

# *The* WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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## The Western Home Monthly

Published Monthly  
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**Vol. XXI.**

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

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### A Chat With Our Readers

**T**HE war is over and everybody in Canada is thankful for it. We are now face to face with new problems, new business conditions and requirements for which we must plan and provide. The situation in Canada is viewed with optimism for a speedy return to normal conditions is assured, not as they were before the war because Canada has a new vision. Canada has made progress in energizing its citizens and placing Canadian business upon a new and advanced plane. There are many years of profitable business ahead, particularly for the farmers of Canada. They have been, and are, most prosperous and will be for years to come because they must help to feed the world. The Western Home Monthly, in keeping with the new conditions, is gradually casting aside everything appertaining to the war and substituting literature of a more reconstructive nature.

Among the many Western Canadian publications, The Western Home Monthly is easily the best suited to the interests of the Western home. It is a friend whose acquaintance once made, no one would willingly relinquish. Its healthy tone and distinctly Western "atmosphere," as well as its strong moral uplift, carry instant appeal. Being the pioneer magazine of the West, it has seen and recorded history—and if for no other reason, it stands unique as a Canadian institution.

We have endeavored always to place the public welfare ahead of mere commercial success and the happy result is seen in the constantly increasing subscription lists and in the numerous letters of appreciation which come into the office each day from readers whose common cry is: "We simply couldn't do without it."

It is a sobering thought to reflect that one's influence may reach from the heart of a busy metropolis like Winnipeg out to the very remotest corners of our great land. The best is none too good to offer the readers of The Western Home Monthly. So, now, early in a new year it is good to know that we are to receive "the best" each month all through the year, as in the past—the best in history, science, fiction, and in all of the various departments which go to make up an all-round family magazine. One of the finest features of The Monthly is the page captioned "The Philosopher." Condensed news from all over the globe is given us under the heading "What the World is Saying."

The departments "The Young Man and His Problem" and "The Young Woman and Her Problem" and "The Woman's Quiet Hour" are read and re-read in many thousand Western homes. The pattern pages and those devoted to fancy work have a very large number of admirers, judging by the many letters of enquiry which reach us by every mail.

Mr. Bonnycastle Dale's interesting and often humorous accounts of life along the Pacific Coast are regular items of our bill of fare, and Dr. Leonard K. Hirschberg's medical talks have been a veritable boon to students of hygiene and to all who have at heart the physical welfare of our rising generation. A feature of the fiction section are the gripping tales of early days on the prairies. They carry us far back to the era of the buffalo and the redskin, and give us many sidelights upon the lawless life of the 'seventies and 'eighties when conflicts between the Royal North-West Mounted Police and whisky smugglers were matters of everyday occurrence.

This is the day of the short story. As never before, there is a crying demand for this type of fiction—the crisply written, graphic, thoroughly "live" tale with a plot and a "punch." The Western Home Monthly is fortunate, indeed, in being able to number amongst its contributors many whose names are favorably known in the world of literature. Preference is always given to stories which reflect the Western life in its truest aspect. This will continue to be our editorial policy during 1919.



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The Western Home Monthly, March

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## Editorial

### REINSTATING THE SOLDIERS

CANADA'S war programme consisted of two parts, putting an efficient army in the field, and providing for the men after their return. We are just entering upon the second part of the programme, but sometimes it seems as if the chief performers were not prepared to play their parts. In other words, our national government appears to have no definite plan prepared for the reinstatement of the men, or for suitable provision for them in cases where reinstatement is impossible.

Here in Winnipeg as in other places local committees are at work scouring the shops and manufacturing establishments looking up jobs for the returning men. This is very commendable insofar as these local committees are concerned, but it does not say much for the Federal Government, which should have had the whole matter arranged beforehand. Local effort can never take the place of national foresight and national organization. The placing of men in positions is part of the national programme, and the war is not ended until every man is properly placed. More than that, unless the men are properly placed, a second war, more serious for us than the Great War, is quite possible. Civil unrest is based on discontent. If any people have a right to feel discontented it is those who feel that their loyal and whole-hearted sacrifice has not been appreciated.

It is invidious to make comparisons, but when one reads what has been done in England and in the United States, he must feel that we have failed in one part of our work. The following extract from the U. S. Employment Service Bulletin, illustrates the point, and no excuse is made for quoting at length, since the problem is upon us and serious action is imperative.

A model demobilization camp, where a personal record is made of each soldier, before he is discharged, insuring to the discharged man a place of employment, is the admirable achievement of Maj. Gen. Henry P. McCain, former Adjutant General of the Army, now commanding officer at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Working in conjunction with the United States Employment Service, Gen. McCain has placed behind the Employment Service representatives in the camp, and their work, every means necessary to get results. Figures for December show that 12,559 men were discharged. Of these 6,954 stated they did not need assistance, 2,777 had assurance of getting their old jobs back, 902 were referred to new positions in that vicinity, and 1,926 were given letters to their local United States employment office, where they have also been listed.

"The general scheme which has been adopted at this camp, and which worked out to our entire satisfaction, is to get a line on the number of men in camp and those coming into the camp every day, then to follow these men up until they are about to be discharged. This information is essential in order to keep ahead of the discharges so that the men can be ordered to the employment office, which is a separate building set apart in the central part of the camp for this particular use, where nine army clerks, with Capt. Allen in charge of the office, represent Maj. Gen. McCain.

"The battalion or regiment about to be discharged are ordered to report, a company at a time, usually about 24 to 72 hours in advance of their discharge, at the employment office, where the men were given a talk on the employment question, telling them that the Government was anxious to see all men discharged from the service placed in some employment and to that end had placed the United States Employment Service at their disposal.

#### Men are Classified

"The men were put through a process of elimination. Those who had no work to return to, we advised we had jobs for them. We impressed this upon their minds by repeating several times so that there will be no misunderstanding. To the men who are not sure of their jobs and wish to return to their former employer, we furnish him a card which he is to present to his former employer to be marked by him and returned to us with the inscription at the bottom whether he has been employed or not. Men who are positively sure of their positions we take their names and addresses, their army serial number, the names and addresses of employers to whom they are returning. When men are going to states outside of New England and have no jobs to return to, we give them a card to the nearest Employment Service office or community board in his district, who will look out and see that he is placed.

#### What is Done for Him

"Having classified the men into groups each man is then questioned as to the kind of work he desires and which in our estimation he is best fitted. Having obtained this information we furnish him with one of our postal cards, directing him to some employer, or where we find that we have no jobs on hand in his town, we send him to an employment office of the

United States Employment Service Community Board in or near his home town.

"To the men sent to the United States Employment Office, duplicate forms are made, one copy of which we send to his home office with a letter asking that the man be placed in the job he desires. These duplicate cards are sent out at least 2 to 4 days before the man is discharged from the camp, so as to prepare the United States Employment Office where he is going to apply, and they will be ready to place him.

#### Follow-Up System

"When cards are returned to us and we find that the man has been placed at work, we so note on the back of his card which is on file at the camp. If, however, we find that the man has not been placed at work, we have a follow-up system where we write to the concern to which he was first directed and ask them why the man was not placed in his former job. If we find that it is impossible to place him with his former employer, we get in touch with the discharged soldier again, also the nearest employment office, asking the latter to place the soldier in a position. You can readily see from foregoing that every man who is discharged must pass through the employment office at this camp and, if he hasn't a job to go to, we will direct him to one."

It is satisfactory to note that some of the ministers are sufficiently alive to sense the seriousness of the situation. One of them has made an appeal to all interests in the country to join in providing for the returning men. Other ministers apparently think their duty is done when they announce that a budget expenditure of \$60,000,000 is to be provided. The public will not be satisfied with this any more than they are with banquets and speeches and cheers. What they want is well-planned organization to meet a real situation. And the burden of this should be not on municipalities, nor provincial governments, but upon the Federal Government. For the settlement of soldiers in positions is part of the war programme.

### THE CHURCH OF TO-MORROW

IT is quite true that the war has changed our viewpoint of view on everything. In what respect is the viewpoint of religion changing?

It is not so difficult to answer this if one reviews the experiences of mankind during the centuries that Christianity has been operative as a power in the hearts of men and in the life of the world. Notwithstanding the shortcomings of professed disciples, notwithstanding their inefficiency because of differences in belief and practice, the fact remains that the Church of Christ is and must continue to be, the most powerful agency for the promotion of peace and righteousness. Even when men misinterpreted the teachings of the Master so as to put comparatively unessential doctrines and practices in the first place, they were unable to dim the glory of the message conveyed by Him Who spake as never man spake, and Who, because He went about doing good was able to say to men of His time and of all time "Follow Me!" The bickerings and disagreements of men as to creeds, ceremonies and interpretations, no doubt prevented Christianity from finding its true place in the hearts of men, but somehow, even when beliefs and expression took on the grotesque or extravagant, there was still something uplifting and strengthening in the messages given.

Away back in the centuries there lived men who having caught a view of the Perfect One, sought to make themselves like Him, by prayer and fasting and seclusion. Now, purity of soul is most commendable, but it is not enough. It was not enough for the Master Himself, for He mingled among men, preaching, teaching and doing good. It is clear that Christianity of the future must have in it the idea of service. Prayer, communion and fasting are valuable chiefly, as they are related to this end. If the recluse through centering his thought on himself rather than upon the work he should do for others, took a distorted view of things, he was no more extreme than the evangelists of a later day who so strongly appealed to the selfishness of men in warning them to flee from the wrath to come. Nor have these evangelists all passed away. Writing in the Atlantic Monthly, Harry Emerson Fosdick describes these as they appear to him to-day.

"The churches for generations have been urging upon us an individualistic and self-centered gospel. We have been continuously supplied in hymns, in liturgies, in sermons with Jonathan Edwards' dominant ideal, 'I make seeking my salvation the main business of my life.' Even when this self-regarding motive has not been centered on a 'post-mortem' heaven it has been centered quite as selfishly on the present life."

Now in this appeal to men to save their souls by forsaking sin and seeking forgiveness there is a great truth. The publican of Scripture took the first step towards service when he cried out in his humility, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Yet it was only the first step. Christian service is not perfected in

humility. There is, moreover, something suggestive in the fact that the sinner here was a publican, or tax gatherer, whose sin was doubtless that of robbing the public. The evangelist of to-day usually gives the word a narrower meaning. He connects sin with certain practices such as card playing, smoking, dancing and the like, and his gospel becomes one of prohibitions and restrictions. On this point Fosdick pertinently remarks:

"I remember the minister who preached a long Sunday evening sermon for the acknowledged purpose of persuading a few of us to sign a pledge never to drink sweet cider as long as we lived. I remember with resurrected wrath that as a boy I missed my one and only opportunity to hear Edwin Booth in 'Hamlet,' because some brethren stirred my sensitive conscience on the wickedness of the theatre. . . . For years the solicitous paternal attempt of the churches to build a protecting hedge around their people's character has been confirming the idea that the marrow of Christian duty is 'Thou shalt not.'"

Now it is clear that in the religion of the future the message must go beyond this. Life is not summed up in negatives, it refuses to be bounded by restrictions. In the message of the Master there stands out in splendid majesty this one great thought, "I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

And so the religion of the future will incorporate all that was good in the ideas of the past. It will make a place for prayer and meditation, it will insist on purity of life with its willingness to sacrifice the trivial and unworthy for the permanent and the really important, but it will place over everything the idea that a man must win life through losing it. In other words, as Fosdick says:

"Let the churches proclaim social aims worth fighting for, not a mere selfish gospel of safety; let them lift up the central faiths of the Christian life, with the fringes hanging how they will; let them make ethical negations only the shadows cast by the great light of positive ideals; let them practise as well as preach fraternity; let them draw together in one common cause, because they have learned how much they all agree and how insignificantly they differ."

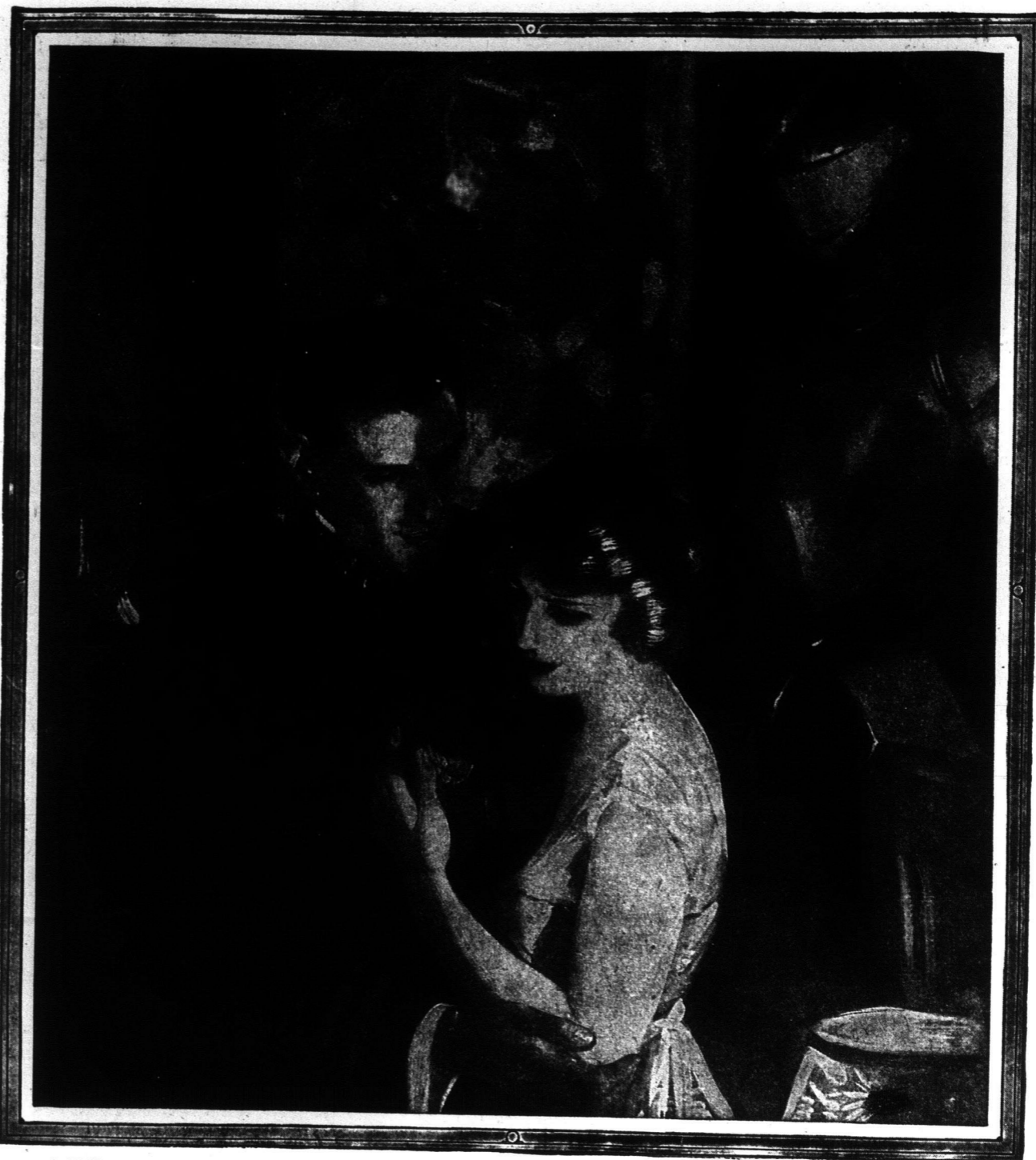
### OUR GOOD NAME

ONE of the most satisfactory things in connection with our part in the war is that nobody seems to be jealous of the good name that Canada has won because of the good deeds of her soldiers and the sacrifices of her womenfolk. There are two or three good reasons for this. In the first place the Canadians behaved themselves in a worthy manner throughout. They never allowed themselves to descend to brutality nor indecency, and when it came to fighting they never flinched. They did their duty and more, without boasting. It is this absence of boasting that has caused Canada and the Motherland to be loved and respected by the world at large. After all, trumpet-blowing is a mighty small business. Thank Heaven we have for the most part got beyond it. Now that we have a good name abroad it is for us to respect ourselves at home. Self-respect is necessary to happiness and prosperity. It is dependent upon the cultivation of such traits as courage, honesty, justice and brotherly-kindness. In other words we must make our own the Christian virtues. A good man is of more value to the state than a wealthy man. An unprincipled wretch is always a drag on society. May we have good reason to be as proud of the behavior of our men at home as of the conduct of the men who went overseas.

### DIRECTION BY EXPERTS

THOUGH autocracy in any field is to be condemned, leadership by experts or those able to speak with authority, is to be commended.

This is just where we may easily get off the track. In a democracy it does not follow that any Tom, Jack or Harry can successfully direct the affairs of state, nor the affairs of industry, religion and finance. There are some individuals in every country who are worth more than a million common men. Such men we find in Lloyd George, in Hoover, in Foch and other men of this stamp. So, too, in business there are natural leaders, men with clear insight and organizing ability, who stand out above their fellows. It is absurd to talk of reducing men to a common level. Yet so inconsistent are we in matters of government that we permit men with no practical knowledge of great departments of government to take charge of them, and in industry and finance we are often at the mercy of those who lack information and ordinary discernment. The day is coming when the Finance Minister of our country will be a real financier; the Postmaster General a man who has a real knowledge of the postal service; the Solicitor-General a lawyer of admitted ability, and so on. We cannot much longer endure government by those whom political necessity has forced into prominence.



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**A** YOUNG woman entered the offices of the Allington Shoe Company. She was a pretty young woman, and she had the air of one who was accustomed to deferential treatment. She received it in this instance. The office boy made all haste to open the gate and admit her behind the railing; the clerk at the nearest desk rose to place himself at her service; the chief clerk hurried toward her; the other clerks glanced at her covertly; the stenographers eyed her with critical approval—in brief, the sensation created was all that the most exacting could ask.

The young woman smiled pleasantly upon all alike, and moved toward a door marked "Private." The chief clerk, however, intercepted her.

"There's a directors' meeting to-day, Miss Bascom," he explained.

"Of course," she returned. "That's why I came."

"I'm afraid Mr. Hamilton can't see you," he persisted.

"Oh, I don't care about him particularly," she rejoined; "I want to see the directors."

"But they're having a business meeting—a most important business meeting," he urged.

"Well," she replied with her sweetest smile, "I have a most important business matter to discuss with them. I am a stockholder, you know."

There was humor in even a mental association of Miss Agatha Bascom with business, but the chief clerk did not smile.

"Really, Miss Bascom," he began, "it is quite impossible to—"

She gave him a nod and a smile, then opened the door and entered the room where the directors were discussing a most important deal of business policy.

The effect was similar to the effect of her appearance in the outer office. The directors were gallant gentlemen—some of them young enough to be decidedly impressionable—and there was the further fact that Miss Agatha Bascom was, by inheritance, a large stockholder in the company. They all rose and bowed and smiled, although it may be confessed that some of the smiles had more of bewildered annoyance than of cordial greeting in them. President Hamilton advanced to meet her; so did Austin Keene. Keene's movement was the impulsive act of a young man who finds a pretty girl of his acquaintance alone in a strange place, but Hamilton's official position gave him precedence, and Keene reluctantly returned to his place.

The girl was not in the least disconcerted by the unfamiliar surroundings; it seemed the most natural thing in the world that the men should put aside the business in hand to give attention to her wishes.

"Good-morning," she said, beaming upon them impartially.

"Good-morning," they replied, some cordially and some not so cordially.

"My dear Miss Bascom," interposed Hamilton in polite expostulation, "may I ask you to wait for me just a moment in the outside office? The directors are in session—"

"That's why I came," she interrupted, looking at him in surprise. "I want to speak to the directors, and I certainly own enough stock—"

"Certainly, certainly," Hamilton agreed hastily, "but it is not exactly customary—"

"We can easily ignore custom," put in Keene quickly.

"Thank you," she said with a smile. "It's a small matter, but I'm sure you'll all agree with me that it deserves attention."

Keene noticed that the others had neglected to offer her a chair, so he hastened to get one. Again he received the reward of a smile, but she declined the chair.

"My business will take but a moment," she explained; "it's merely a suggestion that is sure to have your instant approval—a little thing that probably would have had your attention long ago if it ever had occurred to you. I think we ought to have a pretty and well-equipped rest room for our girls and women, and a nice little clubhouse for all our employees."

There was an uneasy movement on the part of several of the directors, but she failed to notice it, and seemed to consider the matter settled, except as to details.

## The Intractable Stockbroker

By Elliott Flower

"The rest room," she went on, "should be large and light and nicely furnished. There should be an attendant—I think a trained nurse would be advisable—on duty there all the time, and there should be all the facilities for taking care of the girl who may become suddenly ill. There is no place for her to go now."

"She might go home," suggested Caleb Gray dryly. Gray was old and severely practical.

Miss Bascom was astonished; she replied to him with a look under which he should have withered, but somehow he did not.

"What is the idea of the clubhouse?" asked Hamilton.

"There ought to be a place," she said, "where all our employees and their families could have a little innocent diversion evenings and holidays, and my idea is to erect a pretty little building for that purpose. We might arrange for a few uplifting lectures, but relaxation and pleasure should be the main object. They have so little in their own homes and their own lives that we ought to give them a house of contentment."

"The girls have a lunch room now," said Hamilton.

"But such a shabby place!" exclaimed the girl. "No pretty pictures, no comfortable chairs, nor anything to make it attractive! I've just come from that room, and it isn't at all what I mean. We should give them a real rest room—something cheerful and dainty as well as useful. I've been thinking deeply on the subject."

"For how long?" inquired Caleb Gray with a directness that even she found rather disconcerting.

"Why—why, since last evening," she replied. "I laid awake nearly all night thinking," she added in explanation. "I heard the subject of making workers happy discussed at a social-settlement meeting."

"I am afraid, Miss Bascom," said Gray with a trace of sarcasm in his tone, "that you've overlooked the primary purpose of this company, which is making shoes."

"I think," put in Hamilton quickly, with the intention of softening this a little, "that Miss Bascom's ideas are most creditable to her heart, but hardly practical now."

The girl was amazed; she instinctively turned to Keene for support, but even he was silent.

"Do you mean to say," she cried, "that none of you see the importance of this?"

"It is inexpedient at the present time," Hamilton explained conciliatorily. "A little later, perhaps, we might provide the rest room, but the clubhouse—"

"I insist, Mr. Hamilton," she interrupted haughtily. "I certainly ought to have something to say about this company, and this is the first suggestion I have made."

"Let me explain the circumstances, Miss Bascom," remarked Hamilton suavely.

"At the present moment the company has not sufficient money to carry out our plans for enlarging the plant and opening a vigorous campaign for new business, and we are now arranging for a new issue of stock to give us the necessary capital. You will readily understand, therefore, that we have no money to waste at this time. A little later, possibly—"

"Waste!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Possibly that is not the word," he corrected hastily. "I merely wish to show why your suggestion cannot be considered at this time."

"But you don't understand," she returned impatiently. "My heart is set on this."

"I am sorry, but I am confident that I voice the sentiments of all the directors. Do I not gentlemen?" he asked, turning to them.

The directors nodded gravely. Even Austin Keene inclined his head in acquiescence. Her eyes had sought his the moment the question was asked. Whatever the others might say, she was sure she would have a champion in him. And her failed her. True, he seemed to be very unhappy about it, but he silently endorsed the adverse decision.

"I am ashamed to be a stockholder in such a heartless company," she declared. "I shall see what I can do about this."

The chief clerk was scorched as she passed through the outer office; the other clerks and the stenographers looked after her, and said "Whew!" and "Goodness!"

The directors when they were alone laughed constrainedly and wondered what she would do. A man of business experience with the same amount of stock might find a way to make trouble, and even she might prove annoying at the next election of directors. But the business in hand soon claimed their attention again—that is, the attention of all save

Austin Keene, who had quietly slipped out after the girl.

Keene overtook her in the hall, but she turned on him before he could speak.

"I hate you!" she cried angrily.

"But, Agatha—"

"Don't you ever dare call me by that name again!" she interrupted fiercely.

"Won't you let me explain?" he pleaded.

"No, I will not," she replied. "You're as inhuman as the rest of them, and I hate you!"

It is a well-known fact that a girl seldom "hates" a young man unless she is considerably interested in him, but no young man ever yet derived much consolation from the fact. So Keene was most disconsolate when he returned to the directors' meeting.

"The situation could hardly be better," President Hamilton was saying. "The plan calls for increased and improved facilities to the value of three hundred thousand dollars and an addition of one hundred thousand dollars to our working capital, which always has been too small for our business. To cover this we increase our present capitalization of six hundred thousand dollars to one million dollars, and the new stock is practically all subscribed in advance. The old stockholders have agreed to take about a third of it, but most of it brings in outside capital. Every share goes at par, too. I think that is all to-day, gentlemen."

### II.

President Robert Hamilton leaned back in his swivel chair and beamed contentedly upon Caleb Gray.

"It is all running as smoothly as any one could ask," he announced. "The new stock is almost ready for delivery, and there is very little of it that is not already pledged. We have placed it at par without a line of advertising, without a single appeal to the general public; we have only had to mention our plans to a few conservative investors. It is most gratifying. Brent takes five hundred shares, Gibbs two hundred, Wilcox three hundred, Cargill one hundred and fifty—"

"Have you offered any to Miss Bascom?" interrupted Gray with a grim smile.

Hamilton's brow clouded. "I'm sorry about that affair," he remarked thoughtfully. "I always dislike to vex a woman, but she ought to be reasonable."

"A clubhouse!" laughed Gray; "a clubhouse and a trained nurse!"

"Miss Bascom is in about the same position as Keene," Hamilton went on reflectively, "except that we put him on the board. Both got their stock by inheritance, and neither knows anything about the business, but he's a man and has sense enough to grasp a business proposition. She has never even asked for representation on the board. Perhaps she looked upon Keene as her representative," Hamilton chuckled.

"How much stock does she hold?" asked Gray.

"Twelve hundred shares—enough to make a lot of trouble if there happened to be a strong minority interest."

"But there isn't," said Gray, "so I don't see what she can do."

"Nothing now, of course," returned Hamilton, "but you can't tell what may happen later. A rambunctious fifth interest—"

"The increased capitalization makes it only a little more than an eighth," interrupted Gray. "Anyhow, she'll have a new fad in a week, and won't even remember to demand representation on the new board. But she certainly was a fiery proposition when she walked out of that meeting."

They both laughed at the recollection, but the laughter died away when Daniel Brent burst into the room. It was evident that Brent was angry about something; he gave Gray a curt nod, and then addressed himself to Hamilton.

"Look here, Hamilton!" he cried. "What kind of a game are you putting up?"

"What's the matter?" asked Hamilton in astonishment.

"I don't know," replied Brent sharply. "That's what I'm trying to find out. But anyhow, you can cancel my stock subscription."

"What!" Hamilton and Gray both spoke at once.

"It looks bad," declared Brent with emphasis. "You are trying to hold me up for five hundred shares at par when the stock is offered in the open market at

## One More Ride

There is one more ride to be made to-day  
One more "Reveille" at break of day,  
Another parade—"get mounted"—away!  
There is one more ride.

'Tis the last grim shift in the frosty dawn  
Of a lonely picquet—with victory won;  
One more ride and the glory done;  
'Tis the last day's ride!

'Tis four long years since we first rode out,  
With "boots and saddles" and hearty shout—  
We are silent now, with the foe in rout—  
We have had grim rides.

There is one more day! a proud day, too;  
For to-day we've won, with the Rhine in view—  
And we cross to-day! 'tis a victor's due—  
A triumphant ride!

Why don't we smile? Why a hard set face?  
Have you ridden with Death in a hot, stern race,  
When sweat was cold on a dying face?  
Have you faced the guns?

But our hearts are strong on the last day's ride,  
For lives have paid with majestic pride;  
And the squadron riding side by side  
Will cross the Rhine, the German Rhine,  
In our last day's ride to-day!

—G. H. Hambley, "A" Squadron, C.L.H.

Bruhl, Germany, December 12, 1918.

ninety-six. I tell you, it looks bad, and I wouldn't touch it now at any price."

"You're crazy!" asserted Gray. "There is no stock on the market."

"Oh, there isn't!" retorted Brent. "Well, Dowling & Rutledge offered me all I wanted up to one thousand shares at ninety-six, and even agreed to scale it down to ninety-four on a sale of the whole block in one lot. Said they'd already sold two hundred at ninety-six."

Hamilton and Gray instinctively did a simple sum in addition, and found the total of the stock put on the market significant.

"Do you suppose," gasped Hamilton, "that fool girl has—"

It seemed so incredible that he hesitated, but Gray hazarded the suggestion that it was a good guess.

"What is it?" asked Brent, seeing that his news carried real consternation to the men he had thought guilty of trickery.

"It's Miss Bascom," replied Hamilton. "She's sulky and won't play," added Gray sarcastically, "because we refuse to provide pianos for the girls in our employ."

"Well, you'd better check her off quick," asserted Brent, "or she'll spoil your new stock issue. Why didn't you buy her interest?"

"She never offered it to us," explained Hamilton, "and it's taking about all that we can swing to float the new issue without adding more than a hundred thousand and for a block of the old stock. But we've got to get that off the market."

"You certainly have!" agreed Gray. "But you'll stick," urged Gray.

"I'll wait and see," returned Brent. "It may be all right, but I'm in no hurry to go into a thing at par when other people are unloading."

Hamilton and Gray did not attempt to detain him, the moment being unpropitious for argument. Each acted on a plan of his own. Hamilton went to the outer office, where he sent a boy with a cab to hunt up Keene, and Gray pulled Hamilton's desk telephone over to a point where he could use it. When Hamilton returned to the room Gray was in conversation with Rutledge, of Dowling & Rutledge.

"It was a good guess," announced Gray, as he hung up the receiver. "Miss Bascom put her stock in their hands the very day of the directors' meeting, with instructions to sell it all for the best price it would bring—said she was ashamed to own it. I asked him to keep it off the market and we'd make a proposition, but he said his instructions were to sell for cash at the earliest possible moment."

"It's awful!" declared Hamilton. "Our stock has been worth par or better for ten years. She's throwing away money!"

"A woman doesn't care about money when she's cross," commented Gray, "and that girl was real cross. What are we going to do about it? We don't want to buy stock now; we want to sell it. And a hundred thousand is a good deal of money to scrape up in a minute."

"I've sent for Keene," said Hamilton. "Perhaps he can do something with her. It takes the right man, you know, to handle a capricious woman."

They discussed the subject in all its bearings while they were awaiting Keene, and the situation seemed the more serious the more they discussed it. Allington Shoe Company never had been a speculative stock, being held by legitimate investors, and to have any of it sold below par at this time was about as hurtful a blow as the company could well receive. That a large block of it—more than could be readily absorbed—should be thus publicly offered might destroy confidence and necessitate a postponement of the new issue. Nor was Keene, when he arrived, able to reassure them.

"Why, Miss Bascom hasn't spoken to me since the directors' meeting," he said ruefully.

"You're old friends, are you not?" asked Gray.

"We were," admitted Keene. "Well, I don't believe a girl is going to let a little business difference interfere with an old friendship," said Gray.

"You really must see what you can do," added Hamilton. "It is a matter of the utmost importance, involving her own interests as well as the future of the company. Why, she is simply throwing away money!"

Keene allowed himself to be persuaded. Perhaps he was glad to have an excuse for calling upon her. At any rate, he went to her home as fast as a cab could carry him—and was rewarded with the



Canadian Discharge Depot, England. Officers' mess and staff.

announcement that "Miss Bascom is not at home." Being accustomed to social usages, the fact that he was admitted before her absence was discovered seemed to him significant, and he mildly suggested that Miss Bascom, who was not at home, be informed that he called on a most important business matter. This brought the information that Miss Bascom was "at home" to any business messenger, and would see him in the library, which message was not of a kind to make an interested young man especially happy.

"I hope," she said coldly, when he entered, "that your business is not merely an excuse."

"Indeed it is not," he assured her. "We have just learned that your stock is being offered as low as ninety-six and ninety-four—"

"No lower?" she interrupted in surprise. "I told him to sell it for what it would bring, and sell it quick. I didn't expect much over eighty or eighty-five."

"But that's throwing money away!" he protested.

"It's my money, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, but—"

"And I am at liberty to make any sacrifice that my conscience dictates, am I not?"

"Be reasonable!" he pleaded desperately.

"I do not think," she said, "that a man who begrudges girls a rest room is qualified to give advice."

"You are angry with me," he argued, "because I used my own judgment in a business matter."

"Not at all," she returned calmly. "I would have the utmost contempt for a man who did not use his own judgment, but I am disappointed and annoyed that your judgment is not better."

"If you will withdraw your stock from the market," he urged, "the company will arrange to take it at par a little later."

"I do not care to have any dealings with such heartless people," she declared. "I do not care to hear from the company at all until it is ready to do justice to its employees."

"Suppose we agree to the rest room," he suggested.

"And the clubhouse?"

"Oh, that's a different matter!"

"And the clubhouse," she repeated. He felt like a man in a maze—the unfathomable maze of a woman's unreasoning vagaries.

"Now, look here, Agatha!" he began excitedly.

"I permit only my friends to call me by my given name," she interrupted. "Friends!" he repeated. "Why, we were engaged—"

"I didn't know it."

"There certainly was a tacit understanding—"

"I am not responsible for what you understood."

He sighed wearily. It was hopeless. "Won't anything restore me to your favor?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied, with a little softening of her tone and manner. "Something might. I'd like to think well of you, but I can't while your heart is with cruel capital."

"But business—"

"I don't think there is anything more to be said. I am ashamed to own stock in that company, and I am selling it as fast as possible. It is useless to argue."

Keene returned disconsolately to Hamilton and Gray, his mind more occupied with Agatha Bascom than with her stock.

"She'll sell her stock down to eighty if necessary," he said, "and she will not give the company any time to absorb it; I think she'd rather sell it at eighty or ninety to outsiders than at par to any of us. It is on the market, and it stays there. I don't think anything would change her mind except complete capitulation on the subject of the rest room and the clubhouse."

"She's childish," commented Gray disgustedly when Keene had left; "she ought to be spanked. Such costly foolishness is wholly out of the question."

"We'll have to hold back the new stock issue until we get the matter straightened out," said Hamilton resignedly. "It's certainly amazing that a big corporation should be blocked in a business matter by a frivolous girl."

### III.

Austin Keene was moody and unhappy. He was very sure that he had done exactly right, but this brought him little consolation. The clubhouse idea in existing circumstances was certainly preposterous, and even in her rest-room plan she went to absurd extremes. His reason told him that he had taken the proper business view, but what is reason where a girl is concerned?

"She's worth a hundred clubhouses," he told himself. "What do I care if the company bankrupts itself on clubhouses! I can live on what I can earn, but I can't live without her."

These reflections finally brought him to the conclusion that "the blamed old company could go to thunder," and he went to see Miss Agatha Bascom.

Strangely enough, Miss Bascom did not specify on this occasion whether she was receiving him as a stranger, a business messenger or a friend. Perhaps Miss Bascom had had some unhappy moments herself. At any rate she received him promptly.

"Agatha," he began with impulsive thoughtlessness, and then suddenly remembered how she had replied to him when he thus addressed her a few days before. Now, however, she did not seem to notice it. So he tried again—with like result.

It was a small matter, but his spirits began to climb. She certainly was not effusively cordial, but neither was she cold, and her manner held out something of encouragement without giving him a single tangible thing upon which to base it. Only a woman could steer that course successfully. If he had been wise in the ways of women, it is possible that he might have recognized the signs of ultimate surrender, but the possibility of reconciliation only made him the more anxious to concede everything.

"Agatha," he said, "I was a brute not to back you up at the directors' meeting. I'm awfully sorry—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted, and there

was certainly warmth in her smile; "I am now able to see that, from a business point of view, you were quite right."

"Hang the business point of view!" he exclaimed.

"I presume," she conceded, "that I was unreasonable, but I do think the workers are entitled to a little consideration."

"They are going to have it!" he declared. "Has the company agreed—?"

"Hang the company!" he interrupted, gaining in courage and aggressiveness. "You and I are going to make it agree."

"Really, Austin?" The tone, and most of all the use of his given name, so thrilled him that he would cheerfully have given the company to the ragman.

"Together," he explained, "we hold enough stock to make the company sit up and take notice, and my place on the board makes our position stronger. I'll give them something to think about, Agatha; I'll tell them that we'll throw our joint holdings on the market if they don't make these concessions, and I know they're good and worried already."

"Its awful nice of you, Austin." She had been sitting in the middle of a settee, and quite absent-mindedly she moved over a little. When a girl on a settee makes room for another, a young man ought to know what to do. Keene sat down beside her. "But I've no doubt I was unreasonable," she added.

"No, indeed," he declared.

"Yes, I was," she insisted. "I can see that the clubhouse is inexpedient now, but the rest room—"

"We'll have a rest room on every floor," he asserted recklessly; "we'll have all the frills—"

"We mustn't be too extravagant about that," she interrupted. "You were quite right."

"No, I was entirely wrong," he had taken possession of one of her hands, but she did not seem to notice it. "But we are—"

"Why, of course," she said. Then, with a girl's perversity, she jumped up just as he was about to take more complete possession. "I must telephone Mr. Rutledge not to sell any more of my stock!" she exclaimed. "I'm afraid he's sold a little already."

"Hang Rutledge!" he ejaculated plaintively.

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She was already at the telephone, but the conversation was brief.

"I'm sorry," Rutledge reported, "but nearly all of your stock is sold. I held back a little because the price slumped so badly. There seems to be a sort of panic that I don't understand. Perhaps I'd better come up and see you about it. I may be able to suggest something when I know the situation better."

She turned from the telephone with a long face.

"We're worse off than before," she said. "Your stock and the little I have left won't make as much as I had alone before."

But my directorship counts for something," he argued. "Oh, we'll win yet. This partnership has got to win. Sit down here again and let's talk it over."

The "partnership" sat down, but pretty soon a maid appeared with the announcement that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Gray wished to see her.

"Hamilton and Gray!" exclaimed Keene. "Something has certainly broken loose."

Something had. Hamilton and Gray were much perturbed when they were ushered into the library. They found their position rather humiliating.

"Miss Bascom," said Hamilton with an uncomfortable laugh, "you have beaten us, and we've come to capitulate. You caught us at a most inopportune time; we were pretty well tied up with the new stock issue and some of the old stock holders who did not understand the situation were frightened over the offers made by your brokers and began putting their own stock on the market. We have got to stop this slump, Miss Bascom. We'll concede your rest room and clubhouse and everything else if you'll withdraw your stock from the market."

"I've given up the clubhouse idea," she returned.

"Good! good!" exclaimed Gray. "That clears the atmosphere nicely. We can now make the concession with less regret."

"But I have practically no stock left," she added; "it is practically all sold."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Gray. "And the purchasers have been frightened into selling again at a loss!" cried Hamilton. "That explains part of the trouble."

"We've got to stop it somehow!" declared Gray. "We've got to do it!"

They left in such haste and in such mental distress that they forgot the ordinary courtesies of departure, and they were totally oblivious of the fact that Rutledge was just driving up in a cab.

Rutledge was in a great hurry, and considerably excited.

"I don't pretend to understand the inside situation, Miss Bascom," he said, "but if that company is in any kind of decent shape there's a chance for a splendid coup. I understood you were annoyed by some question of incidental policy. If that's all, you can pretty nearly buy control at this minute, but you've got to act quick. A lot of the stockholders are scared blue. I can get you about all you want at ten to fifteen points under the average for which you sold, and there's approximately one hundred thousand dollars to your credit with our firm to make the deal. What shall I do?"

"Buy," said Keene quickly. The broker glanced at the girl.

"Mr. Keene speaks for me in all matters," she told him with the air of one who was mighty proud of the fact.

The broker dashed for his cab. "I hope they'll let us alone for a few minutes now," ventured Keene.

"I hope so," she returned demurely, and he— Well, never mind that.

## The Stolen Moose

By Dr. Elgin Adams Blakely

**J**ACK MACDONALD sat in his office preparing a brief for an important case which was to be tried in a few days, but his thoughts persistently wandered to the lovely Flora Mackay.

"I would rather win her than all the cases in the country. To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, and I'll go down to Beausejour for a hunt, at least that's what I'll tell my friends," he decided.

He looked at his watch. "Three o'clock. I'll have time to catch the afternoon train," and he closed his desk with a bang.

After giving some instructions to his clerks, he threw the strap of his gun case over his shoulder and arrived at the station in time to take the Imperial Limited going east. An hour's run brought him to Beausejour, a typical Manitoba town. Stepping off the train, he was overjoyed to see Flora in the crowd on the platform talking to a friend. As he reached her she turned toward him.

"Well, Flora, this is a fine demonstration. Has it all been arranged for me?" was Macdonald's familiar greeting.

"It must have been, for you seem to be the chief attraction. We know how to do things when we have a good opportunity."

"It was kind of you to come to meet me," he said.

"Now, Jack, you know better than that. You are just as provoking as ever."

"Then I must have been born under a lucky star. I'm glad you're here. You see I've come down to hunt moose to-morrow," he remarked, pulling the strap of his gun case, "with the hope of securing something more valuable."

A faint blush tinged Flora's cheeks. "There are no gold mines down here," she replied indifferently.

"O, Flora, I'm not so sure of that, but I get all the gold that I require in my practice in Winnipeg."

"You're a fortunate young man."

"Come, now, Flora, you are not quite so slow as all that."

"We'll see how brave a hunter you are."

Her brother came up at this moment. Taking her parcel, he led her to the carriage and drove away.

"She is a mighty fine girl, and doesn't she look natty?" he said to himself, as they disappeared down the road.

He went over to the hotel and arranged

with Charlie Hadden and Donald Lewis for the hunt on the morrow.

Charlie Hadden, who had lived there more than twenty years, was one of the best guides in that great moose district. He knew every trail and deer haunt for miles around. Having been down the road the previous night and heard some of the moose, he told the boys there was a good day in store for them.

At this time of the year, the old bulls are savage and fearless, roaming the woods on starlight nights, whistling and calling fiercely, and striking their antlers against the trees as a challenge.

Early next morning Macdonald was awakened by a rap at his door, and in a few minutes he was ready to start. The fever of the hunt already thrilled him, for he was eager to kill a moose to prove to Flora that he was a good marksman. He took Hadden, and Lewis had Jacob Mowat as his guide. They were down at the hunting ground, about ten miles out, on the Brokenhead river, past the corduroy road, at the break of day, before objects could be seen distinctly. The dense woods was before them, covering a large sugar-loaf knoll.

"Hadden and I will take the right trail, Lewis, you and Mowat go to the left, and I'll bet you Hadden's old mulley cow that we'll get the first moose."

"It will cost you just a hundred dollars, Macdonald, if you lose your bet," Hadden jokingly remarked.

Each party went along stealthily, without the least noise, the guides leading. As they approached their rendezvous, they dropped on their hands and knees, and crawled to the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful valley through which ran the Brokenhead.

Hadden motioned to Jack to come closer. They did not have long to wait, but long enough for Jack to become impatient. Soon the loud whistling call of an old moose was heard, and they saw him browsing his way down to the water's edge, but too far away for a rifle-shot. He would rear up against a young sapling and bend it down with his weight, to bring the tender boughs within his reach. Hadden imitated the low call of the cow moose, through his birchbark trumpet. This attracted the attention of the majestic old leader, and he altered his course, coming in an oblique direction

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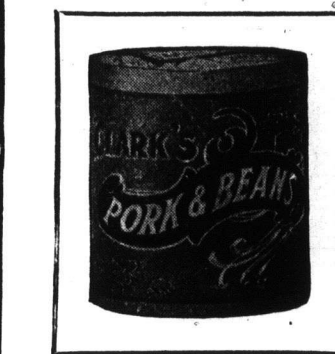
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nearer their hiding place. In going through the thick woods, he held his nose up, and his antlers back on his shoulders to avoid the branches. He came in an awkward, curious shambling gait, tossing his head and shoulders as if about to break into a gallop, but only increasing his speed by lengthening his strides, spreading his hind feet, in order to straddle the front one, his hoofs clacking noisily on the frozen ground as he came along. He was followed by a female and fawns.

"They are old ones," whispered Macdonald.

"Yes; keep very quiet. I'll take the old fellow, and you make quick work of the cow. Ready!"

"Bang! Bang!" sounded the rifles on the crisp morning air. Both animals gave a sudden start and fell over dead.

"Did you hear the echo of our shots?" inquired Macdonald.

"I believe that was Lewis and his guide, firing so they can claim our prizes. You will see them put in an appearance from the other side of the hill."

Sure enough, about two minutes later, they met and all thought they had been shooting at the same marks; but to their surprise, they found they had four instead of two, a fine bull and three cows.

"Won't Flora be astonished!" thought Jack, with delight.

"That leader, judging from his size, may be the oldest moose on the continent. They are the finest pair I have seen. The fawns are born in early summer, and stay with their mothers for two or three years before they wander off to seek mates for themselves, thus living in families, and, if they escape the hunter, may reach a great age," explained Hadden.

hurry now, as I am supposed to be back before twelve."

They started sharp on time and were soon down at the hunting ground; but to their great dismay, they could not find the least trace of their meat. There were the remains of a camp-fire, tent pegs driven in the ground and a wagon track, which they tried to trace but found it impossible.

"I'll be jiggered if this isn't hard luck," exclaimed Macdonald. "They'll have the laugh on us sure."

"We had better hurry to the station and telegraph to the police of the towns in the vicinity to be on the look out, as the thief will be trying to sell the meat," Lewis suggested.

"No; it is against the law to sell it," replied Hadden.

On their return, they were not a very happy trio. Driving hurriedly to the hotel yard by a back way, they got into the house without being noticed, but every body soon had the news. Macdonald received a note from the post-mistress telling him her dress was to be a cream silk. The teacher called for his hat.

"I think we had better get out of this," said Macdonald. It was arranged that Lewis was to go along the Tyndall road while Macdonald and Hadden were to cover the east end of the town to trace the thief.

"This just suits my purpose," thought Macdonald, "as I get Lewis off in another direction, and Hadden will drive me out to see Flora."

Inquiries were made everywhere, and they were not long in reaching the Mackay place. Flora was standing at the gate and opened it with the remark:

"I was sure you'd be here. Have you



The Manitoba Moose after his evening dip.

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They quartered the large one, then bent down some strong trees and strung up their trophies, to make them safe from the wolves till a wagon could be brought to take them to the village.

They got back to the town before noon. At the postoffice they gave a graphic account of their adventure, but it only provoked a smile. Some friends were bantering them, because they had not brought home a moose. Macdonald bet a silk hat with the school-teacher, a new dress with the post-mistress and promised the Presbyterian minister a five-dollar subscription to the new church if they did not come back before eight o'clock with four moose.

Flora Mackay who had come over on business, was present during the conversation, and was chatting with Macdonald while the mail was being sorted.

"Where is the roast of venison you were to bring me?" she asked teasingly.

"Wait till this evening and you will have some of the finest moose you ever saw. Flora you are a dear, sweet girl."

"You don't mean that, Jack. I am afraid, there is as little truth in it as there is in your moose story," she said coquettishly.

"You'll take that back before night."

"Perhaps so, but come out with me for lunch," she said smilingly.

"I can't go now, but I'll see you later."

"All right, I'll expect you. When do you go for the moose?"

"We leave here at four o'clock. Tell your father to come up town with a wagon tonight for yours."

"Oh, thank you very much. I must

brought the moose, Jack?"

As she led the way into the house, he related all that had happened, and how they had lost no time in trying to find the culprit.

"Now, Jack, be honest," she continued.

"Did you ever kill a moose?"

"We have four dressed moose somewhere, if we can only find them," he declared.

Mrs. Mackay interrupted their conversation by saying: "You both look tired and hungry. I don't believe you have had any supper. Come out to the dining-room."

"By George! I've caught the thief," jubilantly exclaimed Macdonald as he entered the room and scented the moose flavor.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Mckay, "we have to plead guilty. Flora ascertained the particulars at the postoffice, and hurrying home, proposed that we go after the meat to get a joke on you. It is now on the wagon and the team is harnessed ready to take it up town. As each of us has had something to do with this roast, I have no doubt we will all enjoy it."

"I hope to live long enough to get even with the dark-eyed mischief who planned this clever trick," Macdonald said.

Shortly after supper Mr. Mackay and Hadden went to the village with the moose, and Jack and Flora, arm in arm, walked into the parlor.

They were both in their merriest mood, and Macdonald was not long in framing the question:

"Am I not a good hunter, Flora?"

## From a Modern Crusaders' Notebook

Specially contributed to the Western Home Monthly  
By Staff-Sergeant W. H. Roberts (a member of General Allenby's Army).

**The Changes**  
Look, the dawn's fast brightening eye  
Blinks and quivers,  
And the hill-tops bow in splendid scorn;  
The night birds sweep away forlorn;  
The dew drops dry.

Yea, myriad shafts of faultless light  
Smite the gloom,  
And the fair white hosts gain the day;  
The awful menace flies away;  
Gone is the night.

—E. A. Earnshaw.

Travelling through Palestine under war conditions, is, or was, a difficult and tiring feat, and whether the walking was much more abhorred than the riding in cattle cars equipped with square wheels is open to question. One thing sure, on the train we missed the odor so necessary to the atmosphere of the Holy Land, we got the local colour, minus the atmosphere, so to speak. But one becomes so used to the smells he would surely miss them. Even riding camel back I really believe the desert sickness so many complain of, during their jaunt, is from the beautiful appetizing odor of the camel. No, cleanliness is emphatically not a virtue in Bible Land. I think it ceased after the Flood, and opportunity has seldom come their way since, except in winter, and then it is too cold. The nights are fearfully cold, and one must have several blankets in order to keep from feeling too uncomfortable. That sand some people sing of, and which is not supposed to ever become cold, is just

about as warm as those Australian chickens straight from the refrigerator, and issued to us. If love is as lasting as the warmth in the sand, then marriages must surely be made in Heaven. I used to like the sand; it is such a splendid receptacle for things one wishes to be hid. Our Egyptian labor boys were past masters in the art of hiding things in the sand. You see they were brought up to the game from away back in Ptolemy's time, or some such king or emperor. Anyhow I will back them against any pilferer ever raised on suckers, eastern or western variety. A costing steamer, several in fact, made our camp at intervals bringing up necessities for the advance line, hospitals, etc., and for want of decent harbors all material has to be landed by surf boats and five thousand niggers. Quite a sight, that, I assure you, especially when the Mediterranean cuts up rough, as it sometimes used to. Checkers were aboard ship, checkers ashore, and spotters on the boats coming in with the load, but stuff went amissing. Jars of rum, strawberry jam, Nestle's milk, and sundry other comforts always check short shore, and yet these men always had plenty of these articles in camp. I never learnt the scheme, but I doubt not it would be worth millions to some of our crooks, and might go well as a correspondence course in professional "scrounging."

Do you like flies, dear reader? I know he arouses a great deal of enthusiasm during the summer months, and in Palestine the natives allow him to minister to them without protest. In fact, all in-



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The Jews Wall of Lamentation, Jerusalem.

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IT frequently pays to "follow the crowd." In arranging one's Life Insurance, for instance.

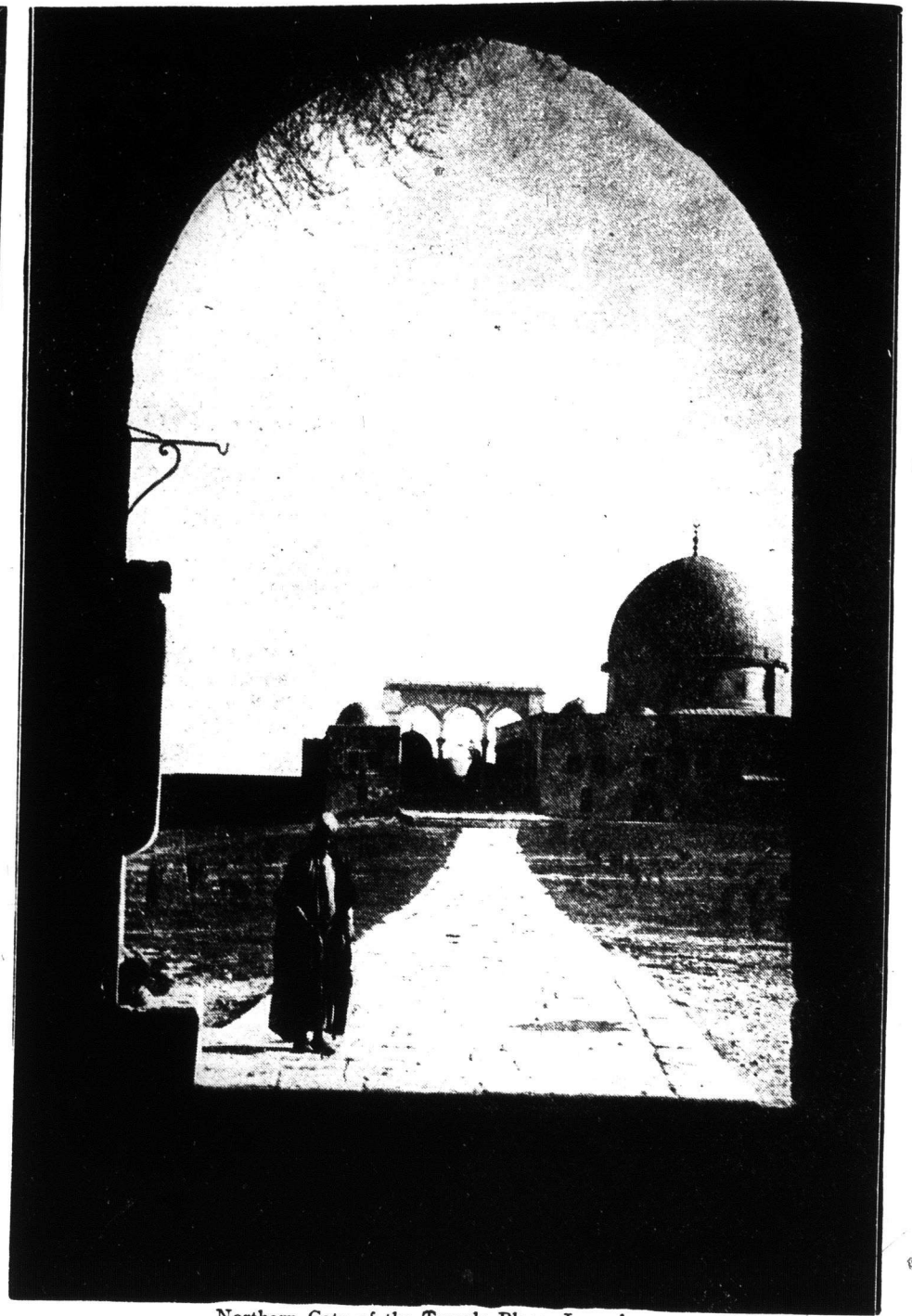
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OF CANADA

## Loans for Livestock

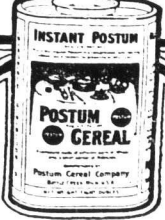
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THE PIONEER BANK OF WESTERN CANADA

sects seem to have their sympathies, for they seldom kill any. Going through a native village in our journey north, we had occasion to stop for direction, and while my companion queried one of the inhabitants, I gazed on a group of children who had gathered round to sell oranges, or beg "Backsheesh" or "Mungaree." One little girl, nude, wee wan blackamoor, stood alone, no word or sign coming from her. One arm was stretched up and across the forehead as if to shade the eyes, and her mouth partially open, had scores of flies making havoc of her chances of health, according to western ideas. The eyes and nose were similarly full of the filth, the whole business being most repugnant. Look into the houses and the conditions are fearful, yet these people live their life, squalid uncivilized lives, but to them wholly self-satisfying. All the family live under the same roof, and the family includes all the stock, camels and all. A little of the floor, earth, of course, is raised above the rest of the house, and is used as living quarters by the human beings. It may be that the house is very old, yet no changes are made, except should rain wash away any of the mud walls, it is renewed, no furniture adorns the interior in any way, shape or form. Fire for warmth and cooking is by dried grasses and twigs gathered, of course, by the wives of which he usually has more than one. The cooking itself is awful, no tea, coffee, or other acquired taste is encouraged, one glance at the menu in process of preparation being enough for such as I. During the cooking, the smoke from the fire is overpowering, and may account for the smoke dried appearance of the w. faces. This is a native village, but there are some villages where quite decent living conditions prevail, notably the French and German Jew colonies, planted there by charitable Jews, who wish to try out Zionism in practice. It is said they have proved a miserable failure, and before the ravages of war brought them English and some



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measure of protection from the rapacity of Turk officials, thirty-five per cent were subsisting directly or indirectly on charity, and at least twenty per cent were absolutely dependent on foreign benevolence. One-half have sought in Palestine freedom from persecution in Poland, Russia and Roumania. Others in age are there to die and be buried on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, the sentiment being the chief incentive in bringing other Jews than described above to live in such a woe-begone country. However, there are optimists who hold out much promise for this Zionist movement, but it is idealistic rather than practical. At any rate, should an experiment be attempted on a large scale, the benefits of good government and the effort of several American advance agents who are on the spot will do much to give it the required impetus. The beauties of the Holy Land are many and varied, and when you can close your eyes and mind to the deficiencies one is apt to respectfully consider much in the life of Biblical lore. We are apt in sentimental moments to say, "Well, Christ has walked this path, perhaps laid him down at this spot, here He addressed His disciples, and here He prayed before going to His death." There in the Garden of Gethsemane, a most beautiful spot or spots (for there are

touch with the very ground on which our Saviour walked. Since that day this land has been desecrated times without number, and desolated until war seems to be its natural heritage. During the war, by common consent, Jerusalem was placed outside the zone of fighting, and, I believe, only one shell, a Turk, fell inside the new city limits. Much improvement was effected at Jerusalem in the matter of sewerage, and beautiful cold spring water was brought right into the city from the source, some fourteen kilos away on the Hebron road, where a new reservoir has been built, a complete pumping plant installed, water running by gravity through two six-inch pipes laid side by side; part of this pipe was supplied from America and part from England, giving each of the two dominant nations of to-day an equal share in the civilizing of Jerusalem.

The railway now runs from Cairo across the Suez canal at Kantara, from there as far as Jerusalem, taking in Gaza, Beresheba, Ramleh and other towns of prominence. The water supply and railway were opened by General Allenby on the same day, and it is safe to say that all the Arab children and many adults within thirty miles splashed around in the cool, clear water on that epoch making day. On the opening of the railway at Beresheba on Wednesday, May 8th,



Holy Stone in the Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem.

two), just close the eyes to the mercenary consideration as to why there are two adjoining, and one can enjoy the feeling of proximity to the spot where the Redeemer prayed for mankind and sweated great drops of blood by realization that His great sacrifice may be in vain, or incomplete before the Father. Then we have the Mount of Olives rising up from Gethsemane, a walk of half an hour and full of interesting and remarkable things. The first pointed out is a light grey rock, where the madonna dropped her girdle when she ascended to Heaven; a little further is a stone on which Jesus stood when he beheld the city and wept. Another stone from which Mary mounted the ass when starting for Egypt with her son, and here again Christ forgave Peter all his sins. Then where Christ met His sainted mother when he was on His way to Jerusalem and she to Bethany, is a cross. And we are shown many cavities in rocks which guides solemnly swear are the footprints of saints.

The barren fig tree which our Saviour cursed still grows on the Bethany side, and in the village itself two miles away are no less than four houses in which Mary and Martha lived with Lazarus. These things, meant to deceive the pilgrim, nevertheless failed to rob the vision of the charm which surely

1918, Lieutenant-Colonel Parker, D.S.O., took some thirty Bedu Sheiks on a pleasure trip to Raffa, the junction of the main line. Here some notables of Kahn Yunes had assembled to fittingly welcome their tribal friends. A gaily decorated engine was provided to take the party back to Beresheba, which was reached in less than an hour and a half. The train was played into town by a military band and in the station, all dolled up for the occasion, the military governor, the Mufti of Jerusalem, many military officers and notables of Beresheba greeted Colonel Parker, who addressed them as follows:—

"Oh, Sheiks, oh, Arabs: It is with the greatest pleasure that I address you here to-day. For many years have I known you and heard all about you from across the border. But we were far apart in those days, and now the desert which kept us asunder is nought. The iron road has bridged the space. Brought by war, may the railway be an earnest of everlasting peace. May all the blessings of civilization be brought to your door. May the noble Arab nation, with its ancient art and learning, once more become eminent and famous. May the fertile fields, too many of which alas, this year are barren, once more be covered with the golden burden of ripening corn.

"The journey to Egypt once reckoned

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K63	Abundance	1.35	1.38
K72	Garton's 22	1.40	1.42
K81	Victory	1.45	1.48
K41	BARLEY—Six Rowed	1.60	1.65
K31	WHEAT—Marquis	2.75	2.75

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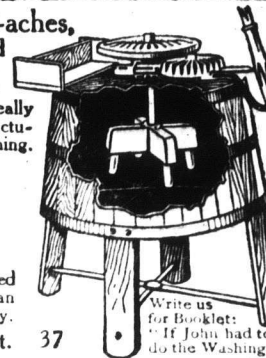
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by days will now be a matter of hours only. May your progress be equally accelerated, now that the iron rule of Turkish injustice has been driven from your land. It is with this hope in my heart and with all good wishes for your future welfare, that I declare the railway open."

And so one of the greatest events ever recorded in the history of Bible Land became past history, and Egypt, the once greatest enemy of the Jewish race, became linked up with the land of many promises, to be used for commercial purposes, bringing a measure of prosperity from the south, her link with the north had never vouchsafed. And so Palestine is perhaps going to write a new kind of history, something vastly different from that of past ages and we of the so-called civilized western nations may look with wonder on a country so recently living in times we only have read about. There is much more of interest to be said about the customs. I have only touched the edge of what is an unlimited source of inspiration for those who wish to profit by comparison. However, when those western ideals so closely connected with modern Zionism begin to make themselves felt, when Jerusalem is the garden city of the world, Palestine is the home of devout people sincerely believing God's pronouncement and that it is the

### That Guy, My Chum

Passin' the love of women is a man's love for 'is chum,  
And out on active service it 'elps the 'ardship some,  
To know you'd cheerfully die  
For the sake of that there guy.  
But yer don't need have to tell 'im, just keep mum.

He understands, and so do you, so what's the use of talk,  
If yer started talking, why both o' yer would balk;  
It's just a sort 'er feeling  
That quickly comes 'er stealing,  
And gets writ up around yer, plain as chalk.

I buried mine behind the line, on a cold and starry night,  
A Fritzey sniper got 'im at the changing of the light,  
But I made a mighty vow,  
And I only 'opes as 'ow  
I can get a chance to pay back good and tight.

He's the only chum I 'ad, he was something real,  
Never known to grumble, shirk, or squeal,  
We shared up to the last,  
But that's all gone and passed,  
And I only hope that time the pain 'll 'eal.

land of promise, the land of milk and honey, the enjoyment of a peaceful trip through Bible Land will constitute the greatest pleasure to be accounted in a man's life on this earth.

### A Country Sabbath

O the rest of a country Sabbath day!  
Its memories gently loom  
Through the hurry and fret of the noisy years,  
Like a field of clover bloom.  
Then the great, big world seemed fuller of good  
Than any man deserves,  
And we did not know we were breathing air,  
And we knew not we had nerves.

Didn't feel we must get somewhere away  
To cool our brains from care,  
It seemed that we had everything,  
That we were everywhere.  
The skies above dropped down content,  
And peace looked up from the sod,  
And the whole wide earth in its trees and flowers  
Seemed fresh from the hands of God.

How restful all those Sunday hours,  
When we did not hear a sound,  
Save now and then the cock's proud crow  
Or the pigeons whirling round,  
Or a brown thrush sang his cheery song  
From the birch near the old stone wall,  
But your ear grew used to all these things,  
And there seemed no sound at all.

In the morning we drove with the span of greys  
O'er the creek by the silent mill,  
To the little church near the tomb-stones white,  
Where it always seemed so still.  
We had Sunday school, and the preacher spoke,  
And closed with the silent prayer,  
When it seemed that the angels with folded wings  
Were filling the peaceful air.

In the afternoon father sat and read;  
As I tip-toed near I could see  
His glasses had fallen half down his nose,  
As his Bible lay on his knee;  
Tired mother had lain down awhile,  
Little Sis had crawled in at her door;  
Jackie pillowed his head on Rover's back,  
Both asleep on the kitchen floor.

I'd lie in the orchard with paper or book,  
With the breeze and the bird and the bee;  
The world far away, but the earth so near,  
It seemed like a cradle to me;  
And I just a babe lying sweetly at rest,  
And the good Lord bending above,  
Like a mother crooning a slumber song;  
I forgot everything but His love.

There was lots of work and we grew so tired,  
Through the long week's other days!  
But at just the right time the Sunday came,  
With its rest and its quiet ways;  
And when clamour and roar of the noisy years  
Have passed like a dream away,  
Then I think death will be like the coming again  
Of a country Sabbath day.  
—R. V. alter Wright.

### The Dream Child

By Walter S. Trumbull

Oh, the times that I have missed you,  
Little son I never had!  
Drawn you close to me and kissed you,  
Listened for your call of "Dad";  
Bought you picture-books and playthings  
That I thought you might enjoy;  
Taught your lisping tongue to say things,  
Little boy.

Oh, the tricks that you have played me.  
Little son I never had!  
(Pats from tiny hands repaid me  
If you thought that I was sad.)  
To my lap I've felt you creeping,  
Wearied of your game or toy;  
In my arms I've held you sleeping,  
Little boy.

Thoughts of you have kept me straighter,  
Little son I never had;  
For I dream that, soon or later,  
I shall see you, dearest lad,  
In some happy land of love where  
Dreams are coined without alloy  
Will you meet me up above there,  
Little boy?

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VANCOUVER, B.C.

## The Universal Need--a Valentine Story

By Louise Montgomery, in the "Congregationalist."

**D**ID I ever tell ye how I gave me old man a Valentine party?" asked Mrs. Mahoney.

"You never did," cried Mrs. Hoelsing, gravely.

"But you're going to," said Mrs. Mooney, reaching for another lump of sugar.

"They're nothin' like tay," resumed Mrs. Mahoney, refilling the three cups. "It warms ye up for the present an' makes ye raymimber the good times past, an' gives a rosy light to the unsartin' future."

The other women were silent. They had learned from experience that when a story was brewing in the old woman's mind she would need no urging to bring it forth.

"'Twas just such another day as this," she began, "an' that made me think iv it. The cold wind drove the sleet an' the snow to the heart, an' there was small reasons to be joyful with me old man out iv work since the Christmas an' the landlord gettin' onaisy about the rint, which is a way with thim landlords, an' me gettin' sight iv the bottom iv the taycan whin I went to get a pinch to warm the marrow iv me old bones."

"An' the worst iv it was me old man was fair disheartened. Ivery mornin' he wint out with his gray head droopin' like an old ox under a heavy yoke. An' he says to me, 'I'm gettin' old an' nobody wants me anny more.' 'Go along

"You might have got credit," suggested Mrs. Mooney.

"Ye'er partly right an' not altogether wrong. 'Tis no shame to tell ye iv the few times in me life whin I borrowed money from thim as wudn't be missin' it if I was to call for me funeral sudden an' lave a small debt for me only raymimbrance. 'Twas a cold day, as I was tellin' ye, an' I bundled me figure in a big shawl an' with me head up as high as me bent shoulders cud carry it, I wint straight to the charity office. Wurra, wurra, there was many a poor soul shiverin' in the outer room that day an' lookin', the Lord help thim, as if they'd been stealin' sheep. But I want to tell ye now, 'tis not the way to go for a small favor in the winter. I walked be the shakin' group straight into the next room an' up to the head lady sittin' in a kitchen chair an' playin' with a lot iv cards with names on thim. We'd

done business together afore, an' she knew me, an' I knew her. She was the trim an' tidy sort, for all the world like wan iv these pictures hangin' in the shops in the spring with the sign, 'Tailor-made,' under them. But she'd a kind heart an' I asked her without a blush or any kind iv excuses to lind me the loan iv three dollars an' a half."

"You didn't get it," said Mrs. Mooney.

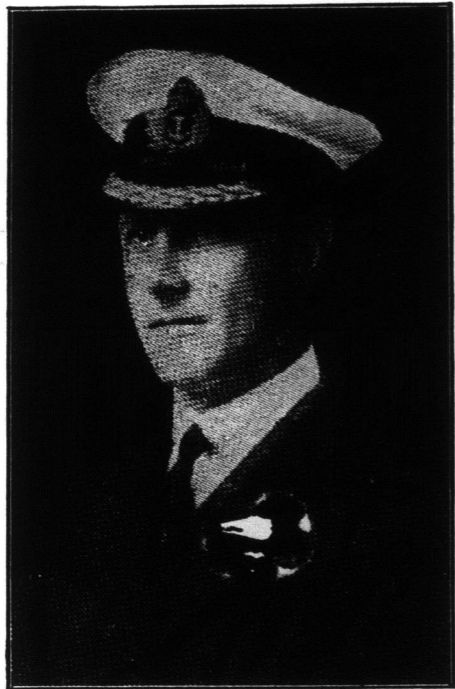
"They never give money at such places."

"Not without you answer all manner of questions you'd sooner die than tell them," explained Mrs. Hoelsing.

"As I was tellin' ye," continued the old woman, calmly, "we'd done business afore an' me reputation was good for returnin' small change. She looked at me an' asked if it was really necessary I shud take the cash, hintin' perhaps she cud do some other way, but I turned her off iv that guick an' sudden. 'This a cold day whin old Kathleen Mahoney lets anybody else order beans an' useless charity truck for her. Haven't I always returned cash for cash?' I asked her, holdin' up me head an' lookin' her square in the eye.

"Yes, I know ye have," says she, gentle-like, but with a suspicion iv mistrust in the waitin'. Ye see she'd been down to me house an' I'd invited her into the front room an' give her a cup iv tay like any decent woman, so she got it into her head me an' the old man lived pretty well for folks' called poor. 'Ye've always returned the money ye've borrowed, but ain't ye just a little bit improvident,' says she, 'or ye wudn't be out again so soon,' says she. Thim I explained how me old man was out iv work since the blessed Christmas Day an' money was most necessary, for the universal need,' says I.

"True," says she, 'but ye certainly spend money pretty good when ye have it. I noticed all the new things in ye're front room,' says she, 'an' that fine green carpet.' 'Luk at that now!' says I, interruptin' most impolite, 'to think ye shud notice wan green carpet—the same I'd bought twinty year back for me grandmother's funeral. Besides,' says I, 'what's wan green carpet in the month iv February? Ye can nayther ate it nor wear it!'



Commander the Hon. A. Ramsay, Royal Navy to whom the Princess Patricia is betrothed

with ye," says I. 'Ye'er as young an' likely lookin' a man as I lay me eyes on annywhere on the street,' says I, for ye know, whin trouble comes 'tis always the woman must cheer up."

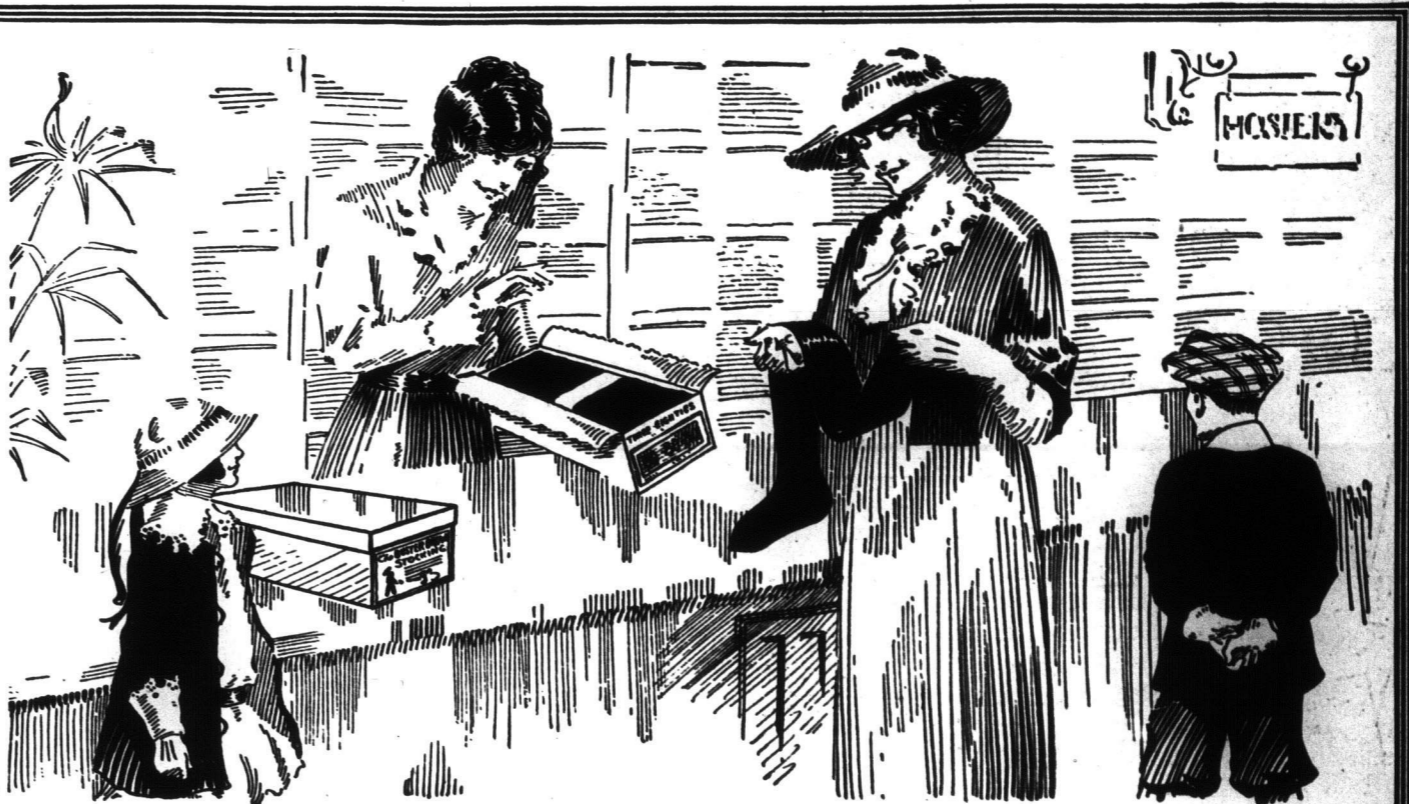
"'Tis so," assented Mrs. Hoelsing. "Why is it?" asked Mrs. Mooney. "Why is it? and we what they call the 'weaker sex,' and men always putting themselves first, and so full of the brag."

"'Tis strange," continued Mrs. Mahoney, "but so it is, an' so ivery woman finds it out come soon or late. I see how things was goin' whin he niver smiled at me jokin', an' I says to meself, 'Something's got to be done!' Thim be a sudden inspiration iv the Saint iv the Day, I looked up at the Christmas calendar hangin' on me wall, an' see it was the fourteenth day iv this same month, an' good St. Valentine's Day at that. 'Sure an' I'll have a Valentine party,' I says to meself."

"And how long ago was it a white-haired old woman like you was courtin' the Patron Saint of Love and Youth?" interrupted Mrs. Mooney.

"Why not, if it was just for her husband?" interposed Mrs. Hoelsing so seriously that Mrs. Mooney broke into a delightful chuckle.

"Niver ye mind. Sure, 'twas not me first Valentine party. I've seen parties in me day an' no lack iv partners for the dancin'. Wurra, wurra, the good Saint give me the thought but where was the money? 'For me pocketbook was as empty as the dreams iv youth,' as the poet says."



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"With that she took a slight coughin' spell an' wint to her drawer an' drew out the three dollars an' a half. I signed the paper she made an' left me blessin' with her an' wint back to the room where the poor devils sat shiverin' in a row. 'Hold up ye'er heads, ye blitherin' idiots,' I says to thim. 'Hold up ye'er heads,' but I doubt if they did."

"The Italian woman once told me the Charities never help a body with a clean front room," said Mrs. Mooney.

"That's as it is," replied the old woman. "Anyhow, 'twas but a business transaction I was askin'. I had the money an' I stopped at the drug store to look over thim Valentines. 'Twas hard choosin'. The real wans with the lace an' the rosebuds an' the gold verses come high. I lay out three-fifty cents, sixty-five an' wan dollar. Sure it was no manner iv use. The dollar wan beat, an' I took it. At the end iv the gold verse I put me secret mark. 'Twas a sign in the leathers that passed between us whin we was promised, an' that was long ago. 'Will ye be so good as to address it?' I asks the clerk, because I wanted the handwritin' mysterious. 'Where to?' says he, polite enough. 'To Mr. John Patrick Mahoney,' says I, givin' the street number. Thim I give him two cents for the stamp an' wint out an' put it in the box. 'Twas not tin o'clock an' I knew it wud come to the house afore night."

"A dollar for a Valentine!" mused Mrs. Hoelsing, shaking her head.

"To be sure," asserted Mrs. Mahoney, unabashed. "Whin ye are doin' a good work, ye shudn't spare the expense. I figured there was enough left

evenin' with us,' says I, 'so I made the bakin' iv cakes an' ye must go for de gingerale.'

"Are ye crazy, woman?" says he, turnin' his empty pockets inside out.

"Not yet," says I, drawin' a dollar from me own pocket.

"Where did ye get it?" says he, anxious-like, for he's a good man, is John Patrick Mahoney, an' none better.

"Am I not ye'er true an' honorable wife?" says I, takin' a line from a play we saw wanst in a theatre.

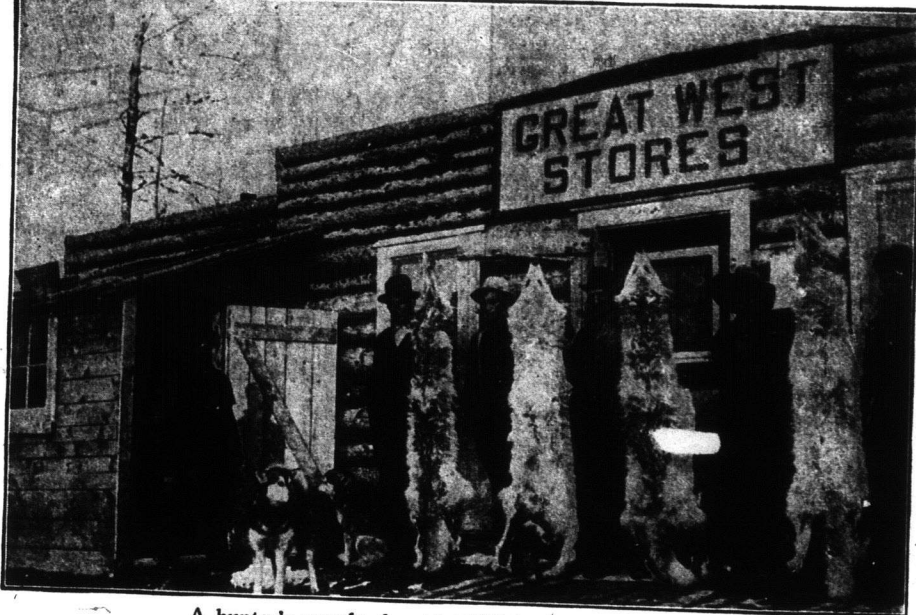
"They're a daceitfulness in all women," says he, noddin'. "All the poets an' the playwrights have it so."

"I doubt it," says I, 'but if 'tis so, 'tis better that way. The Lord made Adam first, but second thoughts is best,' says I.

"With that he put on his hat an' took the dollar an' wint for the gingerale, for he is a good man, is me old Patrick, an' I niver had anny throuble with him since I promised to obey, which I niver did."

"And how did he like the party?" laughed Mrs. Mooney, who was enjoyin' the puzzled look on the face of her foreign friend.

"Sure," cried Mrs. Mahoney, "did ye iver know iv an Irish party that was not a party? An' when ye have just a sprinklin' iv Dutch to hold it down a bit an' makes a few pauses in the conversation, 'tis most harmonious. Aftur we'd all passed the time iv day, an' raymimbered the weather iv last year, an' talked iv the slack times an' the cost iv things, thim I see it was the place an' the occasion to introduce a new idea. So I jumps up an' goes to the shelf for



A hunter's supply depot at Thicket Portage, Man.

for the eatin' an' drinkin' for a small company, an' I stopped on the way back to give out a few polite invitations to the neighbors to drop in for the evenin', not forgettin' to buy the pretzels for me Dutch friends, an' a bit iv stew for supper. At home I did a small bakin' iv cakes an' straightened the house. About five o'clock the postman comes with a letter for Mr. John Patrick Mahoney, which same I lays inside on a high shelf. At six me old man comes in with his head hangin'. 'Tis no use,' says he, an' stops in his tracks like a spent brute.

"Come to supper," says I.

"Where did ye find a supper?" says he.

"In me imagination first," says I, 'an' thim it materialized with meself for the medium."

"Go long with ye'er foolin'," says he, but I see he wud eat, an' ye niver need lose hope for any man so long's he can put away a meal.

"Thim he took his sate an' leaned back against the kitchen wall on the two legs iv the chair, watchin' peace while I washed the tay-ups an' searched the corner iv my brain for the next word.

"Wud ye enjoy a mug iv gingerale for the evenin'?" says I.

"I wud that," says he.

"Thim go an' get it," says I, 'not forgettin' the frinds that are comin' for a party this night,' says I.

"What!" says he, an' come down hard on the two front legs iv the chair.

"A few iv the neighbors signified their intintion iv comin' in to enjoy the

another lamp, an' finds the letter.

"Sure, an' I forgot to give ye the letter, Pat," says I, 'an' mebbe the company will be excusin' ye if ye break into it now, the envelope is that long an' important lookin',' says I.

"Somebody writin' to me?" says me man with an innocent surprise, 'an' 'tis not from the Old Country nayther, as I see be the mark.' An' with that we all looked at the outside, as folks mostly do whin leathers is uncommon.

"What's the matter with opening' it, Pat?" says wan. 'It may be an invitation from the government to sweep the bullyvards be night for a modest competence.' 'Or a threat from the Black Hand if ye don't come down with ye'er fortune,' says another.

"Be that time we was all curious, an' I stood a little wan side to see the look on his face. It was worth it. I tell ye, it was worth it! There it was in his innocent hand. 'My heart beats true for you an' no other,' it says under the lace. Thim the shout wint up to the rafters.

"Whose ye'er frind, Pat?" says wan.

"Sure an' ye'er a sly old bird," says another. 'Who'd have thought it?'

"An' ye a dacent married man with wan wife an' childher growed an' settled, to be gettin' a fool's thing like that," says Mrs. Greifen, she that was me neighbor. She was a good woman in times iv sickness an' trouble, but she could never raise a laugh.

"Be that time Pat gets a little riled up. 'Whin a dacent man gets a contraption like that 'tis no sign he's the



fool,' says he. 'Tis women that began the trouble in the world, an' 'tis women that kape it up,' says he, an' he flung the valentine to the floor.

"'Tis true,' says all the men at wanst, most vartuous like, 'we can't help it whin the women falls in love with us.'

"I see it was time to take a hand. 'Patrick Mahoney,' says I, pickin' up the pretty valentine an' holdin' it afore his eyes, 'can ye look in the face iv ye'er true an' honorable wife an' swear ye know nothin' iv this?'

"Can ye ask it?' says he, an' looks at me steady with the eyes iv a patient ox. Sure I cud have kissed him in sight iv the whole company—two gray-haired old fools—but I laughed instid an' turned to the secret mark at the bottom iv the verses. He looks at it dumb for a minute, an' then all at wanst light breaks in his old face like the sunrise over a hill.

"Will ye niver have done with ye'er foolin'?' says he. Thin he stood up on his chair an' spoke with a voice

like an alderman makin' a speech afore eliction. 'Ladies an' gintlemen,' says he, 'the valentine is from me own true love. The mark iv her is here, the same she used on me love-letters afore she learned to write intelligint,' says he.

"Ye'er lyin',' says I. "'Twas meself showed you how to write a love-letter, or I'd been waitin' for thim yet,' says I.

"With that the explanation followed an' the gingerele an' cakes wint round an' iverybody laughed except Mrs. Greifen. 'Twas hard times an' she cudn't get the joke.'

"It was an Irish joke," said Mrs. Mooney.

"An' like an Irish joke it hit the mark," said Mrs. Mahoney. "The very next day me old man wint out cheer-ful like an' found a couple iv jobs just awaitin' to fall onto him."

"But the charity woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoelsing. "You told her the money was for 'the universal need.'"

"Sure, an' that was no lie," replied the old woman.

### The Revolt of Mrs. Dilligen

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mary Elizabeth Burtis

**M**RS. Dilligen limped back and forth in her tiny kitchen putting away the supper things. Hiram Dilligen sat at the table cleaning his pipe. Every little while Mrs. Dilligen would pause in her work as though about to speak and then apparently think better of it. At last she made a supreme effort.

"Father," she ventured, "did you see the circus posters on Hammond's barn?"

"I did, Grandma," cried her little grandson from his seat on the wood box, "I saw them put up. Can I go?"

"I don't know, Johnny," she answered doubtfully; "you'll have to ask Grandpa."

Hiram Dilligen shrugged his stooping, gingham-clad shoulders. His weather-tanned face wore a hard, set look.

This unfriendly reception of the subject bodied ill for Mrs. Dilligen's plans, but still she persisted. "Did you see them, Father?"

"Yes," laconically.

"I thought," she continued hesitatingly, "maybe you'd go—and—and take Johnny and me. You know," she hurried on, as he started to speak, "I've never seen a circus. The first one came to town when I was ten years old. Father had promised to take me and then I came down with the scarlet fever; the next time was after we were married and I had the inflammatory rheumatism and couldn't walk a step. The last time," her voice sinking to a whisper as she glanced at Johnny, "our Lucy had just gone and I hadn't any heart for circuses, let alone the fact that I had a tiny baby to look after."

Hiram slowly filled and lighted his pipe. "And you're not going this time," he said grimly. "You're too lame to walk, and I'm not going to the expense of hiring a team to take you down to the village; besides, t'wouldn't be good for you."

Mrs. Dilligen had often noticed that anything that cost any money was never "good" for her.

"I'll tell you what I will do," he added magnanimously; "I'll take Johnny down to see the parade. That's free, and it will be educational for him to see the animals."

Johnny's face fell. "But I want to see the circus," he whined. "I've never seen a circus."

"That will do," his grandfather cried out peremptorily. "Go out and finish up your chores."

After Johnny's reluctant departure, Mrs. Dilligen re-opened the subject. "Maybe one of the neighbors would take me down to see the parade. I'd just as leave ask Fred Pinney as not."

Hiram turned fiercely upon her. "Sarah, I said you weren't to go, and that settles it. A pretty sight you'd be the next day, after all that jouncing and crowding, and a nice doctor's bill I'd have to pay."

Mrs. Dilligen hung up the dish mop with a trembling hand and left the house without another word. She paused a moment in the side yard and looked down on the village below her. "If I could only walk so far," she sighed. Slowly she limped out of the yard and down the dusty road to an old red barn which had just been newly decorated with gay circus posters. She lingered a long time

before them. "If it wasn't a circus I'd—I'd pray about it; but being a circus, and me being a Methodist—no, I'm afraid it wouldn't be right."

As the days passed, Mrs. Dilligen pleaded more than once to be allowed to go, but her husband remained firm, not even relenting when, one early morning, the long circus trains at last pulled into the little station and discharged their contents before an admiring audience of small boys and village loafers. Johnny was among the first to spy them, and gave his grandfather no peace until he was ready to start for the village.

With dry eyes Mrs. Dilligen watched them go down the road, a hard look on her face; then she went into the sitting-room and got out her basket of carpet rags. She groaned as she settled herself for a long morning's work. "Carpet rags on circus day!" She sewed with quick little jerks of her needle in an oppressive stillness. Suddenly she flung the work aside. "Why can't I try walking down tha' hill?" she said aloud. "It wouldn't be much harder than walking about this house." She rose from her chair only to sink hopelessly back into it the next moment: "I haven't any money to buy a ticket if I did get down."

She picked up her work again with an impatient jerk and one of the newly wound balls rolled away under an old desk in the corner. She limped after it and as she stooped to pick it up a thought struck her. The taxes money! Right there in the old desk! She hesitated—finally she opened one of the drawers and took out a dollar bill.

"Maybe it's stealing, but I don't care; I'm going."

She went upstairs to her bedroom, put on her best wool dress, an old-fashioned bonnet, and a pair of black cotton gloves. With an umbrella in one hand to use as a cane, and her money tied up in a handkerchief in the other, she started to hobble down the hill.

"I didn't think—'twould be such awful hard work," she panted, stopping to mop her face and rest. The factory clock in the village struck twelve. "Oh dear, I'm afraid I won't get there in time!" she half sobbed as she struggled on.

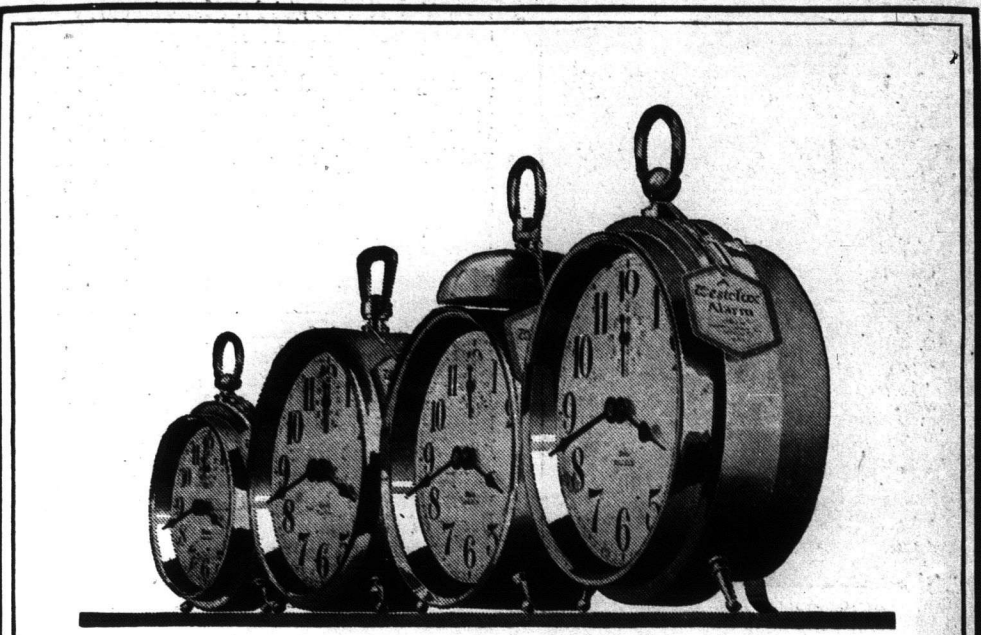
Farther down the hill her strength gave out completely and she sank down under the welcome shade of an old tree. "I wish I'd stayed at home. Now, I can't get down and I can't get back, so I'll just have to sit here till father and Johnny come along. Oh dear! I couldn't bear to have father see me sitting here."

A buggy rattled down the hill; the driver, a young farmer, slowed up when he saw her. "What's the matter, Mrs. Dilligen? Anything I can do for you?"

"Well, if it isn't Fred Pinney! Why aren't you at the circus?" His face flushed. "Because I couldn't find anyone to go with me. All the other fellows got their invitations in ahead of mine."

"Now, isn't that too bad! Here's you without a girl, and me without a good pair of legs, and both of us dying to go to the circus."

He laughed as he lifted the little old lady into the buggy. "Now I've got my



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## Camphor Ice



girl, and you've got four legs to carry you, so we'll both go and be happy."

At the circus grounds, young Pinney, finding she had forgotten to eat any lunch, treated her to everything he thought might tempt an old lady's appetite, led her into all the side shows, and finally established her in one of the reserved seats where she could see everything there was to be seen.

The afternoon passed like a dream out of fairyland. Bareback rider, clown, performing animal, and trapeze artist, each held her equally spellbound, never had she been so happy in all her hard working life. As one in a dream she let Fred Pinney lift her back again into the buggy and never said a word until he set her down at her own gate. Then she thanked him over and over again and watched the buggy disappear over the brow of the hill.

Supper was all prepared before Johnny and his grandfather returned hot, tired, and strangely reticent about their day's outing.

"Did you enjoy the parade?" Mrs. Dilligen asked, as she poured the tea.

Hiram grunted; the little boy nodded his head.

Mrs. Dilligen heaped high two plates with potatoes and cold meat, but forgot to help herself, as she lived over again the excitement of the afternoon.

"Aren't you going to eat?" demanded Hiram a little anxiously. His conscience was troubling him somewhat. This magnanimous attitude on the part of his wife made him feel small.

"No, I guess not—I'm not hungry," she said cheerfully.

"My! didn't those little bears eat!" exploded Johnny, unable to contain his secret longer.

His grandfather gave him a warning kick under cover of the tablecloth. Johnny flushed and swallowed a huge piece of potato to hide his confusion, but his grandmother apparently noticed nothing wrong; for she continued placidly to spread a slice of bread with butter for him.

"Yes, they were cunning," she answered absently: "I don't know when I've seen anything so funny, unless it was the clowns."

"How did you know about those bears and the clowns?" demanded Hiram.

"How did Johnny?" she retorted with unwonted courage. This was carrying the war into the enemy's camp with a vengeance.

"Why-er-he teased and carried on so, I took him to the circus. Cost me a dollar, too."

"Just what it cost me; but it was worth it. Father! I took some of the taxes money. You needn't look at me like that—you know that you and Johnny were planning to deceive me, and you a deacon in the Methodist church, too! I admit I was planning to keep still about it, too; but I, for one, am glad it's come out, so we can talk about the circus. I declare I never saw anything quite so wonderful in all my life."

Hiram opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. Meditatively he filled and lighted his pipe. "That was some show, eh Mother!" he said between puffs.



TYPES OF CANADIAN V.C.S.

Major T. W. MacDowell, V.C., D.S.O. Lt.-Gen. Sir R. Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

## Retiring from the Farm

MARY, Mary, wake up, Mary!" The speaker, a man about sixty years of age, raised himself on his elbow and looked at his sleeping wife by his side. Nearly forty years' experience with Mary had taught him pretty thoroughly that if there was one thing more than another that she heartily disliked it was to be awakened early in the morning before it was really necessary. Hence his hesitation. An extra heavy jolt in the bed and jerk of the bed clothes, however, had the desired effect without incriminating him too much.

"Hello, Mary, you wake at last? Isn't it a dandy morning?" His wife's grey eyes rested reproachfully on him for a moment; two hours later the morning would have been quite "dandy" enough for her.

"Don't be cross with me, dearie," he remonstrated, stroking her thin face with his gnarled, toil-worn hands. "Let's wake up and talk about it, eh? No more work, no more chores now we've retired; you won't have no more of them blamed old hens to look after, and if the cows get out into the wheat, some one else will have to chase them and not me, thank goodness. No, sirree," and the old man sat up in bed and hugged his knees ecstatically, incidentally dragging most of the bed clothes off his partner.

"What? might ha' let you sleep a little longer this first morning, anyway? Gosh, Mary, why on earth don't you come to bed at eight o'clock like I do, instead of read-

ing or knitting or that there cro-shay work until ten or eleven o'clock. Well, all right I'll get up and light the fire and you go to sleep again. "I'll dress." And suiting the action to the word, he began putting on his clothes.

"Sunday pants now, Mary, all the time, no more overalls, no more work, no more nothin'," and he exultantly pattered off downstairs.

"No more nothing." That was the gist of the whole thing. After nearly twenty years on the prairie farm, working, planning and contriving how to make both ends meet, toiling from early dawn until long after dark, coping with its many hardships and privations, and its equally numerous pleasures, there was to be, as John truly had said, "No more nothin'," and, inwardly, her soul rebelled against it as she turned over and tried in vain to drop off to sleep again.

So John, after lighting the fire, and putting the water over for the oatmeal, proceeded to hunt for his carpentering tools to put up some shelves. He wanted to make this new home of theirs in the little town where they had decided to settle as much like the first home they had had after they were married as it was possible. He remembered the first thing Mary had asked him to do then was to put up some shelves, and how she had stood by and handed him the nails, and wondered in a vague kind of way whether he should waken her up again and ask her to hold the nails this time, but finally decided not to.

## ARE YOU NERVOUS? ARE YOU PLAYED OUT?

If Your Recuperative Power Seems to Have Left You, You Need

## PHOSPHONOL

To-day and not to-morrow is the day to put a stop to that gradual slide you are taking down a long hill of ill health.

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You need a quick, nerve-building tonic—one that checks decline—steadies your nerves—one that puts you on your feet again.

To-day you should get a box (same price everywhere), of Phosphonal.

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TRANSFORMATIONS  
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Send Us Your Combing and we will make them up for you into handsome switches at a very trifling cost indeed.

Agents for the best quality cosmetics and skin foods. Write us for prices.

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Superb Collection—6 Varieties

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than a garden of delightful Roses? Each morning you see them the delight grows more wonderful.

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Every lover of flowers will appreciate this remarkable offer and realize what it means. Each of these Rose bushes is started on its own roots; by no other method can you be assured of getting Roses that are sure to grow and bloom. These Roses are grown for us by the largest and most successful Rose growers in the world. We guarantee that they will reach you safely and in good condition for planting. The collection contains:

**COUNTESS CLANWILLIAM**—Flowers very large and full, produced in endless abundance; buds long and pointed, opening to large, full, high centered flowers of great beauty and refinement. Color delicate peach-pink.

**DOROTHY PAGE ROBERTS**—Coppery-pink.

**HOOSIER BEAUTY, RED**—This is the most wonderful of all Red Roses; color glowing velvety crimson-scarlet with shades of garnet.

**PRESIDENT TAFT**—Shining, intense deep pink.

**BRITISH QUEEN**—Blush, changing color to pure white.

**MISS ALICE DE ROTHSCHILD**—Rich deep citron-yellow.

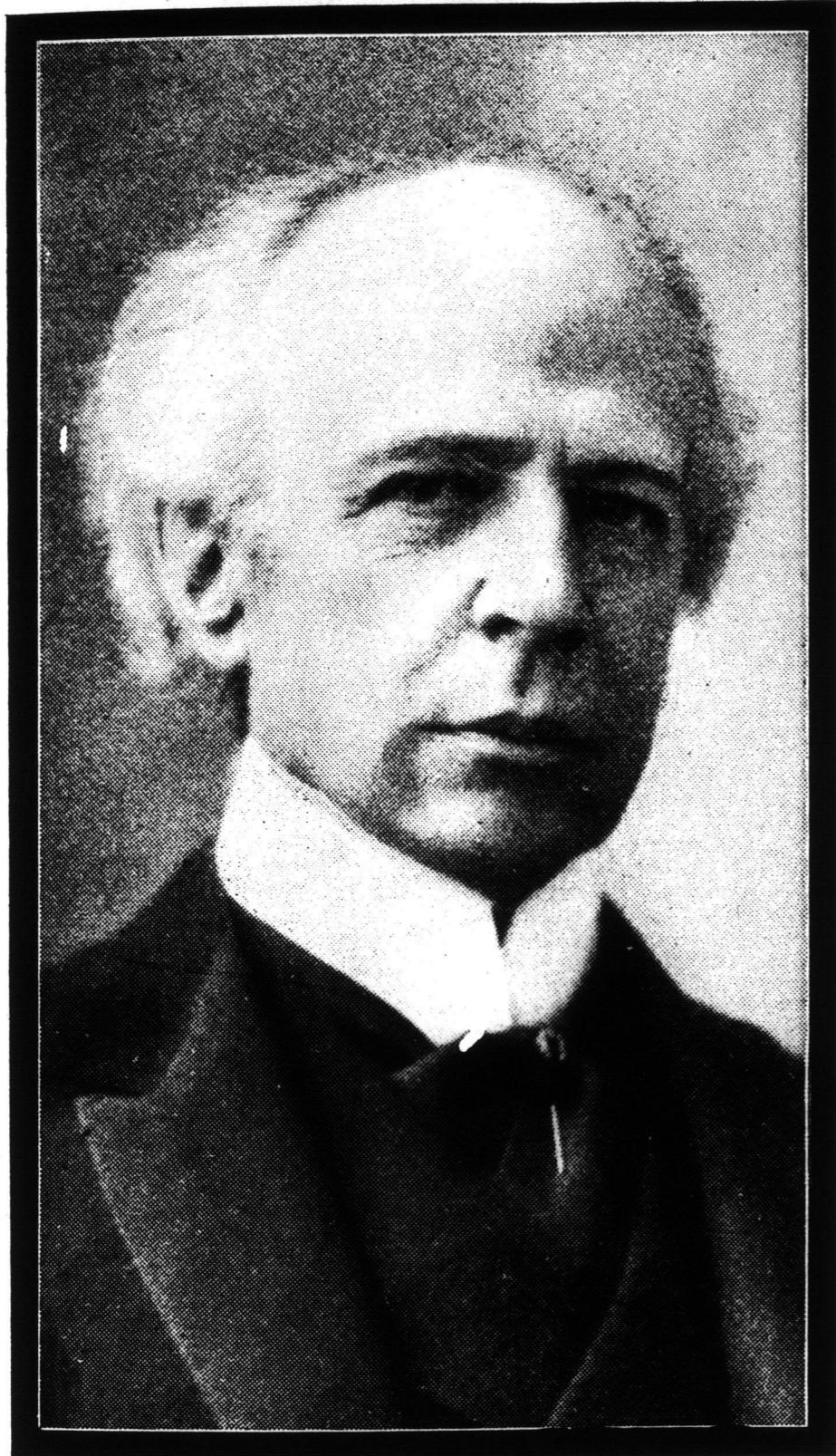
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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Poor Mary, it had fallen harder on her than on him, as it usually does in these and similar cases, and, like many another man during their happy married life, he had watched her grow from radiant womanhood to the rather wistful, but still sweet-looking, woman she now was. John found his tools, and, quite unthinking of his now nearby neighbors, was soon lustily enjoying all and sundry to "Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, and thus surround the throne, and thus surround the throne." His audience was either unwilling to do so, or unappreciative of his vocal powers, possible both, as it was not yet six o'clock, and townspeople do not rise with the lark. After sundry vigorous knocks and thumps on the walls on either side of the room he was working in, it

past forty years, the same dear hands that had toiled for her, and the same loving heart whose only wish had been to do something for her, although often at the wrong minute, as now. So resolutely putting the thought of sleep behind her, she forced a smile, and, reaching one hand for the tea, with the other pulled down his face for a kiss. What did it matter if in returning it he knocked the cup over? Were they not starting life afresh? Just him and Mary, Mary and him, no one, not even Jim, their only boy, to share her with. Jim had taken to himself a wife, and they had handed the farm over to him and come to live in town. But the mother-heart breathed away from Jim—her Jim, her boy. She did not mind him getting married one bit and to such a nice girl, too, so suitable in



THE LATE SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

The late Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, born at St-Lin, Quebec, Nov. 20th, 1841. Died at Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 17th, 1919. Prime minister of Canada 1896 to 1911. Liberal leader for 32 years.

gradually dawned on him his neighbors wanted him to desist. However, he had Mary to fall back on, so he made a cup of tea, and putting the last of the milk they had brought with them into it carried it up stairs to her. Mary, rather more used than the new neighbors to the genial invitation to "surround the throne" had just dropped into that blissful, unconscious state where even a cup of tea, that panacea for all woman's woes, was unappreciated. Pulling herself together she roused to see her faithful spouse by her side, the peace offering in his hand, and to hear him saying apologetically, "Sorry I woke you up just now, dearie. Hope you hadn't just dropped off to sleep again."

What could she do? It was the same dear face that had smiled on her all these

every way, as all the neighbors kept telling her, but she longed so much to be able to see him off and on all day, if only from the window, even if she could not now cook his dinner for him and mend his socks. However, John decided it would be better to leave the farm to his son altogether, and after all, it was him, and him only, she had to consider now. So, dressing herself, in a few minutes they were seated opposite each other at the breakfast table. Her husband had never tired watching the "play" of her hands among the cups and saucers, although it was strangely quiet after the busy farm kitchen, with its cats and dogs jumping around, waiting to be fed, and Jim and the hired man talking and arguing most of the time, and the poultry crowing and clucking

# Government of the Province of Manitoba

## COMBINED BALANCE SHEET

As at 30th November, 1918

ASSETS		
CASH ON HAND—		\$ 2,750,388.60
Available for:—		
Public Works and Undertakings.....	\$ 1,103,707.91	
Drainage Districts Capital Outlay.....	33,866.67	
Current Expenditure.....	258,607.30	
Extinguishment of Bonded Indebtedness and Held in Trust.....	690,350.40*	
Patriotic Purposes—Unexpended portion of Treasury Bill.....	663,856.32	
	<u>\$2,750,388.60</u>	
INVESTMENTS—		2,791,625.13
Capital Monies.....	\$ 1,006,670.75	
Sinking, Replacement and Trust Funds.....	1,784,954.38*	
	<u>\$ 2,791,625.13</u>	
SECURED ON OTHER ACCOUNTS—		8,535,119.38
Secured Accounts—Capital Monies.....	\$ 457,569.86	
Other Accounts—Revenue Monies.....	675,124.34	
Outstanding Revenue.....	786,019.23	
	<u>\$ 1,918,713.43</u>	
Add:		
Land Agreements, Judgments and Succession Duties (see Deferred Balance Sheet)....	\$ 6,616,405.95	
	<u>\$ 8,535,119.38</u>	
DOMINION OF CANADA.....		\$12,110,534.56
PUBLIC WORKS AND UNDERTAKINGS (Book Values)...		27,828,277.89
DRAINAGE AND JUDICIAL DISTRICTS:		
CAPITAL EXPENDITURE (Net).....		6,143,095.65
UNSOLD LANDS—See Deferred Balance Sheet.....		13,263,566.95
		<u>\$73,422,608.16</u>
LIABILITIES		
TREASURY BILLS AND ACCOUNTS PAYABLE—		\$2,900,974.21
Payable out of Revenue:—		
Treasury Bills.....	\$ 2,425,000.00	
Accounts Payable.....	46,914.09	
Interest and School Grants Accrued.....	429,060.12	
	<u>\$ 2,900,974.21</u>	
SINKING FUNDS, REPLACEMENT RESERVES AND TRUST FUNDS—		2,475,304.78
Acquired by Levy.....	\$ 861,572.95	
Appropriated from Revenue.....	1,038,178.41	
Obtained from Trust Deposits.....	575,553.42	
	<u>\$ 2,475,304.78*</u>	
STOCKS AND BONDS—		33,890,870.34
Revenue Bearing.....	\$19,347,317.02	
Non-Revenue Bearing.....	14,543,553.32	
	<u>\$33,890,870.34</u>	
PROFIT ON BOND CONVERSION—		449,403.30
SURPLUS:		34,238,688.15
Being excess of Assets over Liabilities:		
Capital Surplus.....	\$14,415,992.67	
Revenue Surplus.....	238,929.53	
Deferred Surplus.....	19,583,765.95	
	<u>\$34,238,688.15</u>	
Deduct:		
Appropriation of Revenue for Extinguishment of Bonded Debt exclusive of Telephone Appropriation.....	532,632.62	
	<u>\$73,422,608.16</u>	
NOTE:		
A—In addition to the above Liabilities the Province has guaranteed the Principal and Interest on Securities, as follows:		
Canadian Northern Railway Securities.....	\$25,663,553.33	
Municipal Debentures, etc.....	1,685,329.55	
Manitoba Farm Loans Association Securities.....	1,773,806.46	
	<u>\$29,122,689.34</u>	
B—The Province has also guaranteed the Interest only on Municipal Debentures of a total par value of \$99,500.00, and has guaranteed the rentals payable to the Northern Pacific Railway Company in respect of certain Railways in Manitoba leased.		

J. G. STEELE, Comptroller-General.

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Your Dainty Silks, Georgette or Crepe always gives an idea of quality, but—how to keep them dainty. That problem is solved. Your daintiest garments can always be kept beautiful and fresh by washing with Lux.

The pure Lux flakes will not hurt anything that pure water itself will not hurt.

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CONTAIN NOTHING INJURIOUS TO A TENDER BABE

Safe Teething **CHILDREN'S** Easy Teething

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**HIDES** **RAW FURS** **SENECA**  
**WOOL** **WANTED IMMEDIATELY** **ROOT**

No. 1 Extra Large Winter Rats	\$ 1.90	No. 1 Extra Large Fine Wolves	\$22.00
No. 1 Extra Large Fall Rats	1.50	No. 1 Extra Large Regular Wolves	20.00
No. 1 Extra Large Dark Mink	12.00	Frozen Beef Hides	.15

Smaller sizes and lower grades proportionately lower.  
Don't delay while the demand is keen.

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round, just outside the screen door, on the lookout for stray crumbs.

But John thought nothing of all this. He only knew he had got his heart's desire at last, and his heart was devoutly thankful, for the minute, as he bowed his grey head and murmured the old-fashioned grace. Raising his eyes to his wife's he saw hers were twinkling merrily. "What's the matter?" he inquired. "Oh, ah, nothing particularly," she laughed, "only we haven't got any milk or cream, so I'm afraid you won't be so very thankful. Do you know, John, I don't believe we've sat down to breakfast all these years without milk or cream. Well, we must make the best of it, the stores won't open until eight o'clock."

Man-like, anything that interfered with his meals put quite a different complexion on his pleasure of living in town, especially when on inquiring later, he found milk was difficult to get, and very poor when you did get it.

However, after picking over their breakfast a little, for they were neither of them very hungry, they set out to investigate their new home more thoroughly. It was dirty and damp, badly ventilated and lighted, a total contrast to the well-equipped farm home they had just left. The new furniture ordered from the mail-order house had not arrived and they had brought very little with them, as she wanted to leave everything in order for the new wife. The place looked very bare and unfamiliar. John looked around with a puzzled air. "Do you know," he remarked presently, "I believe it would look more home-like with a cat around. Never saw you without a cat before. I'll get you one."

He picked up his hat, for with him to think and to act was one and the same thing, and walked over to the store. "Do you know anywhere I can get a cat?" he inquired of the storekeeper. "Me and my wife," he always felt about two inches taller when he referred to her as my wife, "we've come to live in town you know. Yes, sir, retired we have and we feel rather lonesome, at least Mary does, without a cat around the place. No, we ain't particular, I guess any kind of a cat will do so long as it's a cat. Eh? That one over there ain't got no home? All right, it looks pretty thin but we will soon fatten it up," he said, hesitatingly, "that is if we can get any milk."

He strolled quietly to the unsuspecting cat, picked her up and tucked her under his arm. "Here you are, Mary," he called, opening the door, "here is a cat for you."

His wife came forward quickly, wiping her hands on her apron. "Well now, John, that's real good of you; it sure is. I must say I'm that lonesome you wouldn't believe." He stood the cat proudly on the floor in front of her. "A cat!" Well, perhaps it was a cat, and she supposed she ought to be kind to it, but she had imagined it would be a big black fellow, something like her big Peter at the farm, or her special pet Snooky, chiefly famed for the number of kittens she could produce during the year, but this animal was more like a scarecrow than a cat. It was badly striped, with a splash of white here and there; one ear had been badly frozen, while the other one and one of its eyes had evidently been badly mauled by a dog. Added to this it was apparently half starved, and looked with the quick furtive look of fear.

Mary's patience failed her utterly. She was sick with longing for her old home she had left, and feeling more keenly every minute the enormity of the sacrifice she had made for her son and his wife; consequently she spoke more hastily than she intended. "Now you look here, John; take that cat right back and put her where you took her from. I've given up pretty near every mortal thing because I thought I ought to, but if you can't get me a better cat than that one I will go without." Placing the unresisting animal in his arms, she returned to her work, and as John obeyed her orders, he pondered on the contrariness of women in general and Mary in particular.

When he came back he brought in some fish for dinner. "Thought you'd like them for a change," he remarked casually, as he laid the piece offering on the table. "I've often heard you say as how you wouldn't eat anything but fish if you lived in town." Poor Mary, the difference between those fish and the caller herring or sprats all alive, four pence a hundred of her childhood days was inconceivable. However, she set to work and cleaned

them carefully, reflecting that if it did set up ptomaine poisoning it wouldn't matter so very much. Nothing mattered now; they had evidently come to the end of all things, and she took a melancholy pleasure in anticipating the double funeral, hers and John's, and in seeing all the new neighbors present, expressing their sorrow to each other that they had not given the old couple a heartier welcome. She was awakened from her reverie by John coming stamping in at the back door.

"I won't stand for it, no siree! Where is my horse whip? I'll tan their little hides for them; see if I don't."

"What's the matter, John? There ain't no horse whip here at all; you left it at the farm."

"Matter' indeed," growled her angry spouse. "I was cleaning up the back yard, trying to see if I could turn that gravel plot into a garden for you, when all them kids came tumbling out of school like a lot of wild Indians and called me old hay-seed. I'll hay-seed them if I can lay hands on them, you bet, and one or two of the biggest threw stones at me; got the range pretty good, too," he added grimly, rubbing a good sized lump on the side of his head.

However, by the time he had found a good thick stick the youngsters were safe at home eating their dinners, and John, always active and energetic, was wondering how he would spend the afternoon.

"Say, Mary, let's dress up in our Sunday clothes and go for a walk," he suggested. "Folks living in town always go for walks afternoons." His wife agreed listlessly, looking wistfully at the sock as she laid it down on the table. She thought perhaps that after all Lily would want to knit Jim's socks herself.

Upon inquiry it appeared that the only show place was the cemetery, and that chiefly because the men were busy putting up the fence recently subscribed for by the Ladies' Aid. It was a dreary looking place with one or two newly-made graves. The old man gazed at the workmen and his fingers fairly itched to show the young fellow who was digging post-holes a quicker and better way to do them.

They soon grew tired of watching him, and as there was no other place to go they walked slowly back to town, regretting that they had neglected to look out a place for themselves while they were at the cemetery.

"Now you go along in, light the fire and make a cup of tea," he suggested when they reached their new home, "and I'll go and see the train come in."

In the meantime things at the farm were not going any too well. Lily, the new wife, straight from a stenographer's stool, scarcely knew a hen from a duck, and had no idea of connecting the way the poultry hung around the screen door with the fact that she had forgotten to feed them all day. All she knew was that the bread refused to rise and the butter refused to come, but when she saw the old sow peacefully reclining in the hot-bed, surrounded by her numerous and squealing family, she sank down on the nearest chair and gave up altogether.

"Any chance for a drop of lemonade?" Jim's cheery face peeped around the corner of the kitchen door. "Hello, little woman, what's the matter? Butter won't come? Never mind, we'll phone over for Mrs. Briggs; she'll come and put it right for you, I know. Throw that bread out; it's past all help. Why, that's nothing; everybody makes bad bread at first. You should have seen mother's first batch. Worse than that? You bet it was. What's that you're saying? Wish mother had stayed on? What, get her to come back and we'll live in the new granary until fall? Well," scratching his head thoughtfully, "I don't know about that; they wanted to live in town pretty bad, at least dad did; though I can't imagine mother not surrounded by cats and dogs to say nothing of her precious old hens. Can't understand it; I've no use for hens myself unless they are fried, and I must say the way those chores are accumulating gets my goat. Now dry those pretty eyes, sweetheart, and directly after supper I'll go out and hitch up a team to the wagon and both of us will go to town and beg of them to come back, shall we? It's nearly full moon and we can come back whenever we like. It won't take long to pack up their few things if that mail-order hasn't come yet, and I guess it hasn't, and they can't have got very much attached to the town in this short time."

## Midnight Hunting for the Beachcomber

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Bonnycastle Dale

Mother never did say no to anything I ever asked her to do yet, and just between you and me, I believe she will be mighty glad to come, only" with a whimsical look around the disorderly kitchen, "you'll have to clear up the place a little, and for goodness' sake throw those hens down a pailful of wheat."

John did not find watching the train come in quite as exciting as he had expected it to be. It was an hour late and the station-agent was irritable and sarcastic. Besides, when it did come, no one got on or off and there was nothing doing except the exchange of mail-bags.

"My, oh my," he exclaimed, as he opened the door and found Mary laying a cloth for an early supper, "if this place isn't deader than any farm I've come near; blest if I wouldn't give anything to be leaning over that old pig-sty feeding them hogs. Jim always was a poor feeder. They'll sure be streaky all right, s'gored one day and forgotten the next."

He sank down dejectedly in the nearest chair while his wife gazed out on the hot, dusty street and pleaned the corner of her apron nervously. "Pigs is pigs," she remarked disdainfully. "It's hens what matters. If you forget the pigs they get out and roof for themselves, but if you don't water the hens they eat their eggs, and once they start on that business, her voice trailed off into silence as she finished preparations for supper.

One of the eggs was of doubtful age, another was almost at the pipping time, and the old man pushed his plate disgustedly away from him. "Guess we'll sure starve to death," he muttered as he reached for his pipe, and wandering to the window stood staring vacantly down the street. "Tell you what," he added suddenly, "this here living in town ain't all it's cracked up to be. I know I growled about the chores, but there's nothing to do here all day long except sit on the fence and wait for the train to come along. "Say, Marv," and he drew his chair closer to hers and hid his knotted hands over her little, less toil-worn ones. "Say, dearie, don't you think we could alter our plans for once? We could live in the new granary to fall; it's a lump better than this, anyway," with a scornful glance around, "and you could take charge of the hens, and put Lily up to their ways, and I could—oh, I don't really mind doing chores, only I get cranky, I know, and—"

His wife laughed as she placed her hand over his mouth. "Well, I guess we both get pretty cranky sometimes, but Jim never minds; he is used to it. Why look there, who's that? If it isn't Jim and Lily, too. What on earth do they want here at this time of night?"

They opened the door just as Jim sprang down, and after lifting Lily down they passed into the house, laughing and talking all at once.

"Got all them chores done?" Grinned the old man rather sheepishly. "Chores be bothered," grumbled his son. "Look here, ma, can't we persuade you both to come back? We want you something fierce, don't we, Lil?" "Indeed we do," was the decided reply. "Every single thing has gone wrong since you left. You shall do everything you like and nothing you don't like," she added fervently.

She kissed her husband's father fondly as she spoke, and after resting the horses while they piled in the few bits of furniture they had brought in such a short time before, they jolted home in the moonlight. The old mother clasped her hands in her lap, murmuring to herself, "I shouldn't have doubted. Only last night I read, 'And I will bring thee again unto this land.'"

### The Scattering Vote

It had been a hard day at the polls, and exchange. The addition of over a thousand women's votes had made the counting long and difficult.

"Well, James," said Mrs. Wallicky, as her husband returned from his arduous labors as a teller, "how did the vote go?"

"Nine hundred and two votes for Smith, 753 for Slathers, eight receipts for tomato ketchup, four wash-lists, and a milliner's bill," said Wallicky. "It was a mighty interesting vote."

They will render the prettiest hands un-  
der the sun. Clear the excrescences away by using  
the famous Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly  
and safely.

**I**t is not all peaches and cream getting our work for The Western Home Monthly and the other magazines whose columns we appear in. Laddie and I have had many a perilous time when death stared us in the face, but none more thrilling than the trip out along the Olympic Peninsula, that wild coast of the most northerly possession of the United States, due across the Straits of Juan de Fuca from Vancouver Island.

It all started like this. An old salt,

beating his way along the Straits in a veritable coffin of a launch, it was an old sail boat with a tall boiler and engine bolted and wire-stayed and cable-braced amidships. Laddie thought it was a bull roaring as it sputtered about the little Spit at Whiffens Point on the Canada side of the Straits.

"Look at that bit of rock!" said Laddie, pointing to a chunk of limestone with clams firmly imbedded in it. "Where did you get it, sir?" he asked.

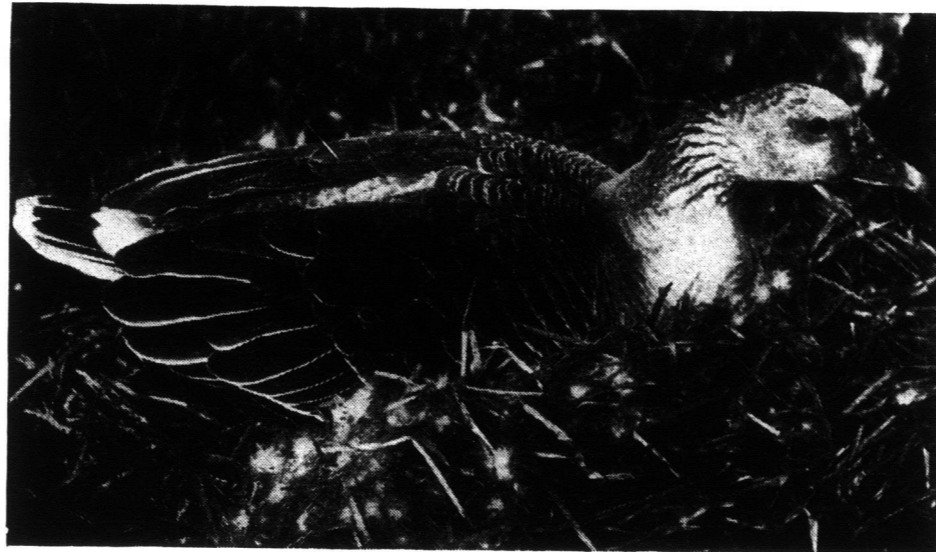
"Over thar!" answered the Ancient

One. He was down with one knee in a puddle trying to get that freak engine. "Off Cinter," and he pointed with his greasy hand towards the south shore of the Straits.

"Near what port?" I asked him, as I had heard of the clams living in the solid rock, and was very anxious to take a living specimen.

"Them cliffs 'tween Angeles and Neah Bay," and not another word could we get out of him, as he put both knees, and nearly his head, in the black puddle this time. From such a slight foundation we builded our whole trip. True, it was only a dozen miles across the Straits, but we only had a sixteen-foot Rice Lake canoe, and the "tide rips" in the centre had drowned, but lately the one hundred-foot freight and passenger steamer that ran to Victoria, with all hands. So we stored our canoe, packed up, took a four-horse team stage, with an excellent driver (he could flick a fly off the leader without making the beast more than jump out of his skin, and he always did the said "flicking" when there was nothing but thin air on my side of trail between me and the bottom), over the mountains.

"Goin' over to the 'limpics?" he asked, when I had told him our ages, religion, politics, family matters and such like that he managed to worm out of me. "You'll have a hard trip, but look 'ee here, sir, I knows of a woman with a child in arms as lives in Victoria, and goes over every spring to her farm, she calls it, in the limpics; it's just twenty miles in an air line from where we are, but she has to go one hundred by water first, and then, with a babe in arms, sir! and all her duffle on a lead team make seventy miles



The wild goose on her nest.

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up into them awful hills, and nary a neighbor nearer than a dozen miles; so you're on easy street, sir." Thus he beguiled the twenty miles over the Sooke Hills, thus and some "flicking."

We took an old stone hooker, the only boat that offered, she had been up the Straits getting a cargo of tide rolled flint stones, round as baseballs and about the same size as "teeth for the cement mill." The slovenly captain told me they were really "grinders" for putting in the great cylinder and crushing up the friable limestone.

"Our canoe would make an easy bottom hereabouts," laughed Laddie, as

of weird lines up and down that mighty Pacific swell.

Just as the sun was wetting its western rim ready for its nightly plunge we back-kicked off a little lonely cove, and a surf boat came out manned by an—ex-dentist—and Laddie and I and our camp duffle dived off the "sea-squal," as the boy now called it, alighting any old fashion in the surf boat, in which Laddie took an oar like the sea urchin he is.

"Where can we put up our tent?" I asked the bending figure at the cars. "Not on my land," he said quietly; and then before this had sunk in, "I was just going to ask you to come in with me in the wee bungalow I have." We thanked him, considered why he would ask two strangers, and accepted. We found, first of all, that we had got off away east of the clam cliffs of our quest. Next, that he had a nice little home far up the creek, the seaface of which was dyked, enclosing about five acres of muddy slough land along the eastern side of which the creek had cut a deep bed.

After Dutch supper, that is to say we shared our provisions, he said, "I bought it unseem for a thousand dollars and my, also unseem, lot at Alberni (we knew about the Alberni lots of that date, good old standing Douglass firs, 25 x 125 feet, and clear your own lot, and we told him so). "Well," he continued, "I did not know until I got here that there was a squatter on the place, a beachcomber

miles off in that desolation. The going was normal until we struck the path of the avalanche, wonder of wonders, never did we see snow and trees and ice and rocks piled in such a wondrous barricade. The tremendous force of the mile long "slide" had shot whole cedars and firs straight across the valley head first into the opposite hill, as if some giant archer had used them as arrows; then, being an adept at bowls, this same mighty Hercules had hurled huge granite boulders into such piles as a boy heaps snowballs; beside, among, on top of this wild ruin he had plunged tens of thousands of tons of snow and ice, enough to feed all the year long the little creek that sang merrily at our feet; for the avalanche follows, each winter and spring, its appointed path.

We climbed the mountain side to overcome the tangled heap and found a nice dark purple lake on the other side, from which we speedily took a couple of dozen of dark purple trout, a color I had never seen in fish before. They faded after death to a lilac-brown, and were of the charr family, much like the common brook trout of our own side in formation.

"These are for the widder," laughed Floyd, as we struggled ever upward. We made the Pass and the high flung ranch before noon. A wiry looking muscular woman was in the creek, over the tops of her rubber boots, pitchforking trout out on to the bank.

"Some steelhead left by the fallin' water!" she called as she scrambled out. We gave her the fresh fish and her mail. (The good ex-dentist plays posty once a month to this wild ranch.) There was a good vegetable garden, a long hay meadow, wild, a scraggy looking plantation of seed raised fruit trees, a few pigs that curled their tails and squealed and took to the woods the moment they saw us; and a cow that beat their time to cover readily. Even the baby, a child of about four, showed a decided inclination to follow. We boiled our billy and had Dutch lunch on the creek's bank and she told us.

"No! never any danger. I get every bear that comes fishin', but I was scared once. A slide jammed the stream and it backed right over that there hill and flooded the house and cow stable, and I had to tie Arabella," with a nod at the babe, "on the cow's back and swim over holding her tail. Wouldn't of minded if it had of been day, but it was pesky dark, except for the lightenin'."

All the way down the trail we sang the praises of that indomitable soul who overcomes all the dangers of the mountain and the trail with so cheerful a heart.

Now, for days with camera and binocular, we hunted the cormorants and guillimots, and Mother Carey's chickens, until one night at supper Floyd said:

"High tide three nights running this week. Guess I'll have to watch on the dike. My night lines will catch him if he ever comes near the bungalow and if I can spot him at the dike with my 22 Special there will be no need of burial, the tide will attend to that. I saw the Deputy Marshal and he told me to shoot to beat blazes, which I will literally do, if ever I saw him monkeying with my dike. I've got a full crop in there specially celery, good for a few dollars if the Sequal keeps running, and a few sticks of Giant would blow the whole mass of piles and earth and brush sky high; so watch out for squalls."



"The more hurry the less speed." Laddie Jr. upssets down the bank.

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**LADY DAINTY Dept. F TORONTO**

we slid down the side of a big Straits roller and squashed into the smother ahead. We had just as much resiliency as a chunk of lead. "Slop up, squash down," sang Laddie, until he caught the Captain's wicked looking eye. "Sails just like a yat," he sang the next line. "Have your youngster close his gaff, I can't take an observation for his blatter," howled the Captain at me. Observation, indeed, he needed none, the southern shore of the Straits was dead ahead, and Port Townsend, where he had to "clear" distinct right off the bow. We hustled our stuff off the stone hooker and on to a well! I had better be careful, the captain and owner of the "Sequal" might see this, so I'll risk it and call it a boat. With pride, sinful pride, he told us he made it himself. We had by now rounded out west into the Straits after those elusive cliffs between Angeles and Neah Bay. "And what's the nice music box you've got aboard," stuck in that awful boy. Squeak! groan! slam! grunt! went the sea-tortured home-made box like hull, there was a wee bit leak in one of the steam pipes, and the mast step squealed at every roll.

"She's the best of the last three boats we've been on!" truthfully said Laddie, as she threw her hundred home-made feet

called 'Blazes,' on account of his red hair and beard, and I had a nice little time I tell you getting him out of this bungalow (he always called it that, poor chap. He gave up an excellent dental practice in Seattle to "ranch" on the Olympic Coast), was some job. Finally he left, telling me flat, "If I can't have it you won't." And off he sailed in his old Fraser River boat, and that was him tacking back from Townsend ahead of you as you stopped, he's squatting on a creek west of here, on a decent chap's land, and I have found out that he intends to blow up my dyke when the tide's full in June, so I'll have to watch a bit.

No wonder he was glad to see us, and we wondered if we were glad to see him. Well, finally, we made up our minds to kind of hang around and make this our headquarters. We could get lots of fish and crabs for the table, and he had a stock of cured deer meat that was very good indeed, between us we had flour for a month and a slab of bacon, so we took up our cameras and went to work. Floyd, our host, knew a bit about Natural History, too, and he told us we could get results at the "clam cliffs" at lowest low tide in June. So one morning the three of us set off up the narrow valley to visit our only neighbor, ten



Laddie Jr. riding the rock, driven by the power of the ice-shove.

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We laid three miles of dry tullies, same plant as our eastern flag, on top of the dike, spread a heavy blanket on each end, as soon as the advancing tide reached the foot of the fourteen-foot earth wall that spread across the mouth of the valley and kept old ocean out, we took our places and watched and shivered there until the tide went out and the dam was safe once more. The second night was a repetition of the first, except that a panther crossed the dike as far as the first blanket swathed body, Floyd, he watched to the west. He told me he saw the big cat's eyes but dared not shoot for fear of alarming Blazes; so he cocked and uncocked his rifle several times and then, that not being sufficient, stood up, and the cowardly cat fled. They rarely attack a human being, especially in a standing, or to them belligerent, position.

Again the morning fogs found us homeward squelching.

On the third night we took our positions. Floyd to the west, Laddie in the centre, and I at the creek or eastern end. The direct way in from the ocean was up the old creek bed at the west to the foot of the dike. I had crept over and found Laddie hard asleep, and had awakened him and was just making myself comfortable in my dry muddy hole when—"Ping! crash! Ping! crash!" sang the rifle and the echo. We threw on our flashlights, neither of us were armed, as we never carry a weapon in our work, unless we are duckshooting. Ping! crash! went the rifle, making spiteful sparks of fire at the other end of the dyke, until ten shots had been fired, then we saw Floyd's flash come darting along the crest of the pile like a great wild firefly, and down over the edge he slid. We joined him, both he and us filling our hip rubber boots by ending the slide in a sitting position. We searched all along the centre of the dyke, but no sign of a canoe or a body or even a fuse, but we kept the search up until the advancing tide drove us up and made the dyke safe for that night. All the way home Floyd kept saying, "I saw the sputter of the fuse, I even saw the opening in the little dark lantern he lighted it from, and I got my night sight right on that fuse I'm sure, and I poured 10 in there or thereabouts." The next day we searched high and low, but the outer side of the dyke was littered with flotsam and jetsam of the great Pacific, and no sign of fuse or explosive was there.

With mutual regrets we left our good host and did our work westward along the Straits, but we never did find that clam cliff. It was after we had returned to our Canadian headquarters that I got the sequel of the story in a letter from Floyd.

"I was repairing the dyke at lowest low tide in December when I came across a greenish yellow-looking snake, I pulled it out and found the long lost fuse in my hand, right under where Laddie watched. I certainly made miraculous shooting as I cut the fiery end off that night. I did not kill Blazes, the U. S. Marshal came up here and got him on another charge, and found a nice clean wee 22 Special hole drilled right through his leg, so I made two hits out of ten. Come and visit me again soon, both of you."

**WILL ANY GENTLEMAN OBLIGE  
"A LADY?"**

In a tramway car at Glasgow, one wet afternoon, a woman of fifty—made up to look as nearly like twenty-five as possible—got on board at a crossing, to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then selecting a poorly dressed man of about forty years of age, she observed: "Are there no gentlemen on this car?"

"I dinna ken," he replied, as he looked up and down. "If there's nane, I'll hunt up one for you at the end of the line."

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden, and he rose and said: "But ye can hae this seat: I'm aye wellin' to stan' and gi'e my seat to an auld bodie."

That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget till his dying day, and grasping the strap she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant.

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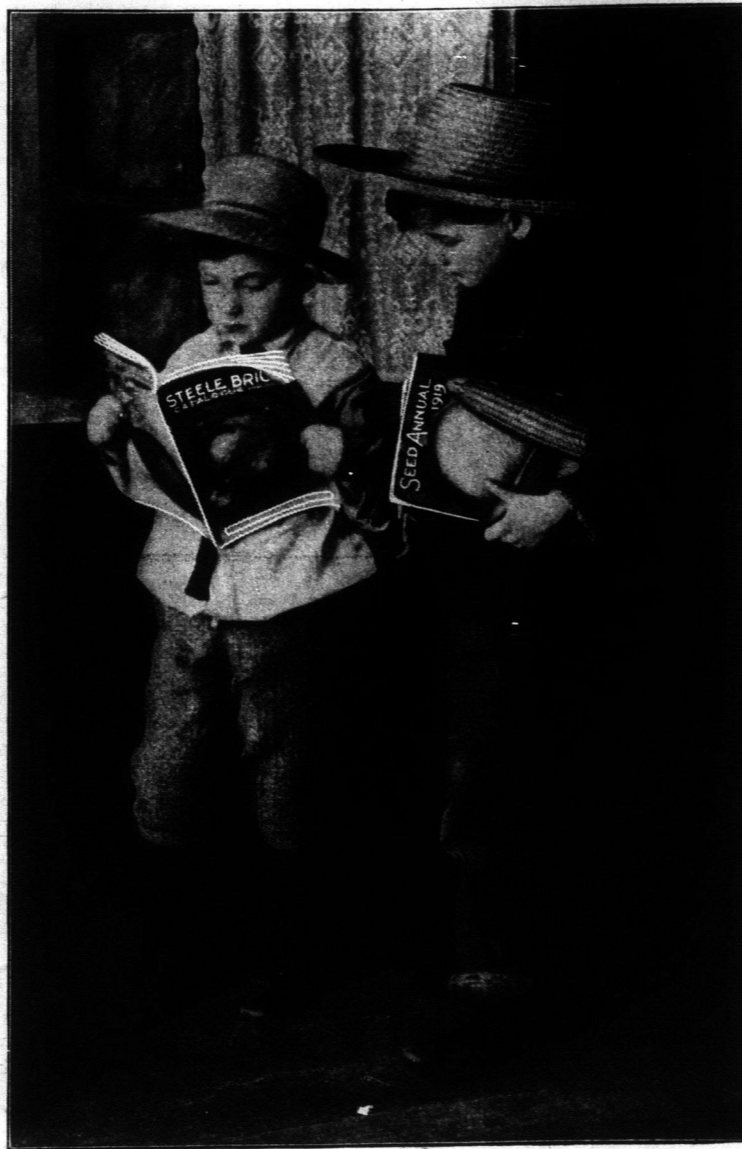
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### Clearing Land of Poplar, Willow and Brush

By a Western Farmer

During the past year I have read a number of stories in the farm papers on the best method of pulling stumps. I am sure that thousands of farmers have benefited by these stories as told by men who have had actual experience in ridding their land of worthless stumps. I for one have read these articles with very much interest, but have derived but very little benefit from same for the reason that I have but very few stumps, most of my land being covered with willow brush, scrub timber and small poplars standing very thick in places.

Knowing as I do that there are thousands of farmers that have the same sort of land to clear, I think it would be time and space well spent if a little educational work along these lines was given some space by the publications. There are no doubt many farmers whose experience along these lines has covered many years and would be glad to write their experience.

The writers' experience in pulling stumps has been spread over a number of years, the most of which was spent in pulling stumps back east, where the

timber is quite heavy and where the land had been cut over, leaving a great many big stumps. In short, the method used was a Horse Power Stump Puller, for the medium sized stumps up to 18 inches in diameter, and old and easy pulling stumps up to two feet, but where the stumps were larger we always used dynamite to split them first and then pull out the pieces afterwards. This is comparatively easy work compared to clearing land of the smaller timber such as grows here on the prairie. Here the poplar trees and stumps stand so thick that to use dynamite would only be a waste of time.

I guess I have used every method thought of so far. I have used dynamite, the team and block and tackle system, as well as the grub hoe and axe. As previously explained the dynamite is too slow and expensive, the block and tackle works all right but is too hard on the horses, while the grub hoe and axe is very slow and also mighty hard work. As a last resort, I went back to the old method of using a stump puller. This I found also very slow until I discovered that more modern equipment has been devised for use with stump pullers such as the Take Up, Cluster Cable and Root Hook.

The Take Up is used for taking up slack so that when the stump puller begins operation the strain on the stump starts immediately. With the Cluster Cable you can pull three or four stumps at a time. The Cluster Cable is several short pieces of cable fastened together and hooked around several stumps or bushes at a time and will pull all at once. This method saves an awful lot of time. The Root Hook is shaped something like a fish hook, only it has two prongs on the end. This hook is found very handy for pulling low cut stumps, or stumps that have rotted off at the top and has often been used for pulling willow clumps that have been burned off and where no hold can be gotten except by digging down behind the clump and using the Root Hook method.

My stump puller is team power, although for the light work I only use one horse. I would recommend using one horse wherever possible, because one horse is much easier managed, and if properly trained it is not necessary to have a driver and one man alone could do a good stroke of land clearing in a day.

Land clearing at the best is a very difficult proposition, but somebody has to do it, and I think with the modern stump pulling machinery now on the market the work will be made much easier and quicker, and I should recommend anyone buying a stump puller to include with the equipment, the Take Up. This saves at least one-half of your time, and, as already explained, the root hook is something you can hardly get along without if you have low cut stumps or stumps that have been burned off.

There are many kinds of stump pullers on the market, and all of these I have seen practically work on the same principle, and I do not believe one could make a mistake in buying any one of the different types manufactured, but, above all things, get something. You cannot afford to have your land standing idle. Your stump or bush land is unquestionably the most fertile on your farm.

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## Worrying

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"What's the use of worrying,  
Of hurrying  
And scurrying,  
Everybody flurrying  
And breaking up their rest?"

In the advice given us as to the care of influenza patients, we were told not to worry! And surely, if there be one thing more than another which will retard a patient's recovery, it is worry. Well, we might learn a good many lessons through this dread epidemic. And one valuable lesson will surely be, not to worry any more at any time! There were some women who, with ordinary precautions, would never have got influenza, but they worried themselves thin and miserable, so that they got nervous prostration instead!

If a thing be done and cannot be remedied, what is the use of worrying about it now? The thing is past and done for, and the only way to profit by our mistakes is not to repeat them. But worrying will not help in the least.

And if there be something to be done in the future, why worry about that? The chances are, ten to one, that circumstances will turn out entirely different from those we had anticipated. Things very seldom happen just as we have mapped them out. The delay of ten minutes may change the course of our whole lives. We were very fussy about catching a certain train; were we not? Perhaps we were even a little cross with our husbands, for being late! Then we waited half an hour and took the next train, and all came right. Later on, we heard that that first train was wrecked and many passengers injured. What if we had been in it? See how all things worked out for the best, as far as we were concerned!

We often hear the expression: "It was lucky for me that I didn't do so and so." Yet, perhaps at the time, that very thing seemed very important and a cause of much worry.

There are some things which are bound to happen and we cannot avoid them in the least. There is the weather, for instance. We cannot change this; and yet we all know that weather has a great influence on our lives, especially if we live on a farm. It can spoil all our prospects. A sudden hail-storm or an early frost, and the efforts of months of hard work are wasted. We can insure against hail, but we cannot insure against everything which may damage our crop or kill off our cattle. We must start work again each spring, with renewed hope. We do not want to worry ourselves thin, until the autumn, especially as that which we are worrying about may never happen!

We should try to take life philosophically. It is very pleasant to reflect that, whatever the results, we always acted, in all things, for the best.

As a rule, men do not worry as much as women, although they are the bread-earners, and have the greater responsibility. A man may be almost crushed, for the time being, by a big blow; but he seldom worries about trifles. See how the newly-married woman worries when she burns her first cake! Yet her husband generally laughs it off! And grey hairs? What does a man think about them? He scarcely gives them an instant's thought! But the woman? For her, the day she sees her first grey hair is a day of tragedy. She looks at it several times, to see that she has made no mistake. Finally, she pulls it out! Then she turns it over and over in her hand, and holds it up to the light. Perhaps it

is not quite grey, she says! This is but the beginning of months or even years of worry! Every new grey hair will bring additional care and thought, so that she will even worry herself into getting more! The shops which sell hair dyes know well how they can profit by a woman's worries!

We all know that it is of no use crying over spilt milk; yet we cry all the same! "If," we say, when everything seems to go wrong, "if only I hadn't done so and so." But we forget that we couldn't possibly have done otherwise. At the time, we did not have the knowledge we have since acquired. If we had known what we know now, we should have acted differently; but we often could not have known beforehand—unless an angel had come down from heaven to tell us!

One does not often meet a stout woman who worries. Perhaps there is some truth in the old proverb: "Laugh and grow fat." But a thin woman worries because she is thin, and then she worries herself a little thinner!

There are people who worry a great deal about their state of health, yet worrying never makes them a bit the healthier. If we would only live simple, hygienic lives, we should grow strong, without thinking about it. Everyone longs to be healthy. There are pleasures in life only to be enjoyed by the robust. But, if we want to be amongst that number, the less we worry about it, the better!

If our baby cries when it has broken its doll, what do we do? We distract it at once. We turn its thoughts elsewhere. So we ought to do for ourselves. If no good is to be gained by thinking of the same worry over and over again, the best thing we can do is to take an interesting book or magazine and bury ourselves therein. Reading is a most wonderful cure for worry. So is playing with our children; provided we put our whole hearts into their games. And as for music, we all know what a distraction this is, whether we listen to it, or are ourselves the performers. A long, brisk walk, with an interesting object the other end, is a sure cure for worry, besides being very good for our health. Perhaps we are bothering about a trifle, and we feel sad. When we go to visit a friend, we often find her cheerful where we, ourselves, should be crushed down. Then, how small our own troubles seem. Sometimes they disappear entirely. A good act done for others carries us out of ourselves, and this is also a cure for worry. Those who lead lonely lives and cannot go out when they choose, must find their own ways of overcoming worries; for there are always ways and means, and it would be impossible to enumerate them all here.

The principal cure, which can be effected at all times, and in all circumstances, is to say: "I will not worry." The will has more to do with worry than anything else. And everyone can cultivate a strong will, although it is often weakened by long illness. The stronger person may stop worrying sooner than her delicate neighbor; but even the invalid can make her will just what she wants to make it. There are few things a woman sets out to do which she cannot accomplish—in time! If it be hard, then hers will be the greater merit.

If one thing be worth doing, it is surely this: Cease worrying! You can't make yourself any happier by it; but you may spread gloom and misery over your entire family. Women owe it to their husbands and children, to keep a cheerful countenance. If they bear up in misfortunes, their families will not suffer so much. O, it is worth a great deal to learn this lesson! And it is never too late to start learning it. The result will be health, happiness and courage. Is it not worth trying—not only for our own sakes, but for those whom we love even better than ourselves?

### Xantippe's Work

Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was a famous scold. Mr. George Ade says he once asked a bright little schoolgirl "How did Socrates die?" "He died," the little girl answered with ready confidence, "from a dose of wedlock."

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## The Philosopher

### War Memorials

**N**OT unnaturally a good deal of interest is being shown throughout the country in the idea of creating memorials of the great war. It would be strange indeed if the opportunity were allowed to pass without something adequate being done in this regard. The thought of many communities is naturally turning towards a building of some sort as a suitable embodiment of the local contribution toward the victorious settlement of the vast issues involved in the struggle. Wherever a building is decided upon, it is highly important that every care be taken to see that the result is an architectural success. We have been too unmindful in Canada of the enormous influence exerted particularly on the young by noble forms of building. Often enough we are satisfied with the mere expenditure of large sums of money, and with the satisfaction of the demand for simple utility. Of course, where utility and style conflict utility should win the day; but it is comparatively rarely that the two are irreconcilable. For example, Manitoba expended four millions on its Agricultural College. The administration building is a tolerable success, but some of the other buildings are without grace or impressiveness. It is the chemistry building that has a roof so shallow that the impression produced by the building is very unfortunate; and the whole group of structures is lacking in distinction. This represents a great loss for the future of the young agriculturists of Manitoba. Think what a change has been worked in Regina by the nobility and graceful lines of the Legislative Building of Saskatchewan. Entering Edmonton the first object one catches sight of is the dome of the Parliament Building. That glimpse generates a wholesome feeling of respect for Edmonton. One feels that instead of a frontier town, crude and provincial, that one detail gave it a metropolitan air, the air of a capital. On the other hand, think of the graceless look of the residence halls of Alberta University as they stand up against the sky line. What does a building like the MacDonald Hotel, rising in castellated grandeur above the Saskatchewan, not mean for Edmonton and for Alberta? One recalls the splendid impression made by the first visit to the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. The university a mere baby in years, but the buildings made one feel that Oxford had been transplanted to the banks of the Saskatchewan. Let us see to it that wherever buildings are erected to commemorate the great war, they be in line with the great architectural traditions.

### Bolshevism in Canada

In Canada, according to many good authorities, there is a large Bolshevik element which, if not dealt with promptly and fearlessly, will almost of a certainty lead to trouble which may assume most serious proportional consequences. Bolshevism is affiliated with the Social Democratic party in our country as in the United States it is affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World. Bolshevik propaganda here has assumed sinister and dangerous proportions. Administration authorities call attention to a notable increase of "Parlor Bolsheviks" who are defending the principles of Bolshevism and who are agitating in an effort to force the Government to recognize the Bolshevik regime in Russia. In the United States the Government is very much exercised concerning the activities of this unruly element.

It has often been charged that the whole Bolshevik movement in Russia was in the interest of, and instigated and financed by, Germany, the idea being to reduce Russia to chaos and helplessness in order that Germany might ultimately reorganize and control it.

### Those Increased Taxes

We must again economize sharply either to save money to pay taxes or to pay the tax-increased prices on necessities. Last year all were glad to sacrifice to win the war. This year naturally, if not logically, many will say, people do not feel the same way about a war already won. They will pay cheerfully but they will insist that a Government that forces them to practise thrift must practise that commendable virtue itself. The one thing this gigantic tax law preaches in solemn language, is the necessity of rigid governmental economy from now on. The authorities must cut out every dollar of unnecessary expenditure henceforth or be prepared to face the wrath of the people.

In the second place, there is an illogical but not unnatural feeling that war-taxes should cease with the war. The fact that we have war-bills and war-expenses still to meet is not taken into account by this sentiment, but the sentiment nevertheless exists.

### Help Towards a Permanent Peace

A root of war will be left in the Near East unless European reconstruction makes the Dardanelles for one and all an open seaway. This is the contention of a noted authority who insists that the Allies must take measures to guarantee free passage to ships, no matter

what flag they fly, between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The right which inhabitants of the borders of the Black Sea have to communicate at choice with the rest of the world makes it imperative that the forcible closure of the straits in 1914 shall not be repeated. At the same time, Dr. Samme is careful to point out the obligations of respect due to Turkey, and he tells us in the Paris Weekly, *L'Europe Nouvelle*, that now when the Russian peril which so long haunted the mind of the Sultans has ceased to exist, and now that the liberation of individual nationalities assures order and quiet throughout the ancient empire, there is no reason why we should not enter into good relations with the Porte, and accord it our confidence. Simple logic points to our acceptance of the survival of a free and independent Turkey. But also the closing of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles must be made an impossibility should Turkey at any time again fall under the domination of adventurous and false democrats such as those who delivered her over to Germany. The problem is a delicate one, Dr. Samme admits, and he suggests that the best solution will be found in the organization of an international commission along the lines of that of the Danube.

### More Restrictions May Come

A nation of tea-toppers is what we are fast becoming, according to certain editorial writers who claim that the consumption of tea is increasing at an alarming rate. When King Alcohol is finally dethroned, they say, we shall have to begin another campaign against tea—and they suggest that tobacco and coffee be also placed under the ban. Not until this is done, they think, shall we be quite free from drug-addiction of all kinds. "Addicts" may cheer up, however; the name of drugs is legion, and when those specified are eliminated, all we shall have to do, like the guests at the Hatter's party in "Alice in Wonderland," is to "all move one place round."

### Canada's Everlasting Memorial

Both Great Britain and the United States are very much interested in the 400 paintings now being exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, which deal so thoroughly with our part in the war.

"From the first to the last," says the London Graphic, "the Dominions beyond the seas have shown far greater pride in the achievements of their sons in the front of battle than the Mother Country has displayed in the case of her own citizens. Canada took hold, (delighting in its facility in putting things in a 'Western Way') of the problem of illustrating the war far more quickly and effectively than ourselves in the shape of photographic records, and she has also commended the services of most distinguished artists for paintings and designs of the war for a great national memorial. An American writer says: 'The comprehensiveness of the scheme is amazing:'

"First of all, we see in the wonderful exhibit transports bringing the Canadian troops to Europe. Then there are pictures illustrative of the training-camps in England and of the embarkation of Canadians for France. Next in sequence there is the landing in France, after which come paintings commemorative of the historic battles in which the Canadians took part—Regina Trench, the taking of Courcellette and so on, until we come to the Arras-Cambrai road, along which we see the Canadians streaming, after three months of incessant battle, to the bitter fight for Cambrai, from which they passed to their triumphal entry into Mons."

It is fitting indeed, that the heroism of Canada's sons should be imperishably recorded in art and song.

### Regrettable Poverty

On the morning of January 14th our papers carried a despatch from Ottawa that bore striking testimony to Canada's poverty in a most important particular. The Council for Scientific and Industrial Research had been in a position to award twenty-five fellowships and studentships of the value of from \$750 to \$1000 for research in the various departments of science bearing on industrial processes. The Council had been able to award only eight of these, simply because the men are not available. What evidence this gives of lack of national enterprise and imagination with respect to education! Here is a point where education is seen to bear directly on national wealth and productivity. In the judgment of the men constituting this council, apparently we simply have not got the men to warrant the expenditure of the money that is at last available for the purpose of applying science to the development of our industries and our resources. The explanation of this goes back a long way. We have been very apathetic in Canada in our attitude to education. There has been little acute realization in Canada of its tremendous import. Our universities have been left in many cases in an impoverished condition. For thirty or forty years an army of our choicest graduates have had to trek away to the United States to get the training that they could not get at home. A graduate of the University of New Brunswick, who had himself

had to go to Cornell to get his ultimate training, told me the other day that he knew of one year during which sixty-five alumni of Dalhousie University got appointments in American institutions. This may have been exceptionally high, but the process has been going on steadily. Unable to find what they needed at home these men have gone to American Universities to be trained as specialists, and then, in the vast proportion of cases they have gone into American education, American business or American industry. Multiply Dalhousie by the number of universities in Canada; multiply the instances in that one year by thirty or forty, and then consider what an impoverishment of our Canadian universities this has meant, and what an incalculable loss to Canada at large. It is certainly high time that we shook ourselves out of our national lethargy with regard to education.

### Culture, French and German

History has never seen a greater contrast than that presented by the conduct of the French, both military and civil, in the German territory in which they have taken over control, and the conduct of which the Germans were guilty in the French territory which they invaded and occupied. The contrast is, of course, the same between the conduct of all the representatives of the Allies now on German soil, and the outrages and crimes perpetrated by the Germans once they moved outside Germany. As it has happened, however, some striking incidents have served to call attention to the irreproachable behavior of the French. Never have the splendid qualities of the French been manifested to greater advantage. For example, the newly-appointed French Mayor of Metz issued a proclamation in which, after reminding the Germans that he himself had been one of the first victims of the disregard of decency and justice by the Germans when they began the war, and adding that it could not be denied that there was ground for taking vengeance, said: "But we are French, and we place duty, equity and justice before everything." Similarly, on entering Wiesbaden, General Comte reminded the inhabitants that Germany had begun the war with ruthlessness. "But you need fear nothing of the kind from victorious France," he added. "All we demand is that you behave yourselves and obey the rules laid down for the safety of the French troops. Your lives and your property are entirely safe with us." The French do not boast of culture, as the Germans boasted of their "Kultur," nor do any of the Allied peoples. So long as human memory endures the contrast between the Germans and the Allies, a contrast of character manifested in action, will never be forgotten.

### Sir Wilfrid Laurier

When a great man and a popular leader dies, people naturally review his life to find the secret of his greatness and his popularity. Those who try to estimate the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier will perhaps differ as to his political insight and sagacity, and while some may pronounce him Canada's greatest statesman, many will speak lightly of his loyalty and his patriotism. On many points, however, there can be no difference of opinion. He had wonderful natural abilities, and to these he added the charm of a magnetic personality, a grace of manner and a power of expression that were truly remarkable. His uniform courtesy, kindness and sweetness of disposition endeared him to all, to such a degree that many of his strongest political opponents were his greatest personal friends and admirers. Often, men who aspire to greatness ignore these qualities of mind and heart which he considered so essential, and which were truly a part of himself. Often, indeed, young men affect to despise the fine arts of behavior and oratory as undignified or effeminate. There could be no greater error. Truth is no less enjoyable if beautified by expression, and life is no less enjoyable if sweetened by culture and refinement. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier did nothing else, his name should be honored for all time in Canada, because in an industrial age, when the thoughts of men were given perhaps too exclusively to the pursuit of wealth, he held before them those other ideals which it is hoped will be sought and cherished by Canadians in the years to be.

### Who Next?

The crowned heads have had their share of sorrow. The military autocracy has fared no better. Tirpitz working for a living, and the hated murderer of Edith Cavell, standing in line to get his bread allowance, are fair samples. When is the other autocracy—that of the men who have made themselves wealthy through the sacrifice of others—when is it to have its fall? That is the great problem the world is facing to-day. Those who are too ready to condemn autocracy, should remember that democracy means a sharing of not only production and wealth, but of responsibility, hardships and sacrifice. There are some who are strong to grab but slow to help the aims of true democracy.

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A name unsullied to the end he bore, His life was spent the commonweal to serve, A grateful country willing tribute brings, Bestows its homage free from all reserve.

For freedom's cause he battled fearlessly, He scorned appeal to color, race or creed, Convincing evidence alone he sought To justify the rightness of the deed.

The clamour of unreason failed to swerve Convictions democratic, strong and true, His vision of the highest rights of man Dictated duty's path, and formed his view.

Diversities to blend in common aim, To build a mighty nation wide and free, The races to unite in bonds of love, His life, his word, his work made constant plea.

The Canada he loved shall hold him dear, And of his virtues shall its children teach, A statesman whose nobility of soul Gave richness to his eloquence of speech.

With all the worthies of the commonwealth, The Mother Empire shall his name enshrine, And own as peer, Sir Wilfrid Laurier Amidst her honoured names that brightly shine.

Above the solemn requiem we hear Resounding tones of praise on every hand, And gain new inspiration for life's task From his devotion to our native land.

D. S. Hamilton.  
Winnipeg, Man., February 22nd, 1919.


**MANITOBA'S FINANCES**

On another page of this issue will be found the Financial Statement of the Province of Manitoba. This was presented to the Legislature last month by Hon. Edward Brown, in an able address, the complete report of which, lack of space does not permit us to publish.

The following summary however enables one to see at a glance the salient features of this statement:—

Revenue surplus	\$ 322,867.00
Surplus of assets over liabilities	34,200,000.00
Cash and Capital Investments	7,600,000.00
Net debt after deducting cash and sinking fund	13,000,000.00
Revenue-bearing debt	19,300,000.00
Expenses less than estimated last year	364,000.00
Average rate of Int. on short loans during war period	5.42%
Average rate of Interest on bonds, war period	5.88%
Treasury bills for \$1,375,000, issued for patriotic loan and seed grain at a discount rate of	5%
Seed loans entirely repaid except small sum of	1,600.00

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Fat . . . . . 5%	Oats . . . . . 1.0%
Fibre . . . . . 8%	Flax . . . . . 1%
	Wild Oats . . . . . 10.65%
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### Miscellaneous

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## Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux

### The Big Poultry Show, February, 1919, in Winnipeg

A visit to the great show of fowls at the Board of Trade Building in February was a real treat to any lover of good poultry. All the well-known breeds were exhibited, and the whole show splendidly staged in the immense auditorium. The main floor was filled with coops, and in the galleries were displayed the Buff Orpingtons and Barred Rocks, two of the largest classes in the show; and no less than 500 beautiful pigeons, the record for Winnipeg. Over 2000 purebred birds were exhibited, of the finest quality, besides the 500 pigeons. Never before has there been so many individual exhibitors.

The keen interest shown in poultry by the casual visitor to the exhibition, and the record attendance throughout the week, was a great satisfaction to the hard working officials of the Poultry Association in Winnipeg. The poultry industry has grown by leaps and bounds, without doubt, and people who took up backyard poultry keeping a year ago are now becoming fanciers.

D. C. McKim, of Winnipeg, showed a pen of Barred Rocks, of the E. B. Thompson "Ringlet Strain," which were one of the attractions of the show. They were winners of first prize "pen" in Barred Rocks, and also winners of The Nor'-West Farmer silver cup, valued at \$50, for best utility pen of fowls in the show. This is a good start for a backyard poultry keeper, who commenced keeping a few fowls of the "Just Hen" mongrel type in April, 1918. Mr. McKim showed in all seven birds, and won prizes on each of them.

The largest class in the show was the beautiful Buff Orpington. A grand display, and Winnipeg fanciers held their own in the awards given for classy birds.

F. J. G. McArthur, Hoffman & Crundwell and W. J. Hoffman secured the

majority of the prizes in Buffs. The second largest class in the exhibition was the Barred Rocks, and they were exceptionally fine in barring and shape. Geo. Woods, Holland; Geo. F. Newton, Winnipeg; W. A. McKim, Winnipeg, and John Beavis, Crystal City, carried off most of the prizes in Barred Rocks.

White Rocks evidently have many admirers in Winnipeg and the West. Some beautiful birds were shown. J. & A. Burrows, N. M. Johnstone, J. Lawson, St. Vital; St. Vital and Maple Leaf Poultry Yards, Selkirk, were all prize winners in this class.

The White Wyandottes were a very fine selection of birds, in splendid condition. The awards were divided between Art Service, Moose Jaw, who won many prizes; Dr. Merkeley, also of Moose Jaw, and J. Nuttal, Port Arthur.

The little White Leghorns were shown in fine array, and most of the exhibitors belonged to Winnipeg and the suburbs, where the Leghorn is a prime favorite as a winter layer of high priced eggs. J. Davis, Winnipeg, Rutland Poultry Farm, Wm. Read and H. S. Leake were prize winners in Leghorns. The majority of these pretty white fowls were washed and combed to perfection, and presented a fine, stylish appearance in consequence. Buff and Brown Leghorns, Black Langshans and Brahmas, and a dozen other breeds made up the splendid showing of over 2000 fowls.

A prize Barred Rock cockerel owned by E. B. Carruthers, of Moose Jaw, is worthy of comment, because he has a real gold 'beak' which he can peck with, and feeds as well as before he met with an accident which injured the upper part of his beak. The golden beak is fitted perfectly, and this rooster is probably the first feathered fowl to employ a dentist in Canada.

Turkeys, geese and ducks were shown in fair numbers, as usual. R. Laing, of



Baby superintends the morning meal.

**ADVERTISER** who is a composer of song poems wishes to communicate with musical composer who can set his songs to music. Address R. J. Chase, Milestone, Sask. 3-19

**SMALLEST BIBLE ON EARTH**, postage stamp size; New Testament complete. Brings luck, 15c; two 25c. Christian Worker, Box 202A, Quebec. 3-19

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### Nursing

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Stonewall, exhibited some splendid Bronze turkeys, and took many prizes on turkeys, geese and ducks. Mrs. Galloway, of Gladstone, had some very fine A.O.V. turkeys on view, securing first prize.

The exhibit loaned from the Manitoba Agricultural College was full of interest, especially to beginners in poultry. A neat backyard poultry house and run, enclosed with mesh wire, where a happy family of handsome hens seemed quite at home. A fine Barred Rock cock was shown in a large coop, and in another one the plucky Barred Rock pullet from the College that I spoke of last month. She laid 76 eggs from September 8 until December 14—the egg champion of the poultry plant. The Barred Rock is thus emphasized as a good utility breed for the farmer.

An electric heated brooder contained several hundred week-old Leghorn chicks, perfect little darlings, the delight of the children. The method of feeding and care was clearly demonstrated, and one of the college staff answered all questions in regard to poultry.

A drawing card at the show was the

grand display of pigeons. Every known breed was exhibited, and crowds came to see them. R. E. Bray, of Norwood, made the largest entry, with 110 birds, but there were many exhibitors in pigeons from the city and country. The 500 pigeons were valued at \$3000. Some of the flying Homers have a record of 400 miles and more. The magnificent work in life saving during the four years of war has endeared the flying Homer, the racing variety of pigeon, to everyone. Hundreds of lives were saved by them by carrying messages and dispatches when our planes and seaplanes had come to grief. These little carriers would be liberated with their messages, and thus save the crews.

The T. Eaton Co. exhibited a backyard poultry house and run also; very moderately priced, and suitable for a city lot.

The championships and specials were not available for this issue, not having been published. A novel competition this year at the show was the chicken plucking contest, for both amateurs and professionals. Thursday and Friday even-

ings the contests took place, when feathers were made to fly. In record time, winner of first prize in amateurs was A. F. Gronback; time for plucking a chicken perfectly, three minutes and 45 seconds. William Watkins, Manitoba Agricultural College poultry foreman, plucked his bird in three minutes, making 93½ points out of a possible 100, and securing the \$5.00 gold piece awarded by the Poultry Association.

A correspondent asks about sprouted oats, and how the grain can be sprouted in a small house? I think that the use of sprouted oats has almost died out on most of the large poultry plants. Certainly sprouted oats are not used at the college (M.A.C.) as far as I can learn, and they are not fed on the egg farms I have inspected the last few months, so the fad has passed, away, like many another. Plenty of vegetable scraps, cabbage, mangels, potato peelings, etc., will do as well as the oats. Alfalfa meal is a fine thing to give the laying hens in midwinter. Steam it and mix up in mash. This will also take the place of sprouted oats.

not much work for inexperienced girls outside of home work. If a girl is coming to the city to work it would be best for her to write to the church of her denomination or to the W.C.T.U. Miss Scott, Girls' Gospel League, Kensington Block, Winnipeg, is doing splendid work in looking after our wage earning girls who are alone in the city. I would not put the appeal in

this month's issue again if it were not absolutely necessary. Recently I have met personally, young country girls who are earning big wages on the commission basis in places where they are not safe. For example—shooting galleries where girls have their pictures taken in all kinds of positions with all kinds of men. What an awful thing it is for a young girl to

## Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

### The Parable of the White Lady

(The following beautiful communication came from my request last month for a reply to the girl whose affairs were all tangled up. I trust every reader will learn this. I shall read it to clubs of girls for I feel it is a safe guide wonderfully expressed.)

"In the heart of every girl there is a sacred chamber where dwells the White Lady whose name is The-Ideal-of-Perfect-Womanhood. Some girls lock the door of this Holy of Holies and throw away the key; others simply keep away and try to forget it; but some there are who bring their every thought and word and action before the clear eyes of her who sits enthroned there. Beneath her piercing glance the impure thought, the unkind word, the unworthy action are shown in all their naked ugliness.

"The girl who is striving to reach her high ideal casts these unclean things forever from her heart. The other girl hides them away in some secret corner that she keeps darkened for that very purpose. 'No one shall ever know,' she says, and covers them with the cloak that is called Deceit. There they grow and thrive until at last they take possession of even the sacred chamber and drive the White Lady from her throne.

"Then indeed is the heart of the girl unclean. Then indeed has she lost the purity of her womanhood.

"There is a girl into whose heart has crept, unawares, an unworthy action. She has been careless. She has ignored the white chamber and kept it closely locked. One day she timidly opens the door and for a moment, in the clear radiance that shines from the presence within, she sees the unworthy deed in all its ugliness. It is blacker than she could even have imagined. She slams the door shut and casts about in her mind for some means of ridding herself of this horrible thing. If she drags it boldly forth, as indeed she must if she wishes to utterly destroy it, the Other Person will know that it has found lodging in her heart. Oh, the humiliation of it! She tries to tell herself that she does not wish to hurt him. She did not think of that before. Poor little self-deceiver—she is not honest enough to admit that what she dreads most is the hurt to her own pride. Does she not know that the longer she keeps this thing hidden the deeper the wound she must ultimately deal to the Other Person?

"If she would retain the high standard of her womanhood this must she do: Let her drag the unworthy action into the pure presence of the White Lady and there behold it in all its hideousness. Let her then cast it forth forever from her heart bearing like a true woman the humiliation that is natural punishment of her sin. This is her salvation."

### Shall I Tell Mother?

There has been and is an unusual restlessness in our social atmosphere. The morals of members of some of our splendid families have been disturbed. Never before have I met so many good girls and young women not so young who have made the fatal mistake that appears

at the time to wreck their whole life, as I have this past year. It will require much tact and social reconstruction to quiet this wave of carelessness.

Letters come to me from young women of splendid families—letters urging me to advise them through their trouble. These girls invariably do not want to confide their sorrow in their mother. Some years ago I received, through this department, a letter from a young woman who had told her mother and her mother had driven her out of the home to face a dark cold world alone—for the world is cold to a girl who has sold her soul. This girl went to the very depths. When she gave me her experience I determined to be very careful about advising a girl to tell her mother—but since then many girls have come to me and I have learned that it is best to tell the mother—for it is an unusual mother—a woman who is not worthy of the title—who would not take up close to her heart the daughter who has made a mistake. Over in Grace Hospital there have been many touching scenes where the mother has found her wronged girl and loved her back to useful womanhood. I believe a feature of the Salvation Army's finest work is their effort to unite mother and daughter whenever possible.

I have yet to receive a letter from a wronged girl who wants to tell her mother. Now I answer: "First tell your mother—then we shall know what is best for you." Yes—tell mother first. I know it is hard, but tell her.

I wonder why the man who urges a girl to go too far with him nearly always leaves her to come back alone. Oh—the loneliness of that loneliness—for the girl feels she is isolated from all her former pleasures, friends and family. I have looked into the very depths of hell when those girls have opened their hearts to me. I shall never use the term "fallen girl." I shall say a "wronged girl," or a "girl who has made mistakes."

Girls let me leave this thought with you—when the tempter comes—as come he surely will sometime in your life—before you decide upon a lifetime of regret for five minutes pleasure—think first of God and mother. If you think of God and mother first you will never make the fatal mistake. Religion is right living.

And women who read this page let me leave this thought with you—the Christian thermometer has no freezing point.

### Easy Money

Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton was right when she made the statement that high wages is causing many girls to fail in life. This does not refer to efficient girls who are capable of earning high wages. I believe it is not possible for an inexperienced girl in her early teens to earn seventy-five or one-hundred dollars a month in a safe environment on the commission basis, and yet girls in this city are doing such work. Camouflage advertisements catch country girls for these places. Let me urge again the women in the country to protect in a guiding way every young girl who comes to the city for work. Just now there is

## Five out of Seven American Housewives

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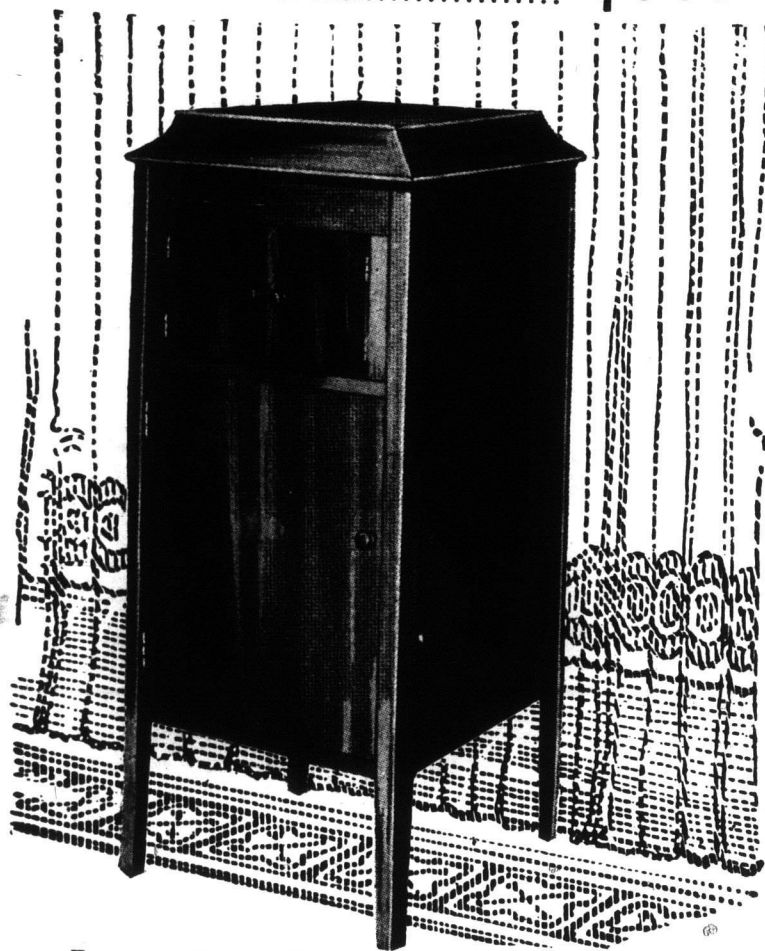


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commercialize her face in this way! One person told me of a girl's picture that had been seen in these pictures in five different cities. And this is only one part of their work in these places. Many of these girls come from the country believing in the goodness of every one. Their absolute trust is their ruin. Oh,—women of the West we must look after our girls—the men are taking brotherly interest in the boys.

The Northwest Review was right last month when it answered the question: "What are the police women doing?" "They are protecting very young daughters while their mothers are at bridge parties, dances, or club meetings."

High wages for inexperienced teen-age girls have been a curse to the home life of many girls. They have encouraged girls to be too independent of parental discipline—have led girls into bad company.

So long as cities or towns have no safe recreational centers for young people our girls are in danger. What are we women going to do about it? We are allowing our girls to drift into danger while we seek public offices. We want to take care of the girls after they are ruined. We want to dictate their sentence—we are beginning at the wrong end. Let us all be big sisters and love our girls and our neighbors' daughters and prevent them from getting into the wrong path. Nothing on the face of the earth but personal sisterly guidance will encourage our girls to develop into good useful women. She who loves her sister best, gets nearer God than all the rest.

Religion is right living—our soldier boys have taught us that.

I know I refer to this often, but when lovely girls are coming to me continually for a little mothering through the darkest period that a girl can experience I cannot refrain from urging our women to become big sisters. The greatest need to-day is old-fashioned mothering.

Is there a safe place or institution in your town for girls? Last week I talked with a woman who keeps several girls for help. She told me there is no institution for girls in her town. She said: "I have bought theatre tickets for my girls for them to go evenings. But they get tired of that." Then she said: "We need a Y.W.C.A. so much." She lives in a town that is prosperous with a good population. There is a Y.M.C.A. but no Y.W.C.A. Why?

Women in Winnipeg have actually demanded reports of girls and women who come under the protection of the police.

Shall we place on public parade broken hearts?

In Winnipeg as well as in Edmonton the police women and policemen are doing in a kindly way everything in their power to protect and prevent girls from danger. The policewomen are in the court to assist girls and women and they go about the city day by day and into the long hours of the night looking after young girls urging them to stay away from danger—many times these women take girls from twelve to fourteen years of age to their homes after they have begged them to leave their men company. Yes—night after night these policewomen take young teen-age girls to their homes as late as twelve or one o'clock at night. What are our policewomen in Winnipeg doing? Splendid protective work and good old-fashioned mothering. Many families have been united through their efforts. As to publicity—very few of the cases get into the papers. Many more cases are settled out of court than in court.

Since women are demanding reports of definite cases the policewomen are helping—let me ask: Do men demand monthly reports of definite men's cases? Then, "is it fair?" I ask again—"Is it fair to those girls and women, many of whom are perfectly innocent, to have their broken hearts exhibited for public inspection?" I often wonder, as I meet personally many of these girls and women, if our churches and institutions do as much protective work in such a kind way as our guardians of the law.

#### Slaves

"There are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
There are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they need must think;

They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three."  
(From the Woman Citizen)

#### A Garden Inventory

Noding poppies, purple larkspur, plummy cosmos tall,  
Growing, grey or golden weather, by the garden wall;  
Bachelor's buttons, "little darling"—mignonette, you know,  
Sweet alyssum, honey laden, sunflowers in a row—  
Each one lends its mite of sweetness to the summer air,  
Adding to the world's completeness by its beauty fair.

Grant that there may other posies, ere the falling snow—  
Faith's pure lilies, Love's bright roses—in my garden blow!

Christine F. Bronson

#### Falling Leaves

Amidst the Indian-Summer haze,  
The forest's royal hues unfold,  
With richest crimson, cloth of gold,  
Russet and scarlet, all ablaze.

How quickly have the days flown by  
Since Spring, her first faint colors threw  
In pure relief against the blue  
Of charming April's summer sky!

The budding white oak's rosy tint  
The summer changed to vivid green,  
The slender birch's silvery sheen  
Was heightened by the sunbeam's glint.

Now, soon each leaf, all seared and browned  
With cutting wind and biting frost,  
By ruthless autumn torn and tossed,  
Will fall and wither on the ground.

And so our lives must bud and grow,  
Warmed by the sunshine of God's love  
And showered by mercies from above,  
'Till we in health and beauty glow.

Then, 'mid the frosts of sorrow, still  
We shelter those lives yet to come,  
And when we fall, our voices dumb,  
They live to do the Father's will.

—Dora Folsom Brokaw, in Farm Journal.

#### How to Make Friends

The way to make friends is as easy  
As breathing the fresh morning air;  
It ain't an art to be studied  
Alone by the men who can spare  
The time from their every-day labors,  
To ponder on classical lore;  
It never is taught in a college  
And it isn't a trick or a chore.

The way to make friends is to be one,  
To smile at the stranger you meet,  
To think cheerful thoughts and to speak them  
Aloud to the people you greet.  
To hold out your hand to a brother  
And cheerfully say, "Howdy-do,"  
In a way that he'll know that you mean it,  
That's all that's expected of you.

Be honest in all of your dealings,  
Be true to your word and your home,  
And you will make friends, never doubt it,  
Wherever you happen to roam.  
Condemn not the brother who falters,  
Nor fawn on the rich and the great.  
Speak kindly to all who approach you,  
And give up all whining at fate.

—Edgar A. Guest.

#### My Hope

F. Hildreth McLaughlin

It was not long ago he came to say  
The words of sad farewell that wrenched  
my heart,  
We tried to smile and make the parting  
gay,  
Each thinking of long months we'd spend  
apart.  
"When I come back," he said, "we'll live  
our life  
In quiet places far from care and strife."

But that was months ago, and now he  
sleeps  
Beneath a wooden cross somewhere "out  
there."  
And only God who cares for us and keeps  
His children from the darkness of despair  
Will know my pain. Yet He'll provide,  
I trust,  
Some day, those joys we waited for—and  
missed!



Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The federation of Women Societies working under the Agricultural Educational Act, is an accomplished fact, and the name of the new organization is the Federation of Women's Institutes in Canada. The Federation meetings held in Winnipeg which led up to the federation were interesting from many points of view. The attendance was comparatively small, being limited to two or three delegates from each province. The only province not represented was that of Prince Edward Island, and no woman was sent from there, because the Minister of Agriculture did not approve of the idea of the federation. This one fact speaks volumes of the wide difference between the East and the West. It is hardly conceivable that any Western minister of agriculture would have had the temerity to refuse representation on the ground that he did not approve of federation. If any one had done so, he would have been firmly and not too gently reminded that he was not the owner but merely the custodian of the money which was being expended. From one or two of the Eastern provinces the representation was not so adequate as it should have been. In the matter of Quebec, they were hampered by the sudden death of the delegate appointed to represent the women's institute, and the representative from that province was confined to a lady who really represented the government department and not the women, and the same was true of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, I have forgotten which for the moment. Still taken as a whole the representation was very fair.

The federation developed into something larger and more elaborate than was at first anticipated by a number of the provinces. The original idea was for a national committee that would deal with questions which were of Dominion-wide importance, instead a large organization resulted which hopes to meet in general convention about once every two years. A number of important standing committees have been named, and it is quite among the possibilities that the new organization will provide an organ of its own. Personally, I would have preferred to see a smaller body as being one which would have been more likely to get results, but that is only a personal opinion, and the new organization is possibly a better arrangement. I do not think anything but good can come out of such a federation, and indeed the mere getting together for three days of women from eight provinces of Canada must, in itself, result in a better understanding of conditions in those provinces.

Among the standing committees appointed was one on immigration, and it is hoped that Mrs. Charles Robson, of Winnipeg, who has been acting for the government at the Atlantic seaboard, in the matter of the reception of the wives and children of returned soldiers, will be able to act as convener of this committee. The experience which she has gained in her present task should be of enormous value.

Possibly no question to-day is of more importance than this one of immigration. The government officials make statements of their determination of securing only desirable immigrants, but after the experience of last summer when the Huterite colonies were admitted, one is led to doubt the result of their care in admitting immigrants, no matter what their protestations may be.

The time for admitting colonies of people to the lands of Western Canada should have passed for ever. We do not want groups of colonies scattered throughout Western Canada. What we want is a nation, and the only way in which it will be possible to make Canadians of immigrants who do not speak our language is to have them scattered through communities already existing, where the adults will feel the necessity and spur of acquiring a knowledge of the language for themselves and where the children will be educated in English in the public schools.

As has been pointed out before, it is likely that the major portion of our immigration for the next two years at least will come to us from the United

States, but that is not sufficient to make it wise to admit these people without searching carefully into their antecedents. If they come from old United States stock, English being their native tongue, they will no doubt be warmly welcomed, but people who come to us from the United States if they are of alien enemy descent, are no more desirable than if they came directly from alien enemy countries. There may be exceptions to this statement, but generally it will hold.

Very, very much of the trouble which has resulted during the years of the war has come from people of alien enemy lineage, who came to us from the United States. The incoming immigration should be more carefully looked into from a standpoint of physical health. It should be the duty of this committee of women to unceasingly endeavor to impress upon the immigration officials that the land of Canada has been bought at too great a price to be handed over indiscriminately to those who come to us merely because land is cheap in a monetary sense. There is no longer any cheap land in Canada, for while it may still be bought for comparatively few dollars and cents, its price, reckoned in the value of the splendid young men who have died to save it, can never be measured by money standards.

Last month I wrote something about "War Brides," which I am sorry to say has been seriously misinterpreted by an Englishwoman. Her letter is so bitter that I had thought at first I would not publish it, but for fear of seeming in any sense partial, I have decided to give it to my readers. I would like to point out to the writer, however, that she is entirely wrong in stating that before conscription came in, three-fourths of all the volunteers for the Canadian army had been born in Britain.

As a matter of fact there are no complete details up to the time that conscription came in as to the relative number of Canadian and British born men who went overseas. All Canada is quite willing to admit that of the first contingent a larger percentage were men who had been born in Britain. That was quite natural as the great majority of them had been away from Britain but a few years, and the idea of military service was much more familiar to them than it was to the Canadian born, but up to the end of June, 1916, when the last reasonably complete figures were available, these figures showed that 128,635 native-born Canadians had volunteered as against 154,587 of actual British birth, and of the roughly 128,000, over 80 per cent. were drawn from English speaking Canadians, and in any comparison of figures, it must be remembered that of the 5,000,000 English speaking Canadians, the percentage of men of military age was relatively much smaller than the percentage of men of military age of British born. This also is quite natural, because a new country attracts the younger men.

No true Canadian is claiming that Canada did any more than her share, but I think it ill becomes anyone of British birth to cast slurs upon the Canadian men. As for the slurs at Canadian women of this writer, they are not worth considering. There was absolutely nothing in the statement made with regard to "War Brides" to call forth such a diatribe, and there was nothing in the statement that I have the slightest desire to retract. The letter is as follows:

"There is one thing seems to have been forgotten by the women writers of Western Canada, in their articles on 'War Brides.' Twice during the last few weeks I have read disparaging, almost insulting letters by Canadian women on this subject. It does not seem to strike them, that till the Conscription Bill came in force, three-fourths (to put it mildly) of the men who went overseas were born in the Old Country. What more natural than that they would choose as a wife one of their own people. For the rest it will not do Canada any harm to have a few girls in their midst who do not make life one long hunt for pleasure and who care for something else beside dress and dancing.

"It may come as a surprise to some of these women that most Old Country

mothers who live here, and can see the type of girl the average Western Canadian is, would be just as sorry to see their sons marry one of them as any Canadian mother might be to have an Old Country daughter-in-law.

"I suppose it would be impossible to make these writers understand the passionate gratitude that is felt by England for what this country has done, and it needs more imagination than the average Westerner has, to see how easy it is to turn every khaki clad figure into a hero. These girls may be disappointed, because never in the whole of their lives have they heard anything but kind things of Canada and the Canadians, and they will not understand why they are so coldly treated in the land to which they have come.

"England, and by England I mean the British Isles, to distinguish them from British as applied to Canada, has shown the stuff her people are made of during the three years of war. Small wonder if for the first time a Canadian-born man sees a girl who can work as well as play, he sees in her the true helpmeet he needs.

I am, yours very truly,  
Mary Akers, Grandview.  
"P.S.—I am English, and proud of the fact, but am sincerely sorry our subscription is paid up to 1921 or The Western Home Monthly would not come into our home again, though it has been a welcome visitor for 14 years."

I think this writer is an excellent illustration of why Canadian women view with some alarm a large influx of her sisters from overseas. She has, according to her own showing resided four-

**The Reason Why**  
teen years in Canada and is to-day violently anti-Canadian. It is the old, old story, so familiar to Canadians in the past thirty years, the English woman who absolutely refuses to assimilate. Scotch women and Irish women shake down and accept Canada as their home, but the Englishwoman almost never ceases to make unpleasant comparisons which do not tend to endear her to the native born.

Little Willie: "Say, pa, what is the difference between a farmer and an agriculturist?"  
Pa: "A farmer, my son, makes his money on a farm and spends it in the city; an agriculturist makes his money in the city and spends it on a farm."

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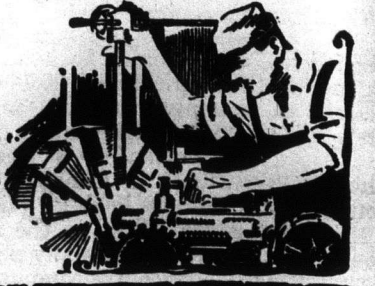
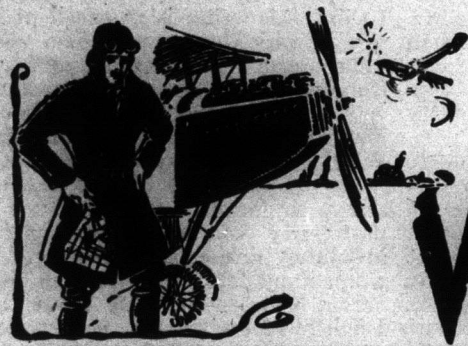
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# War to Peace

## The Story of Repatriation

### *The Programme of the Government Regarding Returned Soldiers and the Change to Peace Conditions*

Just as Canada planned in war, so must it plan and organize for peace. The Government has therefore formed a Committee of the Cabinet to deal with the following four problems now facing the country:

- (1) *Bringing the soldiers home.*
- (2) *Helping those who have suffered overseas to overcome their handicaps.*
- (3) *Having ready for every soldier and war-worker an opportunity for employment.*
- (4) *Ensuring proper living and working conditions.*

Every Canadian should know what plans the Government has developed to help solve these problems.

An organization of experts has been formed to help in the work of securing the closest co-operation of all the departments of the Government and of all the other agencies that may come into contact with the work of repatriation.

#### Bringing the Soldier Home

As soon as the situation permits, our soldiers will be brought home. The fighting corps in France will be returned as units, each unit composed, as nearly as possible, of men from the same locality. The remainder of the Canadian troops overseas will be demobilized in standard drafts of 500 men. Canada has been divided into 22 dispersal areas.

These drafts will be made up of men wishing to go to the same dispersal area.

Overseas there are also 50,000 dependents. These women and children will be brought to Canada at the public expense.

Thorough plans have been made to carry out this work of repatriation as speedily and efficiently as transportation facilities will allow.

Before the soldier arrives, he will be informed just what the country is prepared to do for him.

#### Getting Employment

To help both soldier and war worker secure quickly such employment as is available, a chain of Employment Offices is being established from coast to coast with the co-operation of the Provincial Governments.

The Government is also helping to create additional opportunities for employment through (1) Public Works, (2) Railways and

Canals, (3) Export Trade Commission, (4) Shipbuilding, (5) The Loan of \$25,000,000 for building workmen's homes, (6) Helping soldiers become farmers by the provision of land, loans and agricultural training.

To help tide the soldier over the period between the time when he is discharged and the time when he is established in a position, the Government is granting a War Service Gratuity—on a scale more generous than that given by any other nation. This is in addition to any back pay, clothing allowance, etc., to which a soldier may be entitled.

#### The Disabled Soldier

The soldier who has suffered handicap through his service will be helped in two ways. (1) A pension will be granted to him in proportion to his handicap. (2) If he is so injured that he cannot follow his previous occupation, he will be "Re-trained" for a new trade or vocation. While training, he will receive adequate pay and allowance.

At the same time, the Government is to provide free medical treatment, dental treatment, artificial limbs, surgical appliances, etc., where the need for such is due to a soldier's war service.

#### Public Effort

Voluntary organizations, Municipalities, Educational Institutions—almost all agencies that touch on the social and economic welfare of the nation—have been enlisted by the Repatriation Committee to help in welcoming our soldiers home, in creating an atmosphere of contentment, in bringing Canada forward to a peace basis with all speed.



The story of Repatriation has been written in more detailed form—in simple, interesting language. Every Canadian should read it. Write to this Committee at Ottawa for booklet.

**THE REPATRIATION COMMITTEE**

**Ottawa**

Work for Busy Fingers

Directions for Embroidery  
(Continued from last month)

**I c—Overlap Long and Short Stitch.** The first stitch in this process on a line is taken by bringing the needle out on the line at its start; send the needle down on the right side of the line, forming,



Fig. 1 c (1)

when the thread is drawn through, a stitch about half an inch long; take the next stitch on the line slightly in advance of the start of the first; draw through the thread and send the needle down on the line a trifle above the finish of the first stitch, but crossing it;—see



Fig. 1 c (2) Overlap Stitch

Fig. 1 c (1)—take the succeeding stitches in the same way, making each one cross the end of the one before it. This work forms a raised ridge. The series of stitches lapping each other may be carried around circles with good effect. This is an especially pretty way to embroider tendrils. See Fig. 1 c (2).

Wound Stitches

The wound stitches are those for the execution of which the thread is turned one or more times around the needle before it is sent through the fabric. Of



FIG. 12



FIG. 13



FIG. 14

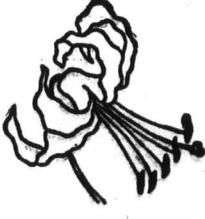


FIG. 15

these the most useful in our work is the French knot. Old pieces of needlework show us how this may be used on backgrounds as a filling stitch. It is especially suitable for stamens of flowers when they have a certain character. It ought not, however, to be universally used in this way. We should observe nature and endeavor to indicate what we see by such means as will best fulfill the effect. So, while commending the French knot for feathery stamens, one should have some other means when this is not adequate. Figs. 12, 13, 14 and 15 show various stamens which are likely to raise questions in the mind of the worker. The lines in the filaments show how effectively "satin stitch" can be managed in these cases. Fig. 12 shows in the central stamen the direction of the under

filling of the anther. One often sees a French knot in the centre of a violet. Fig. 13 shows how much more expressively the center may be embroidered. The combination of satin stitches in the center of Fig. 14 is a very pretty management and the anthers in Fig. 15 come out firm and clear when worked as indicated. This caution against the wrong use of the French knot ought to save the worker from the popular mistakes and at the same time emphasize the proper use of the pretty knot stitch.

A Comfortable Dressing Jacket in Crochet

For this charming negligee procure 14 ounces of 4-ply Vest Wool and a medium

and white wool will make a pretty if worked in alternate rows, but the yoke, cuffs and border should be of the pink.

Begin with 72 chain. Turn, make 4 chain, pass wool round hook and work 3 treble into the 72nd chain, \* 1 double crochet into next chain but two, 3 chain, 3 treble into the same; repeat from \*. The row must finish with the 1 double crochet.

In the 3rd row work 4 chain, 3 double crochet into loop of last shell of previous row which was made by working 3 chain 1 double crochet into next corresponding loop; repeat.

Work 18 rows in the same way, always commencing each row by making 4 chain.

In the 19th row work only 16 shell.

20th row—Only 15 shells, and 21st only 14 shells. Work 4 plain rows. In



work back, turn, take up the wool and draw it through 1 loop on the hook, take up again and draw through 2 loops, and continue drawing through 2 loops at a time to the end of the row.

In the 5th row increase a stitch at the armhole side.

6th row—Plain, no increase.

7th row—Increase 1. 8th row—Plain.

9th row—Increase 1.

10th row—Plain. There will now be 82 stitches on the needle.

11th and 12th rows—Plain.

In the 13th row work only upon 15 stitches for the shoulder.

14th row—As 13th. Fasten off.

For the Back Yoke—Pick up 50 stitches and work in same fashion, increasing 3 times up each side the same as for the fronts. Work 14 rows in all. Sew up the shoulders.

For the Sleeve—Cast on 48 stitches of chain. Make 12 shells. Continue for 26 rows.

Cuff—12 rows of tricôt.

Sew up the sleeve and fit into the armhole.

For the Border—1st row—2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble all along.

2nd row—1 double crochet, 12 triple trebles into the first hole (triple treble is wool three times round hook), 1 double crochet into the fourth hole; repeat round jacket, sleeves and neck.

3rd row—2 chain, 1 double crochet into each triple treble of last row.

Run a ribbon about 2 inches wide through the holes around the neck.

If a very dainty finish is required another ribbon to match may be run through the row of little holes at each wrist and natty tied into a bow.

Buttonhole Stitch

The buttonhole stitches are worked in the hand. The needle should be sent down just over the farther line and brought up just in front of the nearer line. Remember the stitches should always be taken at right angles to the direction of the curve in the scallop one is working. The silk should never be knotted to start the thread for buttonholing; instead run the thread in along the space to be covered and after laying one or two stitches cut it off close. Finish it off on the back by running it under the laid stitches and catching it into the ground once or twice to make it secure. If possible use a thread long enough to embroider one scallop entire. A new thread can be started along a scallop, but one should avoid doing this as far as possible, because it will make an unevenness on the edge which is very likely to be clipped when the scallops are cut out. The stitches should be placed very close.

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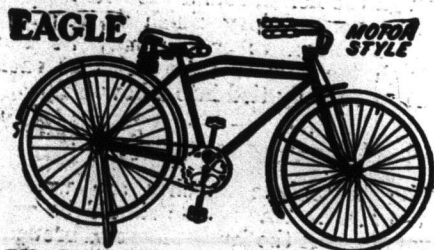
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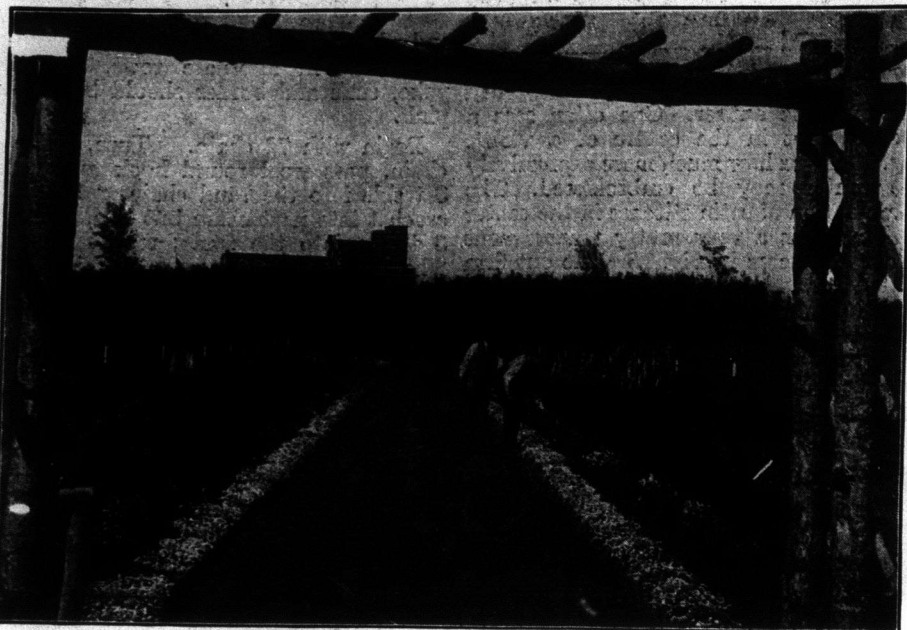
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A flower bordered path running through the soldiers' garden leading from the military Hospital to the Convalescent Home, Edmonton.

### THE DISABLED SOLDIER AS A GARDENER

By Miriam Elston

**Y**oung man who won the silver cup at the Edmonton Horticultural Society's Bench Show in 1917, has a garden history well worth repeating. To begin with, he knew practically nothing concerning gardening when in the spring he decided to enter the gardening class, and took over a plot of ground sixty by ninety feet. He had formerly been a farmer and miner, and had decided to take up gasoline engineering in the classes offered for disabled soldiers in Edmonton. But at present he wasn't well enough to commence the course, and a garden plot suggested an interest in the meantime, an interest staged in the great outdoors, where the environment would be most beneficial to the convalescing soldier.

One might have thought that the man was scarcely well enough to undertake a garden plot. In the early part of the season he had to sit in a barrow to do his work, one leg being disabled by a gunshot wound in the thigh.

The first thing the man got from his garden was in the rapid strides he made towards restored health. It was not long before the effect of an absorbing occupation and a life in the open began to be very apparent. How many hours did he spend in his garden each day? It would be hard to estimate. When there wasn't a weed to pull or a plant to water he just sat on his barrow and loved his plants into sturdier growth. First thing in the morning and last thing at night he visited the plot. We wondered if he didn't begrudge the hours he spent in sleep.

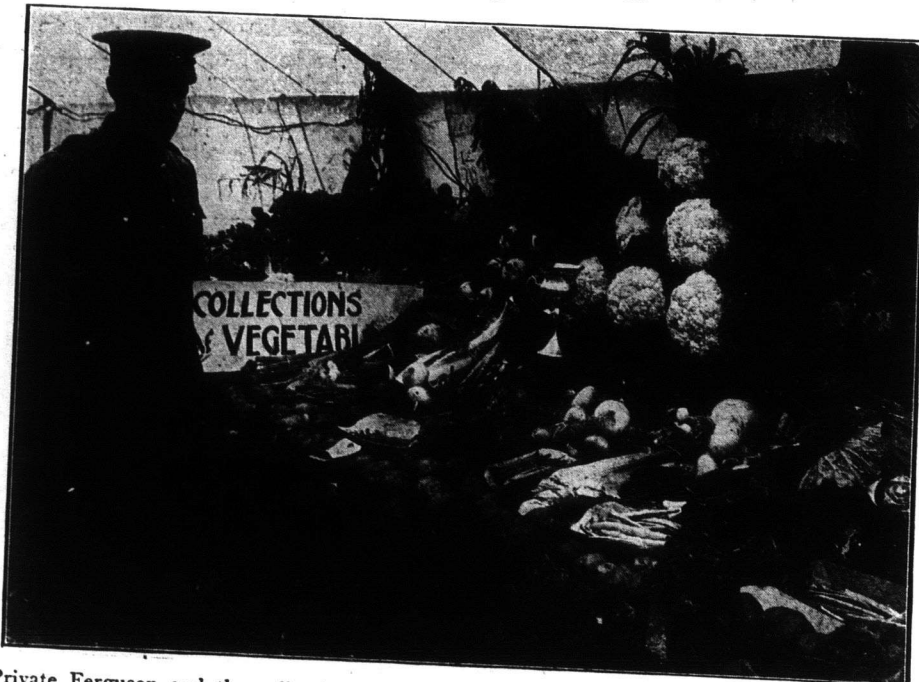
It was still early in the summer when he began to reap other rewards. The little account book which he kept recorded a quickly mounting sale of vegetables. As the summer waned, it also recorded prize money won. The Edmonton Horticultural Society allowed the soldiers' plots to be listed amongst the citizens' gardens in their garden competition. The result was that the soldiers' plots carried off the whole three prizes offered. Our friend was in on this, and when the last vegetable was gathered and the last

prize won, he had made from his garden the sum of two hundred dollars, and was the possessor of a silver cup. And the vegetables were all sold at ruling market prices.

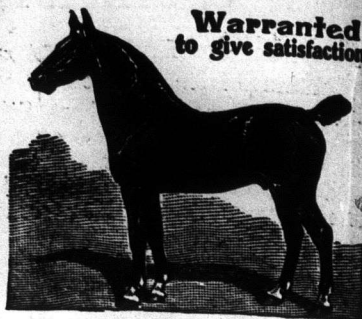
And there were other garden plots of like size that fell little short of this one's record. Another man made one hundred and sixty-five dollars from his plot through the sale of vegetables at ruling market prices. He also won forty-five dollars in prizes. Leaving the prize money out of the consideration altogether, the result is little short of marvelous. It impressed the soldier that way, and his summer's work has decided him to become a market gardener. He had no former knowledge of gardening, having been first a sailor and later a miner. At the beginning of the summer the man was a pitiable wreck physically, suffering severely from shell-shock. But the summer spent in such close contact with mother earth healed the man both in body and spirit.

And, taken collectively, the story of the financial returns from the five acres of the Disabled Soldiers' gardens looms large. Altogether there were twenty-one soldiers' individual plots. Some of these were only fifty by sixty feet. These belonged to soldiers who were not considered strong enough to undertake a sixty by ninety foot plot. And there were also plots of small vegetables, and a big patch of potatoes, which were tended by soldiers who had not undertaken an individual plot. Altogether the returns from the five acres amounted to slightly over three thousand dollars. And it was five acres of new breaking at that. April saw it a stretch of virgin soil, part of it covered by a sturdy growth of poplar. The end of October saw three thousand dollars gathered into the coffers.

The history of this garden suggests a very profitable occupation for the man or woman who has at disposal an even comparatively small plot of ground. It looks as if such a plot might be very valuable in keeping down the high cost of living or in replenishing the none too plentiful pin money. And there are few city dwellers who will not receive very valuable returns in firmer muscles and quieter nerves.



Private Ferguson and the collection of vegetables that won the silver cup at the Edmonton Horticultural Society's Bench Show in 1917.



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About the Farm

The Farmer, the Protector of the Nation

(By Max McD.)

Napoleon, though one of the direst foes the husbandman ever had, is reported to have said, that on the rise and fall of agriculture depends the rise and fall of empires. And Liebig, a much greater authority on the subject, even as he was a much truer friend, said, that perfect agriculture is the true foundation of trade and industry, and of the riches of states. Nothing indeed is more certain than that a good harvest makes the work move in its grooves more smoothly; and, if not entirely, it is largely in the farmer's hands.

With the returning spring, the new earth is rising out of the old earth, like a gracious resurrection, and on every hand meeting with a joyous, exuberant welcome. For five long, cold months Nature seemed exhausted and asleep, waiting for the genial, reviving breath of spring; waiting, but assuredly neither idle nor asleep. Strange activities were perfected in plant and creature life. Wonderful energies were stored up for future use. Myriad workmen and forces in the dark, silent factories of the ground, snow and frost no hindrance, were preparing food for the manifold seeds the farmer is now scattering over his broad and smiling acres.

Bearing this in mind, the farmer's craft, so indispensable to the world, assumes a new character and interest in his eyes, and is no longer the unreliable treadmill of dreary toil which the uneducated think. With the returning season, he steps out to walk over a new and marvellously interesting earth, and to realize the unquestionable primacy of his position in relation to every other industry of man. The pride of strong men and sensible women is this calling as old as the human race, but only now coming to receive that intelligent and scientific recognition which it has always deserved. In a sense, more vital to the race than he himself knows, the farmer has become the protector of the nation, providing in a very near and positive way those staple and substantial comforts which are so highly essential to the best thought and fibre of the people.

But not only does he feed and clothe his fellows, he saves the arable ground from impoverishment and ruin, and, while constantly cropping it, actually increases, by improved methods of cultivation, its yield and fertility. The responsibility of caring for the nation, providing the bread of life and of content, rests upon the broad shoulders of the farmer.

And the strain instead of diminishing, is bound to increase. Old, haphazard tillage and cropping will have to give place to more rational and economical processes. Even the most profitable grains and roots must for a time be discarded, and scrupulous attention given to fertilizers and rotation in order to save certain noble qualities of the soil from extinction, for soil, like our bodies and brains, must be given occasional rest and change of vocation. Have we not been told that the farmers of many of the older states turned whole areas into practically a sterile desert by persistent, senseless overcropping of wheat?

Some of these same misguided men may now be pouring into our North-west, but it is to be hoped that they have become wiser through experience, and will not, in the old short-sighted way, let their ignorance and insatiable greed destroy the new Eldorado. The high calling and responsibility of the farmer demand his noblest efforts. The race has to be fed, and if he fail to do his full duty, it will surely deteriorate. An army, it is said, fights on its belly. Even so thrive the mass of men whatever their way of life.

It naturally follows, therefore, that so important a personage as our friend the farmer should have the constant regard and sympathy of the whole community. From a selfish point of view, to look no higher, this is undeniable. We are all dependent for very existence upon the produce of his labors, so that instead of putting on airs, and looking down on the hard-handed tiller of the ground, we should try and see things in their true perspective, and learn that his profession is outranked by no other under the sun, in power, scope, or service to mankind. The rest of us are but his poor relations.

Idleness Injurious to Horses

Azoturia is a blessing to more horses than it injures. The fear of it drives many a farmer to turn his horses out for exercise when there is not work for them to do. Often it is easier and may even save time for the men to leave idle horses in the stable. Recent inquiry revealed the fact that a surprisingly large number of men follow the plan of keeping work horses tied by the head in the stall the year round, excepting when taken out for water or to work. In some cases no grain is fed at noon to the idle horses. On other farms corn and oats are thrown into the feedboxes at noon, work or no work.

Sometimes horses stand still in this way for a week or even for weeks at a time and then are taken out suddenly and put to hard work or a long trip of hauling. Driving horses stand idle thus so long as the roads are good, and then when rain spoils the track for the auto they are taken out for a hard trip through the mud. It is no wonder horses so handled are subject to sickness of various kinds. There should be no surprise if they seem soft and easily tired or overheated. What man could sit still in a chair all day, every day, for a week or two and then suddenly chop wood or pitch hay fast and steadily for a whole day with comfort?

Horses are animals of exercise. They are built for it inside and out. Big lungs, small stomachs, big muscles, long legs, hard hoofs, all are designed for more exercise than any other domestic animal except the dog. The horse must have daily exercise to be kept feeling his best. He must have it to keep his muscles and sinews toughened to stand the strain he puts upon them at work. Stiff wind-puffed unsound old horses were noted recently on a farm where horses stand still in their stalls excepting when at work. Heaves readily develop in such horses. Generally they spend most of their time stuffing themselves chock full of hay, and their stomachs will not stand the strain. Indigestion and finally heaves result.

Besides the ill-health and decreased vigor of horses kept long in enforced idleness, they commonly develop bad habits. Ambitious horses are bound to do something. They kick the stalls; they paw at the mangers; they chew their tie ropes; they eat the manger boards; they learn to crib; they roll in the stalls; they bite at strangers and children; they jerk loose when led out to water. They should not be blamed. They crave the exercise that nature intended they should have. They want to do something. The simple cure is to turn them out in paddock or pasture when not at work, and let them play.

Cheap Feeds Good for Horses

An idle horse needs very little grain—none at all if the coarse feed is reasonably nutritious. If all farmers realized this fact and would feed their horses accordingly the saving of grain would materially cheapen the cost of horse labor. Observation on many farms proves that in some cases the cost of wintering the horses is twice as great as it need be. They are fed grain and hay every day as a supposed necessity. Of course they eat these palatable, expensive feeds and seem unwilling to eat more than a mere taste of cheaper and coarser stuff. But take away the feeds which appeal strongly to the taste and a liking for the plainer fare becomes evident at once.

In a recent survey of conditions on a number of farms idle horses in about the same degree of flesh were found in some cases eating corn and oats and hay regularly three times a day; on other farms living in stalkfields and straw stacks and again other horses were cropping the old dried grass in the meadows and pastures. It is hard for the confirmed grain feeders to realize that an idle horse does not demand expensive provision. And yet horses are by nature adapted to subsisting in idleness entirely upon roughage either green or dry. The horse roughed through the winter may not be as fit for hard work in the spring as the grain-fed animal, but he has cost the owner much less for wintering, and that is an important item in computing the average annual cost of a day's horse labor. A short period of warming up on grain just before the spring rush helps to put the roughage-fed horse in condition for efficient work.

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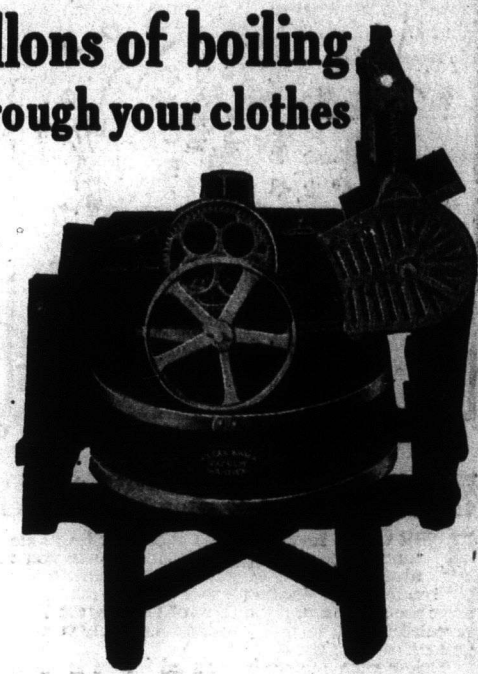
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**Individuality of Cows**

By W. H. Underwood

All cows are not by any means the same. There is the difference between gain and loss and then there is the inconceivable yield with its proportionate profit. There is the cow that produces 12,000 pounds of milk a year with her handsome profit, the 2,000 pound cow with her loss and there is the 8,000 pound cow with her fair gain to her owner. Where is the difference? The poor or profitless cow is a cow to be sure but let us be thankful that this kind is growing fewer and fewer. On the other hand take the cow with the ability to give 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of milk in a year and we have a cow that is a paying proposition and of a standard that is within reach of every progressive dairyman.

Assume that we have a cow of the required "milk power." We must now learn the peculiarities of this machine as we would the peculiarities of any other one equally intricate and comply with them if we are to secure the best

results. If one kind of feed does not appeal to her appetite we should try some other kind. We might have to feed her salt every day (as we should) or we might have to give her water before her grain or perhaps she would relish her grain sprinkled over her silage. It always pays to encourage a cow, to "baby" her, for it is she that is making the milk and she has complete control over it.

There is not the slightest shadow of a doubt but that the propensity to give large quantities of milk is transmissible. There is no doubt at all but that the power to make and give milk can be increased and strengthened if the propensity be present. In athletics a good runner improves with training. In racing a horse must needs be trained to improve the gait and to increase the speed. A race horse is also fed and cared for that it may be speedy. So a cow can by proper feeding, training and care be made to do that for which she was born. And the dam that has this or any other characteristic developed in her will certainly transmit it to her offspring.

Individuality in a cow is evidenced by superior development in all her parts and the reappearance of these traits in her offspring. The prepotent sire imprints his individuality on his offspring with unmistakable exactness. Moreover the individuality of the owner is shown in the cows of his herd. If we see a herd that is well cared for and all of whose members bear resemblance to each other we conclude at once that the owner has an ideal cow in mind and that he is trying to build up his herd to a certain type.

Often we find a herd in which there is an old cow of superior merit and along with her we find perhaps three or four or even more all having the same characteristic. The old one is the dam, granddam, great granddam, etc., of these and her characteristics have been handed down to her offspring. Every man who has an animal of noteworthy qualities should by all means keep her and attempt to get more like her from her. A herd that as a whole shows a herd individuality is one to be proud of if it is of a high grade.

**Hatching with Incubators**

I have heard considerable complaint among farmers' wives about the hatches in their incubators and the success they have with hens. Some have gone so far as to discard incubators for hens. I do not think these have made a practical move in so doing, taking their own figures as a basis for this judgment. Let us look at it closely.

Most of those who complain have had hatches that run from fifty to sixty per cent on an average, counting all the chicks hatched from all the eggs set. These same persons claim that by selecting good hens they get as high as twelve to thirteen chicks, but many of them concede that they sometimes get as low as five or six chicks from a setting. They have never kept a record so they could strike an average, so this part is largely guesswork. Let us accept their figures as they give them.

If a setting hen is broken up promptly during the breeding season she will start in at once and lay, sooner than she will

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Below each picture in jumbled letters is the correct name of the great man represented in the diagram above it. Unscramble the letters of his name so that you can correctly name him. In the far column will be found a list of a few of the world's outstanding great men. This list may prove of service to you.

The best completed pictures with the names correct can win \$510.00 in cash. The completed pictures must be clipped from this paper and attached to a separate sheet containing the names of the great men represented by the diagrams, together with complete name and address of contestant in the upper right-hand corner of paper. Complete list of grand prizes to be awarded is shown in the next column.

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WORLD in every woman's home." We want more Canadian magazine readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to the contest and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you, without cost, a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding

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your spare time, and we will even send copies for each of your friends, if you wish.

**How To Send Your Solutions.**

Use only one side of the paper that contains names of the great men represented by the pictures, and put your name and address (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper. Attach this to your completed pictures clipped from this paper.

Three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answers gaining 300 points will take the First Prize. You will get 25 points for every picture completed correctly and 25 points for every name solved correctly. 15 points will be awarded for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc., 10 points for hand-writing, and 75 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges.

The contest will close at 12 noon, on Saturday, August 3, 1919, immediately after which answers will be judged and the Prizes awarded. Address your answers to-day to—Famous Folks Competition, Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Continental Building, Dept. 33 TORONTO, ONT.

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  - Woodrow Wilson
  - Georges Clemenceau
  - Raymond Poincare
  - Stephen Pichon
  - David Lloyd George
  - Sir Wilfred Laurier
  - Samuel Gompers
  - Lord Robert Cecil
  - Sir Eric Geddes
  - Sir Robert Borden
  - Thomas Alva Edison
  - Vittorio Orlando
  - Sir David Beatty
  - Col. William Avery Bishop
  - Ignace Paderewski
  - General Jan C. Smuts
  - General Louis Botha
  - E. K. Venizelos
  - General Sir Arthur Currie

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lay if she is made to leave her chicks after hatching a setting of eggs. Now it can be justly asserted that she will lay fully a setting of eggs in the same time she would hatch a setting and get to laying again, and probably more. This is something that I have never had a single person consider when taking account of the hens as hatchers. Taken from this point of view the hen would have to hatch every egg set under her to equal the fifty per cent hatch of the incubator. For every hen you set you are out thirty eggs—fifteen you set and fifteen the hen would have laid. If you set ten hens on one hundred and fifty eggs your outlay for eggs amounts practically to three hundred, and if every egg is hatched you have only a hundred and fifty chicks. Set three hundred eggs in an incubator and you get an equal number of chicks with only a fifty per cent hatch. And it is very evident that your hens will not give an average of fifteen chicks each for the ten hens.

I realize that with eggs of low vitality the hen has a better chance of success than has the incubator, but I am convinced this is not so with good eggs.

**Home Economics Society**



MRS. S. E. GEE  
 President

The Virden Home Economics Society held its annual meeting on Saturday, the 24th February, this being the first meeting since the "Flu" ban was lifted. The hall was filled with members from all parts of the district. The reports showed the work undertaken during the year to be both varied and interesting. The reports of every committee showed a balance on the right side.

The activities of this organization touch the welfare of the people of the whole district at many points, and it is no exaggeration to say that outside the church it is one of the most beneficial organizations we have. During the year the patriotic effort consisted of donations to St. Dunstan's Institute for the blind, Canadian Field comforts for the men in the trenches, to the local Patriotic Society for Red Cross needs, to Tuxedo and our own local hospitals, grants to the Boys' and Girls' Club work and to the Agricultural Society prize list. In addition over \$300 was spent paying the caretaker of the cemetery, which has through the efforts of this organization been converted from a wilderness of weeds to one of the most beautiful spots in the province.

Our Rest Room which was burned

Now some will argue that the cost of running the incubator and the trouble will amount to a lot, and so it will, but so does the care of setting hens. The investment in the machine will not more than equal the cost of hens enough to do the same work, taking the total service into consideration, nor does the cost of oil equal the cost of feed for the hen while she is being used as an incubator.

The complaint is made that incubator chicks are not as strong as hen-hatched, and that more of them die while young, even if they are allowed to run with hens. I am taking their own statements now as a basis of argument, though I shall show that I differ with them somewhat when I get to that. Again the laying power of the hen must be taken into consideration. She can lay eggs while the brooder is caring for the chicks, and I am convinced that the brooder will do a better job of taking care of incubator chicks than will hens. Estimate how many eggs a hen should lay while she is rearing a flock of

**EASTER.**

By Mary Curry, age fourteen, California.

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
 Hear the strains so sweet and clear!  
 "To the world, an Easter greeting,  
 To young and old, from far and near."

Then when all have heard the story  
 Of the Christ who dwells above,  
 When the heathen nations hearken  
 To His messages of love.

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"  
 Go ye forth and join the song.  
 Tell it to the far-off nations;  
 Tell of Him who rights the wrong.

He will gather in His children  
 To His loving, tender arms,  
 And forever there He'll keep them,  
 Safe from danger and alarms.

chicks and see if you do not think those eggs would pay for quite a loss in baby chicks. Again the cost of the feed and the hens will more than balance the cost of brooding the same number of chicks and the value of the brooders when considering their season of usefulness.

Now with regard to the actual per cent of hatches and the hardihood of the chickens I think I can show that the hens and the incubators are about on a par. Government statistics as related by a writer who was for years a government agent investigating the poultry business all over the United States, as well as reports from state experiment stations, show that the average hatches from hens, taking all the various things that cause failure into consideration, such as breakage, accidental chilling, lice, mites, restlessness of the hens, the chilling of eggs because of being pushed to one side, and the filth that sometimes results in loss of eggs, amounts to from fifty to fifty-five per cent. In small lots this is increased to about sixty per cent.

Another thing that his investigations show is that the fertility of the eggs and the vigor of the chicks hatched are in almost exact ratio. I have seen this demonstrated in ways that could not be doubted, and I would suggest that the same tests be given by others who want to get at the truth about hatching eggs. I have set eggs from two flocks at the same time in the same incubator, and got above seventy-five per cent hatch from eggs that tested out about ten per cent infertile, and as low as twelve per cent hatch from eggs that tested out forty per cent infertile. The chicks of the seventy-five per cent hatch were sturdy chaps, and the chicks of the twelve per cent hatch were so weak that in two weeks there were very few of them left. All along the way the infertile lot of eggs failed—half-grown chicks in shells, chicks too weak to get out, and all,

recently is now in new quarters and is handed over to a separate committee. It was organized and supported for years by the Home Economics Society and is acknowledged by our merchants to be a benefit to the town as well as a great comfort to the women from the country. We have given an organ to the Primary Department of the public school and established the nucleus of a permanent library consisting of 700 carefully selected books which are greatly appreciated. Through the efforts of our school committee, Mrs. H. H. Goulter, President, Local Council of Women, was recently appointed to the School Board by acclamation.

A request from Mr. D. McDonald, Virden Agricultural Society's manager, asking that the Home Economics Society appoint the lady directors to the Fair Board, was appreciated and an assurance of most hearty co-operation given.

A study of the Dower Law and laws affecting women and children have been under consideration. One of the great benefits of the organization is the friendliness promoted between town and country women. We are one in all work, helpful to the people of this community. We feel we have a year of great opportunity ahead, a large part of which will be concentrated on all that pertains to the welfare of our children and young people, soldiers' widows and orphans, but also the brides of our boys returning to this district will be assured of a welcome and any assistance in learning to make new homes here.

The officers elected for the coming year were as follows: Hon. President, Miss Shields; President, Mrs. Gee; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. T. Clark; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. H. Kerr; Secretary, Mrs. Scales; Treasurer, Mrs. Beveridge; Press Reporter, Mrs. Willoughby; and an able board of twelve directors.

**Your Nose on the Grindstone?**

Does it keep you humping to make ends meet while gophers get a fine fat living from you?

**Kill 'Em Quick!**



**Burst the Granaries**

Fill them to over-flowing with an extra yield. You can. Get the big increases that thousands of Canadian farmers enjoyed last year thru the use of

THE TIME-TESTED GUARANTEED **Kill-Em-Quick** GOPHER POISON

Even in the districts where drouth cut down the crops, farmers who used Kill-Em-Quick harvested more grain than farmers who did not.

Kill-Em-Quick is much the best gopher poison you can buy. It is so strong that even the tiniest particle taken into the mouth will kill any gopher practically instantly. The government analysis shows Kill-Em-Quick to be the strongest gopher poison sold. It's the cheapest per gopher killed, easy to use and backed by a Money-Back guarantee.



You know the Manitoba Agricultural College would never recommend it as "the most effective gopher poison" unless their tests had so proven it to be.

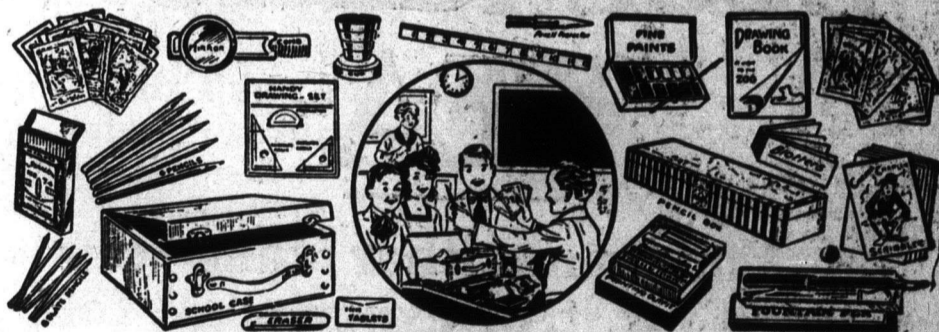
40 acre size, 60c; 100 acre size, \$1.20. Get it from your dealer, or if he cannot supply you, from us postpaid.

**Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd.**  
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A TRUE SOLDIER OF THE DOMINION  
 Every farmer who continually poisons Gophers, Spring, Summer and Fall serves his country well for he increases crops.

**SELL RAINBOW MIXTURE SWEET PEA SEEDS**

Complete School Outfit 78 Pieces Given



EVERYTHING you need for your school work is here, including a dandy Eaton-made fibre case to hold everything, and with room enough for your lunch as well. All your school fellows will admire this outfit and wish they had one just like it. There is a fine fountain pen, ink tablets to make your own ink, a swell pencil box, six comical Charlie Chaplin scribbles, a printing outfit, set of water-color paints, and heaps of other good useful things, as you can see by the picture, and this big 78-pieces outfit is given for selling only \$4.50 worth of the famous Gold Medal Rainbow Mixture Sweet Pea Seeds at only 10 cents a packet. Magnificent big Spencers, superb Grandiflora, and many other celebrated varieties, all giant sweet-scented blooms. A 20-year-old reputation for quality makes them easy to sell. Ninety-eight thousand packets sold last year. Start now. Send no money. We trust you. The Gold Medal Company, Dept. W.E. 4-S, 311 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. "21st year in this business."

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 can positively be grown from one Packet of Hybridized Potato Seeds. Every hill will be different. All colors, shapes and sizes. May be worth a gold mine. Don't miss these rarest and most wonderful of Seeds. Packet, with directions, 15c, 4 for 50c, 10 for \$1. Please order now.  
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### Got Gophers? Kill-Em-Quick

For information see  
**KILL-EM-QUICK**  
ad on page 37 of this issue

## Woman and The Home

### Coffee

By Mrs. Rorer

I know of nothing easier in the line of cooking than coffee-making, and as I remarked before, it is wonderful how marvelously bad it is usually done. A little thought, with good coffee and freshly boiled water, is all that is necessary. There is, of course, a decided difference in coffee-pots, but the best in the market, in the hands of a careless cook, will produce the worst concoction one needs to drink. The first and most important point is the knowing how to select the coffee. The best results are usually obtained from a mixture of two-thirds Rio and one-third Mocha; at the same time I have tasted many a good cup of coffee made from Rio. A Frenchman would tell you that his mixture of three-fourths Mocha, and one-fourth Martinique was the only serviceable or luscious one. He would also insist that perfect coffee could not be made without chicory, but in this one particular we beg to differ. Chicory is largely consumed on the Continent, not as an adulterant of coffee, or as a matter of economy, but upon its own merits. In Belgium, it is said that five pounds per head are used in a year, counting the entire population.

Having settled the choice of coffee, the second important point is the choice of water, which should be freshly boiled soft water. Not water drawn from the hot spigot into the tea-kettle the night before, and placed on the range to gently simmer, lose its gases and become flat, but cold water brought quickly to boiling point. This is but the matter of a few moments, and it will boil while the remainder of the breakfast is being prepared.

grounds, add a half cup of cold water, and stand on the back part of the range to settle. Have your table coffee-pot filled with boiling water to heat. If it be a cold morning, have also your coffee cups heated. Empty the water from the table-pot, rack the coffee into it, and serve.

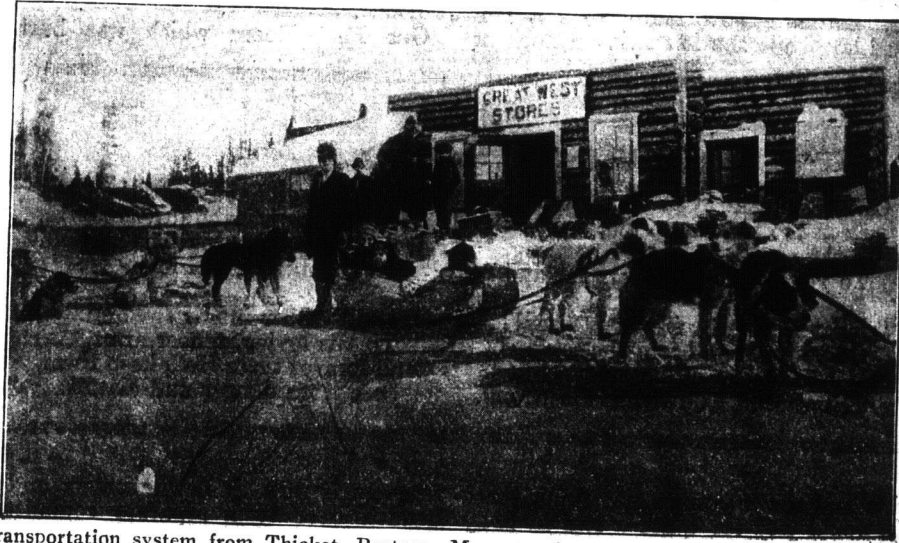
### Of What the Bill-of-Fare Should Consist

Oatmeal and well-cooked preparations of wheat should take the place of meat and potatoes for breakfast. Frequently when our country neighbor wishes to express the strength of a person he says, "Why, he is as strong as a horse." This horse strength, it must be remembered, comes from oats. There is no law compelling us to feed a horse entirely on oats, or man entirely on potatoes. Observation would make us think that the contrary might be true. Oats possess all the constituents necessary for the maintenance of high bodily vigor, and are one of those complex foods, especially with the addition of milk, capable of supporting life for an indefinite period. The cooking and manner of eating make a difference in their digestibility.

Slow cooking and slow eating should be the motto with all sorts of foods, but for cereals or starchy foods this becomes a command. Cook enough oatmeal one day to last for two; each careful warming-over aids its digestibility and makes it sweeter.

### Lean Meats May be Used Once a Day

Lean meats may be used once or twice a day; eggs, concentrated nitrogenous food, may always take the place of meat at one meal. It is not necessary that



Transportation system from Thicket Portage, Man., to the fishing grounds of the far north.

Boiled, or not boiled, is an ever recurring question. Boiling leads to loss of aroma, and a decoction involves a waste, besides extracting more of the astringent principles of the coffee, which renders it less acceptable to the stomach.

The aromatic principles of coffee are developed by the process of roasting; the darker the roast, however, the more indigestible the infusion. In the East, where the grounds and liquid are consumed, the decoction is made from unroasted coffee.

An infusion, then, rather than a decoction, should be made, and the old fashioned "biggin," or some of the French pots, is best for this purpose. Allow about three and a half ounces of finely ground coffee to one quart of water. Put the coffee in your percolator, press it down, cover it with the upper sieve, and pour through a little at a time the freshly boiled water, covering the pot closely each time while the water is dripping through. Serve immediately. This coffee must not be boiled or kept waiting.

Many persons, however, prefer a decoction, and always will make their coffee by boiling, so we will give a recipe, which, if carefully followed, will produce good results.

### Boiled Coffee

Put six heaping tablespoonfuls of finely chopped coffee into a bowl, moisten it with a half cup of cold water, add an egg-shell crushed, or a teaspoonful of the white of egg, mix thoroughly and turn the mixture into an ordinary coffee-pot; pour over it one quart of freshly boiled water, put the lid on the pot and bring the contents quickly to the boiling point; boil one minute, remove the lid, stir down the

meal should ever be added to the morning meal. In cooking green vegetables, if care be taken, sufficient may be cooked one day for two, thus saving the artificial heat of the house and the strength of the housewife. It requires the same amount of fire to cook half a peck of string beans as it does to cook a smaller quantity; one part may be put aside and served cold with a little French dressing for the next day's dinner. Cauliflower and cabbage are equally good, cold or hot. Green peas may be very carefully cooked, and a portion seasoned with salt and pepper and put aside; next day throw them into a double boiler to reheat. When hot they will be ready to use. Cold meats, if nicely garnished, are palatable.

Sunday's dinner may always be prepared on Saturday. Potatoes may be boiled, and on Sunday hashed, mixed with cream sauce, and heated in a double boiler.

Asparagus, string beans, lima beans, peas, and even squash, may be carefully cooked on Saturday and reheated on Sunday.

Such desserts as old-fashioned rice pudding, and those made from gelatine, also cup custards, may be made and placed aside. Fruit should be used during the summer, and cooked desserts saved for the winter.

Use Miller's Worm Powders and the battle against worms is won. These powders correct the morbid conditions of the stomach which nourish worms, and these destructive parasites cannot exist after they come in contact with the medicine. The worms are digested with other refuse from the bowels. Soundness is imparted to the organs and the health of the child steadily improves.



**An Easter Gift**

By Emma C. Dowd

Bessie's Easter gift was to be a beautiful spray of white lilies. She was on her way to the church, and at the proper time, during the children's Easter service that afternoon, she would go up to the altar, with the others of her class, and place her spray of lilies in the cross that was to receive a flower, or cluster of flowers from each child. She had started from home early, for mother had asked her to stop at the rectory and tell Mrs. Mansfield, the rector's wife, that she would call for her in time for the afternoon service.

"I wish I could go," said Mrs. Mansfield, when she learned Bessie's errand, "but nurse is away, and there is no one to stay with Dorry."

A thought came to Bessie. Could she, could she give up her afternoon's pleasure and stay with Dorry, that Mrs. Mansfield might attend church? If it only were not Easter Sunday! And then her lilies! But Dorry's mother could take them, and some other little girl could put them in the cross. Oh, could she give it all up? It was a bitter struggle, but there was not much time to lose, and Bessie was sweet-hearted and brave. So she looked up into Mrs. Mansfield's face with clear, steady eyes, and said that she would stay with Dorry during the service, for she knew he would be good with her.

At first the rector's wife would not listen to it, and it is doubtful that she would have consented at all if she had known what a self-denial it was to Bessie; but it ended with her going away in the carriage, leaving a little girl with quivering lips and eyes full of tears that nobody but Dorry saw.

However, she amused the little boy all that long afternoon, and was never once cross when he fretted, and finally she sung him Easter carols until he went to sleep, and so the rector found them.

"Yours was a sweeter Easter offering than any of ours," said he, laying his hand on Bessie's head.

"But I didn't give mine," said Bessie, and the tears sprung to her eyes.

"My dear child," answered the rector, "a self-denying heart that cheerfully gives up its own pleasure for the sake of another is a far sweeter offering than thousands of lilies."

**Listening to God**

A friend of mine told me that he called one day upon a brother clergyman who had been ill in bed for six months. He said of this man: "I suspect that God Almighty had a good many things to say to you, but you were too busy to listen, and so He had to put you on your back, that you might be able to give Him time."

When he was going out the thought struck him: "I, too, am a busy man, and God Almighty may have to put me on my back, that He may tell me all He wishes."

So he resolved that each night he would sit quietly in his study, not reading, not writing, but opening his heart, that God's Spirit might impress upon him what he designed to teach, and criticise the life of the previous day.—Rev. F. B. Meyer D.D.

**The Recipe**

A sweet-faced woman who was nearing her eightieth birthday was asked how she had kept her youthful attractiveness to such an advanced age. She replied: "I know how to forget disagreeable things; I have cultivated the art of saying pleasant things; I have not expected too much of my friends; I have kept my nerves well in hand and not allowed them to bore other people; I have tried to find any work that came to hand congenial; and, above all, I have studied the approval of God." To study God's approval, in dress, manner, looks and conversation is the duty of every Christian.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.—F. W. Faber.

Dust Causes Asthma.—Even a little speck too small to see will lead to agonies which no words can describe. The walls of the breathing tubes contract and it seems as if the very life must pass. From this condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy brings the user to perfect rest and health. It relieves the passages and normal breathing is firmly established again. Hundreds of testimonials received annually prove its effectiveness.

# Chocolate- a food

**I**t is now universally admitted that chocolate is a food—a sustaining food.

During the war millions of tons of chocolate were sent to the Front.

Our Canadian soldiers early found that eating chocolate was not only pleasing to the taste, but restored vitality and gave renewed energy.

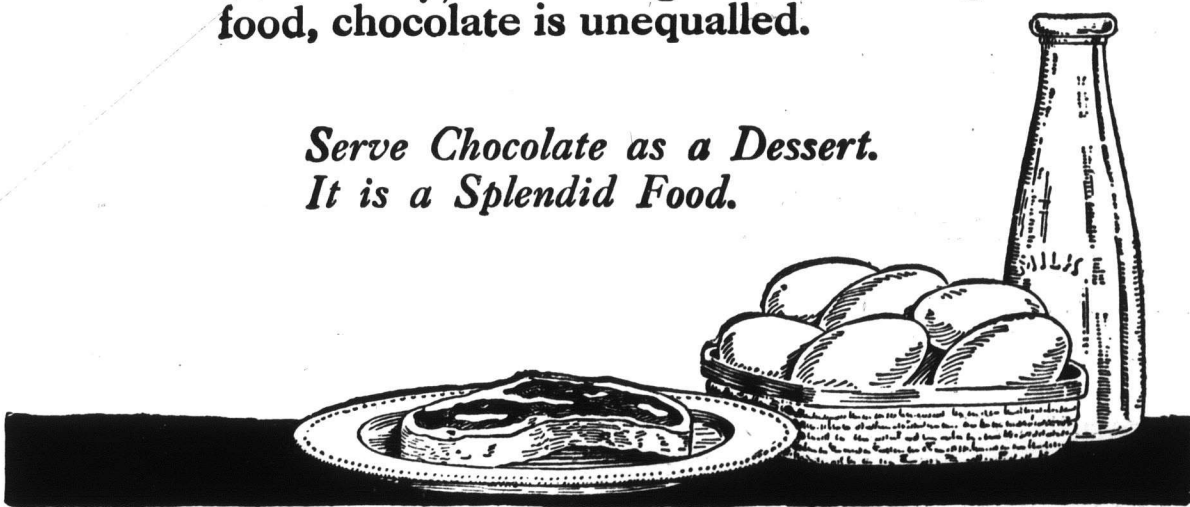
Brigadier-General L. W. Waller of the U.S. Marines, referring to the food value of chocolate, said—

*"I never went into a campaign without chocolate. I always have a few cakes in my haversack when I go into action. Men fight like the devil on chocolate. Seasoned soldiers take it on the march with them."*

It is a matter of actual scientific demonstration that one pound of chocolate produces the same amount of body-building nutriment as six eggs, a pint of milk and one pound of steak.

As a ready, nourishing and sustaining food, chocolate is unequalled.

*Serve Chocolate as a Dessert.  
It is a Splendid Food.*



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA



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"Prepared"  
**Junket**  
MADE with MILK

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Plain milk—Nature's most wholesome food—when made into Junket, is tempting, attractive and delicious. Junket is both *food* and *dessert*. Try a package of Prepared Junket—you will like it.

*A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c. stamp. A full package for 12c.*

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Pressing Clothes at Home

Pressing clothes requires time, patience and some knowledge and skill. When tailors are making garments they always press them on the wrong side; but when the garments are finished, the fabric and the shape determine whether you shall press them on the right or the wrong side.

The first precaution in home pressing is to see that your ironing board or table is well and smoothly padded, preferably with a wool fabric, and that it has an outside covering of fine and even texture that will not leave its imprint on the garment.

Wool garments usually require wet pressing on the right side. Wring out a heavy cloth that you have wet thoroughly in warm water, place it on the garment, and press it with a hot iron very lightly. Do not press the cloth dry, as that may cause the garment to show the mark of the iron or may leave it shiny. The garment itself should be damp after you have finished the pressing, and should be hung carefully where it can dry without wrinkles. Always use the iron lightly; pushing or shoving it heavily stretches and cockles the material.

The shine that comes from wear and from careless pressing often can be removed, or at least materially lessened. One of the methods is the wet pressing described above; the other is the semi-wet, with a dry cloth placed between the garment and the wet cloth. Steam always helps to remove the shine. An

"Perfectly fearful," was the candid and unblushing reply; "he wakened us a."

Two or three generations ago a similar incident was said to have occurred at Govan, under the ministrations of the well-known Mr. Thom, who in the midst of his sermon stopped and called out, "Baillie Brown, ye mauna snore sae loud, for ye'll waken the provost."

Another story of a different order from the same book is told of a young clergyman who had not been long placed in charge when rumors began to circulate about his orthodoxy. Some of his friends, hearing these reports, set themselves to inquire into the grounds for them. But they could only elicit vague hints and suggestions. At last they came upon an old woman who declared roundly that the minister was "no soun'." "Not soun'?" "What makes you think that?" "Weel then," she answered, "I maun tell ye, I wass seein' him wi' my ain een, standin' at his window on the Lord's Day dandin' his bairn."

A New Religion

"Yes, I agree with you. We need a new religion. The old doctrines of 'saved and lost,' of 'heaven and hell,' of 'atonement' and 'forgiveness,' and all that, are played out. The people of to-day demand a really modern theology and religion."

The two men who were discussing the need of a new religion appeared to be well-educated and cultivated. When they parted, one of them said, with a laugh

Well Done

By Edwin L. Sablin

Sleep, happy people of field and wood—  
Bush and creeper and herb and tree—  
The Master judges thy offering good  
And sends His steward to care for thee.  
Doff thy festival garb of gold—  
Plum and saffron and glowing red—  
Winter hastens adown the wold  
To tuck thee warm in thy waiting bed.

Sweet thy dreams as the winds rush by  
And vainly pluck at thy coverlet,  
And streams are fettered, and chill the sky,  
And town and country are frost beset;  
Dreams full thronged with the breeze's tale,  
The bee's bassoon and the ring-dove's call;  
With vista of meadow and hill and vale  
From bursting spring to the brimming fall.

Sleep, happy people, where all is still  
Save the crow's hoarse caw and the squirrel's bark;  
The sun swings low o'er the leafless hill  
And short grows the moment from dawn to dark.  
Sleep, 'tis the Master who bids thee rest  
And holds thee fast in His loving ken,  
Till the doors fly open at His behest  
And April summons to work again.

additional help is a brisk brushing of the steamed garment with a stiff brush, followed by a second wet or semi-wet pressing.

Because silk scorches so easily, the safest plan is to press it very carefully on the wrong side with an iron that is slightly warm, light in weight, and preferably with no moisture. A hot iron causes it to crack and split.

Many lightweight cotton fabrics can be pressed without moisture of any kind; others require dampening. Linen requires dampening or wet pressing. If the garment is of a light color, test it with the iron in some inconspicuous spot to make sure that the pressing will not cause it to fade. Often the color will return as the fabric cools and is exposed to the light.

Sleeping in Church

Whatever one may think of the reproof which a certain vicar has administered to hatless women in church, one has real sympathy with the minister who has to deal with those of his flock who fall asleep during his discourse. In Geikie's "Scottish Reminiscences" there are one or two amusing examples of this.

One story runs that in a country church on a certain Sunday the preacher after service walked through the kirkyard with one of the neighboring farmers, and took occasion to remark to him, "Wasn't it dreadful to hear the Laird of Todholes snoring so loud through the sermon?"

"There's nothing like progress. Better drop a word to our minister. He needs to read up and get some modern ideas."

Twenty-four hours later one of those men knocked at the door of his pastor's study in the city church to which he belonged. The look on his face was not one of easy-going complacency, but a look of fear and terror and almost of despair.

The moment the minister admitted him he cried out, "O Mr. Parker! My boy is in disgrace! He writes me he's contemplating suicide! He went on a drunken spree after one of the football games, and he's been suspended from his university. I need your help. I didn't know where else to go. To think that my boy—"

The minister knew just what to say and what to do. He emphasized the great doctrine of forgiveness and redemption, and when the father went away he carried with him on his way to his son a song of hope for the disgraced boy.

On his return he was able to tell the minister that his boy, by the grace of God, was beginning a new life.

"After all," said Mr. Parker, in reply, "there's nothing like the power of the old gospel. It endures through the centuries."

"Yes," replied the father. "It is good enough for me. It is the only thing that can save the lost."

It is one thing to discuss in a fashionable club the need of a new religion; it is another to create a religion as useful as the old gospel when your own son is a sinner.

Correspondence

Well! Well!

A letter addressed "Western Canada's Greatest Publication," Winnipeg, was duly delivered to us. This shows that the Post-office Department is on to its job.

Will "Lively Seventeen," "A Jolly Girl" and "Contented Bach" kindly send their names and addresses to the Editor so that any correspondence intended for them may be forwarded?

While it is not absolutely necessary to be a subscriber in order to take advantage of the privileges of the Correspondence Page, readers are reminded that when, as occasionally happens, space does not permit of the publication of all letters received, preference is always given to our subscribers.

Mourns Her Hero

Dear Editor:—I have only been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for five months, and I think it great, and am looking forward with much pleasure to the coming of the next copy. My young man who was in the 4th C.E. was killed in July. His parents and I feel it very much. It was our ambition to go to Canada after the war, but God willed it and took him to Himself. In my brave sweetheart's last letter to me he enquired if The Western Home Monthly had arrived yet. He was a great reader of it, and was not satisfied until I wrote for it. I should like to correspond with some of your

Dancing—Too Much Like Hard Work

Dear Editor:—I notice that the girls in your Correspondence Page are not above describing their disposition. It seems to me rather amusing. I think that remains to be proved. It is like giving one's own character. I believe like "Marie" that "Phyllis's" mind must be far from travelling on the Lord's highway if that is what she blushes for. I don't dance myself. I think it is too much like hard work for nothing and most of them are half dead the next day. Otherwise I see no harm in it. We can make bad out of the good if we are so inclined. I wonder if "Weary Willie" is eating too much cheese and if "Tired



A scene at Thicket Portage, Man.

readers who care to write. Wishing your paper every success, I remain, "A Lonely London (England) Girl."

Wants Discussion on Singers

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have read all the letters for a long time, so I guess it is time for me to write one. I think "A Soldier's Widow" suggests a good idea, to discuss our favorite singers. But instead of just writing the name alone let us tell something about them. I think it would make it more interesting. My favorite singer is Madame Galli Curci. She is an Italian, from Milan. She now sings for the Metropolitan Opera Co., in New York. She is rather tall and slender with dark eyes and dark hair and she certainly has a glorious voice. I have heard her. I have also heard her recorded songs. I am also very much interested in Actresses and Actors. If there are any readers of this page that are interested in them and know anything about them, will they please write to me? I will answer right away. I would also like someone in Europe to write to me. The war is over, but I expect there are many soldiers who will have to stay there a long time yet. Coleen.

A High School Maid

Dear Editor:—I am very interested in the stories of The Western Home Monthly and I also like to read the Correspondence Page. There are a number of letters I think very interesting. I am a young girl in my teens and go to high

school. I also am a lover of music and skating. I have been reading a letter in your paper from "A Lonely Boy." I hope he succeeds in his farming for by his letter he has been doing as much for his country as a soldier. I also think he is right in liking to get out even to a dance for in some places the people will not get up anything but a dance. I do not know what it is to be lonely for I have a number of sisters and brothers and when a girl goes to school she does not get lonely. "A Lonely Boy" says he will continue to work his farm till after the war, so I hope he has good luck and now that the war is over will still continue to work his farm, but there is not much pleasure in working alone. Well, as my letter is getting long I will have to close. I will sign myself. A High School Girl.

A Dancing Enthusiast

Dear Editor:—Here comes another Westerner to join your happy circle. I have been a silent reader of your valuable magazine for some years, but after reading so many interesting letters I have found it impossible to keep silent any longer. I see there is a discussion on dancing. I have not seen any harm in dancing as it is the only pastime a person has. I agree with "Kentish Hop." She describes my opinion to perfection. We had a Red Cross dance in our small town the other night and cleared over one hundred and ten dollars, so I am sure anyone out collecting for the same purpose could not do any better. Well, "Tired Tim," like you I do not agree with such topics as "Does Love Grow Less After Marriage" being discussed for I think they are a little ahead of time for some of the members, myself included. It would be better for the experienced to write about that. I



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Mrs. John Malouin writes: "The sample box started a growth of new hair and I am so pleased I am sending for a full treatment."

Mr. Frank H. Wright says: "Your Calvacura No. 1 cured me, also my brother-in-law, and I can recommend it to anyone."

Do You Suffer from Dandruff, Falling Hair, Prematurely Gray Hair, Stripy, Sticky or Matted Hair, Itching or Eczema of the Scalp? Are you bald headed or nearly so?

Delays Are Dangerous—If you suffer from any of the hair troubles mentioned above, do not neglect it, try to relieve the trouble at once. Let us send you our illustrated book, "The Triumph of Science over Baldness," and a liberal sample of Calvacura.

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Let Us Prove to you by sending you a Sample Treatment that the Calvacura Natural Method of Hair Culture stops the falling of hair, driving away dandruff and eczema of the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair. We will send a liberal sample of Calvacura No. 1 and our illustrated book on the care of the hair and scalp if you will write your name and address plainly on a piece of paper and enclose it with ten cents silver or stamps, as evidence of your good faith, in an envelope addressed

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FREE TO THE RUPTURED Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

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Mrs. Plante Found Relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She Tells How They Helped Her Kidney Disease and Made a New Woman of Her.

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(Special).—"Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new person of me." The speaker is Madame M. L. Plante, of this place, and her numerous friends here fully verify her statement.

"For nearly two years," Mrs. Plante continues, "kidney disease tortured me. I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and made up my mind to try them, and to my surprise they did me good almost at once. Two boxes cured me completely. I recommend them to all my friends."

Mrs. Plante is only one of many who have had a similar experience. They were weak and run-down, and sick all over. Dodd's Kidney Pills helped them. How? Simply by curing the kidneys. The diseased kidneys were the cause of all the trouble. They were failing to strain the impurities out of the blood, and the result was disease all over the body. Dodd's Kidney Pills helped the kidneys, the impurities were strained out of the blood. The result was pure blood and good health all over the body. The cause of the disease had been removed.



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Costs less than one cent a day to make and keep your face white and smooth. Has the effect of the finest powder, covers and removes blemishes, tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads and all skin diseases. A fine finish for the toilet. Price, postpaid—\$1.00. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont. Sold by

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certainly feel sorry for some of the poor bachelors. We have a few living near here and they are so shy and quiet. I am a girl not twenty living on a farm in the southern part of the Okanagan Valley. I think that is a brief enough description of myself for a start. I would like to hear from any of the members if they care to write. My address is with the Editor.

Moon Winks.

### Views of a Farm Boy

Dear Editor:—As this is my first letter in the Correspondence Column of your valuable paper, I would like to say that I have found great pleasure in each issue for a number of years. I enjoy reading very much and thus look forward to the stories and letters in this great Western Magazine. I am a boy from the farm having lived in this Western country or as some say, "The last great West" nearly ten years and have weathered all storms so far. I am still going to high school expecting to get my second class certificate this term. While at home doing my share of the work, I get very lonely for friends of my own age as I have no brothers or sisters. I am a lover of sports and friendly gatherings of the young people. I see no harm in dancing or card parties as long as they are kept within bounds. From the letters of many of the girls published we find they are wearing overalls and busying themselves with outdoor work. The fact they responded to the call for help when it was needed so urgently through the past year is splendid and it is great that they were able to do so much for our boys "Over There." Now, I think I have said enough for this time and hope that some of the writers will send me a letter as I appreciate letters very much. I am seventeen so accordingly will sign myself, Seventeen.

### The Viewpoint of a Good Methodist

Dear Editor:—For the last year and a half I have been a constant reader of your paper, and really I am unable to find words, to express the pleasure it has given me. I often think it is a good thing we do not all think alike, especially on cards and dancing. My opinion on this subject is, dance and play cards if you want to, but if you don't want to, don't condemn it until you have tried it. I myself, am a good Methodist and yet I do enjoy a good dance. I am 21 years old, fair complexion and people tell me I am a "great little smiler." I am a great lover of sports of all kinds and lately have been skating a great deal. Isn't it fine to think that our dear brothers will soon be on the way home. Since the war started I have done a great deal of outside work on the farm. Of course, I have always lived on a farm and although I am well educated, I do enjoy the freedom of the farm. I prefer it to the stuffy city office, and, if I had to I could feed pigs, milk cows and do any other chores that I may be called to do. I am like "Soldier's Widow" and think it would be great to discuss music through the columns of our paper. I am simply crazy over music and would like very much to hear from "A Lonely Lieut" if he would only write first. I will answer by return mail. I would also like to hear from any other readers who would like to write to me. Wishing your paper every success, I will sign myself, Dot.

### Wants Rice Seed

Dear Sir:—I have just read "Bonny-castle Dale's" article in the January Western Home Monthly in which he mentions "Rice Lake" which I presume is in Manitoba. He says this lake is wild rice grown. Now I have been trying in vain to obtain some wild rice for seed and really it was like trying to find the end of the rainbow. I tried experimental stations, Canadian and United States newspapers, seedsmen, etc., etc., and got lots of advice on its culture but no one could tell me where to get the seed. I was advised to ask Indians (there is a reserve near here) but there is no rice on these lakes. There is a slough by our ranch flooded in spring and ideal for my purpose which is to use rice, as a decoy for duck and honkers. These birds are plentiful on

the open lakes, but here, in the narrows between the Upper and Lower Arrows, they seldom come down, though they pass in big flocks. I have taken a long shot at a flock of honkers with a rifle but had no luck. I like hunting for its own sake, but in a settlement of small ranches, it has a practical value, meat is so scarce and dear, that you have to hunt for it or go without. I wonder if any of your readers could supply me with rice seed, or tell me of some way to get it? I should be greatly obliged for the information. Apologizing for troubling you. A Western Rancher.

P. S.—How is Laddie Sr. getting on? I was greatly interested in his adventure "Over There" and delighted to hear he had got through, although badly wounded.

### Free Agent's Admonitions

Dear Sir:—I have taken lately to read the Correspondence, etc., in your paper to which my wife subscribes and being amongst the unemployed gives me much time for consideration. "Kandy Kid" has some idea of the danger in dancing and card playing. He will never go too far if he never starts. "You may be pleased to know that the writer neither smokes, plays cards nor chews. I would remind you of the awful murders that took place a few months ago at Edmonton through the poker game. Chewing certainly is a dirty habit and very injurious to health, more serious in my opinion than smoking. Some of the fair sex has taken to chewing but it is gum instead of tobacco and what looks worse than to see the jaws of a woman going for hours with it. I would advise them to rest the masticating powers between meals and save the saliva. "Mabel" is looking for a husband and I hope she will not be disappointed. I have met several in my travels who were looking for a wife, but I could not recommend them. I admire the affectionate disposition, but be wise as a serpent Mabel and as harmless as a dove. Remember the mind is the standard of the man. Just a few words to "Marie." You advise "Phyllis" to pocket her pride. I don't think it is pride, she may be more acquainted with danger than Kandy Kid, if it is carried too far. I appeal to your intelligence to know what these two words mean. I know what I am talking about. Neither I nor my wife agree with dancing. We have seen the great evils which have come from it. If dancing must be, let the sexes dance separately. "Weary Willie" caused me to think of my own children in their early days, too anxious to leave school. Take my advice, stick to it. Get a good education. You may be greatly in need of it some day. "Tired Tim" has touched upon a very important matter. It is all right to ask the question in your paper "Does Love grow less after Marriage." Sure it does and very often. The different natures are sure to clash more or less. Let each one learn to meet the other half way, and above all be united not only in matrimony, but to the Prince of Peace, and it will add much to your happiness here and the future also. The day, I trust will come, when marriage with all its happiness and sorrow will be more seriously thought over by both. I would like to see the government pass a law in respect to age limit and ability of the parties in the raising of their children, the woman to be proficient in cooking and the duties of home. The man to know how to take care of a wife when he has got one. Each should be compelled to obtain certificates of degree before the granting of a marriage certificate. In my opinion there is often more attention paid to the raising of stock than the development of the human race. I have tried to condense my ideas, but there is plenty of room for others to deal with the different subjects.

Free Agent.

P.S.—"Gunshot Bill" is spoken well of and I will stand up for any young man who looks after his aged parents. I have the pleasure of it myself.

"Be kind to thy mother, for when thou wast young

Who loved thee so fondly as she. She caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy innocent glee."

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FROM HEART AND NERVES.

There are many people at the present time whose nerves are unstrung, heart affected, and general health impaired.

To such we offer Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as the best remedy that science has produced for such troubles. These pills have a wonderful effect on the nerve cells of the body, giving them new life and energy; they strengthen and regulate the heart and make the blood rich and nourishing.

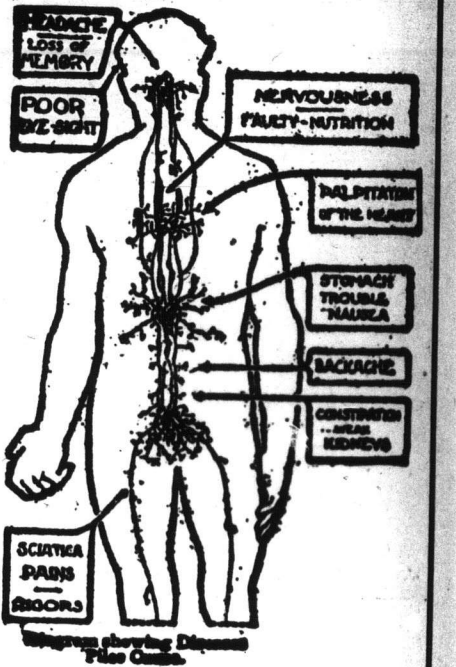
Mr. Joseph Daly, Wolfe Island, Ont., writes:—"I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was a regular nervous wreck from my heart and nerves. I saw your advertisement in the paper and decided to try your pills. I took five boxes of them, and now I am as steady as a clock.

People said I could not be cured, but I fooled them with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

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UNITED SALES CO. Station B WINNIPEG, MAN.

Fashions and Patterns

**A Smart Frock. 2740**—Satin and serge, or sath and Georgette crepe, could be combined for this model. The vest could be of contrasting material, or of self material, braided or embroidered. Brown with sand color, blue with white, or green with tan, would be attractive. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/4 yards of 40 inch material. With plaits extended the skirt measures about 1 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Dainty Model for "Party" or "Best" Wear. 2752**—Girls' dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Lawn, batiste, crepe, challie, taffeta, messaline, gabardine, nun's veiling, linen and other wash fabrics are nice for this style. Braid, bands of embroidery and lace are suitable for trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 yard of lining 27 inches wide for the underwaist, and 3

separate finish. The skirt of cloth or linen taffeta or crepe will look well with a waist of matched color in some contrasting material. As so little trimming is now required, just a bit of bead embroidery—a touch of bright color or a little lace is all that you need. The waist pattern 2392 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 2400 is also cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The entire dress will require 8 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. The skirt portion measures about 1 1/4 yard at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

**A Stylish Gown. 2762**—Here is a model that is suitable for satin, velvet, duvety, jersey cloth, silk, crepe, and combinations of these materials. The skirt is joined to an underwaist. The outer waist opens over a vest that

roy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 27 inch material for the waist, and 1 1/2 yards for the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**2596**—Your little girl will be pleased with this style of dress. It is nice for gabardine, plaid suiting, serge galatea, gingham, chambrey, percale, velvet or silk. The closing is effected at the left side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Practical Service Dress. 2760**—Gingham, seersucker, drill, galatea, khaki, lawn, percale and flannelette, are good for this style. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist length or finished in elbow length with a cuff. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36 inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Smart Costume for Home or Calling. Waist 2743 and Skirt 2742**—Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 2743 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2742. For separate waist and skirt these models are very attractive. The waist could be of lawn, crepe, batiste, satin or crepe de chine, and the skirt of velvet, serge, plaid or checked suiting, or of linen, khaki, pique and other wash fabrics. The waist pattern 2743 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 2 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. The skirt 2742 is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require 3 yards of 44 inch material. With plaits extended the skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

**A Pretty Frock for the "Little One." 2755**—Batiste, voile, gabardine, linen, pique, cashmere, albatross, repp and poplin, are nice for this design. Gingham and percale also may be used. The dress may be finished without the tab trimming. Its sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will



yards of material for the dress, for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Comfortable School Frock. 2749**—Serge or gabardine with striped or plaid suiting for trimming would be good for this style. It is also nice for wash fabrics, such as linen, galatea, gingham, seersucker and percale. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or short, to the elbow. A neat cuff finishes either style. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Suggestion for Your New Gown. Waist 2392. Skirt—2400.** The pretty soft crepes, the new foulards and the smart gingham, linens and shantungs are all admirably suited to this style. It is also nice for combinations of material, and perhaps you could remodel a last season's frock on these lines. Waist and skirt lend themselves nicely to

may be of contrasting material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 1/4 yards. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Splendid Cover-All Apron. 2750**—This style is easy to develop, easy to adjust, and easy to launder. It is comfortable and trim looking. Nice for gingham, seersucker, lawn, drill, cambric, percale, alpaca and sateen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Good Suit Style for the Small Boy. 2749**—For the blouse, one could use galatea, gingham, drill, or linen; for the trousers, these materials are suitable too, and likewise flannel, serge, velvet and cordu-

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Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

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A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

require 3 1/4 yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Comfortable Play Garment. 2769**—Galatea, gingham, seersucker, percale, flannelette, drill, repp and poplin are good for this design. Front of waist and bloomers are cut in one, but the back is in two pieces. The sleeve may be finished at wrist length with a band cuff, or short, in loose style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Simple Stylish Frock 2764**—Soft crepe, crepe de chine, satin, serge and gabardine, are good for this style. The dress may be made with plain skirt and sleeves. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 1 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Very Attractive Dress for Mother's Girl. 2747**—Here is a model that will please the growing girl. It has good style features, is comfortable and will develop well in wash fabrics, cloth, silk, or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The skirt forms plaited panels in back and front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 3 1/4 yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Popular Style. 2741**—This design shows a pleasing combination of plaid silk and Georgette crepe. It is good also for serge and plaid, or check suiting; for gabardine, for velvet and crepe, and for other desirable combinations. The jacket is sleeveless and may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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**A Smart Spring Wrap. 2763**—This is a good style for satin, silk, broadcloth, cheviot, silk or wool jersey cloth, faille, velveteen, and linen. The fronts are finished with shaped facings. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**Just the Most Comfortable Model for a House Work Dress. 2485**—The fulness of this dress is held in at the waistline by elastic or a drawstring, but it may be gathered under a belt if preferred. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The right front is shaped at the closing. Percale, drill, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, repp, poplin and galatea may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 1/4 yards of 27 inch material. The dress measures about 2 3/4 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of

**A Good Easy-to-Make Apron. 2435**—This model is nice for percale, for galatea, Indian head, khaki, chambray and gingham. The back portions button over the fronts. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

When writing for patterns issued by the Western Home Monthly be sure and write names and addresses plainly. Also be sure to state size.

**Pills for Nervous Troubles.**—The stomach is the centre of the nervous system, and when the stomach suspends healthy action the result is manifest in disturbances of the nerves. If allowed to persist, nervous debility, a dangerous ailment may ensue. The first consideration is to restore the stomach to proper action, and there is no readier remedy for this than Parlee's Vegetable Pills. Thousands can attest the virtue of these pills in curing nervous disorders.

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Headaches are generally caused by some disturbance of the stomach, liver or bowels, and although not a serious complaint, the cause should be removed before they become habitual and make your life miserable.

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**Cause of Early Old Age**

The celebrated Dr. Michenhoff, an authority on early old age, says that it is "caused by poisons generated in the intestine." When your stomach digests food properly it is absorbed without forming poisonous matter. Poisons bring on early old age and premature death. 15 to 30 drops of "Seigel's Syrup" after meals makes your digestion sound.

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Your Veterinarian can stamp them out with Cutter's Anti-Calf Scour Serum and Cutter's Germ Free Blackleg Filtrate and Aggrassin, or Cutter's Blackleg Pills.

Ask him about them. If he hasn't our literature, write to us for information on these products.

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Sunday Reading

Be Like Him

A gentleman of this city who for years has been more or less under the influence of liquor, and whose red nose and bloated figure stamped him as an inebriate, had gone home to his wife and children in his usual condition. He was not unkind in act or word. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones, as he was able, and to entertain them with wonderful stories.

On this occasion the family were all together in the sitting-room, and the usual games having been played, little Freddy, a lad about six years of age, had climbed upon his father's knee, and was asking him all sorts of boyish questions. He talked as a child—of what he would be when he was a big man; asked if he would be like papa, and, finally, after a long and serious look into his father's face, with every shade of childish curiosity in voice and glance, put to him this bewildering query:—

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face all swelled?" Ah! why should his arms so quickly draw that boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tone that made the mother's heart glad.

"No, Freddy, please God you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy; be so any longer, for from this hour he will lead a sober life."

"Be like him!" He had not thought of that before, and the bare possibility staggered him. All the love in his father's heart cried out against such a fate. That boy, his pride, going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath! No, no; he was not prepared for that. Never before had he seen his looks so clearly reflected in the boy's—the boy growing to manhood and honor, affection and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver, and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain. These words went home.

Sharp Words

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Wheaton shortly. Mrs. Wheaton's face flushed scarlet; she looked up at him, and, if I mistake not, a sharp reply got up as far as her throat, but she choked it down; it did not part her lips. She looked furtively at me, but I looked steadily at the fire. Mr. Wheaton all the time was quite unconscious of the stir his word had made in one tender and sensitive heart. Then Mrs. Wheaton murmured something about her scissors and slipped out of the room.

Mrs. Wheaton had ventured to make some remark on some business question. I think it concerned the morality of some Wall Street operations. The subject was one with which she had no great acquaintance, and perhaps her woman wit was at fault. Indeed, I remember thinking at the time that it was, at least in part; but what she said was not nonsense.

After Mrs. Wheaton had gone out there was a moment or two of silence; then I broke it. Mr. Wheaton and I are old friends, and I presumed a little on that fact.

"Tom," said, "how long have you been married?"

"Twenty-four years next May," said he. "A year from next May, if we both live so long, will be our silver wedding. And yet it seems but yesterday that Lucy

and I were sleighing it in the moonlight that Christmas I ran away from home for my holidays, much to the chagrin and vexation of my sisters, because I found greater attractions at Lucy Vine's."

"I wonder," said I, speaking slowly and musingly, and as it were to myself—"I wonder if that Christmas holiday you would have spoken to Lucy Vine as you spoke to your wife just now?"

"How?" said Mr. Wheaton; and he turned sharply upon me.

"Nonsense!" I repeated; and I threw into my own voice all the vigor and the sharpness there had been in his. It was a hazardous experiment, but Tom and I were old friends; and, at all events, there is no drawing back now.

He looked at me sharply for a moment, and I looked at him; then his eyes went back to the fire. "Shoh!" said he, speaking to himself, "I wonder—" and then quickly turning back to me, "Do you suppose she minded it?"

"What did she get up and go out for without a word in reply?" I asked.

"To get her scissors, I believe," said he.

I laughed at him. "It is taking her a long time to find them," I replied. "Yes, she did mind it. If you had seen the quick flush in her face, and the quick look, first at you and then at me, and the choking of the throat, and the nervous movement of the hands, you would not have doubted that she minded it. Suppose she said to you 'Nonsense!' and I fired at him again as explosively as I could: 'how would you have liked it?'"

He shook his head slowly; he was still studying the fire.

"Suppose I had said to her, 'Nonsense!'" (explosively as before): "how would you have liked it?"

"I would have said you were no gentleman," said Mr. Wheaton; "but—but—"

"But what?" said I.

"John, a fellow can't be studying all the time how he'll talk to his own wife, you know. If he can't be free at home, he can't be free anywhere. She ought not to be so sensitive. She knows I didn't mean anything."

"Tom," said I, "if any one else accused you of saying something when you didn't mean anything, you'd get redder in the face over it than she was just now. You did mean something. You meant exactly what you said. You thought what your wife said was nonsense, and you blurted it right out."

"Well, it was nonsense," said Mr. Wheaton.

"I am not so sure of that," said I; "but if it were, that was no reason why you should tell her so."

"Do you always weigh your words when talking with your wife, as if you were in a witness box, before a Philadelphia lawyer?"

"No matter what I do," said I. "Perhaps I have learned a lesson here tonight that will make me more careful hereafter. Of one thing I am very sure, Tom; if we were as careful of our wives after twenty-five years of married life as we are of our girls in courtship—"

But I did not finish my sentence; for just at that moment the door opened and Mrs. Wheaton came in. I had barely time to notice that she had forgotten what she went for; for she had no scissors in her hand, when Mr. Wheaton, in his warm, impulsive way, reached out his hand, caught hers, drew her to him and said, "Lucy, my dear, Mr. Laicus has been giving me a regular going over for speaking to you as I did just now. It was nonsense, you know; but I had no business to tell

HER LITTLE GIRL  
COUGHED UNTIL  
SHE FAIRLY CHOKED.

Mrs. John Reinhardt, Ridgetown, Ont., writes:—"My little girl at the age of a year and a half old had an awful cough. She would cough until she would fairly choke, and I was afraid it would go to her lungs. I thought I would use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, as I knew of quite a few persons who had used it with good results. I am glad I did so, as I only used one bottle. It is a sure cure for coughs and colds."

There is no reason why Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should not be recognized as the very best cough and cold remedy on the market to-day, combining as it does the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, to which are added wild cherry bark, squills, and other soothing and healing pectoral remedies.

It has stood the test for the past 30 years and is becoming more generally used every year on account of its great merits in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, sore throat, and preventing pneumonia and in many cases consumption.

So great has been its success that there have been a great many imitations put on the market to take its place. See that none of these so-called "pine syrups" are handed out to you when you ask for "Dr. Wood's." The genuine and original is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Used while you sleep. Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized. Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it also the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold. Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp." The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights. It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps. THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortland St., N.Y. or Leaning-Miles Building Montreal, Canada

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Faulty digestion causes the generation of gases in the stomach which inflate and press down on the heart and interfere with its regular action, causing faintness and pain. 15 to 30 drops of Mother Scigel's Curative Syrup after meals sets digestion right, which allows the heart to beat full and regular.

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You Can—and right in your own home, too. War time pay rates guaranteed for three years knitting socks with

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No experience essential, easily learnt. Sets on any table. Does the work of about twenty hand knitters. We want more workers as there is always a good demand for hosiery and woolen goods. If you will consider spending part of your time in a profitable, fascinating employment, send us 5c stamp for interesting full particulars. Address: Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co., Ltd. Dent. 333 G, 607 College St., Toronto, Ont.

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"A LOSS SO LARGE."

By Agnes S. Frambach.

The world is such a different place  
When mothers die!  
We miss the dear, familiar face,  
The love-lit eye,  
The heart that never showed a trace  
Of enmity.

Our little helpless baby ways  
Were mother's pride;  
In all our childhood's griefs and plays  
She was our guide;  
Her sympathy in "grown-up" days  
Was deep and wide.

Though there are others in our lives  
Still with us here—  
Brothers or sisters, husbands, wives,  
Or children dear—  
Yet when in heaven she arrives,  
On earth it's drear.

There's nothing ever can efface  
Her memory.  
She's resting now in God's embrace  
Beyond the sky.  
The world is such a lonesome place  
When mothers die!

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Upward  
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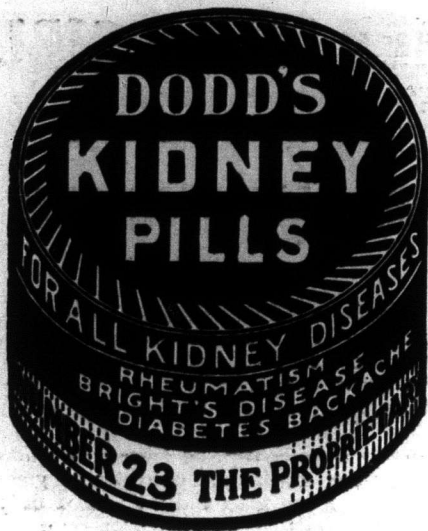
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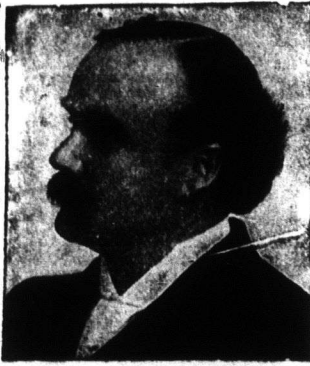


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Indigestion, Stomach Disorders, Appendicitis and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, and mislead people until those bad attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear. Not one in ten Gall Stone Sufferers knows what is the trouble. Marlatt's Specific will cure without pain or operation.  
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INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH  
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you so; at least not in that brutal style." She flushed redder than before; then stooped down; brushed the rich, black hair off from his forehead; put a kiss upon it; thanked me with her eyes; and then, said, "I declare I forgot my scissors after all," and slipped out of the room. "John," said Mr. Wheaton, grasping me by the hand, "I am much obliged to you. I remember Lucy always had a sensitive soul; I wonder if I have been pricking it with sharp words without knowing it all these years. I think I have learned a lesson to-night which I shall not forget." "I think I have learned one, too," I replied.

**Remember the Remedy**

In the "Memoir of William Marsh," it is related that a few days previous to his ordination he was invited, with several other candidates for the ministry, to meet at the house of Richard Cecil in order to spend the day in the study of the Scriptures, conversation and prayer. Sixty years afterwards he referred to it with the same freshness of enjoyment and thankfulness as if it had been the day before. "Mr. Cecil," he said, "was most happy in the art of illustration. Wishing to impress upon our minds the importance of ever making prominent in our preaching Christ and his atonement, he told us an anecdote of his former life. He had been a great sufferer for years, and none of his medical friends had been able to ascertain the cause. At length Mrs. Cecil was told of a physician who was extremely skilful in intricate cases, and whom she entreated him to consult. On

**Pay the Price and Take It**

It was four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and tea was being served in the Gerald's shady side yard. One lady and seven girls were the company present, and the lady, who was the mother of the hostess, was listening eagerly to the conversation of the others, only now and then making a remark or asking a question.

The gate clicked and a lady came up the walk.

"If you don't look too comfortable for any use, Anne Gerald!" she cried.

Mrs. Gerald sprang up with an exclamation of welcome.

"Del Davenport, what a lovely surprise! Nancy, make a cup of tea for Aunt Del. These are some of Nancy's friends, Del, Christine and Miriam Jenner, Bess and Elsie Cardiff, Louise Griffin and Mary Crane. And this is Miss Davenport, whom Nancy calls Aunt Del."

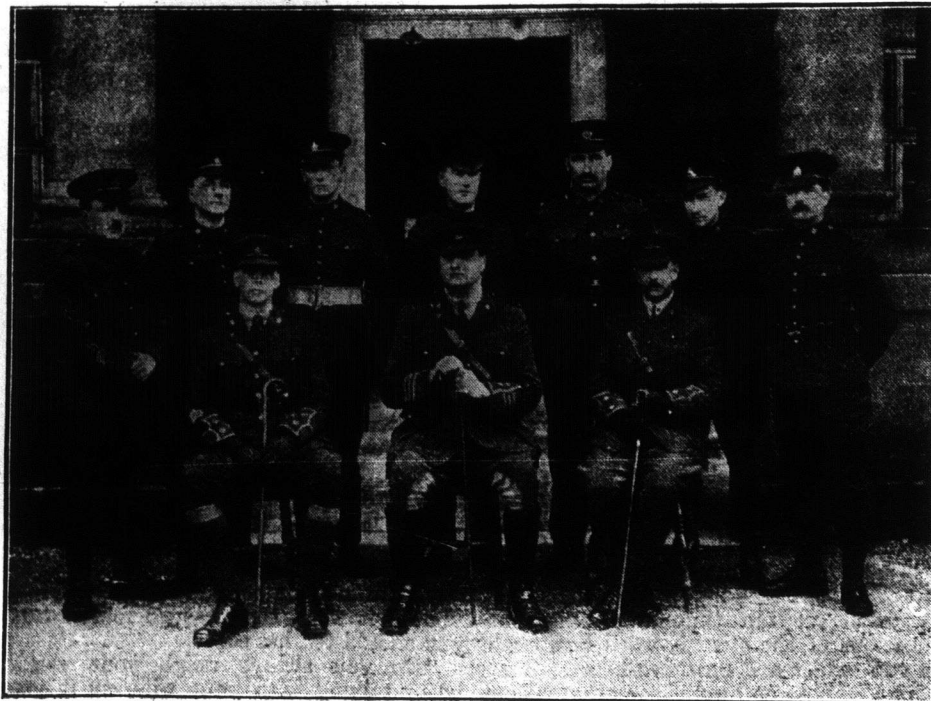
The girls stood up and bowed rather shyly. Elsie passed a plate and Louise the cakes, but they were evidently embarrassed by the guest, and Mrs. Gerald, seeing it, sent them down to the garden for flowers.

"Have I interrupted a party?" Miss Davenport asked. "It isn't Nancy's birthday, I know."

"No party. We do it every week."

"Every week!"

Mrs. Gerald nodded. "Those are girls who work in the handkerchief factory on Mill Street. Nancy met them at Endicott House, and invites them here every Saturday afternoon. And I can't tell you how I enjoy it. And the things we discuss! It's better than a whole



Canadian Discharge Depot, England. Ambulance and Medical Staff.

entering the physician's room, he said, 'Welcome, Mr. Cecil; I know you well by character and as a preacher. We must have some conversation after I have given you my advice.'

"Mr. Cecil then described his sufferings. The physician considered a moment, and then said, 'Dear sir, there is only one remedy in such a case as yours; do first try it; it is perfectly simple and then he mentioned the medicine.'

"Mr. Cecil, fearing to occupy too much of his time, rose to leave, but the physician said, 'No, sir, we must not part so soon, for I have long wished for an opportunity of conversing with you.' So they spent half an hour more, mutually delighted with each other's society.

"On returning home," added Mr. Cecil, 'I said to my wife, "You sent me to a most agreeable man—such a fund of anecdote, such originality of thought, such a command of language."

"Well, but what did he prescribe for you?" Mrs. Cecil anxiously inquired.

"There was a pause, and then Mr. Cecil exclaimed, 'I have entirely forgotten the remedy; his charms of manner and conversation put everything else out of my mind.'

"Now, young men," said Mr. Cecil, 'it will be very pleasant for you if your congregations go away saying, "What eloquence! what original thought! and what an agreeable delivery!" Take care they do not forget the remedy, the only remedy, Christ and His righteousness, Christ and His atonement, Christ and His advocacy.'

course in civics. I'm learning the whole world and all its intentions over again from a girl's viewpoint—schools, church, home, society."

"It must be great. But how in the world do you get time for it? You're the only woman I know who could. And you're one of the very few who really seem to enjoy living."

"Don't the two things go together? I enjoy living because I take time for it. And the secret is very simple—I don't do other things! It's all a matter of selection. How many clubs do you belong to, Del?"

"Civics, Wednesday music, Suffrage, Lafayette, Whist."

"And you are going to the symphonies and to the fine-arts courses? And going to a dozen teas a week?"

"You don't go to them—you go through them—on a lightning express! How I hate the things! Yet you can't get out of them."

"Oh, yes, you can—if you are willing to pay the price. Being thought odd or left out."

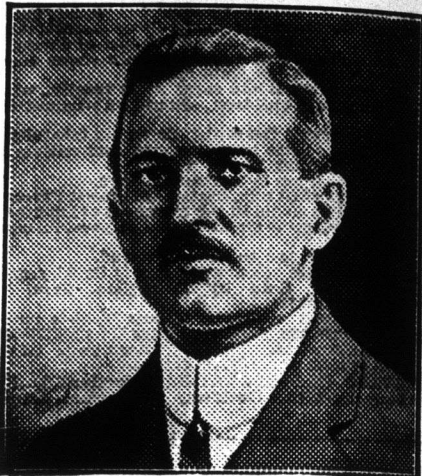
"As if one would care for that!" Del scoffed. But her color rose. Would she not care?

After she had gone her old schoolmate sat thinking. How many, many things there were that we might have—if we would only pay the price! And how few after all were willing to pay it!

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

**BEDRIDDEN WITH RHEUMATISM**

**Felt That He Would Never Walk Again "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought Relief.**



**MR. LORENZO LEDUC**

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

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

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

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

LORENZO LEDUC.

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

**RHEUMATISM**

**A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT**

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316E Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

**CANCER**

and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free Sanatorium book Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM 3023 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

**FREE** Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your size for 12c, both for 25c. Warrented 5 years. Old Filled. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2, Battle Creek, Mich.



**MARCH**

Mud and slush and sleet and snow,  
That is March.  
Icy walks where'er you go,  
That is March.  
When the sky o'erhead is gray,  
When the winds begin to play,  
And the willow cats are gay,  
That is March.

Robins on the lawn once more,  
That is March.  
Neighbors' hens around the door,  
That is March.  
When the snowdrop lifts its head,  
Wakes the crocus from its bed,  
And we think that winter's fled,  
That is March.

Edna L. Campbell, Age Sixteen.  
Ovid, Michigan.

**Aunt Thirza's Cap**

All the Tammerleys admitted that Great-Aunt Thirza had an admirable and forceful character—although she was, they usually added, a little difficult. Her grand-niece Isabel expressed the feeling of the family when she declared warmly: "Aunt Thirza is an old trump! She'd shed her last drop of blood for any of us. We appreciate her, too, if we do growl once in a while. Why, there isn't anything we aren't glad to do for her—except the things she asks us to."

That was exactly the trouble. For any spontaneously volunteered service or attention, Aunt Thirza was always grateful. But the things she asked any one to do for her, nobody could ever do exactly right. Therefore, when Isabel was commissioned to buy her a lace cap, "nice, but simple and suitable for everyday afternoon wear," her smile was acquiescent, but anxious.

The cap she selected was admired, but nevertheless Aunt Thirza pointed out several reasons why it would not do. Isabel exchanged it for her twice. At the prospect of a third trip to the lace department she balked, and left Marjorie to return it, and get the money back. But Marjorie, in turn, would not buy another cap at another store; she said that was fairly up to Louise, who compromised on buying the lace to make up herself.

After three attempts—of which Aunt Thirza declared the first looked positively coquettish, the second suggested one of those white hens with topknots, and the third had something just a little wrong about it somehow, although she could not say what—Louise retired from the field to make over the lace into a collar and jabot for her own use. Cousin Jane then gallantly entered the breach. But Aunt Thirza declined her services.

"You mean well, Jane, and you are competent in the purchase of underwear and serviceable outer garments," she proclaimed, "but for the selection of the finer trifles of a lady's toilet—no, Jane, your taste and mine do not agree. I will not trouble you uselessly. Perhaps Olivia will attend to the matter."

Olivia, however, had no time to do more than procure samples of lace and patterns of caps, before fleeing to the mountains. Aunt Thirza then telephoned to Agatha; but Agatha cleverly reminded her that Rosina, who was abroad, would soon be coming home, and might be asked to bring a cap with her; such things were so much more tasteful and inexpensive over there. Rosina was written to, and on her return triumphantly produced the cap. It was exquisite; it was also a good bargain; it was undeniably becoming, and it called forth a chorus of praise, in which Aunt Thirza herself gratefully joined.

A week later, however, Rosina's telephone rang, and Aunt Thirza's voice inquired:

"Are you going down-town to-day? I wonder if you could do a little commission for me? It's a cap. That one you brought is so handsome that I've decided to save it for best—oh, yes, my dear. I know it's simple, but it has such an air—and so I'll need another for every day. Nonsense, Rosina! You were so successful before, I'm sure you'll find the very thing I want without any trouble."

"But, Aunt Thirza—" began Rosina, in dismay.

"You know just what I like, child; I won't waste your time talking," said the voice, serenely; and Aunt Thirza rang off.

The beautiful best cap lies unworn in a sandal-wood box in Aunt Thirza's upper drawer, and the Tammerley girls, in weary

relays, are still wrestling with the problem of her second-best.

"Such a simple commission to execute," Aunt Thirza remarks, incisively, to Cousin Jane, at intervals. "It really does seem, Jane, that these consecutive failures indicate a lamentable incompetence in the rising generation. And the cap I am wearing—Jane, it is darned—actually darned!"

**The Secret**

A few years ago, in a city where politics had always been corrupt, a man was elected mayor who had come up from grinding poverty, through many trials, to that place of high honor and responsibility. He was elected on a platform of reform and clean city government, but that fact did not give the "grafters" much concern. Other mayors had been elected on the

same platform, but in the end the grafters had always got what they wanted in the way of special privileges. It had been a little harder with some men than with others, but there had been some way of reaching every one of them.

So they approached the new mayor with confidence; tactfully, and with carefully veiled suggestions. He quietly ignored everything of the kind. Gradually they became more open in their offers. They plied him with every offer they could think of—they pleaded, they cajoled, they threatened. He still resisted every effort to corrupt him, and held steadfastly to his fight against graft and dishonesty in every form.

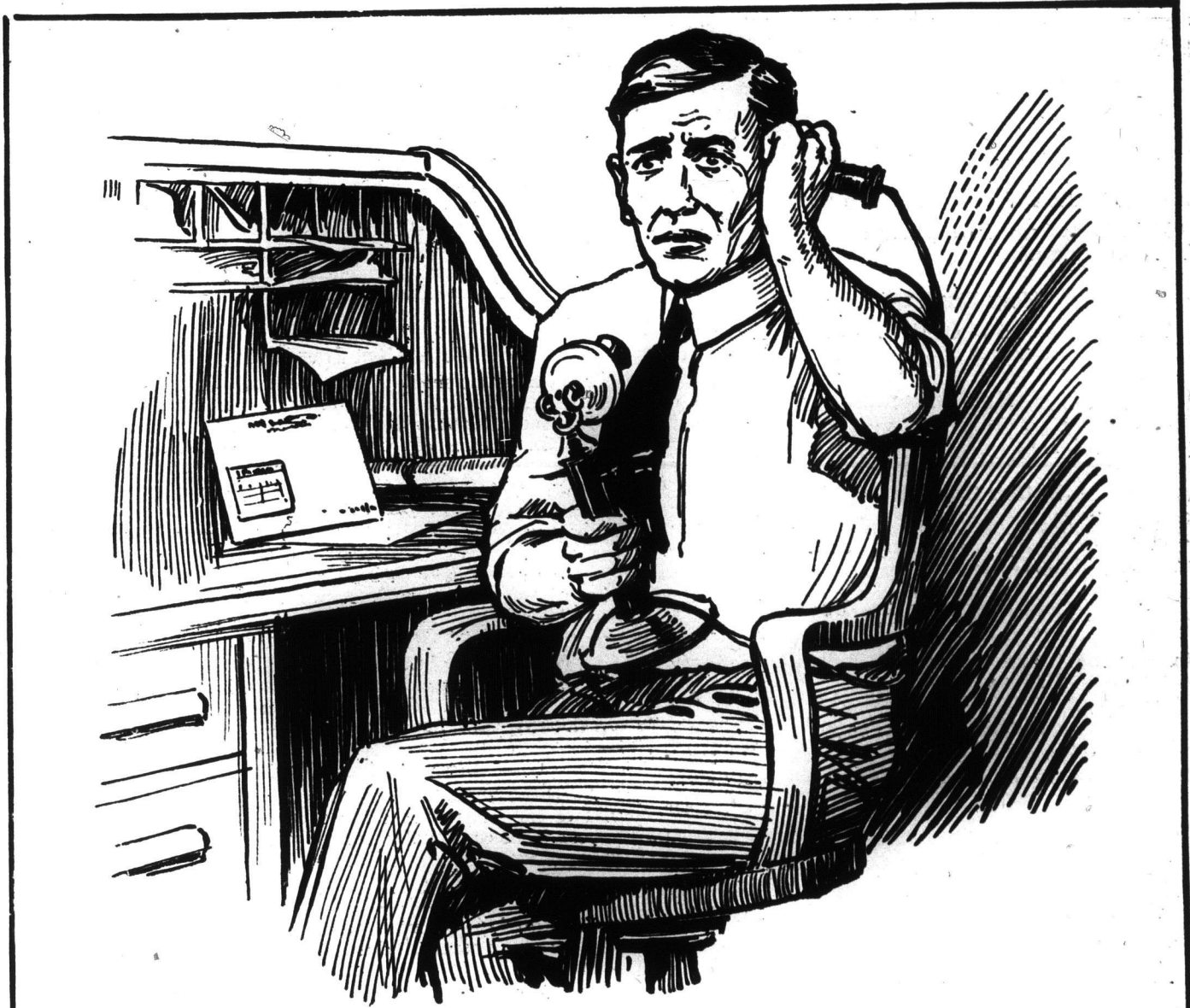
In despair some of the plotters went to the mayor's cousin, who was a saloon-keeper in the same city. "What's the matter?" they asked him. "Why can't we handle John? What's his secret?"

"You'll have to ask him," replied the cousin. "I don't know it. I can't get any nearer to him than you can."

Then they went to the mayor himself. "What are you holding out for?" they asked. "What more do you want? What's your secret?"

The mayor let them talk for a time. Then he said, quietly, "Gentlemen, you have asked for my secret. I'll tell you what it is. I pray. I confess my sins daily, and I try to have a little less to confess each time. Now go about your business and walk straight. You will get no favors from me."

An Oil that is Famous.—Though Canada was not the birthplace of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, it is the home of that famous compound. From here its good name was spread to Central and South America, the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. That is far afield enough to attest its excellence, for in all these countries it is on sale and in demand.



**GOOD HEALTH is as necessary to the winning of the war as good guns, good shells and good airplanes.**

And it is not alone the health of the soldier that is important, for this is watched and guarded as never before. But there is the health of the people at home, who are manufacturing and sending forward the supplies which make it possible to continue the fight.

Men and women have never in the world's history carried such mental and physical burdens as they do to-day.

From Ministers of State, Commissioners, Manufacturers, all the way through the enormous staffs of men and women workers, there are problems to be solved and schedules to be lived up to that mean enormous anxiety and strain on the nervous system.

It is under these conditions that many resort to the use of narcotics to produce sleep or stimulants to whip up the tired nerves. In either case the temporary help is obtained at an enormous expense to the nervous system.

The only rational treatment is that which goes to build up new nerve cells

and new nerve force, and supreme in this class is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Most people know about this food cure, but all do not realize that it has revolutionized the treatment of diseases of the nerves by the new idea of supplying to the blood the elements which go to the creation of nervous energy and vigor.

The most common indications of nervous exhaustion are inability to sleep and rest, failure of digestion and loss of appetite, nervousness and irritability. You arise tired in the mornings, and are easily annoyed over little things. You put off the duties of the day because you lack the energy to take hold and clean them up.

It is evident that you must have help to overcome this condition, and there is nothing so sure to befriend you as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

For your protection the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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Never Walk Again  
Brought Relief.



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## What the World is Saying

### They Couldn't Do It

The armistice terms should have required the Huns to tell the truth for a period of thirty days.—Manitoba Free Press.

### We Had Forgotten All About Them

After we have beaten our swords into plowshares the next thing will be to straighten out our corkscrews into hatpins.—Kansas City Star.

### Now He Is Satisfied

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

### More Inhumanities

Our War Department bought 119,000,000 pieces of soap for shipment overseas in the last six months, which sounds as if we are preparing to get in contact with the Bolsheviki.—Indianapolis Star.

### And They Are All Bad Vons

Kaiser's backers are quitting him von by von.—Winnipeg Telegram.

### Very Unpleasantki

The chief product of Omsk seems to be bombsk.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Rule Britannia

Those U-Boats were brought to Great Britain's knees instead.—Montreal Star.

### Rather Hard on the Pigs

If the Germans ever again call us swine we can retaliate scathingly by calling them Germans.—Richmond News Leader.

### Probably They Are Dead

The former Kaiser says he has "some friends in America still." It is to be remarked that they are very still.—Manitoba Free Press.

### But No Longer Feared

Germany set out in 1914 to make itself the most hated and feared of nations. It's still the most hated.—Vancouver Province.

### This Is Wicked

If Paderewski is made President of the new Republic of Poland, he ought to be able to put a lot of harmony in the future concert of Europe.—Arkansas Gazette.

### Retribution

The ghost of Edith Cavell will sit at the Peace Conference.—Portland Oregonian.

### A Better Chance

Still, a league of nations might succeed although projects of church union fail.—Kingston Whig.

### That is the Main Point

The league of nations idea is a good one, provided the umpire question can be settled satisfactorily.—Portland Oregonian.

### Prohibitionists, Kindly Note

Revolution is the broaching of the wine of freedom, and Bolshevism is the ensuing delirium tremens.—London Free Press.

### Too Bad

Men pray for what they want and Providence makes them sore by handing them what they ought to have.—New York Evening Sun.

### The Worst Is Yet To Come

Not only are the Germans licked and humiliated, but world-wide prohibition is staring them in the face.—Vancouver Province.

### Rather Feeble, Still—

"Republics have evidently arisen in Vienna and Budapest."—Evening Paper. And it looks as if we might have a shepublic in this country soon.—Punch (London).

### Must Be a Sailor

The war hasn't started yet for one Toronto soldier boy who is expected home soon. Two women, neither of whom will be trifled with, are flying service flags for him.—Toronto World.

### There Are No Dissenting Voices

The Dutch proposal to put the Kaiser on an island will be all right if the island is in the tropics, and inhabited by mosquitoes and cooties and a volcano.—Montreal Gazette.

### Introducing an Old Friend

The Bolshevik Minister at Stockholm has started in business as a tailor. Only in this way, it appears, will he enjoy an opportunity of occasionally letting out a little gore.—London Punch.

### Good Horse-Sense

A good many people who are worrying themselves wobbly about what is going to become of the nation might help the situation by getting busy on some job of useful work.—Regina Leader.

### Just So

Most of the European belligerents seem to be agreed on what is coming to the Kaiser. Like the Missouri juror, they all are convinced he should be hanged, after being given a fair trial.—Kansas City Star.

### He May Get There Yet

Hindenburg, writes Correspondent Lyons, looks tired and careworn. Evidently the old man misses the vacation he planned to take in Paris.—Manitoba Free Press.

### We Are Not Surprised

The announcement that William Hohenzollern has just received from Germany two hundred bags of gold indicates that he was a piker when the government loan-drives were in progress.—Indianapolis Star.

### A Compliment to Teddy

German papers say that Theodore Roosevelt was the "arch enemy" of Germany. This is the most complete and wholly satisfactory eulogy that has yet been uttered.—New York Tribune.

### What Germany Overlooked

In war, chivalry is the best policy, not only because it is decent and right, but because there is such a thing as getting licked. Germany is sorry now that it overlooked this important point.—Kingston Whig.

### Possibly from Berlin

Another international mystery is where the Bolsheviki of all lands obtain the funds with which they appear to be continually well supplied.—Chicago Daily News.

### Evidently Not

An American scientist recommends tooth-drawing as a cure for insanity. But his compatriot, Mr. Davis, could tell him that the treatment had no effect in the case of the Kaiser.—Passing Show, London.

### Sad, But True

If the Kaiser is indicted, tried and condemned on all the charges individuals are trying to lodge against him, there will be so many executions ordered for him that the balance of his life will afford him practically no leisure.—Detroit News.

### And the End Is Not Yet

Wilhelm claims to have been on a yacht when the war started. We know he was on the toboggan when it ended.—Winnipeg Telegram.

### We Wonder What Would Happen If He Did

Still, I do not believe that Mr. William Randolph Hearst would go so far as to make a speech of welcome to returning soldiers in German.—New York Morning Telegraph.

### Let Us Hope So

It is to be hoped that the boys returning from "over there" will bring back all their ability to fight—for good government.—Toronto News.

### Absolutely the Same Thing

The "Made in Germany" slogan will not be necessary after this. A simple yellow streak around the article will be sufficient.—Richmond News-Leader.

### Nobody Loves Little Bill

Maximilian Harden says the Kaiser was a mere tool in the war. He might have added that the Crown Prince was a sort of monkey-wrench.—Brandon Sun.

### The Simple Life

When there is nothing left to steal and no decent people left to murder, the Bolsheviki will put on a pious air and ask us for something to eat. Saskatoon Phoenix.

### A Terrible Prospect

Imagine a country of habitual ebrates.—Chicago Evening Post.

### Education Always Needed

Portugal is another instance of trying to be a republic without the little red schoolhouse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A Small Nothing, Too

In the monarchical algebra "ex" equals nothing.—Toronto News.

### A New Dilemma

How can the Huns trust one another to count the ballots?—Greenville Piedmont.

### It Came High

Germany thought of everything in advance except the fiddler's fee.—Columbus Citizen.

### We Hope Not

The Peace Conference will abolish war and then make new and more humane rules of warfare.—Victoria Colonist.

### But They Probably Won't

The distillers would do well to invest what they have left in Government Bonds instead of in lawsuits.—Montreal Star.

### Quite Right Too

The indemnity will put a crimp in the spy fund.—Toronto Star.

### So Would We

Even the Prohibitionists would like to see food prices take a drop or two.—Boston Transcript.

### It Looks Like It

We are about to enter the golden age of butter-milk.—Montreal Star.

### And No Tips

At the Peace Table there will be German waiters.—Baltimore American.

### We Are Not Surprised

The Kaiser is growing a beard. Evidently he has had enough close shaves.—Vancouver Province.

### A Bright Idea

One sure way to break up that Irish Republic would be for the British Government to approve of it.—Nashville Banner.

### How They Feel About It in the U.S.

If ever we have moments of doubt it is when men like Theodore Roosevelt have to die and Bill Hohenzollern still lives.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Finale

John Barleycorn's last order will be a beer.—Toronto News.

### To-day's Dark Thought

Now that women are no longer knitting sweaters, we fear a return of the daily peril.—Washington Post.

### A Sad Change

Berlin, once ambitious to run the governments of the world, is now unable to keep the street cars running.—Edmonton Bulletin.

### They will be in Much Demand

What perfectly lovely husbands those returning soldiers who have learned to obey orders are going to make.—Montreal Star.

### More Casualties

The cootie killed a million people during the war, it is claimed. But we have reason to believe that fatalities among the cooties were even larger.—Winnipeg Telegram.

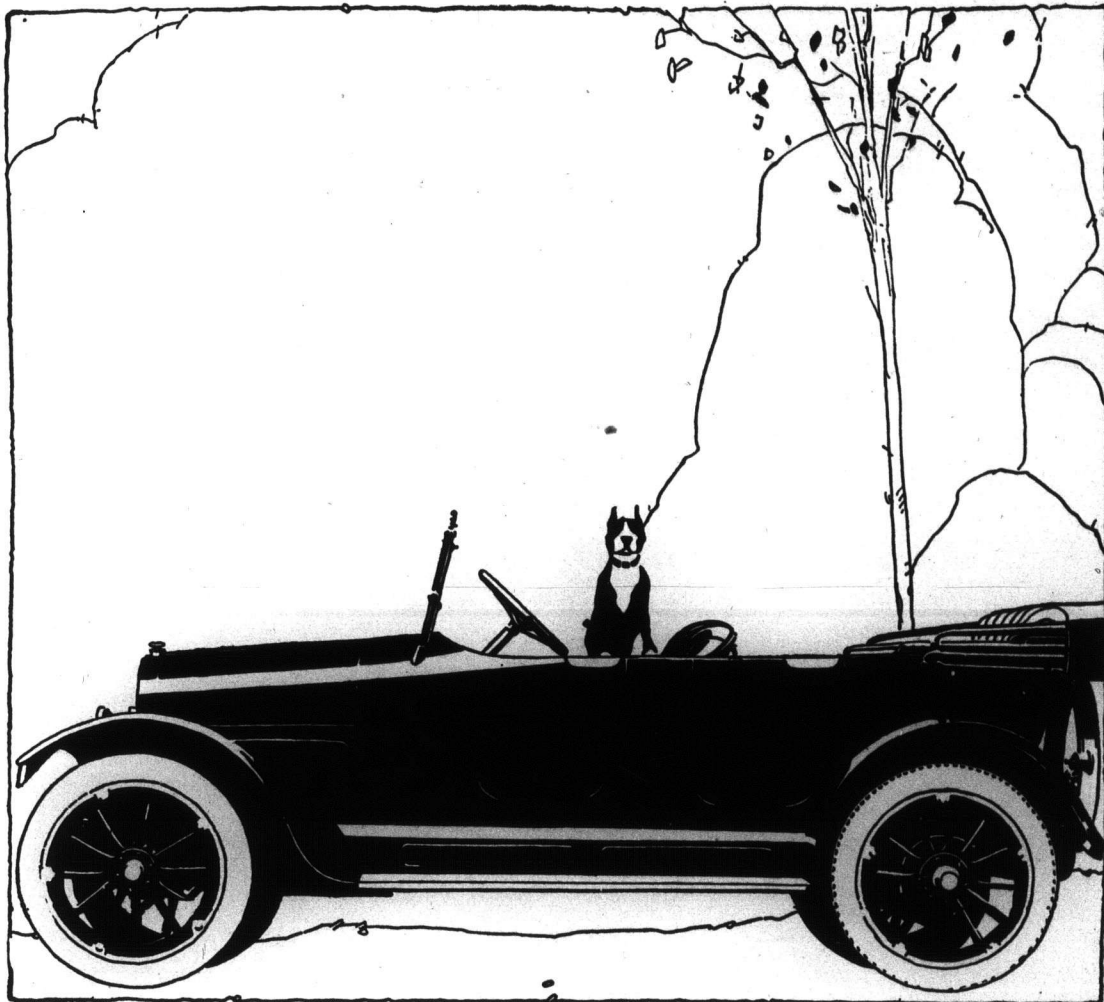
### It Will be a Long Job

The ex-Kaiser's sudden devotion to literary pursuits looks suspiciously like a belated attempt to write his wrongs.—Manila Bulletin.

### This Is Very Important

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

**Overland**  
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Under all weather and road conditions, the Overland Model 90 has won its present high reputation as a car that is easy to start, easy to run, and economical to maintain. This reputation is founded on ten years of constant effort to merit the appreciation of the public. The Overland car to-day is more deserving than ever of that prestige which has grown from the enthusiasm of thousands of owners.

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