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THE
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. IX. No. 1.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, JANUARY, 1908.

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

THE TENTH OF JANUARY.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.



"She said, 'Go Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it's all right.'"

The city of Lawrence is unique in its way.

For simooms that scorch you and tempests that freeze; for sand-heaps and sand-hillocks and sand-roads; for men digging sand, for women shaking off sand, for minute boys crawling in sand; for sand in the church-slips and the ginger-bread windows, for sand in your eyes, your nose, your mouth, down your neck, up your sleeves, under your *chignon*, down your throat; for unexpected corners where tofnadoes lie in wait; for "bleak, uncomfortable" sidewalks, where they chase you, dog you, confront you, strangle you, twist you, blind you, turn your

umbrella wrong side out; for "dimmy-khrats" and bad ice-cream; for unutterable circus-bills and religious tea parties; for uncleared ruins, and mills that spring up in a night; for jaded faces and busy feet; for an air of youth and incompleteness at which you laugh, and a consciousness of growth and greatness which you respect—it—

I believe, when I commenced that sentence, I intended to say that it would be difficult to find Lawrence's equal.

Of the twenty-five thousand souls who inhabit that city, ten thousand are prisoners—prisoners of factories perhaps the most healthfully, considerably and generously conducted of any in this country or in any country, but factories

just the same. Dust, whirl, crash, clang; dizziness, peril, exhaustion, discontent—that is what the word means, taken at its best. Of these ten thousand two-thirds are girls; voluntary captives indeed; but what is the practical difference? It is an old story—that of going to jail for want of bread.

My story is written as one sets a bit of marble to mark a mound. I linger over it as we linger beside the grave of one who sleeps well; half sadly, half gladly—more gladly than sadly—but hushed.

The time to see Lawrence is when the mills open or close. So languidly the dull-colored, inexpectant crowd wind in! So briskly they come bound-

ing out! Factory faces have a look of their own. Not only their common dinginess, and a general air of being in a hurry to find the wash-bowl, but an appearance of restlessness—often of envious restlessness, not habitual in most departments of "healthy labor." Watch them closely; you can read their histories at a venture. A widow this, in the dusty black, with she can scarcely remember how many mouths to feed at home. Worse than widowed that one; she has put her baby out to board—and humane people know what that means—to keep the little thing beyond its besotted father's reach. There is a group who have "just come over." A child's face

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here, old before its time. That girl—she climbs five flights of stairs twice a day—will climb no more stairs for herself or another by the time the clover-leaves are green. "The best thing about one's grave is that it will be level," she was heard once to say. Somebody muses a little here—she is to be married this winter. There is a face just behind her whose fixed eyes repel and attract you; there may be more love than guilt in them, more despair than either.

Had you stood in some unobserved corner of Essex Street, at four o'clock one Saturday afternoon towards the last of November, 1859, watching the impatient stream pour out of the Pemberton Mill, eager with a saddening eagerness for its few holiday hours, you would have observed one girl who did not bound.

She was slightly built and undersized; her neck and shoulders were closely muffled, though the day was mild; she wore a faded scarlet hood which heightened the pallor of what must at best have been a pallid face. It was a sickly face, shaded off with purple shadows, but with a certain wiry nervous strength about the muscles of the mouth and chin; it would have been a womanly, pleasant mouth, had it not been crossed by a

white scar, which attracted more of one's attention than either the womanliness or pleasantness. Her eyes had light long lashes, and shone through them steadily.

You would have noticed as well, had you been used to analyzing crowds, another face—the two were side by side—dimpled with pink and white flushes, and framed with bright black hair. One would laugh at this girl and love her, scold her and pity her, caress her and pray for her—then forget her perhaps.

The girls from behind called after her: "Del! Del Ivory! look over there!"

Pretty Del turned her head. She had just flung a smile at a young clerk who was petting his moustache in a shop window, and the smile lingered.

One of the factory boys was walking alone across the Common in his factory clothes.

"Why there's Dick! Sene, do you see?"

Sene's scarred mouth moved slightly, but she made no reply. She had seen him five minutes ago.

One never knows exactly whether to laugh or cry over them, catching their chatter as they file past the

shop-windows of the long, showy street.

"Look a' that pink silk with the figures on it!"

"I've seen them as is better nor that in the ould counthree. Patsy Malornn, let alon' hangin' onto the shawl of me!"

"That's Mary Foster getting out of that carriage with the two white horses—she that lives in the brown house with the cupilo."

"Look at her dress trailin' after her. I'd like my dresses trailin' after me."

"Well may they be good—these rich folks!"

"That's so. I'd be good if I was rich; wouldn't you, Moll?"

"You'd keep growing wilder than ever, Meg Match; yes you would, because my teacher said so."

"So, then, he wouldn't marry her after all; and she—"

"Going to the circus to-night, Bess?"

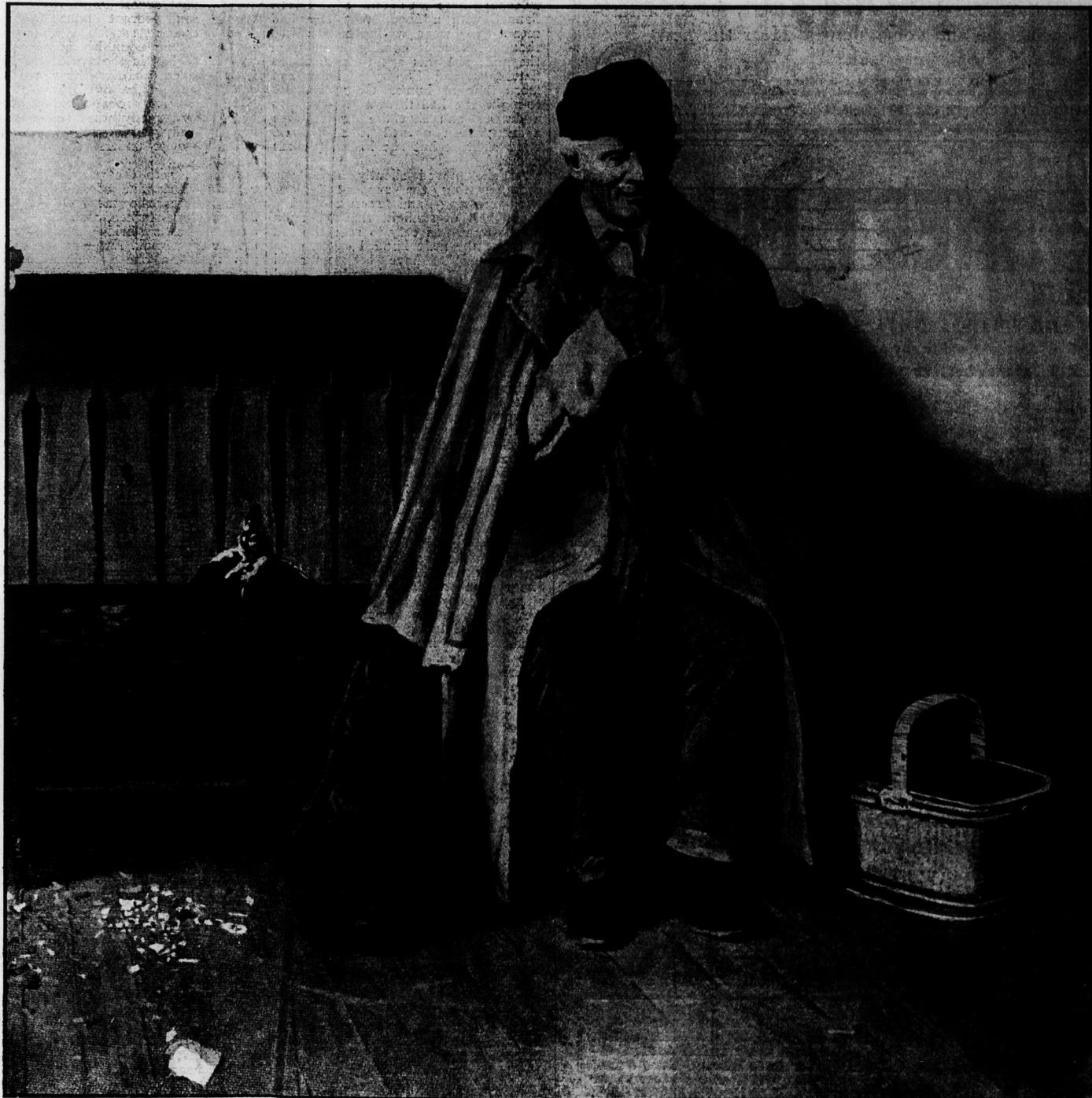
"I can't help crying, Jenny. You don't know how my head aches! It aches, and it aches, and it seems as if it would never stop aching. I wish—I was dead, Jenny!"

They separated at last, going each her own way—pretty Del Ivory to her boarding-place by the canal, her companion walking home alone.

This girl, Asenath Martyn, when left to herself, fell into a contented dream not common to girls who have reached her age—especially girls who have seen the phases of life which she had seen. Yet few of the faces in the streets that led her home were more gravely lined. She puzzled one at the first glance, and at the second. An artist, meeting her musing on a canal-bridge one day, went home and painted a Mayflower budding in November.

It was a damp, unwholesome place, the street in which she lived, cut short by a broken fence, a sudden steep and the water: filled with children—they ran from the gutters after her, as she passed—and filled to the brim; it tipped now and then, like an over-full soup-plate, and spilled out two or three, through the break in the fence.

Down in the corner, sharp upon the water, the east winds broke about a little yellow house, where no children played; an old man's face watched at a window, and a nasturtium-vine crawled in the garden. The broken panes of glass about the place were well mended, and a clever little gate, extemporized from a wild grape-vine, swung at the entrance. It was not an old man's work.



Going Home to see the Old Folks.



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Asenath went in with expectant eyes; they took in the room at a glance, and fell.

"Dick hasn't come, father?"
"Come and gone, child; didn't want any supper, he said. You're an hour before time, Senath."

"Yes. Didn't want any supper, you say. I don't see why not."

"No more do I, but it's none of our concern as I know on; very likely the pickles hurt him for dinner; Dick never had an o'er-strong stomach, as you might say. But you don't tell me how it m' happen you're let out at four o'clock, Senath," half complaining.

"Oh, something broke in the machinery, father; you know you wouldn't understand if I told you what."

He looked up from his bench—he cobbled shoes there in the corner on his strongest days—and after her as she turned quickly away and upstairs to change her dress. She was never exactly cross with her father; but her words rang impatiently sometimes.

She came down presently, transformed as only factory-girls are transformed by the simple little toilet she had been making; her thin, soft hair knotted smoothly, the tips of her fingers rosy from the water, her pale neck well toned by her gray stuff dress and cape—Asenath always wore a cape; there was one of crimson flannel, with a hood, that she had meant to wear to-night; she had thought about it coming home from the mill; she was apt to wear it on Saturdays and Sundays; Dick had more time at home. Going upstairs to-night she had thrown it away into a drawer, and shut the drawer with a snap; then opened it softly and cried a little; but she had not taken it out.

As she moved silently about the room, setting the supper-table for two, crossing and recrossing the broad belt of sunlight that fell upon the floor, it was easy to read the sad story of the little hooded capes.

They might have been graceful shoulders. The hand which had scarred her face had rounded and bent them—her own mother's hand.

Of a bottle always on the shelf; of a days when she wandered dinnerless and supperless in the streets through loathing of her home; of nights when she sat out in the snow-dripts through terror of her home; of a broken jug one day, a blow, a fall, then numbness, and the silence of the grave—she had her distant memories; of waking on a sunny afternoon, in bed, with a little cracked glass upon the opposite wall; of creeping out and up to it in her night-dress; of the ghastly twisted thing that looked back at her. Through the open window she heard the children laughing and leaping in the sweet summer air. She crawled into bed and shut her eyes. She remembered stealing out at last, after many days to the grocery around the corner for a pound of coffee. "Humpback! humpback!" cried the children—the very children who could leap and laugh.

One day she and little Del Ivory made mud-houses after school.

"I'm going to have a house of my own when I'm grown up," said pretty Del; "I shall have a red carpet and some curtains; my husband will buy me a piano."

"So will mine, I guess," said Sene, simply.

"Yours!" Del shook back her curls; "who do you suppose would ever marry you?"

One night there was a knocking at the door, and a hideous, sodden thing borne in upon a plank. The crowded street, tired of tipping out little children, had sent her mother staggering through the broken fence. At the funeral she heard someone say, "How glad Sene must be!"

Since that life had meant three things—her father, the mills and Richard Cross.

"You're a bit put out that the young fellow didn't stay to supper—eh, Senath?" the old man said, laying down his boot.

"Put out! Why should I be? His time is his own. It's likely to be the Union that took him out—such a fine day for the Union! I'm sure I never expected him to go to walk with me

every Saturday afternoon. I'm not a fool to tie him up to the notions of a crippled girl. Supper is ready, father."

But her voice rasped bitterly. Life's pleasures were so new and late and important to her, poor thing! It went hard to miss the least of them. Very happy people will not understand exactly how hard.

Old Martyn took off his leather apron with a troubled face, and, as he passed his daughter, gently laid his tremulous, stained hand upon her head. He felt her least uneasiness, it would seem, as a chameleon feels a cloud upon the sun.

She turned her face softly and kissed him. But she did not smile.

She had planned a little for this holiday supper; saving three mellow-cheeked Louise Bonnes—expensive pearls just then—to add to their bread and molasses. She brought them out from the closet and watched her father eat them.

"Going out again, Senath?" he asked, seeing that she went for her hat and shawl, "and not a mouthful have you eaten? Find your old father dull company, hey? Well, well!"

She said something about needing the air; the mill was hot; she should soon be back; she spoke tenderly and she spoke truly, but she went out into the windy sunset with her little trouble and forgot him. The old man, left alone, sat for a while with his head sunk upon his breast. She was all he had in the world—this one little crippled girl that the world had dealt hardly with. She loved him; but he was not, probably would never be, to her exactly what she was to him. Usually he forgot this. Sometimes he quite understood it, as to-night.

Asenath, with the purpose only of avoiding Dick, and of finding a still spot where she might think her thoughts undisturbed, wandered away over the eastern bridge and down by the river's brink. It was a moody place; such a one as only apathetic or healthy natures (I wonder if this is tautology!) can healthfully yield to.

The bank sloped steeply; a fringe of stunted aspens and willows sprang from the frozen sand; it was a sickening, airless place in summer—it was damp and desolate now. There was a sluggish wash of water under foot, and a stretch of dreary flats behind. Belated locomotives shrieked to each other across the river, and the wind bore down the current the roar and rage of the dam. Shadows were beginning to skulk under the huge brown bridge. The silent mills stared up and down and over the streams with a blank, unvarying stare. An oriflamme of scarlet burned in the west, flickering dully in the dirty, curdling water, flared against the windows of the Pemberton, which quivered and dripped, Asenath thought, as if with blood.

She sat down on a gray stone, wrapped in her gray shawl, curtained about by the aspens from the eye of passers on the bridge. She had a fancy for this place when things went ill with her. She had always borne her troubles alone, but she must be alone to bear them.

She knew very well that she was tired and nervous that afternoon, and that, if she could reason quietly about this little neglect of Dick's, it would cease to annoy her. Indeed, why should she be annoyed? Had he not done everything for her, been everything to her, for two long, sweet years? She dropped her head with a pink-and-white.

"Del is too p so late," thou tenderly. Good to her in a cert loved the girl. her, but conclu through the as was quite able.

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always throbb ache. People "Look at that

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"I wouldn't sitting down girl not to cr for keeping her the child do, I would break? whole story in another ten. short enough—fresh from his for work and here in the st it might be, a say so to.

What more her father can with the lad, t talk of Newbu yellow house home; that he tastic gate, an that his life s with hers and and theirs uni

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So you see, in a burst Asenath. If s tired, some o If she wore a a whisper, "It a little song, s listened.

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"You missed said regretfull hand upon th She was tryin she dropped t kernels rolled

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always throb, and her back would ache. People would always say, "Look at that girl!"

"Can you direct me to —" She looked up; she had been sitting on the door-steps with her face in her hands. Dick stood there with his hat off. He forgot that he was to enquire the way to Newbury Street, when he saw the tears on her shrunken cheeks. Dick could never bear to see a woman suffer.

"I wouldn't cry," he said, simply, sitting down beside her. Telling a girl not to cry is an infallible recipe for keeping her at it. What could the child do, but sob as if her heart would break? Of course he had the whole story in ten minutes, she his in another ten. It was common and short enough—a "Down-East" boy, fresh from his father's farm, hunting for work and board—a bit homesick here in the strange, unhomelike city, it might be, and glad of someone to say so to.

What more natural than that, when her father came out and was pleased with the lad, there should be no more talk of Newbury Street; that the little yellow house should become his home; that he should swing the fantastic gate, and plant the nasturtiums; that his life should grow to be one with hers and the old man's, his future and theirs unite unconsciously?

She remembered—it was not exactly pleasant, somehow, to remember it to-night—just the look of his face when they came into the house that summer evening, and he for the first time saw what she was, her cape having fallen off, in the full lamplight. His kindly blue eyes widened with shocked surprise, and fell; when he raised them, a pity like a mother's had crept into them; it broadened and brightened as time slid by, but it never left them.

So you see, after that, life unfolded in a burst of little surprises for Asenath. If she came home very tired, some one said, "I am sorry." If she wore a pink ribbon, she heard a whisper, "It suits you." If she sang a little song, she knew that somebody listened.

"I didn't know the world was like this!" cried the girl.

After a time there came a night that he chanced to be out late—they had planned an arithmetic lesson together, which he had forgotten—and she sat grieving by the kitchen fire.

"You missed me so much then?" he said regretfully, standing with his hand upon the back of her chair. She was trying to shell some corn; she dropped the pan, and the yellow kernels rolled away on the floor.

"What should I have, if I didn't have you?" she said, and caught her breath.

The young man paced to the window and back again. The firelight touched her shoulders, and the sad, white scar.

"You shall have me always, Asenath," he made answer. He took her face within his hands and kissed it; and so they shelled the corn together, and nothing more was said about it.

He had spoken this last spring of her marriage; but the girl, like all girls, was shyly silent and he had not urged it.

Asenath started from her pleasant dreaming just as the oriflamme was turning into gray, suddenly conscious that she was not alone. Below her, quite on the brink of the water, a girl was sitting—a girl with a bright plaid shawl, and a nodding red feather in her hat. Her head was bent, and her hair fell against a profile cut in pink-and-white.

"Del is too pretty to be here alone so late," thought Asenath, smiling tenderly. Good-natured Del was kind to her in a certain way, and she rather loved the girl. She rose to speak to her, but concluded on a second glance through the aspens, that Miss Ivory was quite able to take care of herself.

Del was sitting on an old log that jutted into the stream, dabbling in the water with the tips of her feet. (Had she lived on The Avenue, she could not have been more particular about her shoemaker.) Someone—it was too dark to see distinctly—stood beside her, his eyes upon her face. Attitudes translate themselves. Asenath could hear nothing, but she needed to hear

nothing, to know how the young fellow's eyes drank in the coquettish picture. Besides, it was an old story. Del counted her rejected lovers by the score.

"It's no wonder," she thought in her honest way, standing still to watch them with a sense of puzzled pleasure much like that with which she watched the print-windows—"it's no wonder they love her. I'd love her if I was a man; so pretty! so pretty! She's just good for nothing, Del is—would let the kitchen fire go out, and wouldn't mend the baby's aprons; but I'd love her all the same; marry her, probably, and be sorry all my life."

Pretty Del! Poor Del! Asenath wondered whether she wished that she were like her; she could not quite make out; it would be pleasant to sit on a log and look like that; it would be more pleasant to be watched as Del was watched just now; it struck her suddenly that Dick had never looked like that at her.

The hum of their voices ceased while she stood there with her eyes upon them; Del turned her head away with a sudden movement, and the young man left her, apparently without bow or farewell, sprang up the bank at a bound, and crushed the undergrowth with quick, uneasy strides.

Asenath, with some vague idea that it would not be honorable to see his face—poor fellow!—sprang back into the aspens and the shadow.

He towered tall in the twilight as he passed her—he was so near that she might have touched him—and a dull, amber gleam, the last of the sunset, struck him from the west.

Struck it out into her sight—the haggard, struggling face—Richard Cross's face.

Of course you knew it from the beginning, but remember that the girl did not. She might have known it perhaps, but she did not.

Asenath stood up, sat down again. She had a distinct consciousness, for the moment, of seeing herself crouched down there under the aspens and the shadow, a humpbacked white creature, with distorted face and wide eyes. She remembered a picture she had somewhere seen of a little chattering goblin in a graveyard, and was struck with the resemblance. Distinctly, too, she heard herself saying, with a laugh, she thought, "I might have known it, I might have known."

Then the blood came through her heart with a hot rush, and she saw Del on the log, smoothing the red feather of her hat. She heard a man's step, too, that rang over the bridge, passed the toll-house, grew faint, grew fainter, and died in the sand by the Everett Mill.

Richard's face! Richard's face! looking—God help her!—as it had never looked at her; struggling—God pity him!—as it had never struggled for her.

She shut her hands into each other, and sat still a little while. A faint hope came to her then perhaps, after all; her face lightened gravely, and she crept down the bank to Del.

"I won't be a fool," she said. "I'll make sure—I'll make as sure as death."

"Well, where did you drop from, Senec?" said Del, with a guilty start. "From over the bridge, to be sure. Did you think I swam, or flew, or blew?"

"You came on me so sudden," said Del, petulantly; "you nearly frightened the wits out of me. You didn't meet anybody on the bridge?" with a quick look.

"Let me see." Asenath considered gravely. "There was one small boy making faces, and two—no, three—dogs, I believe; that was all."

"Oh!" Del looked relieved, but fell silent. "You're sober, Del. Been sending off a lover, as usual?"

"I don't know anything about it's being usual," answered Del, in an aggrieved, coquettish way, "but there's been somebody here that liked me well enough."

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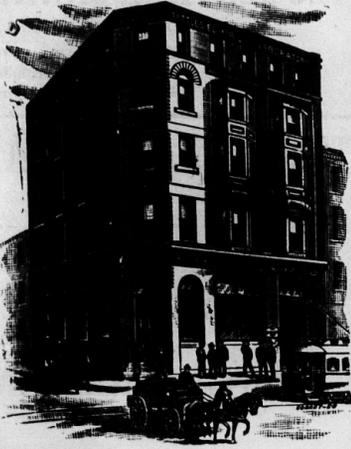
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"You like him, maybe? It's time you liked somebody, Del."

Del curled the red feather about her fingers, and put her hat on over her eyes, then a little cry broke from her, half sob, half anger.

"I might perhaps—I don't know. He's good. I think he'd let me have a parlor and a door bell. But he's going to marry somebody else, you see. I shan't tell you his name, so you needn't ask."

Asenath looked out straight upon the water. A dead leaf that had been caught in an eddy attracted her attention; it tossed about for a minute, then a tiny whirlpool sucked it down.

"I wasn't going to ask; it's nothing to me, of course. He doesn't care for her, then—this other girl?"

"Not so much as he does for me. He didn't mean to tell me, but he said that I—that I looked so—pretty, it came right out. But there! I mustn't tell you any more."

Del began to be frightened; she looked up sideways at Asenath's quiet face. "I won't say another word," and so chattered on, growing a little cross; Asenath need not look so still, and sure of herself—a mere humpbacked fright!

"He'll never break his engagement, not even for me; he's sorry for her and all that. I think it's too bad. He's handsome. He makes me feel like saying my prayers, too, he's so good! Besides, I want to be married. I hate the mill. I hate to work. I'd rather be taken care of—a sight rather. I feel bad enough about it to cry."

Two tears rolled over her cheeks and fell on the soft plaid shawl. Del wiped them away carefully with her rounded fingers.

Asenath turned and looked at this Del Ivory long and steadily through the dusk. The pretty, shallow thing! The worthless, bewildering thing!

A fierce contempt for her pink-and-white, and tears and eyelashes and attitudes, came upon her; then a sudden sickening jealousy that turned her faint where she sat.

What did God mean—Asenath believed in God, having so little else to believe in—what did He mean, when he had blessed the girl all her happy life with such wealth of beauty by filling her careless hands with this one best, last gift? Why, the child could not hold such golden love! She would throw it away by-and-bye. What a waste it was!

Not that she had these words for her thought, but she had the thought distinctly through her dizzy pain.

"So there's nothing to do about it," said Del, pinning her shawl. "We can't have anything to say to each other—unless somebody should die, or anything; and, of course, I'm not wicked enough to think of that—Sene! Sene! what are you doing?"

Sene had risen slowly, stood upon the log, caught at an aspen-top and swung out with its whole length above the water. The slight tree writhed and quivered about the roots. Sene looked down and moved her marred lips without a sound.

Del screamed and wrung her hands. It was an ugly sight.

"Oh, don't, Sene, don't! You'll drown yourself! you will be drowned! you will be—Oh, what a start you gave me! What were you doing, Sene, Martyn?"

Sene swung slowly back and sat down.

"Amusing myself a little—well, unless somebody died, you said? But I believe I won't talk any more to-night. My head aches. Go home, Del."

Del muttered a weak protest at leaving her there alone; but with her bright face clouded and uncomfortable, went.

Asenath turned her head to listen for the rustle of her dress, then folded her arms, and with her eyes upon the sluggish stream, sat still.

An hour and a half later, an Andover farmer, driving home across the bridge, observed on the river's edge—a shadow cut within a shadow—the outline of a woman's figure, sitting perfectly still with folded arms. He reined up and looked down; but it sat quite still.

"Hallo there!" he called; "you'll fall in if you don't look out!" for the wind was strong, and it blew against the figure; but it did not move nor make reply. The Andover farmer looked over his shoulder with a sudden recollection of a ghost-story which he had charged his grandchildren not to believe last week, cracked his whip and rumbled on.

Asenath began to understand by-and-bye that she was cold, so climbed the bank, made her way over the windy flats, the railroad and the western bridge confusedly with an idea of going home. She turned aside by the toll-gate. The keeper came out to see what she was doing, but she kept out of his sight behind the great willow and his little blue house—the blue house with the green blinds and red moulding. The dam thundered that night, the wind and water being high. She made her way up above it and looked in. She had never seen it so black and smooth there. As she listened to the roar she remembered something that she had read about seven thunders uttering their voices.

"He's sorry for her, and all that," they said.

A dead bough shot down the current while she stood there, throwing up its little branches like helpless hands.

It fell in with a thought of Asenath's, perhaps; at any rate, she did not like the looks of it, and went home.

Over the bridge, and the canal, and the lighted streets, the falls called after her: "He's sorry for her, and all that." The curtain was drawn aside when she came home, and she saw her father through the window, sitting alone, with his gray head bent.

It occurred to her that she had often left him alone—poor old father! It occurred to her, also, that she understood now what it was to be alone. Had she forgotten him in these two comforted, companioned years?

She came in weakly and looked about.

"Dick's in, and gone to bed," said the old man, answering her look. "You're tired, Seneath."

"I am tired, father."

She sank upon the floor—the heat of the room made her a little faint—and laid her head upon his knee; oddly enough, she noticed that the patch on it had given away—wondered how many days it had been so—whether he had felt ragged and neglected while she was busy about that blue neck-tie for Dick. She put her hand up and smoothed the corners of the rent.

"You shall be mended up tomorrow, poor father!"

He smiled, pleased like a child to be remembered. She looked up at him—at his gray hair and shrivelled face, at his blackened hands and bent shoulders, and dusty, ill-kept coat. What would it be like if the days brought her nothing but him?

"Something's the matter with my little gal? Tell father, can't ye?"

Her face flushed hot, as if she had done him wrong. She crept up into his arms and put her hands behind his rough old neck.

"Would you kiss me, father? You don't think I'm too ugly to kiss, maybe—you?"

She felt better after that. She had gone to bed now for many a night unvisited; it had seemed hard at first.

When she had gone half-way upstairs, Dick came to the door of his room on the first floor and called to her. He held the little kerosene lamp over his head; his face was grave and pale.

"I haven't said good-night, Sene."

She made no reply.

"Asenath, good-night."

She stayed her steps upon the stairs without turning her head. Her father had kissed her good-night. Was not that enough?

"Why, Sene, what's the matter with you?"

Dick mounted the stairs and touched his lips to her forehead with a gently compassionate smile.

She fled from him with a cry like

the cry of a su her door and l ing clang.

"She's walked little nervous," up his lamp; "I

Then he we look at Del's fore he burned burn it.

Asenath, whe door, put her l ing-glass and to tore it off so s on snapped at a little crystal s upon the floor.

There was no neck of her dre ed the plainnes her face. She s the first sight o the drawer wh was folded, but

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By-and-bye sl into her hands. face! She felt to blot it out tears used to l sums upon her happy! But he all that. Why such faces?

She slipped t wildered. "He can't mea she said, speak there and said sure of it.

Then she th more—of her springs, and litt about.

After a time was growing fai into the kitchen stayed a minut The fire was re tacking. It seen and comfortable herself very hot she sat down c head in a chair as she ought t hours ago.

She climbed o'clock, having way, to give D But when tor up with a brig kitchen fire for all the water, the potatoes, a about the house paleness, and s about it.

"I'll wait till making ready f "Oh, I can't, So other morni nights.

I am quite a to all romantic duct was prep Floracita, in the forgets the who as to struggle, It is proud an young fellow; p she frees him; till she marrie (having had a ity to refuse overwhelms th with a sense o the eternal fitn

But I am not as the biograp factory girl, an tages.

Asenath was Such heroic clen none could tel were, or whethe was one of th is easy to be q had not been might have a ce under given cir

the cry of a suffocated creature, shut her door and locked it with a ringing clang.

"She's walked too far and got a little nervous," said Dick, screwing up his lamp; "poor thing!"

Then he went into his room to look at Del's photograph awhile before he burned it; for he meant to burn it.

Asenath, when she had locked her door, put her lamp before the looking-glass and tore off her gray cape; tore it off so savagely that the button snapped and rolled away—two little crystal semi-circles like tears upon the floor.

There was no collar about the neck of her dress, and this heightened the plainness and the pallor of her face. She shrank instinctively at the first sight of herself, and opened the drawer where the crimson cape was folded, but shut it resolutely.

"I'll see the worst of it," she said with pinched lips. She turned herself about and about before the glass, letting the cruel light gloat over her shoulders, letting the sickly shadows grow purple on her face. Then she put her elbows on the table and her chin into her hands, and so, for a motionless half hour, studied the unrounded, uncolored, unlightened face that stared back at her; her eyes darkening at its eyes, her hair touching its hair, her breath dimming the outline of its repulsive mouth.

By-and-bye she dropped her head into her hands. The poor, mistaken face! She felt as if she would like to blot it out of the world, as her tears used to blot out the wrong sums upon her slate. It had been so happy! But he was sorry for it, and all that. Why did a good God make such faces?

She slipped upon her knees, bewildered.

"He can't mean any harm, nohow," she said, speaking fast, and knelt there and said it over till she felt sure of it.

Then she thought of Del once more—of her colors and sinuous springs, and little cries and chatter.

After a time she found that she was growing faint, and so stole down into the kitchen for some food. She stayed a minute to warm her feet. The fire was red and the clock was ticking. It seemed to her home-like and comfortable, and she seemed to herself very homeless and lonely; so she sat down on the floor with her head in a chair, and cried as hard as she ought to have done four hours ago.

She climbed into bed about one o'clock, having decided, in a dull way, to give Dick up tomorrow.

But when tomorrow came he was up with a bright face, and built the kitchen fire for her, and brought in all the water, and helped her fry the potatoes, and whistled a little about the house, and worried at her paleness, and so she said nothing about it.

"I'll wait till night," she planned, making ready for the mill.

"Oh, I can't," she cried at night. So other mornings came, and other nights.

I am quite aware that, according to all romantic precedents, this conduct was preposterous in Asenath. Floracita, in the novel, never so far forgets the whole duty of a heroine as to struggle, waver, doubt, delay. It is proud and proper to free the young fellow; proudly and properly she frees him; "suffers in silence"—till she marries another man; and (having had a convenient opportunity to refuse the original lover) overwhelms the reflective reader with a sense of poetic justice and the eternal fitness of things.

But I am not writing a novel, and, as the biographer of this simple factory girl, am offered few advantages.

Asenath was no heroine, you see. Such heroic elements as were in her—none could tell exactly what they were, or whether there were any; she was one of those people in whom it is easy to be quite mistaken—her life had not been one to develop. She might have a certain pride of her own, under given circumstances; but plants

grown in a cellar will turn to the sun at any cost; how could she go back into her dark?

As for the other man to marry, he was out of the question. Then, none love with the tenacity of the unhappy; no life is so lavish of itself as the denied life; to him that hath not shall be given—and Asenath loved this Richard Cross.

It might be altogether the grand and suitable thing to say to him, "I will not be your wife." It might be that she would thus regain a strong shade of lost self-respect. It might be that she would make him happy, and give pleasure to Del. It might be that the two young people would be her "friends," and love her in a way.

But all this meant that Dick must go out of her life. Practically, she must make up her mind to build the fires, and pump the water, and mend the windows alone. In dreary fact, he would not listen when she sung; would not say, "You are tired, Sene;" would never kiss away an undried tear. There would be nobody to notice the crimson cape, nobody to make blue neckties for; none for whom to save the Bonnes de Jersey, or to take sweet, tired steps, or make dear, dreamy plans. To be sure, there was her father; but fathers do be given—and Asenath loved this on which Sene had fallen.

That Del Ivory was—Del Ivory added intricacies to the question. It was a very unpoetic but undoubted fact that Asenath could in no way so insure Dick's unhappiness as to pave the way to his marriage with the woman whom he loved. There would be six merry months, perhaps, or three; then slow worry and disappointment; pretty Del accepted at last, not as the crown of his young life, but as its silent burden and misery. Poor Dick! good Dick! Who deserved more wealth of wifely sacrifice? Asenath, thinking this, crimsoned with pain and shame. A streak of good common sense in the girl told her—though she half scorned herself for the conviction—that even a crippled woman who should bear all things and hope all things for his sake might blot out the memory of this rounded Del; that, no matter what the motive with which he married her, he would end by loving his wife like other people.

She watched him sometimes in the evenings, as he turned his kind eyes after her over the library book which he was reading.

"I know I could make him happy! I know I could!" she muttered fiercely to herself.

November blew into December, December congealed into January, while she kept her silence. Dick, in his honorable heart, seeing that she suffered, wearied himself with plans to make her eyes shine; brought her two pails of water instead of one, never forgot the fire, helped her home from the mill. She saw him meet Del Ivory once upon Essex Street with a grave and silent bow; he never spoke with her now. He meant to pay the debt he owed her down to the uttermost farthing; that grew plain. Did she try to speak her wretched secret, he suffocated her with kindness, struck her dumb with tender words.

She used to analyze her life in those days, considering what it would be without him. To be up by half-past five in the chill of all the winter mornings, to build the fire and cook the breakfast and sweep the floor, to hurry away faint and weak over the raw, slippery streets, to climb at half-past six the endless stairs and stand at the endless loom, and hear the endless wheels go buzzing around, to sicken in the oily smells, and deafen at the remorseless noise, and weary of the rough girl swearing at the other end of the pass; to eat her cold dinner from a little cold tin pail out on the stairs in the three-quarter-of-an-hour recess; to come exhausted home at half-past six at night, and get the supper, and brush up about the shoemaker's bench, and be too weak to eat; to sit with aching shoulders and make the button-holes for her best dress, or darn her father's stockings till nine o'clock; to hear no bounding step or cheery whistle about the



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75

house; to creep into bed and lie there trying not to think, and wishing that so she might creep into her grave—this not for one winter, but for all the winters—how should you like it, you young girls, with whom time runs like a story?

The very fact that her employers dealt honorably by her; that she was fairly paid, and promptly, for her wearing toil; that the limit of endurance was consulted in the temperature of the room, and her need of rest in an occasional holiday—perhaps, after all, in the mood she was in, did not make this factory life more easy. She would have found it rather a relief to have somebody to complain of—wherein she was like the rest of us, I fancy.

But at last there came a day—it chanced to be the ninth of January—when Asenath went away alone at noon, and sat where Merrimack sung his songs to her. She hid her face upon her knees, and listened, and thought her own thoughts, till they and the slow torment of the winter seemed greater than she could bear. So, passing her hands confusedly over her forehead, she said at last aloud, "That's what God means, Asenath Martyn!" and went back to work with a purpose in her eyes.

She "asked out" a little earlier than usual, and went slowly home. Dick was there before her; he had been taking a half holiday. He had made the tea and toasted the bread for a little surprise. He came up and said, "Why, Sene, your hands are cold!" and warmed them for her in his own.

After tea she asked him, would he walk out with her for a little while? and he in wonder went.

The streets were brightly lighted, and the moon was up. The ice cracked crisp under their feet. Sleighs, with two riders in each, shot merrily by. People were laughing in groups before the shop windows. In the glare of a jeweler's counter somebody was buying a wedding ring and a girl with red cheeks was looking hard the other way.

"Let's get away," said Asenath—"get away from here!"

They chose by tacit consent that favorite road of hers over the eastern bridge. Their steps had a hollow, lonely ring on the frosted wood; she was glad when the softness of the snow in the road received them. She looked back once at the water, wrinkled into thin ice on the edge for a foot or two, then open and black and still.

"What are you doing?" asked Dick. She said that she was wondering how cold it was, and Dick laughed at her.

They strolled on in silence for perhaps a mile of the desolate road. "Well, this is social!" said Dick at length; "how much farther do you want to go? I believe you'd walk to Reading if nobody stopped you!"

She was taking slow, regular steps like an automation, and looking straight before her.

"How much farther? Oh!" She stopped and looked about her.

A wide young forest spread away at their feet, to the right and to the left. There was ice on the tiny oaks and miniature pines; it glittered sharply under the moon; the light upon the snow was blue; cold roads wound away through it, deserted; little piles of dead leaves shivered; a fine keen spray ran along the tops of the drifts; inky shadows lurked and dodged about the undergrowth; in the broad spaces the snow glared; the lighted mills, a zone of fire, blazed from east to west; the skies were bare, and the wind was up, and Merrimack in the distance chanted solemnly.

They were alone there—they two and God.

"Dick," said Asenath, "this is a dreadful place! Take me home."

But when he would have turned, she held him back with a sudden cry, and stood still.

"I meant to tell you—I meant to say—Dick! I was going to say—"

But she did not say it. She opened her lips to speak once and again, but no sound came from them.

"Sene! why Sene, what ails you?" He turned and took her in his arms; he hid the sky and the snow from her

sight; she felt his breath upon her hair.

"Poor Sene!" He kissed her, feeling sorry for her unknown trouble. She struggled at his touch. He kissed her again. She broke from him, and away with a great bound upon the snow. She stood out against the sky, panting hard like a hunted thing.

"You make it so hard! You've no right to make it so hard! It ain't as if you loved me, Dick! I know I'm not like other girls! Go home and let me be!"

But Dick drew her arm through his, and led her gravely away. "I like you well enough, Asenath," he said, with that motherly pity in his eyes; "I've always liked you. So don't let us have any more of this."

So Asenath said nothing more.

The sleek black river beckoned to her across the snow as they went home. A thought came to her as she passed the bridge—it is a curious study what wicked thoughts will come to good people!—she found herself considering the advisability of leaping the low brown parapet; and if it would not be like Dick to go over after her; if there would be a chance for them, even should he swim from the banks; how soon the icy current would paralyze him; how sweet it would be to chill to death there in his arms; how all this wavering and pain would be over; how Del would look when they dragged them out down below the machine shop!

"Sene, are you cold?" asked puzzled Dick. She was warmly wrapped in her little squirrel furs; but he felt her quivering upon his arm, like one in a

ague, all the way home.

About eleven o'clock that night her father waked from an exciting dream concerning the best method of blacking patent-leather; Sene stood beside his bed with her gray shawl thrown over her night-dress.

"Father, suppose sometime there should be only you and me—"

"Well, well, Sene," said the old man sleepily—"very well."

"I'd try to be a good girl! Could you love me enough to make up?"

He told her indistinctly that she always was a good girl; she never had a whipping from the day her mother died. She turned away impatiently; then cried out and fell upon her knees.

"Father, father! I'm in a great trouble. I haven't got any mother, any friend, anybody. Nobody helps me! Nobody knows. I've been thinking such things—oh, such wicked things—up in my room! Then I got afraid of myself. You're good. You love me. I want you to put your hand on my head, and say, "God bless you, child, and show you how."

Bewildered, he put his hand upon her unbound hair, and said: "God bless you, child, and show you how!"

Asenath looked at the old withered hand a moment, as it lay beside her on the bed, kissed it, and went away.

There was a scarlet sunrise the next morning. A pale pink flush stole through a hole in the curtain, and fell across Asenath's sleeping face, and lay there like a crown. It woke her, and she threw on her dress; and sat down for a while on the window-sill, to watch the coming-on of the day.

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose-tints; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun, and dripped, as she had seen it drip before, with blood.

The day broke softly, the snow melted, the wind blew warm from the river. The factory bell chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers, in safe, luxurious beds, were awakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to work.

Asenath came down with a quiet face. In her communing with the sunrise helpful things had been spoken to her. Somehow, she knew not how, the peace of day was creeping into her heart. For some reason, she knew not why, the torment and unrest of the night were gone. There was a future to be settled, but she would not trouble herself about that just now. There was breakfast to get;

and the sun was chirping. She noticed how med, and how fitted the wind she would surprise f. list slippers. she had tied said good-bye just where to dinner.

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and the sun shone, and a snow-bird' was chirping outside of the door. She noticed how the tea-kettle hummed, and how well the new curtain, with the castle and waterfall on it, fitted the window. She thought that she would scour the closet at night, and surprise father by finishing those list slippers. She kissed him when she had tied on the red hood, and said good-bye to Dick, and told them just where to find the squash pie for dinner.

When she had closed the twisted gate, and taken a step or two upon the snow, she came thoughtfully back. Her father was on his bench, mending one of Meg Match's shoes. She pushed it gently out of his hands, sat down upon his lap, and stroked the shaggy hair away from his forehead.

"Father!"
"Well, what now, Sene?—what now?"

"Sometimes I believe I've forgotten you a bit, you know. I think we're going to be happier after this. That's all."

She went out again singing, and he heard the gate shut again with a click.

Sene was a little dizzy that morning—the constant palpitation of the floors always made her dizzy after a wakeful night—and so her colored cotton threads danced out of place and troubled her.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said, "How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

"It's the new machinery they're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but heavy, very heavy; they calculate on getting it all into place to-day; you'd better be tending to your frame, Miss Ivory."

As the day wore on, the quiet of Asenath's morning deepened. Round and round with the pulleys over her head she wound her thoughts of Dick. In and out with her black and dun-colored threads she spun her future. Pretty Del, just behind her, was twisting a pattern like a rainbow. She noticed this and smiled.

"Never mind, she thought, 'I guess God knows.'"

Was He ready "to bless her, and show her how"? She wondered. If, indeed, it were best that she should never be Dick's wife, it seemed to her that He would help her about it. She had been a coward last night; her blood leaped in her veins with shame at the memory of it. Did He understand? Did He not know how she loved Dick, and how hard it was to lose him?

However that might be, she began to feel at rest about herself. A curious apathy about means and ways and decisions took possession of her. A bounding sense that a way of escape was provided from all her troubles, such as she had when her mother died, came upon her.

Years before, an unknown workman in South Boston, casting an iron pillar upon its core, had suffered it to "float" a little, a very little more, till the thin, unequal side cooled to the measure of an eighth of an inch. That workman had provided Asenath's way of escape.

She went out at noon with her luncheon, and found a place upon the stairs, away from the rest, and sat there awhile, with her eyes upon the river, thinking. She could not help wondering a little, after all, why God need to have made her so unlike the rest of his fair handiwork. Del came bounding by, and nodded at her carelessly. Two young Irish girls, sisters—the beauties of the mill—magnificently colored creatures—were singing a little love-song together, while they tied on their hats to go home.

"There are such pretty things in the world," thought poor Sene.

Did anybody speak to her after the girls were gone? Into her heart these words fell suddenly, "He hath no form nor comeliness. His visage was so marred more than any man."

They clung to her fancy all the afternoon. She liked the sound of them. She wove them in with her black and dun-colored threads.

The wind began at last to blow up the staircases, and in at the cracks;

the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, heard snatches of the girls' talk.

"Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"

"Guess so, yes; me and Bob Smith, we thought we'd go to Boston, and come up in the theatre train."

"Del Ivory, I want the pattern of your zouave."

"Did I go to church? No, you don't catch me! If I slave all week, I'll do what I please on Sunday."

"Hush-sh! There's the boss looking over here!"

"Kathleen Donnavon be still with your ghost stories. There's one thing in the world I never will hear about, and that's dead people."

"Del, said Sene, 'I think to-morrow—'"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped; the threads untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up.

Looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his hands to his head, and fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its helpless giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe!

She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stairs and an open door; she threw out her arms, and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square, oaken beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh red color; she dimly wondered why—as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support, time, place and reason go utterly out.

"At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground."

So the record flashed over the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate, and the muttering South, and was forgotten.

Who shall say, what it was to the seven hundred and fifty souls who were buried in the ruins? What to the eighty-eight who died that death of exquisite agony? What to the wrecks of men and women who endure unto this day a life that is worse than death? What to the architect and engineer who, when the fatal pillars were first delivered to them for inspection, had found one broken under their eyes, yet accepted the contract, and built with them a mill whose thin walls and wide, unsupported stretches could never keep their place unaided?

One that we love may go to the battleground, and we are ready for the worst; we have said our good-byes; our hearts wait and pray; it is his life, not his death, which is the surprise. But that he should go out to his safe, daily, commonplace occupations, unnoticed and uncaressed—scolded a little, perhaps, because he leaves the door open, and tells us how cross we are this morning; and they bring him up the steps by-and-bye a mangled mass of death and horror—that is hard.

Old Martyn working at Meg Match's shoes—she was never to wear those shoes, poor Meg!—heard, at ten minutes before five, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath, waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street.

A vast crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills—Pacific, Atlantic, Washington—Pemberton? Where was Pemberton?

Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps last night, and hummed with its iron lips this noon, a cloud of dust,

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OUR GREAT OFFER

We will ship the 'DAISY' to your address and pay the freight on receipt of price. Keep the churn on 30 days' trial. If it is not in every particular all that we claim it to be and the most satisfactory churn you have ever used, ship it back to us and we will pay the return freight and refund your money. Remember this, it is the only offer of the kind that has ever been made in Canada in connection with Butter Churns.

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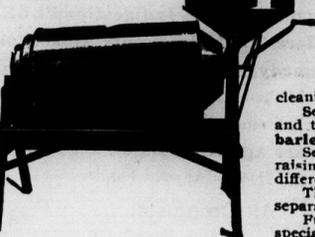
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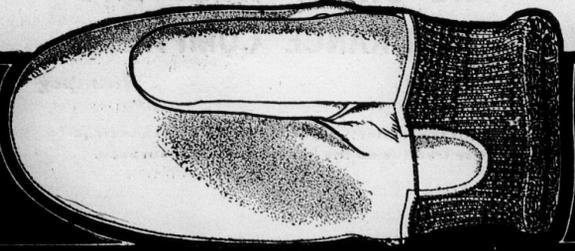
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black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she must have been struck upon the head. The church clocks were striking eight. A bonfire which had been built at a distance, to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam into the debris across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks.

A broad piece of flooring that had fallen slantwise roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of iron-work overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts and pillars were in heaps about. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her room—a mere child—was crying between her groans for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. It was Meg Match. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free; she moved it feebly. They could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahoney, Jimmy Mahoney! and would they be sure and give him back the handkerchief? Poor Jimmy Mahoney! By and by she called no more; and in a little while the hand was still. The other side of the slanted flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the Amen, but it was never spoken. Beyond, they dug a man out from under a dead body, unhurt. He crawled to his feet, and broke into furious blasphemies.

As consciousness came fully, agony grew. Sene shut her lips and folded her bleeding hands together, and uttered no cry. Del did screaming enough for two, she thought. She pondered things calmly as the night deepened, and the words that the workers outside were saying came brokenly to her. Her hurt, she knew, was not unto death; but it must be cared for before very long; how far could she support this slow bleeding away? And what were the chances that they could hew their way to her without crushing her?

She thought of her father, of Dick; of the bright little kitchen and supper table set for three; of the song that she had sung in the flush of the morning. Life—even her life—grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her.

Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfires struck through an opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct.

"They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off of my feet, Del!"

Del took off two or three in a frightened way; then, seeing the blood on them, sat down and cried.

A Scotch girl, with one arm shattered, crept up and removed the pile; then fainted.

The opening broadened, brightened; the sweet night-wind blew in; the safe night sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again, after all! Back in the little kitchen, where the sun shone, and she could sing a song, there would yet be a place for her. She worked her head from under the beam, and raised herself upon her elbow.

At that moment she heard a cry: "Fire! fire! GOD ALMIGHTY HELP THEM—THE RUINS ARE ON FIRE!"

A man working over the debris from the outside had taken the notion—it being rather dark just there—to carry a lantern with him.

"For God's sake," a voice cried from

the crowd, "don't stay there with that light!"

But while this voice yet sounded, it was the dreadful fate of the man with the lantern to let it fall—and it broke upon the ruined mass.

That was nine o'clock. What there was to see from then till morning could never be told or forgotten.

A network twenty feet high, of rods and girders, of beams, pillars, stairways, gearing, roofing, ceiling, walling; wrecks of looms, shafts, twisters, pulleys, bobbins, mules, locked and interwoven; wrecks of human creatures wedged in; a face that you know turned up at you from some pit which twenty-four hours' hewing could not open; a voice that you know crying after you from God knows where; a mass of long, fair hair visible here; a foot there; three fingers of a hand over there; the snow bright-red under foot; charred limbs and headless trunks tossed about; strong men carrying covered things by you, at sight of which other strong men have fainted; the little yellow jet that flared up, and died in smoke, and flared again, leaped out, licked the cotton-bales, tasted the oiled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck, death and life together out of your sight—the lurid thing stands alone in the gallery of tragedy.

"Del," said Sene, presently, "I smell the smoke." And in a little while, "How red it is growing away over there at the left!"

To lie here and watch the hideous redness crawling after her, springing at her!—it had seemed greater than reason could bear, at first.

Now it did not trouble her. She grew a little faint and her thoughts wandered. She put her head down upon her arm, and shut her eyes. Dreamily she heard them saying a dreadful thing outside, about one of the overseers; at the alarm of fire he had cut his throat, and before the flames touched him he was taken out. Dreamily she heard Del cry that the shaft behind the heap of reels was growing hot. Dreamily she saw a tiny puff of smoke struggle through the cracks of a broken fly-frame.

They were working to save her, with rigid, stern faces. A plank snapped, a rod yielded; they drew out the Scotch girl; her hair was singed; then a man with blood upon his face and wrists, held out his arms.

"There's time for one more! God save the rest of ye—I can't!"

Del sprang; then stopped—even Del—stopped ashamed, and looked back at the cripple.

Asenath at this sat up erect. The latent heroism in her awoke. All her thoughts grew clear and bright. The tangled skein of her perplexed and troubled winter unwound suddenly. This, then, was the way. It was better so. God had provided himself a lamb for the burnt offering.

So she said, "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it's all right."

And Del at the first word went. She sat and watched them draw her out; it was a slow process; the loose sleeve of her factory sack was scorched.

Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught her. It was Dick. The love which he had fought so long broke free of barrier in that hour. He kissed her pink arm where the burnt sleeve fell off. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her face. She turned faint with the sense of safety, and with a face as white as her own he bore her away in his arms to the hospital, over the crimson snow.

Asenath looked out through the glare and smoke with parched lips. For a scratch upon the girl's smooth cheek, he had quite forgotten her. They had left her, tombed alive here in this furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of relief and triumph. If this were all that she could be to him, the thing which she had done was right, quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes again.

When she opened them, neither Dick nor Del, nor crimsoned snow, nor sky, were there, only the smoke writhing up a pillar of blood-red flame.

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The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sené. "Can you crawl around?"

Molly crawled around. "Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hand in yours—so. There! I guess that's better, isn't it?"

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sené's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back!"—then hushed, awe-struck.

An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I'm an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it'll keep her from choking, maybe. Now! Keep cheery, Sené! Your old father'll get ye out. Keep up good heart, child! That's it!"

"It's no use, father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with cheerful words.

"No more ye needn't, Senath, for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be down-cast yet! We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water—do now! They'll get at ye now, sure!"

But out above the crackle and the roar a woman's voice rang like a bell:

"We're going home to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled the glad refrain—

"We're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For one stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

The answer came triumphantly—

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

"Sené! little Sené!"

But some one pulled him back.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Lord Strathcona: Nothing is so necessary to success as a knowledge of human nature.

Sir William McDonald: Without a good physical basis skill and will are no good.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: The acid of envy eats out all happiness from the heart.

Agnes Deans Cameron: A home that has cost nothing in the way of sacrifice is usually only a mere stopping place.

John Kendrick Bangs: I do not like a man who gives his hand in a half-hearted way. I never know what to do with it.

Dr. McIntyre, M. P.: The people of Western Canada are a reading people, and man for man write more letters than Easterners.

Mark Twain: Lawyers never quarrel over the estate of a man who leaves nothing but a good name.

Andrew Carnegie: Progress must come from within. No distribution of wealth will alter human nature.

Lord Grey: I think everything in this world would be better if the right sort of woman had a share in its management.

Sir Conan Doyle: The lower the intellectual capacity, the higher the development of that lowest and strongest of human passions—gambling.

Rev. Dr. Sparling: Just because they cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear a lot of men never try to make anything.

Principal McDiarmid: The care of the body is of much greater importance than the knowledge of the world's circumference.

Dr. Mills, Principal of the Ontario Agricultural College: When called upon to speak begin to say something as soon as you get on your feet. As soon as you are done saying it, sit down.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: The human mind is tenacious of its opinions, whether they are founded on fact or fiction. Indeed, it often clings most tenaciously to the least defensible.

President Roosevelt: There is in most men that instinct which is one of the best heritages from boyhood—the instinct for fair play and for giving everybody "a chance."

Police Magistrate Daly: We have here the longest railroad, the best fisheries, the greatest mines, and the biggest wheatfields in the whole world. And better than all, we have the most contented and happy people.

Thompson Seton: I am going to write a scathing article about the outlandish shapes of women's hats just as soon as we learn why a man buys a high crowned soft hat and then punches it full of dents.

Sir Gilbert Parker: When at last the great Canadian poet arrives we shall probably behold in him a good, hard-headed, sensible citizen. We earnestly hope that the weary, long-haired, minor poet, with his absurd affectations, may soon disappear altogether—he is getting scarce.

Dr. Osler: There is a great deal of ill-health which deserves not sympathy or pity, but criticism and condemnation, and a worship of good health, including works as well as faith, might with advantage be made a feature of the national religion.

Archbishop Matheson: The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost and stifled in the hurry-scurry of the world, or swamped in the slough of indolence.

Elbert Hubbard: The most striking difference between the feminine and the masculine growl is that a woman maintains a feeble and continuous querulousness about detail; whereas a man indulges in violent, periodical outbursts, generally on equally trivial subjects.

Lady Grey: The secret of happiness in every life is to be doing what you feel you can do best, and to have your own inglenook. To do what you can do best includes the entire gamut, from housekeeper to social queen, though I should like to turn the gamut upside down by putting the homemaker at the top instead of the bottom of the scale.

Premier Roblin, at Portage la Prairie: Speaking of agriculture, I am safe in saying there is no source of wealth that can be so confidently relied upon as agriculture. We admire the man who is mercantile or professional, but there's only one spurce of wealth. Portage la Prairie is enjoying its wealth at the present time not through the efforts of commercial, financial or professional enterprise, but through the farmer on the plains, who gets \$20,000 for his crop. He adds that much new wealth to the community.

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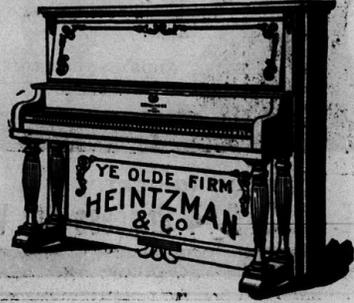
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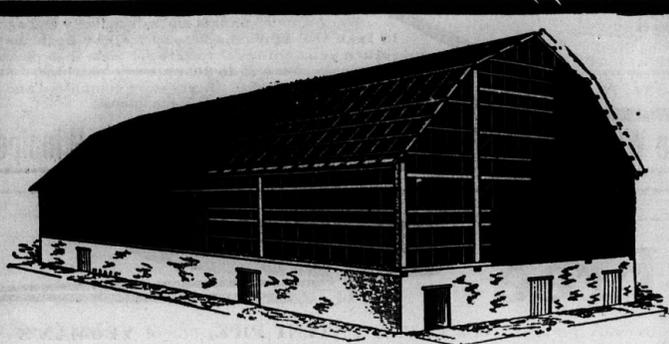
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Portage la Prairie

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This cut shows an up-to-date Barn Construction, 40 feet x 70 feet, and the method of covering with Corrugated Sheets. The frame work is light, as the corrugated sheets, when nailed in place, make the building very rigid. This drawing is made from actual plans, and the barn has been built many times with splendid results.

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Correspondence

We receive hundreds of letters every week from correspondents in these columns enclosing letters to be addressed to some writer in a previous number and re-mailed.

The popularity of our correspondence columns are attested to by thousands of bachelor readers on the plains who avail themselves of the space we place at their disposal to tell the oft repeated story, "The Want of a Wife." Some few months ago a rumor got abroad that we were about to do away with our correspondence department, and as a result of that rumor we were deluged with letters from subscribers in all parts of Western Canada pleading and praying that the correspondence department be kept on. We have acceded to the wishes of our readers and will continue in the future as in the past to publish letters sent us for publication.

Please do not ask us to give you the name of any writer; we cannot do so without the writer's consent. Affix a postage stamp on a blank envelope enclosing a letter you wish us to mail for you and we will do the rest. When writing give your full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

The Wedding of Bill.

Thar warn't no sentiment in Bill,
When Bill jes' herded cattle,
An' wimmin's ways didn't interest
him at all;
He often said he couldn't stand to hear
their tittle-tattle
An' said he thought a woman was
all gall.
"They're all fer dress an' prinkin',
An' they ain't no use fer drinkin',
An' yer never seed one yet that wuzn't
jealous;
An' th' average female pussun',
If she ain't kep' busy fussin',
Has her lungs a-goin' like a black-
smith's bellus."

That wuz how Bill talked of wimmin
fore a little Eastern fairy
Trotted inter camp an' reckoned she
would stay;
She was plump and full of figger and
she wuzn't a bit scary,
Or she never would have opened a
cafe.
Now a woman in a beanery
Is mighty purty scenery,
Espeshully when cowboys want to eat;
But it's mighty hard perhaps
When those rough and ready chaps
Git to swearin' 'bout the quality of
meat.

They meant no disrespect, of course,
to Mary, but the same
Was language that a lady shouldn't
hear.
And it didn't take a second look to
know the little dame
Wuz gittin' rather warm behind the
ear.
An' she up an' said one day,
In an independent way,
That the swearin' bee was over for
all time;
And she wouldn't serve a bean
To the man who didn't mean
To behave himself—for swearin' is a
crime.

Now it struck the crowd as funny an'
they laughed and swore some
more,
But Bill jes' riz an' had his little say;
We could tell that he wuz nervous
when he pulled his 44,
An' swung it round in such a care-
less way,
"Ye hev heered what Mary told yer,
An' I guess it ought ter hold yer,
If it don't I reckon I know jes' what
will;
Now, there ain't no sense in fussin',
There will be no further cussin',
Or ye'll hev ter settle quick with
Uncle Bill."

It wuzn't two months after Bill an'
Mary were good friends
An' I noticed, too, that Bill com-
menced to shave;
Ye kin tell a man is lovestruck by the
money that he spends,
An' when he's always wishin' fer a
shave.
But some wimmin air contrary,
But not so little Mary,
An' Bill jes' up an' married her one
day;
An' once more the gang is cussin',
An' there isn't any fussin',
For Bill is now the boss of the cafe.
—Wire-whiskered Ike.

A Voice from Old England.

Keel House, Brighthouse, Yorks., Eng.

Dec. 8th, 1907.

Editor.—I am much interested in your Western Home Monthly which is sent to me from a friend out there. So you must not be surprised on receiving a letter from England. I am specially writing to wish your paper prosperity and all happiness to your readers who enter the marriage market through the medium of your paper. I consider the letter by "Englishman" from Alberta is most sensible. (September number). It's all very well marrying for a home, but I should want more than that.

What a serious step it is for one to take, which mars or makes one's life for all time. However much a person may learn of another through correspondence, they cannot learn one's temperament, ideals, likes and dislikes; if so, it's only very little, and things may turn out very different after they meet and talk things over. Whatever the man may promise beforehand (to give his wife-to-be an easy life), no good hearted girl could sit with her hands in front of her and see the man slaving from morning till night, and not help him. There is always plenty of work to be done (in our country) in homes and more on farms, and much more on Canadian farms, I should think, so girls, if you take any of these good natured farmers of the far West, don't expect to lead a lady's life (in the ordinary sense of the word), but be a willing helper and keep on smiling. The men who go, give up a lot and no doubt often lead a comfortless life; they are brave hearted indeed. But the girls who go and take so much on chance are braver still, or else they go without looking at the risk.
I hope Marjorie will be happy and not disappointed, and I trust all who contemplate taking the step will carefully read "Englishman's" letter, to whom I send my kind regards. Apologizing for taking up so much space.
Yours sincerely,
"A Yorkshire Lassie."

Some Hot Shot.

Greenbush, Sask., Dec. 14, 1907.

Editor.—Will you please allow an interested reader of your correspondence column a little of your valuable space in which to reply to a scurrilous letter in your October issue by one who signs himself "Lord Byron No. 2"! In regard to the most of his letter, we may take it that he is joking, but the rest is in such questionable taste as to arouse the ire of the mildest.

He reflects very strongly on his upbringing when he speaks of the extravagance of womankind as being a general policy and speaks of what he knows not when he accuses women of driving men to drink.

A man who would ruin himself because his wife is sharp-tempered has never attained manhood—he has simply grown up.

From his high (?) altitude he states as a fact what is his own distorted idea of what God intended woman should be when he created, her and would certainly be much improved if he were ruled. I suppose he is measuring a peck from his own sack when he speaks of the model young man; the difference usually is that the tough, as he calls him, is usually preferable to a smug-faced hypocrite.

In regard to the angelic accomplishments, it is well to have such, as nothing soothes a man more than music. Nobody would suppose him a woman hater, but would say his shingles were loose and his brains wet.

It is a deliberate falsehood when he says no matter where you go you find a lot of unmannerly children, as he would soon find out if he exerted himself sufficiently. When he does marry (I for one), hope he will get what he deserves, which will be a woman who will not be afraid to hold him against a wall with one hand while she pounds sense into him with the other.

In conclusion, if he believes that none but the brave deserve the fair, he will never be married as none but a coward would attack women as he has done.
"Yorkshire Bight."

Tired of Batching.

Halbrite, Sask., Dec. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading your Western Home Monthly for a long time and have taken quite an interest in reading the correspondence from other people, so I thought that I would take the liberty of writing myself.

I am a bachelor, 23 years of age, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 146 pounds; fair hair and complexion. Own one-half section farm here. I am tired of batching and should like to correspond with some nice fair complexioned young lady about 19 or 20 years old.

I should very much like to write to "Shamrock." "Nervy Nat."

A Jolly Young Lassie.

Alta, Dec. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber of your valuable magazine, but would miss it much if my friend did not pass it to me every time it comes, but I expect my father will subscribe at the beginning of the year. Will not write much this time as it is my first letter, and I do not wish to abuse your valuable space.

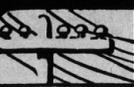
Will also ask you to forward the enclosed to "Buzz, the Barber" and give my address to those who may wish to write to me. Expecting to see this in print will thank you for the space.
"The Strawberry."

Hands One to "Buzz, the Barber."

Man., Dec. 18, 1907.

Editor.—How long are these correspondence pages going to last? They seem to increase in interest every month, and would be sorely missed if done away with. However, let us make the best of them.

I enjoyed "Happy Hooligan's" letter;



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EMERGENCIES

Anything for emergency use, such as a telephone, a revolver, or a fire extinguisher,
MUST BE, ABOVE ALL, RELIABLE.

You don't want a telephone line that may work all right for a social chat with your
neighbor and then fail you when you need a doctor in a hurry:
you want a telephone that is always reliable. Buy and use only
"Northern Electric" standard LONG DISTANCE apparatus
and equipment and have not only a fairweather line but an
emergency protection.

Write us for information and prices.

Our engineers are always at your service and will
advise you on any question of constructions or equipment.





The Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Ltd.

Cor. Guy and Notre Dame Sts. 181 Bannantyne St.
MONTREAL, Can. WINNIPEG, Man.

USE ADDRESS NEAREST YOU.

he must be a sensible fellow, but will he do all that when he is married?
As for "Dixie," I have only scorn for her. Was it necessary that she should tell us that she liked boys' companionship better than girls'? Did she think we would respect her any more?

If "Buzz, the Barber" had not said he was an American, I would not have been totally disgusted with his letter, but coming from a Yankee I was, Excuse me, Buzz, but I know a deceitful Yankee, and that is the cause.
I am very fond of horses, both riding and driving. I also enjoy skating and dancing. I can play the organ and piano, and am very fond of music.
I am going to Alberta this fall and I may have a chance to peep into a bachelor's home and get an idea of all they tell us. I can imagine what living alone is and the poor lonely, homesick boys have my sincerest sympathy, for I've been homesick myself.
My greatest ambition is to travel and hope some day to see every part of the European continent. Oh, let it be soon! ! !
"Countess Aveline."

Southern Wants to Correspond.
Alberta, Can., Dec. 13, 1907.
Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your interesting paper, I have the privilege of reading it from a friend of mine. I am batching and find it very awkward in my business which I started in the spring. I am 23 years of age, dark, with brown eyes, and weigh 145 pounds; abstainer. I would like to correspond with "Shamrock." Wishing your paper every success.
"Southern."

His Address with Editor.
Aldersyde, Alta., Dec. 13, 1907.
Editor.—Being an interested reader of your valuable paper, I thought I would write, too. I am a young man from Aldersyde, farming in the Alberta district, and would like very much to correspond with any young lady who wishes to write to me.
I belong to the church and keep myself respectable. Am of a fairly dark complexion, have blue eyes, dark brown hair, am 5 feet 9 inches tall and weigh 158 lbs.
Now, don't all write at once, but whoever should feel inclined to do so will get my address from the Editor.
"Lord Washington."

"Girls Won't Write Blacksmith Bill."
Central Butte, Sask., Dec. 14, 1907.
Editor.—I am a constant reader of the Western Home Monthly and look sometimes for it before it gets here, thinking it should be here. I

should like to take up a little space in your paper if you see fit.
I would like to correspond with some young lady who wishes to write as I am a young man in the prime of life and doing well. I am a man who never takes a glass and neither smoke nor chew. I weigh 170 and am 5 feet 11½ inches tall and would like to hear from some one who would like to correspond with me as I have written to several young ladies and they never answered any of them.
Hoping this will not take too much of your time. Any lady can have my address for the asking of it.
"Blacksmith Bill."

Dooley at the Bat.
Alta., Dec. 18, 1907.
Editor.—Being a reader of your W. H. M., I should like to join the correspondence columns.
I read one letter from "Smoky Mokes" and like his view, as I am fond of dancing. Now, while speaking of dancing, do any of our fair sex ever stop to consider how young men are badly hurt in feelings sometimes at the dance? We engage them for a dance and when the time comes to go on the floor they tell us they were engaged and go with someone else or they forget. I have seen one girl play this game as often as ten times in one evening. Now, this is the way it affects some young men: They go away and get drunk to forget about it. If you have a brother, think how he would like to be treated that way and then don't treat some other girl's brother in that manner.
I am 21 years old; have a ranch and homestead, weigh 160 before meals and 165 after. Eyes of a shy blue, hair of auburn shade.
I believe a good deed is always appreciated even by our enemies, but where does a bad one ever stop? Especially if our fair sex plays one on us. I should be glad to hear from either sex. Hoping this reaches your columns for print, I am, yours very truly,
"Rev. Dooley."

A Whisper from the Far North.
Sask., Dec. 9th, 1907.
Editor.—I have long been an interested reader of your valuable magazine. As my father and brother are both subscribers, the correspondence column has been a source of interest, also amusement, to me ever since it started.
As I have spent a few months in the West and have seen a little of the bachelors and bachelors' shacks that we hear so much about, I must say I admire the man who has enough stability of character to leave the comforts

of home in the East and come out West and hold down a claim, doing his own cooking and the other hundred and one things to be done on a farm.
I have been amused very much at the different views expressed by the girls and bachelors about doing chores.
Now, I think it is all in the spirit it is done whether it would be congenial or not. If a woman really loves her husband, even feeding pigs would be a pleasure if she knew she was making his day's work a little shorter or lighter. On the other hand, a man who loved his wife would deem it a pleasure to do the churning, run the washer, or even wash the dishes to give her a chance to rest a few minutes on a hot day or to take a trip to town—for you know the old saying, love lightens labor, and on a farm where so much work must be done in a day everyone finds it hard enough.
Some of the young men write as if a girl must correspond with certain weights and measures be able to play the piano and dance, to be any account on a farm at all, but I fear they would forget all about weights and measures if the right sort of a girl appeared and although I am very fond of music and dancing myself, I think there are a good many accomplishments far more necessary to make a happy home.
I have lived both on a farm and in town, but greatly prefer the free country life on the farm.
I will not describe my appearance here lest I should frighten some of your worthy correspondents, especially "Jesse James," the outlaw, of Sunny Plain, as I would like a letter from him if he will write first, as I was interested in his letter, also his address. I will sign myself, what I am,
"No Chore Boy."

"These Columns are Open to All."
Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 13, 1907.
Editor.—I have perused your matrimonial columns at different times but given little or no thought about it until I read "Yankee Girl's" letter, and I must say I thought I would very much like to write to her.
I am English, 19 years of age, good looking and weigh 155 pounds. I too am especially fond of amusement but at present am sinking those ideals with the thought of getting a home of my own in the near future.
I hope your columns are not confined to the North West, but British Columbia as well. Hoping you can put me in communication with her ladyship, "Yankee Girl," I remain
"H. B."

"Curly Has His Say."
Millwood, Dec. 13, 1907.
Editor.—I have been an interested though silent reader of your admirable magazine right from its commencement. I have of late become much interested in your correspondence. This would do lots of good if used in the right way. Some of the boys seem to be fairly desperate, according to the tone of their letters, and it must be a treat to them to be able to open up correspondence with the girls through your columns if they are as lonely as they make out.
Now, I have not much use for marriage through correspondence or advertising, but if managed in the right way, it may be the means of bringing the "Miss Right" to some of these lonely Romeo's, and if you can make a happy match each year you are certainly doing fine, and I wish you much success in your good work.
If any of your fair readers care to write to me, I will try to keep them all answered.
Just a few words about myself. I have batched two years and can't say that I am in love with it. Am 26 years old, fair complexion, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh about 160 pounds, English, both by birth and blood, do not use alcohol but smoke to the extent of about 4 cigars per year, this being the full extent to which I use tobacco. I cuss some when I get mad, like most bachelors of my acquaintance.
I would like to correspond with "Brunette" and "Black Eyed Beauty." Enclosed you will find letters to them. Kindly address and forward them and oblige.
"Curly."

Two of a Kind.
Strathclair, Man., Dec. 11, 1907.
Editor.—After having been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, we thought we would write to your correspondence column, as it has been so very interesting and amusing to us for a long time. You are indeed doing a great work for the lonely bachelors. There will very likely be many happily married couples, that will bless the editor of the W. H. M. for the good he has done and is doing.
We would like to correspond with any young ladies under 24. We are two bachelors, living on a well improved farm, and find it very lonely as we have both been in business in the city before coming to this country.
No. 1, "Weary Willie," is 24 years of

Take my Poultry-for-Profit Outfit Without Spending a Cent in Cash

Tell me to ship you a PEERLESS Incubator and a Brooder, and you take your own time to pay for them



You never saw an incubator so certain to hatch strong chicks—nor a Brooder so sure to raise them

You can start raising poultry for profit without spending a cent for the important part of your outfit.

Simply tell me to ship you a PEERLESS Incubator and a Peerless Brooder—you need them both to start right.

Promise to pay for them in two years' time—that's all I ask you to do.

I will tell you exactly what to do to make a success of poultry raising. I will work with you as your expert advisor, if you want advice. I will see you through—show you just how to make most money quickest.

I will even find you a high-paying cash-down buyer for all the poultry you want to raise, all the eggs you care to ship.

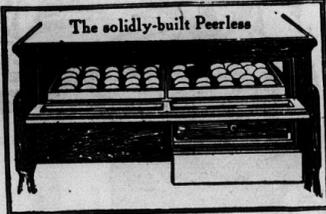
And I will put a Ten-Year GUARANTEE behind the incubator and the brooder—an absolute, plain-English guarantee that puts ALL the risk on me, where it belongs.

I can afford to, because I know for sure you can make money if you go at it right—and then I will sell you more incubators and more brooders—

So I can afford to give you a ten-year guarantee—and two years' time to pay for the outfit in.

It will earn its whole cost and plenty besides in the very first year, if you will do your part—and it's no hard part, either.

I know every incubator that's sold on this continent. I don't hesitate to say that the Peerless has them all beaten a mile as the foundation for a poultry-for-profit enterprise for anybody.



Unless I can prove that to you before-hand I won't be able to sell you a Peerless. What I ask you to do is just to let me submit the proof for you to examine.

You do your own thinking, I know. Read my free book—it's called "When Poultry Pays"—and think over what it says. Then make up your mind about my offer to start you raising poultry right—

Remember that the risk is on me. The incubator and the brooder will easily earn you much more than their cost long before you pay me for them.

Suppose you send for the free book anyway—and send now. That commits you to nothing and costs you nothing



The Lee-Hodgins Co., Limited
252 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ont.



FREE This Beautiful FUR THROWOVER SCARF FREE



This is a fashionable new Throwover Scarf, made of fine black full-furred skins and is about 60 inches long. The fur is soft and fluffy, just the right style, rich, warm and stylish looking. It is lined with black satin to match fur and has wide rounded ends. We will give away one hundred of these extra fine Fur Scarfs to ladies and girls who will help introduce Dr. Burdick's famous vegetable pills, the greatest remedies on earth for the cure of indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints, weak and impure conditions of the blood, catarrh, female weaknesses, etc. We want a few honest agents in each locality to receive our handsome furs.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

Just send us your name and address and agree to sell only twelve boxes of these famous remedies at 25c a box. We trust you and send them by mail postpaid. You can sell them very quickly as each customer who buys from you is entitled to receive a beautiful colored picture 16 x 20 inches, which are reproductions from some of the greatest paintings and are suitable for framing.

If you sell the goods and return the money quickly, we will send you this magnificent rolled gold ring, set with a beautiful white gem that sparkles like the finest diamond.

Don't miss this opportunity. Write now and secure this elegant Throwover Scarf and handsome Ring. Address



The DR. BURDICK MEDICINE CO. ?
Dept. 69 TORONTO Ont.

NOTE:—This is a grand offer by a reliable company.

age, dark hair and blue eyes, and weighs 145 pounds.

No. 2, "Tired Tim," has dark hair, brown eyes and weighs 150 pounds.

We would send our photos to any young lady that wished them. Hoping to receive some missives, we remain:

1. "Weary Willie." 2. "Tired Tim."

Defends Western Bachelors.

Bagley, Sask., Dec. 14, 1907.
Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for a long time and I take great interest in reading the correspondence columns.

The letter from "A Maiden Fair," from Alta., is a daisy and I quite agree with her on the subject of using tobacco. I think a man is entitled to a pipe of tobacco after a hard day's work.

I am a young man, 20 years old, and would like to correspond with some young lady of the same age.

Some girls seem to think that all young men in the West are drinkers and have bad habits. I have traveled all over the States and a part of Western Canada and what I have seen of the young man in the West, they are all good fellows. There are exceptions, of course, but the average man comes from a good home and has a good education. I imagine a young man leaving his home and coming out West, trying to make a home in a new country, all the difficulties and hardships he must endure.

Now, girls, cheer up; don't be afraid of the Western bachelor for if you ever come out West you will say the bachelors are all right (some of them, anyway). Trusting that some of your lady correspondents drop me a line.

"Yankee Boy No. 3."

A White Pine Dealer.

Hardwick Island, B.C., Dec. 25, 1907.
Editor.—Having been a reader of your magazine for some time, I am greatly interested in your correspondence department as it gives a bachelor a chance to get acquainted with some of the Western girls.

I am in the lumbering business here in B. C. and think that I could interest some good girl to go into partnership with me, providing she wants a home of her own and is not adverse to living part of the time out of town.

The trouble with us bachelors is that we are out looking after our business most of the time and when we come to town we only stay from a week to a month and therefore don't get acquainted with the girls.

My idea of a girl would make a man a good wife is just a good, kind, honest, neat and industrious girl. I would not care if she was plain looking or handsome so long as she was a good girl.

Now a word about myself. I am 32 years of age, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 175 pounds. Am fairly good looking. I don't use tobacco in any form. I like music and all kinds of entertainment. I have good health and think I could make the right kind of a girl happy. While I don't believe in marriages by correspondence, I think if two people exchanged photos and correspond for a time they would learn enough about each other so they might make arrangements to meet personally, and then if they thought enough of each other they could make further arrangements.

Now, if any good girl will write to me I will answer any question about the country, etc. I will also exchange photos.

"White Pine."

A Buxom Lassie.

Maple Creek, Skibbereen, Sask.

Dec. 22, 1907.
Editor.—I like to read the correspondence column in your Western Home Monthly. I think it nice for young people to get acquainted. I would like to correspond with some young man about 20 years old.

I am 18 years of age and have fair hair and brown eyes; am 5 feet 6½ inches tall, weigh 128 pounds. Would like to correspond with the chap who signs himself "Happy Hooligan."

"Pride of the Prairie No. 2."

Advice to Maids of Sixteen.

Saskatoon, Sask., Dec. 22, 1907.
Editor.—I chanced to pick up a copy of your July number and considered it a high class publication, with interest in every line.

The correspondence department was very interesting.

I only discovered a year ago how difficult it was for the lone homesteader to find a mate. I have been sixteen years a commercial traveller and went on a homestead in Sunny Alberta for a rest and change. I now spend six months on my homestead and six months on the road. I do not know

which will eventually claim me, the old love of the road or the new love of the homestead. Perhaps, if I had the right companion I could sing with the Georgia poet:

"Little bit of cabin,
Little ray of light,
But all the world ain't brighter,
Than that little light to me."

As it is, to use the words of an old negress, several years ago, I was buying potatoes in Virginia. I asked the old negress if the mister was at home. She replied, "Dar's no mistah he'ah; notin' but an ole batchelah lif he'ah; But my lot is not so hard as many, for I have a neighbor nearby with whom I take my meals. Still, I am not too old to dream of an ideal.

I will not describe myself, for I might not be truthful, but I am not six foot three, nor the reverse, and should I be so fortunate as to get a pretty wife she will have no rival in the family.

Beauty is mainly a matter of taste. As Hans said to Fritz, "I hold that a kiss from my Gretchen is the best thing in the world." "Oh, no," said Fritz, "you are forgetting pork noodles mit sauer kraut." To a man who has seen something of the world, my toast would be, "To the woman who is good, God bless her."

A few words to sweet sixteens. Don't hurry to take up the cares and burdens meant for older shoulders; enjoy your girlhood, the care-free, happiest period of your lives—sixteen to twenty-two. You will be plenty young enough then; your judgment will be better then. The ideals of sixteen may not be the ideals of twenty and you will be less liable to make mistakes. I have been in love a few times myself—and hope to be once more. The first love is not necessarily the last, no matter how wonderful it may be, nor "nobody ever loved so before."

The bud of sixteen, just starting to blossom into womanhood, care-free, happy, smiling in sunshine and storm, is the most beautiful thing in all creation. Don't hurry to be a full blown flower.

To girls of sixteen and any age, don't marry a man who drinks, even moderately. I have heard girls say, "I would not marry a man who could not take a drink or let it alone." They should say, "I will not marry a man who is not man enough to let it alone entirely." When a young fellow starts out to be popular, a jolly good fellow, it generally means want and hardship for his future wife and children. The moderate drinker may become a drunkard, the abstainer never. The indulgence in any taste means selfishness and selfishness will not bring happiness into a home. Girls, don't think that I am posing as an angel. I imagine if I tried to fly I would get a hard fall. But I have travelled extensively and know the "boys." I have seen some very sad things, and if a word will cause some girl to stop and think before marrying a drinking man that word should be spoken. I am not asking the girls to write to me, but if any care to do so, they will find I can appreciate the honor they do me.

"Interested."

Rosalynne Writes from Ontario.

Ontario, Dec. 17, 1907.

Editor.—I am a constant reader of your magazine and think it a good magazine. Seeing so many letters in the correspondence columns I thought I would write one too. I think some of the letters from the bachelors of the West are very interesting. I think some of them surely have a lonely time.

I am a farmer's daughter, 16 years of age, fair complexion, weight 110 lbs., height 5 feet, 4 inches, blue eyes and blonde hair; am considered good looking. I would like to correspond with some of the young bachelors, and will gladly answer all letters received. I will close, hoping I will soon see my letter published as I know a couple of ladies who wrote in December.

"Rosalynne."

Archie On the Water Wagon.

Log Valley, Sask., Dec. 26, 1907.

Editor.—I am in fairly good circumstances and have a nice homestead. I am a total abstainer as far as tobacco and liquor goes and would like to open correspondence and exchange photos with some nice girl.

"Archie, Log Valley."

A Farmer the Best Husband.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Dec. 19, 1907.

Editor.—I always read your valuable magazine with great pleasure, especially the correspondence columns and now I take pleasure in joining "the round up" of sisters, hoping these lines may find space in your paper and that they may be the means of bringing ever-

lasting pleasure who is married. I am a Saskatchewan girl, the comfort of the comforts depends on me. I have a pair of eyes, I use tobacco, highly respected. I want a good cook, play the good tempo, living on a in its ups and the writer.

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Editor.—reader of stop for a man who is of this m so interest other end. One of was the c fore I th few lines Well, I one of the am n was glad that there ern countr bachelors, thought s the bache not one b that would choice of say if she twenty ba cept her is As this your pape expecting accept and able ladies. I am n turned do am 23 year a good m All wish find my n

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Dec. 26, 1907.
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Dec. 19, 1907.
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lasting pleasure to some young woman
who is matrimonially inclined.

I am a farmer, own a large farm in
Saskatchewan and believe I have all
the comforts except the most important
one, the one upon whom all our com-
forts depend.

I have a fair complexion, brown hair
and eyes, height 5 feet, 8 inches, never
use tobacco or liquors at any time,
highly respected wherever I am known.
I want one of the fair sex who is a
good cook, industrious and who can
play the organ or piano, good looking,
good tempered, who don't object to
living on a farm and who will take life
in its ups and downs with a smile as
the writer does.

There are too many girls looking for
city dudes as lovers, preachers, clerks
and counter jumpers, and they think
that they will have a good easy life,
but they most always make a big mis-
take. The farmer is the most inde-
pendent person going. I am speaking
of a good farmer.

I see some girls write good sensible
letters. If they are as good as their
letters I wish they would write to me.
They would find a willing answerer.
"Jolly Farmer."

Read it to the Other End.

Alberta, Dec. 24th, 1907.
Editor—I have not been a steady
reader of your paper but happened to
stop for a week or two with a gentle-
man who is a subscriber and I got hold
of this month's number and found it
so interesting that I read it to the
other end.

One of the most interesting parts
was the correspondence column; there-
fore I thought I would also write a
few lines to this valuable magazine.

Well, I must also tell you that I am
one of the many bachelors of the West
and am not sorry nor proud of it. I
was glad to find out in your last issue
that there are a few girls in this West-
ern country that take pity on the poor
bachelors, but as for Black Eyes who
thought she wrote a gentle roast for
the bachelor and claims that there is
not one bachelor out of ten or twenty
that would get married if they had the
choice of Canada's fair ones. I dare
say if she has been refused by ten or
twenty bachelors, I would hate to ac-
cept her in matrimony myself.

As this is my first correspondence to
your paper of great importance, I am
expecting to see it in print, and will
accept and answer all letters from suit-
able ladies.
I am no old bachelor that has been
turned down and half starved out. I
am 23 years of age and can always cook
a good meal when I am in need of it.
All wishing to answer this letter will
find my name with the editor.
"Alberta Chas."

Wants to Correspond with Male Sex.

Sask., Oct. 15, 1907.
Editor.—As I am a subscriber of
your valuable paper, I would like to
correspond with some of your bache-
lors or widowers if they will kindly
write first to me.
"Bell No. 11."

Wanted, a Husband.

Hamilton Co., Ont., Dec. 20, 1907.
Editor.—I am a very respectable
young lady of 25 and would like to
meet a tall, stoutly built Canadian or
Scotch gentleman, about ten years my
senior who is of medium fair complex-
ion and is kind hearted and good nat-
ured, and of business ability, with
good public and high school education.
Must be strictly temperate and good
character.
"Ontario Girl."

Douglas, Man., Dec. 11, 1907.

Editor.—I am very much interested
in the letters in the Western Home
Monthly. I would like very much to
hear from Rob Roy or True Hearted,
and I think with them, that the bache-
lors mean well, but have a funny way
of showing it. Although I don't want
to get married just yet, still I sympa-
thize with the boys who can't find a
wife to suit them. I hope I will suit
one of them.
Kindly forward the enclosed letter to
"Railroader No. 1."

Wishing your magazine every success,
I remain, "Forget-me-not."
P. S.—I would like to exchange post
cards with anyone.
"Irene."

The Effusion of a Healthy Mind.

Manitoba, Dec. 17, 1907.
Editor.—For a year or more have I
been a reader of the valued paper, the
Western Home Monthly, and with
pleasure have I read the letters of the
happy lads and lassies and their funny
expressions on one sex or the other and
their view to matrimony makes me
smile.

Sly Si Sloane has a very bad opinion
of the girls; I fear he has struck a
queer part of Manitoba for I live in
it and I never have met any frauds,
fakes or rascals among them; they are
kind and tender hearted true girls
where I live.

But perhaps he lives in the city
where girls care for a good time and
has spent part of his fortune on one
which he has wished to call his own
when her intentions were on having a
fine time.

I don't agree with the lady who said
all young men are rascals for they are
not. I have brothers and gentlemen
friends and they are not rascals, and
I don't think she can respect her boy
relations of she means that. I am like
the lady who signs herself "The Kid."

I am happy at home. I have kind
parents, happy brothers and sisters,
and do not wish to marry—until some
nice young man tells how lonely he
is in the far West in his nice comfort-
able home.

I live on a farm where I have learned
to do all kinds of farm work. I don't
like the city life; it's not free enough
for me; the open air in the country
and a ride behind a broncho suits me.
Manitoba is noted for its kind and
agreeable neighbors, so if Sly Si Sloane
came to our part of the country he
might be agreeable enough with some
of the young girls to be able in the
future to call her his lovely dovey
wife, or rare jewel.

I would like some lady correspond-
ents from the West; but I'm not par-
ticular as to writing to gents; we have
plenty of them up here whom we wish
to see wedded through the W.H.M.

This being my first letter I hope it
will escape the grip of the deadly
waste basket; and good luck to the
W.H.M. Hill's Green Lassie."

Don't Believe Folly is Bashful.

Calgary, Alta., Dec. 17, 1907.
Editor.—I am not a subscriber to
your magazine but have been an in-
terested reader for some months, and
would be pleased if you would grant
me a short space in your columns.

Most of the letters are very pleas-
ant and I suppose we would all feel
the lack of variety if we did not hear
from crank once in a while.

But do you not feel sorry when you
read such a letter as that written by
"Woman's Friend" or "Sly Si Sloane?"
I should think anyone who had so
little confidence in humanity would be
miserable indeed. Then, is it not
foolish to try to belittle the opposite
sex? We all know there are good and
bad both and if our experience
has proved one faithless and untrue is
it fair to judge the whole sex by one?
"Sly Si Sloane" does not wish to have
anything to do with the girls, though
he admits there are a few jewels among
them. Now, Sly, if you met one of the
jewels you would change your mind,
wouldn't you?

I should like someone to tell me why
girls write letters in these columns.
"Sly Si Sloane" thinks they are rascals
if they do it for sport.

I don't think so. But I think it is a
very unwomanly woman who would
write with the object of matrimony. I
do not think a match made through
correspondence could possibly be a love
match and if not, would it not be better
to remain a bachelor maid.

Now, as I am a stranger here and
find it rather lonely, I would like a
few correspondents. I shall answer
all friendly letters.

I am twenty-four, am fond of read-
ing and am tremendously bashful, but
get along best with elderly ladies and
babies.
"Bashful Polly."

Letters Exchanged.

Space will not permit us to print a
complete list of the letters received
and exchanged from this office relative
to our correspondence page. We pre-
sent to our readers a brief summary
and partial list which demonstrates
very clearly that the interest in our
correspondence page is on the increase.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| Mailed from | Addressed to |
| Port Milford, Man. | "Lord Byron No. 2." |
| Bird's Hill, Man. | "Shamrock." |
| P. la Prairie, Man. | "Cheerful Canadian." |
| Russell, Man. | "Nouhika." |
| Lamerton, Alta. | "Rose Bud No. 5." |
| Montreal, Que. | "Cheerful Canadian." |
| Manville, Alta. | "Busybody." |
| Fernie, B. C. | "Bachelor Bill." |
| Fernie, B. C. | "Westerner." |
| Toronto, Ont. | "Smoky Mokes." |
| Redvers, Sask. | "Smoky Mokes." |
| Pipestone, Man. | "Lauretta." |
| Calgary, Alta. | "Buzz, the Barber." |
| Riverview, Sask. | "Bright Eyes." |
| Islay, Alta. | "Lauretta." |
| Ponoka, Alta. | "Busybody." |
| Cypress River, Alta. | "Buzz, the Barber." |
| Manson, Man. | "Busybody." |
| Macoun, Sask. | "Shamrock." |
| Arcola, Sask. | "Lauretta" & "Lusetta." |
| Bawiff, Alta. | "Lauretta." |
| Caron, Sask. | "Busybody." |
| Kimberley, B. C. | "Hetty Cupar." |
| De Winton, Sask. | "Lauretta & Lucetta." |
| Regina, Sask. | "Boston Boy." |
| Herbert, Sask. | "Busybody." |
| Hedley, B. C. | "Prairie Maiden." |
| Winnipeg, Man. | "Rose Bud No. 5." |
| Wetaskiwin, Alta. | "Shamrock." |
| Francis, Sask. | "The Kid." |
| Okotoks, Alta. | "Rose Bud No. 5." |
| Carnduff, Sask. | "Bright Eyes." |
| Moosomin, Sask. | "Rose Bud No. 5." |
| Arcola, Sask. | "Rose Bud No. 5." |
| Saskatchewan, Sask. | "Bright Eyes." |
| Calgary, Alta. | "Canadian Jack." |
| Tyvan, Sask. | "A Looker On." |
| Rapid City, Man. | "Hetty." |
| Tyvan, Sask. | "Flossie." |
| Grand View, Man. | "Hetty." |
| High River, Alta. | "Nouhika." |
| Kennewick, Wash. | "Bachelor." |
| New Westminster, B. C. | "Busy Bee." |
| New Westminster, B. C. | "Handsome Maiden." |
| New Kansas, Alta. | "Hetty." |
| Stoughton, Sask. | "Hetty." |
| Stoughton, Sask. | "Winter Sunshine." |
| Glenboro, Man. | "Nouhika." |
| Central Butte, Sask. | "Canadian Rose No. 2." |
| Central Butte, Sask. | "Flossie." |

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- Fordwick, Ont. "Miss Early."
- Beresford, Man. "Brunette."
- Baldur, Man. "Rose Bud No. 5."
- Meedsville, Sask. "True Friend."
- Swan Lake, Man. "Joe."
- Swan Lake, Man. "Merry Sunshine."
- Wawota, Sask. "Bright Eyes."
- Lumby, B. C. "Busy Bee."
- Lumby, B. C. "Black Eyes."
- Lumby, B. C. "Red Head."
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- Ovenstoun, Sask. "Rosebud No. 5."
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- Saskatchewan "Estelle."
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- Meeting Creek, Alta. "Brunette."
- Edmonton, Alta. "Brunette."
- Log Valley, Sask. "Blue Eyed Biddy."
- Medicine Hat, Alta. "Edith Lyle."
- Fillmore, Sask. "Edith Lyle."
- Clareholm, Alta. "Blue Eyed Biddy."

A Sporting Young Woman.

Manitoba, Dec. 16, 1907.
Editor.—For a long time I have been a quiet and an attentive reader of the W.H.M. and read with pleasure the correspondence page and thought I would make a start and have the happy thoughts of some happy young bachelor and at the same time I might make a bit with Shell River Greyhound. But I wonder why he don't care if he does get an old woman for his handsome wife. Perhaps I would suit him. I range between 16 and 100. "Cranky" would he never yet saw a girl who would not enjoy a ride in a nice buggy; neither have I. They would be very foolish if they did, if he was a nice young man. I am 18 years old, 5 feet 1 inch in height and weight 110 pounds. I am a musician and like lots of amusement. Can take a good fast ride behind a wild broncho as well as anybody. I dance, but that is not desperate, and if any good jolly person calls at my home I'll play them a tune or give them an Irish jig, Highland Fling, or Scotch Reel. Anyone wishing to correspond will find my address with the editor of the W. H. M. I would like to exchange post cards, either views or comic ones. Wishing the W. H. M. every success. I am, "The Lily of the East."

Maids Two—Kit and Sue.

Manitoba, Dec. 23, 1907.
Editor.—We have been reading your paper for some time and are very much interested in your correspondence columns and hope you will spare us a little space in your valuable magazine. We sympathize greatly with the bachelors who take so much interest

in the matrimony subject. The poor lads need a bit of encouragement from the girls now and again. Most of the bachelors of our acquaintance are good fellows, but we suppose that is because they are Manitobans.

We have no objection to tobacco whatever, but do not admire breathing in the same atmosphere with fellows who are fond of their "toddie" for drunkards are abominable creatures to handle, for the majority of them are boozey or on a "spree" half their time. But girls don't think the fellows are drunkards because they see and hear of them taking a glass.

There generally is a great deal of argument as to what a wife should do. We think she should be capable of keeping a house clean and tidy and, above all, be able to cook good meals, help milk and do other odd chores if necessary.

If "Canadian Jack" who wrote in August number will be as sweet and obliging to his wife (that is when he gets one), as he says he will, it would be well worth playing cards for him. But some of the bachelors are looking for what they will never get, unless they take a squaw from the reserve.

We live on a farm and prefer it to city life, as a person can have more freedom. We are fond of sport, especially dancing, and do not mind kicking the football when there is no other amusement.

We are five feet seven, fair complexion, blue eyes, and are said to be what they call good looking.

We would like to correspond with either sex just for pleasure and pastime if they will please write first. Our address is with the editor. We will ring off here, with best wishes for the welfare of both bachelors and paper. So we will sign ourselves "Kit and Sue."

Letter from Ontario Girl.

Ontario, Dec. 15th, 1907.
Editor.—I am a new subscriber to your magazine and almost the first thing I saw in it was the correspondence. I read every letter and found them all quite interesting. I liked two letters in the September number signed "The Kid" and "Rob Roy," and think it too bad that "Shamrock" did not take time to write a wee bit more.

I would be tempted to write to "Sly St Sloane" who does not want any girl correspondents, if I could see and hear him when he received my letter. I did not see the letters from "A Woman's Friend" and "Limber Jim," but I think they will find that neither boys nor girls are perfect and even the worst of them have some good qualities.

I am not contemplating matrimony so will not tell the color of my hair and eyes, and describe my ideal. I live on a farm and like it. I am very fond of animals, especially horses. I love to ride horse-back and drive a team, too, when I get a chance. I also like music and reading.

I hope someone will be able to answer the questions asked by "A Happy Clodhopper." I would not like to attempt it. Wishing your paper all success. Yours truly, "Jeckel."

Gypsy Would Like House of Her Own.

Starbuck, Man., Dec. 23, 1907.
Editor.—Yesterday was the first opportunity I had of reading your paper. I enjoyed it thoroughly, especially the correspondence columns. How happy it made me reading all the letters from the men and maidens. Every homesteader should subscribe and take your paper. It would cheer them up wonderfully and they would fully appreciate its value. I am sure it might be the means of them each finding one who would make a good helpmate for the lonely days they have to live on a homestead. Not only that, but it is a good all round magazine and is useful to many.

I am an English girl, 23 years old. I have been in this country two years and am beginning to feel awfully lonely, so I hope some kind bachelor will find time to answer this epistle.

I am dark haired, have a good education, fond of animals and just enjoy to be on a farm both for housekeeping and outside work. I feel as if I would like a home of my own, one that I could find space in, one of your columns for this, as I should really like to have some answers. Wishing success always to your magazine. "Gypsy."

This Poem is Refreshing.

Editor.—To all the girls between the poles who play in life the different roles, I thought I'd write to you to-day. And like others, "Have my say." I've watched your struggle with the boys. Who think that girls are merely toys, I've seen you criticize them hard. For their persistent disregard. I think no mortal faultless is. Existing on an earth like this. Where the infernal's baited traps Inveigles humans just like rats. I'll thank the Editor so much. For space and privileges such. As gives the good boys and the girls. A chance acquaintance with the girls. "Cosmopolite, age seventeen."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

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Are You the Grinder of the Ground.

By John A. Howland.

Are you quite sure that in the observance of community amenities you are keeping close enough to the line that marks gentility and breeding in social life?

"Ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other's angles down."

If the poet should have had under consideration the great community mills of the modern great city it is a certainty that his philosophy would have called for a rougher dress in rhyme. The crowded city street is a human glacier; the crowded city cars and trains are too packed to admit of literal grinding; shop, and store, and theater, and dining place may be hives of incivilities.

In them are you, reader, grinder or the ground? There is no dodging the condition. You are ground, or you are grinding. And whether grinder or the ground, you cannot escape the charge of being a full party to this outraging of a nation's courtesy, as well as a party to one of the most wasteful forms of community extravagance in economy and temper.

In the illimitable field of mechanics the avoidance of friction is the desideratum above all else. Were it not for friction the dream of perpetual motion would be waked tomorrow and realized. But movement and friction are the eternal cause and consequence. But in any movement friction may be minimized, and this possibility always has concerned the mechanical engineer in the exactness of his science. Thus a

a muddy or dusty boot on another seat which he knows some one will need to occupy within a few minutes.

And when the person comes who must have that seat or hang to a strap, how grudgingly the foot is moved, perhaps to the accompaniment of a marked scowl of disapproval. How grudgingly does the man move a crossed leg over from the side seat next him, and how expressive of irritation may be the face of the woman who in like manner is shown that some one standing needs the seat which she has pre-empted with her parcels! And how little show of consideration comes from the person who deliberately walks out of a crowded office building by a left hand door into a stream of other people who are attempting to come in on their own right side of the entrance!

People of both sexes violate the rights of others in community life almost wholly for the reason that the victims, for one reason or another, submit supinely. One class of the supine victim has not the courage to combat in any form any such aggressions. Another type rests upon the goody-goody belief that the law of universal kindness should prevail. Still another class of people have a horror of making "a scene"; already the real scene may have been enacted against their sacred rights, but that is not "a scene" in its acceptance.

In this way, when all too seldom one of the aggressive confiscators of public decency runs afoul of the man who will



Steep Rock Point, Lake Manitoba.

modern automobile with the least possible friction in its mechanism moves through a modern double wall of human beings on the sidewalks where human friction may be at its maximum.

There is no possible question of the fact that the ordinary man, leaving his home on the way to his business downtown, leaves also the greater part of his courtesy and consideration there until he returns. Even his office courtesy which may have material advantage for himself behind it, will be shaded until his office acquaintance finds an altogether different man of him in that home. And more than this, too many thousands of people leave all amenities behind them and replace them with an aggressive selfishness that in literal form is retarding all that is figurative in human progress.

It is no unusual experience for the person in a restaurant to be eating his meal when a newcomer in decent dress and bearing seats himself opposite at table and spits offensively on the floor. There is no possible chance that this man ever spat on the floor of his own dining room or in the house of his friends. His family would not tolerate it at home and his friends would ostracize him if he did such a thing in another's house. But so common is this beastly offense that in the public dining room many persons are so constituted as to take it as a tolerated matter of course.

There are few men who in their homes would sit near a chair, couch or davenport on which another person is sitting and deliberately put a foot or feet upon that piece of furniture. In a double seat in car or train on his way downtown however, that man almost is an exception who does not rest even

not be put upon, this second real scene following the outrage leaves the on-lookers aghast at the "scene" which every onlooker needs to notice.

Men put their feet on other people's car seats or on their clothing because the people submit to it. Men spit on the floors of dining rooms in public only because the public hates "a scene." Men and women alike sit in two seats of a public conveyance for the reason that most other people haven't the nerve to compel their moving over. Men and women alike walk in the strip of shade on the wrong side of a summer pavement because they know the people they meet will turn out if only they continue to walk briskly on.

As the grinder or the ground, what are you doing about it? What are you going to do about it? If traffic in congested streets and public places were for the production of power for a municipality the friction in the power plants would leave no unexpended energy. The institution would be bankrupt in six weeks. In reality all these places ARE power plants in which the conserving of energy, the diminution of friction, and the preservation of good nature are essentials to community welfare. Is it not worth your while to refrain from aggressive friction in this great power-house? Or as a passive frictional element, don't you owe it to yourself and to society to reduce the condition? And by force of might if necessary?

Professor (lecturing on hygiene): "Tobacco, gentlemen, makes men ugly, short-winded, idiotic, paralytic; and I can tell you this from experience, for I have smoked for many years."

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
Cuts, Sprains, Swollen, Gapped Neck,
Strained Tendons, Founders, Wind
Falls, and all lamenesses from Spavin,
Rheumatism and other bony tumors.
Cures all skin diseases of Parasites,
Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all
Scabs from Horses or Cattle.

At a Human Remedy for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
Every bottle of Gombault's Balsam sold is
warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.00
per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by ex-
press, charges paid, with full directions for
its use. Send for descriptive circulars,
testimonials, etc. Address
The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

Our Great

SEED CATALOG

Will be ready early
in January

SEND FOR IT
MAILED FREE

A. E. MCKENZIE CO., Ltd.
BRANDON CALGARY

Fancy Silks 25c.



We buy all the cuttings of the leading Canadian
tie makers, of sizes suitable for fancy work.
These silks are of the finest quality, and of an
endless variety of patterns and colors. We send
enough to cover over 1,500 square inches for 25c.
silver, 5 for \$1.00, and with each order we send a
Chart of 100 Fancy Silks Free. Complete up to
date Fancy Work book with 95 illustrations, 15c.
silver. One package of Silk, the Chart and the
Book, 35c. silver. Satisfaction guaranteed.—THE
WHOLESALE PRICE CO., Dept., 3 W., Toronto.

FREE

Gold Watch Free

For selling 4 dozen
Cobalt Gold Pens at
5 cents each.

These pens write a
beautiful color by sim-
ply dipping in water,
no ink required. A 50c
coupon given free with each pen. Hurry and
write to-day. We trust you with the pens
sell them and return the money and we will
forward you this little beauty Gold Finished
Watch. Guaranteed for 20 years.

COBALT GOLD PEN CO., DEPT. 18, TORONTO

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The Dominion Cartridge Company's New Factory.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred men are sportsmen by nature whatever their opportunities or limitations may be. That is why matters relating to firearms and ammunition are so generally interesting.

One of the most interesting manufacturing concerns in Canada is the factory of the Dominion Cartridge Company at Brownsburg, Que. Factories, we should say, as there are forty-three buildings detached and covering the Company's 200 acre reserve. The latest building is 500 feet long and is devoted to the manufacture of metallic cartridges only. The remaining manufacturing space is devoted to shot shells.

Every dealer, rifleman and sportsman in Canada is familiar with the cartridges and shells made by the Dominion Cartridge Company.

The completion of the new building and the installation of the latest automatic machinery makes this one of the best equipped factories of explosives in the world.

Every shell and every cartridge is standardized and nothing ever leaves the factory that is not fully up to the high standard required.

The head tester was for many years employed in the Government arsenal at Woolwich and his six assistants are all experts in the manufacture of explosives. Their time is devoted wholly to the work of inspection.

Dominion ammunition made in sizes to suit all arms of all calibres and is to be obtained at all dealers. This ammunition is rapidly replacing imported ammunition. On account of the saving of duty the quality of Canadian made shells is naturally higher than imported ones at the same price—that is, with equal efficiency Canadian made shells and cartridges are cheaper.

Take, for instance, "Sovereign" shells loaded with Nobel's Smokeless Powder. No imported shell at the same price gives equal penetration with such light recoil; or take Crown shells loaded with Hamilton Co.'s Snapshot Black Powder. At the price, no imported shell is its equal in any particular.

With the output capacity doubled the Dominion Cartridge Co. will be able to meet all demands, so that riflemen and others having chosen their particular cartridge or shell will always be sure of getting their favorite.

In addition to the Canadian trade, the Company exports its ammunition to the United States, Central and South America.

Will Please You, Too.

It is not at all strange that some should question the possibility of giving proper instruction by mail, but the following letter handed us by the U. S. School of Music whose advertising appears in this issue, shows that their many pupils not only enjoy these methods but employ them successfully.

School of the Holy Name,
Amsterdam Ave. and West 97th St.,
New York, July 2, 1907.
The U. S. School of Music,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—The Violin Course, by correspondence, which I have just completed under your direction, has been of great service to me. Every lesson was full of interest; and the instructions so well-graded and thorough that I found no difficulty in following them. Wishing you every success, I am,
Gratefully yours,
Bro. Arsenius.

Cream Separators.

The Vermont Farm Machine Co. are making a cream separator that is a universal favorite. Years of experience and experiment have enabled this firm to offer the farming public a cream separator perfect in construction, simple, durable and easily operated. To reproduce the countless testimonials received from pleased users of this separator would require a work of several volumes. The following testimonial is a sample of what the Vermont Farm Machine Co. are in receipt of from their patrons:—

Myersville, O., July 5, 1907.
Vermont Farm Machine Co.,
Bellows Falls, Vt.

Dear Sirs:—I purchased a U. S. cream separator of your agent fifteen years ago, and wish to advise prospective purchasers about the durability of only machine. It has a capacity of only 250 pounds per hour and has separated the milk from 10 to 12 cows every year since, excepting the last few years. We only keep 7. It has never missed a milking without being used and owing to the small capacity we are required to turn the machine much longer than is necessary now with your up-to-date machines, thus demanding of it much more wear than would be required of your new machines of the same number. Yet it is a clean skimmer, in perfect order and doing excellent work. It has cost me a very small amount for repairs, only a few ratchet pins and springs, rubber bowl rings and only two rubber neck bearings. Before we had the U. S. separator we got only 18 to 20 cents per pound for our butter, but now we wholesale it at the gro-

cery for 30 cents the year round. We are satisfied the U. S. is a profitable machine to have.
Very truly yours,
W. A. Sorriek.

If any of our readers are at all interested in a cream separator, it would be well to write for a copy of the new illustrated catalogue just issued. When writing, address Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vermont, U. S. A., and mention the Western Home Monthly and a copy will be mailed you free by return mail.

Made for Self Treatment.

Oxydonor is the name of a marvelous contrivance discovered by Dr. Hercules Sanche for home treatment for all ills from which the human race suffer.

A few applications intensifies the fire of life and makes disease impossible, by the generation of intense vitality. Disease in any form, in any climate, at any season of the year may be treated. Rheumatism, sciatica, pains in the back or chest, colds, La Grippe, asthma, insomnia, stomach troubles, etc., are immediately benefited by the application of "Oxydonor." Thousands of sufferers send testimonials of the wonderful cures effected. The following is a sample of what Dr. Sanche & Co. receive from people in all parts of the country who have tried "Oxydonor."

Dongola, Assa. East. N.W.T., Can.,
March 30, 1901.

Oxydonor as a restorer to health and vigor from a depressed and enfeebled state of the system can not be excelled. Having used it over a month this winter may say that I have not enjoyed such good health for the past six years.
Thos. Douglas.

Pheasant Forks, Assa. East, N.W.T.,
Canada, May 14, 1902.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.
Dear Sirs:—I had La Grippe twice one winter some time ago, and never fully recovered. I got one of your Oxydonors about a year ago and I can say I have received great benefit from using it.
Yours truly,
H. Q. Stilborn.

If you are a sufferer write at once to Dr. H. Sanche & Co., 356 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, and request them to send you booklet and full information. When writing mention the Western Home Monthly.

This Refers to You?

Has it ever struck you how a man unconsciously reveals his character in everything he does? His gait, gesture, face, feature, the way he meets and greets you, his dress, conversation and attitude of mind, all go to show what he is in reality. His external traits are simply the outcome of his internal nature. The deeds he is responsible for are simply his thoughts materialized. It is true that "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Even a person's handwriting will reveal a great deal to the trained eye of the graphologist.

If any of our readers would like to have their character told from their calligraphy, let them write to George Tester, 65 Wood St., Toronto, enclosing \$1.00, and they will learn some facts both interesting and instructive.

Large Profits in Taxidermy.

The profession of taxidermy, which includes the mounting of animals, birds, game heads, and all other trophies, the tanning of skins and the making of rugs from animal hides, offers a most lucrative opening for men and women.

There are enormous profits in the profession, and the chances for success are growing better every day. Many birds, animals and fish are being slowly exterminated, and naturalists, hunters and sportsmen, realizing this, are having all of the best and rarest specimens mounted.

A few years ago little was thought of saving these most valuable specimens. Now they are eagerly sought, and although there are still millions of such animals and birds left, there are millions of people who want them, and this makes the specimens very valuable indeed. Besides, taxidermy is a most fascinating art, even if one didn't care to use it for profit.

It enables everyone who learns it to mount all of the trophies secured and these make beautiful decorations for the home. Taxidermy is now taught by mail and by a simple and new method. All those interested in this subject should write to the N. W. School of Taxidermy, Box 103 E St., Omaha, Neb., and secure its great book, "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals." It is sent absolutely free. Just mention the name of this paper when you write.

Directory of Canada.

The Wilson Fyle Co., of Niagara Falls, Ontario, have just issued a new directory of Canada, giving name and population of over three thousand cities, towns and villages in the Dominion of Canada. This Directory gives the names and population of every town in Western Canada, making it very valuable to persons residing

therein as a handy book of reference. The expense in preparing this work has indeed been costly, but as the Wilson Fyle Co. are distributors of Dr. Leonhardt's Cough Pills and Dr. Leonhardt's Ointment, they are interested in getting in touch with the people of Canada, and have adopted this way of getting acquainted with the people of the Dominion.

If you desire a copy of this handy Directory of Canada just write to the Wilson Fyle Co., Niagara Falls, Ont., and request them to mail you a copy free. Mention the Western Home Monthly when writing.

The Science of Health and Beauty.

Mrs. E. Coates Coleman, specialist, dermatologist and electro therapeutics, 4 Avenue Block, Winnipeg, has just issued a handsome booklet on "The Science of Health and Beauty," which she will mail free to any person making request for a copy. Mrs. Coleman needs no introduction to the people of Western Canada as she has conducted a prosperous business in Winnipeg for many years and can count her friends and patrons by the thousand. Every woman, yes, and every man for that matter, is vitally interested in how to preserve their good looks and enjoy perfect health even with advanced years. The subject is treated interestingly, exhaustively and entertainingly in Mrs. Coleman's booklet and every reader of this magazine should secure a copy, read and hearken to the sage advice tendered them free by one who has made a deep and lifelong study of this question. Just address your letter, Mrs. E. Coates Coleman, 4 Avenue Block, Winnipeg, and make a request for a copy of her new booklet. Mention this magazine.

Good Books Cheap.

As a sign of the further advancement of the times, it was only to be expected that the reliable and old established firm of Cassell & Co. should enter the lists in competition with the producers of high class works, well bound, at popular prices. They now have some twenty-five titles in stock and hope to have one hundred titles by May next.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., who achieved such a great educational object with their "National Library" in the days when reprints were somewhat of a novelty, are now extending their enterprise by issuing a series of volumes intended for all classes of readers.

The "People's Library," as the series is entitled, comprises masterpieces of biography, fiction, poetry, science, essays, etc. The cloth-bound volumes are marvellously cheap at the price of 25 cents, whilst those in leather at 50 cents, have a rich and attractive appearance.

The works of such masters as Scott, Stevenson, Kingsley, Dumas, Dickens, Thackeray and others at such popular prices are sure to create a widespread demand.

Cassell & Company's Canadian office is at 42 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, from which full information will be gladly supplied any of our readers who are interested in good books at a low price.
Mention this magazine.

The Care of the Hair.

Seaman and Petersen, the New York Hair Store, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, will mail a copy of their booklet to any reader of this magazine who, in writing them make a request for same.

The treatment and care of the hair is a subject that interests every person and none are perhaps any better qualified to write authoritatively on the subject than are Seaman & Petersen. They carry a complete stock of hair goods and accessories and are thoroughly equipped to do a mail order business.
Mention this magazine when writing them.

FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET. The Codville Company, Limited.

Perhaps no greater tribute could be paid the management of any commercial concern than that which has been accorded the Directors of The Codville Company, Limited, Winnipeg.

On Dec. 17th the employees of this Company gave a banquet in honor of their directors, Mr. J. J. Codville, Mr. H. B. Gordon, Mr. A. W. Chapman and Mr. Lawrence Bonny, and presented each of them with a handsome gift as a token of their high esteem and appreciation.

This concern has long been noted for the good will and whole-souled co-operation which exists between the members and employees, and that such things as this will tend to even further promote that further harmony goes without saying.

The banquet was held in Manitoba Hall, the rooms and tables being decorated for the occasion and covers laid for more than 100 guests. Mr. J. H. Dickie, one of our Gold Standard Specialty salesmen of the Company, acted as chairman and there were many toasts and much speech making both by the officers and employees.

When the banquet broke up at about 1 o'clock it was unanimously decided that it had been a great success and should become an annual event of The Codville Company, Limited.

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New Year Don't's.

For the Young Man.

Don't sit around on the easy chair your father made. Don't gossip. Don't misjudge a woman by your own evil thought. Don't make women the subject of your conversation in public places with other men. You'd fight if you heard your sister's name spoken of at a bar. Don't imagine that extravagantly "latest" clothes make a man of you; so often it is an ass. Don't forget that your friends are at home at other than meal times. Don't pose as a society leader on \$80 and \$60 a month. Don't go out every night when you have to be at the office at seven. Your employer doesn't want a be-fogged, half-awake intelligence. Don't expect to make a success in life going to dances. Don't spend money on society girls when you can't afford it, and your mother and sister would appreciate a few necessities much more. Don't affect the blase, it's so foolish. Don't be a slave in society and a Turk at home. Don't make friends for what you can get out of them. Don't show disrespect to any woman, it only proves you are not a real, manly man. Don't borrow. Don't talk to hear yourself. Don't fritter yourself in insincerities, puny ambitions, unwholesome mental atmospheres, flirtations, footless whirls—it didn't make a success of you last year, and it won't next.

For the Young Girl.

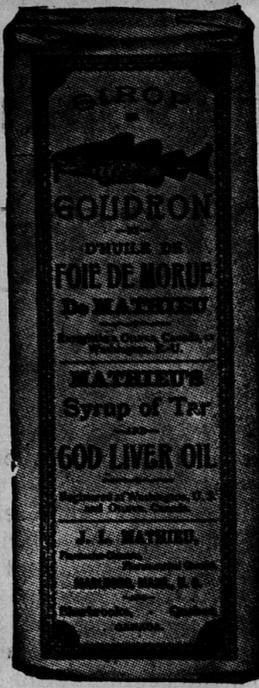
Don't be unnatural. Don't think only of clothes and men. Don't think you are stunning because you exaggerate. Don't mistake the telling of white lies to mean social tact; it is really a reflection on your mother. Don't get cynical because you're not popular. Don't imagine you are allowed special dispensation in bad manners because you are. Don't stare icily at the unknown girl. Be kind. Help her along. Introduce the men to her. Otherwise, it shows lack of sweetness in your character, lack of heart, an abundance of selfishness, and the fact that you yourself aren't quite sure, after all. Don't repeat unkind things; it isn't womanly. Don't tack your ambitions, your hopes, to something whose entire prowess is exhibited at a cotillon. Don't allow a man or woman to speak evil of another woman in your presence. Don't encourage a man unless you mean it. He may have given his faith to your mercies. Don't affect anything that is not an expression of yourself. It will marry you to the wrong beliefs, the wrong views, the wrong dreams, the wrong emotions, and the wrong man. If it didn't last year it will influence you to a wrong conception of your place and purpose during the next.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A Woman's Room.

A woman's room. Its daintiness Proclaims it hers. Each quaint recess Fragrant with flowers; each cosy seat Subtle with invitations meet A man's requirements more or less.

It soothes one like a faint caress. A lover's sympathy—confess You have not ever seen so sweet A woman's room,

Her books and pictures—all express Her varied moods. Ah, how I bless One day that brought her little feet; More near—since, to be quite complete, It needs the rustle of her dress— A woman's room!



Large Bottle 35 cents. All Dealers.

Does Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughing, Keep You Awake at Night?

Just think of all the relief, ease, and restful sleep you could have, if you only kept a bottle of MATHIEU'S SYRUP in the house.

The time to stop your cough is in its first stages. If neglected it costs money—and may also develop into Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Consumption, etc.

Any cough can be cured—however bad—if you take a few doses of MATHIEU'S SYRUP promptly.

This Famous Cough Cure instantly allays all irritation, soothes the throat and lungs, ensures restful sleep and acts as a tonic to the whole system.

Mathieu's Syrup

Of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

L. MATHIEU Co., Props., Sherbrooke, P.Q.

L. Chaput Fils et cie., Wholesale Depot, Montreal.

RAISE THE GRADE

Take the oats all out of your wheat. The New Chatham Fanning Mill will do it.

Every bushel of wheat that goes through

A CHATHAM FANNING MILL

goes up in price 5c. to 10c. a bushel. Clean up 500 to 1000 bushels in a day and you will earn the biggest day's pay you ever made in all your life. Get ready for next year.

MAKE WAR ON WEEDS

"The rain falls on the just and unjust," the wind and the frost and the hail are beyond your control, but you can route the weeds root and branch.

DON'T SOW DIRTY SEED

In dry weather the weeds out-strip and choke the growing grain. At harvest the weeds delay the ripening.

An admirer of the West once said—"This is a fine country, but you cannot see it for the wheat." See to it that no critic may arrive and say—"This is a fine country but you cannot see it for the weeds."

1000 Fanning Mills would clean up 20 million bushels in 30 days and will increase the value of this crop at least one million dollars. You will get clean seed and a piece of this good money if you buy a Chatham Mill.

Sold on easy terms.

Write for particulars of this famous Mill.

THE MANSON CAMPBELL CO. Ltd. CHATHAM, ONT.

Or CALGARY

Or MOOSE JAW

Or BRANDON



BIG MONEY MAKER

Novelties. Books Music. Toys.

Send 10c. for sample of one of our leading lines and full particulars of other special offers. Agents Wanted.

THE CANADIAN SUPPLY CO. IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS 214 Nena St. Winnipeg

If you want

your morning coffee to be always fresh and fragrant, always pure and sustaining, always just perfect, always easily made, and yet always of uniform quality—try

'CAMP' COFFEE

the perfection in coffee. Grocers sell it. Order it to-day. R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

WRITE DIRECT TO

D. W. FRASER, Butcher

357 William Ave., WINNIPEG

About shipping your Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Veal or Potatoes.

Best prices paid.

Wonderful Development OF THE 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' All Along the Line.

"From little acorns
Mighty oak trees grow."

The 'Canadian Pictorial' sprang from an inspiration—and the inspiration was supported by the conviction that the Canadian people would not take long to learn to appreciate the great informing value of pictures of news events, portraits of men and women in the limelight, pictures showing the kaleidoscopic development of our great Dominion—pictures that tell the facts as no type-printed pages ever could.

Behind the inspiration and conviction was a publishing experience of many years and sufficient capital to lavish on so promising a proposition.

When inspiration, conviction, experience and capital get together, something happens quickly. It happened; and early in the autumn of 1906 the 'Canadian Pictorial'—a mere babe—made its bow to a critical constituency. It was "love at first sight"—and from the beginning the 'Canadian Pictorial' was an assured success. Its circulation has grown as the multiplication table, till to-day it can already boast the largest circulation of any magazine in Canada. More than a hundred thousand Canadians, old and young, are delighted with its regular visits.

We don't need to praise it; we can leave that to others—to its subscribers who, sending their renewal subscriptions, cannot refrain from praising it—to other publishers who, knowing how vastly more expensive the production of such fine pictures is than many times the volume of poorer pictures or type pages, express wonder at the value we are able to give, and overflow with compliments for the exquisite work and interesting features of the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Subscribers' Appreciations

"I am sending one dollar subscription to your very valuable 'Canadian Pictorial,' which I am happy to say is improving with every number, and gives great enjoyment to the home circle. I do not want to lose a single number."—Mrs. A. H. Andrews, Belleville, Ont.

"I enclose renewal of my subscription for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with which I am very much pleased, and which I think reflects great credit on the publishers. R. Wallace, Westwood, Mass.

"You have struck the right note for a Canadian pictorial publication, in tone, sentiment and make-up. Success to you. G. H. Burnett, St. John, N.B.

"The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a marvel for cheapness and excellence. I wish you great success with it."—Rev. T. B. Darby, Carbonear, Nfld.

"The 'Pictorial' is the best yet."—Claude A. Standing, Belmont, Man.

"I herewith enclose P. O. order to renew my subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' for 1908. I like the publication very much. It is always welcome to my table."—A. T. Colter, Oakville, Ont.

"Kindly renew my subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial,' also please renew Mrs. —'s subscription, for which I enclose postal note. The magazine is invaluable."—Mrs. John Ellis, Chatham, N.B.

"Your 'Pictorial' is worthy of national patronage and encouragement."—Rev. W. Bowman Tucker, M.A., Ph.D., St. Johns, Que.

"Please find enclosed renewal for 'Canadian Pictorial.' I am greatly pleased with this publication. No true Canadian should be without it."—Geo. Martin, Penhold, Alta.

"We are very much in love with the 'Pictorial,' and do not wish to lose any numbers. My sister is a school teacher; she is always praising it to every one she meets, and comparing it with other illustrated magazines, and the 'Pictorial' comes out-ahead every time."—Arnold Smith, East Mines, N.S.

Publishers' Appreciations

"The 'Pictorial' is only \$1.00 per year, but is worth twice that amount."—'Reporter,' Kingsville, Ont.

"A delight to all picture lovers, and a great credit to Canadian workmanship."—'Daily News,' Truro, N. S.

"Beautifully printed. A most creditable production."—'Herald,' Yarmouth, N.S.

"We consider the 'Pictorial,' a splendid addition to the literature of Canada."—'Tribune,' Windsor, N.S.

"If you have not yet seen the 'Canadian Pictorial' there is a great pleasure in store for you. The 'Canadian Pictorial' has no counterpart in its special field. It is the most expensively produced illustrated publication in Canada."—'Mail and Empire,' Toronto, Ont.

"The illustrations are high class, and the printing is in keeping."—'The Spectator,' Hamilton, Ont.

"It bears out its undertaking to give its patrons only the highest class of work, and certainly offers them the maximum of pictures."—'Star,' Toronto, Ont.

"Beautifully printed; the entire magazine highly creditable to the publishers."—'Evening Times,' Hamilton, Ont.

"The 'Canadian Pictorial' displays excellent workmanship, and every illustration is a work of art. The pictures are fine; some fit for framing."—'The Mining Record,' Stellarton, N.S.

"The pictures in the 'Pictorial' are among the finest that have been produced."—'World,' Vancouver, B.C.

"It is filled with splendidly executed photogravures."—'Times,' St. John, N.B.
"The 'Canadian Pictorial' contains a very interesting collection of illustrations and some excellent reading matter. The workmanship is highly creditable."—'Standard,' Cornwall, Ont.

THE 1908 PROGRAMME

Includes

**More Pages,
More Pictures,
More Features
than last year**

and its

**FOUR
SPECIAL
NUMBERS
will delight everybody.**

**Ten Cents a Copy.
One Dollar a Year.**

If it delights others so much it will please you.

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St Peter Street, Montreal

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Enormous Fortunes in Coal.

Few small investors have a true conception of the great profits that may be made from a small investment in stock in a coal property. To illustrate what we have in mind, we will reproduce here a portion of the official report upon the International Coal and Coke Company, Limited, Coleman, Alberta. This company paid dividend No 3, August 1st, 1907, amounting to \$42,000.

The International Coal and Coke Co., Ltd., has a capital of \$3,000,000, shares having a par value of \$1.00 per share. The total amount of shares outstanding are 2,800,000, there being 200,000 shares in the treasury.

Dividends are being paid quarterly at the rate of six per cent. per annum, the last one paid being August 1st, making a total of about \$98,000,000 paid to shareholders this year.

The latest report from the secretary of the company to the shareholders shows a surplus on hand of \$393,469.84.

The engineer of the company gives an estimate of the coal developed and now on hand ready to be broken down from the rooms, as being 1,600,283 tons.

The International Coal and Coke Co., Ltd., shares are now selling on exchanges at 90 to 92 cents per share. Three years ago they could have been bought at 10 cents per share.

To-day the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Co.'s stock can be bought at 15 cents a share which, if all predictions come true, will equal the International Coal and Coke Company as a money maker. The par value of the shares is one dollar.

Should the B. C. Amalgamated prove as remunerative to investors as the International Coal and Coke Co. did, every dollar invested in this property now will be worth six dollars to the investor in three years' time. Shrewd investors in financial centres have been making heavy purchases in British Columbia Amalgamated stock lately, and it is only a question of a very short while before the price of the stock will be advanced.

Those who are fortunate enough to secure even a few hundred shares at 15 cents a share, and then lay it aside and forget all about it for a short time, will suddenly realize in the near future what a sensible and profitable investment they have made.

Musical Lady: "Wouldn't you like to be able to sing and play, my little man?"

Johnny: "No; I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me as they do about you."

Smith's yarns were always welcomed.

"Did I ever tell you the tale of two wells?" he asked.

"No, never heard it; let's have it," chorused the listeners.

"Well, well," replied Smith, dryly.

Gibson: "That fellow Chalker is certainly a remarkable man."

"Jeffs: "Go on with the explanation."

Gibson: "I beat him three games at billiards last night, and he never said a word about how he could play before he got out of practice."

Miles: "In Russia the soldiers are not allowed to marry."

Giles: "That's where the Russian Government makes a great mistake."

Miles: "Because why?"

Giles: "Because a married man knows more about fighting than a single one."

Many friends of a well-known horseman are still amazed over his experience with a faker. Some time ago he owned a horse which bothered him a great deal by foaming and drivelling at the mouth. At last one day he saw an advertisement in one of the papers of a new and sure remedy for the trouble. The price asked was only five shillings, and he concluded it was surely worth that to him, so he sent the money along by the next post. A

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PROPERTY—17,500 Acres of Valuable Coal Lands in the famous Nicola Valley, B.C.—Five Seams of Coal, from 5 ft. to 11 ft. thick. Coal Outcrops on the Surface in many places, and is of fine steaming and coking quality.—Development has commenced on the properties and will be vigorously carried on.—The Coal is there; it only requires time and labor to open it up. The Stock will go up when production commences and should steadily increase in value as the mines are opened up.—The Directors are prominent business men with high reputations for integrity.

PROFITS—Western Coal Companies have made and are making enormous profits for those who were fortunate enough to invest in the stocks in the early stages of development when shares were at the minimum price. It takes two or three years to bring a coal company to the dividend paying stage. By that time the stock should be worth par value or better and the dividends—which are always paid on the par value of the shares—will represent a very high percentage on the investment at 10 or 15 cents per share.

We Recommend This Investment; we believe that at 15 cents per share it will make Big Profits for the Stockholders.

TRY IT. Send in your order NOW. If cash in full accompanies the order 5 per cent. may be deducted. Or we will sell stock on the instalment plan. Send 25 per cent. of price with the order. You can pay balance in three equal monthly payments. In this way a larger block can be secured.

\$100 placed in the Savings Bank at three per cent will only be worth \$109 in three years' time. \$100 invested now in B. C. A. Coal shares may be worth \$1,000 in three years' time. TRY IT.

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few days later came back a neat typewritten letter, with the following advice:—
"Dear Sir,—Teach the horse to spit."

After a fire which recently occurred in South Wales an assessor sent in his report to the insurance corporation, a portion of which ran as follows: "The junior partner informed me that the fire was caused by an arc lamp on the first floor; the senior partner told me that the fire was caused by an incandescent light on the second floor; but in my opinion it was caused by an Israelite in the basement."

A Nottinghamshire clergyman, in baptizing a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound curtsy, replied:—
"Shady, sir, if you please."
"Shady!" replied the minister.

"Then it's a boy and you mean Shadrach, eh?"
"No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happened you to call the child such a strange name?"
"Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty!"

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible woman to a man who was trying to force his way through the crowd at the door of a Suffragette meeting.

"No, I suppose not," returned the man, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

Platt said to Brown: "I say, old boy, if you went into a shop and bought a muzzle for your dog, and the shopman wouldn't put it on for you, what would you do?"

"Do? Why, put it on myself, of course!"

"Would you really?" sweetly—"Then you'd have to buy another muzzle for the dog!"



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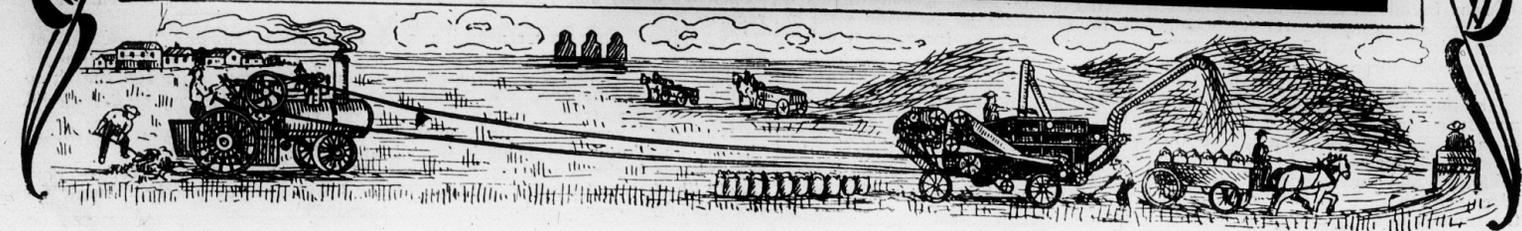
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WHEAT MARKETS.

The wheat market was strong immediately preceding the Christmas holidays with occasional minor reactions of a temporary character. The world's position in wheat is firmer and stronger than it was some two weeks ago, the feeling responsible for this state of affairs are rains in the Argentine Republic and Hessian fly in the winter wheat of the United States which is reported as doing more or less damage. The reported improvement in weather conditions in Argentina on the 23rd was the cause of a decline in price now in a position to be seriously damaged by bad weather and there is sure to be more or less uncertainty until it is finally garnered. Any bad weather in the meantime will have a bullish effect on the market.

In Winnipeg the week prior to Christmas there was a good cash demand; all offerings of whatever grade being very quickly absorbed. Up to a few days before Christmas there was a fair amount of export trade done. The near approach of the holidays had the effect of lessening this trade during the days preceding Christmas.

December was noted this year for its exceptionally fine weather. This has helped the forward movement of grain very materially and the stocks at Fort William and Port Arthur as a result are lower than they would have been had bad weather conditions prevailed instead. The quality of wheat going forward is getting worse as the season advances and upwards of two

and a quarter millions of No. 4 and worse was in store at lake ports the weeks preceding Christmas.

Prices of May Wheat for Four Years.

The following table shows the price of May wheat for delivery four successive years, viz: 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908. It is interesting to note how the price varies from year to year.

Nov.	1905.	1906.	1907.	1908
21			78	1.12½
22	.96¼	78	77½	1.11
23	.96	79	77½	1.11
24	.97¼	79½	76	Sunday
25	.97½	79	77	1.13
26	.94½	Sunday	77	1.13
27	Sunday	79½	76½	1.13½
28	.97½	79½	76	1.12½
29	.96¾	80	75	1.12½
30	.96¾	80¼	75½	1.11½
Dec. 1	.96¼	80¼	76	Sunday
2	.97½	80¼	Sunday	1.12
3	1.00	Sunday	76¼	1.10
4	Sunday	79½	76½	1.10½
5	1.00½	80¼	76½	1.09½
6	1.02½	80¼	76½	1.10½
7	1.02	80¼	76½	1.10½
8	1.01½	80¼	77½	Sunday
9	.99	80¼	Sunday	1.09½
10	.99½	Sunday	76½	1.09½
11	Sunday	80¼	77½	1.09½
12	1.00	80¼	77½	1.09½
13	.99½	80¼	76	1.09
14	1.00½	80¼	77	1.09
15	1.00	80¼	77½	Sunday
16	1.00½	80¼	Sunday	1.10½
17	1.00½	Sunday	76½	1.12
18	Sunday	79½	77½	1.13½
19	1.00	79½	77½	1.13½
20	1.00½	79½	77½	1.14½

Frozen Wheat for Pigs.

Experiments have proven that frozen wheat is quite palatable to pigs whether fed whole or ground, soaked or dry, alone or mixed with other grains.

The animals so fed seemed to enjoy uniformly good health and never went "off feed," according to this authority. When fed alone (ground) a bushel produced about eleven pounds gain in the live weight, and about nine pounds when fed alone, whole or unground, and soaked for 42 hours in cold water. When fed alone, from five to five and one-half pounds produced one pound increase in live weight; fed along with equal parts of barley, rye (all ground) and bran, about four pounds of the mixture produced one pound increase in live weight. In an experiment where skim milk was added to the mixture of equal parts frozen wheat, barley, rye (all ground) and bran, three pounds of the mixture and 2.32 pounds skim milk produced one pound gain in live weight. Similar pigs fed on mixed grains (oats, peas and barley, ground) required from four and one-half to five pounds of the meal for one pound gain in live weight.

It is evident, therefore, that frozen wheat compares very favorably with the coarse grains for hog feed, and it may be added that the frozen wheat proved to be almost as valuable as properly matured wheat for this purpose.

Comparative Chart of Manitoba Wheat Prices

Commencing Nov. 21, ending Dec. 20, 1907.

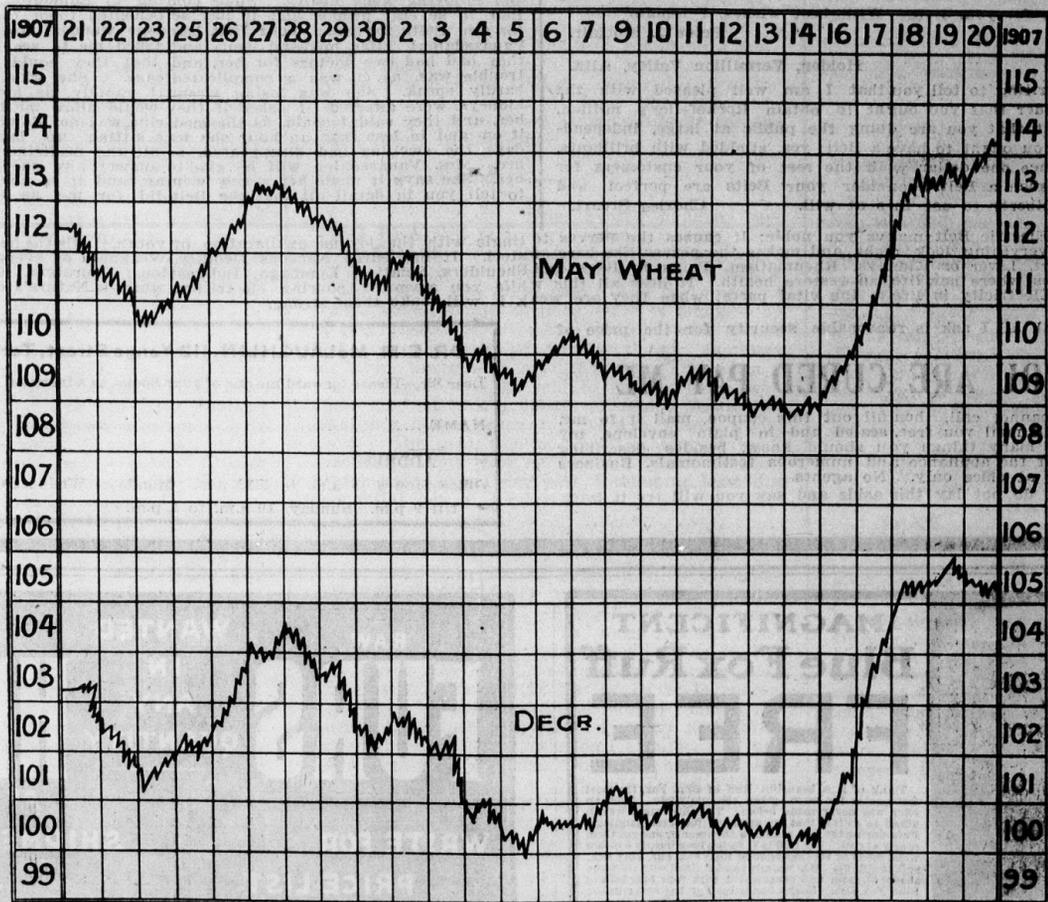


Chart showing fluctuations of Winnipeg wheat, supplied by

W. S. McLAUGHLIN & COMPANY,

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WEAK MEN! LISTEN! I CAN MAKE YOU STRONG

Have you lost the fire and strength of youth? Have you "come and go" pains in your back and shoulders? Are you growing old too soon? If you have those symptoms or any other sign of breaking down of your nerves and vitality, you will find new life in electricity as applied while you sleep.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

is for you—it is the best way to use electricity. It pours a gentle stream of life into the weakened parts continually for hours every night. It refreshes the nerves, expands the vital powers, enriches the circulation, and makes you feel bright, active and vigorous in one night's use. You get stronger each day, and in a few weeks you are stronger and younger in the fire of youth. It cures to stay cured Nervous Debility, Weakness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Kidney and Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Constipation. It is grand, this method of mine. **Business Men, Professional Men, Ministers, Athletes, Men of National Renown** and men in every walk of life who have used it are praising it.

The Following were Cured and are now Happy:

Dr. McLaughlin, Arcola, Sask.
Dear Sir:—I wore your Belt two years ago for rheumatism and it cured me completely, and I can now say that I consider it a permanent cure as I have had no return of it since. I thank you very much for urging me to take your Belt at that time. I feel stronger and younger than I have for years and I would advise any one suffering from rheumatism to try your Belt, as I do not think they could find a better remedy. **Robt. Rimmer.**

Dr. McLaughlin, Altamont, Man.
Dear Sir:—The Belt which I purchased from you nearly three years ago was all that I could expect, as my back never bothers me at all now, except when I get a cold; then I wear the Belt a few nights, perhaps two or three, and I am all right again. Thanking you for the goodness of the Belt and the benefits I have received, I am,
Sincerely yours, O. Stockford.

Dr. McLaughlin, Kestigon, Man.
Dear Sir:—Although I have been a long time in writing you about my case, I must say that your Belt has done me a whole lot of good. I feel much stronger in every way. My appetite is good and I can sleep well. I used to cough and spit a great deal, but I feel that I am about over that also. So many thanks for your Belt. With best wishes, I remain,
Peter J. Sinclair.

Dr. McLaughlin, Edmonton, Alta.
Dear Sir:—The Belt that I bought from you last winter, while in Montreal, cured me of enlargement of the heart and giddiness. I was treated for some time at the Hospital without benefit and was obliged to give up work. I wore the Belt for three weeks under your care in Montreal, when I was able to do my work again. I must thank you for your kindness to me during my visits to your office. I am now as well as ever, and enjoying good health. Since coming to Edmonton, I have lent the Belt to several people, and it has so benefited them that I have orders for two Belts for you. Your Belt has done wonders for a lay here (Mrs. Vanassdalen). Her husband came and asked me to see his wife. He said they had had two doctors for her, and that they could not tell what the trouble was, as it was a complicated case. She was bloated, and could hardly speak. She was losing strength rapidly, as her heart, liver and kidneys were affected. I asked if they would allow me to put my Belt on her, and they said I could, as the medicine was not doing any good. I put it on, and in less than an hour she was sitting up laughing, and in two days the swelling had disappeared, so all the medicine was put into the fire. Mrs. Vanassdalen will be glad to answer any one who will write to her. She says it made her a new woman, and it is not necessary for me to tell you in detail all that the Belt did for me, as you already know.
Margaret Scott.

Dr. McLaughlin, Holden, Vermillion Valley, Alta.
Dear Sir:—I am writing to tell you that I am well pleased with the Belt. In fact, I consider that you ought to obtain Rockefeller's million, for the good or benefit that you are doing the public at large, independent of curing him. You ought to have a Belt, yes, studded with brilliants. I am willing to advance one dollar with the rest of your customers for presenting you with such a Belt. consider your Belts are perfect, and you are perfectly at liberty to use this at will.
Charles Stuart.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt makes you noble: it causes the nerves to tingle with the joyous exhilaration of youth, it fills the heart with a feeling of gladness, makes everything look right, and makes the nerves like bars of steel. It has cured Nervous Debility, Weakness of every kind, whether in Nerves, Stomach, Heart, Liver or Kidneys, Rheumatism, Pains in Back and Shoulders, Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all troubles where new life can restore health. It does all this while you sleep by pouring electricity, which is Nature's energy, into your nerves and blood. Electricity is life to the vital parts; when they are weak it will make them strong.

If you are sceptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and

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SINS OF THE TONGUE.

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A HERO W HEALTH

crutches. He the accident h A large medic a terrific strug sued. But he He talked ab nerve to nerve with a smile said, "I am n I am not goin him as a herc Stevenson, w fourteen years I have waken I have done r in bed, and v hages, written written when so long, it se recovered my

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

The most eloquent man I ever knew was, of course, a great talker. He could talk in public. He could talk in private. He could talk in his sleep. You could wake him up at 2 a.m. without previous notice or warning, and he could instantly grow eloquent on any subject within his mental reach—he was a born talker. He talked himself into fame; he talked himself into notoriety; he talked himself into obscurity; he talked himself out of a position, out of friends and out of funds. Robert Louis Stevenson says concerning a friend, whose name he does not mention: "What is _____'s fault? That he runs down. What is the easiest thing to do? To run down. What is it that a strong man should scorn to do? To run down. And all this comes steeply home to me; for I am horrified to gather that I begin myself to fall into this same business which I abhor in others." There is just where the professional talker makes his final and fatal mistake—he "talks down" others in a hopeless effort to talk up himself. It was said of Von Moltke that he could hold his tongue in seven different languages. Grant was a "silent man," not because he could not talk, but because he found it safer, as president, to be silent rather than make any attempt to shine as a conversationalist. Lincoln could talk, but when he wished to change the drift of the conversation or to conceal his own thoughts, he would remark, "That reminds me," and escape through the laughter produced by one of his cute incidents which he could tell with such power and effect.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

"Put Yourself In His Place" is the title of a splendid novel. It is the best practical illustration of that word "sympathy"—sympathy—to suffer with. To view the accidents and incidents of life, especially those which are sad and sorrowful, from the standpoint and view point of your neighbors—this is sympathy. When some of Queen Victoria's subjects lamented that she sorrowed so long for her husband and did not live more among her people, John Bright said in her defence: "I venture to say that a woman, be she the queen of a great realm, or the wife of one of your laboring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

DON'T WHINE!

Cheer up, my friends—times may be hard, but hard times can never be remedied by talking about "hard times." The old New England farmer remarked to the young man who made some reference to the "hard times," "Young man, it has been hard times ever since I can remember." Change your tune. Relieve the atmosphere of your thought. Think about the good times coming by and by. Walk on the sunny side of the street. Strike up a note of good cheer. Failure is looking for the man who can't see any chance of the market improving. Manifest the spirit of the Chicago merchant, who on the morning after he was burnt out put up a sign on the ruins of his building, which read as follows: "Everything lost except wife, children and hope." Business resumed as usual to-morrow morning.

A HERO WITHOUT HEALTH.

Yesterday I was conversing with a genuine hero. He stood as erect as a cripple could—on two crutches. He had been injured in a runaway, and the accident had left him paralyzed and deformed. A large medical practice had been interrupted, and a terrific struggle for health and strength had ensued. But he stood there with a smile on his face. He talked about the pain which would fly from nerve to nerve in his body, but ended every remark with a smile and a laugh. "I tell you, friend," he said, "I am not going to whine about it. No, sir, I am not going to whine about it." So I crowned him as a hero, and classed him with Robert Louis Stevenson, who says concerning himself: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it; written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove."

ADVANTAGES OF DISADVANTAGES.

Dwight L. Moody lost everything in the Chicago fire, and was driven to engage in an evangelistic campaign in England, which finally brought him fame and world-wide influence. Henry Ward Beecher lost a certain nomination for an influential position in the State of Indiana, and remaining by force of circumstances in the ministry became the greatest American pulpit orator. Nathaniel Hawthorne was turned out of his position as collector at Salem, Mass., when his wife turned to him and said, "Now is the time to write your book"—and the "Scarlet Letter" brought him fame and glory. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more magnetic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last decade.

STEPPING ON A CORPSE.

The author of that remarkable book, "Human Bullets," a young Japanese soldier, describes his sensation when first he stepped on a lifeless human form on the field of battle: "I stepped on the mound to see what was beyond. I was shocked to discover a dead Russian underneath. It was my first experience of stepping on a corpse, and I cannot forget the horror I felt. At that time I had not yet tasted a fight, and therefore could not help shuddering at its tragic and sinful effects. It is almost curious to think of it now, for the oftener flying bullets are encountered the less sensitive we become to the horrors of war. What is shocking and sickening becomes a matter of indifference. Familiarity takes off the edge of sensibility." What suggestive words! The young Japanese soldier is not aware of it, but in this short paragraph he has been preaching a powerful sermon. Young men, keep your hands clean and your conscience tender. Remember that the velvet bloom once brushed from the peach can never be restored. There is no substitute for the virgin purity of the soul.

TWO BLADES OF GRASS.

Dean Swift's familiar saying about making two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before is well known the world over. And the gospel of human kindness and common sense is wrapped up in that suggestion. Abraham Lincoln, who always had his own way of putting things, expresses the same thought in another form: "Die when I may, I want it to be said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow." The man who possesses a heart of kindness will always find an opportunity for practical usefulness. Let no day pass without at least one thoughtful act of kindness.

AN UNDEVELOPED WONDER.

Every man is an undeveloped wonder. Clothes are not the most accurate index to a man's character. Brains may exist beneath a two shilling cap, and genius may be wrapped in a seamy coat. Oliver Goldsmith carried his hat so as to conceal a patch on his coat sleeve, and Samuel Johnson frequently dined behind a screen in order to hide his poverty. Daniel Drew, who died a millionaire, was once taken for a deck-hand on one of his own boats on the East River, New York, and Daniel Webster was once offered a quarter of a dollar by a man who wished to be carried across a New Hampshire river.

TWO DANGEROUS HABITS.

General U. S. Grant had two dangerous habits—liquor and tobacco. He almost ruined his military prospects for promotion in his early days by too keen a love for liquor, and he sacrificed at least ten years of health and usefulness by his persistent cigar smoking, which became a confirmed habit with him in the closing period of his life. The man who conquered thousands of men on the field of battle came near being absolutely defeated in the realm of his own personality. The man who had everything to live for could not fling away a roll of tobacco. Desire was more than destiny. His friend Rawlins, without whose friendship Grant's military

career would have ended in failure, challenged him, again and again, when he saw Grant reaching for a glass of liquor, "Remember, Grant, you promised me, on your word of honor, that you would not drink a drop." No strong man can afford the luxury of "a weak point" in his character. You may be regarded as fortunate if a friend steadies your hand in the hour of temptation, but the man who would carve an absolutely reliable character must find all the elements of strength within himself. Let nothing stand in the way of self conquest. Keep your brain clear and your hand steady. When you find that a luxury becomes a necessity—cut it out. Man is master of his destiny only when he is master of himself.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.

Singers, musicians and orators are said to be exceedingly sensitive. They are so fine grained that a sudden jar or an unexpected jolt brings misery and produces nervousness. So these children of genius must be handled carefully, or the dynamite stored away in their nerve centres may expand in fearful explosions and tempestuous eruptions. But did it ever occur to you that every man has his sensitive point? With some men it is a fine point, and with other men it is a sore point—but it is there. Abraham Lincoln once said that the man who would be a successful politician must study the sensitive points of his friends and neighbors. Deal carelessly with no man. Respect men, and you will command the respect of men. There is no science like the science of Human Nature.

MOVE ON!

Motion is the law of progress. Change is the order of nature. There are no "fixed stars." We are moving in a universe where nothing is fixed—except the character of God. Everything is on the move. When the sun is not rising, it is setting. Infancy leans towards maturity, and maturity leans towards old age, and Old Age is waiting for the last train. The law of progress is written on all things. Horace Bushnell said, "If the stars did not move they would rot in the sky." You may not like the new songs as well as you do the old songs, but each generation writes its own poetry and composes its own music. Adapt yourself to your own age and decade, or else men will brand you as a "back number," and move on.

WIN YOUR SPURS!

If you can write a book, or build a boat, or make a mouse-trap—if you can render any service by which your presence becomes a necessity, men will find you out. You may live in the wilderness, but men will discover your whereabouts and make a grass-worn path to your home. John, the eloquent young Evangelist, was out in the wilderness, but "all Jerusalem went out to him." Nothing can equal the drawing power of merit. But merit means achievement. Reflection crystallized in action. There are Indian tribes where the women will not accept the suitor who has not killed his man. Even barbarism pivots on achievement. As a famous artist once said: "Paint one picture, and you are an artist."

TAKE NO CHANCES.

The author of "Human Bullets," in speaking of an army of ten thousand Japanese soldiers, says, as he describes their encampment for the night: "We made as little noise as possible and, of course, could not smoke; even the lighting of a cigarette might give occasion for the enemy to fire upon us." In other words, they looked at themselves from the view point of the enemy, and took no chances! If life is a conflict, why should we not be equally careful and circumspect. One hour, of sin, one night of dissipation, one false entry, one careless deed, one unwise remark, and the progress of a decade may be destroyed. Be careful!

A STAINLESS REPUTATION.

A great man can die well when his reputation is secure. "You can write my life across the sky," said Charles H. Spurgeon in his dying hour, "I have nothing to hide!" John Ruskin affirmed that he had never written a letter which he would not be willing to have read before the whole world. To these two splendid utterances we would add the words of Sir Walter Scott: "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted." These are almost the last words of the man who redeemed the novel and made it not only a channel of great teaching to the world, but an ornament in every civilized home.

What the World is Saying

The Law of Progress.

The law of progress is the law of sacrifice—no sacrifice, no progress. The secret of sacrifice is love. Without the self-sacrificing love of the mother, life itself would disappear from the earth.—*Review of Reviews.*

Dismal Professions.

The question was recently asked in a newspaper, "What is the most dismal of professions?" Among those that occurred to us as having a claim to be so considered were grave-digging, scavenging, listening to parliamentary orations through an all-night sitting, and the writing of poems—or articles—that nobody reads. The washing of dishes may be made interesting if done scientifically.—*British Medical Journal.*

Ethics of Gambling.

Gambling has been found to destroy the solidarity of social life and to make of men anti-social individuals, because, first, it is founded on anti-social feelings and aims, namely, the desire for gain at the expense of another; second, it involves exchange of property on a false basis, rendering the condition of co-operative life less secure; and, third, it entails great disorganization of mind and character, with its consequent social evils.—*International Journal of Ethics.*

China Strikes Back.

The total Oriental market for merchandise is more than a billion dollars annually, of which Britain has a larger share than any other country, Germany and the United States following in order. In 1905 one-sixth of the imports into China were from the United States, but American exports to that country show a sudden and significant decline. Their value in 1905 was \$53,000,000; in 1906, \$26,000,000. The exportation of American cotton cloth alone to China was \$27,405,475 in the first ten months of 1905, and \$2,468,930 for the corresponding period in 1907, a decrease of 90 per cent. The decline is attributed directly to the boycott of American goods in retaliation for the harsh enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act. Belated instructions to enforce the law more humanely were sent out by President Roosevelt, but Chinese resentment is still operating against American trade.—*New York Sun.*

The French and Capital Punishment.

The French character is one of extremes. No people are more prone to shed blood than the French, or more murderous in their political conflicts than they showed themselves in the Revolution, the days of July, and the Commune. Yet they rush out of the theater in a paroxysm of horror when Othello murders Desdemona. Now they are going to abolish capital punishment. Is a man fit to live, or ought life to be worth anything to him, when he has been guilty of a deliberate and perhaps mercenary murder? Imprisonment for life may be in reality a severer punishment than death; but it is nothing like so impressive. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," has been the awful seal and safeguard of civilization. What is the value to the murderer himself of a life of dark memory and solitary imprisonment?—*Manchester Guardian.*

Sir Wilfrid's Anti-Cigarette Policy.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's anti-cigarette policy is to spank the boys who use them. And there might be a worse. In these days, parents are growing too ready to shoulder off on the State their own natural duties. State education is justified because it is a convenient, cheap and effective way of doing what is the duty of every parent, and what is, moreover,

a necessity of good citizenship. The State cannot take the risk that parents will neglect the duty of educating their children. But it is none the less the fact that the State, in providing schools, is undertaking a task which the parents would otherwise have to assume. But it is possible to push this practice of State intervention too far. The parents should still consider themselves in duty bound to rear their own children, and to guard them against bad habits and destroying vices. The spectacle of a cigarette in the mouth of a boy is about as disgusting a sight as a sensible man would wish to see; but the parent should be a better preventive officer than the policeman.—*Toronto Globe.*

A Lady Who is Staying at Home.

The financial crash in New York seems to have had incidentally one good effect; it has moderated for the time the restless appetite for travel. We are told that a New York lady who was preparing to go to Europe with eight servants in her train finds herself financially constrained to stay at home with only two. The increased facilities for travel, combined with the growing thirst for pleasure, must have been loosening local ties and interfering with the performance of local duty—a better source of enjoyment, if people could only see it, than rambling from one hotel to another over Europe. In the vast majority of cases there probably results from traveling no good whatever. The New York lady who was going with her eight servants to London or Paris would probably have come back as little cultured or benefited in any way as she went; while the performance of her duties to her family and her neighbors would have been suspended, and her health might not have been improved. Good things often have in them an element of evil. Sea sickness, though a bad thing, perhaps has in it an element of good which the Lusitania threatens with extinction.—*Goldwin Smith.*

A Failure in Manliness.

When men once abandon in everyday life the habits of kindness and courtesy to women, as the weaker sex, which are illustrated in the surrender to them of seats in overcrowded street cars, it is but a short step to such degeneracy as leaves the woman to her fate in times of peril, while the man secures his own safety. It was in New York that there first became noticeable a decline of the old-fashioned chivalrous observances which gave women the preference where crowds were to be accommodated, which forbade that she be jostled aside as she entered a car or a hall. It is natural, then, that to-day we find in New York the least evidences of any remnant of chivalrous feeling. It was a crowd of male New Yorkers, on board a ferry boat the other day, that—when a collision occurred, putting all on board in peril—seized all the life-preservers and then rushed to the other boats which came to the rescue, leaving the women to their fate. Fortunately, the ferryboat continued to float, and all were saved. This only brings into more glaring relief the paltry cowardice and inhumanity of the male crowd. It is to be wished that some society existed to confer upon each and every one of the recreants some distinction the opposite of a Carnegie "hero medal." If each could be compelled to wear conspicuously, after the manner of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," a sign reminding the world how far short he had fallen of being a man, the example might be a deterrent upon similar exhibitions of cowardice.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

France's Decline in Population.

Vital statistics, just published in France, show that the decline in the population of that country still continues. During the year 1906 there were only 806,847 births in a population of thirty-nine millions, compared with an average of 839,843 in the ten years preceding. There was some slight compensation in the decline of the death rate, the figures being 780,196 in 1906, against an average of 783,379 in preceding years. The excess of births over

deaths last year was only 26,651, giving a net increase of population of only eighty-six to the hundred thousand. The number of marriages show an increase, there having been 306,487 in 1906, against an average of 295,924 in the ten years preceding. The curious and obscure meaning of these figures is further emphasized by the enormous increase in the number of divorces. There were 10,573 in 1906, while the average in the ten previous years was only 8,105. Thus it appears that marriages increased 3.5 per cent, and divorces at the rate of 30 per cent, or nearly ninefold. As French statistics are always compared with those of Germany, these figures show a growing discrepancy which places France at an apparently hopeless disadvantage in the way of population. When the war with Germany took place, in 1870, the population of the two nations was about equal. To-day, France has only thirty-nine millions to Germany's sixty-two millions. Efforts have been made to ascertain the cause and find a remedy for a state of affairs which many able and patriotic Frenchmen regard with dismay as indicative of national decadence.—*Montreal Gazette.*

The Warfare on Liquor in Other Countries.

Great as is the progress being made in the warfare against liquor in the United States, there are other countries that are almost equally active. For example, there is Finland, which only ten days ago passed a law by unanimous vote of the Diet forbidding the manufacture of alcoholic liquors in the duchy or their importation from abroad. In Belgium and in many of the Swiss cantons the manufacture and sale of absinthe have been forbidden, and a movement to the same end is very active in France. Moreover, the French Government, and especially the city government of Paris, has been very active in educational measures to convince people of the evils arising from the stronger liquors and in other measures to hamper the sale of these liquors. In Berlin the Bergman Electrical Works some time ago forbade its employees drinking beer during working hours. The employees rebelled, but were overcome, and they are now glad of it. What is more, the socialist party in Germany at its recent national Congress at Essen placed itself on record, with only one negative vote, against the use of alcohol in any form during working hours. The leaders of the party believe that with the improvement of the conditions of the working classes the consumption of alcohol will diminish, and they regard that goal as most eagerly to be desired.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Control of Railways in Argentina.

There are at the present time 22 railroad companies established in the Argentine Republic, of which 18 are English, with head offices in London, one a French company, and three are operated by the Argentine Government. The private railway companies operate their lines under a charter from the Government for an indefinite period, with no further restriction than an obligation to submit to the Government from time to time an exact statement of their operations and schedule of tariffs. Any proposed change in the passenger or freight rates must also be submitted, and can not go into effect until the approval of the Government has been obtained. Any change of management or ownership must likewise be approved of by the Government, and the railway division of the department of public works exercises a strict vigilance and control over all the lines. So effective is this control of the Argentine Government that a combine of the railways is practically impossible, and although the shareholders of one company may sell out to another if they see fit to do so, the management and ownership cannot be transferred unless the Government allows it. Some time ago two of the largest companies agreed to combine under one management, and all the necessary arrangements were completed in London. The Argentine Government, however, refused to approve the transfer, as the lines had been competing ones, running almost parallel with each other, and the Government considered that such a combine would be detrimental to the interests of the country at large.—*United States Consular and Trade Reports.*

British Ideals.

"There's thousands of women that'd ride out mad to meet him; women that like to see an Englishman that's done his duty—aye, women and men that'd ride hard to welcome him back from the grave." In these words, put into the mouth of a drunken chairmaker, Sir Gilbert Parker has described a characteristic of the British people. For centuries the British Isles have been sending men out to the frontiers and into the heart of unexplored continents to carry the message of civilization. They have gone into China, Japan, India, the Isles of the Sea, Egypt, West Africa and elsewhere. They have toiled and striven in behalf of an ideal, have suffered and died, or have occasionally come back to meet a generous welcome home. They have not always acted wisely, but they have usually been honest and faithful. Dogged, tenacious and stubborn, they have blazed a path for progress.—*Canadian Courier.*



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At various times since Confederation we have listened to prophets who have told us we were standing at the parting of the ways, and must make our choice of destiny. The latest contributor to this subject is Mr. John S. Ewart, K.C., late of Winnipeg, now of Ottawa,

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

who in a recent address before the Canadian Club at the Dominion's capital outlined the five courses he saw open. These were union with the United States, an independent republic, union with the United Kingdom, an independent kingdom with a Canadian sovereign, an independent monarchy under the same Crown as the United Kingdom. He seemed to think that the last would be developed. There is one weakness in all such speculations, and it is due to the fact that no one is qualified to say with any definiteness how British institutions will work out. When Simon de Montfort moulded the British Parliament into the beginning of its present shape, he did not foresee that in time it would order the execution of a king and control the succession to the throne. When British colonization began, no one contemplated the possibility of self-governing colonies. The term itself would have appeared self-contradictory to the statesmen of less than a century ago! As for annexation, Canadians assuredly will have none of it, though they recognize the wisdom and the necessity of friendly relations with the United States. No less assuredly Canadian sentiment is at one with the whole tendency of British sentiment in favor of Imperial consolidation. But none of us is able to make a plan in advance, which he can reasonably expect to see followed. All the best of us can do is to remain staunchly faithful to national traditions and do all we can to promote the welfare of the particular part of the Empire in which we live:

With us, as in Great Britain, the time of a general election is determined by the Government in power, with the limitation that the life of a Parliament cannot extend beyond five years with us, or seven years in Great Britain. But in the United States the elections are fixed at regular intervals; and this year will see a Presidential election. As a matter of fact, the President during the four years of his occupancy of the White House has actually more power than the King, and, as a leading publicist of the neighboring Republic has paradoxically declared, Great Britain, if there were no House of Lords, would be practically far more completely a republic than the United States. The forms of the institutions of government in the United States have worked out in some ways not foreseen by the framers of the Constitution of the Republic, who,

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION YEAR.

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for instance, never contemplated that the Speaker of the House of Representatives should have the enormous power which he now holds over legislation. Also they never intended that the President should be elected directly by the people, and provided against that, as they thought, by the institution of the electoral college, made up of electors from each of the States. But the electoral college is the merest form. When the popular vote is counted on the night of November 4th next, it will be known who the next President is, though the electoral college will not meet until several weeks later to go through the formality of electing him.

The proposed effort to keep lake shipping moving until well into December this year, to aid in getting the grain out of the West as rapidly as possible, ended in the season closing on December 8th, the insurance companies deciding to carry no more hull insurance after that date. A record was made in the closing week of navigation, however, no less than 4,000,000 bushels being shipped from Fort William and Port Arthur in that week. Navigation might have continued later, but the insurance companies had impressed upon them too severely during the preceding December the danger of tempting too long the wintry rigors of those great inland seas. Those who have never seen Lakes Superior or Huron after the fall storms have set in can have no conception of the hardships and perils which those who man this shipping have to face. It is never warm on Lake Superior. Even in midsummer a fur coat is required in the wheel-house when out in the middle of that lake at midnight. In November and December the biting spray carried by the nor'-westers is turned into ice the moment it strikes rigging or fender. In a few hours the decks are slippery as glass, and the great steel hulls are transformed into icebergs tumbling about in waves that roll over the decks. With sea room in a howling blizzard, a vessel can plough ahead; but in the narrowing channels at the ends of the lakes, there are treacherous coasts and more treacherous rocky shoals, on which many a good ship, in a storm shutting out the view of everything a quarter of her length away, has gone to her destruction, adding one more to the long list of lake tragedies.

THE PERILS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

The Governor-General's recent address on the part that Canadian women can play in promoting the development of the spirit of the highest and best Canadianism is an inspiring utterance, and one which bespeaks a realization on Lord Grey's part of the immense power wielded by the women of a nation in the work of nation-building—a power all the more effective for the quietness of its working. No country can develop a full national life, unless the influence of its women is felt in the shaping of its ideals. In no country are the women more fully sharers in the making of the public opinion that rules, than in Canada. Lord Grey has done worthy service by appealing to them to increase the effectiveness of their influence by maintaining an interest in the country's public life and not underrating the power they exert in helping on every good cause.

LORD GREY TO CANADA'S WOMEN.

The great Dr. Osler, with that faculty of his of saying things in an exaggerated way, has been saying that drugs are quite useless. It is altogether likely that he did not exactly mean that, and that he uses and will continue to use certain drugs for certain diseases and in certain emergencies. His reported remark is an extreme statement of a truth that has been growing upon medical scientists for years. Medical science is not the science of administering drugs or of cutting off diseased portions of the human body; that is, these things do not constitute the whole of medical science, which includes every kind of knowledge that is helpful in keeping a sound mind in a sound body. In its scope are included the choice

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DR. OSLER ON DRUGS.

of food and drink, exercise, bathing, nursing, clothing, temperance, and, in a word, all that has to do with the preservation of complete health. There is a disposition among too many of us to neglect these things, to live carelessly, to overeat, or not to eat nourishing food, to exclude the fresh air; and then when sickness comes, to go to a doctor or a druggist for a pill, or something in a bottle. There is such an exaggerated notion of the value of drugs that a sweeping denunciation of drugs is really only a presentation of a neglected side of the truth. Dr. Osler's exaggerated remark will serve an excellent purpose if it will help us all to realize the comparatively unimportant part which drugs play in the preservation of health.

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We should care more for our country's past in order that its mighty events may always be an inspiration for its future. In connection with the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary next summer of the founding of Quebec, the project to turn the battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and St. Foye into a national park is one that appeals to Canadian patriotism. Lord Grey would like to see a colossal statue of the Angel of Peace erected there, to meet the view of every vessel coming up the St. Lawrence. It is a fine idea, and one worthy of realization. The battle in which the heroic Wolfe and Montcalm lost their lives was not a great battle from the point of view of numbers engaged, but no event in modern history has been more fruitful of great results.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE PAST.

Towards the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec the King has contributed a hundred guineas. The rumor that he and the Queen might attend the celebration turns out to have been unfounded. They will probably be represented by Prince Arthur. At His Majesty's age an expedition across the Atlantic, with all that it would mean, is not to be lightly thought of; but how vastly greater a Canada he would see than the Canada he saw as a young man forty-seven years ago! The Dominion was then but a dream of the future, and the present development of the Prairie Empire of Western Canada a dream within that dream. The King has never seen the Canadian prairie; but he shot prairie chickens outside St. Louis, which was the farthest west he travelled on this continent.

WHEN THE KING SHOT PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

The desire for long life is universal among mankind. And all the evidence now before the scientific world goes to show that the span of average human life is increasing. The rules of healthful living are better understood and more generally observed, and the importance of cheerfulness to health is more widely realized. There is little doubt that the spread of temperance is conducing to increased longevity. Shakespeare was right when he made old Adam say:—

LIVE LONG AND WELL.

"Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

Right living, a bright and brave outlook, and a cheery and helpful spirit are the recipe for a long life.

In one of his addresses in New York, the Bishop of London, Rev. Dr. Winnington Ingram, whose visit to this continent has been a noteworthy event, spoke of the growth of London as "a dreadful, fearful problem." Already numbering 7,000,000 souls, that huge cluster of humanity increases at the rate of 100,000 a year; and as in all great cities there is much wretchedness and degradation, side by side with wealth and luxury. "The age is city-mad," said the Bishop of London; and he deplored the depopulation of the healthful fields and peaceful villages of England for the glare and din of the great city, with its "submerged tenth." Unquestionably, that country has the greatest resources of physical and moral stamina which has the greatest proportion of its people living healthful, prosperous lives in the open; and what country has a greater proportion of its people living such lives than Western Canada?

A LAND OF HEALTHFUL LIVING.

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OUR MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS BIG

THE Illustrations and Descriptions are only a very few of the very many bargains contained in our January and February Sale Catalogue, which has just been issued. A copy was sent to everyone who sent us an order during the year, and we want to hear from any who did not get the one sent them, so that we can forward another without delay.

18-8195 \$1.59
18-8203 \$1.35

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18-8204. Waist made of good quality **White Lawn**; front trimmed with four rows of lace insertion and clusters of shoulder tucks; large full length sleeve with deep cuff, trimmed with lace insertion and small tucks; back and collar tucked; buttoned in front. **Sale Price 65c.**

18-8201. Waist made of good quality **White Lawn**; three rows of embroidery insertion extend down the front with rows of lace insertion either side; large full length sleeve with deep cuff, trimmed with tucks, embroidery and lace insertion front, back and collar tucked; buttoned in front. **Sale Price 85c.**

18-0101. Waist made of good quality **White Lawn**; front trimmed in bolero effect with two rows of embroidery insertion on either side; also has clusters of small tucks and embroidery insertion down the centre; collar and cuffs trimmed with embroidery insertion; back has two clusters of small tucks; buttoned in front. **Sale Price \$1.00**

18-8205. Waist made of fine **White Lawn**; front has panel of embroidery on either side, trimmed with four rows of valenciennes lace insertion and clusters of small tucks; large full length sleeve with deep tucked cuff trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion and edged with frill of lace, back has three clusters of small tucks and four 1/4 inch tucks; buttoned in front. **Sale Price \$1.25**

18-8189. Waist of fine **White Lawn**; front made in yoke effect with dainty embroidered panel, valenciennes lace insertion and clusters of small tucks; attached collar of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; large full length sleeve with tucked cuff, trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back and finished with four clusters of small tucks. **Sale Price \$1.35**

18-8195. Waist made of fine quality **White Lawn**; has Swiss embroidered front with clusters of fine tucking and wide tuck extending from shoulder in Gibson effect; attached collar of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; large full length sleeve with deep cuff, finished with small tucks and two rows of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back; finished with four clusters of small tucks. **Sale Price \$1.59**

18-8203. Waist of fine **White Lawn**; front made with set of three dainty embroidered panels, trimmed with valenciennes lace insertion and fine tucks; 3/4 length sleeve; cuff trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back and finished with four clusters of fine tucks; attached collar of valenciennes lace insertion edged with frill of lace. **Sale Price \$1.35**

18-8190. Waist made of fine white **Swiss Lawn**; front elaborately trimmed with dainty panel of Swiss embroidery and rows of fine valenciennes lace insertion, also has clusters of small shoulder tucks, giving ample fullness to the front; 3/4 length sleeve; cuff finished with tucks and valenciennes lace insertion, edged with frill of lace; attached collar of lace insertion edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back and trimmed with two rows of valenciennes lace insertion and four clusters of small tucks. **Sale Price \$1.85**

18-8204
65c

18-8201
85c

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If you have not received a copy of our special grocery catalogue, write for it. The January and February issue is just out and the prices are decidedly interesting.

The splendid values we gave in our Mid-winter Sale in former years made it

prompt to the greatest extent are those who will send in their orders early, for they will have the advantage of choice.

19M2208. **Wom**
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19M2201. **Wom**
French band,
trimmed with
lace insertion a

19M2210. **Wom**
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skirting embro

MERCHANDISE BIG FESTIVAL OF BARGAINS

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Women's Skirts



19M2200. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn finished with two clusters of three tucks, two rows Val. insertion, deep frill with two rows of lace insertion and frill of lace, under dust ruffle.

Sale Price 1.93



19M2208. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, has deep flounce of good lawn trimmed with three clusters of 1/4-inch tucks, two rows Val. insertion, finished below with double frills of wide Val. lace.

Sale Price 1.89



19M2201. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, French band, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn; trimmed with three 1/4-inch tucks, lawn frill, one row lace insertion and finished with lace.

Sale Price .69



19M2210. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn trimmed with ten narrow tucks, one row of extra wide fine Swiss insertion, finished with wide flounce of extra fine Swiss skirting embroidery.

Sale Price 2.25



19M2203. **Women's Skirt**, made of good strong **Cotton**, with extra deep umbrella flounce of lawn trimmed with six rows torchon insertion, finished with deep ruffle of lace; this is a very pretty skirt; dust frill. **Extra Special**

Sale Price 1.19

CORSET COVER

19M3203. **Women's Corset Cover**, low round neck, lace edge on neck and arms, back trimmed with two clusters of narrow tucks, one row lace insertion, full front with three rows lace insertion and two clusters of tucks across front, draw string at waist, pearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 42 bust.

Sale Price .37



19M2205. **Women's Skirt**, made of good strong **Cotton**, deep circular flounce of fine lawn with four 1-in. tucks and three rows of torchon lace insertion between finished with lace edge, dust ruffle.

Sale Price 1.65



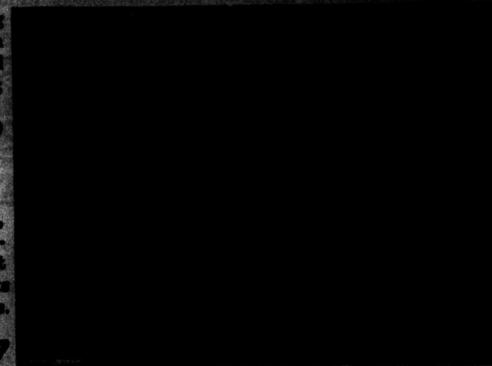
19M2206. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, handsome double flounce of fine lawn, embroidery, finished above with one row Swiss insertion, under dust ruffle.

Sale Price 1.73



19M2202. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, deep umbrella flounce of lawn trimmed with three clusters of three fine tucks between three 1/4-inch tucks, finished with flounce of good quality of skirting embroidery.

Sale Price 1.89



19M2207. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, deep flounce of lawn with clusters of six tucks between three rows of Swiss insertion, finished with one row Swiss insertion and frill skirting embroidery, under dust ruffle.

Sale Price 1.83



19M2204. **Women's Skirt**, made of soft **Flannel**, with deep flounce of twenty-eight rows of wide lace insertion running up and down, with tucked lawn between, finished with frill of lawn, lace insertion and lace edging; dust ruffle.

Sale Price 1.53

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

T I G H T
B I N D I N G

Local Treatment for Women's Disorders.



The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health.

There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh, new, living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about seven years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had seven years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but a little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membrane, and oppresses the nerve centers. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

To obtain relief, it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result, and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why **ORANGE LILY** is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional.

Dr. Coonley.—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until three years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I underwent an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him three or four months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teacup without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for **ORANGE LILY**, and the third treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed, until seven tumors had been expelled, three large ones and four small ones. I know if it had not been for **ORANGE LILY** I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—Mrs. George Lewis, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being sacredly confidential, but occasionally some patient known for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive scientific remedy for disorders of the female functions. As explained above, these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female troubles as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. **ORANGE LILY** has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves.

I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that **ORANGE LILY** will cure her, that I hereby make the following

FREE TRIAL OFFER.

I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give you noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your own home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of **ORANGE LILY**, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, enclosing 3 cent stamps, Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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THE WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR

By ECH.

A Happy New Year.

A Happy New Year to every reader of this page and as we all know that there is no season when the average mortal has to work harder at being happy than during the first weeks of the new year, when the excitement and exhilaration of the holiday season has given place to the prosaic every day existence of dish-washing and potato peeling, when the holly is torn down from the walls and the secret drawers have nothing more to hide and there are no more night virgils when one chuckles softly over surprises in store for others and perhaps wonders—if they are not too old to wonder—what packages may be hidden in another corner for themselves; when the wonder has become a certainty and that certainty, though you try to stifle the thought is not equal to the anticipation; when the concerts and parties are over for a season and dull monotony has taken possession of the home and unrest and vague longings come creeping unbidden into our hearts and the most patient of us are irritable and we want we know not what. These are the dark days when happiness, like a whipped cur, slinks out of doors and it takes weeks of hard work to remind us that he will not always wait upon our steps.

Some who read this magazine come from large cities in Europe or America and at this season of the year when they are exhausted from unusual exertion and excitement and indulgence they are overcome with homesickness and are tempted to throw the whole thing up. They miss the crowds and the society and the music and drama and the opportunity of hearing eloquent speakers and catching a glimpse of great men.

But consider a moment. You might live in the city for years without seeing a great man. They are very difficult to reach, these notables. Whenever one happens to darken our horizon some men's club pricks up its ears and gets busy and from the time our hero slides from the train until he returns to it, he is their guest, hurried hither and thither at their pleasure, while we women content ourselves with the reflection that great men are usually disappointing.

As for eloquent lecturers and other public speakers they will tell you, almost without exception, that the country is the home of inspiration, and they will be telling you truly, though sometimes in the daily routine of the farm it is forgotten and parents have not always been wise in giving uncongenial tasks to children.

When I was a little girl and lived on a farm and was kept from school to pick potatoes the thirst for knowledge that seized upon me amounted to a passion. I didn't just think, I knew that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul," and in spite of all the great men in the world I was, and am still, convinced that potato picking did not improve my soul. In fact any virtues I may possess are mine in spite of rather than because of that potato picking, simply because, while my hands were busy I had not been taught to occupy my eyes and mind with the beauties around me, for there are and always will be beauties even in potato fields.

The mere living in the country, feeding swine, setting hens and milking cows, with the mosquitoes buzzing around, is not inspiring or broadening, indeed I must admit that I have observed the latter to have a greater tendency to inspire profanity rather than ideas.

There are few who will find inspiration in miles and miles of flat, bleak prairie, with the snow drifting across

it in tiny waves or the blizzard swooning down upon the unwary traveller, threatening to bind him nearer to nature's heart than he is prepared to go. Or in the blazing hot days of summer when the hens lay gasping in the farmyard and the dog pants on the shady side of the shanty while the housewife swelters in the poky summer kitchen.

The Golden Thread.

But that is looking at the darkest side of the canvas. On the other is a picture of an autumn evening. The big silver moon is reflected in the little pond at the foot of the garden and you take your work out on the doorstep and watch the shining pond and listen to the croaking of the frogs and fall into a dream of younger days and remember that on such a night as this James told you the old story, and then James himself comes up from the barn with a pail over his arm but seeing you in the doorway he puts it down and sits down beside you and bye and bye he reaches over and covers your hand with his own brown and horny one for he remembers too and wants you to know that he does. And sitting hand in hand you let the years fall from you and you are young again with life before you like a rosy dream which you meant to weave into a beautiful reality. You sigh as you remember that the weaving has not been as you had meant it to be, the threads have been tangled often and some have broken but one tiny golden thread runs through it all and as you think of it James leans over and kisses you there in the moonlight as he did twenty years before and you laugh and blush and say it is time to go in and so you do, but your foolish happy heart that never grows old keeps singing to itself and you consider that nothing else in the wide world matters but that thread; wealth or education or position, nothing counts but it; and finally you fall asleep and dream about it.

The sun shining full in your face wakens you the next morning and you wake up feeling somehow that things must be different because of last night. But you get up and perform the same old duties not quite in the same old way and plan and scheme and save that Jack—Jack is your eldest son—may go to college and have all the advantages you never had.

So Jack goes to college, but comes home for the long vacation and you are very proud of him and spoil him and he takes it all as a matter of course, and struts about the farm with his hands in his pockets and talks about college spirit and tries to get up French conversation with the chore boy but fails because it takes the latter all his time to speak English.

So the years roll by and Jack has become a very brilliant man and goes about from city to city lecturing to crowded houses and telling them that the country is the birthplace of genius and the crowds applaud and live on in the cities and you and James away back on the farms watching the papers eagerly for news of your boy, applaud too, every word he says whether you understand it or not, and you look around you with pity at his schoolmates who have never been heard of outside their village and you lie awake at night to picture the crowds listening eagerly to every word the speaker says and that speaker is your own boy and so the golden thread runs on and on but you know also that had Jack never become famous, but had returned to the farm and lived out his life a plain and kindly man as his father was before him, with the added happiness and power of enjoyment that a broader education always gives, for him as well as for you the golden thread would have run on just the same, for service is but love in concrete form.

The Boggy Man.

Too m be said habit w ly indu children and grown pe ing to frighten others. amusement comes in i but that it does give seems beyond dispute. who put on a false fa the hall of his own h year and a half old d her custom she ran i ing the ugly glaring m and then shrank back trembling, into the arr who had followed. T the mask up under his his arms to the littl the ready forgetfulne went to him at once. for a time until she completely forgotten then when her back w drew the mask down. Imagine the child's f turned and found her of that terrible creatur with terror and woul until her father had for more than an hou may have done the chi and what good it did a greater puzzle.

I don't want you to man was a monster o a rule he was exceed child. He just didn't

Another case I hear that of a young man boys of fifteen and s lonely homestead in miser lived alone. He old fellow and his lo uncanny. When he di was not to be found s shook their heads and Old Molson to take him that he could." I hunted but without a son's watch became a district.

When the miser straightened up a you name of Henderson t work and got two boy and Tom Greaves to were not exceptionally when night after n amused himself by tel and instances of the peculiarities they bega

One day when the the sod stable they d man's watch hidden l The boys looked at spired by the uncanny heard but neither sa tray their feelings an allowed the incident t out comment. That he brought the con naturally to the subj told hair-raising yar to which the boys list hearts and a presen trouble.

Sure enough short into bed they heard a followed by a stum across the floor. "O derson said, half un Stump, stump, it was coming up slowly, or Right on top it cam room towards the be much. The boys scre the door. Dick tripp so that when he go two were out of sig back he ran in his miles to the nearest ghost was only a bl Henderson moved by but the boys didn't g for days.

A still more seriou one of the eastern pr restrained her childr became their law, an the younger, a girl of liberty for license, w when she could fin being away. Her b she was keeping hous her by saving that get her one of these was coming home a laughed at him. To more effective he cov a sheet one night and

The Boggy Man.

Too much can hardly be said about a foolish habit which is frequently indulged in both by children and grown people, that of trying to frighten others. Just where the amusement comes in it is hard to see but that it does give pleasure to some seems beyond dispute. I know a father who put on a false face and went into the hall of his own house calling his year and a half old daughter. As was her custom she ran to him but on seeing the ugly glaring mask stopped short and then shrank back and scrambled, trembling, into the arms of her mother who had followed. The father shoved the mask up under his hat and held out his arms to the little one, who with the ready forgetfulness of childhood, went to him at once. He talked to her for a time until she seemed to have completely forgotten the incident and then when her back was turned quickly drew the mask down over his face. Imagine the child's feelings when she turned and found herself in the arms of that terrible creature. She screamed with terror and would not be pacified until her father had walked with her for more than an hour. What harm it may have done the child no one knows, and what good it did the father is even a greater puzzle.

I don't want you to suppose that this man was a monster of cruelty, for as a rule he was exceedingly kind to his child. He just didn't think.

Another case I heard of recently was that of a young man frightening two boys of fifteen and seventeen. On a lonely homestead in the bush an old miser lived alone. He was an eccentric old fellow and his love for gold was uncanny. When he died his gold watch was not to be found and the neighbors shook their heads and said, "Just like Old Molson to take everything with him that he could." High and low they hunted but without avail until "Molson's watch became a by-word in the district.

When the miser's affairs were straightened up a young man by the name of Henderson took the place to work and got two boys, Dick Johnston and Tom Greaves to help him. They were not exceptionally nervous lads but when night after night Henderson amused himself by telling ghost stories and instances of the former owner's peculiarities they began to get uneasy.

One day when they were repairing the sod stable they discovered the old man's watch hidden between the sods. The boys looked at it with awe inspired by the uncanny stories they had heard but neither said a word to betray their feelings and their employer allowed the incident to pass over without comment. That evening, however, he brought the conversation around naturally to the subject of ghosts and told hair-raising yarns until bed-time to which the boys listened with quaking hearts and a presentiment of coming trouble.

Sure enough shortly after they got into bed they heard a noise at the door, followed by a stump, stump, stump across the floor. "Old Molson," Henderson said, half under his breath. Stump, stump, it was on the stairs now coming up slowly, one step at a time. Right on top it came and across the room towards the bed. This was too much. The boys screamed and ran for the door. Dick tripped and was delayed so that when he got there the other two were out of sight. Afraid to go back he ran in his night clothes two miles to the nearest neighbors. The ghost was only a block of wood that Henderson moved by means of a cord but the boys didn't get over the shock for days.

A still more serious case occurred in one of the eastern provinces. A mother restrained her children until her will became their law, and when she died the younger, a girl of sixteen, mistaking liberty for license, was never at home when she could find any excuse for being away. Her brother, for whom she was keeping house, tried to frighten her by saying that her mother would get her one of these nights when she was coming home alone but she only laughed at him. To make his threat more effective he covered himself with a sheet one night and hid in some trees

beside the road. As his sister came along he sprang up and, imitating her mother's voice called her by name. She was terrified of course and as a result of the shock went out of her mind.

These three instances are cited only as examples of a very common practice of frightening people for pleasure or punishment and though enough has been written on the subject of fear as a mode of punishment for children to convert a continent the Boggy Man continues to exist and threaten the lives and happiness of children. We can only hope that by adding one more protesting voice we may be able to help in the abolishment of this evil.

Something was said in "Thin Hens," these columns two months ago about the difficulty of purchasing really fresh eggs in the city, at any price. This winter is no exception to the rule, and though times are hard there are always those who are willing to pay even a very high price for them but they are so scarce that the dealers are often forced to bring them in from the east in car-loads. Considering this I can sympathize with a certain hotel keeper in southern Manitoba, who, when he received a circular from a Winnipeg firm offering to supply him with all the fresh eggs he could use, returned it with this written across the back: "What in the world is the matter with our Manitoba farmers that we must bring eggs from Ontario." What indeed? It is generally assumed that conditions here are as favorable to the raising of fowls as in the east. We may take for granted therefore that the main difference is in the housing and care they receive.

I do not propose in this article to go into detail as to correct housing and feeding of hens, as that belongs to another department of the magazine, but to urge the wisdom of giving this matter more careful attention as there are good returns for your trouble. Fresh eggs are selling in the stores here now at thirty five cents per dozen, while the "guaranteed new laid" are 45 and 50 cents.

Entertaining Angels
"And each in his separate star
Shall draw the thing as
as he sees it
For the God of things
as they are."

This little quotation came to my mind the other night when I heard about a woman who takes great pleasure in entertaining children and old people. She is a young woman with children of her own, too small to be playmates of her young guests. There is something peculiar about her way of entertaining that appealed to me. She does not say, "They are only children and anything will do for them."

No indeed, she knows exactly what children like and takes great pains to get it for them. On one occasion what do you suppose she had for supper? Two little boys were her guests that night and besides a good meal of potatoes and meat and vegetables she made toast and spread it thick with maple sugar shaved fine. And don't you suppose those children appreciated it? From the way that toast disappeared I am sure they did. Do you know, I know boys of fifteen that have never had an invitation out for tea in their lives. On another occasion the same woman invited a little boy and an old man to come to tea and spend the evening. She and her husband played bridge and enjoyed it but this evening, because the old man did not approve of cards, they played finch. Both the old man and the child are dead now but as long as they lived they talked about that evening.

It was not a very big thing to do to give so much pleasure. I am sure if people realized what an event in the lives of these little ones are attentions from older people they would not be so rarely given. They will appreciate your best preserves being brought out for them far more than older men and women. I can remember hearing a



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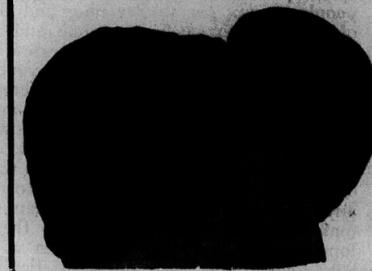
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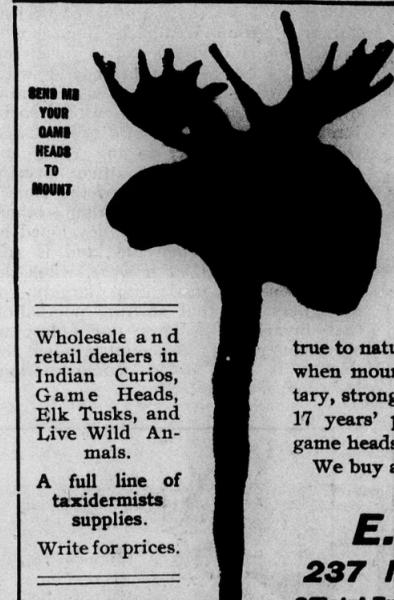
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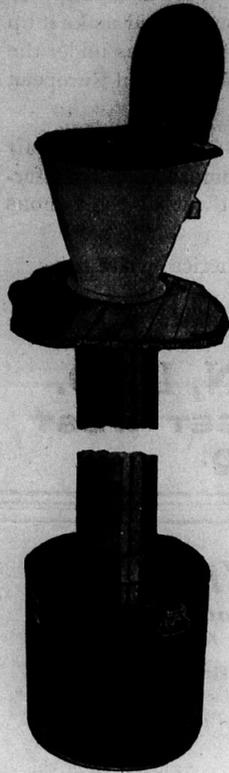
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Half Hour's Catch, Lake Manitoba.

little child in the country once say that wherever she went she got rhubarb for tea. Of course children should not be encouraged to think too much about their food but I don't think an occasional feast made up on their account is likely to spoil any child.

I have often thought, too, of the old men who have no wives or whose wives have died. When they get past a certain age they are as rarely entertained as children. Night after night the young people go out for the evening and the old man is left at home alone and as one old Scotch gentleman expressed it, "It's gey lonesome when the young folks all go away. It was different when she was alive." There is something pitiful in it all, this going down and out even before the end comes. I don't know what you can do about this or whether you are in a position to do anything, but if you are and mean to make a start don't ask one of these lonely ones to come and have tea with you some night, but on a particular night. It will mean more to them and be easier for you.

Woman's Canadian Club.

I wonder if some of my women readers will be interested in the organization of a Woman's Canadian Club, in Winnipeg, for the purpose of furthering the cause of loyalty in the West. The club has already something like two hundred and fifty members, including some of the most brilliant and prominent women of our city. Their first luncheon was held December 14, in the Royal Alexandra Hotel and was addressed by that noted American humorist, John Kendrick Bangs, who kindly entertained the ladies for a few minutes with a very brief and witty address. The object of this club, however, is not to promote merely social interest but as I said before to increase the cause of loyalty in the West, and in this you can all help them, even if you cannot be a member of the club.

A new country more than others needs the spirit of loyalty developed by every means. When the land is still new and on trial, as it were, when the population is made up largely of foreigners and that shifting population that invariably follows the report of easy money in a new country, when the climate is still under condemnation,

and, as in this year, times are hard, let those of us who were born in the west and have learned to love her golden summers and even her crisp winter days not be afraid to say so. It is a splendid heritage this land of ours and it is time we realized it. We would not enjoy our summers so much if we did not have the winters to remember, and if it were all summer and we lived all the year around at the summer pace life wouldn't be worth living. Have you ever noticed that however we abuse our weather and no matter how indignant we become one season it is made up to us in another. Last summer we could not say enough of the terrible cold and this winter we are equally surprised at the mildness that has continued for months. So nature is better to us than we deserve.

The thought has often come to me that we do far too much complaining about our country. The Englishman thinks England has not a fault and the American is never tired of praising his own country, but Canadians are all the time apologizing for Canada. Of course our climate is different from that of any other country and we should be glad of it, for every climate produces its own peculiar people and I believe the more severe the climatic conditions the stronger and more forceful the character produced. In that case it will be our own fault if we are not the founders of the greatest nation in the world. But we won't do it by eternally grumbling about our country and letting the children that are growing up in our midst hear our complaints. If we can't face it let us get out and make room for some one who can, but at least let us be reasonable and realize that every good thing is bought at the price of some advantage we would like to keep.

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Dr. McTaggart, the well-known specialist who conferred a great benefit on the human race when he discovered his vegetable remedies for the cure of the liquor and tobacco habits, is growing in popular favor in Western Canada. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business and a certainty of cure are among some of the many things claimed for Dr. McTaggart's remedies. Dr. McTaggart's business announcements appear in this magazine from month to month.

When writing the Doctor please mention the Western Home Monthly.



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WHAT TO WEAR

While the danger is the subject of dwelling

features that are not of woman of average mean to point out certain ten would be well to observ tween season there is, much speculation as to v features are likely to these are already clearly others again are only

Every observant woman realized that most through three periods; n and out-of-date, though i more than ordinary fore which are likely to hold est. Let us take for exa sleeve.

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before the horse as it we have begun our hints wi fortunately it is not too The nature of the light not yet positive enoug with in this issue but in the popularity of plain be increasing rather th Taffeta cloths, batiste, p panamas and fine serges lines. Voiles, mohairs well as heavier suitings subdued colorings with stripe pattern. Tweeds, which have l for the past few years a date though some are s on account of their r and excellent wearing c

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that blues will be more For some years past been away from the silks and this year the has been reached and silks are being shown at ception, perhaps, of patterns selling at a do and quarter a yard.

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alike. Curiously enou popularity fewer cheap in past seasons are not clusive models are ve depending upon the be terial itself for thei The skirts are almost either circular or cir else the new gored sl the circular effect.



Between Seasons. While there is great danger in writing on the subject of clothes of dwelling upon those features that are not of interest to the woman of average means it is possible to point out certain tendencies that it would be well to observe. In this between season there is, of necessity much speculation as to what the spring features are likely to be. Some of these are already clearly defined while others again are only rumors.

Every observant woman will have realized that most fashions pass through three periods; novelty, popular and out-of-date, though it often requires more than ordinary foresight to decide which are likely to hold the field longest. Let us take for example the short sleeve.

At the time of its introduction there was among a certain class a strong feeling against it but it continues to hold its own in the face of all opposition and is likely to do so for another season at least, perhaps two, for in spite of their predictions of its banishment before the spring most of the popular magazines continue to show their handsomest models with short sleeves. That being the case there is not likely to be any change before spring. It is not probable either, even supposing long sleeves should return to fashion, that they will do so without some new feature being introduced into the lower sleeve which will make it a novelty, in the West at least, for one season, perhaps longer.

Fabrics But in order to illustrate a point we have been putting the cart before the horse as it were. We should have begun our hints with dress fabrics, fortunately it is not too late to return. The nature of the lighter materials is not yet positive enough to be dealt with in this issue but in heavier weights the popularity of plain goods seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. Taffeta cloths, batiste, panamas, chiffon panamas and fine serges are the leading lines. Voiles, mohairs and lustres as well as heavier suitings are shown in subdued colorings with an indistinct stripe pattern.

Tweeds, which have been so popular for the past few years are going out of date though some are still buying them on account of their reasonable price and excellent wearing qualities.

Colors. Brown is still the leading color though there is a rumor to the effect that blues will be more popular later.

For some years past the tendency has been away from the hard crackling silks and this year the other extreme has been reached and only very soft silks are being shown at all, with the exception, perhaps, of some Dresden patterns selling at a dollar and a dollar and quarter a yard.

For the heavier spring suit broadcloths are always safe and especially so this year since the return to popularity to the scarlet, hunter's green is most in vogue for these little braided coats.

Velvet. The prominence of velvet is very marked for street and fancy dresses alike. Curiously enough in spite of its popularity fewer cheap velvet suits than in past seasons are noticed, and the exclusive models are very simply made depending upon the beauty of the material itself for their attractiveness. The skirts are almost invariably plain, either circular or circular gored, or else the new gored skirt which gives the circular effect. Those for house

or visiting wear are long or round and for the street escape the ground by more than an inch.

Very smart indeed are the walking suits of black velvet, the skirts guiltless of trimming and the coat tight fitting and buttoned straight up the front to the high collar in military style or with the French back and French curved front seams, and in either case braided all over, with perhaps a bordering line of inch wide braid. Dark colors are very much more in order this season than light, and particularly is this true of velvet costumes, all the more exclusive of which are, if not black, then some of the rich dark shades with braiding done always in self-tone. One black velvet street suit of noticeable attractiveness had a single row of braid an inch wide around the extreme edge of the skirt, and the French hip-length coat had like it a single row around the bottom and up the front. An acceptable variation might be the band of black fur, omitting it on the coat, the muff and collar or stole of the same fur supplying the necessary decoration there.

Many of the velvet gowns are accompanied by cloth wraps of the same tone rather than of the same material. For day wear these take the form of coats either three-quarter or full length, but for evening they are long, loose or semi-fitting and more or less of plain goods. Broadcloth is also the leading fabric for coats and in the lighter shades is used for evening gowns and cloaks.

As for gowns themselves in all of the tailored and semi-tailored suits the novelty note is conspicuous and indications point very strongly continuance of this feature in the coming spring designs.

The all-over braided jackets are very fashionable and a few long coats are seen, in both instances the preference is given to the military cut, which somehow seems more appropriate.

Very dashing and smart too are the vivid scarlet coats, which are braided with the black soutache or with soutache and flat silk braid combined. Sometimes black fur, lynx or baby lamb is cleverly introduced. The skirt is black cloth or velvet, and to complete the effective costume there is always a small black fur toque, elaborately trimmed with braid of the same tone as the dress.

How It Happened.

"If yo' will dess puhmit me to specify a word or two, Pahson," respectfully said a stranger who had entered Ebenezer Chapel just before the beginning of the sermon, "I'll take pleasure in in fawmin' de bruddren and sistahs yuh dissembled dat Puhsidin' Eldah Fishback enawmously regrets he can't be wid yo' all to-day, as expected, uh-kaze why, he's dead."

"Muh name am Magoon—Brudder Lonzoo Magoon, yo' mought call it—fum over beyant Timpkinsville; and de Eldah descended upon muh household yiste'day, and we had chicken pot-pie, squinch p'serves, baked shoat and mince pie for dinner, and so... how or nudder in her zeal, muh wife—fine lady as dar is in de land, too!—she took and anonymously put hoss-liniment stiduh brandy into de mince-meat, and it killed de Eldah plumb dead! 'Twuz a glorious death, and he met it half-way! And I s'picious all de rest of us would be dis minute uh-walkin' on de glory-lit hills of immortality hand in hand wid de Eldah, if 'twuzn't for de fact dat de good man beat us to dat 'ar pie. Yass!—he beat us to it. Ladies and gen'lemen, I thank yo' fo' yoh attention!"



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FASHIONS AND PATTERNS

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

6015—For the Man of the House.

The housemother who has learned by experience declares that ready-made pajamas last her men-folk so short a time that it is simple waste of money to buy them. Both material and workmanship are so superior in the garments made at home by careful wifely or motherly hands that many men now avoid the shop-made article altogether. The pajamas sketched are of modish



and comfortable shaping, and are adapted to development in any of the suitable materials. The jacket may be made either with or without the turn-down collar, as preferred. To make the medium size (38) requires 5 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide.

6015—8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches breast measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6995—A Tucked Shirtwaist in Silk.

The tucked shirtwaist is so much in vogue this season that many charming designs have been produced. One of the newest is here shown, and although its modelling is simple it lacks nothing of style and piquancy. The perfect fit of the prettily shaped yoke is a noticeable feature, while the groups of tucks in the front, ending at the bust line, dispose gracefully of the fulness. The tucks in the back, extending from neck to waistline, pro-



duce an effect of slenderness which the woman of full figure will appreciate. The sleeves may be made in full or shorter length, as desired. In the present instance embroidery was used for trimming, but any preferred garniture may be used. The waist would make up prettily in any soft silk or wool material, or in a lingerie fabric if this is preferred. For the medium size 2 1/4 yards 27-inch material are required.

6995—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6973—An Exquisite Negligee.

There is something about a dainty negligee that is quite irresistible to the woman who loves pretty things, as every refined woman does. Perhaps it is the pleasant consciousness that she cannot be other than charming in one of the little confections in silk and lace that seem to exhale indolence and comfort. In the dainty dressing sack here sketched elegance and simplicity are seen in rare combination. The reverse collar, rolling away from the throat in V-shaped outline, is espec-



ially becoming to the woman who can boast a shapely neck, while the arrangement of tucks attractively disposes of the fulness in front, back and sleeve, a perfect fit being assured at the shoulder by the little shoulder-yoke. (Silk was selected for making the sack, lace and silk braid being used for trimming; but the sack could be made up very prettily in crepon, challis or cashmere, 4 1/4 yards 36 inches wide being needed for the medium size.)

6973—7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6941-6945—A Smart Shirtwaist Gown.

For rough-and-ready wear there is nothing that can compare, so far as comfort, neatness and serviceability are concerned, with the shirtwaist frock, provided only it be of correct cut and style. In the accompanying illustration is shown a modish combination of the popular tucked blouse, which is becoming to almost every type of figure, and the new 6-gored skirt, the most distinctive features of which are the circular shaping of the front and back gores and the overlapping side seams, ornamented in this design with small fancy buttons. The waist, which may be made with either full-length or shorter sleeves, is modelled in golden-brown foulard, while the skirt is made of one of the popular novelty woolsens. The gown may, however, be developed in any of the new materials, 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch goods being needed to make the waist in the medium size, and 7 yards of the same width to model the skirt.

Two patterns: 6941—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6945—5 sizes, 22 to 28 inches waist measure. The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but



either pattern will be sent upon the receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—These patterns, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4261—A Smart Suit for the Young Girl.

The new woolsens that have come in with the present season offer numberless opportunities for modish development, the tailored suit being an especially appropriate model. A piquant suit of this order is shown in the sketch. The semi-fitting double-breasted coat is built on the most up-to-date lines, being specially designed with a view to the requirements of the undeveloped figure. The sleeves are of full-length and of the mannish cut now demanded by fashion. The skirt is a seven-gored one, the fulness at



the hips being effectively disposed in pleats arranged to simulate wide box-pleats, while the side-pleated extensions provide for the required flare at the hem. The model is not of the type to lend itself to much decoration, though braid might be used as garniture if desired. For the 16-year size the amount of material required to develop the suit is 8 3/4 yards 27 inches wide.

4261—Sizes 14, 15, 16 and 17 years. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4298—For the Tiny Maiden.

Some very charming little dresses are being modelled in soft woolsens this season, and one of the most recent of them, of wool batiste and

showing the popular Empire effect, is here design will find mothers of dainty fers so many opportunities for treatment. The bally, affords scope for lace or embroidery shirred prettily to falling in straight thence to the hem.



are short and are with lace, insertion frock can be made round neck, as desired, suitable for making draping fabric, whether or lingerie, 2 3/4 yards being needed for the 4298—7 sizes, 2 1/2 price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This one other pattern in with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4301—A Smart Dress for the Little Girl.

Coat suits for little usual that the pattern shown is certain to welcome from many young daughters to consists of a semi-breasted coat of soft comfortable shaping, with a skirt which are fastened and back with buttons double purpose of place and ornament.



blouse with which Serge was used for as shown, but any might be used with suits. If desired, for trimming, tho sential to the success

showing the popular short-waisted Empire effect, is here illustrated. The design will find much favor with mothers of dainty ideas, because it offers so many opportunities for artistic treatment. The body portion, especially, affords scope for decoration with lace or embroidery. The skirt is shirred prettily to the body portion, falling in straight, graceful lines thence to the hem. The puffed sleeves



are short and are daintily finished with lace, insertion and edging. The frock can be made in either high or round neck, as desired. This design is suitable for making up in any soft-draping fabric, whether of silk wool or lingerie, 2 3/4 yards 36 inches wide being needed for the 4-year size.

4298—7 sizes, 2 to 8 years. The price of this pattern is 15 cents. **Special Offer**—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4301—A Smart Double-breasted Suit for the Little Girl.

Coat suits for little girls are so unusual that the pretty model here shown is certain to receive a cordial welcome from mothers who have young daughters to clothe. The suit consists of a semi-fitting double-breasted coat of smart but eminently comfortable shaping, and a straight kilt skirt with bretelles, the latter, which are fastened to the belt in front and back with buttons, serving the double purpose of keeping the skirt in place and ornamenting the separate



4301

blouse with which it should be worn. Serge was used for making the suit as shown, but any of the new woollens might be used with equally good results. If desired, braid might be used for trimming, though this is not essential to the success of the suit. For

making in the 10-year size 5 yards of 44-inch material will be required. 4301—9 sizes, from 6 to 14 years. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4302—A New Variation of the Russian Dress.

The plain little dresses that can be made easily at home are by far the most desirable for school wear, though it is essential for the little wearer's peace of mind that they be made in the newest style. The frock here illustrated will meet these requirements, and will besides, prove easy to adjust and comfortable to wear. It is made in a modified Russian style,



with side-front closing and a straight gathered skirt, which is attached to the waist beneath the belt. The sleeves may be made in full or three-quarter length, as preferred. The dress may be made of any reasonable material, while of braid or velvet ribbon may be used for garniture. For the 10-year size 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material will be needed.

4302—9 sizes, 6 to 14 years. The price of this pattern is 15 cents. **Special Offer**—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

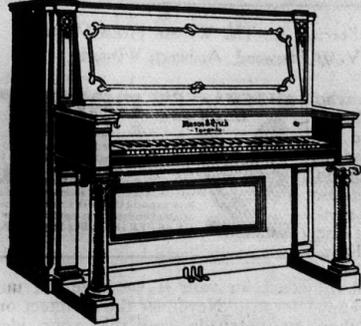
Tea-Cloths.

A very effective way to make a tea-cloth is to purchase the largest size dinner napkin that comes. I like the clover design. As the best designers in the world are employed in drawing the damask pattern, you will often find combinations of rare beauty that are delightful to bring out into prominence with your needle. With dark blue wash silk outline the design. A broad insertion of lace over web silk or ribbon, same color of silk used in outlining, will make a cloth large enough for a small tea-table. Salmon pink is another good color for outlining, and a bright canary yellow looks exceedingly well with white, and if you line the insertion with satin ribbon of same shade the effect will be rich.

Collar Case.

For the man who occasionally takes a trip, a case for clean collars is a useful gift. Cut two circles of any desired material, 16 inches across. Seam together, turn and press. The outside should have initials or monogram worked upon it before the sewing is done. Buttonhole the edge and crochet a tiny scallop around it. An inch back from the edge stitch twice, 1/2 of an inch apart. Use half inch ribbon or silk cord for the draw strings. The collars are put into the case, the strings drawn up and they cannot become soiled. Natural colored linen is about the best material for these cases.

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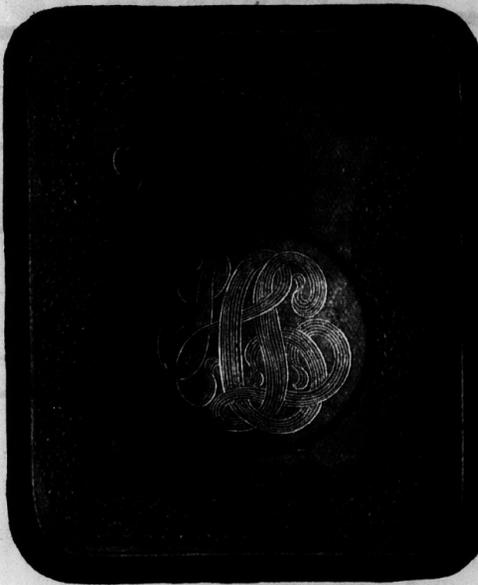
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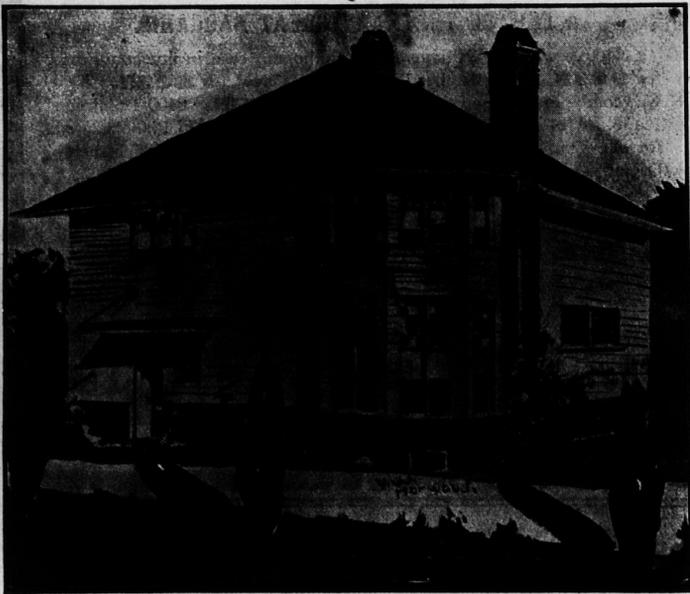
ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

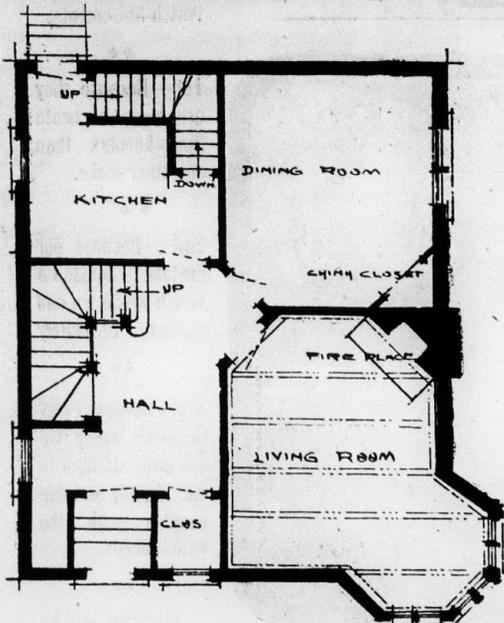
It will be owned by everyone who have built their own homes—a delightful experience—that the measure of comfort to be enjoyed in a house is the result of a scrupulous attention in building to a multitude of small details. In our first scheming the mind is generally held by the main features of the design, but as we go on, little by little, slowly but surely, the so-called lesser problems press themselves forward till at last the claims made by these occupy so much time and attention that they almost supersede the first or main idea. And that is where the value of a properly thought out plan is shown. It is too expensive to alter in the solid. Bricks, stone, and wood are the walls upon which our disappointments may

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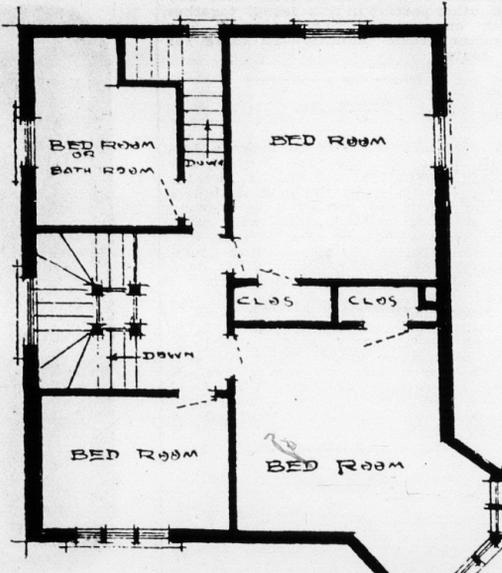
dash in vain if we have not unlimited means. Never let the architect or builder persuade you that your idea isn't feasible until it has been worked out on paper. Paper is cheap; lumber and brickwork are not. It pays to destroy a dozen plans if you are not quite satisfied with the results arrived at. It is so with these sketches; they are



suggestions; ideas only, and in making the finished plans there are a dozen considerations which might arise to improve them. The architect cannot satisfy everybody at first. Nay, he cannot satisfy one. Who is there that has not some pet idea to work out, something which in years of wandering they have thought out and dreamed of in the lonely hours they have spent away from home and kinsmen? Maybe the idea is of some nook at home, a fireplace, a cozy corner, which in after years if the home is again broken will be looked back to amongst the most sacred memories. The sketch shown is of a simple house, but as far as possible with a character of its own. The exterior a frame, with a stone basement. The bay makes a cheerful living room and bed room over, and the whole plan is shown very plainly, with the sizes, marked upon the rooms.



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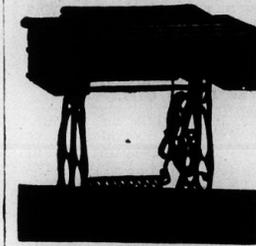
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All ages and climates subtle power of music been sung by all bards. Poets have made theme. Soldiers on the world have been martial strain. Marched soldier has while listening to, as it, "the silver sound speedy relief for grieved mind." The as some of us thin quicken and arouse man and under their lant Highlander has to his death. The e on health and disease.

No home should be it is better than meing ambition in the different, it is almost less boys are stirred thustiasm by the play march. Watch the pe the next time you h consciously they ste who have lost heart sudden determination the battle of life an How much brighte pears when you get after a good concert clear away the clou divine. The part it religions of the worl timated. A beautiful grand oratorio posse than many a sermon.

From the earliest music has been reco many ways, yet it that its influence as ing the sick has bec of the large hospita a splendid organ has day after everything the big organ peale selection from Schu tiful tones of the through the wards weary, pain racked pat restless tossings to l There they lay list tones grew softer, a into the throbbing bodies and lulled on to peaceful sleep a nurses quietly watc storer could do for cine had failed to d supposed that music but it will affect the ture will be given effect a cure. If he be lulled to sleep in is a more potent ren which deaden the se

If the languid, dege be stirred until he music is certainly a healing. There mus the selection of the wanted is cheerful The patient must b music adapted to su the home when a children are influen and quieter in their how after a day of in the field or sho home, it is a divers routine to sit quiet beautiful strains of Beethoven, or even f or the old ballads of land, played or sung of the home.

Don't, therefore, instrument in your ho but cultivate whate in your family. If into life to earn t their hands, give t early in life of acq edge of music. Yo the hours of pleasur even a slight knowl keep the mind and warped and sordid i Have music in th brings greater plea happier home.

Owing to certain n being unable to sp Portage la Prairie necessary to aban trip to Brandon.

The local talent seen to advantage on December 11th, tributors being Mr Hood, Mr. Robinson Mr. Langridge, and

The series of Sur at the Walker The in popularity and a the receipts are 1 week to local char and the Children's ceiving very welcom finances.

A sacred concert wall on the 18th, music was rendered Bethlehem's Shep



All ages and climes have felt the subtle power of music. It's magic has been sung by all bards of the nation. Poets have made it their favorite theme. Soldiers on every battlefield of the world have been rallied by its martial strain. Many a weak, discouraged soldier has become brave while listening to, as Shakespeare puts it, "the silver sound that comes with speedy relief for grieved heart and oppressed mind." The bag pipes, crude, as some of us think, have power to quicken and arouse the dullest Scotman and under their spell many a gallant Highlander has pressed forward to his death. The effect of music upon health and disease is incalculable.

No home should be without music, for it is better than medicine. For instilling ambition in the lazy and the indifferent, it is almost magical. Careless boys are stirred to sudden enthusiasm by the playing of some lively march. Watch the people on the street, the next time you hear the band; unconsciously they step out. Individuals who have lost heart are fired with a sudden determination to go again into the battle of life and win.

How much brighter the world appears when you get up from your seat after a good concert. Music seems to clear away the clouds. It is almost divine. The part it has played in the religions of the world can never be estimated. A beautiful Pucce or Handel's grand oratorio possesses more power than many a sermon.

From the earliest ages the power of music has been recognized and used in many ways, yet it is only recently that its influence as a means of restoring the sick has been studied. In one of the large hospitals in New York, a splendid organ has been placed. One day after everything was completed, the big organ pealed out a beautiful selection from Schubert. As the beautiful tones of the organ vibrated through the wards of the hospital, weary, pain racked patients ceased their restless tossings to listen to the music. There they lay listening and as the tones grew softer, a sweet peace stole into the throbbing brain and aching bodies and lulled one after another into peaceful sleep and physicians and nurses quietly watched. Nature's restorer could do for them what medicine had failed to do. It is not to be supposed that music can cure disease but it will affect the mind so that Nature will be given a better chance to effect a cure. If the weary patient can be lulled to sleep in this simple way, it is a more potent remedy than narcotics which deaden the senses.

If the languid, depressed patient can be stirred until he forgets his troubles, music is certainly a means of natural healing. There must be tact shown in the selection of the music. What is wanted is cheerful, wholesome song. The patient must be studied and the music adapted to suit the case.

The power of music can be felt in the home when all are well. The children are influenced to be gentler and quieter in their play. We all know how after a day of hard work, either in the field or shop, the school or home, it is a diversion from the day's routine to sit quietly and listen to the beautiful strains of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, or even the simple melodies or the old ballads of Scotland and Ireland, played or sung by some members of the home.

Don't, therefore, if you have an instrument in your home, keep it closed but cultivate whatever talent there is in your family. If the boys are going into life to earn their livelihood by their hands, give them an opportunity early in life of acquiring some knowledge of music. You will never know the hours of pleasure they derive from even a slight knowledge. It will help to keep the mind and life from becoming warped and sordid in the battle of life. Have music in the home. Nothing brings greater pleasure or makes a happier home.

Owing to certain members of the cast being unable to spare the time, the Portage la Prairie amateurs found it necessary to abandon their projected trip to Brandon.

The local talent of Burnside were seen to advantage in a concert given on December 11th, the principal contributors being Mr. and the Misses Hood, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Webster, Mr. Langridge, and Mr. Lowry.

The series of Sunday concerts given at the Walker Theatre are increasing in popularity and as a good portion of the receipts are handed over every week to local charities, the hospitals and the Children's Aid Society are receiving very welcome additions to their finances.

A sacred concert was held at Stone-wall on the 18th, when the following music was rendered: Anthems, "The Bethlehem's Shepherds" — Emerson;

"The Angel's Song"—Lorenz. Solo, Miss Card. Hymns, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Now is He in Yonder Stall," "As with Gladness."

A highly successful concert was held in the Linnel Lodge, Summerberry, on Monday, December 9th. A capital programme was given, the artists being Miss Minnie Lockman, Miss E. Greenless, Messrs. P. L. Bauch, D. McCowan, E. Simmons, P. Stacey, C. G. Lewis, H. P. Gorst, H. C. King, H. Shannon and T. Burns.

The production of "The Egyptian of Pompeii," given at Grenfell on December 10th, drew a large house. "The Egyptian," taken by J. de Stefani; "Tone" by Miss Helen Scott being the strong parts, but Miss Roland as Nydia, the blind girl, won her audience. In fact, not a single part lagged and the scenes were admirably progressive culminating in the "Eruption of Vesuvius."

Soldiers of Fortune, Blue Jeans, An Enemy of the King and Camille were given excellent presentations by the stock company at the Winnipeg Theatre and capacity houses were the order throughout the month. The New Year attraction will be The Earl of Pawtucket which met with such spontaneous approval when presented at the same playhouse three years ago. The repertoire for January includes a number of the very best plays.

At Brandon on the 18th a very creditable performance was given of the favorite comedy drama, "A Prince of Liars," Miss Augusta Perry as Mobe, the Grecian queen of three thousand years ago, caused much amusement by her peculiarities and affectionate ways, while Jere McAuliffe as the Prince of Liars, easily proved his claim to the title, his "eccentricities" causing endless trouble and keeping him in distress the whole evening. The other players were each well adapted to their parts and gave painstaking and effective rendition to their respective roles.

During December the local playhouses have been offering sumptuous fare to their patrons, and extra good attractions were secured for Christmas week. The great event from a musical standpoint was Kubelik's recital early in December at the Walker and as it will be many years before Winnipeggers can again have the pleasure of hearing the exquisite playing of this virtuoso, the huge theatre was packed at each recital. The attraction for the festive season was "The Vanderbilt Cup," which was very acceptable to the holiday crowds.

The teachers and pupils of Park school gave a very creditable concert at Brandon on Friday, Dec. 20. The programme was as follows: Chorus, "O, Canada, Beloved Fatherland." Instrumental solo, Ruth Hughes. Recitation, Jean Watson. Chorus, "Star of Evening." Duet, "Stars Trembling O'er Us," Belle Falconer and Mae Rose. Reading, Marion White. Recitation, Rossie Colquhoun. Recitation, "The Widow of Windsor," Ross Banning. Piano and violin Duet, Katie Shirriff and Reggie Cummings. Chorus, "Rule Britannia." The farce, "Box and Cox," concluded the entertainment.

A concert was given at St. Mary's Hall, Portage la Prairie, on the 17th. The full programme was as follows: Selection, Instrumental, Mrs. Gee; Solo, ("Won't You Come Over to My House"), Miss Daisy Turner; Solo, ("Flight of Ages"), Mr. Mappin; Solo, ("The Bridge"), Miss Beatty Hawley; Duet, ("The Twins"), Messrs. Williams and Brooker; Solo, ("When the Heart is Young"), Mrs. Gee; Solo, ("Out in the Deep"), Mr. Riddle; Recitation, Miss M. Macmorine; Selection on violin, Mr. W. Galway; Instrumental, ("Golden Rod"), Miss Lottie Turner; Comedietta, ("Strategy"), Mr. Jasper Campion; (A Lawyer), B. R. Brooker; Mr. Charles Twist (A Lover of Laura's), L. Skinner; Mr. Geo. Walker, (A Would-be Lover of Laura's), H. D. Maguire; Mary Bowman, (A House Maid), Miss Kane; Miss Laura Campion, Miss Blackford.

Explicit.

A Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveler asked, "Madam, how far is it to A—" "Shoost a lettle ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveler. "Shoost a lettle ways," was the reply. "Madam, is it one, two, three four or five miles?" The good woman ingenuously replied, "I dinks it is."

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Work for Busy Fingers.

Crochet Medallion for Dolly.

Wind No. 40 Barbour's linen over forefinger of left hand ten times, slip off, work 4 singles in ring, now chain 16 (4 singles in ring, chain 16) repeat until 8 loops of 16 chain in ring, join on first single.

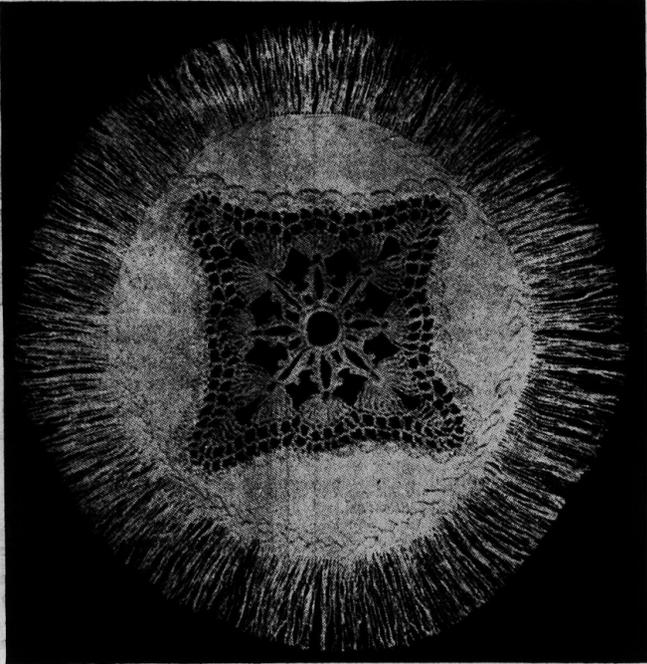
2nd Round.—Slip stitch over 4 singles, and on the 16 chain work as follows: 4 singles, 4 chain for picots, 4 singles, 4 chain, 4 singles, 4 chain for picot on tip, 4 singles, 4 chain, 4 singles, 4 chain, 4 singles. Repeat from beginning over each loop, and join at the first picot. Fasten off and fasten on at the tip of a section. Start a small scollop, first chain 7 to answer for a long treble, then 11 long trebles, (over the needle four times), worked in the picot; pass to picot on next tip and make a collop on this order: (8 long trebles, now a point made with 9 chain, now 8 more long trebles

omitting the next 9 stitches of the chain, d. c. 3 through the next stitch, ch. 1, d. c. 3 through the same stitch. Turn.

2nd Row.—Shell over shell, ch. 5, d. c. over ch. 2, ch. 1, d. c. over same ch. 2. Keep repeating until there are 3 d. c. over the ch. 2; ch. 5, shell, d. c. over ch. 3. Turn.

3rd Row.—Ch. 3, shell over shell, ch. 2, d. c. 2 over ch. 1, ch. 1, d. c. 2 over same ch. 1, d. c. 2 over next ch. 1, ch. 1, d. c. 2 over same ch. 1. Repeat until there is a shell over each ch. 1 of the fan; ch. 2, shell over shell, d. c. over ch. 3. Turn.

4th Row.—Ch. 3, shell over shell, ch. 2, s. c. over ch. 1 of first shell, ch. 5, s. c. over same ch. 1, ch. 5, s. c. over same ch. 1, ch. 5, s. c. over same ch. 1, ch. 2, s. c. over ch. 1 of next shell. Repeat until there is a little leaf over each shell of the fan. Ch.



Crochet Medallion for Dolly.

in same picot. Small scollop in next trebles, now a point made with 9 chain, miss 3, then 6 trebles in 6 chain, now 8 more long trebles in same picot. Small scollop in next picot of next tip of 12 long trebles). Repeat all around and join on 7 chain.

Now work around twice with 1 chain and a double in every other treble and sufficiently full on the corners to turn around them. To make a strong edge to sew on by, work tiny scollops of 7 doubles in every other double and fastened down between.

Lay this medallion down on the linen and make a circle around it, allowing two inches for the fringe. Sew over the circle with the machine so the fringe cannot unravel further. Feather stitch around this circle, and also sew the medallion on with the machine. Cut the material from under the medallion, fringe the edge, comb out and trim off even.

2, shell over shell, d. c. over ch. 3. Turn.

5th Row.—Ch. 3, shell over shell, ch. 7, d. c. over middle ch. 2 of the fan, ch. 2, d. c. over same ch. 2, ch. 7, shell over shell, d. c. over ch. 3. Turn.

6th Row.—Same as second row.

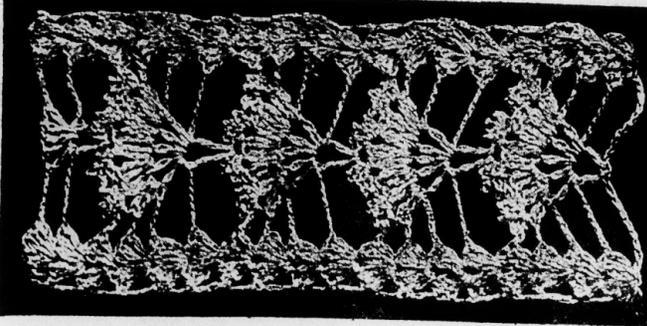
7th Row.—Same as third row, across the lace already made. For the foundation of the scollop, d. c. 12 over the last ch. 3 on the edge, s. c. through the beginning of the shell on the edge one row back; ch. 3, s. c. through the beginning of shell another row back. Turn.

8th Row.—Ch. 2, d. c. over d. c. Repeat around the scollop. The remainder of this row is made the same as the fourth row. Turn.

9th Row.—Same as fifth row until the scollop is reached; d. c. 3 over first ch. 2 of scollop, ch. 1, d. c. 3 over the same ch. 2, s. c. over the next ch. 2. Repeat around the scollop, s. c. through shell on the edge. Turn.

10th Row.—Ch. 3, s. c. over ch. 1 of the last shell made, ch. 5, s. c. over the same ch. 1, ch. 5, s. c. over the same ch. 1, 5, s. c. over ch. 1 of the next shell. Repeat around the scollop, ch. 3. Finish the same as second row.

Insertion.—Make the first five rows the same as directed for the edging and then continue to repeat the second, third, fourth and fifth rows until the lace is of the desired length.



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of order every week or two as my neighbors who are using other makes, ARE, DAVID L. VAN WORM.

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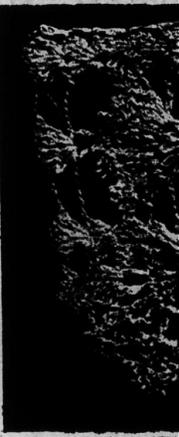
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Box Bon or Tri

The prettiest home writer ever saw was er's daughter. A v smoothly lined with and the outside cov typewriter paper. W cut as long as the b pasted on as close t be. The cover had t crosswise, a single finished the edges of Six perfect wheat inch wide blue sa fastened to the cover "touched up" here an paint. Flour paste w ing tablespoonful of teaspoon of white smooth with a little a cup of boiling wat cooked until smooth. A square photo fr wide was made in t with the straws at t as to mitre perfectl hand top corner was of oats gilded. Straw cover wall pockets. baskets made from many other articles. readily so a great can be had, but no than the natural co a touch of gold.

Transf

This cut is a sma an embroidery patter On receipt of 15 ce the large design by dress. The pattern m to any material for simply following the below.

This design is inte waist, buttoning in t be worked in the ne broderly stitch, or with the petals so Mercerized cotton is eral wearing purp gives collar and cuff Everything shown cut, will appear on When you have ser cents and have rec



Shirtwa

Patter

working pattern no these directions: Lay material on v be made on hard Sponge material w terial should be d Lay pattern face do press firmly, rubb crumpled handker Transfer will be very soon. Don't l Send 15 cents fo dress Embroidery ern Home Monthly



Pillow Slip Edging.

Bon Bon or Trinket Boxes.

The prettiest home-made box the writer ever saw was made by a farmer's daughter. A wooden cigar box smoothly lined with blue tissue paper and the outside covered with white typewriter paper. Wheat straws were cut as long as the box was deep and pasted on as close together as could be. The cover had the straws put on crosswise, a single straw lengthwise finished the edges of the cover.

Six perfect wheat heads tied with inch wide blue satin ribbon were fastened to the cover. The whole was "touched up" here and there with gold paint. Flour paste was used. A heaping tablespoonful of flour, an even teaspoon of white sugar stirred smooth with a little cold water, then a cup of boiling water stirred in and cooked until smooth and quite thick.

A square photo frame three inches wide was made in the same manner with the straws at the corners cut so as to mitre perfectly. At the left hand top corner was fastened a bunch of oats gilded. Straws can be used to cover wall pockets, broom holders, baskets made from cardboard and many other articles. They take eyes readily so a great variety of effects can be had, but nothing is prettier than the natural color with perhaps a touch of gold.

Lovely baskets to be used for holding fruits upon the table can be made of cardboard and covered with straws. A cover made in this way can conceal the tomato can that holds a geranium that is used upon the dining table.

Girls, lay in a good supply of clean straws to experiment with this winter.

Table Mats.

Sets of table mats to place under hot dishes are always acceptable gifts. They can be made of any heavy white goods, lined with several thicknesses of old muslin. Sew the outside and lining together all but two inches, turn, baste in the opening and press. Quilt in stripes, diamonds or other design, and buttonhole the edges with Saxony wool, sewing silk or knitting cotton and into this crochet a scallop of 5 tr. in one stitch, caught down with a single stitch. Any cotton material can be used, even muslin or scraps of table linen. A set should have at least six mats and have two of a size. They may be round, oval or diamond shaped. Tea matting makes nice mats, bound with ribbon or dress braid. Before cutting them out mark with a pencil and stitch upon the machine. If one can paint a flower in oil colors or a bunch of berries in the same, it adds to the looks.

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.

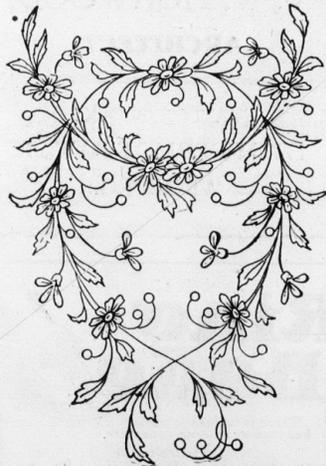
This design is intended for a shirtwaist, buttoning in the back, and may be worked in the new Wallachian embroidery stitch, or in outline stitch with the petals solid French knots. Mercerized cotton is the best for general wearing purposes. Pattern B gives collar and cuffs to match.

Everything shown on the miniature cut, will appear on the large sheet. When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size

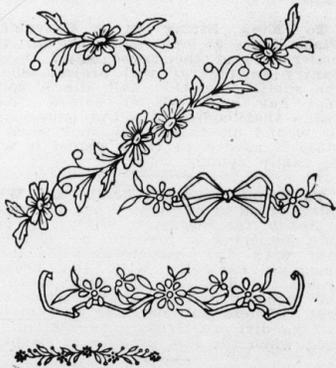
This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.

This design is made up entirely of collars and cuffs. The top cuff and collar match shirtwaist Design A. The centre cuff and collar match shirtwaist Design E. The lower narrow designs are for embroidered turnover collars.

Everything shown on the miniature cut, will appear on the large sheet. When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:



Shirtwaist Front. Pattern A.



Designs for Cuffs and Collars. Pattern B.

working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip. Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

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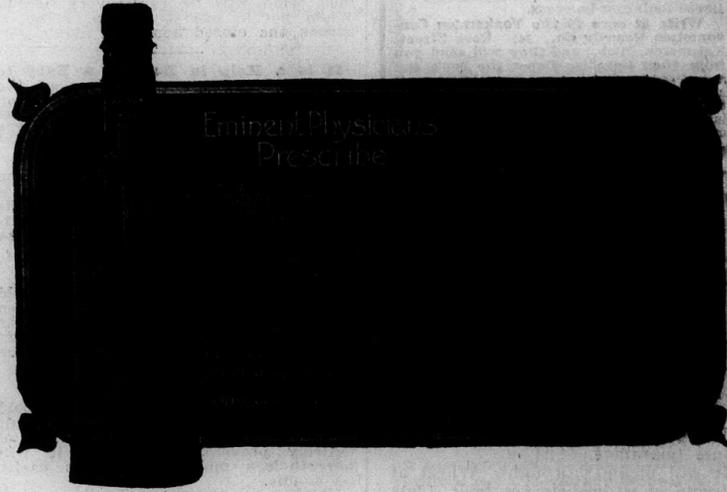
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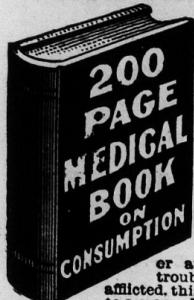
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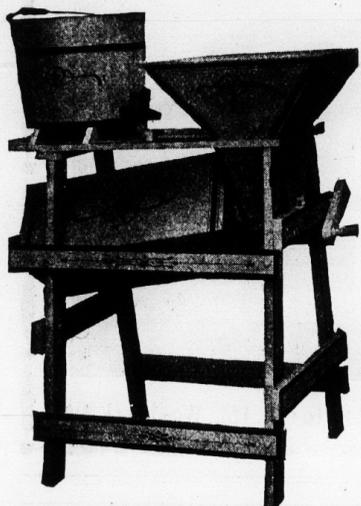
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What Some Women Have Found Out.

To Thaw Out a Frozen Water Pipe pour into the pipe a cupful or more of common salt. Usually the drain will soon be all right after this has been done.

Hanging Clothes Outdoors on a Cold Day may be made easier by pinning small articles, such as collars, handkerchiefs, etc., to a sheet before taking them out to the clothesline.

Heat the Clothespins in the Oven in Cold Weather and they will retain sufficient warmth to keep the fingers comfortable during the process of hanging out clothes on a cold winter day.

To Keep the Cook-Book Open at the Right Page a band made of elastic one inch wide will be found very useful. When not in use it may be strapped across the closed book.

It is a Help in Bathing a Baby to place a board across the top of the bathtub and rest the small tin tub on this. This saves stooping over, and the tub is easily emptied into the bathtub.

Kitchen Holders May be Kept Clean by making an outside cover, like a little pillow-slip, that will go over the regular holder and fasten with a button and buttonhole. This cover can be taken off at any time and washed.

To Keep the Feet Warm in Bed fold a single blanket and place it between the sheets well toward the foot of the bed. The blanket makes a nice pocket in which to put the feet, and is much warmer than the sheets.

When Washing Clothes in Cold Weather try putting a handful of salt in the last rinsing water. While not entirely preventing freezing, it will nevertheless make the clothes easier to handle.

Pictures from Magazine Covers Make a Good Puzzle if they are first mounted on pasteboard and then cut into irregular pieces. Putting the pieces together is a good occupation for children on a rainy day.

Cheesecloth Pillow-Cases for Use in the Sick-Room are good things to keep on hand in the linen-closet. They may be made of the cheapest cheesecloth, so that after use in a contagious disease they may be burned.

To Stop Leaks in Lead Pipes try pounding the pipe gently with a hammer at the place where the leak is found. This can be done to lead pipes only; iron, of course, would not respond to the treatment.

For Mending Sudden Leaks in Galvanized Wash-tubs or Pails keep some chewing-gum on hand. A lump of it applied when needed will keep the tub, pail or pan tight for a day or two when it cannot be sent at once to a tinner to be repaired.

Use Hot Water for Dampening Clothes that are to be ironed and you will find it much better than cold. If the water is too hot for the hand to bear, use a clean whisk-broom to sprinkle it. The clothes may be ironed two hours later with good results.

Keep a Pair of Scissors at the Sewing-Machine and you will be well repaid for taking the trouble. The safest way to make certain that the scissors will not be missing just when most needed is to attach them to the machine by a cord or small chain.

A Way to Make Rugs Last Longer. When shaking or cleaning rugs never grasp them at the end, but always at the side. In this way, fringe is protected and ends do not ravel. The original shape of the rug is also preserved.

When a Kettle Threatens to Boil Over grease the rim lightly all around with a bit of butter. The contents will touch this danger line, but will not pass it. Stewpans, in which vegetables are boiling, may be treated in the same way.

To Slip a Brass Rod in a Freshly-Starched Curtain is not an easy matter, as every housekeeper knows. Here are some suggestions to overcome the difficulty: If, before ironing the curtain, the rod is run into the hem, the matter will be a simple one. In this case, be sure not to wet the upper hem when the curtains are sprinkled. Another way to put the rod in easily after the curtains are starched is to slip a thimble over the end of the rod, which will go in then without tearing the

curtain. Still another way is to put the finger of an old kid glove over the end of the rod that is to be run in the starched hem.

An Economical Use for Candle Ends. Where many candles are used they are rarely left in the candlesticks after they have burned down to an inch or two. Now these ends, if saved, will be found excellent for starting wood fires. They burn so long that the wood is sure to become ignited.

When a Hot-Water Bottle is Not in Use allow the water to drip from it until there is none left; then blow up the bottle and screw on the top so tight that the air cannot escape. Hang up the bottle until needed. The air will prevent the sides from sticking together and the bottle will wear much longer.

To Keep a Baby Covered at Night make a big bag out of a warm single blanket. Sew up the two long edges and bottom; then, after slipping the baby in, pin the two edges of the top together over each shoulder with large safety-pins. This warm bag, being much larger than the child, gives him perfect freedom, yet keeps him from getting cold.

To Hold Men's Cravats or Women's Belts when bureau drawers are too full, screw two brass hooks to the inner side of a closet door and connect them with a stout cord. Hang the ties or belts over the string. Or, a small-sized nickel towel-holder may be fastened to the door and used for the same purpose.

A Good Cover for an Ironing-Board may be made from unbleached cotton cloth. Cut it about two inches larger than the board, hem it all around, and at intervals of eight inches sew on tape to tie it on the board. This cover will be found much better than one usually made from an old sheet. If two covers are made a fresh one can always be kept ready for use.

Glass Preserve-Jars for Keeping Groceries in a Pantry will be found most useful. They are easily cleaned, neat to look at and the contents are seen at a glance, so one knows when the supplies are running low. Such things as coffee, tea, rice, tapioca, raisins and currants may be kept dry and fresh in these jars.

Rubber Tubing for Faucets Where Dishes are Washed will save many pieces from being broken. Buy five inches of rubber tubing of a size to slip easily over the faucets at the sink. Cut in two pieces, and put a piece on each faucet. These will prevent the nicking or breaking of many dishes.

To Combine the Overcasting and Basting of Sleeves was the happy thought of a busy mother with many little clothes to make. By overcasting the sleeves into the garment not only was basting avoided, but there were no basting threads to pull out afterwards. The sleeves put in this way were also easier to stitch in by machine.

To Keep String in a Convenient Place drive a long nail through the under side of the lower shelf in the pantry so that it will project above the shelf. On this nail slip a spool that has held crochet cotton. Any twine that comes into the house may be wound on this spool, and when a piece is needed to tie a parcel it will be easily found.

To Sweep a Carpet Easily and Well this method is advised: When the room is ready for sweeping begin at one side, sweeping a breadth at a time; first with the carpet-sweeper, then, brushing carefully with the broom, sweep the dirt into the next breadth, and proceed with that as with the first. There will be little dust raised and no dirt scattered. The dustpan is used when the last breadth is swept.

A Pincushion for the Sewing-Machine. When sewing on a machine one often needs to use pins or needles or have a handy place in which to put them. Cut an oblong piece of flannel two inches by four, and at one end cut a hole the size of a pea. Slip this over the spindle where the spool of thread belongs, before the spool is put on; then you will have a place right before you in which to stick a pin.

A Good Dust-Catcher may be made from a piece of wet cheesecloth about two yards long. Immediately after a room has been swept place the wet cheesecloth on the floor. All dust floating in the room will quickly settle on it, after which the cloth should be taken up, washed out, and put away until another sweeping day. This will save much dusting of the room.

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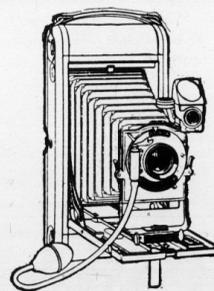


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Health in the Home

By Marion Dallas.

Once more the changing seasons have brought us the New Year. The sun's rays now fail to warm the earth, leaving us with shorter days and longer nights, frosty mornings and cool evenings.

The question has been asked: Does this change affect our human systems? Assuredly it does. Like passengers on a steamer going across the Pacific Ocean, who must adjust themselves to the changes in climate they encounter, so we find it necessary to give some heed to the change in seasons.

It is commonly thought that all the change necessary is to put on a little more clothing, close down the windows, light the fire, and we are ready for the winter. There are other things which require our attention, if we regard our health, during the winter.

The first thing is air. The problem of securing fresh air is a difficult one, because the cold weather necessarily closes windows and doors. During the summer, the majority of people live out-doors, and have become accustomed to plenty of oxygen. This supply of fresh air must be kept up. No matter about blizzards and low temperatures, fresh air must be had at any cost. To obtain this, first, every member of the household should get out-doors once a day. If business requires out-door exercises, all right. But if not, take a good brisk walk and fill the lungs with

ous air. It has been estimated that one gas light consumes as much air as seven people. Surely, then, it is important that our homes should be kept supplied with pure fresh air.

The temperature of the rooms should be carefully looked after. Thermometers should be hung in different parts of the house. The temperature of the sleeping rooms should be about forty or fifty degrees Fahrenheit. In the living rooms the temperature should be allowed to go as high as seventy, but never above eighty.

The next important thing at this time of the year is the internal use of water. During the summer we use a great deal of water. Perspiration has consumed large quantities of water, and the system has demanded drink. But now, perspiration is practically stopped. Much less water escapes from the system through the skin. This materially decreases the amount of thirst, but it does not decrease the amount of poisonous material that must be eliminated from the system.

By means of perspiration most of the uric acid poisoning escapes through the skin, but now more of this poison must find exit through the kidneys. A sudden transferring of the function of the skin to the kidneys endangers these very important organs. In the cold weather we eat more solid food; this, too, increases the amount of poison that the kidneys must eliminate. Together



Camp on Steep Rock Point, Lake Manitoaba.

fresh air. Those who work in factories or school houses should at least walk one way.

This is not all. The living rooms should be well ventilated. There are ventilators contrived which allow the air to enter the room without a direct draft. But for the benefit of those homes which do not boast of these (and, alas, there are many farm homes where ventilation is never studied), one can be made without much expense. A piece of board fitted to the lower sash, so that the length of the board is exactly the width of the window, will answer very well. The board should be about six inches wide. Raise the window and allow it to rest on the board, so that no draft can come under the window. This will produce an opening between the two window frames, so that the air will be constantly entering the room, but there will be no draft.

In the living room, where families spend most of their time, two such windows should be arranged. In the bedrooms, too, there should be such a window.

Another fact to be kept in mind, that the fire, whether it be a stove or grate, is constantly creating a poisonous gas—carbonic acid gas. If the stove or grate—it makes no difference—is not allowed free draft all the time this poisonous gas is continually escaping into the room. There must be free vent or the air will be poisoned. Don't forget this. Scientists tell us, and common sense proves it, that a house which is well aired is easier to heat than one filled with warm dead air. Let in lots of sunshine.

Artificial light, especially gas or coal oil, creates a certain amount of poison-

with the fact that the skin renders less than usual assistance, makes it a very critical time for the kidneys, especially the first few weeks of cold weather.

The kidneys ought to be assisted in this crisis. How can we assist them? Simply by drinking plenty of good, pure water. Medicines that operate upon the kidneys only do harm. Diuretics in the long run will weaken the kidneys.

A glass of pure water just before each meal is the only medicine in the world that will assist the kidneys. Some people prefer to take cold water; either hot or cold water will assist. Dyspeptics will find hot water more agreeable. A glass at bedtime would not be out of place.

Cold water should also be used every morning. Gargle the throat, and rinse out the mouth. Those who do not take a cold bath every morning should splash the neck and chest with cold water, and for those who already have nasal catarrh, sniffing cold water up the nose will be found useful. This fortifies the system against the action of the cold air.

Don't imagine these precautions are overdrawn; they are just common prudence, and are absolutely necessary to avoid the many ailments that are directly due to the winter season. It is always dangerous to catch cold. The liability to chronic and fatal disease is greatly lessened if a cold can be avoided.

If people would allow themselves plenty of fresh air for the lungs, pure water for the kidneys, catching cold would almost be a thing of the past, and families who are forever going for the doctors would get through this winter with little or no illness.

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Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Hepworth, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

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This is a **Fountain Pencil** that **Cannot Leak**, it answers every purpose and is more convenient than a fountain pen. The "Red Dwarf" Ink Pencil is a time saver for all writers, men, women or children, **business, professional or travelling.** Can be carried in **any position in any pocket, satchel or purse,** holds a large supply of ink preserved in excellent condition for an indefinite period, **never soils the fingers or clothes.** The "Red Dwarf" Ink Pencil writes as smoothly as a lead pencil and is always ready for instant and continuous use, makes legible carbon copies. Every "Red Dwarf" Ink Pencil is guaranteed in material, construction and operation.

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The Trade Supplied.

John A. Hart Co'y.,
STATIONERS,
McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.
Mention Western Home Monthly.

Actual Size Open

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—safest regulator for baby. Prevents colic and vomiting—gives healthful rest—cures diarrhoea without the harmful effects of medicines containing opium or other injurious drugs.

Cures Diarrhoea

25c.—at drug-stores.
National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Montreal.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—WORD SQUARE.
A Word Square consists of a certain number of words all of the same length, which, when arranged one beneath another, will read the same across and downward.

***** 1. Swift.
***** 2. Fragrance.
***** 3. Pertaining to the poles.
***** 4. A likeness.
***** 5. Challenged.

No. 2.—SYNCOPIATIONS.
To syncope a word means to take away one of its letters.

1. Syncope a domestic bird, and leave a female wild bird.
2. Syncope a male wild animal, and leave a covering for the head.
3. Syncope a shell-fish, and leave a part of a wheel.
4. Syncope another shell-fish, and leave a covered carriage.
5. Syncope a fresh-water fish, and leave a young wild animal.
6. Syncope another fresh-water fish, and leave an article of food.
7. Syncope an evergreen tree, and leave the same article of food.
8. Syncope an aquatic plant, and leave a color.
9. Syncope an instrument for sharpening, and leave a gardener's implement.
10. Syncope a measure of surface, and leave a unit.

No. 3.—Synonym Picture Puzzle.



The above picture illustrates a word a synonym of which is "designate." What is the word?

No. 4.—HIDDEN GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

In the following sentence find the name of a river in Russia, a town in Iowa, a river of Africa, a village in Holland and a river in Italy.

No. 5.—THE DROVER'S QUESTION.
"Please, sir, as you seem to know all about sheep, Will you tell me how many I've got?"
"O, no; a short glance, as they stand in a heap,
Wo't inform me; indeed, I cannot."
"Well, supposing that I had as many again,
Half as many, and seven, as true As you're there, it would pay me to ride up by train,
For then I should have—tell me, you."

No. 6.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



A well-known quotation.

No. 7.—METAGRAM.
First, I am an article of apparel. Change my head, and I am part of the body. Again, and I am a small nail. Again, and I am to be in want. Again, and I am a boy's nickname. Again, and I am an instrument of torture. Again, and I am a vehicle. Again, and I am a bundle.

No. 8.—SPHINX'S QUERY.
What one word expresses absence and presence at the same time?

PUZZLE.
In each of the following verses, find a suitable word to put at the beginning of the first line; prefix a letter to this word to make the first word for the second line, and, to the word so made, prefix another letter to make the first word for the third line. Proceed in like manner in order to make the words that are to be put at the ends of the lines. Then, in each verse, the beginning words will rhyme by themselves, and the ending words by themselves. Thus: if the first word of the first line were "rain," the second line might begin with "train," and the third with "strain"; and, if the last word of the first line were "asp," the second line might end with "rasp," and the third with "grasp."

— in whist, with players, is always sought by —
— by wealth, to matrons, is brought within their —
— the soldier hero, to hold the deadly —

"— give to me," says God, "that peaceful be thy —"
— shepherd! Hear you wolf! 'Ware, lest thy flock be —!
— off each wolly fleece! and take them then to —

"There was no min to the dinner. Ma'am."

— fruit the grocer sold and paper by the —
— fresh and good he sold, and coffee, tea and —
— gave he to his boy; the neighbors heard him —

No. 10.—CHARADE.
The monarch sits upon his throne;
His form is stout and strong;
With pensive air he gazes on
The vast assembled throng.

With wasted form and sunken face
In contrast to his own,
The queen sits in her usual place
Beside him on the throne.
She is my first, you will allow,
And he my last, you'll see;
And, judging from his thoughtful brow,
He too my whole must be.

No. 11.—ABBREVIATIONS.

1. Behead and curtail a sign of grief and get a knock.
2. Behead and curtail a place of justice and get a pronoun.
3. Behead and curtail a line and get a journey.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the February number of The Western Home Monthly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

No. 1. Proverb Puzzle.—Car, sabots, chimney, mouse, trace. "Christmas comes but once a year."
No. 2. Famous Men.—1. Leonidas. 2. Achilles. 3. Napoleon. 4. Nelson. 5. Wallace.

No. 3. Hidden Christmas Gifts.—Knife, top, mug, cradle, cat, cup and ball, boots, cornucopia, doll, boat, horse, rabbit, spoon, trumpet, bell.

No. 4. Steps.—Malice, sparrow, elbow, bower, errand.

No. 5. Hidden Word Puzzle.—Glee (eagle eye).

No. 6. Illustrated Rebus.—he above oppressing those beneath you. (B above op pressing those beneath u.)

No. 7.—Incomplete Sentences.—1. Easter aster. 2. Table, able. No. 8. Flower Puzzle.—1. Drummond-phlox. 2. Foxglove. 3. Daisy. 4. Bachelor's Button. 5. Pansy. 6. Candy-tuft.

We Guarantee to cure your cough or cold

No "ifs" or "buts"—just a straight statement—Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough or cold and do it quicker than anything you ever tried, or your druggist will return the purchase price. Get a bottle to-day, and cure that cough or cold.

Shiloh's cures colds and coughs

Shiloh's Cure is a safe and sure cough and cold medicine for children. It has been effecting cures for 34 years. All druggists—25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

ENTITLED TO PARTICULARS

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;
One ounce Compound Salatanone;
Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;
Mix, and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of water.

The above prescription has been found invaluable in the treatment of kidney, bladder and urinary troubles, and diseases arising therefrom, such as rheumatism, sciatica, lame back and lumbago, and we feel that the public are entitled to particulars concerning it.

A prominent physician states that the excellent results that have been obtained from the use of the mixture are due to its direct action upon the kidneys, assisting them in their work of filtering all poisonous waste matter and acids from the blood and expelling same in the urine, and at the same time restoring the kidneys to a healthy condition.

He further states that anyone suffering from afflictions of this nature will find it to be very beneficial, and suggests that it be given a trial.



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A man cannot work when his shoes pinch—when a seam rubs against his toes until it makes a corn—when a wrinkle chafes his foot constantly. With the end in view of getting away from these defects so common in many working boots we have produced the Amherst. This boot is Blucher made, of soft grain leather, on the roomy, comfortable last shown above, with even seams. Entirely made of solid leather, it guarantees durability, stability and long service—at \$3.00 a more economical working boot cannot be made. We deliver them to you pre-paid for \$3.00 Send to-day.

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is the cheapest as well as the best way out of disease. It is not difficult to apply. It can be carried in the pocket and used any time. In every form of disease, the action of the OXYDONOR is the same—it intensifies vital force.

Mr. W. B. REYNOLDS, Halifax, N. S., writes Dec. 26, 1905: "I consider your Oxydonor a little wonder. After using it a few weeks, Rheumatism, from which I was suffering for a year or more, entirely left me. No person afflicted with Rheumatism should be without one."

OXYDONOR is a necessity for every man, woman and child on earth. It will serve the family, and last a lifetime. Write for our descriptive literature. It is important you should have it.

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The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

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Veterinary Adviser. Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

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Among the Flowers.

The End of the Old Year.

In the silence and the darkness, at the dying of the year, I am counting all my jewels, with a smile and with a tear, All the joys, and sorrows that remain unto me here.

With the darkness and the silence reaching far away from me, Through the shadows of the future that my vision cannot see, In my hand I hold my jewels, but I know not what they be.

In the darkness now at midnight all my jewels seem the same, And the diamond is rayless, and the opal hath no flame; I can feel each hidden prism, but I cannot name its name.

Thus I sit amid the darkness and the silence of my tears, Softly stringing in the darkness, all the jewels of the years, Though the sapphires seem like ashes, and no opal flame appears.

But I know that all are jewels in the So I clasp them in the darkness, and I wait till I can see, When the presence of the morning shall reveal the gift to me.

The plants growing in pots given as Christmas presents are brought into bloom in the moisture-laden atmosphere of hothouses. This means a temperature at night rarely higher than sixty degrees, with a rise of five or ten degrees when the sun is shining directly upon the glass in the daytime. Now, in our own homes the temperature is more often seventy degrees than lower, with little or no moisture in the atmosphere. Thus the plant's demands for moisture at the roots are heavy so as to compensate for its lack under the new and very different conditions. It is therefore always safe to give a good watering as soon as possible after the arrival of the plants.

The only possible way that a healthy plant (if its pot is not too large) could be given too much water is when the pot is put into a jardiniere. These glazed receptacles allow very little evaporation, consequently the moisture exhales chiefly through the leaves; but even under those conditions the plants will absorb more water at their roots than has been found necessary under the skillful care of the florist or gardener.

Here are a few hints as to the treatment of the different plants most often used as Christmas gifts:

Care of the Chinese Primrose.

The Chinese primrose comes in white and in various shades of red and blue, as well as in different tones of pink. The bright reds are most frequently seen at Christmas, but all require the same treatment.

It is unusual for them to be grown in any other way than in pots. I have known these plants to continue blooming in windows all the year round. A cool room in the winter season suits this class of plants best—not higher than fifty-five degrees at night, and if the temperature drops to forty-five degrees no harm will be done. Most plants when in a cooler temperature require less water, and the Chinese primrose, while it must not be allowed to remain dry at the root more than a day or two at a time, will thrive with less water than many other plants.

In summertime it may be plunged outdoors in the garden in a shady place, and water given, generally speaking, once a day, and it may be kept in a healthy condition for at least two years without repotting. When it is deemed advisable to repot, a pot of the same size will be big enough after some of the old soil is removed.

This plant, with its delicate, thread-like roots, delights in a soil that contains at least one-third leaf-mould and two-thirds good loam to which sand and a small quantity of well-decayed stable manure has been added.

The Cyclamen as a House-Plant.

Cyclamen plants are among the most satisfactory house-plants we have, and they are becoming more popular each year as their requirements are better understood. Cyclamen flowers will last in good condition some weeks in a cool room where direct sunlight does not strike them. A temperature of fifty-five degrees at night is warm enough, and they bloom more continuously and the flowers possess more substance when produced in that temperature than in one higher.

If not allowed to become dry at the root, and if not given more water

than they need, they will keep on blooming until the weather becomes warm enough for most plants to be put outdoors. They should then be taken out of their pots and planted in the garden in some shady spot where the sun shines only early in the morning and late in the afternoon. About the middle of September they should be taken up and potted carefully, making the soil quite firm, in pots not too large—which means that if they were growing in pots six inches across before being planted out, pots of the same size will be large enough for the first potting in the fall, as there is more danger in too large a pot for this class of plants than in one too small.

Be careful not to allow the bright sun to shine on the plants at any time during their existence, excepting in dull winter months, when they will enjoy all the sun they can get.

How to Take Care of a Begonia.

While this plant, the pink begonia, called the "Gloire de Lorraine," is one of the most satisfactory Christmas plants when on its best behavior, it is really very difficult to carry through the summer.

Sometimes it drops its flowers soon after leaving the florist's store; in that event it requires patience and courage to undertake to bring it to bloom again. If the leaves remain green and buds are to be seen at the tips of the shoots there is hope and it may bloom again. It has been known to bloom in the house from Christmas until May. If it does this it should be given a rest in May, by gradually withholding water, though it should never be allowed to remain dry more than a few days at a time, when it should again receive water enough to keep the leaves and stems from wilting. As soon as new shoots begin to sprout from the base of the plant water should be given more freely and after a few inches of growth are made the old shoots should be cut away. The soil should then be replaced with fresh soil, a part of which is leaf-mould—soil from the woods.

This plant does not take kindly to outdoor treatment, and should therefore be kept indoors all the year. If it does well all winter, with its free-blooming qualities, there are very few more satisfactory plants for the home. There are many other varieties of begonias that are easy to grow, but none is so free-blooming or so cheerful as a pink in color as the "Gloire de Lorraine." There are two varieties of "Lorraine"; the one with the lighter pink flowers is the more satisfactory plant for the house.

If You Have Received an Azalea.

Azaleas are among the popular plants in flower used as Christmas presents. This plant requires an abundance of water at all times and especially if in a warm temperature. If in good health it will have an abundance of leaves, and the more of these there are exposed in a warm room, the more water will be required. As each flower fades it should be removed with its little stem clear down to the leaves; this will remove any possibility of its forming seed.

As soon as the flowers have all gone preparations should be made to cause it to send out new shoots, for on these the flower buds will be formed for the next year's crop, and to do this the plant should be kept both warm and moist; by "warm" is meant, in this case, a temperature that does not go below sixty degrees at night. And if practicable a thorough sprinkling of the leaves should be provided for each day. This will encourage the plants to make an abundance of new growths. When any one of the new growths shows a tendency to outgrow the others the point of the shoot should be carefully pinched out down to the next leaf, when in due time other shoots will grow from the base of the leaves.

When springtime comes and all danger of frost is past and the new growths have been completed, the plant may be taken outdoors and, in the full sunlight, should be "plunged" in the garden soil to the rim of the earthen pot. When the weather is hot and dry the plant will need watering at least twice a day both over leaves and at the root. There the plants may remain until quite cool weather, for the azalea will stand some few degrees of frost without serious injury. Indeed, one of the original varieties, Azalea Indica alba, has been known to live out all winter, so that in case of a sudden cold night no anxiety need be felt.

About the middle of October the plant may be removed to its winter quarters—not to the warmest room in the house, but to some room where the temperature is fifty to sixty degrees at night. Attend to its wants carefully as to water both overhead and at the roots, and in due course flowers will appear.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP cures indigestion, biliousness, constipation, headache, wind, palpitation, oppression at the chest, loss of appetite, pains after food, dizziness, blood and skin troubles, and the many other ills that arise from a disordered state of the digestive system. Why? Because it strengthens stomach, liver and bowels, cleanses your blood, and purifies your whole system.

MOTHER Seigel's Syrup

"I have used Mother Seigel's Syrup for stomach troubles, and with such benefit that three bottles completely cured me. I look upon it now as a household necessity and cannot praise it too much."—From Mrs. William Davis, Lake View, Argenteuil Co., Que., June 5, 1907.

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RUBBER COMPLEXION BULB

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The F. E. KARN CO., Limited
Cor. Queen & Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CAN.



The Home Doctor.

The New Year's Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the vallant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
—Alfred Tennyson.

The use of an egg in mixing a mustard plaster will prevent a blister

A foot-bath, provided a handful of common soda is added to the water, will very often relieve a severe headache, especially if followed by a brisk rub.

A very good salve for wounds is made of equal parts of yellow wax and sweet oil; melt slowly, stirring all the while; when it is cooling stir in a small quantity of glycerine.

Flaxseed tea, flavored with lemon, barley or rice water, is excellent for any inflammation of bladder. Spear-mint tea is also said to be one of the best remedies for an ailment of this nature.

Glycerine should never be used on the face without combining it with other complexion creams. Used clear it will invariably cause the skin to become yellow and often causes a very vigorous growth of hair.

A sure cure for a cut, wound or any sore of long standing is made by taking equal parts of alum, vinegar, honey and wheat flour, make a paste and apply to afflicted part, renewing every few hours.

In sickness, when disinfectants are needed in sinks and basins, use carbolic acid, allowing four table-spoonfuls to each pint of cold water; pour down the pipes, and let it remain half an hour before flushing.

In dressing wounds, cuts or sores of any kind, a solution of one spoonful of borax in a pint of warm water is very healing. Bind up the wound in a piece of soft linen dried out of the borax water.

It is well known that eggs taken in a raw state are very nourishing but not always pleasant to take. To any one objecting to the use of wine with the beaten egg, a drop or two of vinegar, a little salt and pepper, or even dusting of nutmeg may make it more palatable.

It is not always remembered how important a part the treatment of the feet goes toward keeping one's health in a perfect condition. An ill-fitting boot, one too large or too small, plays an important part in the good interest of the feet.

Wrinkles in a young person's face are often merely lines of congested pores, tiny lines of blackheads, which will be found upon opening a wrinkle. Steaming the face gently, afterward massaging the wrinkles easily with cold cream, will produce a wonderful effect. Steaming must not be done often, however; once a week being frequent enough.

A noted physician who has made exhaustive research and experiments is perfectly convinced that nearly every one uses up a far greater amount of vital force in all the every day acts of life than is necessary. He says that

sufficient vitality is wasted in this way to make the difference between sickness and health and between failure and success. In further explanation of this he gives two important instances: the usually incorrect posture of the body and unnecessary excessive muscular action. We should stand, walk, and move about erect and not drag a bent figure, using up thereby so much vital energy.

A French physician has recently declared that the motor-car exercise is the best cure in the whole world for tuberculosis. He claims to have cured many cases in this way. There certainly is no harm in trying the remedy if one has a motor-car at their disposal.

According to recent statements of well known physicians, who have performed autopsies on persons who have died from bowel troubles, they find that seeds of grapes and other fruits, hard, indigestible portions of popcorn, and all things of this nature, frequently cause intestinal disorders.

A simple recipe for dyspepsia cure, highly recommended, is as follows: One ounce of pulverized rhubarb. One ounce ground caraway seed. One ounce grated orange or lemon peel. Put these into a bottle with one pint of best brandy and take a table-spoonful three times a day, one hour before meals. Shake medicine well before taking.

In almost all cases of poisoning, emetics are highly useful. If one is far from a doctor the use of any of the following remedies will be found availing. Common mustard powder in warm water, not strong enough to strangle, given every few minutes is an old remedy but very effectual. Luke-warm water, or warm milk and water, flax-seed, slippery elm tea, chalk-water, any of these liquids in a tepid state will bring about vomiting. The subsequent management of the case will, of course, be in the hands of the physician.

The egg is considered one of the very best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable Nature to assume her healthful sway over the diseased body. An egg taken like an oyster, with pepper and vinegar, has been known to be retained on the stomach when everything else has failed.

Moist or liver patches are caused by slow digestion or a sluggish liver. A course of soda phosphate taken for two weeks will clear out the system and stimulate the liver into healthier action. A teaspoonful of the powder in a cup of hot water taken every morning before breakfast is usually sufficient, but it may be taken before each meal if there is obstinate constipation. The juice of half a lemon makes the drink more palatable. Externally an ointment to the skin will assist Nature in removing the discoloration. Bathe the face at night with warm water using a complexion brush and pure soap if necessary to remove soil and use an ointment composed of one drachm of white precipitate, one ounce cocoa butter, half an ounce of sweet almond oil thoroughly mixed by melting the cocoa butter. Apply a little to each spot and rub it in. Do this each night until the skin begins to peel slightly. A little sweet oil applied through the day will prevent soreness.

Graying Hair.

When a woman's hair begins to turn gray before it is supposed that she is old enough for such a change, she begins to worry for fear it may make her "look old." But gray hair does not make a woman look old. Many very young faces go with whitening hair, and if the hair is taken care of, kept clean and glossy and becomingly arranged, it is generally a mark of distinction to the young, and a great beautifier to the ageing.

To check a cold quickly get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventives. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventives, for they are not only safe, but decidedly effective and prompt. Preventives contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventives will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe etc. Hence the name, Preventives. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventives 25 cents. Trial boxes 5 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

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are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

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Drunkards Cured

Any Lady Can Do Nothing



A new tasteless and can be given secretly by workers. It does its work that while the devoted looks on, the drunkard against his will and wand Many have been cured

FREE TRIAL
A free trial pack of Golden Remedy will be plain wrapper, if you and address on blank the coupon and mail it Haines, 1487 Glen Building. You can then prove it and easily it can God-send it will be to

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN HOMESTEAD ACTS

ANY one numbered Lands in Manitoba, Alberta, excepting 8 and be homesteaded by an head of a family, or an age, to the extent of 100 acres, more or less.

Application for entry by the applicant at a 1 or Sub-agency for the d is situate. Entry by proxy at an Agency on certain mother, son, daughter, intending homesteader.

The homesteader is a homestead duties under plans:—

(1) At least six months cultivation of the land years.

(2) A homesteader must form the required residence farming land owned solely eighty (80) acres in extent homestead. Joint ownership meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or deceased) of a homestead residence on farming land, not less than eight in the vicinity of the homestead entered for such homesteader may duties by living with the

(4) The term "vicinity" paragraphs is defined than nine miles in all the width of road all measurement.

(5) A homesteader in accordance while living with parcel owned by himself must the district of such intent

Six months' notice in to the Commissioner Ottawa of intention to

Deputy of the Minister N.B.—Unauthorized advertisement will not be



PHYSICIANS REMEDY CO.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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Boys and Girls.

Comet Becomes a Star.

It was a miserable day. The wind was blowing hard, and pelted the rain-drops into people's faces spitefully. Little Reid and Gretchen knew that, of course, they would ride Comet to school that day, as they always did on rainy days.

Comet was a beautiful young horse—chestnut sorrel, with a white face and a long, heavy, light-colored mane and tail. It was her long tail that gave her the name of "Colt" until old Mr. Richards had said of her one day: "Humph! she's like a comet, mostly tail." And Comet she was called.

She knew the value of her load when the children were perched on her back, and she stepped along carefully, yet always carrying her head proudly.

On this raw morning the children, all wrapped up, mounted the old saddle on Comet's back—Reid in front, Gretchen behind. "Girls don't know how to drive," he said. And timid Gretchen was only too glad to ride behind, and clasp her twin brother close about the waist.

So papa opened the gate and they passed out. He left the gate open, knowing that Comet would gallop home again by herself, as was her habit; and they started off as usual.

Now, the wind blowing Comet's beautiful tail, always full of waves and wrinkles, seemed to put a thought into the head of the mischief-making, curly red calf; for he started off after them with a wicked bellow, and galloped along behind Comet for some distance. Then he stopped abruptly, while the children laughed loudly at his foolish antics.

When they had reached the school-house stile, Comet, who had been nicely trained, rubbed her shining sides against the steps as close as she could, and the children climbed off. Then Reid fastened the bridle over the saddle pommel, gave the chestnut neck a few loving pats and said: "Now Comet, go home and get in out of this cold wind; and come after us in time, when papa starts you off this afternoon."

"Just look at her pretty tail, Reid," said Gretchen. "The wind blows as if it would blow it off. What if it should get caught in the barbed wire fence?" she continued, as she saw the beautiful tail blown by the wind.

"Oh, leave her alone, and she'll go home, carrying her tail behind her, like Bo-peep's sheep," said Reid, with a boy's tone of superiority.

And, to be sure, Comet had no other intention than that of making good Reid's prediction. But the ugly red calf, with only a little red-and-white wisp of a tail, and a rough coat, had intentions of another sort.

Before the chestnut mare had covered the half mile that lay between the Gray homestead and the schoolhouse it began to snow heavily—a wet snow that pelted tiny cubes down right angrily. The red calf meekly turned into a fence corner, as his habit was, to stand the storm as best he might. But when Comet came galloping along, with head stretched forward as if racing with the storm, and her mane and tail blown and separated into light, gold wisps, he was seized with the same jealousy that he had experienced before, and, forgetful of the cold, he turned and followed the animal, uttering a series of ugly, low bellows.

Now, the door leading into Comet's warm stable had blown shut, all unknown to papa or Grandfather Gray. So, when she reached the barn, she could only stick her head in over the low door, and stand whining for some one to come to her relief; but nobody came. And Comet just reached her nose in as far as she could and stood there. She gave a few little kicks of annoyance at the calf, which had followed her, and now stood at her heels; and she neighed from time to time, and seemed to wonder what her kind master meant by thus barring her out.

When school had closed in the afternoon, and the pupils ventured out to start for their homes through the snowstorm, they found an odd-looking creature waiting at the stile. It was a chestnut sorrel animal, with drooping head and a mere stump of a tail. It looked like a mule; but Reid after gazing in wonder for a moment, exclaimed, "It's Comet!"

"Where's her tail?" was asked in chorus by a dozen children. Howard Wright, son of a stockman, said it had probably been chewed off by a calf; he had heard of such things.

Gretchen cried as if her heart would break. Mr. Smiley, the teacher, came out to learn the trouble. He was sorry, too, for good, intelligent Comet had scores of friends, and her trick of going alone, decked out with saddle and bridle, for the children on bad evenings could not fail to please the teacher. "Don't cry, dear," he said to Gretchen. "She has been a good Comet but now she is a star," and he patted the shining neck fondly. "A star is much more useful and desirable than a comet, which is a mere straggler in the sky. But everybody loves

a steadfast, brilliant star. And now," he continued, as he set Gretchen in her place behind Reid, "her name henceforth must be Star; and we will all treat her royally, and make her forget her trouble while a new tail is growing out."

Reid said, soberly: "I am glad she can't see herself as others see her now."

"Yes," said Mr. Smiley, laughing. "It is a fine thing for us all that we can't see our shortcomings." And he emphasized the word in such a manner that the children laughed, and the crowd broke up gayly.

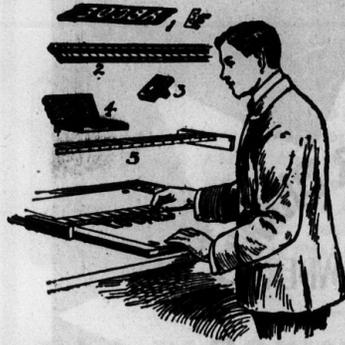
How to Make a Stamping Outfit.

Get an old rubber boot and a piece of stiff cardboard. Find some good style of letter, all capitals, or both upper and lower case. The best style to follow is the block letter, for you are to copy separately all the letters of the alphabet on the cardboard. If the set is to be all capitals, a good size would be an inch and a half high by three-fourths wide, with the exception of M, A and W, which should be one and one-quarter inches wide. You can easily find in the pages of the daily newspapers a style of letter that you can copy.

Having drawn the alphabet, cut out each letter carefully with a pair of sharp scissors. Take the old boot and cut it into strips. You will not need the heel or sole; it is the smooth rubber above the ankle you are after. You will find that the inside is lined with a sort of flannel which sticks to the rubber and gives it an added thickness. Now, take some thin paste and lightly gum the letters on the smooth side of the rubber strips (Fig. 1). Be sure to allow for the way your letters are going to print. You must lay them in the opposite position to the way they face when printed. (See Fig. 1).

Having followed the above directions, cut out the rubber along the edges of each cardboard letter, which serves as a pattern. When this is done, remove the cardboard and you will have a duplicate letter in rubber. Repeat this process with the rest of the alphabet.

The next step is to mount the rubber alphabet. Get a smooth length of thin board, two or three feet long, two inches wide and half an inch thick. Divide the board into twenty-three



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Deafness Specialist Sprule, author of this desirable work, has for twenty-one years been making a thorough investigation of Deafness and Head Noises, and his successful new cure for Deafness is the reward of all his patient study. Now he wishes every one who suffers from Deafness in any degree to learn how science can conquer this cruel affliction.

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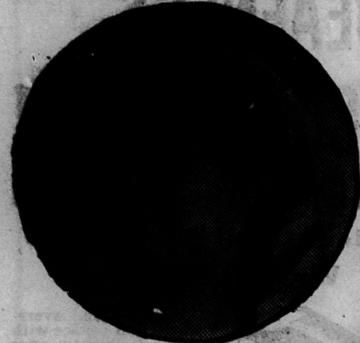
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treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 88 WINDSOR, Ont.

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Woman and the Home.

A Logical Deduction.

"The day of careless childhood. So mortals clamor when they grow a trifle older. Ah, we were happy then!"

"When we were youths and maidens. These mortals all aver When they are much mature, 'How very glad we were!'"

"When we were men and women." Grown older, they agree. "In prime of life how happy. How happy, happy we!"

And ever backward glance they. Unto the very end; The seasons given are seasons That all do most commend.

Of which plain facts the logic Is patent and sublime; We're always happy, though we Don't know it at the time!

The Better Way.

The work which Judge Lindsey has done and continues to do in the juvenile court which he caused to be established in Denver, should be an object lesson to parents of the greatest value, and lead them to better understand how to guide their children on through the years of youth to manhood and womanhood. Judge Lindsey's method is not new. He simply appeals to the better nature of the erring boys and girls, makes them feel that he is their friend and counsellor, and puts them on their honor to help them to better the conditions of life in the city by themselves conforming with the rules and ordinances in accordance with their own sense of right and justice, and leads them to form ideal standards for themselves.

This any parent may do with any boy or girl, no matter how indolent, obstinate or rebellious may be the child's attitude, that is old enough to be reasoned with.

The indolent lad and lass will be ashamed of laziness when shown the need of their help and how much more comfortable the home may be, or more productive the farm, with their cheerful assistance. And when they realize that their services are valued and appreciated they will need to be held back instead of urged on.

If John is told that if he can be depended upon to do certain chores daily and a certain part of the farm work regularly, the acreage of crops may be increased the coming season, and the income from the farm accordingly, which will enable him as well as his father to carry out some cherished plan, he will quickly respond, and if treated as considerably as a man would be in his place, will prove himself faithful and manly.

If Jane is made her mother's confidant, and allowed to help make the plans, she will promise to do faithfully and well her share of the work in order that her garden or the poultry yard or the berry patch may be increased and made to yield larger returns with which to add to her own and to her mother's wardrobes, or furnish the living room or parlor, or buy a musical instrument.

How many of us elders would enjoy being at the beck and call of others, and be told to do this and that with no apparent thanks or appreciation of our efforts and no perceptible reward?

Treat the boys and girls as if they were little men and women, your confidants and co-workers, subject to your guidance only because of your riper years and greater wisdom and experience in life, and there will be no indolence, rebellion or impertinence, but a mutual sharing in all things for the common good and the happiness of the home.

Joseph Jefferson's Cheerful Philosophy of Life.

We spoke of happiness. "Joy," I said, "was the God of our household. No one was permitted to hang crepe on the door of our feelings."

"That's the proper way," he made answer. "Happiness is the religion of our family. To begin with, we take all the comic papers. No one is permitted to read aloud, and he is begged not to read, even to himself, about the mangled corpse of the father and the roasted bodies of the babies—subjects with which the daily papers disgustingly teem."

How One Woman Keeps Young.

How to keep young is one of the questions of perennial interest to the feminine mind. Amelle Rives, the noted author, who is said to look like a girl in her teens, recently told of her reply to a physician who wrote her to send him the secret of what he called her perpetual youth. "I wrote back that he must consider the cost," she said. "It is a cost that few of his fashionable patients would make, for I rise at 7 or 7:30, ride or walk in the country

roads, live close to my books, see few people and retire at 10. What fashionable woman could endure my life? I remember thinking about it one winter morning when I was walking along, the crisp, crackling snow under my feet, the fairy outline of a gossamer frost revealing every twig of bush and tree, and I was so invigorated and happy I could have whistled like a boy with delight; but, if I had been a woman of fashion, I couldn't have endured the silence, the empty distances, the quiet; why, a woman of fashion would die in my place, and I am quite sure that I should in hers." It is in such solitude and close communion—an old-fashioned rambling country home in Albermarle county, Virginia—that much of Amelle Rives' literary work is done, although Selene, published by the Harpers, in which she has established her right to be ranked among the great poets, was written in Italy.

Love in the Household.

Love is the wind, the tide, the waves, the sunshine. Its power is incalculable; it is many horsepower. It never ceases, it never slacks; it can move with the globe without a resting place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within, which will dispense with a paradise without. But, though the wisest men in all ages have labored to publish this force, and every human heart is, sooner or later, more or less made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to social ends. True, it is the power of all successful social machinery; but as in physics, we have made the elements do only a little drudgery for us, steam to take the place of a few horses, wind of a few oars, water of a few cranks and hand mills; as the mechanical forces have not yet been generally applied to make the physical world answer to the ideal, so the power of love has been meanly and sparingly applied, as yet.

But it ain't jes' seemin' the good in folks and sayin' nice things when you're feelin' good. The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', and to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to it like thinkin' more 'bout other folks than about yourself. — Mrs. Wiggs, in "Lovey Mary."

Free the Children.

A carefree childhood and an education for every child will be secured when, and only when, its parents are granted a living wage for their toil. When manufacturers and other employers are compelled to pay a fair price for the labor that enriches them will the shackles of the slavery poverty enforces be from the limbs of little children. How gladly would every parent watch his children skipping gaily through the sunlight to school, were it not that the necessity for bread to sustain life dooms them to labor in dark corners.

The investigation of the child labor question has only begun when the children who toil under such heart-rending conditions are found. Those who furnish them employment should be interviewed, their names and methods published, and such public prejudice excited against the purchase of goods of any description on which child labor has been employed that there would be no market for them. The laborer should be encouraged to demand at least a living wage, and this demand, properly backed by public sentiment, could not be ignored. And then would the little children be freed.

When a crowd of women are talking, if you listen long enough, you will hear about some one getting thin.

When old people and young people get together, they have as hard a time carrying on a conversation as if they talked in different languages.

Every man has his cross days; days when he is mean and cross. And he knows that he has been guilty of an indiscretion that resulted in his being cross and mean. Good health is the greatest thing in the world; it's a wonder there is not more striving for it.

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Among the many good qualities which Parneelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

HOUSE SUPERVISED

Turnip Bissoles.—Cider, drain, mash, season with a little sugar, balls, dip in beaten crumbs, and fry in

Baked Onions.—Selections, peel, wash clean, a baking dish; half water. On top of each slice of bacon. Bake until done.

Brown Onion Soup.—Slowly in covered dish. Use the dark brown out. Put onion through add one part cream, part water. Salt to

Ginger Bread.—One cup lard, one cup of cup sour milk, three spoonful ginger, or cinnamon, three to four cups flour.

Graham Bread.—One sour milk, half cup size of walnut, one white flour, two cups one teaspoonful salt; oven.

Snow Cake.—Quarter cup sugar, two cup milk, one and a half baking powder; flavoured butter, adding granulated vanilla. Beat eggs, milk, flour and eggs.

Jelly Roll.—One egg, sugar, two or three milk, three-quarters ing powder, pinch salt (good measure) flour, roll while warm. T inches.

Raised Rolls.—One dough, when it is more raisin; mould in a sugar, one-quarter tea one teaspoonful of b and mould again and bake. These are very

Doughnuts.—One a of sugar, two cups of tablespoonfuls of but little salt, two teasp powder, and four e and cut into shape, which is hot but no

Cream Cake.—One sugar, one egg, one salt, one cupful sour one-quarter cupful spoonful soda. Add cream; when it foam beaten, next the su the flour. Bake in a

Cornmeal Fone.—M into a soft dough on ern cornmeal, sifted of salt, one tablespo lard melted. Moul with the hands and oven, in well-grease eaten hot. The crust

Fricassee of Parnelee in milk until tender three inch lengths white sauce made of meat broth, a bit of ful of cream, a litt flour to thicken, an salt. Serve the mo comes from the fire.

Sausage Eggs.—Bo fresh eggs till ha shells, and divide Cover the eggs entire sausage meat, dip then bread crumbs, brown. Drain careful egg on a piece of f are always acceptabl

Corn Chowder.—Pa good-sized potatoes slice two medium-s through the center o row of one dozen press out the pulp, of a saucepan with layer of onions, ano sprinkling of salt an dish with layers i having the corn last of boiling water, c and cook slowly fo Rub together a tab ter and three tabl and bring to a boil milk. Add to the together without bre and bring to the bo add six water cracke pieces and cover t minutes. Stir in at the yolk of an egg spoonfuls of cream.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Turnip Bissoles.—Cook turnips tender, drain, mash, season with salt, pepper and a little sugar. Roll into small balls, dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Baked Onions.—Select fine, large onions, peel, wash clean and arrange in a baking dish; half fill with boiling water. On top of each onion lay a thin slice of bacon. Bake in a steady oven until done.

Brown Onion Soup.—Bake five onions slowly in covered dish for three hours. Use the dark brown juice which oozes out. Put onion through colander and add one part cream, one part milk, one part water. Salt to taste and heat.

Ginger Bread.—One cup sugar, one cup lard, one cup dark molasses, one cup sour milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful ginger, one-half tablespoon cinnamon, three teaspoonfuls soda, four cups flour.

Graham Bread.—One large cup of sour milk, half cup of sugar, lard the size of walnut, one egg, half cup of white flour, two cups of graham flour, one teaspoonful salt; bake in very slow oven.

Snow Cake.—Quarter cup butter, one cup sugar, two egg whites half cup milk, one and a half teaspoons baking powder; flavor to taste, cream butter, adding gradually sugar and vanilla. Beat eggs to stiff froth, add milk, flour and eggs.

Jelly Roll.—One egg, one-third cupful sugar, two or three large spoonfuls milk, three-quarters teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt, one-half cupful (good measure) flour. Put on jelly and roll while warm. Tin used 9 by 5½ inches.

Raised Bolls.—One quart of bread dough, when it is moulded for the last raising; mould in a cupful of maple sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of butter. Let it rise and mould again and cut out, rise and bake. These are very nice.

Doughnuts.—One and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter; four eggs, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour enough to roll out and cut into shape. Fry in deep fat which is hot but not burning.

Cream Cake.—One cupful of maple sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cupful sour cream, one and one-quarter cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful soda. Add the soda to the cream; when it foams add the egg well beaten, next the sugar and salt, last the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

Cornmeal Fone.—Mix with cold water into a soft dough one quart of Southern cornmeal, sifted, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter or lard melted. Mould into oval cakes with the hands and bake in a very hot oven, in well-greased pans. To be eaten hot. The crust should be brown.

Fricassee of Parsnips.—Boil parsnips in milk until tender, cut them into three inch lengths and simmer in a white sauce made of two spoonfuls of meat broth, a bit of mace, half a cupful of cream, a little butter, enough flour to thicken, and a seasoning of salt. Serve the moment the mixture comes from the fire.

Sausage Eggs.—Boil three or four fresh eggs till hard. Remove the shells, and divide each egg in two. Cover the eggs entirely with a layer of sausage meat, dip into beaten egg, then bread crumbs, and fry a golden brown. Drain carefully, and serve each egg on a piece of fried bread. These are always acceptable at breakfast.

Corn Chowder.—Pare and cut four good-sized potatoes into dice; peel and slice two medium-sized onions. Cut through the center of the kernels each row of one dozen ears of corn and press out the pulp. Line the bottom of a saucepan with potatoes, add a layer of onions, another of corn and a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Fill the dish with layers in the same order, having the corn last. Add half a pint of boiling water, cover the saucepan and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Rub together a tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour and bring to a boil with one pint of milk. Add to the chowder. Mix all together without breaking the potatoes and bring to the boiling point. Then add six water crackers broken in small pieces and cover the kettle for five minutes. Stir in at the last moment the yolk of an egg, with two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Lemon Crackers.—Three cups of granulated sugar, one cup of lard, two eggs well beaten, one pint of sweet milk, three cents worth baker's ammonia, five cents worth lemon oil; mix well, roll out very thin, cut with a square cutter and prick with a fork; bake in a very moderate oven.

Pickled Oysters.—Rinse the oysters in their liquor, strain it upon them, and let them come to a boil; then take them out of the liquor to cool. Prepare pure cider vinegar by boiling it with peppers, a little salt, mace, cloves, and nutmeg, and when perfectly cold pour it over the oysters, and keep them in a covered stone jar.

Beef Loaf.—Two pounds finely ground beefsteak, one or two beaten eggs, three soda or six small crackers rolled fine, salt, pepper; mix thoroughly and form into a loaf. Put into a pan with a little hot water and small bits of butter. Cover and bake one hour. Before quite done remove, cover and brown.

Chocolate Fudge.—One cup granulated sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup grated chocolate, butter the size of small egg, mix, put on stove and let boil ten minutes, stirring all the time; when done add one-half cup butternut meats, chopped, stir and beat a short time, pour on a buttered tin, check in squares and eat. Fine.

Raisin Puff Pudding.—Two eggs, two cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of cooked raisins, steam half an hour and serve. **Pudding Sauce.**—One tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, pour over all hot water, stir and boil until thick, add lemon flavoring and a tablespoonful of vinegar.

Fruit Gems.—One cup brown sugar, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup butter, one egg, one-half cup sour milk, one cup chopped raisins, one-half teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, a very little clove, one teaspoonful soda sifted with flour enough to stir quite thick, drop with spoon in dripping pan, or in gem pans; shake sugar over the top before baking. (I use a salt shaker for sugar; it is handy).

Pork Fruit Cake.—One cup sugar; one cup molasses, one cup boiling water, one and one-half cups raisins and currants, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, clove and saleratus, one cup finely chopped pork (it must be fresh). Put your pork nicely minced in the pan you intend to mix your cake in, pour your boiling water over it, then add your molasses, sugar, etc. This is a well tested recipe.

German Coffee Cake.—Take a pint of sponge, knead into it one-half a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful cinnamon, roll into a sheet one and one-half inches thick. Place this in a baking tin, wet the top with sweet milk, cover with sugar and bits of butter, and sprinkle over with cinnamon. Let it rise and bake in a moderate oven. Very good eaten cold or hot.

Banana Short-cake.—Banana short-cake is a very good substitute for strawberry short-cake and is made in exactly the same manner. The cake is baked, cut open and spread with butter. The bananas, sliced and sugared, are put between the layers and over the top if preferred. Like strawberry short-cake, this is much improved if whipped cream is poured over it, but, like strawberry short-cake again, it is delicious without cream.

Peanut Candy.—After shelling your peanuts, take the same quantity of granulated sugar that you have of the nuts. Put the sugar into a hot spider over the fire, stirring it briskly all the time, and when it is thoroughly dissolved, take from the fire and immediately stir in the nuts, which have been chopped fine. Pour on a buttered platter and spread out thin. Any kind of nuts may be used in the same way, always measuring before the meats are chopped.

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

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"SALADA"

Packed in sealed lead packets, which preserve its many excellent qualities,

BLACK MIXED GREEN
LEAD PACKETS ONLY. Blue label 40c., Red label 50c.
AT ALL GROCERS and Gold label 60c. per lb.

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JAMS
JELLIES
ORANGE
MARMALADEAre Made from
the Finest and Freshest
Fruit

Sold By Grocers Everywhere

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To make good pickles depends largely on the Vinegar used. Blackwood's have stood the test for the past fifteen years and have been acknowledged the best by competent judges.

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THE BLACKWOODS, Limited.
WINNIPEG.

Driving to Town:

You don't often find time to drive to town—too busy—lots of work around the farm—hard work at that—

However when you do get in to make your purchases be sure and take back with you a large tin of

"Crown" brand Corn
Table Syrup

Wife and children will thank you.

Edwardsburg Starch Co. Ltd., Montreal.

About the Farm.

How the Kettle Sang.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do—
I wish it would sing of a lion slain—
Of a pirate crew on the Spanish main—
Of a clipper ship on the sea way, high,
With a cabin boy, and the Boy was I—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do,
Of a little girl in a bonnet red,
Saved by a prince from a hydra head
That lurked in the corn that towered
high,
And the girl was She and the prince
was I—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do—
I wish it would sing of war's alarms,
The booming of cannon and clash of
arms—
Of a blue-clad boy where the strife ran
high,
With face to the steel and willing to
die—
Just as it used to do.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do,
The lyrics it crooned and the tales it
told—
But the hearth is chill and the years
are old,
The fancies it whispered have all taken
wing,
And never again the kettle will sing
Just as it used to do!

Climb up Out of the Valley.

It is a good thing now and then to
get up on a high place and look out
over the world. We need to do it.
Living down in the valley, with fogs
and the damp, gives sheep the snuffles.
Just so with men folks. The world is
full of men with the snuffles.

It does me good, sometimes, to leave
the valley and climb away up to the
hills at the back end of my farm, and
look down. Seems to me the old place
never looks so good as when I am up
there where I can look at it from a
distance.

The house looks as neat as a pin.
The big red barn seems a perfect pal-
ace for the cattle. The trees about the
buildings give just enough of variety
to make the landscape as pretty as a
picture. Even the hens' cackling and
the rooster's crowing sound like sweet
music to me as I stand away up there
and listen. Everything is still about
me. A kind of lonely, homesick feeling
tugs at my heart, and I go down with
new life coursing all through me and
with new resolves in my mind.

Just now we are standing at the very
peak of the year. Don't you think it
would be a good thing for us to get
up out of the valley a little while and
take a look at the world from a stand-
point different from that of every day?
Too many of us dwell on the low-
lands of life. We keep our faces turn-
ed toward the ground, digging away as
if life depended upon it, until we for-
get that there is such a thing as a star
overhead or bright sunshine all about
us, or a Kind Hand leading us all the
time.

There is something about an old
mowing machine, as it stands on ex-
hibition, that makes me feel like tak-
ing off my hat. All around are the
new, bright and shiny machines that
are being made to-day. They do rather
beat the old one, when it comes to
good looks. No doubt they are able to
cut more grass in a day than the old
one.

And yet, that old one, with the paint
all knocked off, its knives all battered
up and its tongue spliced, once took
the lead in a grand procession. Do you
remember the first time you ever drove
around the ten-acre lot, with the horses
fairly dancing at the sound of that
wonderful thing clattering along be-
hind them? You never expected to
see a better machine than that, did
you?

But you have. And now, I wonder if
we appreciate the splendid machines of
the present time as we ought. Living
down in the valley we have gotten so
used to the modern, up-to-date ways of
living that we do not really know what
a great day we are in.

If a man is honest and tells what he
really thinks, he can't help seeing that
this is the best day this old world of
ours ever has seen. The trouble is, we
need to climb up out of the fog and
mist and get where we can see things
as they really are.

I had a neighbor who lived a great
deal of the time away back in the past.
He used to tell me, with a sigh of de-
light, how his mother would make up
a great lot of Johnny-cakes and stand
them on end in the old cupboard, and
when he got hungry he would go and
sharpen his teeth on a cake.

"But I tell you, these are better
times than we had then!" he said. "I
would not want to go back. There is
more fun in living now."

And he is right. Only our eyes are
dimmed so that we do not always see
that it is so.

And what has dimmed the? Ah, you
And what has dimmed them? Ah, you
shine of the dollar.

When we were children we used to
sit and look into the fire in the eve-
ning. Mother would let us pull open
the big door in front over the hearth
and poke the coals down, and we would
look at them till we could see ships
and camels and houses and castles.

But when we had sat there with our
eyes on the dazzling fire too long, and
would look up into the room, we could
see nothing except the shadows.

That is what has happened to us since
we—oh, Gee, I'm running away with
myself. I'd better ring off—Mamma's
Boy.

Prepare the Home for Winter.

Make the home warm and comfortable
for winter, but do not fail to provide
for a controlled circulation of fresh
air. Each room should have one storm
window on hinges that it may be
opened to admit air "when the wind is
right"—when it will not blow directly
in. If the house is small and the
rooms open into one another, one
hinged window on each side of the
house will answer the purpose.

Bank around the foundation if neces-
sary to keep out the frost and cold
winds, and prevent drafts along the
floor and undesired places, but for the
good health of the family provide for
a free circulation of fresh air.

Farmers are accused by the "hy-
gienic cranks" of shutting up their
houses so tightly in winter as to make
them real breeders of disease, compell-
ing the inmates to breathe the same
air over and over, the only inlet for
fresh air being the doors, often only
one door, when it has to be opened to
go out and in. Air once inhaled is ex-
haled laden with impurity and has
been exhausted of its oxygen, yet

ments. Those that live in big cities
know how wearing are the stone pave-
ments on the feet, and legs of the
heavy draft horses. The pavements
are not only of stone, but the said
pavements are frequently dug up and
not properly replaced. The streets are
a string of hollows and mounds, and
in wet weather the tendons and ankles
of the horses are badly strained by
missteps on such pavements. It is a
common sight to see a horse "down"
in the stone-paved streets of Montreal.
The horse rises again, generally, but
the effects of the shock remain."

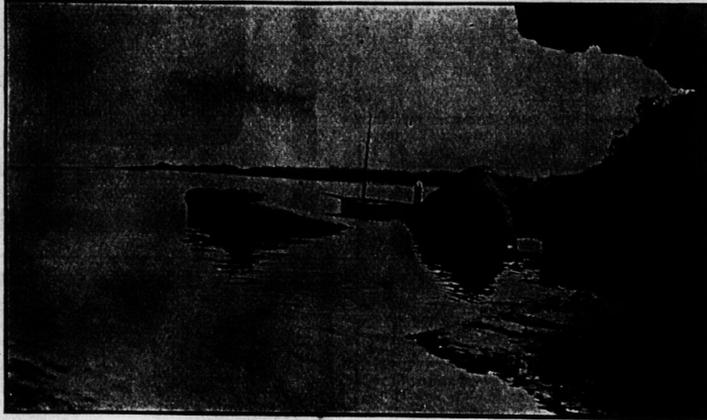
Reports from London, Paris and
Berlin, say that hundreds of thousands
of these big horses are being worn out
every year. This is the reason that the
price for heavy drafters remains high
and promises to go higher. The area
of city land is increasing as are the
inhabitants of the cities. The firms
that use such horses are increasing in
number or are enlarging their opera-
tions. It does not require a prophet to
assure us that in all the coming years
of this generation the heavy draft
horses especially will be in demand.
The coachers and the drivers will be
effected more or less by the automo-
bile, but not so the drafters of good
weight.

A Happy Rendezvous.

Allow your boys and girls to sub-
scribe for good magazines and to buy
a new book occasionally. Have music
of some kind, and consider it a duty
you owe your children to give them an
education. If they have a talent for
music give them music lessons; if for
drawing, give them lessons in draw-
ing; or if any of them show a talent
for any of the arts cultivate that
talent to the best of your ability.

If you would have the farm home a
happy rendezvous have it well lighted;
oil is much cheaper than to have your
children wander off, you know not
where, for they will go where it is
bright and attractive.

Allow them to invite their friends to
their home and assist in the entertain-
ing. Do not call your children up in



Steep Rock Point, Lake Manitoba.

many families sleep in rooms into
which fresh air is not admitted from
the beginning of cold weather until
the returning warmth of spring com-
pels the opening of windows for com-
fort.

If necessary to protect from drafts
provide more bed covers and wear
heavy nightcaps, but sleep with the
windows open, as you value health and
long life. A screen before the win-
dow will protect from a dangerous
draft, and if nothing better is at hand
place a blanket or quilt over the
clothes frames, or two chairs, which
will answer the purpose. Use judg-
ment as to how wide the windows
shall be opened, according to whether
the wind blows in or not.

No home is properly prepared for
the winter in which some provision
has not been made for a constant cir-
culation of fresh air, which is one of
the surest and cheapest preventives of
disease. There is life and health in
every breeze that blows if the win-
dows are but opened to receive it.

Wearing Out Horse Flesh.

That the demand for first-class
horses is to continue is certain. The
very fact that fine horses are all the
time being worn out in our great
cities is proof enough that the demand
for big, heavy draft horses, as well as
good driving horses and coachers, will
never be less. The cities of Canada
are increasing in number and size, and
the miles of stone pavements are be-
ing increased yearly. The big draft
horses have to work on these pave-
ments, and they do not get much of a
vacation at any time of year.

The driving horses get a vacation
often. Sometimes they are sent to the
country and put to pasture for months.
This saves their strength. But it is
not so with the draft horses and is not
so with the expressers and coach
horses. These have to toil from one
year's end to another. Though their
work may not be excessive, yet the
feet of the horses have to stand the
constant pounding on the stone pave-

the morning at four o'clock to feed the
horses or milk the cows; it does not
make the morning very attractive for
them, and in time they will dislike the
farm. Give them time to live, and take
time yourself to see a pretty sunset, a
bright flower by the wayside or listen
to the happy notes of the birds.

Unless the farm home can be made
a happy meeting place do not be sur-
prised if the boys and girls turn their
faces toward the city disgusted with
life on the farm. If they hear only
the song of work, work, work from
sunrise until sunset it becomes monotonous
and they see that each day
brings them no nearer the goal than
the day before so they lose interest
and grow dissatisfied with their daily
duties and cares.

A holiday now and then, a pleasant,
cheerful greeting each morning, work
seasoned with a little sport all along
the way is cheaper than having your
children go to the city.

Rest Room for Country Shoppers.

The desirability and even necessity
of providing rest rooms in towns for
country shoppers is a subject much
discussed just now by local news-
papers and other periodicals. The fol-
lowing which comes to us an ex-
change clipping, presents the situation
graphically:

"In the average country town there
is no place for the shoppers, especially
the women, to rest.

"It is not satisfying for Mrs. Henry
Brown to sit out in a double box wag-
on, while Brown is out attending to
some business. The three or four
children in the bottom of the wagon
don't appreciate the situation very
much either.

"So the next time Farmer Brown
wants to come to town the better half
stays home, and while he is gone she
looks through a convenient catalog
and makes out a big order to be sent
to the long distance shops. And may
be after all the farmer's wife isn't so
much to blame, either.

"You are the man, Mr. Merchant,
who has let that woman's trade slip by
your store, and along with her, hun-
dreds of others. And the reason is the
lack of a comfortable place in your
store. A place where the wife and
children can lounge around, enjoy a
magazine, write a letter or enjoy any
other convenience the merchants care
to install.

"It is not a very expensive proposi-
tion, either, and the returns will be
many fold. Perhaps four or five of
your best minded competitors and
neighboring merchants can be induced
to maintain a general rest room. If
that is the case, so much the better.
But by all means, don't allow your
country trade to come into your town
and be forced to stay out in the street
for lack of place to pass their leisure
moments."

A recent number of Collier's Weekly
contained the following description of
a rest room visited by a correspondent,
which might be taken as a model and
be conducted by either an association
of merchants as suggested in the pre-
ceding article, or by a woman's organ-
ization, as described:

"I went down a step or two into a
beautifully clean whitewashed room.
There was a rug on the cement floor,
and muslin curtains at the windows.
Half a dozen rockers and several
other easy chairs were in this room;
the table was spread with the latest
magazines and the local papers; there
were a few shelves of books on the
wall, some more than agreeable pic-
tures, and a clock which was really
keeping time.

"Out of this room opened an apart-
ment supplied with three long tables,
twenty or more dining chairs and a
sofa. The tables were covered with
clean newspaper and on them were
spread the luncheons which the farm
women had taken from their baskets.
Opening out of the sitting room was a
large toilet, generously supplied with
clean towels, soap, combs, etc. A
motherly woman presided over these
rooms and supplied me with a drink of
water, a fan and some excellent infor-
mation.

"The idea originated with the wom-
en's club of that place, and they
maintained the rooms with funds
raised by entertainments and subscrip-
tions. The matron in charge is paid a
regular monthly salary and is employ-
ed the year around to make herself
useful to visitors. The rest room is so
popular that Oskaloosa draws trade
for miles and miles they would not
otherwise get, and when merchants are
asked for subscriptions to the rest
room now they give cheerfully and
liberally."

How to Do Things.

Many persons like the flavor of
sausage added to the bread stuffing for
turkey, along with a little onion and
parsley.

The food chopper is a wonderful help
in grating horseradish, not only sav-
ing time and doing better work, but
saving tears.

Never throw wooden clothes-pins on
the ground, as they will soon turn
black and decay. Keep them in a bag
made of ticking; sew a handle of the
same material at the top.

Musty sponges are very disagreeable
things to have about the house. Keep
them clean. After one is used, fill it
several times with clean water and
squeeze it dry. Then put it into the
sunshine a little while.

Doctor—"What! your dyspepsia no
better. Did you follow my directions
and drink hot water an hour before
breakfast?" "I tried to, doctor, but I
was unable to keep it up for more than
ten minutes at a stretch."

Never be too busy about your work
to take time to change your dress in
the afternoon. You have no idea how
it makes the heart of your husband
rejoice to find his wife, all neat and
clean, ready to greet him when he
comes in from his work. It rests him;
and, really, doesn't it rest you?

Most folks think that they must dip
the lamp chimneys into water in order
to wash them clean. Try holding
them over a kettle of boiling water till
they are well wet with the steam. Then
wipe them dry with a soft cloth. After
that they will shine like a smart wo-
man's knitting needle.

Do not forget to see that the dish-
cloth—if one is used (a brush is bet-
ter)—is thoroughly boiled; and never
use one longer than a week. The most
fastidious housekeeper may be sur-
prised sometimes if she takes a sniff
at the dishcloth, or examines it with
a magnifying glass.

Why go limping and whining about
your corns when a 25 cent bottle of
Holloway's Corn Cure will remove
them? Give it a trial and you will not
regret it.

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A WORD IN YOUR EAR

Mr. FARMER.

For twenty years there has been a newspaper in the West

The Weekly Tribune,

that has fought your battles. Here is a partial list of the struggles carried on in your behalf:—Emancipation from railway monopoly; the lands for the settler; taxation to be shared by the corporations; the farmers' implements and urgent necessities to be duty free; abolition of the elevator monopoly; freedom to load grain and market it; the lumber combine; the beef combine, etc., etc.

Where would you have been without such a champion, and no other paper dared do it. Most of them stand in with the corporations.

Did it ever strike you that you should reward and stand by your champion?

There is only one way to do it. You should subscribe for the paper. Just give it a trial and see for yourself.

To give all a special chance to test The Farmers' Tribune we have made arrangements with

The Western Home Monthly

to Club so that if you will forward One dollar to the latter Magazine you will receive The Farmers' Tribune and Western Home Monthly for one year. This offer is open only to New Subscribers.

Remember your duty. Go and do it.

Do it NOW.

WEEKLY FREE PRESS and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg - - -	\$1.00
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg	.50
Regular Price - - -	\$1.50

SNAP OFFER

Both for One Year

\$1.00

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed \$1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and the Western Home Monthly, to the following address for one year.

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Your Choice of Two Leading Premiums FREE WITH THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR FOR 50 CENTS

Premium No. 1 STOVEL'S ATLAS of CANADA, a ready reference Atlas of Canada, containing nineteen colored maps, together with a geographical, historical and statistical presentation of the Dominion of Canada, its provinces and principal cities, bound, the concentrated essence of many exhaustive works presented in concise form.

Premium No. 2 A bound book, 150 pages of comic recitations and readings, a complete assortment of comic, humorous and dialect recitations, suitable for delivery at all times and on all occasions, including efforts of the world's greatest humorists and entertainers.

Either of these books free with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly at 50 cents.

USE THIS BLANK WHEN REMITTING.

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter Vein.

Cheekin Pie.

De yuther gals kin shake dey feet en
dance de 'jenny reel,
En you kin ash a mile away de tappin'
of dey heel;
Dey twist dey haid en peek about; dey
giggle en dey sigh;
But little Julianny—she kin mek a
cheekin pie.
De widder Susan Tucker fix de fines'
possum roas',
En bake a sweet potater dat'd happyfy
a gos';
Her shotnin' bread 'ud mek a heathen
idol bat its eye;
But little Julianny—she can mek a
cheekin pie.

She shake de ole tin sifter en de flour
fly round;
En speckle up her ap'on en her blue en
dye 'er gown;
She sprinkle peppah in de poj en stir
it wid a spoon,
En La, my lan', de smell des mek me
crazy es a loon.

Dough Julie ain't no bigger den a pint
o' home-made soap,
She scoot aroun' es lively es a prairie-
dog kin lops;
She gether up de rollin-pin, en don't
she mek it fly
A-rollin' out de liver of a good ole
cheekin pie!

She's brisk es bottled ginger-pop, en
bright es calico;
I've figured out I'd be a fool ef I 'ud
let 'er go;
I've got a daisy bran-new double cabin
in my eye,
Whar her en me is gwine ter live—on
love en cheekin pie.

Had to Time Them.

Two American tourists on their way to Abbotsford were in doubt about the road to take and the time it would occupy to get there. Hailing a lad who happened to be passing they put the necessary questions. The native replied by showing the route, but did not know how long it would take to get there. The tourists resumed their journey, but had scarcely gone a hundred yards when a shout from the boy made them turn.

"It will take you an hour," called the boy at the pitch of his voice.
"Then why the deuce didn't you tell us that before?" returned one of the Americans.
"I couldn't tell ye afore I knew hoo fast ye could walk."

"Shoving Queer" in Church.

Vestrymen in a number of New York churches are complaining of the quantity of counterfeit coins found in the collection boxes nowadays. Time was when a piece of bad money in the contribution box was a curiosity. Persons who were unfortunate enough to get stuck with spurious coins took good care not to pass them off on the church. Whether they are less conscientious now or less able to detect the character of the change they handle is a question.

Churchmen hesitate to suspect the congregation of saving up counterfeit dimes, quarters and half dollars for the collection plate as the easiest way of discharging their church duties and at the same time getting rid of bad money, but with all their charitable intentions there are those counterfeit coins to be explained away somehow.

The Patch as a Guide.

A New Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man ever worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until today."
"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place in disgust. "Let me tell you that, when you pick up a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

A Nature Fake.

"The late U. S. Senator Morgan," said a resident of Selma, "was a keen nature, student, and nature faking was as abhorrent to him as to the greatest personages in the land."

"I once saw Senator Morgan throw down a magazine with a sneer.
"Another nature fake!" he exclaimed. "Why, these things are as absurd as—as absurd as—"
"And then he laughed and said that it reminded him of an address that an

absent-minded missionary once made.
"In China, dear friends," said the missionary, "human life is regarded as of but slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him; and I believe many poor fellows get their living by acting as substitutes."

Tea or Coffee.

Rear Admiral Lonknecker, retired, remarking recently on the subject of discontent among soldiers and sailors, said:

"Men are often discontented without reason, but oftener they have good ground for their grumbling, and it is because their officers are stupid or lazy that conditions do not improve."

I remember once visiting a pompous, handsome, stupid army officer.
"During my visit a private approached the officer with a full cup and saucer in his hand.

"Well, Binks, my man," said the officer, in a condescending tone.
"Captain," said the private, saluting. "I'll ask ye to taste this here. I won't make no complaint. I'll just ask ye to taste this slop, and if ye don't say, by—"

"That will do, Binks," the captain interrupted in his dignified way, for Binks was getting very angry; and he took the cup from the man, bent forward stiffly, and swallowed a couple of mouthfuls of the liquid.

"Then he looked at the private calmly.
"This is not bad," he said. "I can't taste anything wrong with this, Binks. By the way, what is it? Tea or coffee?"

Papa's Good Standing.

"I've got a wonderful boy," said the father of five. "My oldest, I mean. He came to me the other night with a subject for composition. He asked me off hand to write it for him. I put down



Manitoba Island, Lake Manitoba.

my paper and wrote it. I flattered myself that I did rather well with that composition, it having been some time since I had occasion to write one, but I hardly expected the encomium I got from him. The next day at dinner time he came rushing home, hurried up to me and slapped me on the back.
"Hurrah for you, Pop!" he cried. "You are all right. You stand third in the class."

Fell into Bad Company.

A canny Scot was brought before a London magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly.

"What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I cam' up in bad company fra Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a bottle of whusky an' I had to drink it all myself!"

A Dream.

Wishing to learn what his nephew would say, Uncle Charles asked little Fred, "What would you do if you stood at the root of a tree with your foot on the head of a real live rattlesnake, a tiger was crouching on a branch above ready to spring, and you saw a wild Indian running at you with uplifted tomahawk?"

"I should wake right up," was the unexpected reply.

Federation.

Papa—Which do you love better, Nettie, your mamma or me?

Little Nettie—Mamma.

Papa—But only yesterday you said you loved me better.

Little Nettie—Yes; but I've decided it was best for us women to stick together.

A Bargain.

He—Miss Hunt, I love you, but now I dare not dream of calling you mine. Yesterday I was worth ten thousand dollars, but today, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, I have but a few paltry hundreds to call my own. I would not ask you to accept me in my reduced state. Farewell forever.

She (eagerly)—Good gracious! Reduced from \$10,000 to \$100! What a bargain! Of course, I'll take you. You might have known I couldn't resist.

Was in Practice.

Doctor—Do you eat well, my little man?

Little Man—Gee! I ought to; I've been practicing since I was two days old.

Given an Inside View.

"That's a woman who would adorn any home." "Charming and cultivated, eh?" "Not particularly. She's a house-decorator."

No, Indeed.

"I do dislike that Mrs. Borem," observed Mrs. de Fishy. She's so voluble."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mrs. de Spicy. "I never could stand fat people."

Five Loaves and Two Sardines.

Upon her return from Sunday school, Marcella, aged eight, was asked by her father what the lesson was for the day. She said: "Why, Jesus fed a whole crowd of people with only five loaves of bread and two little sardines."

Grandma looked up and smiled—and Marcella's face reddened—then she said:

"Well, teacher said they were about so long," measuring with her fingers, "and I never saw any fishes that size except sardines."

Making it Worse.

"But why should I keep books?" "Well, you would know just where you stood the end of the month."

"But, my dear fellow, why rub it in?"

Many Practical Uses.

One of the settlement workers asked a lad in Pittsburg what fire escapes were intended for.

"To sleep on," promptly replied the lad.

"Anything else?" "Sure. Dey's good to ripen tomatoes on, to dry clothes, to drop cats off, to shoot beans down at de guys passing on de street, to swear at de cop from, and—"

But the settlement worker had fled with uplifted hands.

Anecdotal.

A youth left instructions at a jeweler's shop for the inscription of an engagement ring he had just bought. He wanted it inscribed "From Bertie to Maud." As he left, he turned back and added, as an afterthought, "I shouldn't—ah—cut 'Maud' too deep, don't you know."

A woman once told Lord Palmerston that her maid, who had been with her in the Isle of Wight, objected to going thither again because the climate was not "embracing" enough. "What am I to do with such a woman?" she asked. "You had better take her to the Isle of Man next time," said Lord Palmerston.

A clergyman was visiting an old man who had recently lost his wife, a great talker, and was sympathizing with him. "My poor old man," he said, "I feel so sorry for you, you must be very lonely." After a few minutes the old man looked up and said, "Yes, maister, yes, 'tis lonesome;" then with great emphasis, "but 'tis quiet."

A Winnipeg public school teacher was trying to give her pupils a definite idea of a volcano. With red chalk she drew on the blackboard fiery flames issuing from a mountain top. When the drawing was done, she turned to the class before her, and said: "Can any of you tell me what that looks like?" "It looks like hell, ma'am," replied one of the youngsters, with startling promptness.

A tramp, walking down a city street one day, saw a little boy stoop and pick up something. "You have made a find, my lad," he said. "Yes, sir," said the boy; "I have found a silver ring." "I thought so," said the tramp; "it's the one I just dropped. Now, ain't it lucky I had my name cut in it?" "What is your name?" said the boy, suspiciously. "Sterling, lad." "Take it, then. 'Tis yours," said the boy, handing over the ring.

Of late years the "mixed" system has been introduced, and many of the schools have been organized as "senior" or "junior" mixed. An inspector recently met on the school stairs a little nondescript in a pinafore, and asked: "Come, what are you doing here? Are you in the boys or the girls?" "No, sir," said the little one, "I'm a junior mixed!"

W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist and wit, was lunching at a country club when he found himself surrounded by six or seven clergymen who had been on a motor tour of the country thereabout. Pretty soon the author of the "Mikado" was drawn into conversation. When his identity was known, one of the clergymen asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such grave and reverend company." "Like a lion in a den of Daniels," was the reply.

In England, elementary schools are organized for "girls" or for "infants." One of the "Scotsman's" editors had entered a train at Prince's street Station, Edinburgh, one Friday, when a smart newsboy immediately called out to him, "Scotsman, sir?" "How much?" asked the editor, jokingly. "A penny, sir," replied the boy. "Oh," was the reply. "I don't want to-day's 'Scotsman'; but if you could give me tomorrow's I would give you a sovereign for it." "Here you are, sir," shouted the youngster, handing him the "Weekly Scotsman," which bore the date of the following day.

As a rule bridge players take themselves so seriously that the game is seldom enlivened with even a suspicion of humor. Occasionally, however, one hears a really good joke at the bridge table. At a certain "mixed" card club in London four ladies sat down to a rubber. Two of them were friends who had not met for years. "How many children have you now, Alice?" asked one of the players of her friend. "Six above and four below," was the reply. "Oh," chimed in a third player, "you have nothing to complain of. I'm ch'cane."

Moved by the Spirit.

"Who's there?" shouted the occupant of a hotel bedroom, as he heard a noise in the corner of his room.

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.
"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I will try." (Aloud) "If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying aye—no, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room it will please rap three times."

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.
"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother-in-law?"

Three very distinct raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me any communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you tomorrow?"

Raps are very loud in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

He waited long for his answer, but none came, and he turned over and fell asleep.

Next morning he found the "spirit" of his mother-in-law had carried off his watch and purse, his trousers, and his rain-coat.

His Experience.

Knicker—Have you never heard the call of the wild?

Bocker—No, I always take my shoes off and try to get in as quietly as possible.

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Poor Old Dad.

Ye kin sca'ce pick up a paper
An' its 'poets' corner' greet,
'Cept ye'll see er dirty poem
'Bout the mother, saintly sweet;
But ye'll have a time a-searchin'—
Eyes will be er'achin' bad
Ere ye'll overtake er poem
At this time for pore ole dad!

No, it isn't willful in 'em—
Them that write of mother dear—
That thar's never notice taken
Of her ole man settin' near;
No, it's never meant to slight him,
But hit looks a little sad—
All the bouquets made for mother,
Not a bloom for pore ole dad!

True, our mother watched above us
Till her dear old eyes wud ache,
But ole dad, he humped to feed us
Till his back would nearly break.
Mother crooned above the cradle
Gave devotion all she had;
Still, that wasn't any circus
At this time for pore ole dad!

Do not take one line from mother
When ye write the soul-sweet song,
But if thar's a word for father
Now and then it won't be wrong.
Pore ole soul! He's bent and wrinkled,
An' I know 'twould make him glad
If, while you are praisin' mother,
Somethin's said for pore ole dad!

A Woman's Answer.

Do you know, you have asked for the
costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this
priceless thing,
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have tried to
win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out
Man-like, you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's
soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your dinners shall always
be hot,
Your-socks, and your shirt be whole;
And require my heart to be true as
God, say,
And as pure as is Heaven my soul.

You require a cook for your mutton
and beef,
And require a much greater thing,
A seamstress for mending your socks
and shirts,
Aye, for a man and a king.

A king of the beautiful realm called
Home,
And a man that his maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young but the rose will
fade
From my soft young cheek one day.
Will you love me then mid the falling
leaves,
As you did mid' the blossoms of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and
deep
I may launch my all on its side,
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
The day she becomes a bride.

I require all things that are grand and
true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give all this, I would stake my
life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this, a laundress and
cook
You can hire and little to pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's
life
Are not to be won that way.

Facts and Figures.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 women are earning wages in the British Isles.

The Czar has a single estate covering over 100,000,000 acres—three times the size of England.

Clergymen have strict orders never to preach longer than 15 minutes before the German Emperor.

Don Carlos, King of Portugal, has life insurance amounting to about \$3,000,000 in American money.

A Hebrew Bible in the Vatican weighs 320 pounds and is the largest Bible in the world. It is all in manuscript.

In the land of Melukkah, or Median, are old mines in which mining tools of the date 5,000 B. C. have been found.

In Ireland out of 1,000 females over 15 years of age 497 are unmarried; in India, out of the same number, only 45.

The Bengal government pays a reward for sharks caught in the Ganges. This varies from 25 cents for small sharks to \$1.50 for those 6 feet long.

Lake Titicaca, in Peru, is the only great lake more than 10,000 feet above sea level. It lies at an elevation of 12,846 feet, and is 400 miles round.

The oldest university in the world is the "School for the Sons of the Empire," in Peking, China. The names of its 60,000 graduates are carved on 320 stone pillars.

The Mexicans claim to have the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast at Manzanillo. About \$3,500,000 (gold) has been spent on it, and \$2,500,000 more is to be spent in perfecting it.

There are 1,690,000 beehives, producing 19,000 tons of honey, in Spain, which is the second greatest producer of honey in the world. Germany, with 2,000,000 beehives, produces 20,000 tons.

A great canal which drains the two Italian provinces of Mantua and Reggio and discharges into the River Po, has just been opened. For five years 6,000 men have been employed in digging the big ditch.

London's new Central Criminal Courts will have a perfect system of ventilation, by which 20,000,000 cubic feet of fresh air will be forced into the building each hour, and there is not to be a fly in the whole building.

There are other cities besides New York and Venice built on islands. Amsterdam and Ghent are both built on small islands. Venice is built on 118 small islands; Amsterdam on nearly 100 islands connected by almost 300 bridges. Ghent stands on 26 islands, joined by 270 bridges.

All the efforts made by a Liverpool firm to promote the cultivation of cotton in Palestine have been fruitless, even though labor costs only 25 cents a day and land is one-tenth the price of Egyptian land. The chief cause of the failure is said to be the incapacity and laziness of the natives.

It is stated that nearly 8,000 school gardens exist in Austria, not including the sister kingdom of Hungary. They are connected with both private and public schools, and are used for purposes of practical instruction in horticulture and tree growing, and often contain botanical museums and beehives.

A young baker, who was returning with a companion after an ascent of the Plan Alguille, near Cnamounix, in the Alps, was caught by the branch of a tree after falling nearly 300 feet and held aloft by his suspenders, to the strength of which he owes his life. His companion fell 2,000 feet and was picked up with nearly every bone in his body broken.

Germany, which stands at the head of Europe for the number of its newspapers, has over 5,500, of which 800 are dailies. England takes the second place with some 3,000, but has the most dailies—809 in all. France is close behind with 2,800, of which a quarter appear daily, bi- or tri-weekly. Italy has 1,200 while in order follow Austria, Spain, Russia, Greece and Switzerland.

Since 1890 the British Post Office Savings Bank has doubled its business and its clientele. In the former year the deposits amounted in round numbers to \$329,000,000; they are now \$740,000,000. Fifteen years ago there were less than 5,000,000 depositors, or about one in seven of the population; now there are 10,000,000, or about one in 4.35. The average amount standing to each account is \$74.29.

It is estimated that the Bulgarians live longer than any other race in Europe, and that there are at the present time close to 4,000 men and women in that country who are centenarians, one inhabitant in every thousand having achieved the century mark. The astonishing longevity of this race is attributed to the fact that the people live chiefly on milk. It is by no means uncommon for them to even drink milk after it has become sour.

The first place of worship in western Australia was unique in two respects—the materials of which it was built and also the several purposes to which it was devoted. This remarkable building was made at Perth by soldiers shortly after their first arrival in 1829, and was composed almost entirely of bullrushes. In addition to its use on Sundays for divine worship, it occasionally served as an amateur theatre in the week, and during the whole time as a barracks.

New York City has provided new flat houses for 586,000 tenants during the last five years.

The Postmaster-General of Great Britain has an army of 200,000 employees, 50,000 of whom are women.

The total area of the British Empire is nearly 11,400,000 square miles, or more than one-fifth of the earth's surface.

A census in the United States is said to reveal the fact that in the last twenty years there were 70 divorces for every 100,000 of population. Chicago heads the list.

The New York City department of water, gas and electricity is one of the few departments that actually makes money, receiving about \$3,000,000 more in the year than it expends.

The largest parish in England is Lydford, which comprises a large portion of Dartmoor. It covers 60,000 acres, and the rectory is 20 miles by road from two outlying hamlets.

Germany exports more than 3,000,000,000 lead pencils every twelve months. They are shipped to foreign countries at the rate of over 10,000,000 a day, counting six days to the week.

The begging business is more thoroughly organized in China than anywhere else. The beggar chief of Chow, who is the king of the Chinese beggars, has an income said to be \$15,000 a year.

What is said to be the highest dam in New England is being erected near Ellsworth, Me., in Union River. It will be 60 feet from base to crown, with a bulkhead 11 feet above that, and will cost about \$600,000.

The largest kitchen in the world is in that great Parisian store, the Bon Marche, which has 4,000 employees. The smallest kettle contains 100 quarts, and the largest 500. Each of the 50 roasting pans is big enough for 800 cutlets. Each dish for baking potatoes holds 225 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare, 7,800 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone, 60 cook and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

One million five hundred thousand dollars is offered as a prize for a literary composition, the biggest prize of its kind on record. The award will be made at St. Petersburg on Dec. 1, 1925, to the writer of the best history of Alexander I. of Russia. Araktcheief, founder of the military colonies of Novgorod, left a fortune of 50,000 rubles (\$27,750) to provide for this unique prize. The prize-winning day is the centenary of the Czar Alexander's death, by which time the money will be estimated, have increased to \$2,000,000. One-fourth of it will be used to defray the cost of publishing the work which wins the prize.

Some investigator of curious subjects has discovered that the inventor of traveling incognito was Peter the Great of Russia. The next after the famous Russian sovereign to adopt the practice was Joseph II. of Austria, who, in 1777, made a little stay in Paris, under the title of Count von Falkenstein. Charles X, passed as the Comte de Marles. The ex-empress Eugenie, in her splendor, frequently took little trips as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. King Leopold does so still as Comte de Ravenstein.

The capacity of the reindeer for team work is remarkable. His hoofs are very broad and do not penetrate the snow crusts. His average weight is about 400 pounds. He will swiftly draw a sled carrying 600 pounds, and with this load can cover 30, 50 and even 90 miles a day. Reindeer teams now carry the mails from Kotzebue to Point Barrow, Alaska, a distance of 600 miles—the most northerly route in the world. No food is carried for the deer. At the end of his journey, or at any stopping place, he is turned loose, and at once breaks through the snow to the white moss which serves as food.

Items of Interest.

The Pied Bull Inn, at Islington, is said to have been the first home in England at which tobacco was smoked.

There are forty-eight different kinds of material entering into the construction of a piano, and they are gathered from sixteen countries.

A decapitated snail kept in a moist place will, it is claimed in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

A hoard of nine gold bracelets, found in a pit-dwelling of the seventh or eighth century, B. C., in a field near Bexley Heath, have just been placed in the gold room at the British Museum.

Sharks were almost unknown in the Adriatic until the Suez Canal was opened. Now the harbors of Fiume and Pola are so infested with them that the residents dare no longer bathe in the open sea.

The best oranges I said to grow in Java.

A Russian woman unless she is a railway engine.

A railway engine about one million worn out.

Darwin asserted the sanity among animals among people.

Elephant's foot taken than any other dish for thirty-six hours.

It has been estimated days are lengthening about half a second.

No land animal is naturally poisonous, however, several fish deadly.

Dulse is more frequent any other seaweed, and eaten raw. In where the plant is collected, and is a chief ingredient famous St. Patrick's.

The longest continuous posed to have been Legislature of British a member, who was one, succeeded in its by speaking twenty-intermission.

In Italy they have advertising vacant apart of the card inscribed or "Apartments," a the size of a napkin, casement, notifying the the rooms can be rented.

One of the most of the Wistar Institute, phia, is a collection of bequeathing the brain to the institute for death. The names a but it is known that men of intellectual a

It must be quite a p in magazines About yo' own ach home oak for'n Dere mus' be thrills to gazin' on a p An' see yo' name er poet or as sage But fah as Ah'm co on th no high Dan jus' to read de l me in Susan's

Ah know a king is b is m-a-a-ghty g Who, settin' 'way u directs affairs c An' knows, no matt it gwan to be If all de oders say a cabbit wa; But all de sceptahs soljash mile on Ain't goin' a brace m gets ma Susan's

Ah heah dat music soothe de sabbu An' sho' ub all de joy am de best; Geetaw an' fiddle cor soul ob man Wid strains dat faih heah dat fellah But sweetah fah dan played to me Was jus' ma Susan's gwan to mah'y

A SENSE OF

Hahd times is over shinin' bright, An' you doesn't ha o' coal, When de trees is dr all bowin' so Dat you couldn't save yoh soul You rambles fro An' you listen Hahd times is o When de sunn Oh, de fish is in de to be caught, An' if the bread gone, It doesn't make muc it can't be bou Dar's always wh 'pend upon. So don't you w If you's feelin' Dar ain't no ne When de summ

"By Medicine Life —So wrote Shakes hundred years ago Medicine will prol of the qualities of is prolonged by kee from disease. Dr Oil used internally w colds, eradicate asth and give strength organs. Give it a t

The best oranges in the world are said to grow in Java.

A Russian woman may not enter a university unless she is married.

A railway engine usually travels about one million miles before it is worn out.

Darwin asserted that there is insanity among animals just as there is among people.

Elephant's foot takes longer to cook than any other dish. It must be baked for thirty-six hours.

It has been estimated that terrestrial days are lengthening at the rate of about half a second a century.

No land animal is known to have naturally poisonous flesh. There are, however, several fish whose flesh is deadly.

Dulse is more frequently eaten than any other seaweed. It is usually dried and eaten raw. In the Mediterranean, where the plant is common, it is cooked, and is a chief ingredient in Soyer's famous St. Patrick's soup.

The longest continuous talk is supposed to have been achieved in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a member, who was in a minority of one, succeeded in "talking out" a bill by speaking twenty-six hours without intermission.

In Italy they have a novel way of advertising vacant apartments. In place of the card inscribed "Rooms to Let" or "Apartments," a white cloth, about the size of a napkin, flutters from the casement, notifying the passers by that the rooms can be rented.

One of the most valued possessions of the Wistar Institute, at Philadelphia, is a collection of codicils to wills bequeathing the brains of the testators to the institute for examination after death. The names are never divulged, but it is known that the testators are men of intellectual ability.

SUSAN.

It must be quite a pleasur fo' to read in magazines About yo' own achievements 'mid yo' home oah fo'n scenes; Dere mus' be thrills o' raptchuah jined to gazin' on a page An' see yo' name emblazoned dere as poet or as sage; But fah as Ah'm consarned dere ain't on uth no highah prize Dan jus' to read de light dat shines fo' me in Susan's eyes.

Ah know a king is boun' to feel dat he is m-a-a-ghty great, Who, settin' way up on his throne, directs affairs of state, An' knows, no mattah whut he saize It gwain to be a law, If all de odders say hit ain't an' stant a cibbil wa'; But all de sceptahs flashin' bright and soljahs mile on mile Ain't goin' a brace me up like whain Ah gets ma Susan's smile.

Ah heah dat music hab de chawm to soothe de sabbage breast— An' sho' ub all de joyful notes de banjo's am de best; Geetaw an' fiddle comin' nex delight de soul ob man Wid strains dat fahly mek yo' think yo' heah dat fellah, Pan; But sweetah fah dan any tune dey eber played to me Was jus' ma Susan's whispah dat she gwain to mah'y me. —Goodloe Thomas.

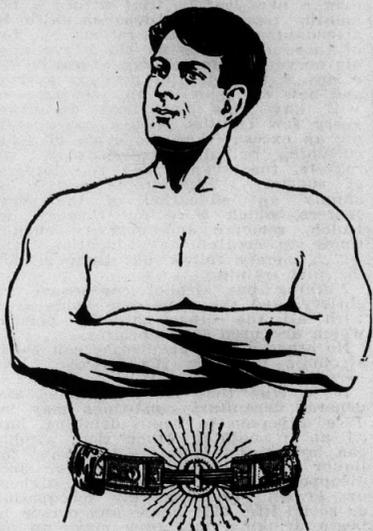
A SENSE OF SECURITY.

Hahd times is over when de sun is shinin' bright, An' you doesn't have to min' de price o' coal, When de trees is dressed up purty, an' all bowin' so polite Dat you couldn't help but smile to save yoh soul. You rambles froo de clover, An' you listens to a song. Hahd times is over When de summer comes along. Oh, de fish is in de river, jes' a-pinin' to be caught, An' if de bread all happens to be gone, It doesn't make much diff'unce, even if it can't be bought; Dar's always white folks you kin pend upon. So don't you worry, honey, If you's feeling good an' strong; Dar ain't no need o' money When de summer comes along.

"By Medicine Life May Be Prolonged"—So wrote Shakespeare nearly three hundred years ago. It is so to-day. Medicine will prolong life, but be sure of the qualities of the medicine. Life is prolonged by keeping the body free from disease. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil used internally will cure coughs and colds, eradicate asthma, overcome croup and give strength to the respiratory organs. Give it a trial.

Free Until Cured

The Dr. Sanden Electric Belt gives New Strength and Vigor to Men and I Ask no Pay Until Cured



The highest mental and moral development, the greatest possible success in life, either financially or otherwise, can best be attained when the organs of the body are in a normal state of health—when the ambitions and efforts are backed by rugged, manly vigor.

The man who is weak, who lacks nerve force and energy, is certainly handicapped to a greater or less degree in every undertaking where a clear brain and an abundant reserve fund of nervous energy and vitality are essential—and these qualities are required at the present day more than ever before.

I have devoted my entire life to the minute study of the causes and effects of nervous debility, and those weaknesses of men which sap the vital energy. In nearly every case the trouble can be traced to some tax on the nervous system in former years, such as overwork, hard study, dissipation, indiscretions, etc., for all these things lower the vital forces and rob the constitution, and what is still more unfortunate, they generally do so at that period of life when youth is merging into manhood, when Nature should be most assisted in her work of perfect development.

DON'T USE DRUGS

It is in correcting the consequences of these unfortunate mistakes that the properly applied current of Galvanic Electricity gives the best obtainable results, because science tells us that electricity and nerve force are one and the same thing. I apply it through the famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with Suspensory Attachment. It is worn about the body at night only, and gives new life and energy to every weakened organ, curing while you sleep.

My plan of selling my appliances should meet with the approval of every fair-minded man. It is not necessary to pay in advance, or even to pay a deposit. You can make arrangements to get a Belt suited to the requirements of your case, on trial, not to be paid for until you are cured, and I only charge the regular list price—in some cases only \$5.00. If you are not satisfied with the results, you can send the Belt back to me, and that ends the transaction. Isn't that a fair offer?

If you are weak and nervous; if you lack confidence and ambition; if you are easily discouraged and depressed, if you are not the man you ought to be, you need Electricity. Your nerves are craving for it just as the growing fields crave sunshine and warmth. In the great and sublime effort nature is making to restore your strength, she needs some aid. Will you assist her? You can if you will.

This book, profusely illustrated, contains valuable advice for men, and outlines the proper course to pursue for the greatest possible development of the physical and mental powers. Write or call for it to-day. It is sent free, sealed, by mail.

MY BOOK IS GIVEN FREE TO ALL WHO CALL OR WRITE.

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Dineen Building, Entrance 6 Temperance Street.

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10 Cents

Pays for this big bundle of goods; sure to please you. 2 Stamped Linen Doilies, 1 Solid Pl. Ring 1 pkge. Embroidery Silk, 1 lot handsome Silk Pieces, 50 bright new Silks, 3 Studs and pair Cuff Buttons. All the above 61 Articles only 10 cents post paid. 3 lots 25c., 12 lots for 80c. Address: EVILLE LACROIX CO., West Orange, New Jersey.



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UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed. Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

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UNTIL YOU INVESTIGATE "THE MASTER WORKMAN," a two-cylinder gasoline, kerosene or alcohol engine, superior to any one-cylinder engine; revolutionizing power. Its weight and bulk are half that of single cylinder engines, with greater durability. Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run. Quickly, easily started. Vibration practically overcome. Cheaply mounted on any wagon. It is a combination portable, stationary or traction engine. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Mfrs., Meagher and 15th Sts., Chicago. THIS IS OUR FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.



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To Prove It. I Send a Trial Package Free By Mail Duty Free.

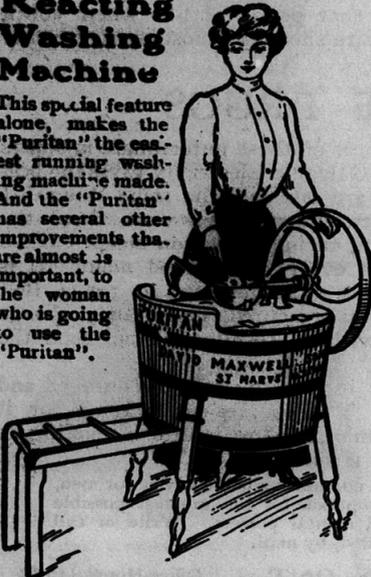
Free grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff; insures a new growth of eyebrows and eyelashes and changes gray or faded hair to its natural color.

Send your name and address to J. F. Stokes Mgr., 7506 Foco Building, Cincinnati Ohio, enclosing a 2c. stamp to help cover postage and by return mail you will receive a free 10 cent trial package that will delight you.

Improved Roller Gear OF THE "Puritan"

Reacting Washing Machine

This special feature alone, makes the "Puritan" the easiest running washing machine made. And the "Puritan" has several other improvements that are almost as important to the woman who is going to use the "Puritan".



"Favorite" Churn

Is the favorite. There are more "Favorite" churns sold in Canada than all other makes combined. Patent foot and lever drive. Made in 8 sizes to churn from 1/2 to 30 gallons of cream. If your dealer does not handle these household favorites, write us.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS St. Mary's Ont.

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others weak, dizzy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

Mrs. D. O. Donoghue, Orillia, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

THE DISEASE OF INEBRIETY.

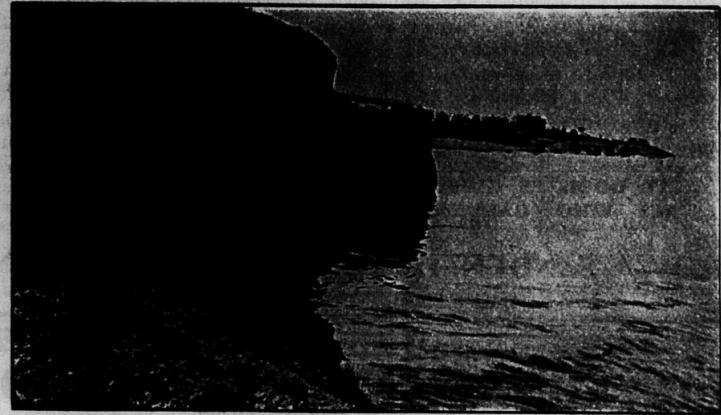
By Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., LL.D.

The vice of inebriety, and of intemperance, clung to human ideas of its pathology like a stigma of evil for many centuries. We know very well that old associates among ideas refuse to separate or be parted. But the clearest logic and statement of fact at last triumphed, and men now see that there is no more simple proposition in medical science than is the one that alcohol and opium cause certain definite diseases which are readily and easily cured. Looking at the symptoms of inebriety as a disease, we find that its most prominent factor is a peculiar craving for liquor. This craving is not a constant or continuous quantity, but is periodical. It is a property of the diseased cells, however, and is the cause of the drinking and debauch at certain periods. Looking at the inebriate from the moral standpoint, we see that he voluntarily buys liquor and drinks it. If we ask an explanation, very likely the inebriate may not say that he feels a crave for liquor, but there will be some associated feeling or condition which he himself thinks is the cause of his drinking at this particular time. He is sick or fatigued, or disconsolate, or overjoyed, and for one or all of these reasons he enters upon a debauch.

The lalty as well as the technically trained will ask why it is that the craving is periodical, and also want to know what it is. There is a popular idea that the craving for liquor consists in a liking for it; and there is much said about the thirst and appetite for drink. But this is entirely an error. Few drunkards have any pleasure in the taste for drink, and the thirst for liquor can not be described in terms of thirst. The crave for

control of his efforts to ride—his reflexes and automatism do the work. The same process is adopted when a man makes an inebriate of himself. He begins drinking from some cause—becomes intoxicated and disgraces himself and friends. When he sobers up he repents, has remorse and "turns over a new leaf." But within a few months repeats the debauch with its attendant remorse and reform. A few of these debauches fix the crave upon his nerve centers, as any education becomes a part of the nervous system, and now the man is an inebriate—he will have his periodical debauches every few months, with a crave seeking an excess—then the coma of acute poisoning or drunkenness—then the regrets, the shame, and the interval of sobriety. This whole matter is simply an education of the nerve centers, which were put through debauch, remorse and sobriety enough times to create the education, and which merely follow out their schooling and training.

Nothing but alcohol can cause inebriety, and the same law holds good with all the other narcotic poisons which are used by inebriates. No other poison or disease can cause alcoholic inebriety than alcohol. No heredity ever causes it. It is true that many diseases and general unsanitary conditions may induce a person to begin drinking, but, as above, nothing other than alcohol can create and maintain the crave for liquor which maintains inebriety. Joy, disappointment, or grief, the highest or lowest breeding—any occupation or social life, may cause any person to begin drinking, and thus make an inebriate of him. In the light of science at the present age there is no ethereal warrant that inebriety is a moral vice. It is no more a vice than is yellow fever or cholera. Of course, drinking is an evil and causes many others, but the crave



Steep Rock Point, Lake Manitoba.

drink is the same thing and has the same origin as that for opium and other drugs which are demanded by the crave.

The crave for narcotic drugs is a compound sensation—the factors being the pain and distress undergone by the nerve cells, when the drug is used and more is demanded. This is the pain of variation. To understand this we must know that when one habitually takes a drug until the cells have acquired an increased tolerance to it, then the cells have experienced a change of type, the change consisting in a variation which enables them to endure a greater amount of the poison. They maintain this variation while the drug is supplied, but any attempt to withdraw the drug places the cells in a new environment—as complete a change as is undergone by a fish when taken out of water and placed on land. As will be seen, then, this change of type on the part of the cells, due to the influence of the drug, and which demands the drug in order to live and carry on the physiology of the body—this variation of type goes through a backward evolution when the drug is not supplied, and it is this which causes the distress or the crave.

The next factor of crave is an automatism of the cells, acquired by education; this is the explanation of the periodical returns of the craving. Automatism means one of the methods of nerve action—these methods being known as sensation, motion, reflex, sympathetic and automatic action. By automatic action is meant that certain nerve centers, nerves and muscles will act in definite harmony so that a definite end or object is reached, and without the control of consciousness. All people know or can readily understand automatism of the nerves, or unconscious action. Two-thirds of all people's action—whether work or play—is educated automatism. The first efforts to ride a bicycle are laborious and conscious, but when the art is learned the rider needs no conscious

control of his efforts to ride—his reflexes and automatism do the work. The individual has no more will power of control than he has the power to regulate the bodily temperature in a fever. What has so maintained the idea in the public mind that inebriety is a vice only is the fact that in appearance people voluntarily drink—even if they are drunkards. People say that voluntary drinking is a very different thing from providentially catching the fever. Analysis of the two cases will show that there is no difference. In the first place, the zymotic diseases—as typhoid, scarlet fever, etc.—are not special bits of Providence, and in the next place the drunkard is often not entirely responsible for his conduct in beginning to drink; while all men know that the zymotic diseases can be prevented. No man is responsible for drinking when he is an inebriate, and a typhoid patient is not responsible for his disease, his loss of insight, temperature, and stupor after he has acquired the disease. He, however, or the community where he lives is responsible for his acquiring the disease for the reason that it could be prevented by sanitary science.

Inebriety is readily cured as a disease. If not, then no disease is curable. The disease does not depend upon a weak will—it is caused directly by poison, and is directly and positively cured by medicine. The foundation principle of all medication homeopathic or otherwise, is that drugs antagonize each other, either chemically or physiologically, and diseases are caused by poisons.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell

QUIT TOBACCO



TOBACCO KILLS

"Easy-To-Quit" is a positive, absolute "stopper" for any tobacco habit. It is a vegetable remedy and any lady can give it secretly in food or drink. It is harmless; leaves no reaction or bad after effects, and it stops the habit to stay stopped.

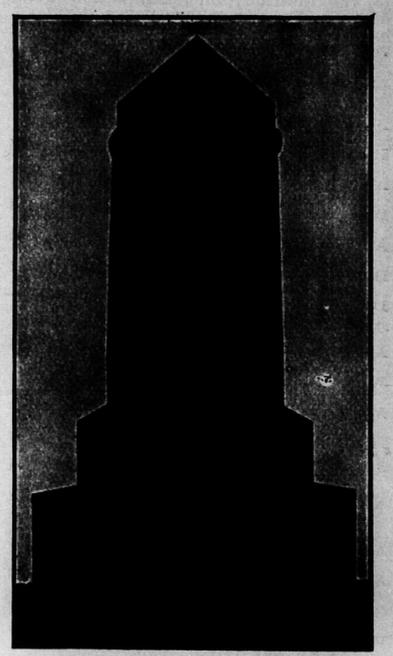
Mothers, save the young smoker's brain, he cannot do it himself. Wives, sisters and sweethearts, help save the mind, body and future of one who is near and dear to you. Without your help it may not be done.

FREE PACKAGE OFFER

Fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out and send it to us, we will send you absolutely free, by mail, in plain wrapper, a trial package of "Easy-To-Quit." You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address, Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., 1941 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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ABERDEEN to BRANDON

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobbers profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

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Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES

with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON. EVERY WOMAN

Should be interested and know about our wonderful Ladies' Spray Douche. Invaluable for cleansing and removing all secretions from the remotest parts. This syringe is endorsed by the leading physicians as being the best and most reliable article ever offered. All correspondence strictly confidential. Syringe is mailed to you in plain sealed wrapper upon receipt of \$1.50. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue; it is free. French, English and American Rubber Specialties.

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Quickly Cure

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Package Mailed Plain Wrapper

Piles is a fearful disease. An operation with gerous, cruel, humiliating surgery.

There is just one cure—painless, privacy of your own mid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package who write. It will give you the harmless, this great remedy a on the way toward a Then you can get from any druggist often one box cures.

Insist on having something just as good as the one that makes more money.

The cure begins a continues rapidly until permanent.

You can go right to work and be easy at the time.

It is well worth the Just send your name Pyramid Drug Co., 1100 Ing, Marshall, Mich., by return mail the plain wrapper.

Thousands have been easy, painless and in the privacy of the home. No knife and its No doctor and his All druggists, 50 c day for a free packa



Ge in S and yo perfect underwear.

Underwear is unshrinkable. That means, no —no bulging hips, wrinkling

All sizes from inch bust—in weights.

Insist on seeing Stanfic Unshrink Underw

WARM



KARN'S ELECTRIC

THEY warm the Feet a Pains, and all aches a positively prevent and cure ar price is 50c. per pair, but large Catalogue of Electric Druggists' Sundries, we will any size, and our new Catalogue on receipt of 2c

THE F. E. KARN Canada's Largest Cor. Queen & Victoria

Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to all in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure if you go right at it. An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.

There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

Insist on having what you call for. If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good, it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time.

It is well worth trying. Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 92 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

No knife and its torture. No doctor and his bills. All druggists, 50 cents. Write today for a free package.



It always fits right.

Get your size in Stanfield's—

and you will get perfect fitting underwear. Stanfield's

Underwear is absolutely unshrinkable.

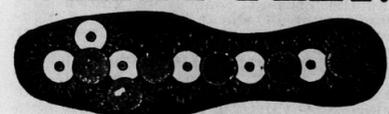
That means, no stretching—no bulging over the hips, wrinkling at the waist.

All sizes from 22 to 70 inch bust—in 3 winter weights.

Insist on seeing

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

WARM FEET.



KARN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES

THEY warm the Feet and Limbs, cure Cramps, Pains, and all aches arising from cold, and will positively prevent and cure Rheumatism. The regular price is 60c. per pair, but in order to introduce our large Catalogue of Electric Appliances, Trusses and Druggists' Sundries, we will send one sample pair, any size, and our new 35cts. AGENTS WANTED. Catalogue on receipt of 35cts.

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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Possum Time.

De fros' is on de 'simmon
An' de leaves is comin' down;
De mis' is in de hollows
An' de grass is turnin' brown.
De air is full ob tickles
An' de nights is col' an' clear,
An' all de signs an' omuns
Show dat 'possum time is near.
'Cuz de fros' mus' tech de 'possum
'Fo' de 'possum 's fit ter eat;
But when de muscardines is ripe
De 'possum sho' is meat.
Firs' yo' take ol' Bose an' ketch 'im.
Den yo' takes an' scal's him white;
Den yo' puts 'im in de oven.
But yo' sho' mus' cook 'im right.
Yo' fills de pan wid yelluh yams
An' lets dem soak up grease,
An' when yo' tase's dat 'possum
Yo'r mln' is sho' at peace.
Dey is meat fo' de nigger.
Dey is bones fo' de houn';
Dey is gravy fo' de baby—
Plenty ter go aroun'.
De fros' is on de 'simmons,
De leaves has lef' de trees.
De nigger sho' is wuffless,
'Cuz 'possum 's all he sees.

He—"When we are married we must both think alike." She—"Yes; but I'll think first."

A rabbit's hide isn't worth two cents on the market, but it's worth more than a million dollars to the rabbit.

"John, I've lost our marriage certificate." "Oh, never mind; any of those receipted millinery bills will prove the ceremony."

"Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?" "Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order, or cash."

He—"They say travel broadens a person." She—"Surely. The moment a man enters a car he spreads out over half a dozen seats."

Cholly—"What do you think of the engagement ring I gave your sister?" Willie—"It's great; she lets me wear it when her other fellows are calling."

"The evidence shows," Mrs. Mulcahey, hat you threw a stone at Policeman Casey." "It shows more than that, yer Honor; it shows that Ol hit him."

"Yes; he fell over a precipice and was seriously injured." "Too bad," commented Aunt Mehtable. "People ought not to leave things like that layin' aroun'."

Miss Ascum—"And do you really think it is possible for a man to love two girls at the same time?" Mr. Gailey—"Sure! provided it also isn't at the same place."

Sunday School Teacher—"What is conscience?" A dead silence. Sunday School Teacher—"What do we call the thing that tells us when we do wrong?" Little Ethel—"Grandma."

"All the little boys and girls who want to go to Heaven," said the Sunday School superintendent, "will please rise." All rose but Tommy Twaddles. "And doesn't this little boy want to go to Heaven?" "N-not ylt!"

"You look weary," commented the Arctic explorer. "No wonder," replied the heavy-eyed Eskimo; "the baby has been crying all night." "Indeed?" "Yes; and that's exactly five months and six days so far."

"How goes the fight against the tares, Brother Higgins?" "Wa-al, I ain't bin on one sense the caounty fair, pahson."

He—"I hear that George and Kitty have made up their quarrel?" She—"Only temporarily. They're going to be married soon."

"You seem to have lost flesh while you were out at the summer resort." "Yes. I had a lame ankle and could not run when the bell was rung for dinner."

Frs. Lawson—"How can Mrs. Wykeleigh afford to keep three servants?" Mrs. Dawson—"Oh! she plays bridge with them every Monday afternoon and wins back all their wages."

Mrs. Johnston (over the tub)—"Doan Ah mek yo' a good livin'. Henry Clay Johnston?" Mr. Johnston—"Tol'ble, chile—tol'ble. But yo' sh'd have seen de way mah mothah suppohted mah fathah!"

Mrs. Dashaway—"Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics." Mrs. Newrich—"L.S.J. Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would git on you?"

The policeman had shot a feeling-prisoner. "It was accident," he explained to his superior. "What proof have you of that?" "Why, I hit him, didn't I?" rejoined the accused with an air of finality.

"You say the trouble arose over an argument you had with your wife?" "Yes, sir," meekly replied the prisoner. "What position did you take in the matter?" "One just outside the woodshed, sir."

Thirsty Thomas—"I say, where did you get that food?" Hungry Harvey—"I saw'd wood for it." Thirsty Thomas—"I'm ersham'd uv you. You're a disgrace to the union." Hungry Harvey—"It wasn't my fault. The woman hipertised me."

The second day drew to its close, with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. "Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?" "Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

"What wages do you expect?" asked Mrs. Randolph of Aunt Phronie, who had come to hire as cook. "Well, Ah tell yo'. Ef Ah cooks an' waits on de table, too' Ah 'spects two dollars ebry week Ah lives; b-u-t ef yo' all has family reach at de table an' Ah jes' hab ter cook; den Ah charge er dollar an' fo' bits."

Dr. Carpenter was noted for the quickness of his wit, and it was a common saying in the town in which he lived that he always had an answer ready when it was required. He was once introduced as "Dr. Carter." Immediately his friend saw his error and corrected himself. "Never mind," said the doctor; "it's only a slip of the pen."

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?" "No ma'am; it's economy," the boy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."

An indignant letter, dictated by a clever old gentleman, ran thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

"Why," shouted the opposer of the tyrannical trusts, "why am I compelled to pay 30 cents a pound for coffee?" "Because," answered one who evidently knew whereof he spoke, "your credit isn't good at the grocer's."

"It's a good idea to have something laid by for a rainy day." "Yes," answered Peter Cornstossel, "only that kind o' cash is a good deal like a regular umbrella. Some other feller is liable to walk off with it jes' as the shower starts."

The Lady—"Yes. I advertised for a cook. You have had experience, I suppose?" The Applicant—"Sure, an' Ol hove, mum. It's meself as wor-rk'd fer a dozen families in th' last six months, mum."

"Yes," said the girl who makes collections. "It is one of the best autographs I have in my collection." "You are sure it is genuine?" "Positive. I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him."

"What are they moving the church for?" "Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church."

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared especially for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by all druggists.

A Great Physiologist

Once Said the Way to Keep the Stomach Healthy is To Exercise It.

But He Did Not Tell How to Make It Healthy.

The muscles of the body can be developed by exercise until their strength has increased manifold, and a proper amount of training each day will accomplish this result, but it is somewhat doubtful whether you can increase the digestive powers of the stomach by eating indigestible food in order to force it to work.

Nature has furnished us all with a perfect set of organs, and if they are not abused they will attend to the business required of them. They need no abnormal strength.

There is a limit to the weight a man can lift, and there is also a limit to what the stomach can do.

The cause of dyspepsia, indigestion and many affiliated diseases is that the stomach has been exercised too much and it is tired or worn out. Not exercise but rest is what it needs.

To take something into the stomach that will relieve it from its work for a short time—something to digest the food—will give it a rest and allow it time to regain its strength.

The proper aid to the digestive organs is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which cure dyspepsia, indigestion, gas on the stomach and bowels, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, and all stomach diseases.

Rest and invigoration is what the stomach gets when you use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, for one grain of the active principle in them is sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food.

The tablets increase the flow of gastric juice, and prevent fermentation, acidity and sour eructations.

Do not attempt to starve out dyspepsia. You need all your strength. The common sense method is to digest the food for the stomach and give it a rest.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not make the cure, but enables the organs to throw off unhealthy conditions.

Perfect digestion means perfect health, for under these conditions only on the different organs of the body work right and receive the building-up material found in pure blood.

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The Tablets are pleasant to the taste, and are composed of fruit and vegetable extracts, golden seal and pepsin.

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of the breakfast table—
that delighteth the taste
and refresheth the body
—I drink to thee in
thy perfect form,
Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND
COFFEE.



Hints for the Housewife.

Baby Corn.

A happy mother stalk of corn
Held close a baby ear,
And whispered, "Cuddle up to me,
I'll keep you warm, my dear.
I'll give you petticoats of green,
With many a tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow;
For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
For though it had no eye,
It had a hundred mouths: 'twas well
It did not want to cry.
The mother put in each small mouth
A hollow thread of silk,
Through which the sun and rain and
air
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
Where all the threadlets hung;
And still as summer days went on
To mother-stalk it clung;
And all the time it grew and grew—
Each kernel drank the milk.
By day, by night, in shade, in sun,
From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and
round,
And each was shining white;
The gores and seams were all let out,
The green skirts fitted tight,
The ear stood straight and large and
tall,
And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald satin gown
To say, "You're work is done."

"You're large enough," said Mother
Stalk,
And now there's no more room
For you to grow." Shetted the threads
Into a soft brown plume—
It floated out upon the breeze
To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said, "Now I'm
A full-grown ear of corn."

Birthday Cakes and Candles.

We had trouble with candle holders
for the birthday cakes until the oldest
boy grew large enough to tinker
with things and then he found a simple
way to overcome the difficulty: Cut a
large circular piece of cardboard,
using a string to draw the circle, and
glue the candles to the outer edge with
their own wax. Arrange smilax or
any green vine between the candles
and place the frosted cake in the
middle.

How to Test Washing Powders.

A washing powder can be tested for
soda, too much of which is injurious
to clothes, in the following way: Into
about a tablespoonful of water in a
glass put about half a teaspoonful of
the powder to be tested, then add a
drop or two of muriatic acid. An ef-
ferescence then shows the presence of
carbonate of soda. The carbon dioxide
formed from the carbonate causes the
effervescence. If acid is added until
the effervescence stops, and signs of
a greasy film are seen in the top of the
liquid, the acid has united with the
base of a soap and set free the grease,
showing the powder to be made of or
to contain a combination of soda and
soap.

How to Make the Baby Sleep.

I paid a physician five dollars for
this hint and I think it was cheap at
any price. My baby cried at night,
beginning about an hour after I had
put him to sleep. He was a well,
hearty child and I couldn't find any
cause for it. So I called the doctor.
He put me through the usual cate-
chism and examined the baby. Then
he examined the baby's bed. He found
that I covered him with an elderdown
quilt, a pair of woolen blankets, and
a silk lined coverlid. "Too much
cover," he said. Put him to bed with
this amount and then gradually re-
move all but the blankets. A child of
his age generates so much heat that
after half an hour he is roasting to
death in his own heat. Let him have
a chance to get the air." I have fol-
lowed this advice and never since that
time have I had any trouble with night
crying.

Don'ts for Husbands.

Dear Housewife.—Hang this up in a
prominent place in your home for the
benefit of your noble husband; Don't
hang about the kitchen, with advice
here and suggestions there, unless you
give your wife the same privilege at
your place of business. Don't require
an itemized report of every shilling
placed in her hands; even should she
make an unwise expenditure, consider
how many times you have given her
the example.

Don't allow any family disagree-
ments or differences of opinion to crop
out before children or servants; let all
such things be reserved for private
discussion, with mutual confidence and
kindness. Don't use all your kindness
and gallantry away from home, and let
the unpleasantness manifest itself in
the family circle; try the other course
for a time, and see how that will work.
Don't listen to the man who begins

to disparage his wife, and parade her
real or fancied shortcomings to the
world; advise him to settle those
things in the privacy of his own home.
Don't make it necessary for any per-
son to give you like advice.

Don't pay a couple of dollars for a
lunch "in town," and half as much
more for cigars, while you think out
plans for greater economy in the fam-
ily grocery bill.

Don't forget that members of the
family have as good a right to a pleas-
ant greeting when met, and will ap-
preciate it as much, as the business or
social acquaintance next door.

SALADS.

Potato Salad.—Take 4 cold boiled po-
tatoes cut in thin slices; 1 hard boiled
egg; 1 onion cut fine and a little cel-
ery. Mix with salad dressing and serve
on lettuce leaves.

Potato Salad.—Boil 6 potatoes, when
cold, peel and slice and add 2 onions;
take a slice of breakfast bacon and cut
in squares; fry until brown; remove
the squares and place on potatoes; add
1 egg beaten light, and 1/2 cup vinegar
to the grease and let come to a boil,
stirring all the time. When cold add
a little sugar, salt and pepper; pour
over potatoes; mix well.

Fruit Salad.—One pineapple grated; 3
oranges cut in small sections; 6 peach-
es peeled and sliced; 1/2 dozen apricots
peeled and sliced, 4 bananas peeled
and sliced; 2 lemons, juice and pulp.
Arrange in layers in dish and pour
over a rich syrup made of 2 cups of
powdered sugar and the lemon juice.
Chill and serve with whipped cream
and angel food cake.

Fruit Salad.— Bananas, oranges,
grapes, pineapple, pears and cherries
may be combined either all or a few in
any desired proportion to make a salad.
Make a syrup of water and sugar with
a little lemon juice and pour over fruit
when cold.

Cooked Salad Dressing.—1 table-
spoonful olive oil or butter (running
over) 1 tablespoonful sugar, (heaping)
1 tablespoonful salt, (scant level) 1/2
tablespoonful mustard, 3 eggs, 1 cup
milk, 1 cup vinegar. Mix oil, sugar
and mustard, add beaten eggs, then add
vinegar and lastly, the milk. Cook
until it thickens, stirring constantly.
Remove from the fire, add salt and
beat for a few minutes with an egg
beater to remove any curdle, and cool.
This will keep in a cool place for a
couple of weeks.

Mayonnaise Salad Dressing.—2 yolks
of eggs; 1 pint of olive oil; 2 small
teaspoons lemon juice; 2 small table-
spoons vinegar; 1 level tablespoon
salt; 1 level teaspoon powdered sugar;
1 level tablespoon dry mustard; 1/4
level teaspoon white pepper or paprika.
Break yolks into small bowl and add
very gradually, beating constantly,
half the oil. Mix all the dry ingredi-
ents in a saucer and then add the
acid half teaspoonful at a time, alter-
nating with the remainder of the oil.
The acid thins the mixture while the
oil thickens. Keep on the ice until
ready for use. When properly mixed
and chilled, this will be very thick.

Bread.

Bread may be called, without error of
statement, "the staff of life," and have
you heard the equally true additional
clause to this old saying made by a
wise head of our own time? "Bread is
the staff of life, but bread and butter
is a gold-headed cane." Bread made of
wheat flour is a perfect food, but for
its slight deficiency in fat; hence
arose the custom of spreading it with
butter. So many good things are
handed down to us whose reason for
being we do not stop to think of or
understand!

Bread, in some form or another, is
the staple starchy food of the civilized
world, and many forms are character-
istic of certain nations. Who has not
heard of the black bread of Germany,
the oat cakes of Scotland, the rye cakes
of Sweden, and the Passover cakes or
unleavened bread of the Jews?

It is very essential that so universal
a food should be as nutritious, palat-
able and digestible as the best of ma-
terial and skill in making can produce.
At the present time it is known that
flour made of wheat is capable of mak-
ing the most perfect loaf. Wheat flour
contains all the food principles,
though not in ideal proportions, the de-
ficiency being in fat, as has already
been stated. Wheat flour contains from
eleven to thirteen per cent. of protein
in the form of gluten, a tough, elastic
substance, which enables dough to re-
tain the gas formed in it, which is a
great aid toward the light, spongy
loaf.

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"Madame" (the English home-magazine) says:
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It is blended to suit conditions right here in the West--not in England or Eastern Canada, where the water, etc. is so different.

The Flavor Never Varies, as Blue Ribbon Tea is always selected from the same plantations. It is not picked up here, there and everywhere, as so many teas are.

Better Than Ever This Year

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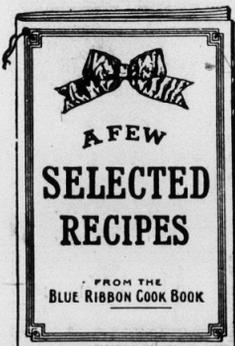
You may be living in a small town, or on a remote farm or ranch, but by using Blue Ribbon you get as good tea as you could at the largest city grocery. If you move from place to place you can always get exactly the flavor you have been accustomed to, by simply asking for Blue Ribbon Tea.

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