, as the Germans have been, to eat potato bread.

"Angel's food" can be given as a name to cotton-seed meal mixed with feterita and Kafir corn, for it is as nutritious and tasty a dish as ever was set before a king.

Breakfast cereals, breads, delicious muffins, griddle cakes, cookies, Christmas cakes, brown betties, biscuits, rolls, icing cakes and fruit cakes have all been successfully made from these new flours.

Physical Fitness

Was it not Herbert Spencer who said that "to be a good animal is the first requisite to success in life, and to be a nation of good animals is the first condition of national prosperity"? That is just as true of a nation in a state of peace as in a state of war, although it is war that obliges a people to examine its citizens and to accept or reject them on the basis of physical fitness. When such a test has to be made, it is appalling to see how many must be rejected for one reason or another, unless the war lasts so long that rulers have perforce to accept damaged or defective men for fighters.

It is probable that most of these physical defects could have been avoided, and that in a majority of cases the mischief was done in very early life. In fact, you cannot start too soon to build up a good constitution; fathers and mothers must not delay. The acute illnesses to which childhood is subject cannot always be avoided, and with the best care in the world they often leave irreparable damage in their train. But people are more careful than they used to be, and no longer speak of scarlet fever, or even of measles, as inevitable troubles, to be had and got over as soon as possible. They are recognized as serious matters. The result is that sensible, educated people do their best to protect their children from them, and that the laws regarding infection and exposure are framed to do all that can be done for people who are care- less and un instructed.

Apart from those infective diseases of childhood, most of the troubles that not only make children ill at the time but also affect the constitution injuriously come from errors in diet, errors in ventilation, or errors in exercise. The three things that a child must have in plenty if it is to thrive are food, air and rest. Digestive troubles are at the bottom of so many nursery troubles that infant feeding has become a science by itself, the principles of which are at the service of any mother who will take the trouble to learn them. But all the scientific feeding in the world will not lay the foundations of a fine con- stitution if a child is deprived of good air. Shut-up bedrooms and stuffy living rooms mean nose and throat troubles, and those are hard to cure. Finally, a child needs plenty of time for rest; a day is a long period for a small child, and it is possible to sow the seeds of nervous breakdown very early in life.

Mouth-Breathing

Mouth-breathing is more than a habit; it is an evidence of deformity or disease in the upper air-passages. A child never breathes through his mouth from choice. He does so either because the passages of the nose are obstructed or because his tonsils are enlarged, and he cannot be taught to breathe naturally so long as the obstruction remains. In some instances the interference with respiration is due to a deformity of the chambers of the nose, but in a majority of cases it is caused by the presence of adenoids in the pharynx. Enlargement of the tonsils may be as-



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and Underwear

associated with either of these conditions, or it may exist alone.

Children who breathe through their mouths are always more liable to the diseases of the bronchial tubes and lungs. They often suffer, too, from disease of the ears, and they rarely escape the first opportunity to contract the acute infections, for many of these gain entrance through the tonsils. But aside from such possibilities, the interference with breathing soon produces a change in the features and a permanent deformity of the chest quite like that which formerly more than now was regarded as an evidence of an inherited tendency to condensation.

These abnormal conditions of the nose and throat often become evident in early infancy; they are considered as due in a measure to hereditary transmission, for they often appear in several generations of a family. Their existence in a child is sometimes revealed during recovery from measles, scarlet fever or other acute illness.

A tendency to catarrhal disease of the throat may develop and persist even after the cause has been removed. This must be overcome by exercise, cool bathing and other hygienic measures in addition to such local treatment as the physician may direct. The neck should be bathed with cold water morning and evening. The cold sponge-bath every morning is better, but habitual cold bathing should be begun during the summer-time. Muffling of the neck should be avoided as much as possible.

Graduated physical culture is always beneficial. No child is too delicate to take systematic exercise under a competent instructor unless it is suffering from some organic disease. A most important part of the course is the cool shower or plunge-bath at the close of each period of exercise, and it soon becomes the part that is most enjoyed.

The Nose

The nose, the most conspicuous feature of the human face, has always been regarded with great interest from an esthetic point of view, but it is within a comparatively recent period that its importance in the matter of health has been recognized.

Its external configuration goes far to make or mar beauty of feature, and considered from the point of view of health, its internal conformation is of even more significance.

The inside of the nose is divided into two compartments by a thin plate of bone and cartilage, called the septum. The outer wall of each of these cavities has three projecting ledges, formed of curved plates of bone covered with a loose membrane containing a great number of blood-vessels. Opening into the nasal cavity on each side are several hollow spaces in the bones of the face, all lined with mucous membrane and containing air.

The nerves of smell are located in the mucous membrane which lines the nostrils, and when inflammation of the membrane occurs, as in a cold in the head, this sense is more or less destroyed for the time being.

The most important function of the nose is that of a breathing organ. The curved plates of bone serve to increase the surface covered with mucous membrane, so that the air in passing over it is warmed and moistened, and so rendered fit to enter the bronchial tubes and lungs. It is also filtered and freed from dust and from the many disease-germs which it carries. The dust and microbes are caught on the moist surface, and are carried back to the entrance of the nostrils in a current caused by the constant downward movement of microscopic hair-like projections on the mucous membrane.

This explains in part the evils that result from mouth-breathing, for then the air is neither warmed nor purified, and on entering the bronchial tubes it causes congestion. This in turn lessens the resisting power, which all mucous membranes possess, against the action of disease-germs.

Catarrhal inflammations, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and other respiratory diseases are much more likely to attack those who, through habit or necessity, breathe largely through the mouth.

Obstruction of one nostril, such as occurs when the septum projects to one side or when there are tumors, called polypi, or other swellings of the mucous membrane, puts too much work on the free nostril. Its membrane becomes congested, and catarrh results. This obstruction may be only temporary and may right itself, but when it is permanent it is necessary to remove it by operation as a measure of protection to the general health.

The Gift of Expectancy

Virginia stood looking at the row of tin cans in Aunt Cindy's sunny window, each with its little brown stick topped by tiny green leaves.

"How do you make your lemon verbenas grow, Aunt Cindy?" she asked. "I've worked and worked over mine, and I've never succeeded in slipping a single one yet."

"Is yo' slip 'em in March?" the old woman asked.

"In March and May and every other month in the year," Virginia said, laughing. "It doesn't make a bit of difference."

"An' yo' starts 'em under glass?"

"Every time," Virginia assured her.

"An' yo' 'spects 'em to come erlong?"

"Expect them to come along!" Virginia echoed. "Aunt Cindy, how could I, possibly? I expect them to die, and they never disappoint me."

Aunt Cindy shook her head. "Yo' kin laugh, Miss Ferginny, honey, but there's a heap in 'specting things ter grow, lemon verbenas 'specially. I look at 'em an' say, 'Yo' a mighty ornery, no-count-looking little stick er wood, but yo' ain't deceivin' me wid yo' circumviguous ways! Dere ain't one of dem sassy flowers down in de garden got leaves like yo'-all got, so jes' step erlong an' shake 'em out. I's a-waitin' fer yo'!"

"Why, Aunt Cindy," Virginia teased, "you don't mean that you use mental science on your verbenas?"

But Aunt Cindy was not to be caught.

"Science nuffin', chile!" she retorted. "Hit's a gif—dat's what 'tis. I's got de gif of 'spectioncy, chile—yo' cyant do nuffin' widout hit!"

It was Virginia's farewell visit to Aunt Cindy. A few days later, excited and ambitious, she met her first classes in the school that was to be her stepping-stone to the study and travel she had planned for herself. She was an eager teacher—almost too eager; it was hard to be patient with the slow pupils, and some of them were very slow. There was Callie Dishart, for instance—the girl was downright stupid! She—Virginia stopped with an exclamation of dismay. She had taken

her perplexities outdoors, and in her brisk walk had nearly stepped upon a child, huddled, sobbing, behind a clump of cedars.

"Why, Callie!" Virginia exclaimed. Callie rubbed her red eyes and stumbled to her feet. "I—I—" she stammered.

"Tell me," Virginia said, gently.

"It's—I'm so slow!" the child cried. "Miss Deyo, last year, said I could do things if I'd be patient and not get discouraged. She—she said, folks are like flowers, and some take a long time to grow. I did learn with her, truly I did. She made you feel as if you could. But with you it's—it's different—and—"

Across Virginia's vision flitted the picture of a window crowded with tomato-cans, each with its tiny green slip. "I's got de gif of 'spectioncy, chile—yo' cyant do nuffin' widout hit"—it seemed as if the words were spoken aloud. She held out her hand to the child.

"Let's try again, Callie—you and I," she said.

A conjurer was recently performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in fun:

"I say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course, she can," replied the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer.

"She keeps ducks!" replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.



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NEVER NEGLECT BRONCHITIS IT MAY TURN TO PNEUMONIA.

Bronchitis comes from a neglected cold, and starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest.

You have, no doubt, wakened up in the morning and have had to cough several times to raise the phlegm from the bronchial tubes, and have found it of a yellowish or gray, greenish color, and you have received relief right away.

This is a form of bronchitis, which if not cured immediately may turn into pneumonia or some more serious trouble.

Cure the cold with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thereby prevent bronchitis and pneumonia taking hold on your system.

Mr. E. Jarvi, New Finland, Sask., writes:—"I was troubled, for years, with bronchitis and could not find any relief. I was especially bad on a damp day. I went to a druggist, and asked him for something to stop the cough and constant tickling in my throat. He gave me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I found gave me instant relief. I think it is the best medicine for bronchitis I know of. Now I take care I always have a bottle of it on hand."

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Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 26 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

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All Ages. Anywhere at anytime.
Delicious, sustaining. No cooking.

Young People

The Summer Cottage

By Emma Ellen Glossop

Busy Johnny chanced to peep
Within an ancient rubbish heap
That held the things they cast away
Behind the barn on cleaning day.

"These grown-ups," said he, "are not wise;
They often throw away a prize.
Now here is something! This, mayhap,
Will make a sling; perhaps a strap."

High on a broken cherry limb,
In sheltered corner known to him,
He hung his treasure out of view—
A battered, broken, worn-out shoe!

Then by and by, with merry song,
Came Mistriss Jenny Wren along.
"Why, husband, dear," she called out thus,
"Who built this handsome home for us."

With floor, and sides, and roof of leather,
To fend our household from the weather?
Besides a door that opens wide,
Here is a window at the side!"

"Why, bless me, yes!" said Mr. Wren.
They got the furniture, and then
This jolly couple, free from care,
Took lodgings for the summer there.

The Bear's Tale

It was some days after their journey to Good Fairyland before the bears again visited our three little friends, Geof, Chrissie and Jack. This time there was no rush of little feet to the door to welcome the brothers as they arrived in their shining automobile. So they went straight up to the nursery and opening the door softly peeped in.

It was not a very cheerful sight that met the gaze of Bear and Forbear. The nursery looked bright and comfortable enough, with a cheery fire burning on the hearth, and the gay wallpapers and the pretty pictures, but the three little people who were at that moment occupying the room, seemed to find it dull enough. Geof sat at the table resting his head on his hands. Chrissie was curled up in the large armchair by the fire, and the doll that she had been nursing lay with its head hanging over the arm evidently in a forlorn and neglected condition, while Jackie was standing by the window trying to draw pictures with his nails on the frosted window panes.

"Good afternoon," said the Bears as they walked in. "You don't seem to be a very merry party in here."

It was wonderful to see the change of expression in the three little faces, as they all turned round and saw Bear and Forbear. Geof jumped up and shouted "Hurrah!" Chrissie followed his example in such haste that the poor doll fell with a bang on her head on the floor, and Jackie ran across the room in such a hurry that he tripped over his wooden horse that was standing in the way, and if Forbear had not caught him would probably have followed the doll's example and fallen on his head.

"Well, what are you all doing this afternoon?" asked Bear, when the first excited greetings were over.

"Oh, nothing," answered Geof, "We have all got beastly colds and mother says we cannot go out, and there is nothing nice to do indoors."

"But we don't mind now you have come," interrupted Chrissie.

By this time they were all seated round the fire, Bear and Forbear in the middle, with Jackie between them and Chrissie and Geof on either side.

"So you cannot come for a ride to-day, that is certain," remarked Forbear. "We must find something to do in the house. Do you like stories?"

"Oh, yes, yes," the three shouted in a chorus. "Do you know some nice ones?"

"Bear can tell you some lovely tales."

A Pill for Brain Workers. The man who works with his brains is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Brain fog begets irregularities of the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

answered Forbear. "I suppose you know all the nursery rhymes, well, did you know that they were all made up about things that really happened long ago, and Bear knows all about them as he heard them from the old wizzard of the mountain, who is as old as the mountain itself, and remembers them all happening. Fire ahead, old fellow," he said turning to Bear.

"Well, which will you have?" asked Bear. "You choose first, Chrissie. Ladies first, you know, boys."

Chrissie looked puzzled. "There are so many," she said at length. "Do you know the stories about them all, Polly Flinders, Hickory Dickory Dock, To Market, To Market, and all the rest?"

"Yes, I think I know most of them," returned Bear. "Anyhow you can choose one, and I will tell you the story if I know it."

Chrissie thought for a few minutes, while the boys tried to nurry her by such remarks as "Get on, slow-coach." "Don't be all night," etc. At last she said, "How about 'Little Jumping Joan.' Do you know about her?"

"Yes," answered Bear. "Here am I little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me I'm all alone."
"Oh, yes, I know all about her. She and her mother lived in a little cottage—"

"Oh, please," interrupted Jackie. "Begin like a real story, 'Once upon a time.'"

Bear smiled good temperedly. Oh, certainly, if you like we will begin right at the beginning. Once upon a time there was a man and his wife who lived in a small cottage at the edge of a forest. The man was a wood cutter and worked very hard felling trees. They had not lived very long in this little cottage before a dear little baby girl was sent to them whom they named Joan. Joan laughed, and crowded and played like every other baby, and being very healthy and strong she used to jump and leap up and down in her Daddy's arms, until in play he named her 'little jumping Joan,' and the name stuck to her even when she grew too big to jump in her father's arms, and was running about all over the house like a little bit of sunshine.

"When 'Little Jumping Joan' was four years old a sad thing happened. Her father went out one morning as usual to his work after kissing and hugging his little daughter, but though little Joan and her mother prepared his supper, and Joan ran to the gate many times in the evening to watch for him, he never came back. The poor mother made frantic enquiries after him but could learn nothing. Several people had seen him at his work that day, but no one knew where he had gone nor what had become of him. Now little Joan's mother was a brave woman, and when she found that her husband did not come back, and that now she had no one to work and make money for little Joan and herself, she made up her mind that she must earn money, and began to look about for work that she could do. Though they lived far away from a village there were several large houses at no great distance belonging to rich people, and in time she managed to get work at these houses for several days a week, going to them for the day to do the washing or any other work they might require, and in this way she contrived to get enough money to keep herself and Joan. But there was one thing that worried her very much; she could not take her little girl with her, and there were no neighbors she could leave her with, so she was obliged reluctantly to leave her quite alone in the little cottage.

Joan was only a very little girl, but she was not at all afraid of being left, only sometimes she found it lonely and wished for a playmate. Very often she would sing to herself, and at last made up the little rhyme you know so well.

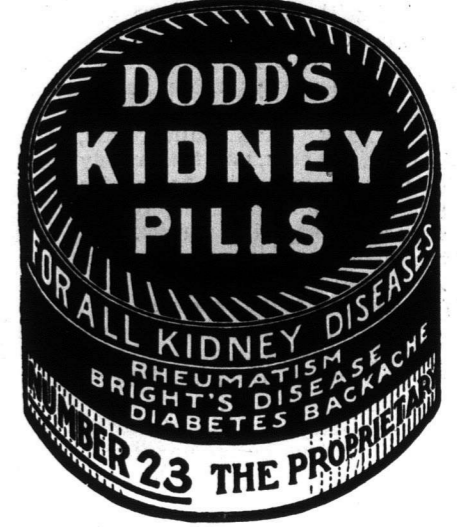
"Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me I'm all alone."

One day she had just finished singing this at the top of her shrill little voice, when she was startled by hearing someone say in a voice as shrill as her own.

"Or you might say, when you're all alone nobody's with you."

"Joan turned quickly round, and standing beside her was the queerest little man you ever saw. He was dressed in scarlet, with a little pointed scarlet cap in which was stuck a long white feather. Joan was not frightened. She stared at him for a minute, and then asked, 'Who are you?'"

"Why I am Nobody, Mr. Nobody that you are always singing about. When you are all alone I always come to



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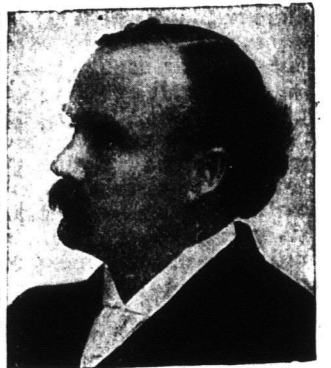
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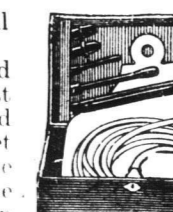
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Mrs. W. H. Ferrier, Kilbride, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with my heart for five years, and was so bad it would send me into fits and smothering. I could not do any work while I was affected, but after taking three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I have regained my health."

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see you, but this is the first time you have seen me, isn't it? Now we can play and have some fun together."

"Mr. Nobody proved a jolly companion and playmate, and he used to come and see Joan whenever she was left alone, but he told her she must never tell anyone about his visits, or he would never come again. They had long talks together when tired of play, and one day Joan told him how her father had gone away and never come back. 'I wonder if he is still alive,' she said, 'and if we shall ever find him.'"

"I might be able to help you," said Mr. Nobody. "You see I can go to places where nobody goes."

"This remark so puzzled Joan that she was silent for a long while till her little friend remarked, 'I think I will go and see the Man in the Moon and ask him if he knows anything about your father. You know he is very wise and is quite used to having Nobody go and see him and ask his advice.'"

"The next time Mr. Nobody came he was smiling all over his funny little face, and brought good news. 'The Man in the Moon tells me,' said he, 'that one evening about six months ago he was looking down on this forest near your cottage, and he saw a band of armed men riding through it. They came at last upon an open space where a man was busy cutting down trees. The officer in command of the soldiers said in a loud voice, 'That is just the man we want, seize him.' The man was taken and bound and carried away with the armed men. They took him to a large castle miles away, where he is kept as a slave and made to work at cutting down the trees in a dark wood close by. At night he is taken to a dungeon under a small tower near the castle, where, said my friend the Man in the Moon, nobody goes.' So remarked Mr. Nobody, 'If nobody goes there Nobody will go there and see what he can do.' Joan begged hard to go with him, but Mr. Nobody said she would be Somebody and couldn't possibly go with him. So he set off by himself to visit the dungeon. It took him several days to reach it as he could only travel at night when nobody travels. At last he arrived there and found the small tower at the base of which was a grating which nobody could squeeze through, so through he went, and letting himself drop down he found himself in a dark dungeon, on the floor of which a man lay asleep on a bed of dirty straw. Mr. Nobody touched him on the shoulder, and Joan's father, for it was he, awoke with a start exclaiming, 'Is anybody here?' 'Nobody's here,' answered Mr. Nobody chuckling, and lighting the tiny lamp he had brought with him. It did not take long for him to explain why he had come, and with a file he had brought with him, he cut through the iron grating, making an opening large enough for Joan's father to squeeze through. Mr. Nobody then left him to make his way home to his wife and little daughter. You can imagine the delight of the father and mother and little Joan when they were all together again in the little cottage. Joan had to tell her father over and over again of her friendship with queer little Mr. Nobody, and of the rhyme she used to sing. Her father said she must alter it now and sing,

"Here am I, little jumping Joan,
Now daddy's come back I shan't be alone."
"But she never forgot the first little rhyme, and when she grew up she told it to her own little girls and boys, and afterwards to her grandchildren, and that is how the rhyme has been remembered so long."

"What a lovely story," said Chrissie, as Bear finished his tale. "Have all the nursery rhymes stories belonging to them?" "Yes," replied Bear, "and some of them are very exciting."

"Go on and tell us another," said Geof. "No," said the Bears, rising as they spoke. "We must be off now, but we will come again every afternoon that you will come again and cannot go out, and tell us another one. You can be thinking of one you want," he went on, turning to Geof, "it will be your turn to choose you

know. Come on, Forbear, we must not stay any longer now. Good-bye, children," and off they went. At that moment nurse arrived with tea, and the children could hardly believe that the long afternoon had passed so quickly.

The Animal's Ear For Music

Snakes have always enjoyed the reputation of being music lovers, but the appreciation of rhythm and harmony is by no means peculiar to them. According to experiments, declares a writer in the New York Tribune, nearly all animals have a perfect sense of pitch, and in some the sensibility to discord is more highly developed than in some human beings.

Of all animals, dogs evince the keenest musical susceptibility. Indeed, it might almost be said that the dog that displays no liking for music is a vicious character. Some interesting experiments performed by Dr. Otto Kalische of Berlin prove that dogs are able not only to recognize melodies, but to identify each individual note of the diatonic scale. The celebrated tenor, Morelli, had a sagacious little dog, which would follow its master's singing. Perched on the top of the piano, it would throw back its head and in its own way follow its master's voice up and down the scale.

The musical acuteness of horses is shown by the rapidity with which cavalry horses learn the significance of trumpet calls.

The elephant is a most exacting critic. He has little liking for the brass section of the orchestra, but he will listen for hours to the deep-toned bassoon. Observation has shown that the elephant is most pleased with an andante movement. Circus men have learned that elephants will not walk peacefully into the arena unless a stately march is played for them, and that they will not be on their good behavior if music of a frivolous character is played during their act.

Tigers are not very susceptible to music, but they will sit quietly when a pleasing melody is played softly. Leopards will caper with delight to a lively tune, and snarl to slow music. Lions are great music lovers; they will sit motionless and listen with every evidence of pleasure to smoothly-flowing melody. But rapid or broken rhythms make them pace their cage impatiently, and a discord evokes growls of angry protest.

The fondness of reptiles for music is so well known that it hardly needs mention. The spider is quite as fond of it. The story of Gretry, the composer, and the pet spider that came out every day and sat for hours on his harpsichord, while Gretry was composing, is a musical classic. Mice are similarly affected, and recent experiments have shown that even fish are strongly attracted by musical sounds.

Naturally, the bird world is full of music lovers. The nightingale, the sweetest of all singers, can be so ravished by the music of a flute that it will fall to the ground in a swoon.

His Early Reputation

When Mr. Lloyd-George was a young country solicitor in Wales, he was riding home in his dogcart one day and came upon a little Welsh girl trudging along so wearily that he offered her a ride. She accepted silently, but all the way along the future statesman, although he tried hard to engage her in conversation, could not get her to say anything more than a timid "Yes" or "No."

Some days afterward the little girl's mother happened to meet Mr. Lloyd-George, and said to him smilingly, "Do you remember that my little girl rode home with you the other day? Well, when she got home she said, 'Mamma I rode from school with Mr. Lloyd-George the lawyer, and he kept talking to me and I didn't know whatever to do, for you know Mr. Lloyd-George charges you whenever you talk with him, and I hadn't any money!'"

"Mamma," said little John, "I just made a bet." "You naughty boy, Johnny! What made you do it?" she asked. "I bet Billy Roberts my cap against two buttons that you'd give a penny to me to buy some apples with. You don't want me to lose my cap, do you?" He got the penny.

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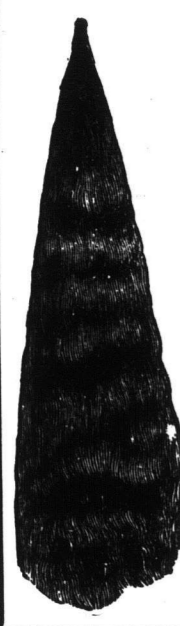
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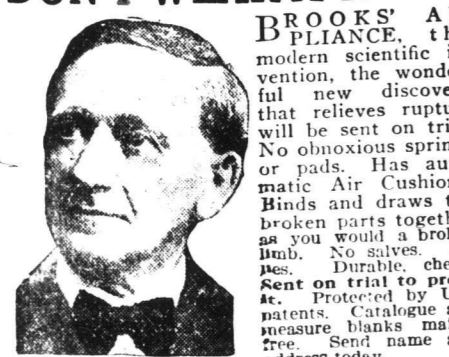
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Fashions and Patterns

A Good Style for a School Dress.—2402—Linene, linen, corduroy, pique, drill, gingham, chambray, galatea, voile, gabardine and serge, all are nice and appropriate for this style. This is a one-piece model, the belt holding the fullness at the waist line. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished either in bishop style, in wrist length or with a smart, straight cuff in elbow length. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Waist.—2417—You will find this design very attractive for crepe, batiste, taffeta, shantung, linen or madras. Silk and wool or bead embroidery may be used for decoration, whichever is desirable for the material employed. The sleeve is new, with its wrist ruffle and shirring. The pattern is cut in seven

any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for the Little Miss.—2183—Here is a smart little dress for warm summer days, to which is added a guimpe with long or short sleeves for cool weather. The style is fine for lawn, dimity, voile, repp, pique, linen, challie and albatross. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires for a 6-year size 1½ yard for the guimpe and 2½ yards for the dress of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

An Easy to Make and Practical Model.—2074—Ladies' "Coverall" Apron. Striped seersucker was used in this instance: checked gingham, drill, percale, linen or alpaca are equally attractive. The belt may be omitted. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small for 32 and 34 inches bust measure, medium for 36 and 38 inches bust measure, large for 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and extra large for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It



sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty and Becoming Negligee.—2388—Figured crepe, dotted Swiss lawn, batiste, organdy, China silk, washable satin, albatross and cashmere are all nice for this model. The sleeve and waist are cut in one and gathered to the shaped skirt portions. 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 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Garment for the Small Child.—2393—This model will make an excellent play suit. It is good for galatea, gingham, seersucker, pique, drill and other wash fabrics, also for serge, flannel and flannelette. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 1 requires 3½ yards of 24-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to

requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Waist 2443, skirt 2444. Here is a combination that will make a pretty afternoon or calling frock. The blouse fronts are closed over a tucked vest. The square neck is trimmed with a collar cut in points over the front. The skirt is made with gathered tunic portions, and will prove a splendid style for remodeling. One could combine serge and satin or foulard in this design, or use two other contrasting materials. The blouse pattern 2443, is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt, 2444, in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. For a medium size the entire dress will require 8½ yards of 36-inch material, without the tunic 2 yards less. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

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Girl.—2422—Batiste, voile, crepe, dimity, nainsook and lawn are nice for this model. Gingham and chambray also may be used. The dress may be finished with or without belt or trimmed at the waistline with rows of shirring as illustrated. Sleeve and body portions are cut in one in this model. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2178—Girl's Dress with sleeve in either of two styles. Linen, pique, challie, serge, repp, poplin and silk are nice for this style. Gingham, lawn and percale, too, are desirable. The dress is slashed in points and widened by shaped "godet" gores. These could be of contrasting material. The sleeve is finished in the same way, in short length. In wrist length it has a band cuff. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch

2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Design.—2022—Ladies' Apron. Checked or striped gingham is nice for this model, but percale, sateen, brilliantine, lawn, drill and denim are also desirable. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, for 32 and 34 inches bust measure; medium, for 36 and 38 inches bust measure; large, for 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and extra large, for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a medium size 4 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Seasonable Style.—2448—This is good for satin, serge, Jersey cloth, linen, lace, corduroy and pique. In black satin with a sports skirt and pretty blouse, it will make a nice outing suit. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure.



material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Sports Suit.—2439—Here is a simple and comfortable suit for sports or outing wear. The blouse is made to slip over the head, and has the fronts rolled back to meet a collar, in sailor style. The skirt is cut on straight, comfortable lines. The pattern is in four sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 years requires 4 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 3/4 yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style for Afternoon or Home Wear.—2188—This model is good for cloth, serge, voile, linen, batiste and other seasonable materials. The fronts of the waist are full and gathered to yoke extensions of the back. The skirt is made with a heading at the top, which may be omitted, if not desired. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The skirt measures about

A medium size requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Just the Dress For Your Little Girl.—2420—In the new figured voiles, lawns, challies or organdies, or in any pretty crepe, this dress will be very lovely. The front forms a panel. The sides and back are cut with fullness, that is held under a belt. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for Work or Period Wear.—2433—Seersucker, gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, linen, drill and khaki are good materials for this style. The waist may be closed under the box plait. The skirt is a three-piece model. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. 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 44-inch material. A pattern

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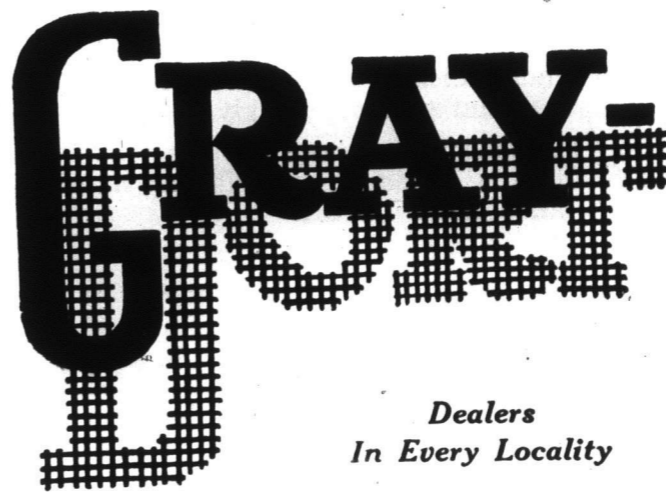
The five-passenger touring car is \$1,195; the three-passenger fleur-de-lys roadster is \$1,050 the Gray-Dort special, beautifully finished, and with extra details of equipment, is \$125 above the list. All prices are f.o.b. Chatham.

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A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl.—2415—Gingham is lovely for this model, also the new voiles, crepe and batistes. The design is good for linen, silk, gabardine, serge and satin or suitable combinations of these materials. The waist closes at the left side, under the front of the collar. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. This pattern is cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style Good for Many Occasions.—2093—Figured foulard was used for this model with Georgette crepe for trimming. One could make this model up in printed voile, challie, embroidered batiste, shantung, linen or tub silk. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38,

40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Outing Dress.—Blouse, 2405, skirt 2410—Here is a style that is admirable for sports or outdoor wear. It will develop nicely in sport materials, shantung, gingham, pique, linen, voile, corduroy or repp. The blouse slips over the head. The skirt is cut on prevailing straight lines; the plaits adding width without detracting from the narrow effect. It is a comfortable model and very stylish. The blouse pattern, 2405, is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress. The skirt measures about

2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

The Growing Boy and Girl

Is there not oftentimes a grave danger of father and mother forgetting the rights of the growing boy and girl in the home? Some boys and girls seem to grow so quickly that it takes a great deal of their energy and ambition just to grow. There are always so many little tasks around the farm which Jack or Mary seem to be cut out for, that unless we are careful our boy or girl is apt to be overworked, which will be a detriment to their health and may also cause them to become dissatisfied with farm work. A writer in "The Nebraska Farmer" has the following to say on this subject:

"The tasks required of them should not be too heavy or too long, for both body and mind tires easier than usual, even though the young folks seem to be in the best of health. They should have all the sleep they seem to require to give nature plenty of time to build strongly and well the changing cells of body and mind. What if they do sleep too late in the morning when there is work to do? The work can wait a little and some of it had better be left undone than to have the exhausted body cells only partly builded up.

"We require enough of our school boys and girls mentally to take practically all their surplus energy, so it is no wonder that they do not feel like working much. I do not mean to say that no other work should be required of them, but that it should not be too laborious or too long continued, or work in which they cannot be induced to take an interest. They need to be kept busy a good share of the time, but it should be in a way that does not draw too heavily on their muscular or nervous strength. This is not just a war-time problem, but an every-year problem, and one that will bear more thoughtful consideration than it gets, for on the way the boy is guided through the years of adolescence depends to a great extent his health, his character and his success in after life."

The Hard Way

Some years ago the newspapers of a Vermont city reported the death of a Mr. Bailey, one of the best-known and most respected citizens in the town. He had not achieved eminence, but he was a lawyer widely known for his honesty and ability, had held the office of state railway commissioner for three years, and was president of one of the local banks at the time of his death. The notable thing about his career was that he had reached an honorable position in life in the face of difficulties that most men would have thought insurmountable.

Wayne Bailey was the son of a poor Vermont farmer. In his youth he met with a terrible accident that caused the loss of both hands and an eye. Many of the neighbors predicted that he would become a "town charge," but they did not take into account the young man's pluck and determination. He learned to write by attaching a pen to a rubber band at his wrist, studied law, and was admitted to the bar when he was thirty-four. That he rose steadily in public esteem, won the confidence of his clients, and accumulated a competence for himself we have already said.

No doubt Wayne Bailey often felt the serious handicap of his crippled condition, but the chances are that without it he never would have risen into public notice at all. Difficulties in a life are a good deal like obstructions in the bed of a flowing stream. If the stream is slender and feeble, the flow may be stopped altogether, leaving the channel below bare and stony; but if the current is strong it overflows the obstruction, and gains force by being lifted to a higher level. Obstructions and difficulties count for less than the current pressure or character pressure behind them.

The young man who talks deprecatingly of his unfavorable circumstances is preparing his hearers for the report of his failure, and the report is pretty sure to follow. A timid spirit trembles, even in bullet-proof armor, while the brave heart wins battles with the stones that others stumble over.

"After I wash my face I always look in the mirror to see if it's clean," confided little Doris. "Don't you?" "Don't have to. I look at the towel," rejoined Willie.

Formula for Happiness

Figure up how much money you have made in the last two years more than you made in the two years preceding the war. You can come pretty close to it. Then set aside at least ten per cent of it for the Red Cross or other war donations, and thank your lucky stars your liberty and everything else dear to you, including your wife and children, have not been torn from you and destroyed by a ruthless enemy. There is no joking about this. It is the only formula for happiness under present conditions.



Back Ache!

NATURE gives warning of approaching disaster, and backache tells you that the kidneys are deranged.

As soon as the kidneys fail poisons are left in the blood, which cause aches and pains, rheumatism and lumbago.

The digestive system is interfered with, and there is gradual loss of flesh and harshness and dryness of the skin. There is often headache and dropsical swelling of the limbs.

The most effective treatment is that which awakens the action of the liver and bowels, as well as the kidneys, for these organs work to-

gether in removing the poisonous impurities from the system.

This is the reason why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so successful in the treatment of diseases of the kidneys. This is why they frequently cure when ordinary kidney medicines fail.

Just put this medicine to the test when you have backache, headache and other indications that these filtering and eliminating organs are sluggish in action, and see how quickly they will respond.

Prevention is always the wiser course. For this reason it is well to keep Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at hand, and by regulating these organs forestall serious disease.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint. 7

Sunday Reading

Red Wine

A True Story
By C. B. Le Bow

It was growing dark in the city streets; men and women hurried along as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull the heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they too knew that the day's work was over, and enjoyed the prospect of rest. The lamplighters were going their rounds and trying to make up for the lost daylight. Little children were safe and warm at home.

All but one, perhaps. A little boy stood on the deserted pavement, close to a great window of plate glass, through which he gazed with a rapt face. The picture which he looked at was a beautiful one. A great room with painted ceiling overhead, and a chandelier which seemed to make real sunshine. The walls were covered with fine paintings. A marble table heaped with delicious food, stood near the centre of the room. The bright light struck through the great decanter, and made a big crimson stain on the white hand of a gentleman who sat at the table reading a newspaper. A large diamond ring on one finger seemed to wink and blink at the little boy outside. "I wish he would look up," the child was thinking.

But though he waited and watched, the man did not move for a long time. Then he flung the paper down, and reached out the hand with the diamond for a wine-glass, which he filled and drank, never once looking towards the window.

"Please, sir," That was all the boy said. He had gone up the Club-house steps from the street into the wide hall; then, without stopping to knock, he had opened the great door which led into the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at what he had done.

"What is it, my small man?" Mr. Arthur Leonard had a pleasant smile which came easily to his handsome face; but the child shrank back, although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he saw something there he had been looking for a great while.

"You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went readily into his pocket.

"Oh, no, sir; I never thought of that. I wanted—I mean—please sir, I will go now."

He moved back awkwardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a gesture. The child's face interested him. The manner, too, at first so eager, now so embarrassed, had roused his curiosity.

"You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered, and that his garments were thin and poor.

He rose, took the boy by the hand and led him to the great fire which was dancing on the hearth—a big, jolly fire, which seemed trying to light up the room and make the chandelier notice how big and bright it was.

Mr. Leonard did not seem to think it queer for a poor little boy with patched clothes to sit in one of the crimson satin arm-chairs big enough for a throne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."

"Oh, no, sir," and the child shrank further back into the big chair.

"You will tell me your name, at least?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Eddie Boynton; and I am ten years old."

Mr. Leonard was smiling now as he saw the boy's courage coming back.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?"

"Angry! why in the world should I be angry with you?"

"I didn't know but you might, sir, if I said what I wanted to."

"Never fear, Eddie; I am anxious to know what you have to tell me."

The little boy stretched his little thin hands, red with the cold, out towards the glowing fire, and said:

"I work in the dyehouse now, and get a good deal of money—five shillings a week."

Mr. Leonard could hardly help laughing at the wine he had offered the child cost more than that.

"I came past this big window every night on my way home. I sha'n't come again, though, because we are going to move. I like to look in here, because it's so warm and pleasant, and I—"

cause you are sitting here, and have eyes just like my father's."

"What a strange child!" Mr. Leonard was thinking.

"He was so handsome and tall," went on the little fellow, looking back into the firelight. "He wore nice clothes, too, like yours; and we lived in a great big house, most as big as this. I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me that to drink," pointing to the wine-glass. "Mother would cry sometimes; but he would kiss her, and tell her that good wine would make me strong and handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the while he was gone. When he came back he struck her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed because I thought he was dead. The coachman who drove the horses came upstairs, and helped mother to get him to bed. She said he was ill. He used to scream and fight if anyone went near him. It was the red wine that made him so, mother said. And then one night he died, and there was a great funeral. After that mother packed up our clothes, and went to live where she could earn some money. We've only got two little rooms now. Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I believe."

He had been talking very fast, but stopped suddenly.

Mr. Leonard moved uneasily.

"This was what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. Every time I come by the window and see you sitting here, you make me think of my father; and I wondered if you had any little boy at home, and how he and his mother would feel if you should die because of the red wine"; and then the tears came, and Eddie Boynton slid down from the big chair and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turned his face away. Eddie wondered if the gentleman was crying too. He could not see the big, brown eyes, for his head was drooping upon his breast.

"I'm going home now, sir. Mother will have my supper all ready, and be frightened if I don't come"; and before Mr. Leonard roused from his painful reverie, the child had slipped from the warm, cheery room, and was running down the dark street, home to his waiting mother.

In all the years to come, Arthur Leonard and Eddie Boynton, man and boy, may never meet again. The room in the luxurious club-house is deserted; the fire is out, the room dark, the heavy curtain drawn at the big window; but, in a beautiful home, the brown eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, and to the rosy boy who hangs about his neck, the father whispers: "God bless you, my child, and keep us all from the destruction of the red wine."

Vulgar Words

A distinguished author says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader! keep your mouth free from all impurity and your "tongue from evil;" but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Making Time

"Mamma!" began Willard, "what you suppose I'm gonter give you for your birthday?"

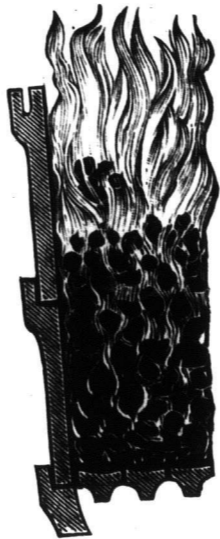
"I don't know. Do tell me."

"A nice hairpin tray wiv booful gold flowers—round it."

"But I have one now, dear."

"No, you hasn't. I jes' broke it."

Sunshine Furnace Efficiency



McClary straight walled firepot—no ashes to absorb heat.

The Sunshine semi-steel firepot is built with straight walls—not sloping to form and hold a non-conducting deposit of ashes. A very important point in furnace efficiency.

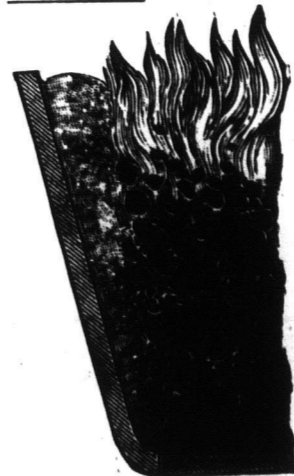
The grates of the Sunshine furnace are equal in area to the firepot, so that fresh oxygen—without which proper combustion is impossible—flows to every part of the fire all the time.

All air passages are exactly proportioned so that neither too much nor too little air passes over the radiator—there can be no superheated air, nor any under heated air, sent to the rooms above.

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Engineering Service Free.

McClary's own heating engineers are at your service when you buy a Sunshine Furnace, to give you free expert advice on your home-heating requirements. Write to the nearest McClary Branch and ask for particulars about this service. A booklet, "Comfort in the Home," makes clear all the things you want to know about furnaces and it is sent free on request.



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Correspondence

Lonesome in Winnipeg

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have for a long time read the correspondence page with interest and pleasure. Although living in the City of Winnipeg I am placed in such a way that I am lonely. I wonder if there are any readers of this page who would like to write to me. I like so much to receive letters also to write them. I have always been a lover of Nature, and lately for some reason, I have been dreaming about the country, and not knowing anyone there I thought of this page. So if some one who loves Nature too, would write and describe all about the cool green woods, when I am scorching in the city, it would be a comfort just to read about those places.

I notice some of you describe yourselves. I am a young woman—a lover of all things beautiful—tall and slender, with dark hair and blue eyes.

You will find my address with the Editor. Hoping to hear from someone soon, I will sign "Francis."

A Word from New Brunswick

Dear Editor:—I have been a contributor to your paper for the past five years, and I find it a great companion. I believe it is a book that should be in every home, and read by old and young.

I live in the country on a farm. I prefer

it any time to the city, although farm work is hard and they are trying to make it harder by having daylight time. But no matter where we live we could enjoy it better if only the war was over. What do you think of conscription? I will be bold in saying that I am not in favor of it. I think the boys would have responded to their country's call without it. I hope the Editor will excuse me for taking so much space. I will sign myself, "A Lassie from New Brunswick."

Wants Correspondence

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of "The Western Home Monthly" for some time now and think it is a grand paper. I live on a farm a long way from town and like the life. I certainly do agree with "A Sport" about slackers. My brother is of military age and if he should enlist I don't know what we would do as he has seven to support. I cannot say that every boy is a slacker, as some do as much good on the farms as if they were in the trenches. I think "Spittire" has talked too much about slackers. I think it is all right for girls to wear overalls to do chores. I sometimes wear them myself. I suppose a number of the members are fond of dancing. I am. There were not many dances around here this winter and I put in a rather lonely time as we had sickness all winter. I would like to correspond with "A Sport" or any one else and promise to answer all letters promptly. "Flora."

Envy the Girls with Brothers

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your interesting paper, although I have been a reader of it for some time.

I would like to correspond with some lonely soldier or sailor. Like "Bashful Wild Rose." I would like to train for a nurse, and do my bit by helping to heal the wounded. Surely this war can't last much longer.

"Khaki Lily" is right when she says conscription should settle who should go and who should not. But still it seems a shame to take boys of nineteen.

I am under eighteen, and still going to school.

I have no brothers, and I do envy the girls who have. And now I must stop before my letter gets too long. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself, "Gladioli."

Intends to be a Nurse

Dear Editor and Readers:—After being a reader of your page for some time I have decided to write and take my chance of getting my letter in print.

When any of the correspondents dare express their opinions there is always some one ready to fly at them and tear their letter to pieces and of course that makes the letters very interesting. But sometimes I pity the poor writers of the letters. Quite a few are discussing overalls for women. I think they are "Jake," but I certainly do not believe in these overalls made especially for women as they are just a fashion, and that's all. And certainly most women, especially stout ones, look most fashionable in them. If it is easier for us to wear overalls at certain work why can't we wear overalls and not half overall and half hobble skirt?

As for girls working on the farm why it has been proved that a good many farmers' daughters can do just as good work as a man if they want to and they don't need to weigh two hundred pounds either. The trouble is they don't want to take a man's place. But the girls who have lost a dear brother in the war are not too proud to help their country.

I'm sure I don't know what right any girl has, no matter how intelligent she may be to judge who should go to the war and who should not. Some girls say they wouldn't speak to a man who wasn't fighting for his country; my opinion is that they wouldn't get a very good chance to speak to one who was. Perhaps if we girls had to go we wouldn't be so anxious to have others go. I intend joining for a nurse as soon as I am old enough if the war is still going on, but as long as I am here on the farm I am going to do as big a bit as I can.

I see in the April issue that "Miss Farmer" wants our opinions on dances for patriotic purposes. Well I don't believe there is a bit of harm in using money made at a dance for one's country. In fact the most of the money given from around here is made at dances as this is a dancing community.

Well I must bring this to a close and I wonder if anyone would correspond with me. My address is with the Editor. Wishing the Club many good letters for its next issue, I will say "guid nicht." "Constance Canuck."

An Old Timer

Dear Editor and Readers:—I see in the April issue of the good old paper "Bashful Wild Rose" is asking where "Kentish Hop" and "Kentish Hog" has gone to. Now "Wild Rose" "Kentish Hop" and "Kentish Hog" are the same person; it was only a misprint. My nom-de-plume is "Kentish Hop." I take that name because I come from the hop gardens in the county of Kent, England, and I shall be delighted if there is anyone reading the "W.H.M." who comes from that side to write. I shall be only too pleased to answer all correspondence. Well, you ask where I have been. My time is taken up writing to the boys on land and sea and sending the "W.H.M." over to the battleships. The sailors enjoy reading them very much. So dear reader, may I ask that when you are finished with any book or paper that you know would cheer up these poor fellows please send them. Girls, think how they are risking their lives for the women of Britain and Alass. Where should?

HAD BOILS and PIMPLES ON FACE AND BODY.

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be if the boys did not fight for us both on the sea and in the trenches. If you have no address to send your papers and books to just address to "Lonely Sailors or Soldiers, care of White Hall, London, England." Please do not forget this. All of you think of the joy, and the many dreary hours it will help to pass away for those boys over there.

In this town we had a card party every week and a dance. We realized the sum of \$46.00 for the Red Cross. We are closing out on Tuesday next and then we shall hand the money to the Red Cross.

Well, dear Editor and readers, I think I have written enough for this time.

Again I ask all of you not to burn old books and papers, think of the boys at the other side. Help brighten their lives by sending books, etc. I will sign myself an old timer, "Kentish Hop."

My address is with the Editor should anyone care to write me.

Working for the Y.M.C.A.

Dear Editor:—We have taken your valuable paper for several years and we all enjoy the good wholesome reading in it. The young people of this district have put on a play this year for the military Y.M.C.A. at the front. They sent over a hundred dollars last year and expect to do better this year.

I am a country girl and I think most of the farm boys now should work on the farms and produce as much grain as they can when we have such a shortage of food. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself, "Wild Flower."

Will "A Farmer's Wife" and "A Western Back" kindly send their name and address to the Editor so that any correspondence intended for them can be forwarded.

Hopes to Cross the Atlantic

Dear Editor:—I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but I see by your correspondence corner that you receive letters from readers outside Canada, so I felt I must write and tell you how much I enjoyed reading your paper. A friend in Canada sent me the whole of last year's numbers at Xmas and they were such interesting reading to me. I have always had a longing to visit Canada as so many of my friends and schoolmates have emigrated, but circumstances have always kept me at home till now, though I am still living in hopes of crossing the Atlantic some day. I like the letters of "Sky-Scraper." I don't think anyone in his position ought to be called a slacker. My father and my dear only brother are both in the army, and yet I can say that there are heaps of fellows in the towns that ought to be made to go long before the farm workers. I don't think your correspondents who say that all the eligible men ought to join up understand what it is to go short of food, or they would not be so ready to send the farmers off. There are heaps of things that men are employed on now that could easily be done without, but we cannot do without food. I don't think anyone in England can truly say that they have gone short of food but now we are on rations we can find a lot of difference and we can see what would soon happen if they did take all the farm hands. Out of twelve boy friends who went from this village to Canada, nine have come back in khaki, and one has "gone West." We are proud of our Canadians too, I can assure you. It will be a great day for us all when peace is declared as life is nothing like what it was before the war. All the young life is gone. It is nothing but work and sleep, but we must not grumble as

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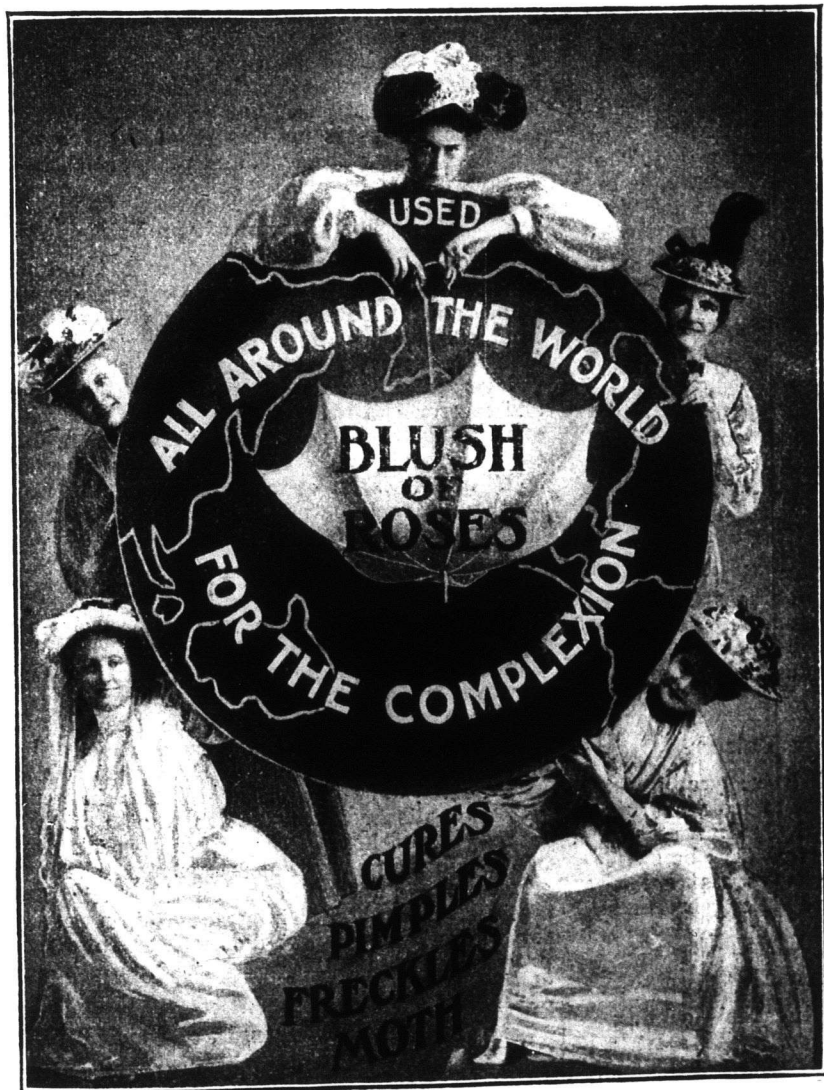
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Costs less than one cent a day for a beautiful complexion. The most perfect face preparation and skin beautifier. Whiten the face soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. Blush of Roses is as clear as water; no sediment to clog the pores; it takes the shine from the face, removes all impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure, harmless face preparation made. Blush of Roses will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver-spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Remember this, no matter how dark, rough or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. It is fine to use after shaving. When used in place of powder a bottle lasts six months. Interesting circular free.

FOR TRIAL a full-sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c. Address—LYDIA W. LADD, WINDSOR, ONT. Also for sale by

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long as the lads get home safe though fourteen from our little village never will. I think some of us English girls will want to come to another country, if our boy never come back home, to learn to forget. I have to do my own gardening and lots of outdoor work while our men folk are away, but I don't mind that as I lived at a farm house all my life till war broke out, and we must keep the "home fires burning." Hoping I have not taken up too much of your time and wishing your paper every success, I remain, Yours truly, "A Soldier's Daughter."

How to Preserve Eggs

And along with the sour milk and sour cream comes the season for cheaper eggs. If you have never preserved or "put down" your own, you surely must do it this year; it's so simple, and they are so satisfactory! Put away while at their cheapest as many eggs as you will require during the late fall and winter, or if it is not convenient to secure the full amount at one time, get fresh ones as you can. The best thing in which to pack them is a stone crock, but if you have none large enough, and do not wish to buy one, a galvanized tub or pail will answer nicely. The eggs should not be more than three or four days old. They should not be washed as the coating which comes from the hen should be on them, but they must be wiped clean. Those which cannot be wiped clean should not be used for this purpose. Pack them (preferably small end down, although this is not of vital importance) and pour over them enough of the following solution to well cover: Have ready water, which has been boiled and then cooled. To ten parts of water add one part of liquid glass (silicate of soda). Stir well then pour over the eggs and keep them well covered. It will require about half a gallon of the liquid glass to fifty dozen eggs, and half a gallon will cost about forty or fifty cents. Add fresh eggs from time to time as you secure them, adding enough liquid to well cover. Remove from the jar only as many eggs at a time as you are apt to use in a day or so. Wash before breaking them. They can be poached, scrambled or used

in any other way. When winter comes and the price of eggs climbs to sixty-five and seventy cents a dozen you will feel mighty comfortable using your inexpensive eggs, and many small things needed for the household can be bought with the extra money you will get from the sale of your winter eggs.

The English Language

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese, Yet the plural of moose should never be meese; You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hices; If the plural of man as always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But a vow if repeated is never called vine, And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose, And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren But though we say mother, we never say methren; Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him, But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim. So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

What Happened to the Circus

A—"Did you hear about the circus being unable to perform?"
 B—"No. Why?"
 A—"The cook left the coffee-pot outside and the elephant swallowed the grounds."

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What the World is Saying

A Family That Makes No Sacrifice

The Kaiser is the only German who has six living sons in the army.—London Truth.

The Modern Nero

Meanwhile, the Kaiser flings a few more Armenian Christians to the Turks to keep them quiet.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Self Deny, With Duty Comply, Be Spry!

Swat the fly, shoot the spy, cut out the lie, swear off on pie, quit drinking rye, and never say die!—Omaha Bee.

As Ludendorff Planned It

Ludendorff expected to pay a million and a half lives for the Channel ports—not including his own valuable life, of course.—Vancouver Province.

Scraps of Paper

Paper clothes are the latest substitute introduced in the Kaiser's realms. Like so many other German devices, they "will not wash."—Glasgow Herald.

The Pig-eyed, Bull-necked Von Hindenburg

Von Hindenburg is described in the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger as "the living conscience of the German army." He looks it.—Toronto Evening Telegram.

The Moderation of the Huns

Germany expects to collect two billion dollars from Roumania. This is the first time Roumania ever suspected she had that much money.—Washington Star.

As If Anything Could Embarrass Them!

American admirers of Trotsky must find themselves in a position of some embarrassment when they learn that he is urging compulsory military training in Russia.—Rochester Democrat.

Good-bye to the Doughnut

The latest food regulations from Ottawa have brought it to pass that there is now veritably and literally nothing left of the doughnut but the hole.—Kingston Standard.

The Supply is Being Wiped Out

All Von Hindenburg needs in his business is enough men whose hair comes down to their eyebrows and whose skulls do not extend back of their ears.—Saskatoon Star.

'Tis But a Dream

If Guatemala, which has just declared war upon Germany, could hit that empire with one of its earthquakes it might soon take rank among the first-class powers.—New York World.

Zeebrugge Surgery

Numerous ways have been recommended for the removal of moles, but that adopted by the British navy for removing the Zeebrugge Mole seems to be the most satisfactory.—Calgary Herald.

The Hohenzollern Ideal

The ideal German ending of this war would be to have only dead men and live Germans in Belgium, France and Great Britain. Other nations would be attended to in the next war.—Paris Figaro.

What the Allies Will Attend To

The German government, it is announced, wishes to be "unhampered" by any Reichstag resolutions in making peace. It needn't worry. The Allies will do the necessary hampering.—Toronto Globe.

The Reason of the Mad Haste

Just now Germany is like the small boy with the buck-saw and the cord of wood. When asked why he was laboring in such mad haste he replied that he wished to get through before his saw got dull.—Chicago News.

Quite So!

All the Austrian Archdukes have been summoned to Vienna to a conference. If all the Austrian Archdukes were summoned to the first line on the west front there would be a real peace policy in Vienna.—Lethbridge Herald.

What Will Win in the End?

"Hard pounding, gentlemen," said the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, "we shall see who can pound longest." In that sentiment is the keynote of the war for the Allies. The side that can stand punishment and then come back strongest is the side that will win the final victory. Can there be the slightest doubt that the nations that are fighting for freedom are the nations that can meet the Duke of Wellington's test?—Boston Transcript.

An Assassin Who Still Lives

The assassin whose deed in killing the Austrian Archduke at Sarajevo was made the occasion of starting the war is dead, but the assassin who started the war is still living and posing as All-Highest by right divine.—Toronto World.

The Crown Prince's Achievement

The Crown Prince fired a shot from the long range gun with his own sacred hand. Three women in Paris were wounded during that day's bombardment. Perhaps His Imperial Highness is now entitled to claim a real participation in the war.—Edmonton Journal.

His Great Pre-eminence

The Kaiser says the people who wish to destroy Germany are digging their own graves. As a grave digger and filler the Kaiser has a lead over all the blood-bespattered conquerors of history, from Alexander to Napoleon.—Victoria Colonist.

Why Germany Wants Holland

Before the war it was said that Antwerp in German hands would be a pistol pointed at Britain's heart. But Holland owns the barrel of the pistol, the mouth of the River Scheldt. This is one reason why Germany wants to own Holland.—Detroit Free Press.

In Regard to Charlie Chaplin

Charlie Chaplin has been drafted. His large experience as a target should render him indifferent to a Boche bomb, and any one who has worn as much custard pie as he has will find gas masks a trifling inconvenience.—Brantford Expositor.

Safety First for the Hohenzollerns

According to the Kolnische Zeitung, 2582 scions of German nobility have been killed during the war. That helps some. Discovery that there isn't a Hohenzollern in the lot ought to help the German people to an understanding of what has happened to their country and why.—Toronto Star.

A Dollar is Far from Being What It Was

As an illustration of changed values in money The Orillia Packet states that at a recent farm sale in Oro township a binder costing \$120 and in use for twelve seasons was sold for \$95, and a wagon which cost \$50 twenty years ago was bought for \$60.—Toronto News.

Lighting Up Arabian Nights

The main street of Bagdad has been lighted with electric lights since British occupation. That is not so romantic as the semi-obscurity in which the good Caliph Haroun-al-Rashid was able to go about at night and be his own detective, but it is far more convenient and sensible.—Minneapolis Journal.

Solidarity

The Ottawa Government has arranged a credit of \$40,000,000 by which Britain will purchase Canada's exportable cheese. And the arrangement was made in the United States. The English-speaking world is a financial, military, and moral unit in this crisis.—Monetary Times.

A Description that Fits the Kaiser

These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him—a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood. An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief. A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren (Prov. 6: 16-19).—Kansas City Star.

How to Drug the German?

The Germans are said to be giving their soldiers large drinks of whiskey and rum dosed with a little ether to make them reckless of consequences before they go into battle. This may work all right on the battlefield, but what are the Prussians giving the German peoples to drink to make them stand for the fruitless death lists?—Dundee Advertiser.

A Sauerkraut Panic

There is a panic in the sauerkraut industry in the city of New York. The makers of that preparation have appealed to the Federal Food Board for an official order which would give to sauerkraut the name, "Liberty cabbage." They have their nerve. If, as they claim, they have experienced an alarming decrease in the demand for their product, on account of its German name, why not call the stuff what it is, fermented cabbage? Why debase the name of Liberty?—Albany Journal.

Potatoes and the War

Our potato crop averages about 90 bushels per acre, that of European Russia 100 bushels, France 135 bushels, Austria 150 bushels, United Kingdom 124 bushels and Germany 200 bushels and upward per acre, her large flavorless potato, grown chiefly for alcohol, having reached and sometimes exceeded 500 bushels per acre. It is such efficiency as this that enables the Germans to keep up the fight.—Chicago Tribune.

As to Title-hunting

It is to be hoped the result of the present ventilation, accompanied by the influence of the democratic spirit of the time, will be to stop forever all the title-hunting tomfoolery which has long disgraced Canada, and which has of late become increasingly prominent. Canada is no proper place for barons and knights, and the Imperial authorities and the Canadian authorities as well should be given plainly to understand this fact.—Hamilton Herald.

Pro-German Propaganda

We must beware pro-German propaganda and learn to distinguish it. It does not usually come to us through Germans directly. We must beware every rumor that comes to us about the war; believe nothing that does not come to us through a reliable source. We must beware the man who says he doesn't want to kill any German boys. That's silly! No one wants to kill anybody. It is not the question at all. We are fighting murder, rape, destruction. The German boy does not enter into it at all except as he chooses to fight for murder, rape and destruction.—New York Herald.

The Hallucination-haunted Kaiser

According to a news despatch from Berne, the Kaiser's advisers are trying to keep him from the front, being alarmed over his hallucinations. That it is an aggravated case is shown by the fact that Wilhelm now goes about muttering of his "Divine mission to save the world and humanity." Always a paranoiac, disappointment apparently has brought him to a condition of drivel. Even those who worship him as the All Highest are beginning to realize that as a prophet he is nothing more than common clay with a stuffing of pretzels and pumpernickel.—Duluth Herald.

The "Prayer of the Bell"

It is and probably always will be among the simpler folk that the deeper spiritual emotions are to be found. Down in the little village of Verbena, Ala., sixty miles south of Birmingham, the church bell rings every evening at six o'clock, and every villager, man, woman and child, with head uncovered and reverently bowed, repeats the prayer: "God bless our President, our soldiers and the nation, and guide them on to victory." They call it the "prayer of the bell," and it is an example in piety and patriotism that might well be adopted in every community in the land.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A Woman Legislator

The legislative session was marked by the first appearance of the first woman legislator of British Columbia, and the political historian no doubt will devote a special chapter to that noteworthy fact. If any male member entertained the idea that the lady representative of Vancouver would be awed by her surroundings or dazed by the great white light which falls upon law-making bodies in general, he was soon disillusioned. Mrs. Smith made herself thoroughly at home. She did not speak often; she knows too many budding tribunes who talked themselves into political oblivion in their first two sessions. She got her important minimum wage bill for women through but did not try to rush all her programme to the stage in the first act.—Victoria Times.

The Economic Strength of Great Britain

The wonderful economic strength and endurance of Britain is strikingly illustrated by the fact that after nearly four years of this costly war she is, as Mr. Bonar Law pointed out in connection with the new Budget, self-supporting. "It is only necessary for us to lean on the United States to the amount the other allies lean on us," he said. "In other words, we are self-supporting." This amazing financial strength of Britain is to the Allies the difference between victory and defeat. So well is she able to carry the burden of the war that now, with the United States assisting towards the financial maintenance of the other allies, the British Government is for the present assuming payment from her own resources of half the debt owed her by her allies and the debts of the Dominions and India, in all more than five thousand six hundred million dollars.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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