

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



APRIL, 1917

WINNIPEG, CANADA



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Published Monthly
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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year. Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

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Chat with Our Readers

The correspondence reaching us day in and day out impresses the fact upon us that its readers trust "The Western Home Monthly." This is the greatest compliment that can reach any publication and one that should spur the publisher on to his very best effort. It places upon him the responsibility of publishing nothing except that which is pure and uplifting. This periodical being the only household magazine published in Western Canada has an opportunity for growth and good in which we trust it will not fail. Its field is the Western home, with all the possibilities that that implies. Of all homes these are blest with the utmost—there are vast resources locked up in the hills and the soils of this Western land. Courage, effort and imagination are necessary in the development of Western life. We believe our readers possess these qualities as they represent the progressive minds of the West. To meet their needs and desires is our wish.

Different fields of activity are intelligently handled by our different departments. A judicious review of the outside world dignifies the atmosphere of the entire magazine; the acute problem of the family income is helpfully discussed by one who knows. The Woman's Quiet Hour is full of instruction and suggestion on all important work that women are doing and must do; The Young Woman and Her Problem has been helpful to thousands; there are departments for the young and old on topics that are educational and practical, and then there are the stories—stories interesting, fascinating, clean and wholesome—such as make every home better and happier. If you would keep your boys and girls at home, subscribe for "The Western Home Monthly."

Some of the good friends of "The Western Home Monthly" say that it is easily the best magazine suited to the interests of the Western home because of its healthy tone, distinctly Western atmosphere and its strong moral uplift.

In the selection and preparation of the matter that we present to our readers from month to month we do endeavor to keep all these good points before us. For instance, this month, we present such a programme of articles and stories as the following from men and women who know the West and whose writings are always wholesome and fascinating:—"The Last Card," by H. Mortimer Batten; "The Bell in the Wilderness," by James Merton; "A St. Valentine Wedding," by Miss E. G. Bayne; "The Hero of Bucking Tom," by J. H. Stark; "The Prairie Lily," by Miss Alice J. Whitmore; "The Girl in the Red Sweater," by H. Haddon; "Acts of the Red Coat Apostles," by W. McD. Tait; "The Duke of Connaught Made an Indian Chief," by F. J. Dickie.

Dauphin, Man., Feb. 21st, 1917.

Dear Sir.—It is with some pleasure and pride that I read your able editorial in this journal for February. I do not wish to take up your busy time, but let me say simply and directly that that page of yours is at once able and constructive. I call it magnificent. Such minds in the editorial chairs of this country are the greatest power we have in the fight for economic freedom. I am pleased to be a subscriber.—Yours very truly, A. J. Boughen.



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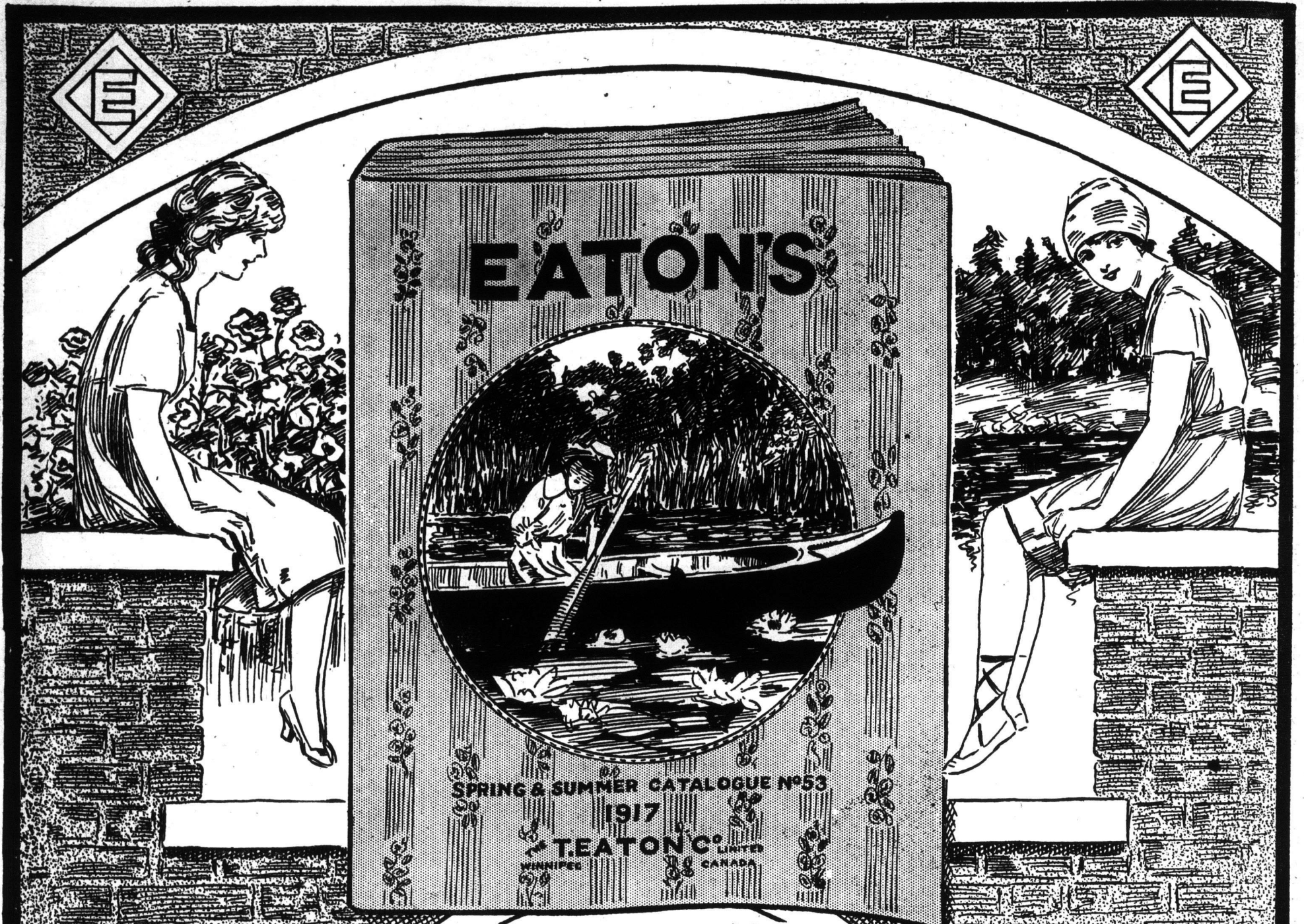
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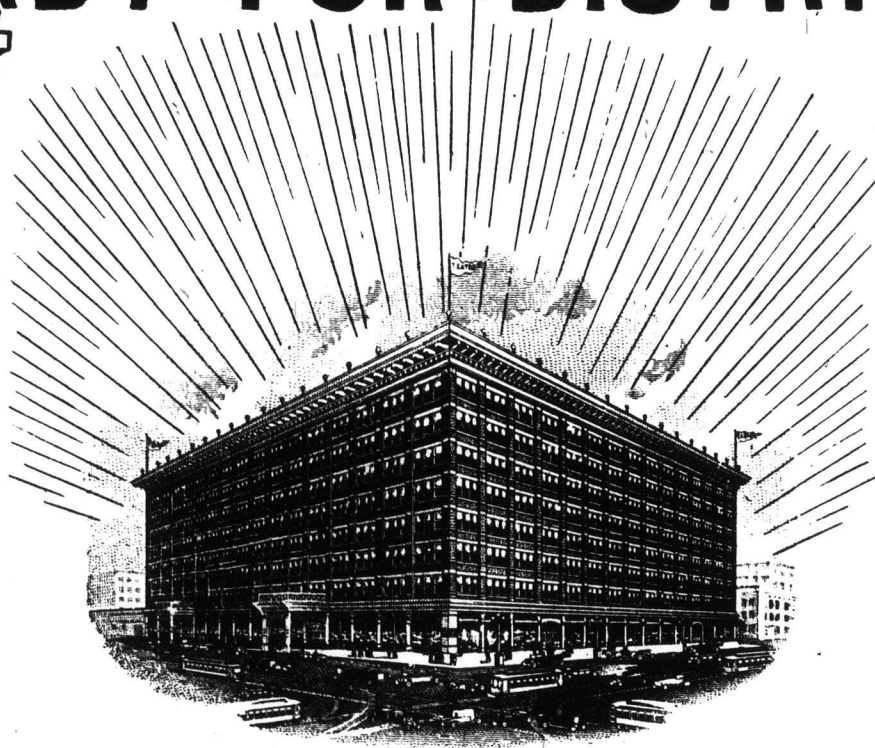


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If you have not received a copy of this book—it has been in the mails for some time—let us know and we will see that a catalogue is sent to you by return.

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Editorial

Holy War

ONE of two things must be true beyond question. Either God is in this war, over-ruling events for His own glory and the permanent welfare of mankind, or He is outside of the war as a spectator waiting to see which of the combatants will be victorious. The latter supposition is, of course, unthinkable.

"If then, God is Supreme and vitally interested in humanity, the ending of the war must be with Him, and only in a secondary sense with the armies of the contending powers. The first and most important aim of the powers, then, should be to line up with God, to find His will and His way. This is but another way of saying that people who are most truly religious, or most worthy of being entrusted with world leadership will conquer. These who trust merely in human power and human cunning will fail; those who trust in Divine direction and who are inspired by holy motive will win."

Here is a thought for Canadian and for British everywhere. It is a thought that has in clear language been expressed by Lloyd-George and by Jellicoe, by thinkers and writers in England, Scotland and Canada. That is enough. It must become the thought and the expression of the common people, of the soldiers, munition workers, legislators, fathers and mothers and children. Unless this is a holy war it is not worth the winning. If it is carried on as a holy war there is no possibility of failure. If a holy war, the responsibility for success is with God, whose agents we are, and God never fails.

In order that we should be lined up with God we must be like Him. This is true for all. The greatest traitors are those who are deliberately doing things that are ungodly. A legislator who is abetting graft may call himself a Christian, and may parade his loyalty, but none the less is he a traitor. God cannot trust him, and therefore He must withhold victory because of him. So, too, is it with all who are using the war to make unrighteous profit. So, too, with any who take up arms merely in the spirit of revenge. This is a holy war or it is nothing. Unless it is a holy war it is not worth the winning.

Two great statements should be ever with us—"The war will be won by prayer," "the last hundred million of sacrifice will win the war." Let us be serious-minded.

Mobilizing Our Brains

ONE of the many things that the present great war has taught us is the fact that mere numbers without training are futile, and that even trained numbers are futile without adequate equipment. It has also shown the inefficiency of some of the old weapons and given unexpected value to new ones. More and more it is proving itself to be a war of science and machinery. Future wars will follow the same course or advance upon it. The leaders will be, not the commanders who drive the enemy out of his trenches, but the men of science who think him out."

There are other wars being waged than the war of the trenches, and here too it is brains that will win. There is the war with sin, with political debauchery, with selfish greed, with ignorance.

Consider the war against immorality, particularly against social vice! Does anyone think there is a solution, short of social reconstruction? If men are not paid enough wages to support a wife and family, and if girls are not paid enough wages to live, do you suppose any legislative decrees will have far-reaching effects? There is some serious thinking to be done before the wisest action can be decided upon. It will take heart, intellect and pocketbook to solve this the most serious of our city problems.

Consider the matter of political debauchery. A wave of popular indignation has swept over the country with the result that local governments in three provinces have been turned out of office, and men thought to be more honest put in their place. There is undoubtedly a growing feeling that there is still much to be desired, especially in federal affairs. There are too many pap-fed followers, too many unworthy occupants of office, too many with a ten thousand contract and ten thousand in extras. Sentiment and prejudice say, "Continue the game!" Intelligence and common honesty say, "End it!" As a people we have to let our brains rule us in this matter. In everything that pertains to the war, there should be absolutely no distinction as to party. For a man to think in terms of party at such a time is rank treason. It is a wholesome sign that only about half a dozen reputable Canadian papers are supporters of party government at the present time. The best brains of the Dominion should have been directing affairs since the war began. But the brains of Canada have not been mobilized. In many cases the management has been entrusted to party hacks and rank incompetents. The thing is scandalous, and all the more so because our fighting men are so capable and courageous and our people so willing to give every support. One dislikes to say things while the war is on, but there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue.

Consider the war we have with ignorance. How few men and women we have who really know things! We have few home-trained who are capable of leading in manufacture, industry and art. We are dependent upon the outside world. The home, the school,

the press and private effort must join in an attempt to make truth common. It will take all the wisdom of all our best people to tell and demonstrate how the modern home is to do its proper work most effectively. It will take all the thought of teachers and parents to settle the problems of elementary secondary and higher education. It will require a generation to produce men capable of managing and editing for the good of the people our newspapers and magazines. And when home and school have done their utmost private effort must do its share. The way to success is co-operation. We must mobilize our brain force. If we could only get together we could do anything. If we continue to move around in small circles, each man the centre of his own little orbit, we shall get nowhere. Let us mobilize.

The Study of Russian

IN one of the newspapers there appeared a few days ago an article favoring the teaching of Russian in Western Universities. The article has so much to commend it that a couple of paragraphs are reproduced. The same argument would be used with regard to one or two other languages, but the claims of Russian are particularly pressing.

"We have in Canada already a great population of those who speak Russian, or some of the tongues related to the Russian. It is by Canadianizing these and developing their intellectual powers, that we can most readily secure a body of men capable of interpreting and dealing with our great ally, who henceforth we shall reckon as our next door neighbor on the West. It is clear that if we are to work with the Russian people and to build up a permanent friendship, at least some of our people should be able to appreciate their ideals, and to set forth in their own language the thoughts and feelings of Canadians. Naturally, the study of the Russian language and literature is a necessity.

"Then, again, there is in Russian thought and form of expression something which is unknown to us as a people. There is a spiritual excellence born of natural simplicity and reverence, which is manifested in all Russian literary and artistic productions. The music of the country, at its best, wild, weird and pathetic, reveals the passion and longing of these great people. Such passion and such reverent earnestness might well be emulated by our own Canadian people."

Sacrifice

THE supreme moment has come. The trumpet is sounding for the charge—a charge along a line of a thousand miles. How can any man at such a moment stop to argue about conscription of men or conscription of wealth? The only thing to do is to sacrifice all, and when the victory is won to punish without mercy all slackers and grafters. The whole empire is in this war, and every man and every woman must be prepared to make the great sacrifice. Their duty has been set forth by the most eloquent of our own statesmen. Sir George E. Foster says:

"The British people will have to strip bare to the waist and fight the battle out with the enemy. In England to-day men's profits vanish suddenly into thin air; luxuries make way for necessities; the British people are absolutely sacrificing everything possible for the sake of the war. What are we doing for the same? I warrant there are lots of families in this city who do not have one single luxury the less on their tables than they had three or four years ago, who have not denied themselves one single automobile ride. Our sympathies may be alive, but we haven't yet come to the point of self-denial.

"If the people of Canada would give up their tobacco for one year and put the savings from this luxury into a fund, what would be the result? Are we really down to the plane of sacrifice and devotion when we refuse to do a thing of that kind?"

"Again, if the people of Britain and Canada would turn into a fund all their expenses for intoxicating liquors for a year, what a great saving this would result in. Sometimes I don't feel comfortable even at my own table, which is not an expensive one, as my mind goes out, and I see the millions of little Belgian children, starving, wasting to death for want of food. Yet you sometimes see in the American papers the proud announcement that the United States has contributed six or ten or twelve million dollars for Belgian relief. How long would that sum go to feed those millions of starving children? To-day Belgium is being supported by government grants from the funds of the British and French governments, and they are paying a hundred million dollars per year on her behalf. Between them they have so far contributed two hundred and forty millions of dollars. What is ten or six or two millions compared to this?"

Funerals

THOSE who attend funerals are agreed that it is time for reform. There are certain things in connection with the ceremonies that are very objectionable, and still more objectionable are the modes of disposing of the dead.

Consider first of all conditions in the cities. There is the lying in wait for two or three days, the gathering in of solemn mourners, the costly preparations for burial, the slow march to the cemetery the long wait in the cold air and the cold drive home. The only thing that seems fitting is the beautiful burial

service itself. In rural communities it is even worse. Even in midwinter the grave must be prepared and the burial completed. It is not uncommon for some friend of the dead to die of exposure as a result of the long wait at the graveside.

Now if the present practice of burying the dead is to prevail, then in cities there should be a street car service, and in country districts there should be a morgue in connection with every cemetery. Some people think there may be a better way than this. It has been well advocated by Twells Brex in the London "Daily Mail." It may seem at first reading to be horrible to many of us, but that may become we are creatures of custom and sentiment. Some say we are not truly Christian until we think in terms of soul rather than body. It is strange that most of our funeral customs are heathen in origin. Read, however, what the "Daily Mail" says:

"Reform of funeral procedure is long overdue. Our swift, competent new government has now opportunity of effecting it by drastic enactments. The reform will have to extend at once to compulsory cremation, and eventually to the wider and even more important consideration of the ever-growing encroachment of cemeteries upon land needed for building or agriculture. It is only a matter of arithmetic to prove that, unless funeral reform is eventually enforced, the land occupied by the dead will some day rival in area the land occupied by the living.

"The simple, clean, sanitary method of cremation is the only remedy for present difficulties. Cremation has not made way because of prejudice, partly based on just apprehensions. The latter could be swept away by state safeguards, in every cremation, of a thorough autopsy, performed by not fewer than two doctors at state cost. It would incur considerable expense, but not one quarter of the expense now wasted by the nation on ordinary funerals and all their melancholy trappings and corteges, the massive coffins and headstones, and their appropriation of our invaluable and dwindling arable land.

"Unless people write express desire in their wills for cremation relatives rarely have recourse to it. They are tied to the wheel of custom. And custom decrees that the poorer the worldly estate of the dead the richer and more pretentious must be his obsequies. The savings of countless narrow homes are melted in a few hours' dreary pomp.

"The men at the front have death around them every day in its cruellest, unripest visitation; they are soldiers and sextons too. But they will tell you that all the dead of a field of battle are easier to look upon than one death in a civilian home. On the field of battle they look on a dead comrade's body as the shell his glorious soul has departed from—the mere coin he has given for his passport into the immortality of the gallant. They hold him in remembrance no less for his swift bestowal and his shallow niche while the padre reads the only ritual that matters.

"Death is as natural as birth. We mourn not all the years and centuries before our births, all the summer sunsets, autumn glories, sweets and loveliness of time. Why should we mourn for what we lose of these when we die, when life, at longest, is only as the streak of a falling star? We have too long made a mummery of death; it is more of a mummery than ever to-day. It is a mockery when any civilian is given those dreary old ceremonies, the hushed neighbors, the slow procession, the carved stone, when all those myriad gallant young are gaily, gladly passing out, pawning life in its heyday for the glory of their race and the existence of civilization, careless each of his single life so that he helps to preserve his type."

This is not a view which "The Western Home Monthly" cares to press, and it surely violates the conscientious or, shall we say, religious feelings of many people. Nevertheless the idea is in the air and people might do worse than consider it.

Russia

History brings strange surprises. Until the war came to open our eyes we thought of Russia as a land in which no one outside the charmed circle of the elect dared to think or breathe, and we thought of Germany as a land in which the mass of the people, because of their culture, were comparatively free. Now we know that the Slav, whether in Poland or Russia, has an assertive soul, and that only in Germany and its ally, Austria, are to be found the cringing souls that are not strong enough to assert the rights of manhood. And so Russia is free—free from the domination of the Romanoffs, and what is more to the point, free from the controlling power of the Hohenzollerns. For European tyranny in whatever form or in whatever country, it appears is traceable to the same German source. The world has decided that the brood must be killed. Nicholas was the first to go. Wilhelm will follow in good time, and then will the people reign. Good honest, reverent, peasants of Russia! We grasp your hand. You are no longer slaves, but men; you are not only our allies in a great war, but our brothers in freedom. You have given us the greatest surprise in history—a surprise that will shock the whole world into right living, and which incidentally will end before its time the great war. Russia triumphant! Autocracy dead! A whole life lived in a day! That is the glorious meaning of the Russian revolution.



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Laddie Abroad—Crossing the Channel

By Bonnycastle Dale

I went up beside the old Garrison Church—I sent you a picture of it—it stands just above "God's Acre" where many a lonely soldier has been laid to rest. Say! it's a wonderful sight to look from the far-spread canvas city where so many Canadian boys are getting ready for the enemy; across the parade ground; past the white crosses that mark where the boys have laid their all for the Motherland; out across the blue glitter of the Channel, crowded to-day with big puffing freighters; the neutrals with letter; many feet long painted widely along their sides, great hospital ships with a huge Red Cross gleaming in the sun, old time sailing vessels, subs, torpedo boat destroyers—sending up a mighty wave as they surge along, transports and passenger vessels, swift motor boats armed to fight the cowardly Hun, literally hundreds of vessels of many nations speeding peacefully along as if war was an unheard of thing. How is this done with the German fleet within a few hours run, and dozens of enemy subs hunting for prey? First of all say "British Navy!" with its unwritten means of catching the sneaking subs—did you read the old trawler Captain's answer to the reporter: "Oh! we know when we've got a bite, maybe we don't pull the net for two or three days, if we're too busy, but the 'fish' is there all ready for we." I tell you it must be a sight of wonder to see a couple of swooping aeroplanes above, and a drive of swift destroyers on the surface, and the big fish-like body—the sub—gliding along beneath. We must have nearly two hundred of them captured by now—remember this is but a guess—the world knows we had 128 in September, 1916.

I am on draft as I told you in my last, I guess this is my last walk; as we are supposed to be C. B.—we are sleeping in a shed, all ready packed up for the word.

To-day is the regular day for the drafts to leave here. Oh! it's pay day tomorrow, so I'll land stony broke, as the men on draft are not paid until they get to France, we hear we will get fifteen francs when we arrive there. I would rather have it now as, while the cooks feed us well in camp, they have no idea of a hungry boy's travelling appetite. One of the boys who went across last week wrote: "Shoot the cook on sight, too small rations or too long trip." I saw one of the Indian boys we used to shoot with, you remember his black hair—well! it's pure white now.

Just returned from a short route march with the C. F. A. band. It does seem odd to march to music again as we used to in good old Cobourg.

We had another drill with the gas masks on—just to get used to breathing in them; the boys in France go through real gas to try them out—some drill, eh! I know I passed some friends from Canada last night; the streets are so dark that one just gets a glimpse of folks passing—then it's too late to call out. It will seem very odd to get into a lighted city again.

I will stop for a while now: s I have the only available seat—it's the piano stool—canteens closed—and here comes the boys.

Later.—The noisy lot have gone and I am restless, waiting for the word. I had to make out another short will for the Record's Office, it is for the articles that may be found on one in the field—gives you a sort of odd feeling. Please send me a diary for 1917, they are also so handy as a notebook.

My chum, who went across lately writes they had a nasty trip—well! as the wind has been blowing hard for two weeks, and as this October night is bitter cold; I guess I know someone else who will have a nasty trip!

We have another drill in the morning—wit's the dog muzzles on—luckily it will be cold, there's no fun doubling on a hot day with these things on.

Later, 7.30 p.m.—We have just got word that we cross tomorrow. We were up to the doctor at six for final inspection, then we got our paybooks, then out came full kits and blankets and off to the gushed for our last sleep in Old England for some time.

Friday, the thirteenth—wouldn't that jar you for a day and a date to start across "the briny?"—luckily I have still one Canadian chum with me, all the rest are scattered—I will write again as soon as possible.

(Author's note.—Now came a long trying wait. How anxiously we watched for the stageman across those billowy snow waves on the ice-bound lake; the ice was too thick to break our way through it to the mile distant shore, and too weak those early December days to carry our

write. The cars and engines here are large ones, somewhat similar to the Canadian ones; they look so big after the English vans. The country here also resembles Canada—we have just passed through a large town. Some of the men "found" a box of apples. I'm afraid there will not be much of the carload of fruit left, but they are like our hardtack, (some of the boys are going to send one of these as postcards, I'll bet they would travel to Timbuctoo without losing a crumb). The apples have turned out sour; so all the people who happen to be within throwing distance are getting bombarded. Imagine hundreds of apples shooting out from the sides of the slowly

every thousand has suffered from mine or weather—what a record—some fishermen! these Jack Tars when the fishing is really good for subs. I'll bet if we were shut up in Kiel Canal and Wilhelmshaven, we'd come out and clean up the whole shooting match—what blooming water cowards these Germans are!

I looked in vain for chums who came across lately, all gone to the front at once upon arrival. France seems so odd after clean prim England. Dirty children, garbed in frocks, bothered us all along our five-mile walk this morning, they wanted pennies or sous, or whatever you call the small change here. The boys, about six years old, seemed to enjoy their cigarettes very much; none of the people look very healthy, due to such things I suppose. We saw quite a few German prisoners working at different things on the way up. They stared at us as if we were strange animals as we passed, not very pleased looks either, they were all big strong looking chaps.

No mail for us until we get right up to the "line." The French people are worse than the British for soaking us poor Canadians—fifteen centimes for the Daily Mail—a franc for a bar of chocolate! The zepps cannot bother this countryside at all, as everything was brilliantly lighted last night when we passed along. So "Ariel Picquet" and "Physical Jerks" are now things of the dim past, (perhaps I'm wrong, as some of our boys are back in England within two weeks of landing here).

Some hours later (if the censor reads this he will give me a good mark). We are in camp in France. Just near enough to hear the guns at times. The camp is slippery—mud everywhere—we are living on "iron rations." Luckily I have been able to buy a few good things along the road. Odd! how small the world is, there is a chap in this little bunch that you and I took out in the launch on Rice Lake last Dominion Day. It's tea time now—I'll try and post this somewhere.

Bukowina

Although geography is in the melting pot, most of us have been learning a good deal of it since the war began, says a contributor to the London Times. Many have had this year their first introduction to the Bukowina.

It is a duchy and crownland of Austria, sandwiched between the province of Galicia and the northwestern frontier of Roumania. Bukowina means the country of the beech trees, and a great portion of it is forest clad, for it lies among the southern spurs of the wooded Carpathians. Czernowitz, its capital, has about 90,000 inhabitants, and the population of the duchy is some three-quarters of a million. Of these, about 40 per cent are Ruthenians, and nearly another 40 per cent are Roumanians, and the balance is made up of the usual Balko-Hungarian mixture—Magyars, Germans, Poles, Jews, and Gypsies. The Ruthenians and the Roumanians belong to the Orthodox Church, and therefore the great majority of the inhabitants hold with Roumania and with Russia in the matter of religion.

The Roumanian peoples in the Bukowina and in Transylvania are not settlers who have overflowed across the Roumanian frontier. They have their roots deep in history. Roumania herself is a geographical anomaly, and it is very curious to find a Latin people in Eastern Europe surrounded on all sides by Slavs and Hungarians—for not only do Roumanians speak a Latin tongue closely resembling Italian, but in spite of all admixture with Slavs, Turks, and Constantinople Greeks, they retain to this day strong signs of their Italian blood.

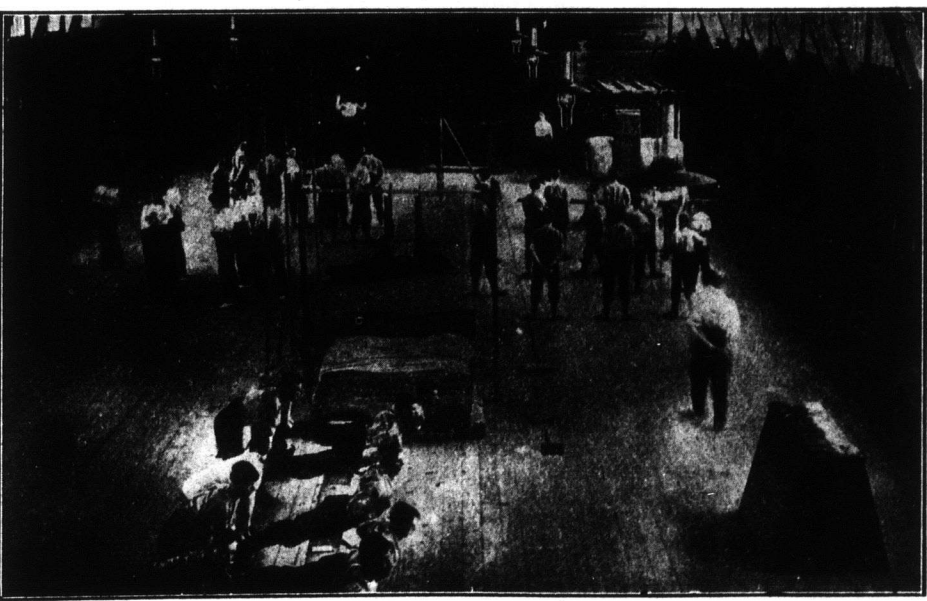
Roumania is the modern descendant of Trajan's Roman colony in Dacia, and the explanation of the Roumanians in the Bukowina and Transylvania lies in the fact that Trajan's province included both these districts, and was much larger in extent than the modern kingdom of Roumania. When Catherine II. was at war with Turkey the Russians occupied the Bukowina in 1769, but they restored it to the Turks when peace was made in 1774. Austria had been much perturbed by this occupation, and made great show of her anxiety for its restitution to Turkey. But this friendliness was by no means disinterested, for she promptly set up an intrigue to secure it for herself, and in 1777 the Porte ceded it to her. Since then it has remained in Austrian hands.



Garrison Church, Shorncliffe



Royal Engineers Bridge Building, Shorncliffe Camp



The Gymnasium, Shorncliffe Camp

sleigh and canoe. At last! we got across—what a feverish hunt among the piles of mail—yes, there's one from Laddie!

On Train—France

Have been travelling all night—left the base about nine, after a five-mile walk arrived above a big town three hundred steps down to the sea level. It was a fine sight looking down over the city—all the lights burning as in peace time. We are nearly all in box cars—six of us just managed to grab a second-class carriage, supposed to hold ten, so we are comfortable. Twenty-five francs each before leaving yesterday and we have heaps of food about us now—our fast express is a very long train and many of the men are walking alongside for exercise. No, I'm not fooling, I can see them as I

moving cars, the men on nearby trucks surely had to duck.

Great weather for our trip to the line—last night the moon shone brightly and to-day is a perfect one.

About our Channel trip—it was rough but we enjoyed it. You see these letters are censored now so I must write carefully—I can say that we kept dark and so did most other dim shapes that passed us, only neutrals and hospital and Belgian relief ships are lighted to show their names or nationalities, but we were evidently in a navy guarded lane, as records show over twenty thousand bottoms have passed backwards and forwards across this stormy score of miles and not a soldier, a gun, or a ship has been lost conveying three million men over or back of the freight and supply service one bottom in

The Last Card

By H. Mortimer Batten

LAST Card Gaspin, the gambler, dusted his patent leather shoes with a silk handkerchief, then strolled to the door of the empty saloon to see what the row was about. The saloon was empty not because the citizens of Pottsville were total abstainers, but because the hour was early—scarcely day-break. Nor was the atmosphere of the saloon exactly that of a Temperance Hall. Torn and crumpled cards littered the floor, amidst a chaos of broken glass, cigar ends, and corks. It looked, indeed, as if Pottsville had been up very late, and had gambled very hard.

Such surroundings did not disturb Last Card Gaspin, even at this early hour. It was the atmosphere of his profession. Himself he never smoked or drank, because such things were not conducive to professional success. Always he was well—almost pedantically—dressed, while his clean-cut aristocratic features and neatly trimmed moustache marked him as a figure apart from the bearded, moccasin, baggy-breeched throng from whom he wrung a living. Newcomers weighed him up as a remittance man, or as a mine owner from across the line, and often they paid dearly for their misjudgment. He was known by the name of "Last Card" because, no matter how utterly he was beaten, Gaspin never lost his coolness nor threw down his hand. Always he played to his last card, and that card had, on many memorable and historic occasions, extracted him from apparently hopeless defeat. But Gaspin was a cool desperate man; he was never the first to draw a gun, but when he did draw it things happened surprisingly quickly, and the sooner the house got out the better for the health of all concerned.

But there was a row outside, so Gaspin stepped into the sweet morning air to investigate. Scarcely had he closed the saloon door when it occurred to him that things were not as they should be. Someone was up against it, and as likely as not that someone was Last Card Gaspin. The fact that two men were stationed at the other side of the avenue, watching the door, perhaps assisted his alert judgment in coming to this decision, so Gaspin calmly stood his ground and awaited developments.

The row drew nearer, then along the avenue came a dozen or more men, led by Calvin, a prominent citizen. Each of the men was heavily armed, and between them they hustled Pottsville Billy, who kept the blind pig joint way down by the landing stage. Billy was a whisky smuggler and a drunkard, his house was known as the lowest and filthiest den in that diseased quarter of the town.

Gaspin shrugged his shoulders. He had spent six months at this camp, and the men couldn't gamble for nuts. Now, he guessed from the look of things, that his time was up. The whole gambling fraternity of Pottsville owed him money, so Pottsville had put its heads together and decided to clear itself of debt. The gambler must go, and while at it they might as well purge the city of one or two other undesirable characters.

"Right-about, Gaspin," Calvin ordered as the gang came up to the gambler. "You got to get out, and it's no use kicking, because all the boys are armed. You and Billy go together. We've had enough of your sort."

Last Card Gaspin made no demur. He turned and walked coolly ahead of the throng, ready to fight any one or half a dozen of them, but not the whole city in a bunch. Seeing him Billy ceased to struggle, and slipped his hand through the gambler's arm as a sign of brotherhood. Gaspin shook him off disdainfully. "It will be time enough to help you along when I've got to," he stated, his black eyes flashing fire, and a laugh went up at the drunkard's expense.

Pottsville Billy glared at Gaspin with eyes that prophesied no good for the future. They were to hit the long trail together as partners, but as friends—never!

They allowed Gaspin to get his pony and to saddle up, but they gave him no time to obtain provisions or to change into his bush gear. When he demurred they informed him that "Your sort can make out anywhere." Billy had no pony, and no one offered to lend him one. He must go out as he came—on foot. They

marched the two to the outskirts of the city, and there solemnly warned them that they returned at the peril of their lives.

II

Gaspin rode slowly about fifty yards ahead of his partner till the city was out of sight, then he drew rein and waited. "Got any grub, Billy?" he asked, gazing along the prairie track ahead.

"No," replied the drunkard, "but I got this!" and from his pocket he drew a bottle of firewater.

The gambler quietly dismounted. He wrenched the bottle from Billy's grasp and smashed off its neck against the toe of his boot, then while Billy stood, staring and vindictive, Gaspin pointed to the cayuse.

"Get up!" he roared fiercely.

"What in—?" "Get up!" repeated Gaspin. He caught Billy by the shoulder and shook him. "The sooner you sober up, and realise what we're up against the better," he pursued. "It's three days' ride to Golden City with a good cayuse and proper gear. We've no gear and only one pony between us. It will take the devil's own luck to get us through. Get up!"

He got Billy mounted, then for three solid hours the gambler trotted ahead over the hot sand and in his thin patent leather shoes. The trail led over the prairie foothills for half a day's ride, then it mounted suddenly upwards towards the butts, and wound its course over the heights to Golden City, in among the hills. It was a dangerous trail at any time, and difficult to find on account of the shifting and drifting of occasional swamps and sand belts. In winter it was impossible, but at this time of the year the ground and the grass that covered it were burnt tinder dry.

Evening found both men played out on the first slope of the foothills. There was a creek here, and a reasonably sheltered camping place. Far in the distance the smoke of Pottsville rose straight skywards, and Billy, tightening his belt, stood and cursed it. He cursed it with an easy flow of blasphemies which might have fired the very grass at his feet, then he turned and silently cursed the gambler.

Pottsville Billy had not forgotten that only a few weeks ago, Gaspin, then popular, had entered his saloon with Calvin and one or two other prominent citizens, and they had fired up the whole show, leaving a wreckage of broken demijohns and benches behind them. They had done this because the house was drawing pretty near the limit, and because Pottsville Billy himself was a "mean swipe and a drunkard." He had not forgotten the second insult of that very morning, and lastly, though perhaps most significant in his memory, was the smashing of the precious bottle for which he stood in such sore need. And so Billy cursed Pottsville, cursed the gambler, and finally cursed the whole landscape from skyline to skyline.

Gaspin's thoughts were somewhat different, but perhaps no less bitter. There was the journey ahead of them. It was, of course, a gamble whether or not they would get through, and it never occurred to Gaspin that the unmistakable shadow of doubt was cast by the unkempt person of Pottsville Billy. Without him Gaspin could have got through easily on his own cayuse, and he was in no way called upon to see Billy through. He merely regarded the drunkard in the same light as he regarded the waterless sand tracks, the glaring autumn sun, and the other elements of discomfort that surrounded him. Billy was one of the natural obstacles in the way, to be dealt with with a stern hand and unwavering determination.

Then there were the men at Pottsville. Pottsville, the gambler felt, had played it very low down on him. It was no fault of his that they couldn't gamble for nuts; and if, occasionally, they had allowed themselves to be cheated, that was their show. It was owing to their own stupidity that their wealth filtered into his spacious pockets, till, realising the inconvenience of paying debts, they had turned him out and forbidden him to return.

"Well," thought Gaspin, as he viewed the far off streaks of smoke, "I reckon I

know who had most to do with it—the men who owed me most! Sooner or later we'll meet again, man to man, not forty to one, and they won't be so blame confident then."

Thus ran the thoughts of two desperate men as they lay at the prairie edge under the glories of sunset—the one a drunken degenerate, who hated the whole world and vainly tried to voice his hatred in the foulest of blasphemies, the other a stoic, a last card fighter, a calmly desperate son of sin, drifting on the outside edge of civilization's seas.

The two slept apart. Gaspin knew that Billy's life depended upon him, but he did not realise that this fact might not have entered his companion's sodden mind. He was awakened by a dull roar and by the blast of flying sand in his face. It was blowing half a hurricane, and the hollow in which he lay was filled with a dull, fitful glow.

No need for the gambler to ponder as to what was astir: He knew the sound and sight and smell of it. The prairie was on fire, but on the leeward side of him—no need to stir.

Suddenly Gaspin leapt up, wide awake, and tried to estimate the extent of the fire belt. They would blame him for this—the men of Pottsville. The fire had started from his trail—he would have started it! His life was not worth much to them; they would hold it as cheaply as he himself held it, and string him up at the edge of the timber belt without even a trial. Many of them, indeed, would be relieved to see him finally out of action.

Gaspin went to the place where he had seen Billy sleeping. The man was gone! He strolled to the tethering post where they had left the cayuse. There was no cayuse there! The gambler returned to the ridge and lay, his chin on his hands, watching the holocaust, now beyond all human control. Billy had stolen the cayuse and fired the prairie! At that moment he was riding post haste for Golden City, there to describe how Gaspin had, deliberately and maliciously, fired the grass in the hope of destroying Pottsville. Thus Billy would reinstate himself, and incidentally pay off a few old scores.

III

Next morning Gaspin shrugged his shoulders. It was a gamble. He would make the best of his way towards Golden City, and probably the lynching party would meet him en route. If they gave him any sort of a show Billy would have to do some quick thinking, but anyway the world was clean and fresh, with a distinct nip in the atmosphere.

That evening found Gaspin on the long, narrow ascent, where the foothills trail became the pack trail—the mountain track. He thanked his stars to be among the timber again. Here was a wide plateau, the mountain side falling away in a series of steps from the side of it. The breast rose three thousand feet, almost sheer, the trail hugging the cliffs, as though to hide itself from the fierce upland gale.

The man was out of sight where he lay, though he could watch the trail, and he was just pondering whether to risk a fire when the clatter of ponies' hoofs came up wind from the Pottsville direction. Gaspin sat up, ready, but next moment he burst into uncontrollable mirth as the train came in view.

It was led by a young man who possessed an enormous nose. Gaspin recognised him as the Bishop, an occasional—very occasional—visitor to Pottsville. Behind the young man rode two old people—a plump old lady who, seated in a kind of an arm chair saddle, smiled placidly on the landscape, and a very thin, keen-eyed old gentleman, well groomed, but quite as unsuitably attired for his surroundings as his spouse apparent. Finally came two very sleepy old mules, laden sky high with a wonderful assortment of packs, most unskillfully arranged. The whole outfit looked so much like a picnic affair that Gaspin, weak with hunger, perceived no peril in hailing them.

"Hi—there—Bishop!" he shouted, and next moment the Bishop was stumbling towards him, a frank smile of greeting on his boyish countenance.

"Gaspin!" he cried. "My stars, Gaspin! Who ever expected seeing you here? But what—" he paused and looked the gambler up and down: "what in thunder are you doing here in city togs and alone?"

The gambler's incredible story filled the young man with admiration. Gaspin had experienced a spell of assorted luck—very assorted! His claims had not panned out as hoped, and he had lost heavily at cards, so he had just cleared out without a cent to try his luck elsewhere. No grub, no pony, no nothing! "Say, Bishop, who's the two old folk you've got along with you?"

"Hush!" whispered the boy, holding up a warning finger. "Father and mother! Not a word to them about that little flutter I had along with you and Calvin and Billy Templeton. It would shock them."

Gaspin did some quick thinking, then he remembered that he had played one night with this boy, and—thank Heavens!—the boy had won. At the end of the game Gaspin had led him aside. "Don't think you're going to win again, my son," he whispered, "cause you're not! Chuck it right now. It's a fool's game."

"Say, Gaspin," whispered the boy as they drew near the old people, "I took your advice. I've never touched a card since. Thanks."

Then suddenly it dawned upon Gaspin that he had at last stumbled across a society where he was not known. He felt the discovery quite refreshing. The Bishop had a ranch somewhere out Lane Dog way, and knew nothing about him. Well, they would find out sooner or later—probably with the devil of a thump! In the meantime—nothing said.

Gaspin was gorgeously presented to the old people. "This is Mr. Gaspin of Pottsville," the Bishop announced. "Mr. Gaspin has experienced a run of bad luck—like I did, at first, you know, Pater—and rather than borrow from his friends, he hit the trail on foot and without grub. What d'you think of that, mother?"

The old lady bowed graciously and smiled approvingly, but made no comment—probably because she was rather deaf. The old gentleman descended from his tame old cayuse, shook hands, and then called—"Mary!"

His wife beamed on him. "Mary," he repeated, "he's hungry! Wants food! Eh—eh—!" and he pointed to a few open mouths.

The old lady slipped from her saddle with an alacrity that was really surprising. "I am sure you must be very hungry!" she told Gaspin, with the same homely smile of approval, then she began to bustle round to prepare a homely meal. "Tired out, I'm sure," she told the Bishop. "Bring that potted chicken and the eggs."

Why did the eyes of the gambler follow her? Why did he, once or twice, turn away and catch his breath, his gaze seeking the distant skyline, but seeing nothing but the emptiness that lay beyond?

As a rule Gaspin merely tolerated women. For many years he had known none but those that drift to the outside edge. His knowledge of these had not endowed him with any special respect for womanhood, yet to-night Last Card Gaspin, the stoic, caught his breath as though suddenly infected with some lung trouble.

That was a meal! Not that there was a huge spread, but it was served in a way that made a fellow hungry, and a white and kindly hand anticipated his requirements. There were rings on that hand—quaint, old-fashioned rings, not particularly beautiful, but at any rate quiet and homely. And when the meal was over the old man pointed towards the great wooden cross at the end of the plateau, standing out grim and bleak, against the fading sunset.

"What's that?" he said. "Teddy couldn't tell us."

"That," said Mr. Gaspin, "marks the burial place of a party of Indians, who were snowed in on this trail, just above there, on—" he paused. He had forgotten the date. "Ten years ago," he added almost apologetically.

"Dear—dear!" said the old gentleman. "And you were here, then?"

"At Golden City, yes. Winter began phenomenally early that year. It caught the Indians unawares. When at last we got to them there was only one—an old squaw—living. We raised the cross in memory of the rest."

"Poor things!" said the old lady. "What they must have suffered!"

A few minutes later, when Gaspin was lending the Bishop a hand with the ponies, he said suddenly—"Say, Bishop, what date is it?"

"September twenty-seventh," the Bishop answered. "Why?"

"Oh!" said Gaspin. That was all. Just Oh! It was on September the 28th ten years ago that the Indians were snowed in. And that memorable storm had begun with a howling north-wester and prairie fires.

IV

Gaspin awoke at midnight, chilled through, in spite of the abundant supply of blankets the old lady had forced upon him. She regarded him as a sick man, and accordingly had taken him under her wing. It was unlike Gaspin to feel the cold when well fed, so without rising he reached his hand under the apron of the tent he and the Bishop occupied. He withdrew it with a start and leapt up. Last night prairie fires, and tonight—snow! The whole mountain side was white with snow, and blinding fury swept down the gulch.

Gaspin wakened the Bishop. "Never mind," said the boy sleepily. "It will all be melted tomorrow." Then he settled down again.

The gambler got up. He obtained the axe, and near to the hut where the two old people slept he erected a barricade of brushwood against which the snow might drift, thus covering the tent without crushing it. It was a terrible night, and his difficult task completed, Gaspin fought his way to the ponies, obtained the packs, and hauled them into the tent. This done he fell back into his blankets, exhausted and dazed by the storm, and as he slept a single horseman on the plains below strove to find the trail from which he had strayed, and failing, wandered into the blinding eternity of the foothills, and thus out of a world of sin and shame.

There was no breaking camp next day. The Bishop played his mouth organ, and sang old time songs. The old lady told tales of her own childhood, spent at the edge of the heather, and the old man tied knots in a piece of string, and unravelled them with most extraordinary dexterity. Towards midday they managed to gain the ponies, and did what they could for the comfort of the poor animals. As they returned the old man took Gaspin by the arm, and questioned him as to the possible seriousness of the situation. "When will the storm abate?" he asked seriously.

Gaspin bit his lips and surveyed the sky. The great timber cross at the end of the plateau met his gaze. September the twenty-eighth!

"Maybe tomorrow," he said, "maybe the next day. What made you hit the trail this time of year?"

The old man explained. He and Mary had come all the way from England to see the boy. The fires had upset their plans, and as Teddy's ranch was burnt out they had decided all to go to Golden City, and thence south for the winter.

That was the first and the last question the old man asked the gambler.

That night Gaspin and the Bishop went through the stores. They found they possessed enough for five days' ordinary rations. The Bishop was still jovially convinced that the snow would clear, and that to-morrow they'd all go on together, but when next morning he awoke, and saw the drifts piled high across the plateau, a new thoughtfulness settled upon him.

They could not visit the ponies that day. They sang songs and told yarns, and Gaspin, feeling that he had stood too long a listener and given no contribution, took from his pocket a pack of cards and showed the old people many wonderful and surprising tricks. They finished up the day in comparative excitement with a game of "Spot the Lady."

The next day was different, and each day that followed told its story. Gaspin cached his cards, and took to singing hymns with the rest. Then one night the two old people fell on their knees with their faces towards the storm. There was something in their bowed figures which brought a gasp from the throat of the gambler, and the two young men stood behind them with heads bowed.

At the end of the plateau the solemn wooden cross stood up against the storm.

Each day wrought its change. The Bishop became more restless, yet more thoughtful. His boyhood seemed to have slipped from him, his nose developed into a veritable beak. The old man changed least of all. He did not seem to comprehend the future. All he wanted was to hold his Mary's hand. She was a

shade whiter, but in her faded old eyes was a look of trustful hope. She turned very deaf. They could not make her hear, but still she smiled and nodded. The gambler was changed most of all; the others could see it, could feel it in his presence. He was sinking!

That night the two young men knelt behind the two old people. They knelt in the snow, outside the tent facing the blast—God's merciless skies above. The old lady murmured something in her soft voice. They could not hear what she was saying, but it did not matter. And when they rose the gambler caught the woman's hand and held it to his lips. "Pray for me, mother!" he whispered. "Pray for me!" And those were the last words he ever spoke to her.

Alone in the tent with the Bishop a few minutes later, Gaspin drew something from under his blankets. It was a pair

of snow shoes, rudely fashioned from green cedar and a few strips of leather. He handed them to the boy. "Get out to-morrow," he said. "If you can't and back within four days you will be in time."

The boy nodded. "They can't last four days," he said hoarsely. "There isn't the grub—"

The gambler drew a second bundle from under his pillow. "Take this to their tent when you go," he said. "It may see them through."

The boy opened the bundle. Gaspin's rations for some days past were within. "You've starved yourself?" suggested the Bishop.

Gaspin nodded. "Perhaps so," he said. "If you knew the truth you'd understand why I can't take your grub."

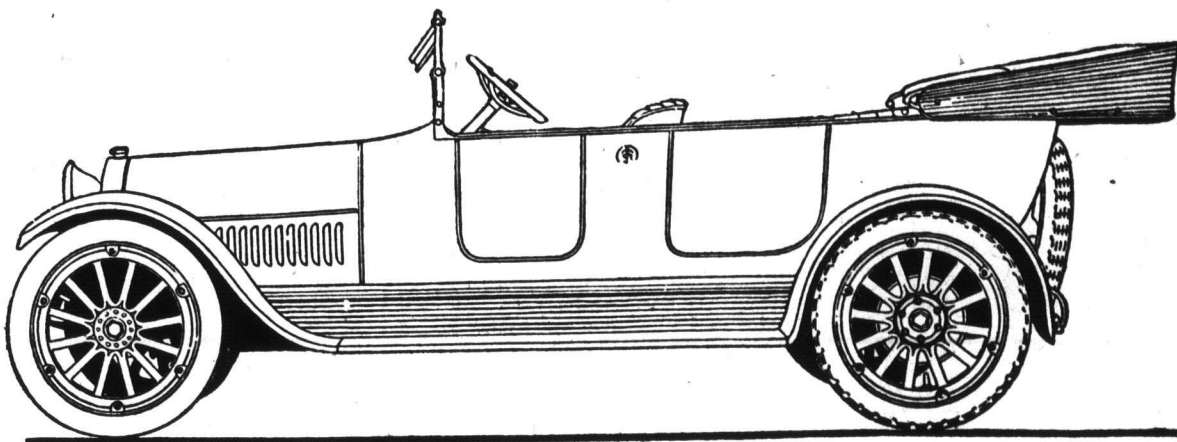
When the boy awoke next morning he was alone in the tent. Gaspin was gone! Overhead the sun was shining across the

mountainous drift, and the boy told the old people what was in his mind. He left them as he had seen them first from his infant eyes—hand in hand.

When the search party came they found the two old people still side by side, just as the boy had left them—trusting to each other and to the boy. At the foot of the great cross they found Gaspin, and as they brushed the white crystals from his hands, something bright glistened in the sunlight from between his stark fingers. It was a little gold locket, the initials on which, alas, were not his own, and inside the locket was a coloured miniature of an old, white-haired lady. "It's his mother!" explained the Bishop. "It's Gaspin's mother!"

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The Duke is Made Great Chief of the Red Men

By Francis J. Dickie

AFTER a term as Governor-General, protracted two extra years through the exigencies of war, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has ended his term of office as representative of the King to the Canadian people.

Had the Duke been any other person than the son of a Queen and the brother of a King, he would most likely have been "one of the boys." As it is he stands as the most democratic of royalty who have ever served in the capacity of Governor-General to the Dominion. And he was the best liked both among the masses and the classes of any of the varied men from the English aristocracy who have held the post since its inception in Canada.

It will be remembered that the Duke

was made by the Duke. Perhaps of the many interesting incidents occurring upon it none stands forth more than his being made a "Great Chief" of the Mountain Stony Indians, at Banff, Alberta, recently.

At Banff the Duke and party made a two weeks' stop, the longest of the entire trip. The Indians had gathered outside of Banff for the annual festival of sports, and their pointed tepees formed a picturesque and typically wilderness setting for the highly formal ceremonial of creating the Duke one of their tribe, following the bow and arrow shooting, pony races and bucking contests which the royal party viewed with much interest, for this annual event is perhaps the last real touch of the West



His Royal Highness The Duke of Connaught greeting Major Griffiths of R. N. W. P. during a farewell gathering of Indians. Note the mixed garb of the Red men.



His Royal Highness as he appeared in civilian garb previous to outbreak of war.

was on his farewell tour of the Dominion in August, 1914. He had arrived at the city of Edmonton two days previous to the declaration of war, and, after his usual fashion, had inspected the militia then in training in that city. And these same men just ten weeks later were part of the army that stopped the famous advance on Paris.

The Duke's farewell tour, which still required the visiting of a large number of cities and places, was promptly cancelled and the royal train hurried to Ottawa, where the Duke, by reason of his long military experience and training, was of invaluable aid in the guidance of the bark of Canada on the strange seas of war.

His term as Governor-General was then protracted, and for the next two years the Duke labored indefatigably.

During the last two months another, and this time final, farewell tour of the

that is to be seen upon the North American continent to-day.

On the second day the Duke accompanied by the Duchess, Princess Patricia and the Royal Suite, drove to the Indian enclosure before the camp. All about in a great semi-circle in front of the tents the squaws and children and the braves were gathered in their order of rank and position. Opposite them the royal party drew up. It was a quaint and unusual sight this, for here with the grim snow-capped peaks looking down was meeting representatives of the oldest aristocracy of two worlds. And the white women in their plain blacks and other quiet colors, worn chiefly since the war, were strangely in contrast to the bright-hued dresses of the squaws. The braves and lesser chiefs wore a strange motley garb, mixture of ancient custom and their long association with the whites. Only a few of the more famous chiefs were in full regal attire. On the

other hand, the Duke and many of his party were in khaki. Presently the chief of the Stonies advanced toward the Duke who stepped out in between the gathered lines of white and red men. In one hand the Indian chief held a great bonnet of eagle feathers, to crown only the head of a great one of the tribe. With solemn step and slow he approached the Duke. The Duke removed his khaki cap and was then formally made a great chief of the Mountain Stonies. His official name is Teenchaka Eeyake Oonka. Then there were innumerable speeches on the part of various chiefs and from the Duke and heads of the Indian agency. And in such cases it is custom among the Indians that only the language of the speaker may be used. Thus, while an Indian chief might have a fair command of English, ancient and irrevocable custom forbade him address the Duke in anything but the Indian language. So the chief's whole speech in regular "takes" had to be translated by an Indian interpreter. Then, in return, the Duke's speech must be treated similarly. As Indians are noted for their prolix orations, and as all had to be turned into English, it is a pretty safe guess that the Duke and all the royal party were nearly worn out before the end of the performance.

In addition to the war bonnet a full suit of Indian clothes of the rank of a great chief were presented to the Duke. These he donned later, following the ending of the speeches.

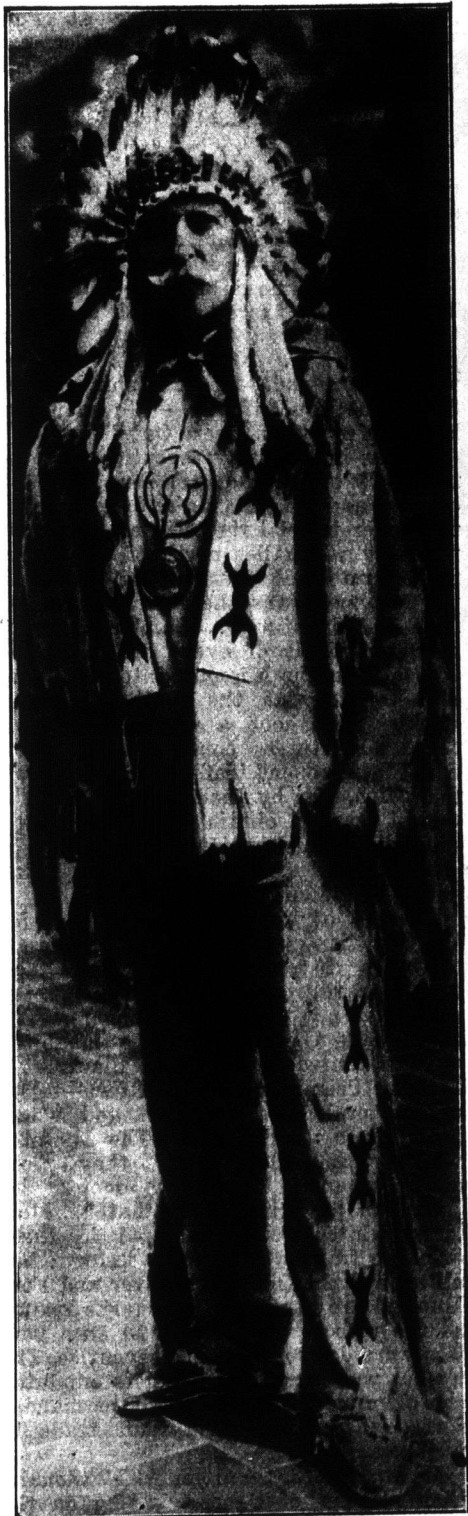
To many all this might seem like a silly ceremony, all formality with nothing back of it. But they would be badly mistaken. The Indian tribes of Canada are intensely loyal, and no better example of this fact can be cited than that there are to-day twenty-five hundred red men in the uniform of the Canadian army. Many have died on the European battlefields. So, in making the representative of the King (Great White Chief) a high member of their tribe, was a deep significance, a creating of a new and stronger bond in the federation of these red members in the world's greatest Empire.

And among this very gathering were red men who, but a half century ago, were dangerous scalp hunters, bitterly opposed to the coming of the white settlers. How well the Canadians have acted as masters of the land that was

once all the red man's; how perfect is their colonization work cannot be better shown than in this action of a conquered race joining hands with their conquerors and travelling three thousand miles overseas to a strange land to fight in the Dominion's battle for freedom.

Another interesting feature of the Duke's visit to the West was his meeting with many famous members of the Royal North West Mounted Police, who have made the colonizing of the waste places of Canada one of the quietest and most bloodless and crimeless tasks.

The Duke has left Canada, perhaps never to return; certainly never in an official capacity. The good wishes of the Dominion, of red men and white, go with him. Perhaps some day in his baronial halls in merry England the Duke will don his regal garments that makes him a part of the red race, and pose for



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught as Teenchaka Eeyake Oonka. Great Chief of the Stonies

some of the members of the aristocracy; and no doubt some of them will smile and regard the matter as quite a joke; but deep down in the heart of the Duke at least will be a different deeper feeling, for he has been a part of Canada and the West and knows how really to appreciate and respect the honor his red brothers have placed upon him.

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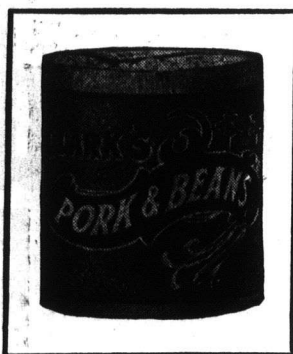


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No body of men have been more deservedly praised than the apostles of law and order on the plains of Western Canada. The organization came into being at a time of great unrest on the prairies of the West. The buffalo had disappeared from the ranges, and 30,000 "plain" Indians were starving. They blamed the white man for the depletion of their main food supply, and in this state they were dangerous to trifle with. Riff-raff from the northern cities of the United States flocked across the border, and traders from the posts of the north-western states crowded in debauching the Red men of the Bow and Belly rivers with bad whiskey.

Law, there was none. An instance of how justice was meted out is seen in a conversation with a trader at Fort Whoopup, when a white settler announced to him that the Mounted Police were on their way from the east:

"Hallow, where you're goin'?" was the enquiry.

"Oh! I'm busy announcing the advent of the Mounted Police," replied the white settler.

"What's them fellers comin' for?"

"Why, to regulate the country."

"There's no need of that—we do it. You know, if there's a real bad man turns up, his course is short; we just put him away. Now, there's —; he was a desperado, but he slumbers at Slide Out; and there's —; well, we laid him away at Freeze Out."

It was in the early seventies that the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company ceased, and the Dominion Government took over judicial rights in all that vast territory which lies north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. The ending of the monopoly was the signal for an inrush of adventurers. Gamblers, smugglers, criminals of every stripe, struck across from the Missouri into the Canadian territory at the foothills of the Rockies. Without a white population, these adventurers could not ply their usual "wide open" traffic. The only way to wealth, was by the fur trade and the easiest way to obtain the furs was by smuggling whiskey into the country in small quantities, diluting this and trading it to the Indians for pelts.

Chances of interference were nil; for the Canadian government was thousands of miles distant without either telegraph or railway connection. But the game was not without its dangers. The country at the foothills was inhabited by the confederacy of the Blackfeet—Bloods, Peigans, and Blackfeet—tigers of the prairie when sober, and worse than tigers when drunk. The Missouri whiskey smugglers found they must either organize for defence or pay for their fun by being exterminated. How many whites were massacred in these drinking frays will never be known; but all around the Old Man's River and Fort Macleod are gruesome landmarks known as the places where such and such parties were destroyed in the seventies. The upshot was that the smugglers emulated the old fur traders and built permanent forts, where they plied their trade in whiskey.

In May, 1873, Sir John A. Macdonald, then premier of Canada, acting on the report of Col. Robertson-Ross, decided to form a police force to deal with the Indians and whiskey traders from whom he was constantly receiving disquieting rumors. He desired a capable, ready force with as much efficiency and "as little gold lace" as possible. Hence, in May, 1873, a bill was carried through the Commons at Ottawa, authorizing the establishment of a force of 300 mounted police in the west.

This force was put under the command of Lieut.-Col. French and was recruited in Toronto, Ontario. Immediately upon organization they started to Fargo, North Dakota, by rail, and made a march to Dufferin. The commencement of their famous march through 800 miles westward to the Rocky Mountains with two field pieces and two mortars, and relying wholly upon their own transport train for supplies, followed.

Here, on October 10th, in the very heart of the Blackfeet country, where no man's life was safe, Fort Macleod, the first mounted police fort in the northwest, was completed. Another force was sent north to Edmonton

among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back across the plains to Fort Pelley, and thence to Dufferin, so that in four months the force had travelled 1,959 miles. These 300 police had accomplished, without losing a life, that which had been declared as impossible without the use of an army—the taking possession of the Great Lone Land. In 1875, Inspector Brisbois built a police fort where Calgary now stands. This was at first called "Fort Brisbois," but was renamed "Calgary" by Col. Macleod, after his old birthplace in Scotland. The spelling became modified to Calgary.

For a long time the chief work of the force consisted in managing the Indians, in acting for them as arbiters and protectors, and reconciling them to the coming of the whites, in stopping the excessive sale of liquor to them, in winning their confidence, respect and even friendship, and in protecting the surveyors who were parcelling out the land from the railway. They had to arrest criminals and law-breakers both red and white. These they were compelled to take to Winnipeg for trial, a distance of over 800 miles, and this continued till 1876. They were also deputed to collect custom dues on the American frontier, and while the wars between Indians and American whites were going on across the boundary they were constantly watching the line. During this period they exercised a truly astounding moral influence, not only over the Canadian Indians, but over large bands of American red men who crossed the line at sundry times.

During a period of agitation and unrest caused by some unpopular legislation dealing with the preservation of the buffalo, Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux Chief, who had massacred General Custer and his men in 1876, tried to stir up trouble amongst the Canadian Indians. Nothing but the firmness, the diplomacy and the constant vigilance of the North West Mounted Police saved the country from an Indian war, with all the horrors that had followed such outbreaks in the neighboring States of the American Republic.

In 1882 the police had become responsible for the lives of many thousands of people and property scattered over 375,000 square miles of country. Trading posts were developing into towns, and cattlemen were bringing in large herds. They wanted to push the Indians from the land and this begot severe resentment. The Indian had become, to some extent, an uncertain quantity, owing to the disappearance of the buffalo and his struggle for existence. The Canadian Pacific Railway was building and it was necessary to maintain law amongst the thousands of foreigners at work along the line. These and other considerations made it necessary to increase the force to 500 men. The headquarters at this time was Fort Walsh, near the western boundary of Saskatchewan province, but following the suggestion of the commanding officer it was changed to Piles of Bones Creek, now Regina. Permanent headquarters were established there, substantial barracks instead of the log cabins and stockades which existed at other posts, being erected.

Begg, in his "History of the North-West," gives an instance of the manner in which the Mounted Police exercised moral influence over the Indians:

"A small party of Sioux had had all their horses stolen, and applied to Assistant Commissioner Irvine, then stationed at Fort Walsh, to have them recovered. This officer, accompanied by a sub-inspector and six men, set out to find the guilty parties, and after scouring the country for some distance, at last located the stolen animals. The following is from the report of Col. Irvine:—

"It was a large camp of 350 lodges at Milk River, Assiniboines and Gros Ventres, on a creek near the west end of these hills. I thought it not safe to take the Sioux Indians into the camp, especially after dark, so left my wagon with two men and a Sioux Indian, about two or three miles from the camp, and rode in with sub-inspector McIlree and four men. It was quite dark when I got into the camp. I went straight to the chief's lodge. It was surrounded with

Indians. I told the chief I knew he had the stolen horses in the camp and had come to get them. He said he did not think his young men would give them up, and that the Americans were very strong, and would not allow any white man to harm them. I told him we could not allow anyone to steal horses on this side of the line, and that he should have to give an answer before I left the lodge. He then said, "when you come in the morning, I will hand you over every one of them." I went in the morning and they handed me over all they could find.

"It would have been impossible for me, with only four men, to have made any arrests; besides, it would have been difficult to have found the guilty parties. However, I gave them a good lecture, and they promised to behave themselves in future."

What an example of moral force! An officer with only five men goes into a camp of a thousand or more warlike Indians, compels them to deliver up stolen property, and then lectured them about the consequences if they steal any more.

An intelligent Ojibbeway trader told Father Scollen, an early missionary among the Blackfeet and Crees that the change after the coming of the police was wonderful. "Before the Queen's government came," he said, "we were never safe, and now I can sleep in my tent anywhere, and have no fear. I can go to the Blackfeet, and Cree camps and they treat me as a friend."

The year 1879 was a most anxious time for the police. The Plain Indians were left without any food or resources. In some cases they went over to United States territory and hunted, for there were still buffalo south of the boundary line. The American authorities, however, ordered them to return, and so they had to face starvation. "The Blackfoot tribes," we read, "when visited in 1879, were found to be in a most pitiable plight. The old and infirm had largely perished, strong young braves were reduced to skeletons, their ponies traded for food, their dogs eaten; they were dependent for sustenance on what gophers, mice, and other small ground animals they could find." In the year referred to, E. H. Maunsell found that he had 59 out of a bunch of 133 cattle. The Indians had taken the pioneer rancher's cattle as a gift from the Great Spirit. Other ranchmen had suffered equally or worse. This called for stern measures from the police. A case where Indians were caught red-handed with fresh meat killed on the prairie, is told by Dr. MacRae in his "History of Alberta." The story is from a report by Supt. Steele, then in command of Macleod district:

"A party of police under Staff-Sergeant Hilliard, left the Stand Off detachment soon after dark, to intercept a band of whiskey smugglers that our scouts had located about ten miles up the river. Soon after the police party started they separated, Alexander and Ryan being instructed to scout down the river and cross at the Cochrane's crossing. They then ascended to the high land at the other side, all the time on the alert to catch a glimpse of the whiskey smugglers. Soon after reaching the high ground, Alexander caught sight of something moving in the distance, which on nearer approach proved to be horsemen with two pack animals. The constables immediately gave chase at full gallop, and on coming up with the fugitives discovered them to be Indians with fresh-killed meat.

"As they galloped up to make the arrest, one of the Indians threw his rifle into the hollow of his arm, pointing it at Alexander, and as the constable dashed in to seize him, fired point blank at his head, the bullet taking effect in the neck, Ryan, seeing Alexander reel in his saddle and imagining him to be seriously injured, if not killed, drew his revolver and fired on the Indian, who returned it, one bullet passing very close to Ryan's head, while one of Ryan's shots struck the Indian in the back, passing through his lungs and coming out at his left breast."

Neither of the shot wounds proved serious, and both men were able to go around in a few days. The incident shows the danger that these guardians of the law were frequently exposed to in the discharge of patrol duties.

One of the principal reasons for the success of the redcoats among the In-

dians was the fact that they recognized that the Indians had rights in the Westland. In Quebec and New England, in Ohio and Arizona, in Mexico and Minnesota, every forward step of settlement has been marked by bloodshed and massacres that are untellable in horror. How the Royal North West Mounted Police averted serious trouble and yet showed the iron hand and iron nerve is well exemplified in the story of Red Crow, Chief of the Blood Indians, as told by Hayden in his "Riders of the Plains":

"Two members of Red Crow's band were wanted on a serious charge of cattle killing. 'Prairie Chicken Old Man' being the picturesque name of one. Both men were known to be in the Blackfoot camp in the vicinity of Stand Off, and a sergeant and constable were sent out to arrest them. With all promptitude they

marched straight to the encampment. Having secured their prisoners they were about to lead them away, when their howls brought a number of squaws and young braves to the spot. There was a scuffle, and the police found their captives forcibly wrested from them. In the excitement the youthful constable drew his revolver, and a worse riot would have been precipitated had not the sergeant immediately ordered him to replace the weapon.

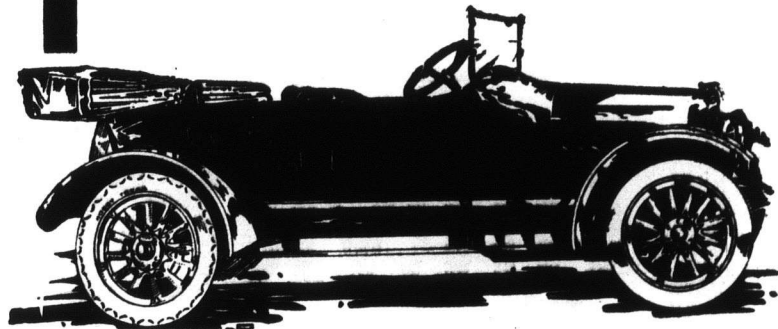
"Recognizing that it was more discreet to retire for the time being, the policemen returned to Fort Macleod to report to Supt. Steele. That officer approved of their action in the circumstances, but he had no intention of allowing the Indians to defy him. He accordingly ordered Inspector Wood, Dr. S. M. Fraser, and a non-commissioned officer with twenty troopers to proceed

at once to the camp and demand the surrender of the two men. With them went that faithful ally, Jerry Potts, the half-breed interpreter.

"The little company marched out to within a mile or so of the camp, which lay on the other side of some low hills. Then Potts was sent forward to make known that Supt. Steele required both the men previously arrested and those who had aided and abetted their release. In due time the interpreter returned to announce that Red Crow was smoking his pipe, and would think the matter over. The chief sent word also that his young braves were very excited, a Sundance was being held, and they were getting out of hand. In a word the old Indian game of "bluff" was being tried. To this Inspector Wood replied curtly: 'Tell Red Crow that we must have the two men wanted and those who helped

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to rescue them, within an hour's time; and Red Crow must bring them in person; otherwise, we shall ride in and take them, in which case Red Crow will have to abide the consequences."

When the ultimatum was delivered by Potts there was great uproar in the camp. The young men of the band were worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the dance, and were more in the mood for fighting than before. The situation was a critical one. The minutes slipped by, and the time limit fixed was nearly reached without any sign of the Indians. It was a tense moment for the police as they waited. There was no knowing that they were not in for a pretty stiff tussle. At last, the hour having expired, the inspector gave the word to mount, and the troopers got ready to move, when suddenly a solitary Indian appeared on the brow of the hill. After him came another, then two more, followed by others in small parties, until quite a number were seen to be approaching. Among them was the chief, Red Crow, himself.

With the police by their side the whole mob was marched into Fort Macleod, where Supt. Steele was ready to sit in judgment upon them. Those who had helped in the recapture of the prisoners were dealt with first, and severely admonished for their behaviour. Then Red Crow was summoned to receive a sharp lecture on his conduct. After him "Prairie Chicken Old Man" was brought in, handcuffed, sentenced, and led out in full view of his friends to the guard room. The second prisoner was similarly served, none of the other Indians daring to lift a finger in defence.

This sharp lesson had its effect. Red Crow's band was duly impressed, and departed back to their camps with chastened hearts. In consideration of their final good behaviour, however, and of the fact that they had come some distance, the Superintendent made them a few presents of tea, tobacco, and other things before they left. It should be added that "Prairie Chicken Old Man" and his brother in crime subsequently each received a sentence of seven years' imprisonment.

Begg, in his History of the Northwest, refers to the Royal North West Mounted Police in the following language:

"A mere handful in that vast wilderness, they have at all times shown themselves ready to do anything and go anywhere. They have often had to act on occasions demanding the combined individual pluck and prudence rarely to be found amongst any soldiery, and there has not been a single occasion on which any member of the force has lost his temper under trying circumstances or has not fulfilled his mission as a guardian of the peace. Severe journeys in the winter, and difficult arrests, have had to be effected in the centre of savage tribes, and not once has the moral prestige, which was in reality their only weapon, been found insufficient to cope with difficulties which, in America, have often baffled the efforts of whole columns of armed men."

Major-General Selby Smythe, once commander of the Canadian Militia, after an inspection of the Royal North West Mounted Police said:

"Of the constables and sub-constables. I can speak generally, that they are an able body of men, of excellent material and conspicuous for willingness, endurance, and as far as I can learn, integrity of character. They are fairly disciplined, but there has hardly been an opportunity yet for maturing discipline to the extent desirable in bodies of armed men, and, dispersed as they are through the immensity of space, without much communication with headquarters, a great deal must depend upon the individual intelligence, acquirements, and steadiness of the inspectors in perfecting discipline, drill, interior economy, equitation, and care of horses, saddlery, and equipment, together with police duties on which they might be occasionally required."

The stability of many individual constables may be seen in the story of a well-known mounted police sergeant who was very badly wounded in the Riel Rebellion. When the surgeon came to see him he was apparently unconscious. After examining the wounded man, he declared he would die. The sergeant suddenly opened his eyes and remarked very vigorously, "Yor're a blankety-blank liar." The badly injured man duly recovered, and still is in the land of the living.

A correspondent of the Associated Press tells the following incident of the daily life of General Pau, the commander of the French army in Alsace, who lost an arm during the Franco-Prussian war.

A dozen mud-spattered French infantrymen rested in a drizzling rain under some dripping trees. Suddenly the corporal stood erect and made a hasty salute. Through the fog and rain one of the three great leaders of the French army had appeared.

"Why do you not wear your cap?" asked General Pau.

"I have lost my cap, general."

"Where did you lose it?"

"When we were attacked in the woods this morning. A branch knocked it off, and I was too much in a hurry to go back and get it. It is gone."

"Take my cap."

The corporal hesitated. He feared that he would be punished for losing his cap.

"Take it, I tell you, and wear it," said the general.

And the humble corporal did as he was told, and became resplendent in the cap with the golden oak leaves. Since that day the corporal has marched along the country roads to the frontier, proud in the cap of General Pau.

"The general himself told me to wear it," he says to those who protest. "I obey the general's orders and the cap stays on my head."

The general knows his soldiers, and the world may understand why the tired, bedraggled and weary army goes on marching, and fighting, and dying for its commanders.



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The Prairie Lily

By Alice J. Whitmore

THE October sun was setting over the Canadian prairie. A fine broncho stood tethered by the stoop in front of the farmhouse, and in the doorway its rider, a vigorous, well-built young man of about twenty-five, was parting from the girl he loved.

His arm was about her waist, and she clutched nervously at a button on his coat as if thus she might detain him. The time had come when words seemed to choke them both, but at last the young man spoke.

"You would not keep me back, little girl," he asked.

For a moment there was no reply. Then the girl raised herself proudly, and smiled bravely through the tears which she was striving in vain to keep back.

"No, Wilfred," she answered.

"You understand that, and I am proud of you. You will win glory for the empire." She fingered lovingly the maple leaf brooch into which was pinned the colors of the allies.

"You must go, dear, of course. But oh, Wilfred—it seems so far away—if it were here at home, on our own prairies—but there—across the ocean—and you may never—"

Here the girl broke down entirely, smothered by her sobs.

"I shall come back alright—little girl—you bet," her lover replied. "Buck up, my darling—oh don't cry so."

The girl pulled herself together.

"I did mean to be so brave, dear"—she flung her arms around him—"and I will be. Let me cry a moment, here with your arms round me, and then—"

The young man drew her close in a

passionate embrace, and their lips met in a long kiss.

"You are mine, dear—mine always—and whatever happens," he whispered. He stroked gently the dark head which rested on his shoulder, and murmured words of love into the girl's ear.

She was quieter now, and as the young man slowly released her and flung himself into the saddle, she smiled brightly, and sent him off with a word of cheer.

She watched him as he rode away, turning back from time to time to raise his hat, while she in turn waved her handkerchief until he was a mere speck in the long distance.

Returning indoors she changed quickly into a nurse's uniform, and walked swiftly in to the little prairie town. She arrived just in time to take up her duties punctually at the tiny cottage hospital.

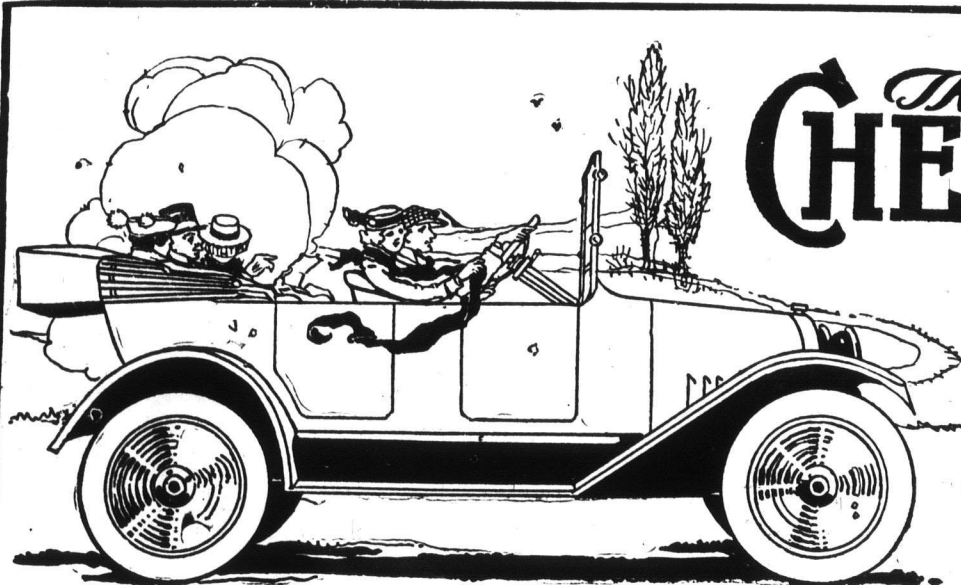
She had not asked for the extra leave she might have obtained, for she had judged rightly that as soon as Wilfred was gone her truest wisdom would be to forget her own trouble in caring for others. Her chief care just now was an Indian woman from a neighboring reserve who had met with an accident whilst on an errand to the town.

"I have just put the squaw to bed," the other nurse informed Margaret, upon her arrival.

"I told her to go to sleep, but she keeps muttering about the 'prairie lily.'"

"She's always calling me that—I can't think why prairie lilies are red," said Margaret.

"Of course," her companion answered. "I guess she's pretty cute for a squaw. It's your glorious complexion and your



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slender figure that she's thinking of— but Margaret, has your boy gone?"

"As far as Winnipeg—to-night," Margaret replied briefly, ignoring the compliment. "He sails on Friday."

She sat down beside the Indian woman who appeared now to be sleeping, and was soon busy with her own thoughts. She went back over the years since Wilfred and she had known each other. She thought of her probation in Winnipeg when, as a giddy girl, she had first, in a mad moment, tried to attract him, and then had flouted the love he offered her. Afterwards when he in turn had seemed to become indifferent, she had realized how passionately she desired him—and finally, by a sort of miracle they had been reunited and had come to a complete understanding.

That was only two short months ago, and now the suffering she must have caused in those days of girlish folly to the man she loved, Margaret understood only too well. Two big tears coursed unchecked down her cheeks, and just at that moment the Indian woman slowly opened her eyes.

"The prairie lily is sad. She is sick?"

"A little sad," admitted Margaret.

"Does the prairie lily mourn her warrior chief? He go across great water to fight?" asked the squaw.

Margaret started. What did this poor Indian know of the war? She asked her one or two questions, but received no satisfactory replies. Then she explained in language which she hoped the woman might understand, the cause and progress of the war. She told how from all parts of the empire the white father's children were flocking to his assistance—to drive back the barbarous emperor chief.

The woman listened stolidly enough, but when Margaret had finished, she said proudly.

"Our chiefs go also!"

"Ah! So they do," agreed Margaret, who had heard that the Indians wished to mobilize.

"They will fight beside their brothers, the pale-faces," the woman continued, "and the emperor chief will flee. He will flee as the frost flees before the chinook when the moons of the many snows give place to the moon of flowers."

This was a long speech for Roaming Water, who seldom spoke at all.

"Now, Good-night," said Margaret. But her patient was refractory.

"The prairie lily must not weep," she reiterated slowly. "Her warrior will return; the emperor chief will flee."

Wilfred Hurman had just received his mail, and he eagerly scanned Margaret's letter before he opened the parcel which came with it.

"Moccasins! By all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed, as its contents were disclosed. "The real thing! But what on earth does the dear girl think I can do with them here, and whatever induced her?"

He turned again to the letter, and read the postscript which he had previously overlooked and which was carried over the page.

"You may be surprised," it read, "when you open the parcel. An Indian woman whom I nursed back to life walked a long distance to bring these to me for you. She made me promise that my 'warrior chief,' as she calls you, should have them. She assured me solemnly that with them you would 'fly swiftly' to overtake the enemy. I somehow dare not break my promise, and I had a presentiment that you might really need them."

Wilfred laughed heartily as he read these closing words. He stuffed the moccasins inside his tunic.

"Anyhow, I can't throw them away, since they came from her," he said to himself; "and they'll keep me warm."

He had been so absorbed in his mail that he found he had taken a wrong turning, and his companions were nowhere to be seen. He retraced his steps to the road leading from the little village where the dispatches had been received, but there was no sign of the other men. He walked on quickly in the fast-gathering dusk, still uncertain as to his direction, and presently he found himself in the neighborhood of a thick wood which he did not remember to have passed in coming. He was not greatly enjoying himself now, for this was a sort of no-man's land where, in any corner, the enemy might be lurking.

Wilfred Hurman was anything but a coward, but like many brave men he hated uncertainty and obscurity. He walked quietly on scarcely daring to breathe. He thought of Margaret and of their parting.

If the enemy lurked among the shadows of this wood, and they should hear him, she would never know how he had died. He would fall by the wayside there alone and his body would, perhaps, be left to rot in a ditch.

Wilfred pulled himself up for a soft-hearted coward. He had already been through "a hell of a time" without turning a hair, and now he was quaking at nothing like a frightened school girl.

All at once he drew up sharply. He was sure that there was a movement among the trees. The dead leaves crackled under foot and then someone struck a match. Presently several lights were gleaming in the dark wood and Wilfred could dimly discern shadowy figures moving around.

Were these friends or enemies? He could not tell. It was not his own detachment. They were on patrol duty that night on the outskirts of a hamlet close to which his regiment was stationed. He ought to have been with them now.

It was a calm evening, but it was cloudy, and there was no moon. For this he was thankful. He walked on keeping in the shadow and still dubious as to his direction. He had certainly taken a wrong turning somewhere, and

for all he knew he might be walking right into the arms of the enemy.

Presently he stumbled over some withered branches which, unnoticed in the gloom, lay across his path. It caused a confused noise, and Wilfred felt that his hour had come. Next moment he was pretty sure of this, but the shots which rang out missed him, and he stood stock still close against the trunk of a tree.

More shots followed. Again he heard steps and saw the glimmer of lanterns. The stealthy movements continued, and Wilfred dare not move. He must have remained in the same position a couple of hours before he was assured that all efforts to discover him had ceased. Lights were than extinguished, and he fancied he could detect heavy breathing as of men asleep.

Cautiously he moved out of his concealed position, feeling his way gingerly till he found himself in a wide clearing.

He felt somehow that he was on familiar ground. A few stars were shining now, and he could just distinguish objects which he seemed to recognize.

He was used to groping his way across the prairie at night, and he fancied that he could discern figures which he thought might be his comrades on patrol duty.

But he did not know, and caution was necessary. Now, as he strained his eyes he was sure figures were advancing in his direction. He crouched behind some bushes, and then as the men drew near he heard one say to the other in an

undertone: "Funny thing where old Bill got to."

Wilfred experienced a great sense of relief, but he realized that he had better remain where he was until daylight. A sudden declaration of himself—even a movement among the bushes, might bring upon him the rifle shot of his own comrades. He knew these, too, to be reckless, desperate men from a mining camp who were always eager to dispatch an enemy.

Then he reflected. Daylight would be too late, perhaps. The enemy—if it was the enemy—might have flown. But his comrades were out of sight now, and Wilfred knew it would be folly to attempt to find them.

The words of Margaret recurred to him: "You will bring glory to the Empire." He made a sudden resolve. He would undertake the task alone. As soon as there was sufficient light he would return and discover if it was the enemy. He would "bring glory to the Empire," if he had the chance, or lose his life in the attempt.

He dared not sleep, and presently he became conscious that the darkness was lifting. "For the glory of the Empire," he reminded himself, and with the thought of Margaret he remembered the moccasins.

"The very thing—the very thing!" He almost cried aloud in his glee. He had thought of taking off his boots, but had remembered that his socks were badly torn. If he hurt his feet his usefulness would be at an end.



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But moccasins! He had worn them often as a boy in scouting expeditions, and was quite accustomed to them. It was but the work of a moment to get into them. Then cautiously, with the stealthy movements of a panther and with all his senses alert, he dragged himself upon his stomach till he reached a field behind the wood.

There he waited for what the first streaks of dawn should reveal. There was no movement now—nothing to give him any idea whether few or many lay hidden in the thick undergrowth. A slight breeze had arisen and the gentle rustle of the dying leaves among the branches was the only sound which broke the ghostly silence. But Wilfred waited patiently till finally the trees, like phantom figures in a fog, gradually began to detach themselves, and then quite suddenly, as it seemed, in the grey light, a tall Uhlman arose and stretched his huge limbs. As he did so, he laid down his rifle, so Wilfred knew he was not a prisoner, but was probably supposed to be on guard.

There might be a whole battalion in hiding here, or only a few men. Wilfred quickly decided that, few or many, they should not escape. But this one must be dealt with first, in case he might discover him and alarm the others before Wilfred could warn his regiment of their presence.

So seizing the moment while the Uhlman was off his guard he advanced noiselessly, but hastily and with bayonet fixed. He appeared to the astonished Uhlman, who suddenly perceived him as a spectre arisen from the earth, and for a moment he seemed paralysed with horror. But quickly recovering himself he stooped as Wilfred approached to seize his rifle.

Somehow, he must have trod upon the trigger, a sharp shot rang through the air, and without a groan the man fell heavily backward.

Wilfred's comrades on patrol duty stopped in their march. As they heard the shot one of them ran forward and peered behind the bushes where Wilfred had lain in ambush. He kicked against something hard. It was Wilfred's boots. His comrades had come up and together they examined them.

"Why, there's old Bill's," said someone. "He had them on last night. I don't like the smell of this. If it's Uhlman's, we'll give 'em a taste of hell."

Other shots rang out as he spoke, and as the sun rose above the horizon, a khaki clad figure was seen approaching with the swiftness of a roe. Wilfred's moccasins were standing him in good stead.

Following him, at some distance, were Uhlman's, roused by the shot and finding their outpost dead, had just discovered Wilfred, and were in pursuit.

"Boys! It's Uhlman's!" he panted, without pausing, as he passed his comrades—"in the wood there. Hold them while I fetch up our men."

A fortnight later Margaret read the whole story in the paper. No name was mentioned, but the moccasins were, and she knew it was her "warrior chief" who had been the means of capturing a whole battalion of Prussians and thus had "won glory for the Empire."

Dorothea and Things

"Now Dorothea," Miss Susan declared, "I want to see every single one of your pretty things. I've come prepared to stay the whole afternoon, and see everything there is to see, and hear everything there is to hear."

Dorothea dimpled, but there was only one dimple, Miss Susan's keen eyes noticed; when Dorothea was perfectly happy there were two. Yet she was undoubtedly glad to see Miss Susan. She petted her in Dorothea's pretty way, and wanted to do a dozen things for her all at once. Miss Susan swept all offers aside.

"You can't put me off, Dorothea. I came to see the house and everything it contains."

So Dorothea began showing her wedding gifts—the glass, china, and silver, and the linen; the beautiful old jewelry from Will's mother and grandmother. Miss Susan admired everything heartily.

"They're prettier than I thought they'd be," she declared. "You certainly

are a lucky girl if pretty things can make you lucky."

"Dorothea hesitated. "That's just it, Miss Susan," she said slowly. "Here's all this lovely china and glass, and I shan't dare use it—not really use it, you know. And you can't trust nice linens to most laundresses, and—you'll think I'm foolish, and I suppose I am—but I get to thinking sometimes about the danger of losing those pearls—"

Miss Susan sat up straight. "Dorothea Campbell," she cried, "when did Sarah Ellen Littlefield come over?"

"Why—Monday, I think it was. What made you think of her, and what has she to do with it?"

"Do with it? Everything!" Miss Susan fairly snorted with indignation. "You're nothing but an echo of her this minute. Had you worried over breaking china or stayed awake for fear of thieves before?"

"Why—no—I don't know—" Dorothea stammered. "I had thought I'd wash the china and glass myself. But you know things do break, Miss Susan, no matter how careful you are, and I'd feel so dreadfully to break wedding things."

"Break? Of course they do. And houses burn down. Suppose yours burned next summer, and you lost everything in it; which would give you the more satisfaction, to remember you'd kept everything safely in cold storage, not a thing broken, or to have a score of memories of good times with your pretty things—memories that no fire could destroy?"

"I never thought of it that way," Dorothea said, brightening.

Miss Susan leaned over and laid an impressive finger upon Dorothea's arm. "Well, if I was you, I'd begin to think about it that way this very minute, and I wouldn't let Sarah Ellen Littlefield or anyone else rob me. Hard things may come,—they come to most folks,—but the way to get ready for them is to use your happy things to the full, making other folks happy, not to wrap them in cotton wool for fear the house will burn down. And you needn't look at me in that disrespectful fashion, Dorothea Campbell, for I'll mix my figures if I want to!"

Dorothea was laughing now, and two dimples were in sight.

Properly Rebuked

"I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma," said Willie, "and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday."

"What did you answer?" asked mother. "I simply said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and walked off and left him." was the triumphant response.

Preparedness

A young married couple was attending a fair in Mississippi. Finding themselves jostled about in the center of a vast crowd, the husband remarked:

"I say, dearie, I think you'd better give me the lunch basket. Don't you see, we are apt to lose each other in the crowd."

Egg-Testing

"Really, Jane," remonstrated her mistress, "you must learn to be more careful, and test the eggs before you mix them in the pudding. Now, a good way of testing is to take an egg in your hand, swing it round a few times, and then place it to your ear. If it gives out a pleasant, murmuring sound, you may then be quite sure that it is fresh and good."

Like a dutiful cook, Jane promised in future to obey her mistress's instructions, and that same night there was hot baked custard for dinner.

At least, there was to have been hot baked custard. But at the critical moment Jane appeared upon the scene, with nothing to show but a tear-stained face.

"Well, Jane?" anxiously inquired her mistress.

"Please, mum," gasped the saddened servant, "there's a little something gone wrong. I was a-testin' the egg, as you told me, and a-swingin' it round, when it slipped out of my hand, and blessed if it didn't biff my policeman in the eye, as he was watchin' me through the window. An' please, mum," concluded the cook, breaking down utterly, "I think it was a good egg, too, for I listened, and I heard a murmurin'—oh, quite a loud murmurin', mum!"

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The Bell in the Wilderness

By James Morton, Two Creek, Man.

OVER the far northern forest a puff of wind breathed, and the yellow leaves drifted down. They clung to the ragged, recumbent figure of a man stretched by a rotted log. Some struck his face, and his nostrils slightly quivered. The face was cadaverous under the black beard, the eyes were sunken, the cheeks hollow. He moaned and raised himself slightly, as the sharp edges of the leaves pricked him into consciousness. The sigh of the breeze in the tree top struck upon his ears. He raised himself on his elbow. There was something metallic in the sound of the wind, faintly suggestive of civilized man with his instruments of iron and brass somewhere in that wilderness of wood. Again it came in mournful cadence, more distinct than before.

"A bell!" he muttered. "A bell in the wilderness."

It brought back memories of his native land; it rang a peal of hope. He tried to raise himself, but the weakened knees bent, and on his hands he crawled forward. Windfalls and branches of dead trees barred the way, but he clambered over them heading toward the sound as a wounded hound might follow a scent. He gasped painfully, and his eyes began to close again, when he came upon an Indian trail. Just a narrow track that wound past the windfalls and by the

prepared, and he ate eagerly. With the renewal of physical strength curiosity revived. He looked at the face of the Sister as one recalls something seen in a dream.

"Who are you? What place is this? Won't you tell me please?"

In the Sister's blue eyes shone the sympathy begotten of far-off glimmerings of love, and there was tenderness in her voice.

"This is the Roman Catholic mission to the Indians on Lac La Martre that flows into the Great Bear Lake. There are four of us here, the Father in charge, and two other Sisters and myself, whose duty it is to teach the Indian children. The Father will be in presently, and he will tell you all you want to know."

Her voice struck slumbering chords in memory, and as their music vibrated in his brain, he lay still and closed his eyes. Then opening them again, he said:

"You are very kind Sister. You make me think of someone I knew very long ago."

She turned her face slightly from him and looked toward the half-covered window, and spoke very gently:

"I am glad you are French. When I hear the old tongue spoken by a stranger, it brings me memories of home."

"Yes, I was born in France," he said trying again to arrest her eyes. "My

Requests for Soldiers' Comforts

Miss Helen J. Henry, assistant secretary 106th and 226th Auxiliary, 130 Sherbrook St., Winnipeg, writes: The 106th and 226th Willing Workers have received many replies to the 1200 or more parcels sent to our 226th Battalion men at Christmas and distributed to them while in quarantine at Bramshott. We wish to express to our friends in the outlying districts our gratitude for the substantial assistance rendered to us in this connection through subscriptions to Misses McPhee and Murray from the kind people of Minitonas. We also were recipients of contributions from Neepawa, Newdale and Glen Ewen. The Red Cross Society of Ogilvie also assisted by sending in very ample boxes.

"We hope, hampered though we may be by the difficulty of keeping in touch with our boys, to continue the work we have started. In our endeavors for the present year Thornhill has augmented our funds by a substantial donation. Any assistance in locating the men of our battalion will be welcomed by the ladies of our auxiliary, as we wish to reach as many as possible.

"Apples and smokes were supplied to the boys when passing through Winnipeg, and although our Christmas parcels consisted of merely remembrances, we felt that in just leaving Canada they were not in need of more substantial assistance. We have been steadily working on trench comforts in readiness for such time as they may be required.

"Any assistance along these lines will be gladly welcomed. And our secretary will at all times be found willing to answer all communications in this connection."

edges of the muskegs, but it stretched in the direction from which the bell had sounded, and he guessed that some settlement lay at its end.

Again was hope renewed and strength revived. He managed to raise himself, and stumbled clumsily forward. His ragged moccasins caught in snags sometimes and he would fall, only to struggle to his feet again. Then came the barking of many dogs and the sound of human voices. He tried to run, but fell and crawled again. Then the forest opened and the light of the setting sun blazed on him. He saw a lake that blinded him with its gleam, as if some great jewel had flashed on his weakened eyes. In the haze swam a few log houses, and a band of dogs, like a pack of wolves, came howling toward him. He saw strange figures and heard guttural voices calling, and then he knew no more.

The room in the priest's house at the Indian mission had been partially darkened, but in its subdued light the Sister of Charity, who watched by the bed of the stranger studied his wasted features with reminiscent intensity. Something in it called to the past in her—that past in which earth's loves and joys had not yet been merged in the serene light of her spiritual life. The stranger's eyes opened as from sleep, and he looked at her as one who is groping out of a cavern into the light of strange worlds.

"Where am I?" he asked in French.

"With friends," she answered softly in the same tongue. "But you must not talk now. You must eat."

She placed before him food delicately

name is Francois Le Jeune and I come from La Chappoinaise in Normandy. Did you ever hear of it?"

Over the regular features of the middle-aged woman passed a slight flush that seemed to lose itself beneath the white band that wrapped her brow. There was a moment of indrawn prayer. Then covering a quivering heart with a calmness that looked almost cold, she rose, walked to the bed, and held out her hand.

"It is many years since we met, Francois, and time has changed us both. I did not know you. Do you know me?"

Recognition brightened in his eyes and he clasped with impulsive warmth the hand she held out to him.

"Lucille, Lucille Benoit. My own Lucille!"

She placed a hard, straight finger on his lips. "No, Lucille no longer. I am Sister Anita here, and must be called by no other name. Of some things in the past we may not speak. I want to be your friend, and I ask you as you respect me to remember the vows I have taken."

He released her hand and sighed. "Pardon me. I have lived in the wilderness for many years. You know why I came away. My packhorse with all my food and supplies got away from me when I left it in the trail to shoot a grouse. I sought for it till I got lost myself. The mission bell guided me here when life seemed almost gone, and to have you by me again after it all seems like a bit of heaven, no matter what may come between."

"God guides us in mysterious ways sometimes Francois," she said more softly, "and perhaps, there is a purpose in this meeting that we cannot fathom.

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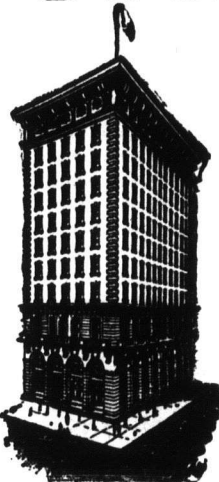
Business issued 1916.....	\$ 25,575,373
Increase for the year.....	1,117,444
Business in force December 31st, 1916.....	133,016,448
Increase for the year.....	13,550,381
Income for 1916.....	5,594,041
Increase for the year.....	814,551
Total assets, December 31st, 1916.....	21,702,570
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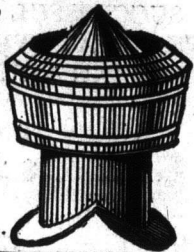
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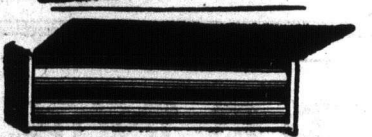
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But listen—I hear the Father coming and must leave you now. He will attend to all your wants, but before you leave the mission call and see me again. For the present, goodbye my friend."

In spite of self-restraint the two hands clasped in impulsive warmth. The Father, a heavy, bearded man, with huge spectacles half-obscuring a kindly face, entered—their hands unclasped, and the Sister quietly resigned her patient to his charge. "Ah, you are looking better now," said the Father cheerfully when they were alone. "You were very near death's door when we carried you into the mission. Your poor feet and hands are sore yet from bruises and cuts, and your clothes are just rags. Never mind, we will find you other clothes before you leave us. In a few days you will be well again. Meanwhile rest here in peace. But how did you come to be in such plight?"

The man told with more detail the story he had already related to the Sister. He added that he was returning from a trapping expedition on which he had been two months away.

"Then," said the Father, "you have not heard of the great war. We got the news by the last packet. England, France and Russia are already at war with Germany and Austria, and it is said that other nations will be drawn in yet. The Germans have invaded Belgium and Northern France. They have devastated the country, they have despoiled a peaceful people, they have shattered our old cathedrals. Mon Dieu! Their work is horrible. Were I twenty years younger I would myself throw aside my cassock and don the soldier's uniform to fight against them. But England is with us—they cannot win."

The news struck the stranger like a thunderbolt. He sat up and excitedly asked how such a war had begun.

The priest shrugged his shoulders. "There is the mystery. To us it looks as if it had begun because Germany was ready and wished it to begin."

When Le Jeune's excitement had faded, he lay back with closed eyes and pondered. The priest quietly left him then.

In the evening he heard the bell toll again for service in the little, wooden chapel. The priest had drawn the blind of the one window in the room, so that the exhausted man could look through it and out upon the lake and the far-stretching forest beyond. He saw the Indian fishermen paddling their canoes, and throwing long shadows in the sunset glow. Lithe and graceful in their frilled buckskin clothing they seemed to float like mystic figures in a dream, and the faint splash of their paddles was as the far-off echo of liquid music from some fairy land. Nearer the dogs were barking and the squaws calling raucously to the black-eyed papooses that waded and fought by the shore.

But Le Jeune's brain was then, like the receiver in a wireless station, capable only of recording those sounds to which it was attuned. A dark-robed Sister prayed in the chapel for recovery for him, and mastery over herself, and even as she prayed the great peace of the evening of northern solitudes descended on his soul.

As the shadows deepened, the echoes of the chapel bell, and the liquid murmur of the lake, rocked him away like a smooth-sailing ship and landed him in the France of his boyhood again. He saw the farms of the Benois and Le Jeune's basking in the glow of the Norman summer. He recalled the thrill of the day when he lay by the brook, and caught a glimpse of Lucille's summer dress as she walked over the little foot-bridge toward him. How awkwardly he had addressed her, how shyly she had responded, and yet some irresistible impulse drew them together. Then the bliss of the secret meeting and the stolen caress, and at last the discovery that had torn them apart. Then it was that they had learned that in France the parents make the marriages, and Lucille was destined for another.

It seemed vain to fight against the inexorable social customs of their native land. He had gone abroad to heal his heart-sickness in the open air and adventurous life of the Canadian wilderness; and Lucille, rather than marry another had gone into the church. By what strange destiny had their divided trails led out to the world's end to meet in one of civilization's narrowest spots? It mattered not. Lucille was near him again.

Under her dark robe and white banded brow he saw again the girl in the summer dress of his twentieth year, and dreaming of her he slept in peace.

But during those days of his convalescence he did not see Sister Anita again. The kindly old priest alone attended to his wants, but he comforted him by the many kind inquiries the Sister sent. He had been told of their early acquaintance, and priest as he was, was still human enough to understand.

Crisp northern air and substantial food soon wrought the change that enabled Francois Le Jeune, naturally rugged and strong, to stand upon his feet again. The forests were blackening fast, and in the sharp mornings a fringe of thin ice encircled the lake. A resolve had settled in his mind, and he knew that he must be moving. He had with him some money that he pressed upon the priest in return for the buckskin trousers and moccasins and rugged clothing with which he supplied him.

In the evening he went to the little chapel where he saw Sister Anita sitting among the Indian children she taught. She did not look at him, but he knew that they felt each other's presence and were struggling toward self-mastery and peace. On the night before his departure, long after all the rest had left the chapel, she remained behind to pray. Outside the door he waited with folded arms, looking out upon the lake. At last she came, a quiet, black figure in the dusk.

As she passed he placed his hand gently on her arm. "Pardon me, Sister, but to-morrow I leave, and I must speak to you."

She turned toward him and spoke softly. "Yes, my friend. I am sorry you must go—but perhaps it is best."

"I am going," he said, "to enlist in the Canadian forces, and help to fight my country's battles in the war. Do you think I do right?"

"Certainly Francois, it is right and noble and like yourself. Be sure that I shall think of you and pray for you as a brother, wherever you may be."

"God bless you—yes I must say it, I do not think it is wrong—my only love. With your blessing I will fear nothing."

He pressed his hands against his breast and looked down at her with yearning eyes. "Francois," she said with gentle rebuke, "it is to God's blessing you should look and not to mine."

Pressing the tips of her fingers together she raised her hands above his head the dark folds of her dress falling back from her arms as she did so. "And may God indeed bless and protect you, and bring you in safety through it all, and whatever your fate may He teach you to think with kind and holy thoughts of me even as I will of you, remembering that love may sometimes be denied its earthly pleasures only to shine forth in nobler purposes."

As she moved to withdraw he seized her hand, and bending, pressed his lips warmly against it:

"Good-bye, Lucille. God bless you evermore."

She drew her hood closely about her, and passed on in silence hiding her tears in the bosom of the night.

It was a night of rain and blood on the sodden fields of Ypres. Under a blanket of darkness the Sergeant of Scouts crept with his squad out toward the German trenches. He motioned his men to pause, and raised his head like a dog on scent. From the enemy's trench a searchlight flashed, and bullets sang around them. The Sergeant doubled and fell prostrate with outspread arms.

"The Sergeant is hit," said one of his comrades. "Let us pull him out."

Through the leaden hail they dragged him to safety. He breathed still, and was moved to the military hospital.

"No chance," said the doctor feeling his pulse. "He is hit in a vital spot. A pity. He was said to be just about the very best of our scouts."

The Scout Sergeant lay and muttered as he tumbled on his pillow. He seemed to be groping through a dark wood, and spoke of fallen trees.

"Trees, trees everywhere. Shall I never get out. God, how hungry I am and sore! It gets darker and darker, and—"

Then raising himself in bed he stretched out his arms and cried: "A bell! A bell! The bell in the wilderness."

And so it rang his soul into the peace that dwells above the din and smoke of war.

At that very moment, far out in the northern wilderness the bell sounded across the wintry landscape calling to prayer. The stars glittered in the tingling frost, and the northern lights flickered in a vibrating arch across the sky. They caught the dying echoes of the bell and bore them away until its faint reverberations, were heard above the din of war five thousand miles away by a soul so near the Invisible World that the echoes floated it away.

And even as the Sister knelt to pray in answer to its summons, echoes of the answering cry beat on her with inarticulate pain. In terror and sorrow indefinable she sank upon her knees. The tears welled from her eyes, and then with locked hands she prayed herself into peace and murmured:

"Father, Thy will be done."

Why Bobby Was Late

By Blanche E. Wade

Our Bobby found an angleworm
Upon the dusty road;
He had to help him through the
grass

To find his safe abode.
And then in Mr. Spider's web
He saw a struggling fly;
Untangling him took time, of course,
But then, it paid to try.

A nice, fat Mr. Beetle Bug
Was very nearly drowned
Right in a puddle—oh, so deep!
When Bobby happened round.
Another bug, turned downside up,
And kicking fast with fright,
He had to topple back again,
To make its world look right.

Miss Ant was tugging hard to get
Her supper home on time;
So, up and down, and over grass,
Bob had to help her climb.
A caterpillar was the last
He saved from some sad fate.
In running mother's errands, then,
No wonder Bob was late!

Do You Breathe?

Are you one of the many persons who, without being really ill, are never quite well? Do you grow tired very easily? Is your sleep often broken and your digestion imperfect? When you give your hand to a friend does he sometimes say, "Oh, how cold your hand is"? Do you constantly wonder why your skin and hair do not seem to be in a perfectly healthy and vigorous condition?

Of course there are many possible causes for all these things, but before you make up your mind that you are a predestined semi-invalid ask yourself one question: Do you breathe? You must certainly breathe enough to keep yourself going, because there you are; but what a pity it is, that when nature has given you a good set of lungs, and all the oxygen you need, you should not use a little more of it, and see whether the physical drawbacks that are so annoying do not disappear. We must all economize somewhere, but we ought not to begin with oxygen, when it is a free gift—ours for the taking.

The trouble is that we are too indolent. We read a paper about proper breathing, or we listen to a lecture on the subject, and it all sounds so simple and so easy that we determine at once to breathe deep and earn the deep breather's reward. All that day we breathe, and that night we even do some of the suggested exercises to expand our lungs; the next day or the day after we forget the exercises, habit grips her slave again, and we go back to live a life of self-imposed starvation in the midst of plenty.

If shallow breathers would only give their lungs a fair chance to show what they can do, they would find the gains not only physical, but moral and mental. Much dull-mindedness and irritability is caused by the poison that poor breathers accumulate in their systems—poisons that they could literally blow away by deep, slow breathing. Do you feel depressed and blue for no particular reason? Does the house "get on your nerves"? Then go out and breathe fresh life into yourself in the open. If that is impossible at the moment, stand in an open window and do your breathing exercises for five minutes only. You will find the world a different place and yourself a different person.



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The Girl in the Red Sweater

By H. C. Haddon

Thomas Edison, or Billy Sunday, or one of those literary guys says in one of their poems that Truth is stranger than Fiction. Whichever one of them that said so, he was most certainly right; nor would he have been wrong if he had added that Love is stronger than either of them. Having got so far I may as well go on and tell you the rest—and this is both a love story and also a true one.

The whole thing started as a joke, and as such it remained to the rest of the boys in the bunch—but the Kid let me in on the ground floor, and you can take it from me that this is the inside story of the Girl in the Red Sweater.

I was working for the Circle Bar at the time it happened, which isn't so very long ago. The ranch house, as you probably know is only about ten miles from town—and if you know the ranch house you won't need me to tell you the name of the town. In any case there are dozens just like it scattered through the Western provinces.

Well, five or six of us had been in to town one evening to a travelling show given by some play actors. I forget now how many of us went in, but I know the Kid and myself and Baldy Harris and Slim Linton were there. I think Poker Davis and Red Oliver went along too, but in any case it doesn't matter. The only reason I mentioned it was because Baldy—but this isn't Baldy's story. The show was pretty punk, but you can't expect anything else, and after three months of bucking bronchos and kicking steers you're glad enough to have a change for one evening, even if it is only imitation Shakespeare.

They held the show in a big hall that was used for dances when town was feeling good, and instead of regular theatre seats like you've been used to, they just had rough benches strung out for us to sit on. About three rows from

us sat the Girl in the Red Sweater; that isn't her name, but it will do. I had been in to town quite a few times during the two years that I had been working for the old Circle Bar, but this was the first time that I had seen her.

She was a sweet little girl and I just wish I could describe her to you, but I can't. My hands are more at home with a branding iron than with a pen—and anyway it wants a professional hot air artist for the job, and not a poor cow-puncher like myself. She was only a little girl—about five feet three I should guess, but so neat and slim that you felt like loving her at once. She had great big blue eyes that looked right into yours, and her hair was all broken up into little wavy curls that used to hang round her ears and drop down over her forehead—but you know how it is!

That's all that happened. The Kid may have spoken to her, but I didn't see him do it, and I don't think that he did.

Right here I ought to stop and tell you about the Kid. He was about the healthiest kid that I have ever met. In his stocking feet he would stand six feet three, and he was built in proportion. No thin overgrown fellow that's run to height instead of filling out, but two hundred pounds of good Canadian manhood.

You couldn't help liking him, he was so wholesome and healthy, and his good humour was so infectious that you just had to laugh when he laughed—which was pretty often.

The only thing about him was that he was young—not more than twenty-three, I should think. And of course at that age a man is liable to be sentimental. That's just how it was with the Kid. After the show was over he took his round of drinks with the rest of us, but beside a brief "Here's how" or "Good luck" not another word could we get out of him.

That in itself was suspicious, for the Kid was—well, the Kid.

Presently Slim asked him some point about the show, and I'll eat my cayuse if the Kid could tell him. So then the boys got joshing him, and just in fun I said to him: "It seemed to me, Son, that you paid more attention to that little girl in the red sweater than you did to the show."

If you have ever seen a big six footer blush to the very roots of his hair you'll understand how comical the Kid looked. It was no use his denying it, for his blush gave him away, and once they had him on a string the rest of the boys gave the poor Kid no rest.

For the next two or three days we were all pretty well fed up with red sweaters, and if the Kid had been anyone else but the big good natured baby that he was there would have been some sore heads round the Circle Bar.

Probably the whole thing would have died down from lack of nourishment but that Poker Davis had one of his brilliant ideas. The joke looked so good that everybody boosted for it, and the result was that the bunch fixed up a letter for the poor Kid. As far as I can remember it went something like this:

"Dear Mr. Evans" (that's the Kid when he's got his Sunday suit on) "I saw you at the show the other night, and you looked across in my direction so often that I hoped you would come and speak to me.

"I will be outside the Post Office on Monday evening at half past seven, and if you care to meet me there I will be very pleased to see you. I shall be wearing the same red sweater that I wore at the show, so you will have no trouble in recognising me, and I do so hope you will be there."

And after her name (oh! we found out who she was all-right!) was one solitary little cross. Which stands for—well, you know!

Well, to carry the joke through properly I got the foreman's wife to copy out this letter, and Baldy Harris mailed

it. He was going in to town that day, or he would probably have forgotten it, the same as he did the parson's letter over at Clearwater—but this isn't Baldy's story.

The Kid got this letter on Friday morning, and after he had read it he just looked kind of funny for a minute or two, as if he didn't quite understand, and then put it away in the pocket of his shirt, and never said a word to anyone about it.

So far the joke seemed to be on us, because none of us could say anything to the Kid, or show any curiosity lest he should wonder how much we knew about the letter, and so grow suspicious.

So we had to control our curiosity as best we might, for the Kid certainly showed no inclination to take us into his confidence, nor did some very discreet questioning by Slim add anything to our stock of knowledge.

But Monday came at last, as Mondays always will if you wait long enough for them, though it was not until the eleventh hour that we knew that our joke was successful, and that a sentimental bait was going to give the Kid a barren ride of twenty miles.

I had been riding after strays all day, and it was nearly supper time when I got back to the ranch. As I got near the bunk house Red came out with his hand over his mouth, and his face all broken up with laughter.

When he saw me his mirth increased, and in a hoarse stage whisper he said: "He's shaving!"

"Who?" I asked, not thinking for the moment.

"Why, the Kid" he said "and he's all dressed-up like a picture!"

Then I laughed too, because the joke seemed so good. After all it does seem comical to make a man ride twenty miles just for a fool letter—and the Kid was so sentimental that we could have doubled the distance with safety. And so, in the early evening the Kid rode away on his black horse to keep his date with the lady that had written to him.

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ONE HOUR A DAY, or even less, given to study, under our guidance, will fit you for a better position. We teach you at home: Commercial Course (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Business Correspondence, Commercial Law), Shorthand and Typewriting, Beginners' Course, Journalism, Special English, Elementary Art, Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Drawing, Electrical Course, Engineering (Stationary, Traction, Gasoline, Marine, Locomotive, Automobile), Matriculation, Civil Service, Teachers' examinations, Mind and Memory training, or any subject. Ask for what you need. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. W.H.M., Toronto, Canada. 4-17

Agents Wanted

IF YOU HAVE A RIG OR AUTO, earn from \$75.00 to \$150.00 per month selling Dr. Bovel's Home Remedies and Toilet Articles in your locality, working whole or spare time. Exclusive territory. Write for \$1.00 worth of FREE goods and particulars. Bovel Manufacturing Company, Montreal, Que. 4-17

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to introduce and sell Dr. Henderson's Herb Remedies. Liberal commission offered, with exclusive territory. Write for terms to-day. Henderson Herb Co., Toronto. 4-17

A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME—Lady agents coining money on best agents' proposition on market. Experience unnecessary. Peoples Specialties Co., P.O. Box 1836, Winnipeg. 4-17

Patents

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO. Patent Solicitors. The old-established firm. Head Office, Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 5 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

Business Chances

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and family and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal, and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 550, 20 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. 1-18

Medical

A GUARANTEED REMEDY—Dr. Henderson's Herb Tablets; Natural Cure for Rheumatism, Constipation, Eczema, Kidney Liver and Stomach troubles. Three months' treatment for \$1, postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 5-17

Help Wanted

WANTED—10 refined young women as probationers in our training school for nurses; complete course of lectures and practical work; one year H. S. necessary; great and increasing demand for graduate nurses. Write to Memorial Hospital, 3166 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, U.S.A. 5-17

WANTED—Persons to grow mushrooms for us at home; from \$15 per week upwards can be made by using waste space in yards or gardens (start now); illustrated booklet sent free. Address Montreal Supply Company, Montreal. 6-17

Stamps for Sale

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

STAMPS FREE to all applicants for our famous approvals. Atlas Stamp Co., 1954 Montreal Street, Regina. 4-17

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSING—The ideal profession. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, 709 I Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada. 4-17

Sheet Music

RECRUITING—Patriotic Play; a chance for school children to assist Belgium and get the best patriotic songs absolutely free; send 10c. for postage and get full particulars how to stage the play. "Regina is the City"—a western song for all people; catchy words and catchy music; price 25c. postpaid to any address. "Miss Canada—Her Promise"—patriotic in meaning as well as name; the third act in play "Recruiting." Price 25c. post paid or all three for 50c.; post paid. F. McGuire, Composer and Publisher, Brandon, Man. 4-17

Miscellaneous

FREE-AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS—You are not getting the best results. Put yourself under the care of experts. Send two negatives and we will send samples free, together with price list. Developing 10 cents, prints from 2½ cents up, post cards 50 cents per dozen. We pay return postage. The Gas City Photo Co. Photo Supplies for the Amateur, Medicine Hat, Alta. T.F.

NOTICE—Exchange your troublesome cream separator for a 500-lb. high grade new machine with latest improvements. Splendid trade proposition offered. Write Dominion-Reid Separator Co., 80 Lombard Street, Winnipeg. T.F.

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN—Swedenborg's great work on "Heaven and Hell," and the life after death; over 400 pages. Only 25 cents postpaid. W. H. Law, 486-C Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Ont. 5-17

HARNESSES—The "Square Deal" Brand. Sold direct to users. No agents. Send for my Catalogue B, showing 30 styles. Thos. McKnight, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F.

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 35c. per dozen; Ever-ready, 25c. per dozen. Mail to Albert Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont. T.F.

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings, \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

SEWING MACHINES cleaned and repaired. Parts and needles for all makes. Write Dominion Sewing Machine Co., Winnipeg, Man. (Repair Dept.) 9-17

FARMERS GROW YOUR OWN HAY—Western rye grass seed, \$7.50 per 100. Sutherland Clark, Ponteix, Sask. 4-17

LADIES—Write for our "Wash Material" samples. Large booklet free on application. Harry Tolton, Kitchener, Ont. 7-17

J. D. A. EVANS, Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. T.F.

We turned out in force to watch him go—and then as soon as he was safely out of earshot we laughed and laughed until our sides ached.

Ten o'clock came, and no sign of the Kid, then eleven o'clock, and the number of those who were sitting up for his crestfallen return had dwindled to one or two. When midnight came I turned in myself—and I was the last to blow out the light in the bunk house. The only reason I waited up so long was that I was a little bit scared that the Kid might get drunk and get in some row—but I ought to have known him better.

And then, just as I was dropping off to sleep I heard the thud, thud of his pony's feet, and presently the Kid's voice as he spoke to his horse when he turned it into the corral. A few minutes later he reached the bunk house, and stood for a while looking out over the silent sleeping prairie. A pretty picture of a healthy young animal he made as he stood there outlined in the doorway, his shoulders jaunty with the pride of his youth, and his big broad rimmed Stetson pushed back to show the curly mop of his hair. Then he took something white and soft like a lady's handkerchief out of his pocket, and kissed it, and while he stood there in the doorway I dropped asleep.

No amount of questioning the next day gained any information, and so, in the end the joke was on the boys, for they never found out any more than that the Kid had got his letter and gone to town.

The next evening the Kid turned up missing. No one saw him start, but as his horse was not in the corral there was only one conclusion to come to—and that is the story of how we introduced the Kid to the Girl in the Red Sweater.

The joke was most certainly turned on us—but the Kid never said anything to the rest of the boys, or told them anything of his business—only he began going to town about three times a week.

Then one day, several months later, the Kid and I were told off to ride out over Little Canyon way, looking for strays. I liked going out alone with the Kid, because he was usually such good company, but to-day he sat his horse stiff and erect, and kept his lips as silent as the Sphinx, or whoever the guy is.

Presently I said to him: "What's biting, Kid?"

He withdrew his gaze from the distant horizon, and turned and looked at me, and said "Nothing."

"Glad to hear it" I laughed at him, "but don't hurt yourself explaining." "No," he said, and dropped back into his silence again. We rode on without speaking for a while, and finally it got on my nerves, and I asked him right out what the matter was.

At this the Kid laughed—his old happy buoyant laugh. "Why, nothing," he said, "only everything is so wonderful that I scarcely know what to say."

Once we had the ice broken he loosened up a bit, and continued, half shyly.

"Everything is so wonderful that I want to talk about it—and yet Bud it is all so sacred that I don't like mentioning it."

And then, having got so far he went on and told me the rest, with no one but myself to hear him, and all the wide range of the rolling prairie round us.

As he talked, still half shyly, and yet half proudly, some old lines of poetry that I had once read came back to me:

"By the bitter road the younger son must tread

Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own."

and I felt like clapping the Kid on the back and saying to him "You lucky boy, you big clean lucky boy." For I had trodden that bitter road myself, and had found it long and hard and full of pitfalls—and I had been broken in the treading—but to the Kid the way was now broad and smooth, for he had come early to the gateway that would lead him to his Kingdom of Happiness. A saddle of my own I could have at any time I wanted it—the best saddle too that town could supply—but a hearth of my own!

And while the Kid talked of blue eyes that looked fearlessly into yours, and of elfish little locks of brown hair with their faint faraway aroma of violets, the memory of my own foolish years behind me came back and mocked and haunted

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much.

And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it.

So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save you the whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally, P. A. Morris, Mgr., Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. (Factory, 79-81 Portland Street, Toronto).



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

It Doesn't Pay

to buy inferior articles for home use, no matter how small the article is. With matches, as with everything else, it pays to buy the best.

Eddy's Silent Parlor Matches

will save your time and temper, for they are good strikers—safe, sure and silent.

ALWAYS ASK FOR EDDY'S



SILK All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—Just what you need for making Crazy Quilts, Cushions, etc.; large packet 10c., or 3 for 25c. SEWING EM-BROIDERY SILK—Large packet of best quality in assorted colors 10c., or 3 for 25c. We pay postage. Order now and receive our catalog free. United Sales Co., Station B., Winnipeg, Man.

me, and I realized the price of the folly that I was paying, and must pay as long as life was left to me.

For I had my chance the same as the Kid, but no good woman's love had ever come into my life as it had come into his (else things might be different now) and I knew that I could never have any woman's white soft arms around my neck, and be able to call her wife—nor would little baby fingers ever play with my heartstrings.

And as we rode the Kid talked, and told me of the girl. Much of it was sentimental, but told in the way that the Kid told me, it was too sacred for me to repeat to you here.

He had ridden into town in answer to her letter, not dreaming that it was only a joke—and then after all there she was waiting outside the Post Office just as the letter said she would be. So the Kid walked up to her, and held out his hand and said "I've come," and she looked at him like a frightened bird and then whispered so low that the Kid could scarcely hear her "I'm glad!"

In that brief instant that their eyes met, each of them realized that they wanted one another, and both of them understood, almost instinctively, that they were up against the biggest thing in their lives.

A thousand years ago the Kid would just have held out his arms and said "Come!"—but now civilization and convention had built a wall round the yearning of their hearts.

So they went for a walk, this first evening, these two, each one a little in awe of the other, he of her tenderness, she of his size, and both of them wholly afraid of this wonderful new thing that had happened to them. So the weeks passed—and now the Kid was sitting on his horse and letting me into his important secret. "I'm trying so hard to be worthy of her" he said, but at this I stopped him.

"You are worthy," I told him. "A big clean boy like you need not be ashamed to tell any woman that he loved her." And then I told him my own sordid story of how I had ruined my life. He listened in silence, and then held out his hand.

"Poor old Bud" he said, as our hands gripped "it must hurt pretty badly."

"It didn't until to-day," I said—"but you can always recognize the cross when you put it up against pure gold." As we rode he told me of all his plans and all his hopes—the wedding was to be in the spring—and while I listened to his voice I realized that we had lost the Kid forever—but we had gained a man in his place.

Just before we stopped for a bite to eat at noon I said: "I shall come over and see you often when you get settled down on the homestead. And I shall want to be allowed to play with the baby."

And at this he laughed, and then said: "You'll always be welcome Bud—after that letter."

"What letter?" I asked sharply. But the Kid wagged a forefinger at me, and laughed. "You know" was all he would say.

"Old bachelors like me" I told him "don't run round playing Cupid."

"Old bachelors like you and Baldy" said the Kid, solemnly "would do anything!"

Well, perhaps the Kid is right. That Baldy is certainly one old son of a gun—but this wasn't Baldy's story.

The Chain of Witnesses

"Christ is risen." The choirs sing about it. The preachers proclaim it. The multitudes believe it. Does it seem strange that because a small group of sad-eyed, discouraged men and women, almost two thousand years ago, suddenly came to believe that a Man they had loved had returned to life after being executed on the cross, people should still believe it to-day? Nineteen centuries is a long time, and Palestine is far away. How is it that the belief of the first Christians has laid hold upon us?

It is not enough to explain it as an old tradition, handed down from generation to generation. If the experience of the apostles and the three Marys and the five hundred brethren to whom He made Himself known were the only reason for keeping Easter, it is not prob-

able that Easter would still be kept. Faith that is only handed on does not survive as this faith has survived. There must be another reason.

The other reason is that there has never been an age since the first Christian age until now when there were not among the peoples of the earth those to whom Christ had become a living person. The healing of the seamless dress has been by beds of pain. In the midst of the storm and the stress of life, despairing men and women have reached out to touch Him, and they have touched Him and been made whole again. Martyrs, stretched on the agonizing rack, have heard Him. Other martyrs, bound among the burning fagots, have seen Him in the fire. Tempted men have sought Him in the hour of their temptation, and His arm has sustained them. Such as they do not need to be told that long ago, on a Sunday morning in the spring, the grave released Him. They know that

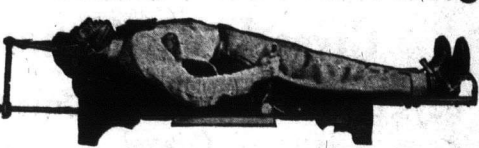
He is released, for He has become the living power of their lives.

When the eleven, after the tragic death of Judas, chose a twelfth apostle, they did so that he might become a witness with them of the resurrection. Since then, from all nations and tribes, a great company whom God alone can number has been added to the chain of witnesses. Daily their number is increased. Easter is Easter, not because Jesus rose long ago, but because Jesus still lives, and because there are among us those who know that He lives.

We are assured by the New York Tribune that it found the following interesting notice in the columns of an enterprising weekly newspaper published in a small town in Minnesota:

"I have been instructed by the Village Council to enforce the Ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk."

Get Well—Grow—Be Young



This is a university discovery, the most important machine ever made for the use of the laity. It re-makes and rejuvenates the human body, produces normal spines, frees impinged and irritated nerves and blood vessels, improves circulation and drainage of the body. You use it in the home upon every member of the family. You get Osteopathic and Chiropractic results. The only device in the world for the scientific correction of spinal curvatures and deformities. It will increase the body's length. Address: **Pandulator Sales Co., Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio**

HILL'S WONDER RING FREE
Will never tarnish—made of Persian Ivory. Will last a life time. To make new friends I will send this Ring for 12c to help pay adv. Order today—now. R. C. Hill, Dept. 20 Sattle Creek, Minn.

PERCY'S PUZZLED! WANTS Your Help!!
\$510.00 in Cash Prizes to be Awarded



MARY'S letter is surely a puzzler. She has so mixed up the letters in the names of things she would like Percy to give her for her birthday gift that they spell something different entirely. Sometimes she has even made two or three words out of one name, as in number nine, which is undoubtedly "Diamond Ring."

Each of the names in Mary's letter represents a present that any girl would like to receive for her birthday. You know one of them; now try to solve the remaining names, and when you do, re-write Mary's letter, substituting what you consider the correct names and send your solution to us. In this interesting contest we will award

\$510.00 in Cash Prizes

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1st Prize \$150.00 in Cash | 14th Prize \$5.00 in Cash |
| 2nd Prize 75.00 in Cash | 15th Prize 5.00 in Cash |
| 3rd Prize 50.00 in Cash | 16th Prize 5.00 in Cash |
| 4th Prize 35.00 in Cash | 17th Prize 3.00 in Cash |
| 5th Prize 25.00 in Cash | 18th Prize 3.00 in Cash |
| 6th Prize 20.00 in Cash | 19th Prize 3.00 in Cash |
| 7th Prize 15.00 in Cash | 20th Prize 3.00 in Cash |
| 8th Prize 10.00 in Cash | 21st Prize 2.00 in Cash |
| 9th Prize 10.00 in Cash | 22nd Prize 2.00 in Cash |
| 10th Prize 10.00 in Cash | 23rd Prize 2.00 in Cash |
| 11th Prize 5.00 in Cash | 24th Prize 2.00 in Cash |
| 12th Prize 5.00 in Cash | 25th Prize 2.00 in Cash |
| 13th Prize 5.00 in Cash | 26th Prize 2.00 in Cash |

Fifty Cash Prizes of \$1.00 each

PERCY'S PLAN WILL HELP YOU
THE first thing Percy did was to walk through the stores and make a list of all the things that would make nice presents for a girl, so that he could compare his lists with Mary's and see how many names would fit in the puzzling words. He was surprised to find the number of nice things one could get for a girl, for very soon his list contained the following: Sewing set, umbrella, wrist watch, silk waist, manicure set, jewel case, kid gloves, lace handkerchiefs, napkin ring, earrings, silver thimble, diamond ring, candy, photo frame, necklace, books, bracelet, slippers, card case, travelling bag, purse, brooch, shawl, toilet set, perfume, flowers, set of furs, lace collar, etc., etc. These suggested presents may help you. Get a pencil and paper and try!

How to Send Your Answers

USE one side of the paper only in writing out Mary's letter and keep it the same in form as given above, merely substituting your solution of the proper names in place of the jumbled ones. In the lower left hand corner instead of the postscript put your full name (stating Mr., Miss or Mrs.) and your full address. Anything else must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Do not send fancy, drawn or typewritten answers. A contestant may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle but only one set may win a prize and not more than one prize will be awarded in any family. Entry to the contest is barred to all employees of this Company and their relatives.

NO EXPENSE IS ATTACHED TO THIS GREAT CONTEST ANY ONE CAN WIN A FINE CASH PRIZE

THIS interesting contest is reproduced from this month's issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—Canada's Greatest Home Magazine. IT IS OPEN TO ALL. You may enter and win a big prize whether you are a reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine, spend a single penny, nor buy anything in order to compete. When your answers are received, the publishers of this great magazine will gladly send you FREE OF ALL COST a sample copy of the very latest issue in order that you and your friends may know what a live, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine is published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You'll surely like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. THERE is nothing in Canada like it for bright, entertaining stories, timely, interesting articles, up-to-the-minute fashions, etc. It abounds with beautiful illustrations and departments of interest to every one in the family. More than 130,000 Canadian homes gladly take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and welcome it every month. It is supplanting American magazines in the favor of Canadians everywhere, and you will like it and agree that it is the most interesting magazine being produced in Canada.

FRANKLY this great contest is intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and introduce it to friends and readers in all parts of Canada; so read carefully the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD which we send you, show it to the members of your family and discuss it with your friends. To qualify your entry to stand for the judging and awarding of these big cash prizes we will ask you to write and tell us just what you think of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and to help us further advertise and introduce it by showing your sample copy to just three or four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate this worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You can easily render this simple favor and through it an additional Cash Reward is guaranteed and will be paid to you at once.

How the Prizes Will be Awarded

AS soon as your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of names solved correctly, send you your free copy of the magazine and the big list of cash prizes and rewards that you can win, as well as names and addresses of hundreds of winners of big prizes from EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

THE judging of the entries will be in the hands of three independent judges, having no connection with this firm, whose names we will tell you in due course, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The awards will be given to the senders of the best opinions and sets of answers qualified according to the rules and conditions of the contest. In judging the entries to the puzzle, points of merit will be (a) sets having most correct answers; (b) general neatness and appearance of the entry (handwriting, spelling, punctuation and style all being considered); and the merit of both the answers and your opinions will be coupled in making the decisions on the awards. All answers must follow the form of Mary's letter, but containing the sender's solutions for the proper names as called for above. Answers in any other form will not be considered. The contest will close promptly at P.M., August 28th, promptly after which judging will be commenced and the prizes awarded. Study Mary's letter and try for the correct solution now. Entirely in addition to the competitive prizes, an extra cash reward is guaranteed and may be secured at once by every contestant complying with the conditions of the contest. Address your answer to:—

The Contest Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD. 33 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

MAGNIFIED COPY OF MARY'S LETTER

Dear Percy,

Since you have so kindly asked me to suggest a birthday present that I would like I am sending you a little list to think over. If you can puzzle this out in time for my birthday I would just love to receive any of the following:

1. BALL RUME.
2. OH C ROB.
3. DEVILS KOG
4. SORE STUFF.
5. BELT CARE.
6. SCARE CAD.
7. GRANSIRE.
8. C CAN LEEK.
9. DO MI DARNING.
10. TRaine MUSEC.

P.S. I have printed the words so that you can read them easily!

Sincerely yours
Mary.

\$150 IS FIRST PRIZE

Well Known Farmer Gives His Evidence

Says Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Gravel

Mr. William Wood of Hadlington, Ont., is Added to Long List of Cures By the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Hadlington, Ont., April 3rd.

(Special.)—Mr. William Wood, a well-known farmer living near here, is shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He claims they cured him of two of the most painful and dangerous forms of kidney trouble, bladder trouble and gravel.

"Yes, I was troubled with gravel and bladder trouble," Mr. Wood said when asked about his cure. "But since I took four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills my troubles are gone. I also had heart flutterings and shortness of breath. There were flashes of lights and specks before my eyes, and I was very nervous. All these troubles have gone, too, since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Others in this neighborhood have used Dodd's Kidney Pills and found that they are the greatest of all remedies for kidney troubles of any kind. Dodd's Kidney Pills are specialists. They cure sick kidneys, and that is all they claim to cure. The reason they are given credit for curing rheumatism, lumbago, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease, is that all of these diseases are caused by sick kidneys.

There is BIG MONEY for you in Automatic Card Printing

Everybody—everywhere—wants cards—for Business, Social, Professional, and thousands of other uses. Good paying business all year round. Get our free booklet No. 15.



Pat. and Manufactured by S. B. FEUERSTEIN & CO., Chicago, U.S.A. 542 W. Jackson Blvd.

FRECKLES

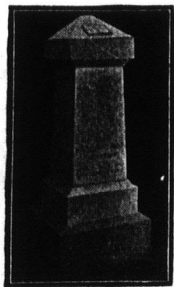
Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

RICH MONUMENTS



sold on a money-back basis direct to you. It is now possible to erect wonderfully attractive and enduring stones at prices within the means of the average family. Illustrated booklet tells how we do it—contains many epitaph designs—gives you the net costs on handsome monuments. This booklet will be mailed free if you write.

STANDARD CEMENT STONE WORKS
P. O. Box 104. GIROUX, MAN.

Make Your Own Genuine LAGER BEER at home with our Hop-Malt Beer Extract

Ask for particulars and price HOP-MALT CO.

Dept. 43, Beamsville, Niagara District, Ontario

Children

A Sailing Party

We had a sailing party at our house the other day.

We sailed to funny places, you can do that when it's play.

You see, it was my birthday, and 'twas such a funny fix—

The boys and girls invited all just numbered twenty-six.

We only had a little time to think about our trips.

And where we'd send them sailing, and how to load their ships.

Amanda went to Africa with Alligator-pears,

And Benny to Bulgaria with Buttercups and Bears.

Camilla chose Colombia with Cats and Currant-Cakes.

Then Donald for the Dardanelles sailed off with Ducks and Drakes.

Wee Eva was for England bent with Elephants and Eyes,

And Fanny fared to Florida with Fancy-work and Flies.

Grace sent her ship to Germany with Gingerbread and Gum,

And Harry hied to Halifax with Honey, Hives and Hum.

To India went Isabel with Ices and with Ills.

John (that was I) to Jericho, with Jumping-Jacks and Jills.

Kate started out to Keokuk with Kangaroos and Kites,

And Lawrence up to Labrador with Lightning-rods and Lights.

May's ship was aimed for Michigan with Money and the Mails,

And Nellie off to Novgorod with Nettles and with Nails.

Olivia to Oporto passed with Obelisks and Owls,

And Peter to Palermo's port with Pumpkins and Peafowls.

Tall Queenie went off to Quebec with Quinine and with Quills,

And Ralph was loaded up for Rome with Rattlesnakes and Rills.

Samantha steered for Sandy Hook with Sillibub and Sacks.

Tom followed, bound for Tarrytown, with Turning-lathes and Tacks.

Then Una took some Unicorns and Urns to Uruguay.

With Valentines to Venice Victor proudly sailed away.

Wise William went to Washington with Wagons and with Whips.

On the next one mother helped us—'twas the hardest of our trips,

She said Xerxes with "Xcelsior" to Xupa sailed his ships,

Yolande with some Yellow dogs sought Yeddo's port afar,

And Zenas last, with Zebras, finished up at Zanzibar.

Of course my mother helped us some to fit our ships and names,

But even so we thought it was the very best of games.

Clare's Shopping

By Edna Holman.

Clare tripped along the city street.

"Your slippers surely are shamefully worn-out, Flaxie," she said, looking tenderly down at the dolly in her arms. "I kept thinking about them all the time the boot man was fitting my new ties. But never mind! He has a whole glass box of the sweetest little shoes for you to choose from. And here we are now!"

Clare was so little that the man in the shop had to open the door for her.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray!" she said.

"I've brought Flaxie in to get all kinds of shoes and slippers to wear this summer, just the way mother got them for Mabel and me. We're going away to the country to-morrow, you see."

She plumped Flaxie down in one of the chairs where people sit to try on shoes.

Mr. Gray smiled. "Let me see, you're Mrs. Holden's little girl, aren't you? Yes, I remember; you were in yesterday. Well, we'll do our best for dolly. Some blue ankle-ties perhaps would suit her?"

"Lovely!" sighed Clare, settling back in a chair beside Flaxie. "And a pair of red ones, too, please, and some high button-up boots to wear on cold days. I want them all to be loose and comfortable."

Mr. Gray opened the glass case and brought out the three pairs, as Flaxie's mama directed.

"Put out your foot, Flaxie, dear, and try them on," she said. "Oh, aren't they beautiful and shiny? You must be very careful of them."

Flaxie, as smiling as her mama, was promptly fitted.

"They seem just right," said Clare. "You don't think they'll pinch her toes, Mr. Gray?"

"Surely not," he replied, gravely.

"They're a half-size larger than her old ones. Now, shall I send them over to your house, and the bill with them?" he asked.

"Yes," said Clare, rather slowly, for she felt a little uncertain as to this matter of the bill. "Only Flaxie must have a new pair of rubbers, too, to wear in the wet grass, and, oh! a pair of those cunning rubber boots, so she can wade in puddles if she wants to. You must

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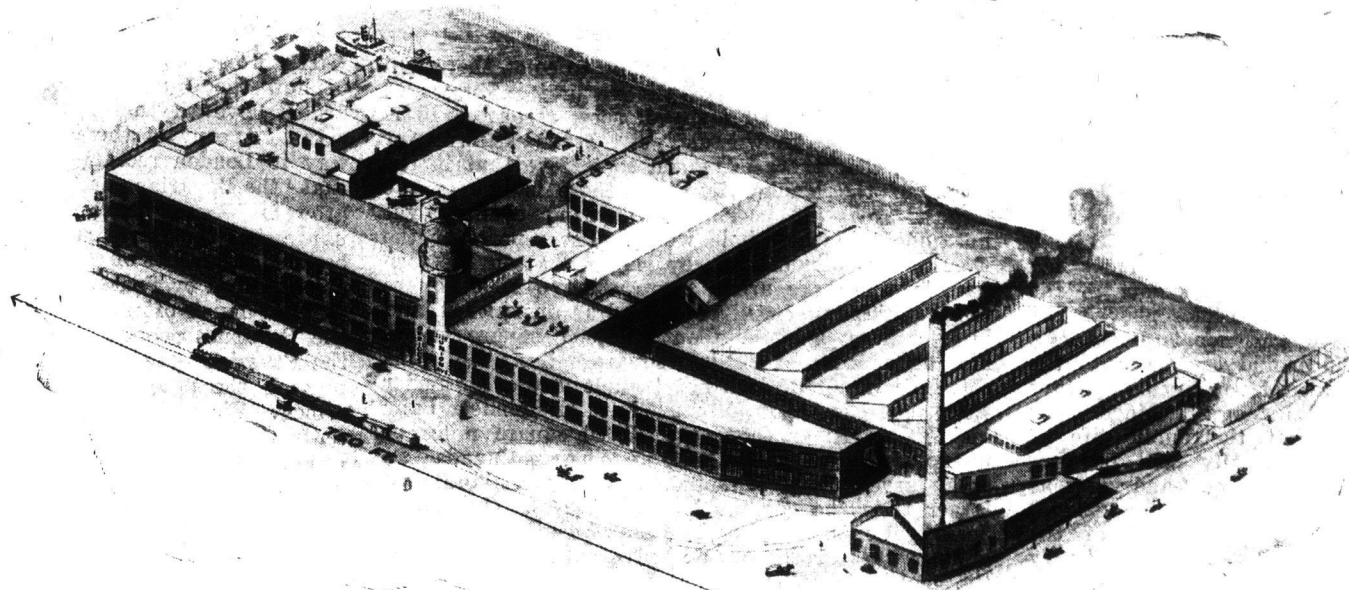
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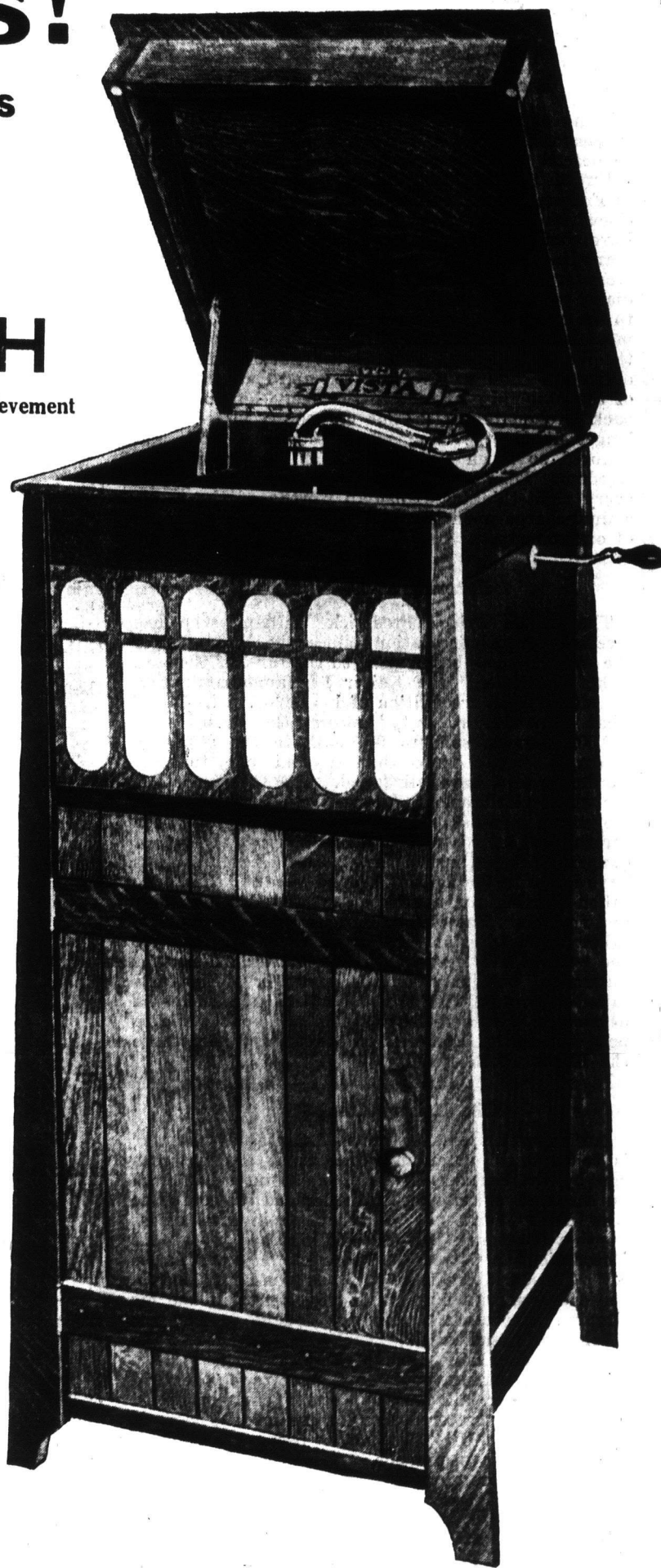
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The Philosopher

Progress Proceeds from the Prairies

Whenever the present Dominion Parliament comes to its end, there will end with it the apportionment of representation based on the Dominion census of 1901. The next Dominion general elections, come when they may, will be for the creation of a House of Commons at Ottawa in which the West will have the representation to which the census of 1911 entitles it, and which it would have obtained in the present House, if the last Dominion Parliament had lived out its full term under the provisions of the British North America Act. The Philosopher is not a seventh son of a seventh son, nor is he even a plain seventh son, that he should lay claim to the gift of prophecy; and far be it from him to attempt to utter prophecy about politics, of all things. But it is entirely safe to say that the public life of Canada and public policy generally will be profoundly affected by the infusion of new and vigorous life from the West that the next Dominion general elections will put into the Great Council of the nation. "Progress Proceeds from the Prairies," may well be the heading of the next chapter of Canada's internal history. The progressive ideas which have been germinating in Western soil are being carried to the East. Is it not unquestionable, to mention the latest case in point, that Ontario owes to the West its temperance legislation and its Provincial Government's conversion to votes for women? These two reforms are only part of a broad movement to bring the State into closer and more helpful touch with the life of the people; in which the West, is leading the way.

The Returned Men from the Front

Many of the brave hearts, the flower of Canadian manhood, that went overseas in answer to the call to defend civilization and freedom and humanity's future in this world, are at rest for ever somewhere in France, or on the shores of the Mediterranean, or elsewhere in the regions of the war operations. Many have come home already, no longer, alas, unscarred. Many more wounded and mutilated men from the front are coming back. The return of these Canadians, who went forth as their country's noblest gift to the highest of causes, has opened the first, and the most important, chapter of Canada's book of After-the-War Problems. This is the nation's foremost obligation—how to give practical and enduring proof of the national gratitude to the men who have come back, broken in health, but undaunted in spirit, no longer fit for the front where they have done and endured so much for Canada, for the Empire, for freedom. Their needs are and will be, in the eyes of every right-thinking Canadian worthy of the name, a first charge upon the generosity and the resources of our country.

Honoring a Degenerate

The Crown Prince Frederick William, who has received several decorations since the beginning of the war, has now been raised to the rank of General. "This promotion," the Kaiser has announced from Potsdam, "is in recognition of his devotion to duty." That "devotion to duty" meant the dooming of 600,000 German soldiers to death in the series of attempts, begun more than a year ago, to take Verdun, which have all failed. The Crown Prince, for whose glorification as a great military genius the movement against Verdun was begun, has been careful to keep his own precious body safely out of danger. It is estimated that 200,000 French soldiers have fallen in the fighting around Verdun; they have fallen fighting for their country and for humanity and freedom. The 600,000 German soldiers who have fallen in that region have given their lives not for the welfare and freedom of their Fatherland nor for humanity, but only in the endeavor—which has failed—to crown with the halo of military success a degenerate with a retreating chin and enable him to pose as a second Frederick the Great, and perpetuate the Hohenzollern dynasty.

The Kaiser's Inspiration

An important clue to the real causes of the war is to be found in an utterance made a few weeks ago by the German Emperor in an interview with an Austrian writer named Mueller and cabled to the New York World. It was that "from his earliest youth a few figures had followed him, and these were Theodor, the Ostrogoth, Frederick II, and Charles V." Theodor dreamed of world dominion, and in the endeavor to achieve it destroyed himself and his Empire. Frederick II likewise sought to rule the whole world, and failed. Charles V. succeeded to the crown of the Holy Roman Empire when it was becoming a German power, and undertook to extend his sway over all Europe. His dream of world dominion was shattered, like the dreams of Theodor and Frederick II. These have been the Kaiser's models and his inspiration. A hero-worshiper can imagine no more glorious triumph than to outdo his heroes; the Kaiser's imagination, ever since his youth, has been fired with the dream that where they failed he would succeed. His inordinate ambition has crazed him.

Unexplored Canada

Who can doubt that in the time to come there will be great developments of the natural resources of Northern Canada? Of many of these resources, little or nothing is known as yet. It is known, for example, that there is reason to believe that in the basin of the Mackenzie River there is one of the largest areas of possible oil-bearing country yet unexplored in the whole world. The reports of the Dominion Geological Survey shows that in Western Canada there are areas aggregating 642,000 square miles, which must still be classed as unexplored, and in Northern Quebec about 259,000 square miles, making a total of 901,000 square miles. And this total, be it noted, does not include any areas under 4,000 square miles in extent. East of Reindeer Lake and Kasan River there are 73,000 square miles of unexplored areas on the map of Western Canada—an area larger than Missouri, or North Dakota, and larger than the combined areas of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts; and the greater part of these unexplored areas are in what the geologists call pre-Cambrian formations—that is to say, in formations similar to those in which the rich deposits of copper, nickel, iron, silver and gold in Northern Ontario occur. No one can foretell what developments the future may see in unexplored Canada.

The Indomitable British Spirit

In this year of supreme sacrifice the British nation has earned the gratitude of every heart in the world that beats for human freedom and the advancement of human welfare. With superb steadfastness Great Britain nerves herself with ever increasing effort and determination to grapple with the difficulties and dangers brought by the war. So long as human records endure, the greatness of soul shown by the British people in this war will be held in honor. Only a few weeks ago there was raised in Great Britain a new domestic war loan of \$3,500,000,000. This is but one of the many witnesses to the indomitable spirit that created the Kitchener Army and that has shown itself so superb, vigilant and valorous on the sea, as well as on land. The present food situation in Great Britain is due to the deficiency in mercantile shipping caused, not by the German submarines, but by the voluntary sacrifices made by Great Britain on behalf of her Allies. At the disposal of France alone she has placed a million tons of shipping. British money has helped the Belgians, and has been given unsparingly to the other peoples to whom the German ravagings and systematic "frightfulness" have brought suffering and deprivation. Great Britain has financed all her Allies heavily. British sea power has done miracles in hunting and destroying German submarines and maintaining not only for British ships but for all ships of friendly peoples, the freedom of the seas which German ships enjoyed equally with British ships and all others in the days before this war, which the Kaiser and Ministers continue with futile falsehood to proclaim to be for the freedom of the seas. Truly this war has brought a new meaning to the word "Great" in the name "Great Britain."

If the German Plans Had Succeeded

One great fundamental fact of vital importance which too many people outside the nations actually engaged in the life-and-death grapple with Germany have not until recently realized, is that if Germany had won a swift success there would not have been the revelations of the true meaning of Kultur which have been brought about by course of events since August 1st, 1914, which has been so vastly different from the programme so confidently laid down by the General Staff at Berlin. There would have been a sweeping military triumph for the German legions. There would have been no Belgian atrocities, for the General Staff counted on having a free and uninterrupted passage through Belgium. France would have been crushed, as in 1870—for Berlin counted confidently on Great Britain being base and craven enough to stand aside and leave France in the lurch. And—this should never be forgotten!—the true meaning of war, as conceived and conducted by the General Staff would have been but partially revealed. There would have been no Lusitania outrage, no horrors of the Wittenberg prison camp—few, if any, of the long list of horrors on land and on sea that were caused by German exasperation at the unexpected, determined, and finally successful resistance to the carrying out of the carefully made plans of the General Staff. When we think of the bursting self-glorification produced in Germany by the qualified successes attained by German arms, it is hardly possible to imagine the frenzy of German pride there would have been, if things had turned out as the General Staff planned, and confidently counted on their turning out. There would have been such a glamor of stupendous victory for the German worshippers as the world never knew before—and it would have been achieved at a comparatively small cost of German blood and little, if any, cost of German honor. It would have been left to an inevitable later war to bring out the true meaning of Kultur.

How Bavarians Are Being Egged On

The world outside Germany has some knowledge of how the southern Germans do not regard with ardent love the hard, arrogant, domineering Prussians. A copy of the Munich Post which found its way to London recently contained bitter complaints that "the Bavarians are starving, while the Prussians grow fat"—such being the aggrieved editor's way of expressing the Bavarian resentment and indignation because shipments of eggs which should go to Bavaria are absorbed by Prussia. Says the Munich Post:

"How much oftener are we, as the spokesmen for the Bavarian people, to shout into the deaf ears of the Prussian bureaucrats that this people is tired of playing the part of Cinderella among the German tribes? We know that in Berlin and other Prussian centres many thousands of cases of eggs intended for Bavaria and already paid for by Bavarians are being held up with the evident approval of the authorities.

"Those same authorities, well knowing how badly food is needed in Bavaria, are Prussians. Are they about to seize these eggs for their own consumption, or will they allow them to rot rather than feed them to the Bavarian riffraff, as we have more than once overhead the northern officials call us? Urgent prayers that have been addressed to the Prussian bureaucrats by our businessmen and importers have not until now received a moment's attention. Are they blind in Berlin? Can not they see that things cannot continue thus? Must it come to a catastrophe?"

From the eggs which are the cause of these grievous Bavarian complaints may birds of evil omen for the Hohenzollern cause be hatched out. May the Allies soon smash the Hohenzollern yoke, under which Belgium and part of France now are, as irrecoverably as the yolk and the white with constituted Humpty Dumpty were smashed when he fell from the wall. And to help on the destruction of Hohenzollernism, may the Bavarians feel themselves egged on to assert themselves against the domineering Prussians.

The Last Resort of Frightfulness

One of the most ominously sinister pieces of news that have come from Germany since the last issue of The Western Home Monthly, is the report of the speech of General von Stein, the War Minister, in the Reichstag. It was an outpouring of lies and hypocrisy such as has preceded each resort to some new development of "frightfulness" by the Germans. Before resorting to each of those barbarous crimes against humanity which Germany has introduced throughout this war in the effort to horrify the world, and, as the exponents of Kultur have hoped, to paralyze with terror the nations opposing the realization of the Hohenzollern dream of world dominion, there have been these utterances of lies and hypocrisy to commend to German public opinion the coming atrocities. Just as it was falsely declared at Berlin that the French introduced poison gas, and that the British and French aviators were the first to drop bombs on women and children, and so on through the whole series, so General von Stein declared that the French were keeping German prisoners in exposed places under the fire of the German guns. Next we shall have it said from Berlin, with equal falseness, that the British are doing the same thing. Is it possible to mistake the meaning of this? Is it not a threat of the last resort to unrestricted "frightfulness"? But will not such maniacal savagery mean the swift descent of Germany to the utter collapse of moral degeneration?

The Kitchener Legend

"Most people in London," writes the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, "are hearing, in one form or another, the legend of Lord Kitchener being alive and a prisoner in Germany." It has also been having a currency in this country. Like the equally baseless legend of the many thousands of Russian soldiers landing in Scotland in September, 1914, and being rushed through England in trainload after trainload on their way to the war, it has taken several forms. The most usual one has been that of the mother who wore mourning for her son whom she had believed to have gone down with the Hampshire, the ship that carried Kitchener, until one day she put it off, and on being asked why, explained that she had received a letter from her son telling her that he was a prisoner in Germany, having been saved from the wreck, and adding, "You would be very much surprised to hear who is here with me." Every attempt to trace down this and the other stories of word having come from Germany that Kitchener was a prisoner has failed. Nobody has ever been found who has heard any such story from somebody who heard it from somebody else who cannot be traced. As Carlyle wrote of an earlier legend of this sort, the explanation is that such stories are a sort of survival of the ancient human belief that a great man cannot be overcome even by death, and, in some cases, the ancient human desire to attain a certain personal importance among strangers by claiming a personal connection with a great event, if only by having special information about it.

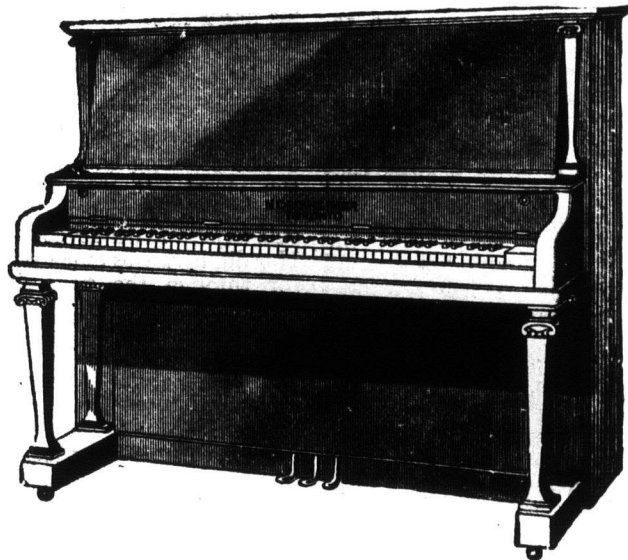
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- DOHERTY**—Cabinet Grand Piano, in attractively figured mahogany case of present style; has been used only a few months professionally. Is constructed with first class materials throughout, and is a piano of exceptional standing-in-tune qualities. Regular \$425. Now... **\$295**
- HAINES**—A Cabinet Grand Haines Piano, in attractively figured mahogany case, with plain panels and music desk. This piano is in quality something better than merely first-class. It is an instrument that we could not improve on in either material or workmanship, even if we were to add to its cost, for extra money would have to be spent on the case. Was \$550. Sale Price... **\$320**
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The Joss

By W. R. Gilbert

IT WAS a little old curiosity shop in a dirty corner of the Bowery. Outside, the faded inscription on the board announced the fact that F. Wright gave the best prices for old books and paintings. Within, F. Wright himself, a tall, spare man somewhat past the prime of life, was meditating on the advisability of keeping the shop open any longer. He had just decided against it when a man slouched in—a man with unkempt hair and beard, whose inflamed countenance and trembling hands betrayed the alcoholic subject.

"Guv'nor," said he, after a furtive glance around, as though to assure himself that he had not been followed, "what'll ye give us for that?"

From a filthy rag which probably served him as handkerchief, he produced a small hideous-looking Chinese joss, apparently carved or moulded out of some metal or weighty substance—the dealer could scarcely tell which, as it was entirely coated with dirty grey paint.

Mr. Wright's eyes sparkled. Here was a chance of making up for a day's bad trade. A wealthy patron of his was always willing to pay a fancy price for such curiosities from the East.

"Well," he said, "where did you get the thing?"

"Thing!" repeated the man, evading the question in a husky tone of reproach. "It's a beauty, guv'nor. Jest look how ugly he is. Worth a sight o' money."

"I asked you how you came by it?"

"Found it, o' course."

"Before it was lost, eh?" put in the dealer dryly. He drew a dollar from his pocket and plated it on the counter.

"There's my price for it—and no questions asked."

"Garn! What d'yer take me for?"

"With this coin," continued Wright, placidly, "you can obtain ten whiskies or an ocean of beer. Should you prefer the two mixed—?"

"Brass up, Guv'nor," interrupted the man, with a glistening eye. "Lor! but you're a hard 'un to drive a bargain, you are."

He stretched forth a palsied hand for the coin, pocketed it, and slunk out of the shop as noiselessly as he had come.

"Not a bad deal, if my eyes don't

deceive me," muttered Mr. Wright, complacently fingering the joss after he had made the door fast for the night. "I shall get a five dollar bill, perhaps a ten for you, old gentleman, ugly as you are. Queer taste some folk have."

His meditations came to an abrupt stop as a loud knocking suddenly sounded at the door. He hastily put the idol into a place of security and lowered the gas.

"Knock away, my friend," he muttered. "I'll open the door to no one else to-night." But the knocking continued so long that it got on his nerves at last.

He strode to the door in a passion and cautiously opened it. A dark, foreign-looking little man stood there.

"What the devil are you making that noise for at this time of night?" said Mr. Wright, roughly.

"Just one moment, sare," said the stranger. "Let me in and I tell you. I not keep you long."

The dealer, with no very good grace, assented.

"Now," said he, as the little man stepped briskly inside, "what is it you want?"

"I want," said the man, "a figure—image. He was stole from me. You buy him a small whiles ago."

"The man's mad," said Wright.

"No, no," said the other quickly. "You buy him shust-now-sheep. I give you ten—twenty dollars for. You make large profits, see?"

Twenty dollars! It was a big sum, reflected Mr. Wright, for such a shabby little man to be so eager to part with for a mere curiosity. All the instincts of the dealer arose within him as he replied:

"Call to-morrow morning, and we'll see."

"But I want him to-night. Come, m'sieu. You shall have twenty-five real dollars if you sharp hand over."

"No," said Wright abruptly, growing cold as the other became hot. "You are too late, I make it a rule to finish business with the closing of my shop. Call to-morrow and I'll talk to you."

A sudden flame of anger lit the little man's eyes. He quickly quenched it, however, and replied with an oily smile:

"Very well, m'sieu. To-morrow, then. Stay, one zing more," he added, as

Wright opened the door, "you keep him in safe place where he not get scratched, eh?"

"All right," replied Mr. Wright brusquely. "Bong sore, monseer."

"I'm in for a bigger thing than I thought for," he muttered, as alone again he more closely examined his purchase. The last sentence of the little man, intended to allay any suspicions the dealer might have had, defeated its own ends. This grey paint, or plaster, whatever it might be, had evidently been smeared over it to conceal whatever was underneath. Paint? He scratched it with his finger-nail. No. Plaster? He scraped carefully at it with a knife. No.

"Whatever it is, it's got to come off," he grunted. He found a small chisel and hammer.

Tap-tap-tap-tap-chip. A small portion of the covering had been forced away by the chisel. It was apparently a shell nearly half an inch in thickness, of what substance the dealer could not determine. Nor did he waste much time in conjecture, for through the tiny rift his eye had caught the gleam of a jewel.

Tap-tap, chip, chip. The sweat rolled from Mr. Wright's brow, but he did not stop to wipe it. "It's like breaking open an extra tough money-box," he commented.

And a magnificent treasure the money-box proved to contain when at last the joss, stripped of its covering, stood revealed, considerably smaller, but with all its former hideousness accentuated. The thing was fashioned out of solid gold. Two big, uncut emeralds formed its eyes, two rows of rubies its grinning mouth, and diamonds its teeth, while its body was thickly encrusted with smaller stones. As the thing stood glittering there in the gas-light in its unholy beauty, it seemed endowed with a malicious life.

"By jove!" said Mr. Wright, wiping his forehead. It was all he could say for a few seconds.

What dark history surrounded it, he wondered? What lurid drama of robbery, intrigue and murder had it played the central figure in before it came to its present humble environment!

And the possibilities for himself that it represented! Honor, wealth, the flattery and fawning of society, even a beautiful wife if he desired such an encumbrance. Ah! What might this have meant for

him if it had come thirty years ago—thirty years of struggling for a bare competence. Still, fifty-six wasn't such a great age, and—he surveyed himself in the looking-glass—why he didn't look more than fifty, and might live to be ninety. He was abstemious in his habits and had lived a clean life.

It was late—very, late—before Mr. Wright went to bed that night, and even then he couldn't rest. His sleep was fitful and disturbed by horrible dreams of the joss. He felt quite thankful when, awaking with a violent start from one of these nightmares, he found the grey dawn stealing into the room.

The day passed uneventfully, but that night, just after the shop had been closed, there came a sharp, familiar rap at the door.

Wright deliberated a few seconds, then rose and unbolted it. There stood the little foreign man of the previous night. He would have entered, but that the dealer barred the way.

"Peste!" he exclaimed, "but have you forgot me so soon? The image!"

"The image," repeated Wright, coldly. "What image?"

"The image. The figure, statue—whatever you please to call. I call the last night and you say no, come to-morrow. Behold me here, I give you five and twenty dollars for—"

"See here, mister, you're either in liquor or error. I know nothing of your image. I'm not a fence, if you know what that means. If you've lost anything valuable, you'd better see the police."

"So!" said the little man, with an ugly snarl. "You pig-faced thief!"

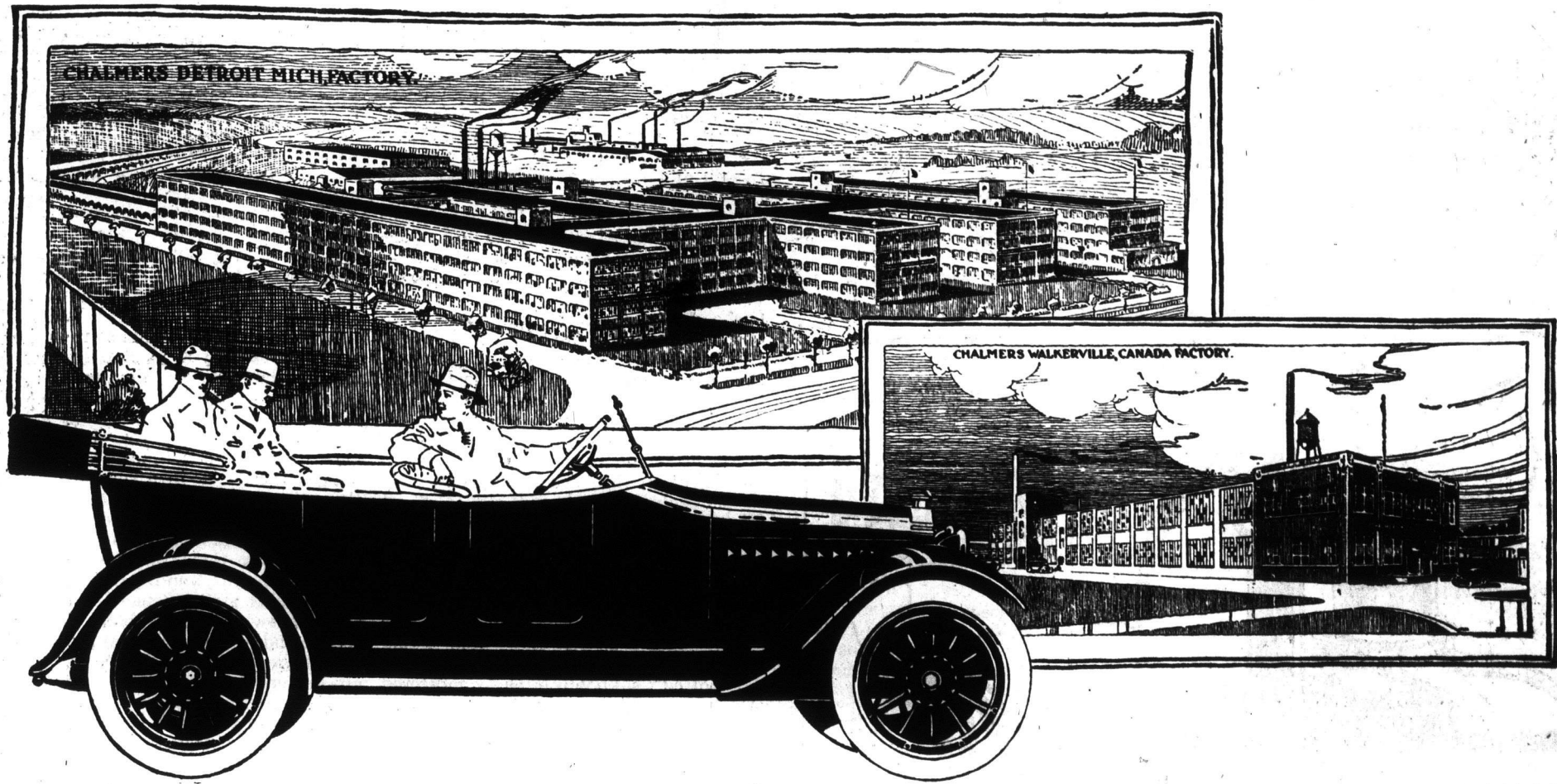
With a sudden movement he threw himself on the dealer. But there were possibilities in the latter's lean frame that the other had not foreseen, and in a very short space of time he was sprawling on the muddy pavement.

"There, my friend," said Mr. Wright, as he leisurely refastened the door. "Never call a bigger man than yourself names."

The dealer slept again but poorly that night, yet he was up betimes in the morning. In spite of his phlegmatic nature he was somewhat taken aback on opening the shop to see the foreign man standing outside with a deferential smile on his lips.



London was invited by its Lord Mayor to spend half an hour with him "to emphasize in no uncertain tone the capital's loyalty and determination to support our fighting forces." The response was wonderful and tens of thousands of people lined the terraces of Trafalgar Square to hear the Lord Mayor and other speakers. The "War Loan" was the theme of their addresses. Never has the Square witnessed such a scene. The photograph shows the scene in Trafalgar Square during the progress of the meeting. Posters urging the audience to contribute and take their share were to be seen on the fronts of buildings and on the Nelson Monument itself. The War Loan amounted to nearly \$6,000,000,000, the largest and most successful in the world's history.



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Success drives to business in a Chalmers. For,

Chalmers is a symbol of success that attracts successful men.

Chalmers is a car, a man, an INSTITUTION.

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All men know this mounting Chalmers success to be the living product of an ideal. They know the man who had the energy, the will, the integrity, the honesty of purpose, AND the capacity to turn his ideals into reality.

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Courage attracts. The pursuit of the Ideal is a magnet for leaders of men.

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In every city local success joins hands with Chalmers success. Big men in every territory represent Chalmers.

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In Canada the custom grows to speak with pride of "my Chalmers."

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Chalmers 6-30 5-passenger	- - -	\$1625.
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" Cabriolet	- - -	1995.
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Walkerville, Ontario

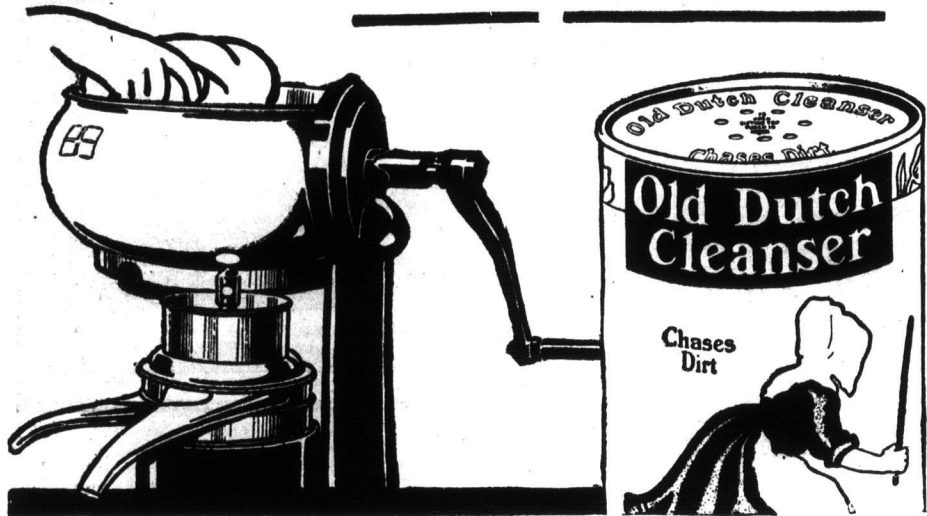
CANADIAN Chalmers





For your separator you want a Cleaner that cleans hygienically without leaving a greasy film — use

Old Dutch



"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Spent the night there?"

"M'sieu," replied the little man abjectly. "I 'pologise for my uncivilment last night, but my temper he is fast. M'sieu is vare clever—he penetrate my secret. That fellow he is worth much—M'sieu and I shall go shares. Half and half, eh?"

"At it again," groaned Wright, in well-simulated disgust. "Now, see here, monseer, for the last time. You've made a mistake in the street, more'n likely. I'm not the only curio-man in the neighborhood, and the last three nights have been dark ones. Anyhow, I ain't got this precious statue of yours what you rave about, and if you don't look sharp and make yourself scarce—which is American for go—you'll see the inside of a police-cell before the day's out."

The little man made a sudden suspicious movement to the back of his coat, then as suddenly stopped and cast a rapid glance down the street. Mr. Wright was startled to see the swarthy face below his convulsed with as ghastly an expression of terror as he had ever beheld on human features. The next moment the foreigner was scuttling down the street as fast as his short legs would carry him.

"Spotted a bobby, eh," muttered Wright, "or likely as not my mention of chokee scared him."

His eye fell on a revolver placed in the

making a great show of bustling about and tidying the shop. "You've had your say, now I'll have mine. I've got no time to waste with you unless you've come to buy something I have got. Once more, I tell you, I ain't got your joss, whoever he is. Is it likely, d'you think, I should say no to a deal with you if I had?"

The tall man's eyes glittered. "Very well," said he. "As you observe, I have said my say. But"—he lowered his voice to a hissing whisper—"remember, this joss you have in your unlawful possession is not the inert, helpless thing you think it. It has a soul—a living, malicious spirit you shall perchance find uncontrollable. Aye, shop-keeper! You laugh now. To-night you believe. You hear me? To-night!"

"Get up to any of your hanky-panky here, and I'll put a bullet through you," foamed the dealer in a sudden fury; but the other shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and walked away, leaving Mr. Wright strangely perturbed in mind. All that day the stranger's words kept recurring to his mind. In the evening, after having strengthened his citadel by sundry new locks and bolts, he sat by the fire and tried to think out the situation. Doubtless the idol had been stolen from an Eastern temple, and his last visitor was a priest, or, more possibly, the original thief who had disguised the thing in its mask for safety's sake.



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The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 a Year



British official photograph taken on the western front showing two fully equipped British Tommies discussing the war and the trend of events at a spot behind the lines. They are carrying considerable equipment for one man. One could almost start at the left and go round in a circle, naming the various articles that constitute his outfit—Helmet, pack, bags, bundles, canteen, rifle, not forgetting the long bristle brush. Despite their cumbersome packs, the men are cheerfully happy.

window for sale. He picked it out and started cleaning it with an oily rag.

"It is as well to be prepared," he reflected. "A man isn't coming into a big thing like this without some little bother."

A shadow fell between him and the door. A tall man, with parchment skin and snow-white hair stood regarding him. He had the high, prominent cheek-bones and narrow eyes of the Oriental, and there was an expression in the latter that somehow made the dealer uneasy. But he mastered himself and advanced to the newcomer with the conventional formula:

"Good-morning, What can I do for you?"

"There is one thing you can do for me—one thing you can do for yourself," replied the stranger, speaking slowly and in perfect English. "Restore the joss Nay, my son," he went on, as Wright was about to protest. "Let not your lips utter the lie that is in your heart."

"I don't know what you are talking about," replied the dealer doggedly, but trying in vain to meet the black eyes above his.

"Restore the joss you have lately purchased, I say. Money you shall have which will be of use to you. This joss will not. Away from its rightful shrine, it carries a curse to him who holds it."

"Look here," said the dealer roughly,

"Whatever he is," muttered the dealer, "he shan't come the bluffing game over me. No, nor all the gods or priests in the East at the back of him!"

But for all his determination, he looked pale and worried, and the modest Dutch cheese and pint of beer set out for supper possessed no attraction for him, though he had eaten next to nothing all day.

He consoled himself by another peep at the joss. To-morrow or next day he would sail for Amsterdam and dispose of it, or get the gems cut up to facilitate sale.

"Once get the accursed thing disposed of and I shall be able to breathe again," he muttered, as he thoughtfully undressed and got into bed.

Yes. Already he felt inclined to curse it in spite of its value. It had robbed him of his rest and appetite, had upset the steady habits of years. He started at the slightest sound, suspected everybody—the old woman who came in to "clean up" for him, the few folk who stopped to glance in at his window. Each one of them he felt would be ready to slit his throat to gain possession of such a treasure.

And now, though his eyes were heavy with want of sleep, he could not rest. The sinister face of this old man, his parting words, haunted him. He had hinted at something that night. was

it an idle boast—a part of the game of bluff the man was playing, or was it—

He rose up in bed and lit the lamp. What had come over the atmosphere of the place. Surely it seemed suddenly to have grown close and tainted. It bore down upon him with overwhelming force, dimming the light and growing thicker and more solid every moment. It tasted horribly in his mouth—it was choking him!

A deadly feeling of nausea seized him, but by a supreme effort he rallied, sprang to the window, and threw it open. How cool and sweet was the night air!

Something touched him lightly on the cheek—a spatter of mud, perhaps, thrown up by the cab rattling by just then. He withdrew his head and glanced backward into the room. The light was burning clear, the air in the apartment seemed clean and fresh. Inexpressibly relieved, he closed the window and got into bed.

Oblivion was just stealing over his grateful senses when the dull booming of some winged insect sounded from the corner of the room. Nearer and nearer it came, circling about his pillow and restoring his dulled faculties to life again. With an oath he sprang out of bed and searched the room once more. The noise had ceased and he could see no sign of the thing, but directly he was on the point of sleep again, it commenced buzzing round him, never once actually settling, but occasionally brushing his face with the tips of its wings.

Not once, but many times did this

happen, till the grey dawn, struggling with the yellow lamplight, showed a wild-eyed man peering in odd nooks and corners for an invisible enemy. Fifty, forsooth! The mirror said nearer seventy. A few days more of this sort of thing would make a madman of him. Should he give in?

He washed and dressed, took a nip of brandy, and felt somewhat better. On the doormat lay a note addressed to him. He tore it open and read:

"If the thing I spoke of yesterday has convinced you of the uselessness of attempting to oppose the will of the destroyer, lower your shop blinds at noon to-day. Your last chance."

Wright angrily crumpled the paper up and flung it into the street.

"There's his answer, if he's anywhere near," he said. The man by daylight was a different being to the shivering, sweating wretch of the night. The blinds remained up as usual.

The dealer had a busy day of it. First of all he instituted a complete search for his persecutor of the previous night, an unsuccessful search, though he ransacked the house from top to bottom. Then he went out, taking the joss with him, and made arrangements for his departure for Holland, shrewdly avoiding all back streets. Returning home, he packed up his most portable valuables in a couple of trunks. The rest, he reflected, looking round with a sigh, would pay the rent that was owing. The air of the States might not be healthy for him for some time after to-night.

Determined to take no risks of another night like the last, he had transferred his sleeping quarters to the top of the house. It was a small room, lighted only by a tiny skylight in the roof. He set the alarm for an early hour—the boat departed at nine—then rested his head on the pillow thinking he would sleep well to-night.

He had pasted paper over every chink and crevice of the door to preclude any insect during the night. Yet after all he could not be certain that there had actually been anything in the room the previous night. That strange buzzing in his ears might have been produced by the stuffiness of the place. And that in its turn—what had caused that? Who or what was the old man? What—

Speculating on these matters he fell suddenly asleep. And dreamed. Dreamed that he had taken the stones to the lapidary's and was watching them being cut. The stones were as large as his head and the machine, strangely enough, a kind of circular saw, whose rasping grated painfully on his ears. It grew louder and louder—a sudden deafening crash, the stone was split into a thousand fragments, and he was sitting up in bed—awake.

"What is it?" he asked, for it seemed that someone had called him by name. There was no answer, but the peculiar rasping noise he had heard in his dreams recommenced. No! It was the unaccountable buzzing, just as he had heard it last night.

He threw off the bedclothes and searched the room. From one spot to

another the noise led him in a hopeless maze of wanderings. It was the same as ever; he could see nothing.

Finally it ceased altogether. He got into bed and was on the brink of sleep again when it restarted. He pulled the clothes over his head.

Boom! boom! He could have screamed aloud as he felt its sticky legs about his face. He could neither sleep nor keep awake.

He started up in bed once more. At last! There was the thing, whatever it might be, circling with heavy wings round the table. Slower and slower it flew, till at length it settled. A mosquito!

Even as he had grasped this fact, it suddenly rose and flew straight at his face. Was he mad? For it seemed to him to have assumed the face of the tall, white-haired priest. "Your last chance!" it boomed. "Your last chance!" In a frenzy of rage and repulsion, he struck at it with the pillow and knocked the lamp over.

The old house burned like tinder and formed a gratifying spectacle to the crowd that, moth-like, had been drawn to it. To quote from the morning's paper: "Foremost among those who in the early stages of the fire tried to save some of the dealer's effects, was a tall, dark-skinned man who displayed an activity little short of marvellous in one of his apparent age; but modestly disappeared when it became known that no hope could be entertained of rescuing the unfortunate proprietor."

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DO YOU KNOW—

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DO YOU KNOW—

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YOU CAN—

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YOU CAN—

do this by helping to make every bit of land in Canada produce—the very last pound of food stuffs of which it is capable.

AND REMEMBER—

that no man can say that he has fully done his part—who having land—be it garden patch, or farm, or ranch—fails to make it produce food to its utmost capacity.

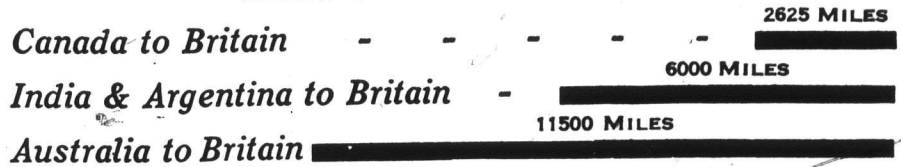
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The Department invites every one desiring information on any subject relative to Farm and Garden, to write—

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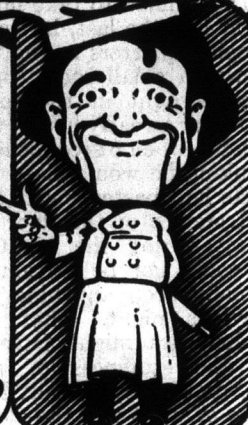
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Cooking Vegetables

While boiling vegetables the nutrients soluble in water may be dissolved out and lost. The nutrients liable to be lost include protein compounds, mineral constituents, and sugars. The Minnesota and Connecticut Experiment Stations have conducted interesting experiments in connection with this subject. The first experiments were made with potatoes, which were boiled under different conditions, and the loss determined. When the potatoes were peeled and soaked for several hours before boiling, the loss amounted to 52 per cent of the total nitrogenous matter and 38 per cent of the mineral substance; when the potatoes were peeled and put into cold water, which was then brought to the boiling point as soon as possible, the loss amounted to about 16 per cent of the nitrogenous matter or protein and 19 per cent of the mineral matter; potatoes peeled and placed at once into boiling water lost only about 8 per cent of the nitrogenous matter, although the loss of mineral matter was about the same as in the preceding case; when, however,

potatoes were cooked with the skins on, there was but a trifling loss of matter, either nitrogenous or mineral. In the baking of potatoes there is practically no loss other than the very little which may escape in the moisture given off.

To obtain the highest food value potatoes should not be peeled. When peeled, there is least loss by putting directly into hot water and boiling quickly. Even then the loss is considerable. When potatoes are peeled and soaked in cold water the loss is very great.

It is also been found that considerable losses occur in the boiling of other vegetables such as carrots, beets and parsnips. The loss in the mineral matter is serious, as vegetables furnish mineral materials from which teeth and bone are formed. Vegetables should be boiled in large pieces and in as small a quantity of water as possible.

To prevent the serious loss which occurs when the water in which vegetables have been boiled is thrown out, the water should be boiled down and used in the making of the sauces which are to be served with the vegetables.—F.C.N.

Woman and the Home

An Easter Fancy

In church on Easter morning
The lilies in a row
Uplifted buds of beauty
And cups of fragrant snow.
Between the organ's shadow
And the altar's purple gloom,
I heard them speaking softly
In the language of perfume.
"We are the souls of maidens
Who died in early youth,
Translated by the Saviour
In blossoms white as truth.
Out of the dust and darkness,
He called us, and we came,
In joyous resurrection,
To glorify His name!"

Minna Irving.

On Teaching Sex Hygiene

This subject has been pretty well threshed over the last year or so in both lay and medical literature. It is the consensus of all thinking individuals that sex hygiene should be taught the young more generally than it has been in the past, but the time, place and manner of teaching it have been rocks on which opinions have divided. Physicians, ministers, teachers and educated people in general have been heard from on this matter, but very little from the person most vitally concerned in the child's welfare—the mother herself.

The school is not the place for teaching sex hygiene, but the Mothers' Club would be the place. Only, do come before the mother in a practical way. The scientist is so seldom a good lecturer or teacher for the average non-scientific audience. I have talked with some of the mothers who have attended lectures of this nature. They came away horrified, disgusted, but not practically impressed; nor did they seem to have received the idea that the matter has any connection between them or their duty. To give such a talk to the mothers in the same way as it would be given to a body of medical students is a waste of time. To present the fact is one thing, to deduce instruction and moral guidance is another. Moreover, some mothers will need to be told not merely what to do but how to do it.

Help the mother to understand that the matter is not merely a subject to be suddenly discussed at puberty, but that it must gradually be instilled from the first moment that the baby becomes conscious of and curious about his little body; that the knowledge should not be given all at once, but bit by bit as the child develops; that sexual morality is the base of all wholesome life and can not be suddenly produced at any certain period, but is gradually developed through the emotions, the spirit and the will.

Let the mother understand the exuberance of young manhood, and that physical labor and athletics are better than "purity" books. Indeed, some of these so-called purity books, especially those that take the most awful instances of depravity from medical and legal records and put them in the form of a romance, are eminently unfit to be read by young or old.

It would be difficult to find in the world's literature anything more salacious than certain novels put forth—alas that one should have to say it!—by a woman. A well-meaning woman, no doubt, but fearfully misguided. It would be impossible, in an article like this, even to outline the plot of one of these in particular, so vile and revolting is it; yet this is "purity" literature, indorsed by a certain woman's organization and by "reformers," for circulation among young people.

In dealing with this subject one must be simple, one must be wholesome, one must be true. Any abnormal view of the matter is bad. There is another class of theorists who would make of our girls prudes and Puritans, and that is almost equally bad for the race.

I have given especial consideration to the young girl, because she will be most disastrously affected by any mistake in the matter. And never in the history of our country have our young girls stood in need of such careful protection and guidance as now.

Children and Thunderstorms

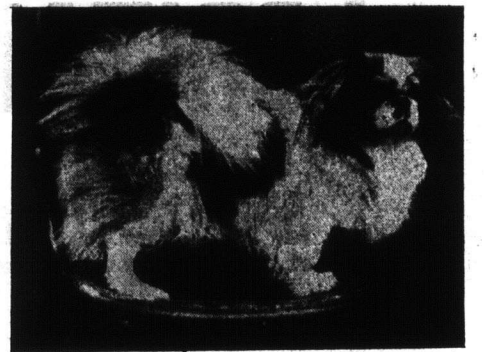
Anne Guilbert Mahon

"I am ashamed of myself," confessed a woman, "but I simply go all to pieces in a thunderstorm. I can not help it. I am terrified to death, even though I am in the house with all the windows closed."

Friends who had seen this woman in her hysterical distress during even a mild thunderstorm knew that she spoke the truth and that although she had tried hard, she could not overcome the unreasoning terror and nervousness which possessed her at such times.

"I inherit it from my mother," she explained. "One of my earliest recollections of mother is that she acted in just the same way. She would darken the house and make us children all go into the parlor and sit still. Then she would walk up and down, wringing her hands and crying at every flash of lightning and peal of thunder. We children used to cry, too. Thunderstorms were dreadful things in our house, and I can never outgrow my horror of them."

Inheritance, perhaps, it was of the mother's nervous, fearful disposition which had clung to the daughter all through life, even when she was a grown woman and ashamed of her terror in electrical storms, but it is more probable that the terror, the distress, impressed so strongly on the minds of the little children established a tendency to unreasoning fear of the lightning which affected their whole after lives.



"Nawata Swinley Li Lien," the highest priced Pekingese. A record price for a small dog of the toy variety was paid at Madison Square Garden when Mrs. A. L. Holland bought a Pekingese spaniel, Nawata Swinley Li Lien for \$2,000 from Mrs. M. E. Harby. The dog has been judged the best of his breed in this year's Westminster Kennel Club show, and also won the blue ribbon for being the best "toy" of any breed. It is worth its weight in gold.

What an example of fear, of lack of self-control, of nervous hysteria this mother had given to her children! Instead of soothing whatever terrors they might have had during the vivid flashes of the lightning and the alarming peals of thunder, she not only aggravated their fright, but fostered it, actually inculcating in their impressionable natures an unreasonable fear of electrical storms which they would find it extremely hard ever to get rid of. Few mothers of the present day would pursue such a course. Such incidents we hear of only in the "good old days of long ago," and good it is for the children of the present generation that we do.

There is no need for any child to be taught to fear an electrical storm. Some children are naturally timid and easily frightened. These must be reassured and comforted especially during such a storm, but never should the mother let the child see that she, herself, is frightened. This is one of the occasions where a mother can help to inculcate self-control and courage in her children.

A baby in his high chair, too little to express himself, began to cry as a loud peal of thunder alarmed him. His mother quickly took him in her lap and, little as he was, explained to him quietly and cheerfully (being careful not to show any apprehension of nervousness herself) just what the noise meant. She showed him the sky overcast with dark clouds. Together they watched the clouds "bump together." Then, when the thunder rolled the baby looked up first into the sky, then into his mother's cheerful, reassuring face, and laughed aloud. Nevermore would the thunder be a source of terror to him. It aroused in him interest and,

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as he grew older and understood better, he looked with awe and respect on the forces of Nature which his mother explained to him were the workings of the mighty God.

There is such a thing as going to the other extreme and making children carelessly reckless in storms. Every person should be taught that proper precaution must be taken in a thunderstorm. One should never, if possible, take shelter under a tree, should never sit at the open window in a direct draught, should take proper measures for self-preservation. The mother who does not impress this necessary conduct on her children is as culpable as the one who instills unreasonable fear and nervousness into her family. There is a happy medium. The mother should teach the children that there is danger in exposing oneself unduly to an electrical storm, but that when proper precautions are observed, if one is in a safe place—preferably in the house with the windows closed but not darkened—a thunderstorm is not a source of terror but a delightful and interesting panorama which Nature affords those who have eyes to see and heart to enjoy it. A thunderstorm is grand, inspiring, wonderful. Children should be taught to look upon it rightly, free from dangerous carelessness on the one hand and from unreasonable fear and nervous lack of self-control on the other.

To Spank or Not to Spank
Mrs. G. C. Sturgiss

To spank or not to spank—that had been my problem. As a school teacher before my marriage I had strong theories to advance upon the uselessness, harmfulness and utter folly of the whipping of young children.

As a mother I have to plead guilty to having resorted to the spanking method many times to enforce obedience. It troubled me that I must exhibit my own weakness and my inability to control my own children without recourse to the rod.

One day my little daughter had been more than ordinarily naughty, and two spankings had been her portion during the day. When I undressed her that evening I told her how sad her behavior had made me, that having to spank my dear little girl gave mother great unhappiness.

Quickly she turned her little troubled face toward me, and in a voice full of emotion she said, "But let me tell you, dear, when I is naughty den you wants to luz (love) me. When you spanks me you most broke my heart, you must dess luz me."

The little lady, three and a half years old, had preached a wonderful sermon to me, and I believe it was the answer to my troubled prayers for guidance in this matter.

The very next day when she was naughty I took her quietly into my room. Together we lay upon my bed, and I reminded her that she had asked mother to love her when she was naughty and that was what I was going to do. At first she struggled and was rebellious, but as she felt my arms about her, her little body gradually relaxed and her little grievance was poured forth. I talked to her soothingly, loved her, showed her where she was wrong and unfair in her play with her younger sister. Her arms crept around my neck and her assurance, "I will try to be dood dirl, dear muzzer. I do luz you, dear," was my reward for the time and energy and self-control required.

This is a child, self-willed, and hard to control. It is easier to resort to chastisement, but if you are looking for the ultimate good of your child, if you seek to steady him until he shall have learned control over his actions and his temper, and above all if you want to gain his full confidence, and retain his undivided love and respect, when he is naughty just love him, love him! In a month's time you will see such a change that you will not want to abandon the "love system."

Bathing the Baby

Mary Cook

So many mothers, especially young mothers, do not know how to properly bath a baby. I have seen mothers who did not give the baby a tub bath until

he was a year or more of age. But it is a very easy matter, if one once learns how.

First have everything ready before you begin—water, wash cloth, soap, powder, towel, clothing, etc. Have the temperature of the water about 95 degrees and a warm room with no drafts. A very small child may be bathed in a large wash bowl, but I used a small tub bought especially for the baby. When the baby is ready for the bath, hold him with the left thumb and fore finger about the neck, and the third or little finger about under his left arm, his back being against your hand, with your right hand under him for support. Then when he is safely in the water, use the right hand for giving him the bath, still supporting him with the left.

When one learns just how to hold the baby, it is no trouble to give him the bath, and there is no danger of letting him slip into the water. The bath can be given in a very few minutes, when he should be rolled into a warm blanket and kept covered until he can be dried with a soft towel. He should then be dusted with some good baby powder and dressed in his simple little clothing, fed and put down for his nap. He should be bathed before he is fed and at a regular time each day.

Experience Extracts

If sour milk has become very thick put it into a bowl and beat until light with an egg-beater. It will then be smooth and much better for baking purposes.

Upon removing a cake from the oven set the pan on a thick cloth wrung from hot water, and in a few minutes the cake may be slipped from the tin without further trouble.

Some Good Advice on Cook Stoves.—On a warm morning after a cold night the fire will not burn as readily as it does on cold mornings. This is due to the air in the chimney being colder than the outside air. To remedy this hold a burning paper to the bottom of the flue to heat the inside air.

A piece or scrap of zinc thrown on live coals will clean the stovepipe of soot from soft coal.

Soak some corncobs in coal oil, place two or three cobs under the top lids and under the oven, then close the dampers and light cobs to burn out soot which has collected. It is best to do this on a damp day.

A good cement to fill cracks in stoves is made by using equal parts of wood ashes and salt. Reduce this to a paste with water.

A Salt Water Bath—It is not necessary to go to the sea-shore to enjoy a salt water bath. One can purchase a bag of good salt at any drug store for a few pennies. Dissolve a couple of handfuls of salt in a bowl of water, add it to the water for your morning bath, sponge quickly with the salt water, rinse with fresh cold water, dry the body quickly with a Turkish towel, and you will feel as if you had indeed been bathing in the briny deep. The salt bath is too little used. It is one of the best tonic baths we can take, and one which is particularly helpful in the summer.

Essence of Beef for Invalids—Take a pound of gravy beef (leg for preference), cut it up small, and put into a jar with half a cupful of water and a pinch of salt. Cover closely, stand in a saucepan of cold water, bring to boil, and keep boiling six or eight hours. Remove meat, and when the gravy is cold it will be a solid jelly ready for use at any time by adding a little warm water. If the sick patient is too weak to swallow much, put a small piece in the mouth to dissolve. This you will find is very nourishing as well as being inexpensive.—Hilda White, Holloway, N.

Blackberry Cordial (for diarrhoea)—(From Grandmother's Cookbook.)—You boil together two pounds of blackberry sugar and half a gallon of blackberry juice. Remove the scum, then add half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of cinnamon, and two grated nutmegs. When boiled let it settle, and add half a pint of brandy. Dose for a child, one tablespoonful, and for an adult one sherry glassful.



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Fighting House Plants' Enemies

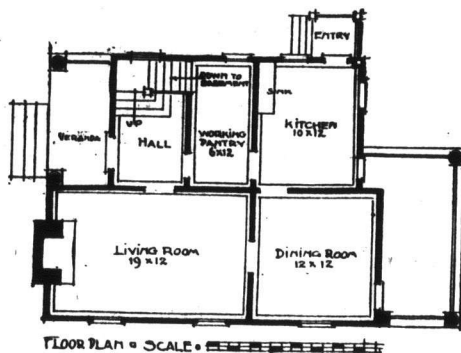
By Dell Grattan

The house plants that do so much to brighten our shut-in days of winter have each their special enemy, and guarding against these is one of the chief difficulties in our indoor gardening. Various baths, dustings and smokings must be resorted to. For the baths, tobacco water is invaluable, made thus: pour a gallon of boiling water upon a pound of tobacco stems, let stand a day, keeping warm, strain and use. To give a plant a plunge bath add enough of the tobacco water to color the water to be used. This is very effective where insects are to be destroyed.

Smudges to destroy insect pests are made thus: Put a few slivers of wood or a few matches crossed in a small flat tin, cover with pyrethrum powder, tobacco dust, cut-up stalks, or flour of sulphur, mixed with fine damp sawdust. Light, see that there is not too much blaze, and set beneath the infested plants; but be sure the smudge is not big enough to give out a scalding heat; better use two or three small ones if heavy smoke is required.

The special enemies of palms, red rust and brown scale, need to be washed off with strong carbolic soapsuds and a soft brush before bathing and smoking.

The worst among the insect pests are plant lice, mealy bugs, white and black



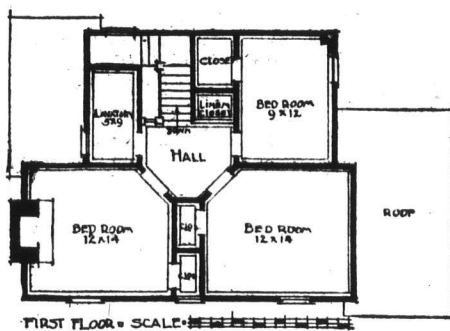
living-room with old fashioned brick fireplace, and two windows. The dining-room is also on the front. No day is so bleak or cold but these rooms will have a cheery atmosphere. There is a verandah with access to both dining-room and kitchen. There is a smaller verandah at the entrance. Every year we see a greater tendency on the part of the people to inclose their porches for winter use. The one off the dining-room would be admirable for sun room purposes.



The kitchen is 10 ft. by 12 ft. and if a separate working pantry is not desired, the kitchen may be left 16 ft. by 12 ft. and have built-in cupboards and bins.

The upstairs rooms are well provided with ample closets. The owner's room has a home-like fireplace—just the thing for spring and the first cool days of fall, when it doesn't seem worth while to have the furnace going. An ash flue running to the basement will be a con-

venience when cleaning. There is a linen closet conveniently placed, and a lavatory is at the head of the stairs. This house is planned to withstand our northwestern winters, and should have a well installed heating plant, either hot air or hot water. The construction is frame, with a stone or concrete basement. The stings should be painted white and roof green. Windows with small panes will give an added quaintness, and the chimney would be best built of red bricks



flies, red spider, and the various scales. Soap and water, smoke, and endless watchfulness will keep them well, but every new plant that comes to you from a greenhouse or hothouse must be suspected. Do not set it among other plants that are clean and in good condition for at least ten days, and then only after a thorough bath. If a plant is badly infested with insects it had better be thrown away quickly.

Tiny flies, black or white, are hard to overcome, as the least touch on the pot or plant sets them flying. To treat a plant infested thus, set it apart, with a stick higher than itself set into the earth by it; throw a thin cloth over this, letting it reach the ground all around, then slip under it a lighted smudge, and turn down over all this either a box or barrel with paper pasted over the cracks. After this has stood for two hours, plunge the plant into a tepid bath, keeping the cloth on until well under the water, in order to hold in any flies that may be left living. Splash the plant well, drain, and while damp, dust with either insect powder or finely crumbled tobacco, putting it on to both sides of the leaves.

For plant lice spray thickly with strong tobacco water, leave an hour, then bathe, and dust with more tobacco. A little flour of sulphur mixed with the tobacco makes the treatment more effectual, bathe in carbolic soapsuds next, and follow this with a shower of clear, tepid water. Another pest is the red spider which is invisible until it appears as red blotches upon the foliage.

Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood

Following our talk on "artificial incubation" last month, I will now take up the good old-fashioned way of hatching—"natural incubation." I must confess I much prefer this method of hatching, providing the poultryman or woman has a rational way of treating the hens before they become broody, so they can be easily handled at any time. Nothing can be more awkward and "cussed" than a sitting hen when frightened and untrained. A balky hen can provoke a saint, and many good settings of eggs are broken up by ignorant folk trying to force an old hen to sit when she does not want to. April and May are the ideal hatching months when nature's methods are employed. Have a colony house, or a box stall, or granary, any outhouse, in fact, set apart for the use of the broody hens; see that the house is clean, and either make nests in tiers from a 12-foot board, 12 inches wide, or save the boxes from the grocery and utilize them for nests. The average grocery box makes an excellent nest. Place a sod in the bottom of the box and cover with litter, shaping the nest a little. Then put in a couple of eggs. Try as far as possible to get a number of hens sitting at once. As they become broody place them in these quiet nests after dark, handling them in a gentle way. In a couple of days the most cranky hen will become used to her nest, and will get off and feed in the morning and return to her box. When several hens are trained, as it were, select 11 to 13 eggs of good shape and smooth shell, the fresher the better, and slip them under the birds. Sometimes when a bird seems restless, 'tis well to cover her over for 24 hours. Always have a regular feeding time once a day—11 a.m. does nicely. Hard grain, grit, water and a dust bath containing insect powder should be put in the house. After 20 minutes the hens should be ready to go back on their nests for another 24 hours. Broody hens should always be well dusted with insect powder before incubation commences, and once each week for the 21 days. I have attended to 15 or 20 hens in a couple of houses, or sheds, in a few minutes by this method, and invariably secure splendid results, providing the eggs are fresh and fertile. The breeding pen should be mated up ten days or two weeks before the eggs are needed, always selecting a lusty, vigorous male mated to 12 or 15 females. The pick of the flock, of course, should form the breeding pen. Choose the hen of good size and shape and color, and note her egg-laying qualities. Trap-nesting, no doubt, is the ideal method of finding the best layers, but an observant person can pick out the best layers also in an ordinary flock.

Should a bird break some eggs in her nest, as a heavy bird is apt to do, remove the good eggs and wash them in lukewarm water. Put in some fresh litter before replacing them. When six or seven days of incubation have passed, quietly remove the eggs and test them in the usual way. Save the infertiles to feed to the young chicks. In early spring considerable doubling up will be necessary; give 13 fertile eggs to each hen and fresh eggs to a couple of the biddies whose nests you have robbed. One testing out of eggs is sufficient when set under hens, though some keepers advocate a second testing at the end of the second week. Always keep a good look out for mites and lice. A restless sitter is usually infested with some kind of vermin. There is no need to worry if you see that the broody hens have got mixed on their nests. No harm will result as long as each setting of eggs has an incubator on the job.

When the 21 days is about up, leave the hens severely alone; often they will not leave the nest at all for a couple of days. A cover can be slipped over the nest then to prevent any chilling of the eggs and save the wee chicks from falling over the edge of the box or nest. If the chicks hatch slowly, as they will do in cold weather in an unheated house, slip your hand under the mother and remove the egg shells that are taking up room. Leave the chicks in peace for some hours, 24 perhaps, until they are "nest-ripe" and strong, then remove to a roomy, clean coop, which has been treated to a coat of whitewash or paint,

inside especially; at least, see the coop is disinfected. When the tender green grass appears, I prefer coops without a bottom in them, but, in cool spring weather a floor is needed; this can be put under the coop and a lot of fine chaff scattered on it. The mother hen is ravenous by this time for food and water, so I always feed her well before she enters the coop, then she mothers them with a chirp of satisfaction, for a day at least. By that time their tiny crops need some food in the form of bread crumbs or chick feed. I noted that at the M. A. C., St. Vital, the professor fed small chick feed only at first, and mixed with grit or sand.

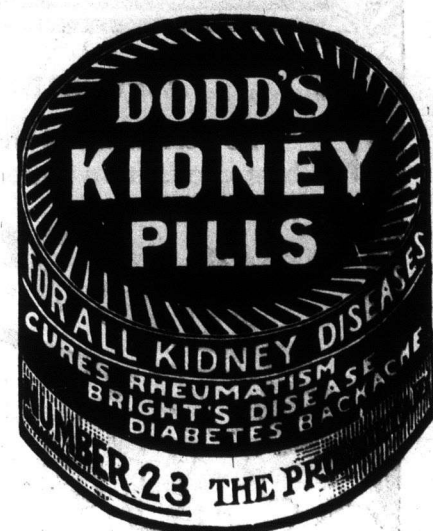
Except, in very hot weather, there is no hurry about water; give it in a couple of days. Other biddies will be ready, no doubt, to occupy the old nest vacated by the fluffy family, so clean out the box thoroughly and burn the litter; put in another fresh sod and clean material before setting another hen. Sometimes a keeper, in the spring rush for chicks, will feel tempted to double up two hatches of chicks with one mother and set the other bird with a fresh setting of eggs.

There are hens that can stand being thus imposed upon, but the practice is unwise. The mother bird gets very thin, and I have known them to die on the second clutch of eggs, from sheer exhaustion. I may say I am not cold blooded enough to ask a self-respecting hen to hatch out two families at one sitting, but I have seen it done more than once.

One correspondent recently asked about hatching turkey eggs in an incubator. Certainly it can be done; in fact, turkey eggs will hatch better in an incubator than duck eggs, in my experience, but the raising of the poults by artificial methods is the problem! I do not believe it can be done without great loss. Young turks must be mothered by turkey hens or, at least, by a common hen, in whose care young poults do well. The turkey is a wild, untamed creature; a most timid bird at best. A brooder is death to the small fry. Turkeys usually hatch better when they are allowed to make their own nests. We used to put an old barrel filled with straw in a fence corner or by a straw stack, and mistress turkey looking for a nest would spy it out, take to it like a duck to water, and lay her 13 or 15 eggs in it quite happily. At other times she was not to be fooled, and would steal her nest away in the



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brush. Anyone who has managed to stalk a turkey hen to her nest is wily indeed. Turkey eggs are much more fertile than those laid by ducks or hens, and hatch very well, providing the birds are not in-bred. In-breeding simply kills off the young in no time; the little things droop their wings and are dead in a week or so. A pair of breeding turkeys can be kept for several years. A couple of hens and a gobbler and a fine flock will result, if all goes well, but the male and female must be no relation to each other. Turkeys are very tender when first hatched, so great care is needed until the turkeys are six weeks old. After that they are quite hardy. Great care, however, does not mean confinement. The mother hen and turks should have fresh grass every day or so; green feed is essential to their growth and health, yet they must not be allowed to drag around after their mother getting wet feet in dewy grass. I used to tether the mother in an enclosure made of boards or wire that could be easily moved to a fresh patch of grass every other day, and had splendid success raising turkeys. The coyotes and hawks were the greatest menace to the flock, not to mention odd skunks. When only two turkey hens are kept, 'tis well to set the first nine eggs laid under a common hen. The turkey may go on laying a lot more eggs in her nest before she gets broody. If she is broken up from her dream of motherhood, she will lay another clutch of eggs very soon. I knew of one turkey hen two years ago that laid nearly 60 eggs before she finally "sot." Her's was a remarkable record, of course. When a turkey is hatching she should not be disturbed at all or she will try and leave her nest with three or four little ones, leaving the others to perish in their shells.

Turkeys hatch their eggs in 27 or 28 days. Feed the young on bread crumbs and hard boiled eggs and onion tops, at first adding chick feed and cracked wheat; later on, curds of milk make a good feed for a change and grit and charcoal and fresh water are always needed. Turks are troubled with head lice sometimes that suck their blood and make them appear pale and peaked looking. Fresh lard rubbed over the head will rid them of this pest. When the poults are six weeks old and begin to have a red appearance about the head, they are fairly safe to wander with old mother turkey to find grasshoppers, etc., and should be given range to grow properly. A good feed of wheat should await them on their return at night, to coax them home.

Weather conditions, such as a cold rainy spell of one week or more, will play the mischief with a flock of young turkeys. They cannot survive long, under such circumstances, unless well looked after.

The crow has been declared a nuisance and has "a price on his head," 10 cents no less and 3 cents for each egg. What a fine time the farm boys will have this season scalping the crows!

Certainly, the crow is most partial to young chicks and turkeys, therefore game must suffer from their depredations on the plains and in the marshes. Many a time I have lost chicks and eggs in the farmyard from the visits of the crow family.

Go for the Gopher

Just think this over. In the three Western Provinces there are 200,000,000 arable acres. Agricultural authorities tell us there are an average of ten gophers to the acre on this land—Two Billion Gophers!

They destroy a bushel of grain per pair per year or ONE BILLION BUSHELS! Canada and Canadian farmers cannot afford such an enormous loss. It means a drain of grain at a time when every bushel counts.

And it is a needless loss. Gophers can be controlled. If every land owner did his part, gophers could be exterminated. There is a sure way to rid the country of this utterly useless pest.

Poison, properly used in the early spring when green food is scarce, will destroy them. Oats or ground feed treated with Kill-Em-Quick and dropped in the burrows will clear them out with certainty. They like its odor and intensely sweet taste. It is absolutely sure death to any gopher that takes the tiniest particle into his mouth. This poison

is guaranteed and its manufacturers will return the purchase price to anybody who is dissatisfied after using it.

Go For The Gopher! Do your share to rid Canada of its most costly pest. Don't let the spring rush make you careless. Why take a chance on gophers ruining your crop and robbing you of your profit? Go For The Gopher! Follow the advice of the Manitoba Agricultural College, who advise the use of Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison, saying that in their tests 399 out of 400 farmers found it successful. They say it is cheapest to use and most certain in results. Let every land owner do his share, let every man protect his crops.

Figures You Ought to Know

Before you get to farming for yourselves, there are a number of standard figures with which you should become well acquainted. You should know how many bushels of oats, wheat and barley to sow to the acre. You should have a general idea of how many acres a bushel of corn will plant. You should know how to measure corn cribs and grain bins, to determine the number of bushels. This means that you must know how to determine the number of cubic feet, as well as how many cubic feet there are in the ordinary bushel of grain and of ear corn.

How many of you can measure a hay stack and make a rough estimate of the number of tons? Can you figure the number of tons of silage in a silo, if you know the depth of the settled silage and the diameter of the silo? If you know how many pounds of milk, a cow will give when fresh, can you make a rough guess as to what she should give when she has been milked seven months, under ordinary good conditions? Do you know how many pounds of hay the ordinary 1,400-pound work horse should be fed a day if he is given a fair grain ration? Do you know the weight in pounds of a gallon of milk, a bushel of corn, a bushel of oats, a bushel of wheat, a bushel of barley and a bushel of rye? How many pounds of wool will the ordinary sheep shear? What percentage will a fat steer, a fat hog, or a fat wether dress? What percentage of fat is there in ordinary Holstein, Shorthorn, Guernsey and Jersey milk?

Some people can remember figures such as these very easily, while other people—and oftentimes they are unusually intelligent people—have the greatest difficulty in remembering figures. The point I wish to make is that you boys should have figures of this sort either stored away in your brain, or else stored away in books in your library where you can easily get at them.

To satisfy my curiosity as to how good you boys are with figures, I am going to ask you to solve the following problem:

Suppose you have a stack of good quality clover or alfalfa hay, 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, with an overthrow of 40 feet. Allow 422 cubic feet to the ton, and figure out about how many tons there are in this stack.

How many milk cows, giving two to three gallons of milk a day, and getting a little grain in addition, will this stack feed during the five winter months? Figure that the cows are getting nothing in the way of straw, silage or corn stalks, but only the hay.

The Farmer's Friend

By Dora Read Goodale

The farmer's friend is the sable crow,
But the farmer doesn't think so, o-ho!
A robber he is, as all men know.

Caw!

He wears a suit as black as a sloe,
And pulls the corn before it can grow.
Up with a hand, and off he'll go!

Pshaw!

Beetles and worms, his friends maintain,
Furnish his crop and feed his brain,
But the farmer thinks it isn't so plain—

Pshaw!

While a shabby old coat, too poor to mend,
Flapping its arms, you may depend

Will never deter the farmer's friend!
Caw!

Milk is good food for hens.

To scratch is natural with the hen;
Give her a chance.

The St. Valentine Wedding

By E. G. Bayne

Many strange things find their way to the editor's desk. Our city chief had had at various times and seasons "the largest potato in the Cypress Hills," a banana bug in a bottle, a loaf of bread made by an eight-year-old Roumanian girl, a horseshoe curiously twisted by a freak of lightning, a string bean nearly a foot long, a Breeches Bible, a German helmet captured at the Marne and a bunch of carrots that were shaped exactly like outspread human fingers.

Being of Scotch descent the editor had carried the eatables home, and he had sent the tarantula to its last long rest by the cyanide of potassium route. The other curios became office fixtures and were admired or anathematized in turn, according to whether their beholder were a visitor, or merely Louis Simolski, who daily dusted the sanctum.

One day the editor handed me a double sheet of stiff cream-colored paper that bore on its upper half the following legend in neat hand script:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Raschowitz request the honor of your co. at the marriage of their daughter, Ray Rebecca to

Moses B. Isaacstein Tuesday, Feb. 14, 8 p.m., Empire Hall, Poplarville.

told us mournfully. "I got no faith in women any more."

Louis worked in the composing-room, where he was a general favorite. He had eyes of a warm and limpid brown, and the general expression of the choir boy, and it was rumored that the peroxide princess in the business office was ready at any time to accompany him to a magistrate, or preacher, and go through a life sentence with him.

But Louis attended strictly to business.

As I passed out of the city room I met him carrying a sheaf of copy and hurrying towards the telegraph editor's desk. Seeing me he stopped short, guessing my errand.

"Say," he said eagerly. "You know, my mother she keeps a nice clean restaurant at Poplarville. Drop in. You would, maybe, see the twins too, already. I'm going up on the ten-ten. The restaurant's across from Empire Hall. You got time, maybe, to call there for a cup of tea?"

"Perhaps," I said, being no tea fiend.

Poplarville is a small grain-elevator town about an hour's run from the city. I arrived about six o'clock and found Empire Hall without difficulty. Preparations seemed complete, and the interior was indeed most inviting. The walls had been draped with bunting and flags, and upon the platform, where the cere-



The Sister of Field Marshal Sir John French Killed by a Shell Mrs. Harley, who was about fifty years old, had served since the outbreak of the war with the Scottish Women's Hospitals. She was first attached to their hospital at the Abbaye de Royaumont, where the above photograph was taken. Later she went to their French unit at Salonica. There, where the female chaffeur is indistinguishable in her work from the male—even to the carrying of wounded on her back—Mrs. Harley served with such distinction and bravery that she was decorated by General Sarrail with the military cross. Upon her return to England Mrs. Harley joined the American unit of the Hospitals and left immediately for Monastir, where she was stationed again as an ambulance chaffeur, although at the same time head of the section to which she was assigned. Besides giving herself to the service of her country, she gave her daughter, who is with the Scottish Women's Hospital at Salonica. Photograph shows Mrs. Harley, sister of Field Marshal French, commander in chief of the home forces, talking with a group of patients at the Scottish Women's Hospitals at the Abbaye de Royaumont. Mrs. Harley was killed at Monastir, Serbia. She was in town with an ambulance of which she was in charge when a shell burst near by. A fragment of the shell struck her in the head, killing her instantly. Her life was heroic and her death worthy of herself and of the cause she served so nobly.

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"Go, cover that event," said the chief. "It's to-night and you have just time to catch the five train. It is likely I shall have to let Louis off at nine so that he can be present—(Poplarville is his home town). There will be some prominent Jewish people there."

I wasn't society editor but promised to do my best.

Our Louis had been disappointed in love. He hadn't been with us a week until we all knew about the false and fickle but oh! so beautiful, Rachel Grossmann, who had jilted him two years before because the "movie bug" had seized her.

"And just so soon she goes by New York she forgets all about me," he had

mony was to take place, there was a row of large blossoming house plants. All of the electric lights had already been turned on and an air of festivity hung over the room. From the lower regions the odor of coffee and the clatter of dishes floated up.

A young Russian Jew in a swallow-tailed coat and dark grey trousers, with a dress waistcoat and a red tie upon which sparkled a yellow stone, met me at the door.

"You are too early, already," he intimated, politely. "But you should sit down once and wait. The hall's going to be crowded. . . . Oh, you're the reporter! Excuse me. Mrs. Simon Simolski? She's right across the street, lady. Don't stay away too long. The hall's going to fill right away quick when it starts."

Louis had spoken truly when he said

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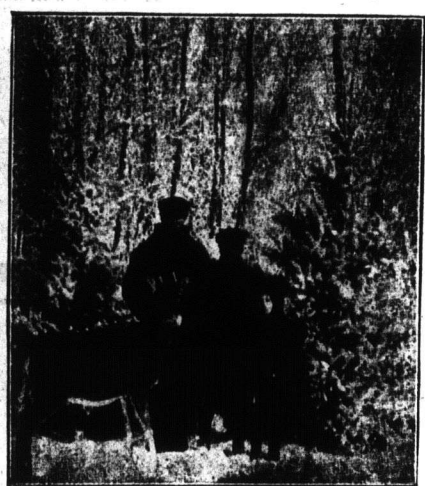
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Got Gophers?

Kill-Em-Quick

For further information see the Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison Advertisement on Page 47

that his mother kept a clean place. I ordered tea and sandwiches and chatted with the affable proprietress, herself.

"Big doings to-night," she remarked, as she pulled a child away from a tub of pickles—"Alexis! You now be a good boy or you know what you'll get! Them pickles are for customers yet—Yes, I'm going over when I get the babies asleep. Me, I made the ice cream for the wedding."

"Babies? Do you mean the twins your son Louis told us about?"

"Sure. Only a month old. You maybe would like to see them? Nix, it ain't no trouble. Miriam!"

The flirt of a red skirt at the rear door was followed by the appearance of a dark curly head peeping about the door-jamb.

"She's bashful already," explained Mrs. Simolski in an aside, and then: "Miriam, you bring here Isidore and Rosy."

Miriam, who proved to be a handsome girl of about twelve, came in, wheeling a twin go-cart, in which lay, or rather,

on account he's got weak eyes. The glasses he wears so thick they are—like an opera glasses. Ray Raschowitz is going to wear paylette silk, one dollar forty-eight cents by the yard, reduced from two dollars, retail. Her uncle what keeps a store in Saskatoon lets her down easy. I hear Mrs. Isaacstein she's going to wear battleship grey crepe de chine trimmed with—Now, Olga, you be a good girl once and mind Rosy and Isidore, and maybe I bring you somedings from the party."

Olga had crept silently out from behind a rear counter. Tear tracks lay upon her cheeks and she drew a long, sobbing breath while regarding me with a round-eyed stare.

"I wanta see the bride," she said, sadly. "Never yet I saw a bride."

"You are only ten. Lots of time yet you see brides," returned her mother. "Maybe," if you're good you get married some day yourself. Now, there she starts crying again! I'm surprised you should act like that! This lady here she



General F. S. Maude, commander of the British forces on the Tigris, who captured Kut-el-Amara and Bagdad. Shattered and disorganized the remnants of the Turkish forces from Kut are falling back with the British troops still at their heels. Cavalry and gunboats are continuing the pursuit of the broken Turkish units and gathering in huge quantities of abandoned war material. The moral effect of the British victory on the Tigris transcends its military importance. The greatest result, said one high British Army officer, is the restoration of British prestige in the Middle East.

reclined at a slant, two delectable morsels of humanity with black eyes and soft downy dark heads.

"I got it my hands full with them, you bet," said their mother, pulling the covers aside and lifting out Isidore. "Feel him. Ain't he nice and heavy already? Ten pounds. Rosy is nine. They were so small, too, when they were born. They've gained a lot."

The sound of weeping drifted in from the rear, just then.

"It's Olga. She's mad because I don't let her go to the wedding," elucidated Mrs. Simolski. "You, Miriam, wait on that oder customer, and then send Olga in here. It seems I got to talk to her some more yet."

The speaker went on: "My husband's at the front since before Christmas. Not yet he knows about the babies. Mr. Isaacstein what gets married to-night can't be a soldier

will put it in the paper what a big cry-baby you are."

"Let her come," I pleaded. "Couldn't you bring the babies along? I'll take charge of one for you."

"Not at your life! Too much trouble it makes for you."

But I told her it would be a pleasure, and she hesitated but a moment.

"Philip Goldmann, my nephew, he minds the store. Well, maybe we can all go. Yes—all right. I got to take Dimitri and Abie and Alexis too—I would rather as soon take a barrel of monkeys, but what can you do when you're married? Excuse me, and I'll go and get dressed."

Mrs. Simolski returned ten minutes later, resplendent in plum-colored silk, with a black lace scarf and long, white, near clean gloves.

Then, having gathered up all of her little brood and performed some altera-



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tions in their attire, she left some final directions with her nephew, a youth of fourteen, who was callously indifferent to weddings and the like, and we all set forth.

The hall was rapidly filling. We found seats about halfway up, and soon Mrs. Simolski was greeting friends upon all sides and introducing me to all within earshot as "the lady what puts it in the paper."

"The rabbi comes by Saskatoon," said one, Mrs. Nilsky, leaning over from behind. "He ain't here yet on account the train's late."

"Gott soll hutent!" exclaimed Mrs. Simolski, devoutly. "I hope Ray don't get nervous!"

and the six-piece orchestra began to tune up. The hall had now become fairly congested, except for the one narrow aisle up the centre, along which a strip of dark red carpet had been laid. In the crowd were Jews from every walk of life, with a fair sprinkling of some other European nationalities. Push-cart men rubbed shoulders with prosperous goldsmiths, and their wives smiled brightly at each other and mentally criticized each other's raiment in a spirit of friendly democracy, while babies wailed or crowed gleefully, and a small rowdy element hurled orange peel over the heads of the audience, from the rear benches.

"I'm glad there ain't no beer to-night," observed Mrs. Nilsky, who was eating

A PERSONAL REQUEST TO OUR READERS!

Winnipeg, Canada.
April 2nd 1917

Dear Subscriber

You are probably aware of the fact that magazines all over the world have been obliged to increase their subscription rates owing to the unprecedented conditions now facing publishers. Every thing necessary for getting out the magazine has risen in cost—particularly paper—so that it is no exaggeration to say that publication expenses are double what they were before the war. The Western Home Monthly has, of course, also found its cost of publication much heavier BUT IT HAS NOT INCREASED ITS SUBSCRIPTION RATE. It is still \$1.00 a year while there has been no reduction in the number of pages or of the quality of the reading matter. Under these circumstances, we feel that, having shouldered more than our fair share of the burden, you will be glad to help us in any way you can and you can best do this by sending us in your renewal without delay. Prompt settlement of subscription accounts will very materially assist in keeping the annual price at \$1.00 a year.

This is a personal appeal to your sense of fair play and because we believe that you really want to help us. If you can, perhaps when sending your own renewal, you will also include subscription for a friend that would indeed be real help—but send in your own renewal anyway. Thanking you in advance for your promptness,

Yours very truly,
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Subscription Dept.

"I hear a train whistling now," observed Olga.
"So do I," Miriam chimed in. "My! Ain't it a sad whistle! Maybe there's a corpse on board."
"Your daughter, Goldie," remarked our neighbor, Mrs. Nilsky, again, leaning forward with a bob. "I suppose she soon gets married too, ain't it?"
Mrs. Simolski finished cuffing the ears of Dimitri, who had thrown a bag of peanut shells across the aisle. Then she turned about with a sigh: "Troubles I got it enough, Mrs. Nilsky, not? Without I should have a wedding on my hands too!"
The minutes sped on and excitement grew tense. Heads were twisted about

cough lozenges noisily. "When Sadie Solitzer and Jake Berowitz was married such a rough house I never saw—"
"Nu Mrs. Nilsky, nobody asks you should get full already," retorted Mrs. Simolski severely. "At a wedding everybody feels good but it don't need there should be a call for the police!"
"Sh!" cried the little girls. "Here she comes!"
There was a stir at the entrance. The orchestra swung into Mendelssohn's Wedding March and slowly the young bride, in a beautiful white satin gown with regulation veil and orange blossoms advanced up the aisle on the arm of a bearded old gentleman, who was evidently her father. Four pretty Jew-

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- Large Red Wethersfield Onion, black seed. oz. 25c, lb. \$2.00, 5 lbs. \$9.25.
- Market Maker Golden Globe Onion. oz. 25c, lb. \$2.10, 5 lbs. \$9.25
- Early Yellow Danvers Onion, black seed. oz. 20c, lb. \$1.90, 5 lbs. \$8.25
- Southport White Globe Onion, black seed. oz. 40c, lb. \$4.00
- Red Globe Prizewinner Onion, black seed. oz. 25c, lb. \$2.10, 5 lbs. \$9.25.
- Select Yellow Dutch Onion Setts. lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70
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- Detroit Dark Red Table Beet (round). Pkg. 5c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 50c
- Chantenay Red Table Carrot. Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 65c
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- Early White Cory Sweet Table Corn. lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.50
- London Long Green Cucumber (great cropper). Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
- XXX Solid Head Lettuce. Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 75c
- Improved Beefsteak Tomato. Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 35c, oz. 60c
- XXX Scarlet Oval Radish (mild, crisp). Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 50c
- Little Marvel Garden Bush Peas, very early. 4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c
- Early Branching Asters, Crimson, Pink, White or Mixed. Pkg. 10c
- Mammoth Fringed Cosmos, mixed colors. Pkg. 10c
- XXX Mammoth Verbenas, superb mixture of colors. Pkg. 10c
- XXX Spencer Giant Sweet Peas, all shades mixed. Pkg. 15c, oz. 35c

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esses in rainbow frocks and carrying shepherdess flower sticks, followed. Meanwhile the groom and his best man and the rabbi and his attendants with the silken canopy, had made their appearance on the low platform up front. Low bows were exchanged, all around.

A hush fell over the crowd. The orchestra, obedient to a signal, began to play a quaint Semitic melody in a minor key with a largo movement.

The impressive ceremony continued for some little time, and the soft voice of the rabbi was only broken in upon by the occasional cry of a restless infant, who was promptly dandled up and down

and soothed by mother, sister or aunt. The wine glass which is cast upon the floor and shattered at the feet of the principals, made a point in the proceedings which every eye beheld with awe and reverence.

"Soon it's over now," whispered Mrs. Simolski, after the rabbi had chanted a prayer. "Then you catch a glimpse of the bride's face. My! She's pretty. Her teeth is all gold-filled—Alexis, if I got to speak to you again—"

A burst of soft music filled the hall. A crowd surged up and on to the platform and surrounded the wedding party. Kisses and felicitations were in order,

and order gave way to a pleasant chaos. The tide swept down toward us and we struggled forward to salute the bride. The hall became one swelling roar of sound, aided and abetted by the orchestra, which was now playing "Too Much Mustard." Kisses indiscriminate were given and received. Mrs. Simolski embraced everyone, man and woman alike, and was embraced in turn. The more impulsive wept a little and laughed a great deal, and one old lady was so overcome by emotion that she fainted in the arms of a very handsome young man. The undemonstrative recorder of these events lifted her eyes suddenly to find a stout, red-bearded, fatherly-looking Pole with outstretched arms bearing down upon her, and snatching Isidore more closely to her she dropped pad and pencil and fled precipitately, only to run directly into the open arms of a large Ruthenian woman who had had garlic for supper and who kissed her squarely on the mouth!

Downstairs a recherche banquet was served at two long, candelabra-lighted tables, and so large was the crowd and so popular the dishes that as soon as one chair was vacated it was at once filled again. We had schnitzels, kartoffel kloes, baked potatoes, celery, sliced cold fowl, schweizerkase and schmierkase, apfels-trudel, ringkuchen, ice cream and coffee. Meanwhile, upstairs, a regular charivari was in progress. Chairs had been pushed back against the walls and dancing had begun. Some of the groom's friends had arranged a kind of handicap race for the lucky man, in which he was obliged to ride a small goat about the room, spearing up potatoes from the pointed end of a long stick, and depositing them in a sack. It appeared that unless he could win twice out of three times against the other chaps who were on foot, his bride would be "boss" through life. Incidentally, this is a feat seldom, if ever, accomplished, and the moral is obvious.

Presently the bride, feeling the exact moment propitious no doubt, mounted a chair and threw her large bouquet into a group of maidens. There was a scramble.

It was at this juncture that I first noticed Louis Simolski standing near. He must have only then arrived. He stood leaning forward eagerly, his big eyes fixed with a peculiar dog-like quality of devotion upon something or somebody amongst that group of laughing, squealing, damsels. He wore a new suit of a large checked design, tan shoes and several sparkling rings.

"Rachel's got it! Rachel's got it!" went up the cry.

"Oi oi, Rachel gets married next, ain't it?"

"Oi gewalt! Tell us who it is, Rachel?"

A pretty little Jewess—most noticeably pretty among that assembly of beauties—detached herself from the others and tripping out into a vacant spot on the floor made a low obeisance to the bride. In one hand she held the somewhat tattered but very much coveted bride's bouquet.

"Who is it already? Tell us his name, Rachel?" demanded several voices.

But the blushing Rachel merely laughed, and rising, waved the flowers over her dark, curly head, and smiled bewitchingly at someone near the door.

"Hello Louis!" she called, gaily.

"Hello, Rachel," called back Louis Simolski.

"Come here, Louis. I want to whisper something by your ear."

Louis needed no second invitation, and soon the vision in rose pink and the happy individual in the checked suit were whirling rapidly about the floor to the strains of The Winner two-step.

Someone gave me a violent nudge. I turned. It was Mrs. Simolski with Rosy sleeping peacefully in her arms. Behind her was Miriam holding the other twin—Abie, Alexis, Dimitri and Olga had been taken home and put to bed).

"Look how she makes up again by Louis," said Louis' mother with a wink and a jerk of the head toward the dancing pair.

"Who is it?" I asked, curiously.

"Rachel who?"

"It's Rachel Grossman. She'll be my daughter-by-law yet. Her dowry it ain't any too large. Louis could look higher already."

"But I thought she was in New York with a moving picture company!"

"Nu, she was never any furdur than Deetroit, Michigan. She was working by a dee-partment store already. She got home yesterday."

"And has she given up the idea of becoming a film star?"

"I guess so. She said there was too many stars over on the oder side and she didn't want to crowd the mourners. I heard she got turned down everywhere. She was in a small stage play called "Watch Your Step," and I guess she didn't watch hers for she had her purse with all her money in it pinched one night, and had to go by the shirtwaist dee-partment of a store to work. Here comes now Mr. Isaacstein. Might you would like to dance by the groom?"

"No thanks, I'll have to hurry away now."

"You be sure send me a paper, not? This what I got on is amethyst charm-ouse. Don't forget."

At the door a broadly-smiling Louis rushed up to me.

"We're to be married on the seven-teenth of Ireland!" he whispered. "It's to be right here at the same place, but I bet it makes this wedding look like a funeral, already."

And it was even so. That was over a year ago, and Louis is now in the trenches, while his little war bride is the happy mother of a small daughter whom she hopes will grow up to become a second Marguerite Clarke."

Mother Biddy's Story

I am a hen, and my name is Mrs. Biddy. I should like to tell you the story of what happened to me last spring.

I had been in the habit of laying one egg a day in the corner nest in the hen-house, but—in some strange way these eggs always disappeared. What was my surprise to find, one day in April, fifteen eggs in my nest! I was so pleased I sat on them, and spread out my feathers, and kept them warm for three weeks, and then fourteen eggs became chickens. One wouldn't change, and had to be left.

I was a proud mother when I led my fourteen children, all dressed in yellow down, out of the hen-house to our new and commodious barrel home.

I had such a time naming them! The first day I could only think of Fluff, Puff, Buff, Duff and Muff. The next day I thought of Downy and Brownie. Then I couldn't think of any more, and the rest of my children were never named; but it did not matter, for there were so many of them and they were so lively, I always got excited, forgot their names and called them all "Cluck! Cluck!"

O the dear little ones, how soon they learned their lessons! Why, when they were only one day old they learned to eat, pick and peck, and to sleep huddle-cuddle!

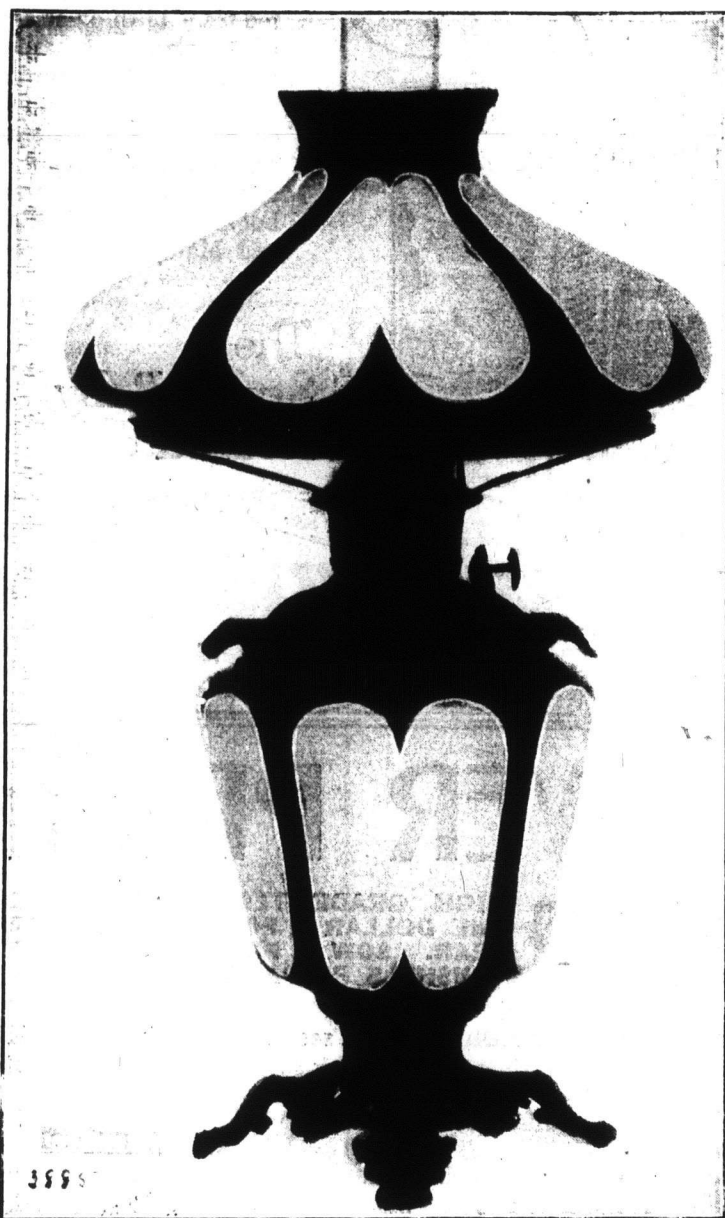
Every one of the little dears could sing "Peep-a-peep!" They were so happy playing games. "Hide-and-seek" was the favorite. Fluff or Puff or Buff or Duff or Muff would hide under my feather or wing, and stick a little head out and sing, "Peep!" Then all the others would run to seek. The most exciting game was called "tug of life," or "pulling the squirm worm." Whenever in my scratching I found a wiggly worm, I always clucked my loudest clucks, and all the little chicks would run pell-mell. Whoever got the worm would run, and all the others join the fun.

They grew so fast and ran about so lively I had all I could do, with fourteen such children under my feet, to keep from stepping on them. As my children grew older they learned to scratch a little for themselves, and they made such a fuss about coming in nights! I would go into my barrel home and sing my best and most coaxing cluck, but some of my dears would linger outside, and run and hide, and under the barrel creep, and get lost, and cry, "Peep, peep!"

If they had only minded my first "Cluck!" all would have been well.

I have no more trouble now; they are all grown up to young roosterhood and young henhood, and hardly look at their mother, although we use the same roost. I have noticed that sometimes in the night, when in the distance is heard the bark of our fearful enemy, the fox, my children draw closer to me, as if they still needed the protection of their mother.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

Children—(Continued from Page 20)
sit still a few minutes longer, Flaxie, for I can't risk your getting wet feet."

Mr. Gray tried on the boots and rubbers very quickly, and in a short time Clare and Flaxie were on the way home. "Well, that shopping is attended to!" thought the little mother contentedly.

Just after luncheon there came a package to the house.

"It's from Gray's!" exclaimed Mrs. Holden. "Why, the children's shoes came yesterday!"

"These are probably Flaxie's shoes," remarked Clare. "I was just longing to have them come."

"Flaxie's!" exclaimed the whole family together.

"Yes, and they're lovely," answered Clare, snatching the boxes and tumbling out the little shoes.

"And a bill for three dollars," added Mrs. Holden. "Why, Clare, how did you happen to buy things without mother's permission?"

"Naughty Clare!" cried Mabel, reprovingly.

"Don't say anything, Mabel. She didn't quite understand," said Mrs. Holden.

* * *

Then she took Clare into the library. Afterward Clare told Flaxie all about it while she got her ready to go out in her carriage.

"You see, Flaxie, it wasn't like the times when mother sends us to the store for a yeastcake and tells us to say, 'Charge it.' Because she didn't tell us to go. We went without her knowing it, and now somebody's got to pay Mr. Gray for the shoes. And it wasn't mother that bought them; it was you and I, Flaxie; so I'm going to pay for them out of my housebank there on the bureau. Mother's getting the screw-driver now so we can open the little door. And we're going to take out all the pennies and the nickels and the dimes, Flaxie, and count out three dollars. Then we're going to Mr. Gray's shop this afternoon and pay them to him. Come here till I tie your bonnet, dear. Mother says that there will be hardly any pennies left in the housebank at all afterward. I've been saving them so long, too! But then, Flaxie, it is the only way to do if I want to be fair, isn't that so?" And it really seemed as if Flaxie nodded her head.

Bows and Braids

By Rose Mills Powers

When little girls most anywhere are found
With hair cut very short and straight
around,
And one big bow a-top their tresses
caught,
You may be sure they've never even
thought
Of growing up, or longer skirts, although
They may be even eight or nine or so;
It's in the way their hair is done, you
know.

When little girls most anywhere we find
With hair all parted down and tied be-
hind
Their ears in two big bow-decked braids,
be sure
They're feeling quite grown up, and can't
endure
That you should think they still are
little. Oh!
Not if they're only five or six or so;
It's in the way their hair is done, you
know.

Benny's Peaches

By Mattie Baker

"Here is a little peach-tree that they threw in when I bought the others," said Mr. Wilson. "Would you like to have it, Benny?"

"Oh, if you please!" cried Benny, eagerly.

"You can set it at the corner where the orange-tree died," said his father.

Benny planted his tree with great care. He dug the hole, partly filled it with rich, mellow earth, leaving a little mound in the center. Then he set in the tree, spreading the roots carefully over the mound, filling up the hole with rich earth.

He went to visit it often, and when a week had gone by, he saw that the swelling buds, instead of being green, were of a pinkish hue. And the next time he

found some little pink blossoms, and was nearly wild with delight.

"O, papa," he cried, "my little tree is going to bear this year!"

"It's a brave little tree," said papa, "but it must not bear so young. You'd better pick all the blossoms off."

Benny was disappointed, but followed his father's advice. Soon the leaf-buds opened, and the tree began to grow.

When the second spring came the blossoms appeared again. And after the blossoms dropped there were little fuzzy balls, and papa said, "It will do no harm to leave a few."

The peaches ripened in June, and were great red-cheeked beauties, and there was one for each of the family.

During the second season the peach-tree made a great growth, and the third spring the branches were thick. Then it blossomed once more, and set full of

little green peaches; and Benny said, "I shall leave every one on the tree."

His father came to look. "If you leave every one on," he said, "your peaches will be small and worth but little. I should pick half them off."

The peaches began to swell. They grew to a wonderful size, and as they ripened, the sun gave them a rich color. When the buyer came to look at them, he said they were so fine he would give an extra price. When Benny's peaches were gathered there were nearly a hundred pounds. It seemed too good to be real.

"I think that half of the money is for peaches and the other half for my patience," he said.

Clots of blood are frequently found in fresh-laid eggs. By candling such eggs can easily be detected.

Ambition

By Harold W. Gleason

Beside the fire, in the castle Hall,
Sat Kunigunde, a nobleman of Gaul;
And by him sat his friend, a man of law:
While Thur, the noble's serf, lay on the floor.

And soon, with flowing bowl and jollity,
They boasted as to what their sons
should be.

"My heir," quoth Kunigunde, "like me
shall reign

In state o'er all this land of Aquitaine."
"And mine," replied the lawyer, "shall,
like me,

Become an advocate of high degree."
The noble of a sudden saw a jest

In Thur, the serf, to entertain his guest;
So asked, "And what shall thy son be,
O clod?"

Quoth Thur, "My son shall be a man,
please God!"



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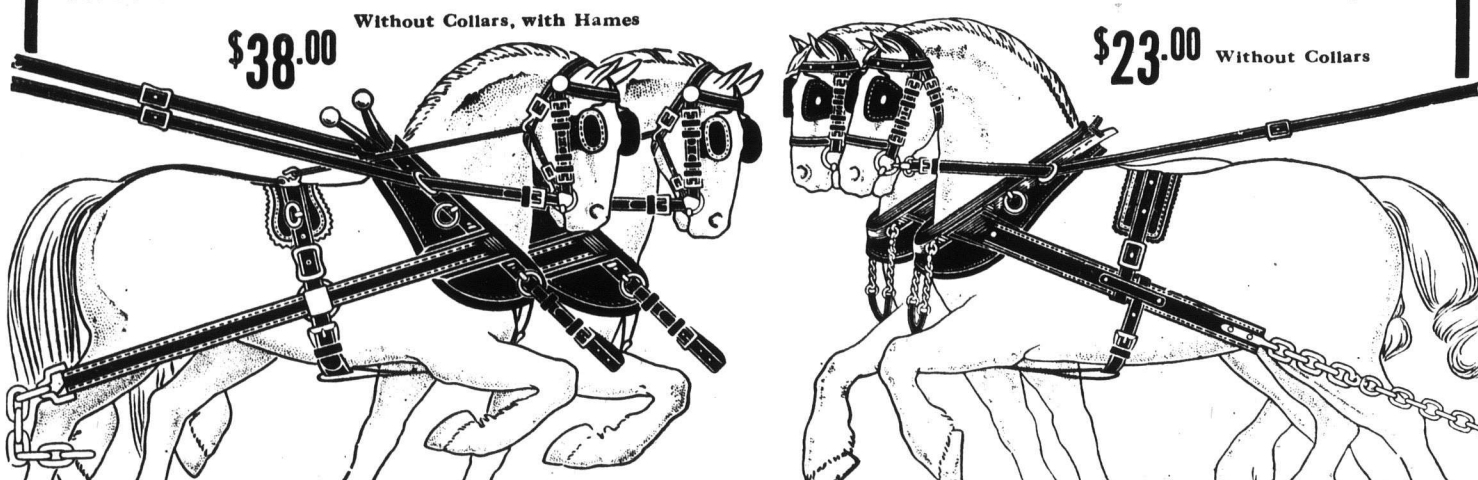
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Observations

By John McQuarrie

A POOR man who was very ambitious to get wealthy, but who at length decided to become satisfied with what doing his best would bring, received thereby a greater fortune than if he had realized his ambition. The gaining of a money fortune would likely have made him more ambitious than ever to make money and he, therefore, couldn't enjoy other things as much as he can when he is contented. Of the many bad features of great success in money making, one is disappointment, for, if the secret minds of all the people of a community were known, it would likely be found that the most disappointed man is one of the most successful, having come farther short of his aim than did anyone else.

Many a man would rather have a reputation of being bad and smart than of being merely a decent sort of a person. He would rather have a reputation of being dishonest and successful than of being honest but unsuccessful. If he must admit that he had good opportunities to get an education, but didn't get it, he will say he was a bad fellow at school, wouldn't try to learn, was expelled from school, etc., rather than admit that he wasn't good to learn if that was the case.

Farm land is usually valued at more than it is worth. When a practical farmer pays all expenses and allows himself wages for his work, the average profit will not amount to as much as will interest which could be obtained upon the amount of money invested in the farm and stock to operate it. A man who purchases an ordinary priced farm and makes only a small payment, cannot, with average crops, pay for it in a reasonable time, but is liable to lose his claim upon it, with what he paid, and a lot of work, unless there comes a considerable increase in prices of what it produces.

This will be doubted by many people, but it is safe to say that the large majority of them are people who have had little or no experience in farming. They wonder why such prices are paid if they are too high. It can be shown that innumerable men of good business ability, pay the general prices.

But the high price of land is not the fault of men of good sound judgment who want farms to operate. If left to them, land would not be valued much, if any, above its producing power. People a lot to blame are the speculators, who, from the spirit of gambling, invest in land for the chance of an increase in value, and not for what they think it will produce during the time they own it. Even some men who are farming land bought it depending more upon what it might increase in value, than what it might produce. But the people mostly to blame are the reckless, foolish buyers, who are easy victims for the speculators, real estate agents, and others. Such buyers usually have not more than enough money to make a small payment and a start on the farm. Men of good sound business ability, who want to own and operate farms, are compelled to offer as much or more than the reckless buyers. The latter bid higher still, and so on, until land soars in price far above what it is worth. The same rule holds good respecting other high priced property.

Anybody who indulges in the game of chance generally defends his actions in that regard by claiming that any risk a person takes in an attempt to improve his financial circumstances, is but a form of gambling. He will give as examples, the farmer investing in a crop, which may yield him good returns, or nothing; or to the business man investing in a business which may enrich or impoverish him. He will thereupon claim that the game of chance deserves as much respect as any other means of making or losing money.

He does not, however, take into consideration that raising crops and most lines of business, while risky, are necessary for the maintenance and comfort of the human race, but that the game of chance is not. Apart from its degrading influence, humanity would be a little better off without it, because the professional gambler or operator of a game of chance gets his living, and generally an expensive one, without producing anything to feed or help his fellow men in any way, but the deserving producer being compelled to

support the gambler, has, therefore, less of what he produces for himself.

Just as a respectable moderate drinker will cause more men to start drinking than will a degraded drunkard a mild reprobated gave of chance will cause to form the gambling habit men who would never start on a disputable kind.

If a student at school or college cannot show much ability to learn, he should not feel badly discouraged on that account. Extraordinary ability to learn is valuable, but while it is generally an indication of ability to accomplish clever things in other ways, it is not always so. A person's ability to learn is seldom exactly in proportion to his ability to produce and is often far from it. One who was exceptionally clever at school and afterwards a prize winner at college, sometimes shows little gift for anything else, while one who was dull at either school or college sometimes accomplishes great things later.

Farming or business has often been given undue credit for enriching some people. As evidence that riches can be made by raising grain and other farm products, some people will point to a wealthy farmer who commenced farming not many years before, with very little capital. But they fail to point out if it be the case, and it frequently is, that he gained a large part of his wealth from increase in value of his land, which he purchased at a low price on easy terms of payment, and on which he would have cleared a good amount of profit if he had not operated it at all. Likewise, many a successful town or city business man has made more money from the increase in value of his business and residential property, than from the business.

An employee who gets low wages, but nevertheless saves some money, deserves consideration when he protests against the wage scale. But another, who gets the same wages and saves nothing, deserves little sympathy when he protests, because he is the kind of a person who would likely save little or nothing if he were drawing a big salary.

Anybody exposes selfish cowardly nature when he defends a man of no principle, with the plea that he always treated him right. He might as well say that he does not care how much injury one person does another, as long as he does him no harm. But as a rule he does not always act strictly upon that plan. If he is afraid of a bad character, or thinks it would be a disadvantage to himself to condemn his bad actions, he will take that excuse, but if not, he is apt to talk differently.

A man who spends all the money he makes on drink or other vices is flatly mistaken if he declares that what he does with his money is nobody's business but his. It is the business of other people because many a man who took that plea has died deeply in debt for sickness expenses and was buried at the expense of the public.

Figures which reach into millions and billions are understood by few people. With the exception of big financiers very few have a clear conception of what could be accomplished with millions or billions of dollars. As a rule when a person hears that one man has fifty million dollars and that another has one hundred million, about all he learns is that one has twice as much as the other. The way a monstrous figure is emphasized has much more effect than its size.

A person who will make his way into company which he knows doesn't want him is not to be envied. If he really enjoys himself there he is to be pitied for having sufficient lack of sense to enable him to do so and if he has sense of any account he cannot enjoy himself although he may pretend he does.

It is tiresome to hear a man lament about the opportunities he missed to become wealthy. He tells about farm lands, city lots and other property which he could have purchased at trifling prices, and afterwards sold for fabulous sums. But any man could have made a fortune in that way if he had been a prophet, and, therefore, one man who didn't make

it has as much right to lament about it as another. It should console anybody who has such regrets to realize that all people who could have made money in that way, but didn't, were just as foolish or unfortunate as he, and these include most of the best business men in the country.

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Friends, listen! If you want the secret of lower cost of living, send for this book today. It is a masterpiece of war time price-making and is filled to overflowing with everything possibly needed on the farm. It is a **QUALITY** book of the highest order, and not to be compared with the ordinary mail order catalog.

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Yes, for everybody—Men, Women, Misses, Boys, Girls, and the Babies. Shoes of the highest quality, both American and Canadian made. Work Shoes, Dress Shoes, School Shoes, Shoes for Walking, Dancing, Riding, Plowing, for Barn Yard Use and every other imaginable purpose. Not the ordinary kind, but **Specials**—made for Galloway—and all at the usual Galloway price saving.
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The machine that brings a pay check every week of the year. The peer of them all. Let the big free book tell you all about it. It also illustrates and describes the great Galloway Line of Masterpiece Gasoline Engines, Manure Spreaders and many other farming implements that you must have to get the full returns from your soil. I will save you money and give you besides, the highest quality ever obtained in farm machinery.

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SWEET CLOVER (White Blossom)

Will grow anywhere, even where alkali exists, and improve the soil. We have a fine sample. **Price \$25.00 per 100 lbs.; 25 lbs. for \$6.50, bags included.**

BROME GRASS

Our "Lion" brand is the finest seed known—strong, clean, pure and heavy—the cheapest in the end. **\$16.00 per 100 lbs., bags included.**

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"Lion" brand—the purest, cleanest, heaviest and best that money can buy. **\$23.00 per 100 lbs., bags included.**

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Composed of all the best hardy varieties—yielding great returns with high feeding properties. **\$17.00 per 100 lbs., bags included.**

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True broad leaf English—tested on our own Trial Grounds. **10 lbs. for \$1.70; 100 lbs. for \$15.25, bags included.**

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No matter how fast it comes, the most unruly animal can't break through a **Peerless Perfection Farm Fence**—it springs back into shape. Made of heavy Open Hearth steel galvanized wire with all the impurities taken out and all the strength and toughness left in. Every wire is crimped making the fence into one continuous spring. Top and bottom wires are extra heavy. Will not sag. Requires less posts than ordinary fence. Absolutely guaranteed.

Don't buy a rod of fencing until you get our illustrated Catalog. Describes our big line of farm, poultry and ornamental fencing. Also Peerless farm gates. Throughout Canada Peerless Perfection fencing has built a reputation that we are proud of.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Brandon had a most successful winter fair, but in discussing the Home Economics section with a few of the women who attended the lectures, I found that the general feeling was one of disappointment. The management of the fair, feeling that this was an opportunity for the Home

Economics section of the Agricultural College to demonstrate their work, had invited them to take complete charge of this section of the fair and a misunderstanding seems to have arisen whereby the management of the fair was not furnished by the college with material for the programme in time to properly advertize the same, with the result that the attendance was not very encouraging to the speakers and altogether there seems to have been a lack of definiteness which was in marked contrast to the splendid sessions which marked the last winter fair in Brandon when the fair management took charge of the matter themselves and arranged for Mrs. Gray of Chicago to give the Domestic Science demonstrations, and with a series of prominent women speakers to address the audiences. Of course one of the difficulties this year was the fact that the demonstrations had to be held in the city hall, so far away from the winter fair, previously it had been possible to secure the armory building next door; but the chief difficulty was undoubtedly a lack of realization on the part of the Agricultural College of the opportunity thus afforded them to get in touch with the women of the province. The programme for these meetings should have been definitely decided on at least 2 months ahead, and a chance given the fair management to have these programmes printed and thoroughly distributed. Prior to the winter fair of 1914 something like 10,000 copies of the programme was sent out in advance and it was printed in full in all the daily and weekly papers, together with many of the recipes which were to be demonstrated, every woman who got one of these programmes, knew ahead the day on which something was going to be done, about which she wished to hear, and made her plans accordingly.

Whatever the reason for the work being done in the way it was, it was most certainly an opportunity lost for the Agricultural College.

During the first year of the war I think, in common with the majority of British born women, the idea of conscription was exceedingly repugnant to me.

Voluntary service in the cause of freedom seemed so natural that it was difficult to conceive that anything else could be necessary, but as time went on it grew apparent that the voluntary system was a wild extravagance. Perhaps this came home to me first when the boys of sixteen and seventeen began to enlist while full grown men stayed at home, and more and more I have come to realize that this war is a business, and that it is not sane to attempt to carry on a gigantic and costly business at haphazard, the way we have been doing.

When the first year of the war was passed and Canada realized, as she should have realized, that she was up against a gigantic undertaking, there should have been immediate conscription of men, women, money and material and everyone should have been set to the task to which he or she was best fitted, and where his or her work would be most effective in winning the war. It is not as if this war were one for adding territory to Britain, or gaining anything material for Canada, it is a war for world freedom, and realizing this, our government should have set about carrying it on in such a way as to utilize every possible man and woman at the minimum of loss of life and property. This has not been done, and to-day we are confronted with a condition of affairs which is appalling, if we fully realized it, which I am afraid we do not. Thousands upon thousands of men, British and Canadian born, have gone overseas to fight, while vast numbers of aliens amongst us have naturally remained in Canada, and nothing has

been done to make them contribute systematically either in money or labor to the prosecution of the war, until to-day we are faced with a shortage of labor on the farms that is necessitating the men going from the city to give temporary help, while thousands of these aliens are refusing to work, excepting at wages which are prohibitive on farms.

Winnipeg Edition of the Toronto Cook Book

One of the latest arrivals at the editor's desk is a handsomely bound edition of the Toronto Cook Book, which has been recently dedicated to the ladies of the Dominion of Canada by Mrs. Edwin J. Powell.

As an authority on good, wholesome food, it has no superior, and from cover to cover its sensible recipes make for the development of a healthy body.

Wives and mothers of the West would do well to add this cook book to their kitchen library—indeed it should be a pride to own one so entirely their own—a Winnipeg edition of the Toronto Cook Book.

Its bread, cake, pudding and dessert recipes are many and varied, and their consultation would leave no danger of having "just the same thing" day in and day out.

Throughout its 400 pages it is beautifully illustrated and its canning and preserving section is one of the best we have reviewed. Issued by the Imperial News Company, 376 Donald St., Winnipeg, Man., price \$1.00 post paid.

A. McKim Limited Advertising Agency New Executive

The new executive of A. McKim, Limited, Advertising Agency of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and London, Eng., has been announced.

During the last few years, the late Mr. Anson McKim had gathered around him an executive staff capable of relieving him of all but a general oversight of the rapidly growing business of the advertising agency which he founded nearly thirty years ago, and which now comprises four offices in different cities and over 140 employees.

Since his death, these experienced men have been carrying on the work in the same efficient way that has characterized "McKim's" for so many years. The personnel of the executive as now organized is J. N. McKim, President and Treasurer; Mrs. Anson McKim, Vice-President; W. B. Somerset, General Manager; H. E. Stephenson, Secretary; C. T. Pearce, Manager at Toronto; Thos. Bell, Manager at Winnipeg; W. Keeble, Manager at London, Eng.

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In Your Home

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.

You can read Music like this quickly

Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE Booklet, which explains everything in full. American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago.

Our Catalogue Will Interest You

It contains full particulars and prices of different kinds of hair goods, including **Switches, Pompadours, Curls, Fangs, Transformations, etc.**

Our hair goods are guaranteed to be composed exclusively of best quality hair, and accordingly we do the largest business in hair goods in Western Canada.

Switches, any length or color, from \$1.50
Combing made up. 1.00
Add 10c extra for postage and registration

Seaman & Petersen
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
Kensington Block Winnipeg

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Mrs. Florence Randall Livesay

One day a Ruthenian girl in domestic service sang a lullaby while busy ironing. Her mistress listened.

"Tell me the story of your song—please," she asked.

The girl told the story—a quaint old legend from Ukrania.

In a short time, Mrs. Florence Randall Livesay composed a beautiful poem in English from the story—in rhythm and meaning nearly like the original. The similarity delighted the girl.

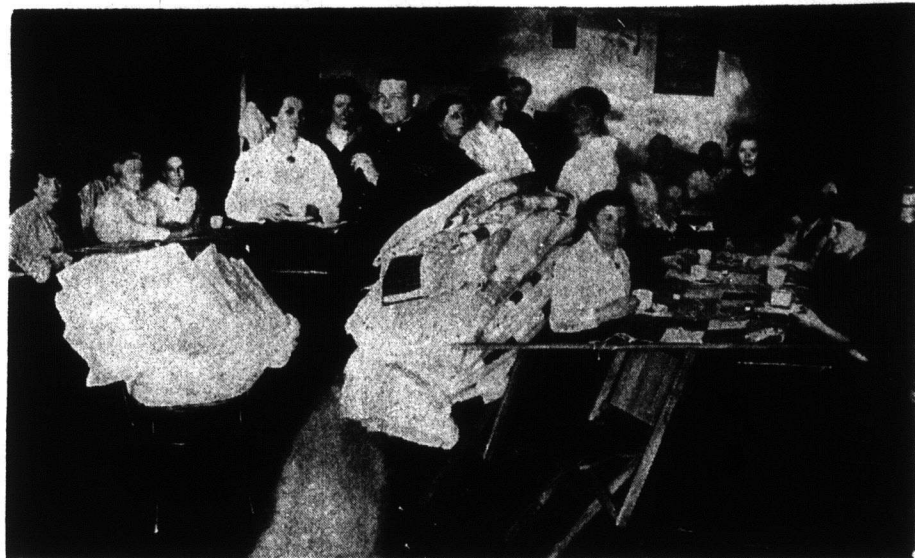
Then she sang more Ukranian songs, translating in English their meaning, and Mrs. Livesay composed more poems of Ukranian legends in English. For some time maid and mistress sang and composed until a new interest brightened the life of the servant and a new ambition inspired the mind of the mistress. She asked her maid to bring some of her friends to see her, and thus began Mrs. Livesay's acquaintance with the Ukranian people and their literature. A study of their language brought her more knowledge of the people and their history until she determined to bring before the English reading public these Ukranian treasures of song and story. And this year her book entitled "Songs of Ukrania" has had a most popular reception. Our book stores say it has been one of their best sellers.

Periodicals in the Old Country, in Canada, and in the States have published most praiseworthy reviews of the author's

Robson is a woman of long successful theatrical experience and this is what she said regarding the drama: "Only the clean drama lives. The questionable play may be very popular for a season—then no one hears of it. It dies quickly. For example—'Way Down East' is playing its twenty-third season. Yes," she emphasized, "only the clean drama lives."

Then Mary Synon said something that makes us wonder if we really do appreciate our environment. She said: "I am deeply indebted to Canada for the material of many of my best stories." Not only Mary Synon but most of the successful story writers on the other side of the line have come up here for some of their best material. The view from the distance lends enchantment. It reminds me of an experience in Boston. We were charmed with the pleasure of visiting the little villages of Concord and Lexington, where we saw the homes of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne and Alcott, and upon our return to the city mentioned the fascination of the spot, to a woman in the boarding-house. "Yes," she replied, "I presume it is interesting. I have lived here in Boston all my life but have never gone out to Lexington and Concord." She was a well read woman, but these places, only a few miles out on the street car line, were too near to be appreciated.

I sometimes think we are like the old lady who could not find her glasses till



Patriotic Workers at Gladstone, Man.

The ladies are having 5 o'clock tea. The soldier to be seen is Sergt. T. M. Hembroff, who went with the first contingent and who was wounded at Givenchey, was in the hospital for several months and who is off on leave, but expects to be back in France in June. The lady standing beside him is Mrs. John Mowat, to whom is given the credit of the splendid result of the effort known in Gladstone as "The Quilt Committee."

interpretation of a literature previously known only to the Ukranian people, and Mrs. Livesay well deserves all this appreciation. Her poems are full of the sweet music of a gifted mind. In bringing the literature that throbs in the Ukranian heart to the English-speaking people Mrs. Livesay has done much to encourage a united interest in the foreign people in our midst.

Then there is a picture supremely beautiful to me—it is that of the soul catching the inspiration—the picture of mistress and maid engaged in the homely duties, for Mrs. Livesay is the mother of two lovely little children, and while busy with common household work they saw visions that lifted them above themselves. Surely the path of duty is the way to glory.

The Harvest Field of the Story Writer!

Two interesting guests were entertained last month by the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Woman's Press Club. One was the actress—May Robson. The other was a prominent American writer of stories—Miss May Synon. Miss

The Real Liver Pill—A torpid liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pills have their fine qualities. They do not gripe or pain and they are agreeable to the most sensitive stomach.

someone informed her that she was looking through them.

Western Canada is full of material for the author, the poet, and the historian, and we do appreciate the splendid work of our Canadian men and women who have made use of it, but others are gathering in the harvest too.

Soul Aristocracy

Requests have come to me at different times asking for my favorite passage in scripture. It pleases me to know that our readers—especially our girls—feel a spiritual atmosphere in this department. Yes, I have a favorite passage and one that is especially applicable to girls—particularly those who feel their lot in life is too menial. The verses refer to the most exalted woman in history, and in her girlhood she was only a hand-maiden. Have you ever noticed in the study of Biblical women that when a great woman was chosen for an important work, she was chosen from the common people? There is where one finds Soul Aristocracy. Deborah, for example, that great teacher, leader, patriot, judge and military captain was the one acknowledged and chosen from and by the consent of the common people to lead Israel against a powerful enemy—on to victory—and if one wants to learn about a great recruiting officer, get acquainted with Deborah. She was the pioneer in the great field of home-service and the inaugurator of the vast practical work of female philanthropy. As out of that struggle



The Good Things Some Boys Get

In homes that serve Puffed Wheat and Rice, boys carry the grains at play.

Sometimes they are simply salted—sometimes doused with melted butter. And these bubble-like grains, toasted, flavory, crisp and flaky, form real food confections.

Those Boys Say This:

Boys with Puffed Grains always treat other boys. And they say something like this:

"Why, we have Puffed Grains every day in our house. I get a dish every morning.

"I get them sometimes for supper, in a bowl of milk. Sister uses them in candy making. And I get them like this after school.

"Sometimes it is Puffed Wheat, sometimes Puffed Rice. But one is as good as another."

Children who get Puffed Grains talk about them. And children who don't, envy the rest.

For these are the foods that taste like nuts. That are airy and thin and flimsy. And that seem like confections served by the dishful.

Children who don't get Puffed Grains get nothing else that's like them. There is no other way to make whole grains into such inviting morsels.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Each 15c. Except in Far West



The purpose of puffing, by Prof. Anderson's process, is to make whole grains wholly digestible. By terrific heat and shooting from guns, every food cell is exploded.

Thus every element is made available, and every atom feeds.

People need whole-grain foods. But they need them so the whole grain will digest. Puffed Wheat and Rice supply them. So every dainty tidbit forms a perfect food. Let children eat all they will.



The Quaker Oats Company

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The Penalty of Corns

No need now to waste time soaking your feet so often. Nor run the risk of paring.

BLUE-JAY plasters have ended millions of corns. This very night thousands of people will say goodbye to painful corns forever. Touchy corns are needless, even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn

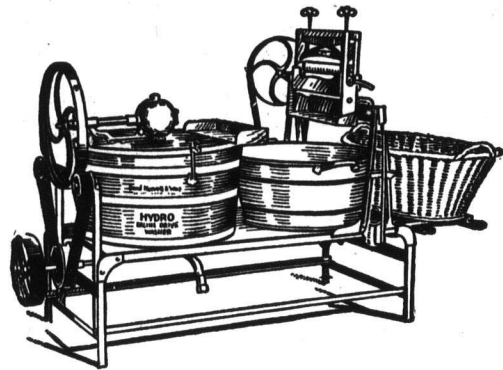
is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay plaster, with its healing wax, is applied in a jiffy. No soreness, no inconvenience. The pain is not temporarily eased, as with paring. There is no danger, as with harsh liquids. Decide to join the happy crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and
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Makers of Surgical
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Blue-jay
Stops Pain — Ends Corns

15c and 25c
At Druggists
Also Blue-jay
Bunion Plasters



Let your Gas Engine or Electric Power Lighten the Labor of Wash Day

THE Maxwell Power Bench Washer is a wonderful boon to your wife when washday comes round. It can be operated equally as well by gas engine or electric power. It is made in one, two or three tub machines. Easy to operate. Simple but strong in construction and the mechanism is as perfect as science can invent.

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POWER BENCH WASHER.

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Write to-day for further particulars. Dept. N

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Lovely Iridescent Pearl and Flashing Gold Pin with any name, or any two initials, or a Pearl Maple Leaf with one initial made to order, each pin 50 cents. Show this ad. to your friends and get four orders for pins and send us \$2.00 and we will send YOU a Pearl and Gold name pin FREE with the four pins. COBALT GOLD PIN CO., Dept. P Toronto, Ont.

of Israel female philanthropy was born—so out of the great struggle of to-day shall we see a greater womanhood—one charged with the true meaning of the mission of motherhood.

Deborah was chosen leader by the consent of all the people, because she had first been a helper. I imagine the growth of her influence had been gradual—the genuine kind—the knowledge of which spreads from soul to soul; for a sincere leader is not intoxicated with the desire for publicity. When she spoke to the people her voice was charged with inspiration and therefore had a genuine ring. That ring was overwhelming—her life showed by her works the reality and power of her faith. Deborah steps out a unique figure on the canvas of the Bible Gallery—the only woman in the Bible who is placed at the height of political power by the common consent of her people.

She had no royal lineage—she was the wife of an obscure man—a homemaker in a humble household unknown. They chose her in spite of her sex—her quiet life—in spite of the absence of any precedent for female rule. They recognized the power of this woman's influence and vision. The mind of a woman like Deborah leads men up. Recognition of the higher power lifts leaders above themselves. The book of Judges contains an interesting group of women—extreme they may appear, but modern. Have I wandered? My favorite passage of scripture is about the most exalted woman

did tell him," she replied, "but he paid no attention."

"Yesterday the old fellow asked if he could buy me anything—oh, the older they are the worse they are," she said in her sweet girlish humor.

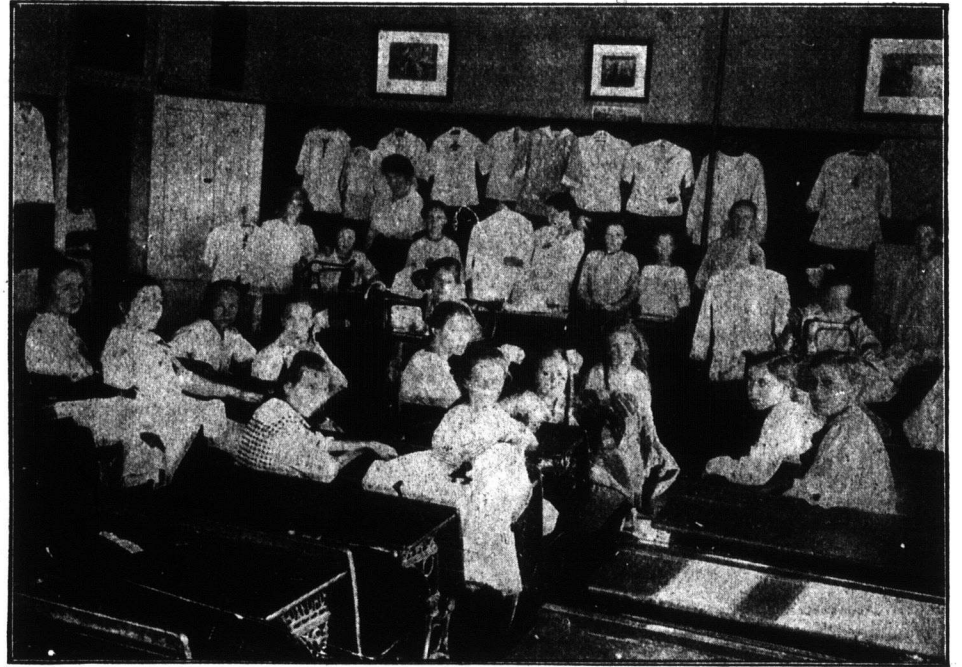
I then went over to the circle where he was making another little purchase, at the same time repeating his sly proposals to another fair girl who is trying to battle against such demons while she makes an honest living.

Her story to me was similar.

And yet organized societies of women meet regularly to report and systematize and appoint committees for investigations spending most of their time reading the minutes of the last meeting and drawing up resolutions to be followed by delegations to ask for something that half the delegation do not understand—while scores of worthy girls are suffering for the personal touch. What is charity but love—love cannot be organized. There is resting on every woman a personal responsibility for her sister—personal—yes, personal—the love that cannot be deputized. I am my sister's keeper—shall I hire someone to do the work while I close my eyes and heart to her misery?

It is such experiences as these that have made me ask: "Why are we women out after men's positions, criticizing their methods of managing affairs, when we are not doing well our work among our own sex?"

'Tis easy to look o'er your neighbor's



Interior of Sewing Room. Miss Blackburn, of the college staff, in the rear. Middy Blouses, made by the girls, hanging up—Gladstone, Man.

in history—a woman who in her girlhood was a handmaiden. You will find her story in the first chapter of St. Luke, from the forty-fifth to the fifty-fourth verses.

Personal

"You're going to have tea with me ain't you?"

"No, thank you—not to-day."

He shoved up closer to the counter and from the corner of his mouth whispered "Why?"

To prevent her further embarrassment I crossed the aisle quickly and asked for ten cents' worth of candy. I did not want the candy—it was dusty and old, but I did want to save that girl a second reply.

He stood waiting for me to leave the circle. I stood waiting for him to leave. Finally he went. He was old—nearly sixty—not too well dressed. His face red and blotched was enough to disgust any self-respecting girl.

When he had shuffled to another circle to bother another girl I asked the first one if he tormented her much. This was not in a departmental store. "Yes," she replied—"he's in here every day. He comes in shortly after the store opens sometimes and hangs around this circle. He buys a little candy every time, so I have to be civil to a customer. He asked several times to take me home—in fact he sometimes waits at the door when I am leaving."

"Why do you not tell the manager?" I asked, thinking of his responsibility for the protection of his employees. "I

fence and say: "Things should be so." 'Tis easy to look at his garden-patch and see the crooked row.

'Tis easy to criticize and say: "Tis thus that things should be." But, when it comes to things at home, then's when it's hard to see."

In the Palace of the Mind

Through the ministry of books, one may come into fellowship with all the world. The Agricultural College of Manitoba is launching one of their best moves in the establishment of libraries in rural communities. In many homes the departmental store catalogue is the only book in the home. A nurse who told me this said the children were hungry for books. What a pity that girls during the most impressionable period of their lives should starve for good books! Girls who make real friends among the best books develop character and intellect that prove armors of safety under all conditions.

I believe the germ of most crime and failure can be traced to poor reading matter or no reading at all. Some years ago a woman was committed to a penitentiary for murder. In one corner of her room was a pile of cheap trashy novels reaching nearly to the ceiling, among which were stories nearly like her own life experience. This is not an isolated case. I have watched girls who could scarcely read and have been amazed at the marvelous development of their reasoning power after they had learned to read. I refer to girls learning after they were sixteen years of age. Books make

the world broader and more beautiful if they are of the right kind.

The poets make us see much beauty in the world because they give symbolic form to the laws and truths of life.

There is no waste of time more harmful than the reading of trashy books. They fill the mind with decayed and poisonous mental garbage and when the mind is made a mental dumping ground it becomes too clogged to be useful. Reading that exercises the brain power clears it for splendid mental strength.

When a girl shows me her books I form a very nearly correct estimate of her character.

Women of literary fame and women prominent in other professions developed during their girlhood a clean, clear intellect. Retentive memory is developed by good reading and spoiled by trashy reading.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe was a little girl she was fond of reading, but they had few books, so she read "Ivanhoe" through seven times. I am sure this had a more wholesome effect on her life than a whole set of the Elsie books. When Lucretia Mott was a child, the description of the slave ships in her school books left such an impression on her mind that when she became a woman she was one of the most influential forces in the anti-slavery cause.

"What are you reading?" asked the father of Margaret Fuller one day. "Shakespeare" answered little eight-year old Margaret.

When Margaret was fifteen she rose before five, walked an hour—then read

into a great woman—a woman with extraordinary power of expression, and extraordinary psychological powers but whose chief attraction was her universal sympathy.

The lives of these women emphasize the necessity of reading well, if woman would reach lasting influence.

The selection of reading matter for a girl should be made with tact. I wonder how many mistresses put a little bookcase full of helpful books in their maid's room. I find it is a great inducement to keep girls home evenings, and it often leads to the desire for a course at night school. I refer to the value of reading frequently because of its influence in the life of a girl. For this reason it is a pleasure to contribute to The Western Home Monthly, because the editor's ambition is to have this magazine such as every girl and boy may read from cover to cover with beneficial results. This is not true of many periodicals published for home circulation, girls need reading of a "nutritious" character along with good stories, books on science, physics, geology, history and biography. There is too much mechanical reading; reading for the story-getting—only husks that create mental indigestion.

We read out of proportion to our thinking. In order for one to have a feeling heart she must have a clear head. What a girl reads largely determines her intellectual culture and the character of her future. One good book may direct a whole life. More girls are killed from printed poison than from overwork.

In choosing reading matter select



Showing Red Cross Room. Gladstone, Man., when, during 12 afternoons from 2 to 6 p.m., the women of the community met to do quilting and in that time have completed 50 quilts

books on literature, philosophy and poetry. When only seventeen she wrote this to a friend: "I am studying Madame de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine and the Castilian ballads, with great delight." Infinitely above "beaus and dresses" was such intellectual work as this. Did she lose her opportunities for men company? Listen to this:

At nineteen she became acquainted with James Freeman Clark who said: "It is impossible for such a girl not to influence the mind of every person she meets. Her friendship is a gift of the gods. With what eagerness does she seek for knowledge! What reach, what grasp, what overflow of thought shines in her conversation. Men never talk idle commonplace talk with her; she can appreciate the best of their minds and hearts and they give it. She is fond of social life and no party is complete without her."

Then there was George Eliot's girlhood. What made her such a very great writer? Not wealthy parentage; not congenial surroundings. She had a generous, sympathetic heart for a foundation, and on this she built a great scholarship, reading during her girlhood until she grew broad in mind enough to think great thoughts. Shut up in the farm house, hungering for knowledge, she read and read those deep books that formed the foundation for her great literary life. She did this without neglecting her household duties, for the little motherless girl had a woman's responsibility. One of her hands was broader than the other from her work in butter and cheesemaking—yet these household duties combined with her love for good reading did not hinder her development

books that stimulate the brain, impart an appreciation of what is beautiful and of real worth, inspire to the higher purposes of life, by means of culture and refinement. Life is inexhaustible, and to those who live it well—they shall not lack in abundance.

It was Marie Antoinette who once said: "Oh! what a resource amid the casualties of life must there be in a highly cultivated mind."

France and French Women

La Rochefoucauld once said: "Everything happens in France." "The French people do not do things by halves," relates another historian, and French history is rich in similar references to France. They are true—the world knows it. We turn over the pages of history and are convinced that the women of France have always been extremely influential in affairs of the state. The biography of her women teaches important history. Men and women have worked together in France. When a man dies there his wife has become so interested in the business that she usually continues to manage it the same as did her husband.

Sarah Bernhardt says the patriotism of the French woman begins when she is born, and she herself said the supreme adventure of her life was when she acted before the brave men fresh from the trenches. She says it was the greatest spiritual experience she ever had because she went into that valley of war to speak with trembling lips to the men, in the words of the great poets, and it brought home to her a realization that all these men were demonstrating the magnificent

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character of the French women. Bernhardt furthermore says the French woman feels much, endures more and survives all.

"The French woman of to-day is a sort of epilogue to the brilliant historical drama of France. The effect of the war upon the woman in France shall create a superwoman who will delight the world—she will be a feminine leader of ideals. As women face the great mystery of maternity with a love that is more wonderful than any other in the world, so these men seize the opportunity of patriotic life to perform deeds of heroism more wonderful than the world has ever seen before. The sons of France have justified the motherhood of France." This and much more Sarah Bernhardt says in a recent article entitled "My France." She also says: "Whether the French woman's life has been spent in the open fields, in the scented salons, in the studios, in the universities, or in the business offices, she has always been the practical guardian of the honor of France. I do not mean that the woman of France will seek the places that belong to men in government or in education but I am sure that she will stand close to the social reorganization. There will be political changes in France. Political ambitions will be set aside for political ideals. The women of France will insist on this. Not in stormy and vigorous fashion of suffragism, but because the French women are and always have been a stimulating element to Frenchmen." This paragraph is strikingly true to French history. It is an inspiration to read of women in France



Sewing Class in front of school wearing the Middy Waists which each one made—Miss Blackburn, teacher, in the doorway—Gladstone, Man.

and their influence in affairs of the state. This takes one back to the only person in France that Napoleon feared—a woman—Madame de Stael. Her house became the centre of opposition against Napoleon. She inspired and even dictated the speeches of great statesmen. Napoleon said: "Her arrows would hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow." When he found he could not silence her he banished her to within forty leagues of Paris because he would not allow such a clever woman to influence the men of affairs. Then there was Madame Recamier, the true friend of great and distinguished men and women. It is said that men seldom learn to talk well when not inspired by gifted women. When society was most famous at Paris, it was the salon—not the card table, or the banquet, or the hall—which was most sought by cultivated men and women, where conversation was directed by gifted women. When woman accomplishes such results she fills no ordinary sphere—she performs no ordinary mission.

French history shines with this type of women—women who gave the greatest pleasure to cultivated minds and kindled lofty ideals—women who raised the value of the soul. Disposition and brains are the keys to the great art of conversation. Madame Recamier throughout her lifetime influenced helpfully men of the highest rank. When her husband lost his fortune she bore the reverses with that equanimity which seems peculiar to the French, and which only lofty characters, or people of considerable mental resources, are able to assume. She at once

cheerfully took up her abode in a small apartment—which conduct won such universal respect that her friends increased instead of diminished, and she did not lose her social prestige and influence.

Another woman of great influence in French history was Madame Roland. It was said that the decisive measures of the girondists received their impulse from the lovely Madame Roland. The biography of her life would strengthen any girl reader. She endured calmly—never faltering in her ambitions for her people—all kinds of cruelty until they sent her to prison. One day some commissioners called at her cell, hoping to get from her the secret of her husband's hiding place. She looked them calmly in the face and said: "Gentlemen, I know perfectly well where my husband is. I scorn to tell you a lie. I know, also, my own strength, and I assure you that there is no earthly power which can induce me to betray him." Before her execution she listened calmly to her sentence, and then rising, bowed with dignity to her judges and, smiling, said: "I thank you, gentlemen, for thinking me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness on the scaffold."

In the clear and searching light of French history we learn of heroines every girl should know—and we believe Sarah Bernhardt was right when she said that the French women will inspire political ideals because they are and always have been through their fine femininity a power in influencing their men.

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About the Farm

What Does it Cost to Raise a Dairy Cow?

In cheese-factory districts many dairymen have made a practice, in the past, of selling all their calves when a few days old, and have depended on buying mature cows to keep the herd to the required number. Men who disposed of whole milk at a good price considered it was more expensive to raise a calf than to purchase a mature animal, but, to-day the problem of buying suitable cows at an ordinary figure is becoming acute. The high price obtained for dairy products during the past few years has influenced many farmers in retaining all promising heifers and cows in their own herds. Dairymen are realizing that if the size of the herd is to be maintained and the productive capacity increased, the most satisfactory solution is to rear all strong, heifer calves from high-producing cows in their herds.

It was only a few years ago that good two-year old heifers could be purchased for \$30 or \$40, and mature cows around \$55 or \$60. The cost of raising cows has an important bearing on the economy of milk production. The question arises: what does it cost to raise a heifer to the productive stage? It is believed that it costs more to raise the average cow than is ever returned in profits. It is essential therefore, that well-bred, strong, healthy calves that will make good use of the feed consumed, be raised. The amount and kind of feed and care received are important factors in the cost of raising the heifers. It is possible to raise them quite cheaply by skipping the amount of milk used, and in feeding ordinary roughage and concentrates which are handy, rather than studying the particular requirements necessary to grow strong, thrifty calves. The actual cost of raising calves will depend very much on the amount of whole milk and skim-milk used, and the amount of high-priced concentrates which are fed. Rough estimates are frequently made regarding the cost of raising calves, but few farmers are so situated as to be able to keep an accurate account of all feeds consumed by the young animals. Besides the feed, there are other expenses which must also be considered. Several years ago records were kept of a number of calves being raised at Macdonald College, Quebec, and during the first six months the average amount of feed consumed was 228 lbs. of whole milk; 2,699 lbs. of skim-milk; 91 lbs. of linseed meal; 92 lbs. of oats; 188 lbs. of hay; 204 lbs. of roots and silage. At the end of this period the average weight of a calf was 372 lbs. At the present market price, these feeds would cost about \$13. During the second six months \$18 would be a fair estimate of the cost of feeding a calf, or a total of \$31 for the year, and to this would have to be added value of the calf at birth, cost of labor, bedding, housing interest and taxes, which would amount to possibly \$13 or \$14. Crediting the calf with \$3 as value of manure the net cost of a yearling would be about \$42.

At several Experimental Stations in the United States, extensive work has been carried on in an endeavor to arrive at a fair average cost of raising heifer calves on feed grown on the average farm and figured at market prices. At the Wisconsin Station records were kept of all expenses incurred in the rearing of heifers to two years of age, and the net cost was \$16.41, 12.5 per cent of this was for labor, 22 per cent for other costs, and 65.5 per cent for feed. At the Connecticut Station the average net cost of rearing a heifer to two years of age was \$66. At the Ohio Agricultural Station C. C. Hayden, M. S., Chief of the Dairy Staff, has completed extensive investigation work along this line and his deductions are to the effect that Holstein Friesian heifers cost \$82.54 to raise them to two years of age, and other breeds were about the same. As heifers do not usually freshen until they are 30 to 32 months of age, the cost of raising them to the productive stage is materially increased above the figures given. The figures for the three stations vary considerably due, largely, to the value placed on calves at birth, the kind of feed fed, and the ruling market price. The factors considered by Prof. Hayden on arriving

at these figures, were the value of calf at birth, feed, labor, housing, interest, insurance, taxes, and service fee. It was rather difficult to put an average value on labor in looking after calves, as the cost varies with the number cared for, local labor conditions and class of labor employed. The item of taxes and insurance varies with the tax rate and value of heifers, which depends on the breeding and demand. The investigation work reported in bulletin 49 of the U. S. Plant Industry, shows that the labor requirement for heifers one year of age is 7.13 minutes per day, and for heifers one to two years of age, four minutes per day. A laborer's time is figured at 15 cents per hour, which makes the cost of labor the first year \$6.50, and \$3.65 for the second year. Prof. Hayden, in his work, valued the calf at \$5.00 at birth, and used \$6.50 as the labor cost for the first year, but valued the time at \$5.00 for the second year, as he was of the opinion that one cent per day was not sufficient. A charge of \$2.00 for the first year and \$2.50 for the second was made for bedding; for utensils, tools, and veterinary fees, a charge of \$1.00 per head was made. Housing was charged at \$2.00 per head per year; interest and taxes were charged at the rate of five per cent and one per cent respectively on the value of the calf at birth, plus the cost of tools, plus one-half the cost of feed, labor and bedding, less the value of the manure. The service fee was \$1.50. A credit for manure of \$3.00 the first year and \$6.00 the second year was given. The pasture was charged at the rate of 30 cents per month the first year, and 90 cents for the second. This may be considered low for some sections. Feed was charged at the following prices: whole milk, \$1.50 per hundred; skim-milk at 20 cents per hundredweight; clover hay, \$12.00 per ton; corn silage and stover, at \$4.00 per ton; wheat-bran, at \$24.00, and linseed meal at \$33.00 per ton. All feeds were weighed, and any feed refused was weighed again and deducted from the amount fed. Naturally, the heifers receiving the largest amount of milk, and smallest amount of pasture were the most expensive to raise, which emphasizes the fact that heifers born in the fall and normally fed, cost less to one year of age, than those born in the spring, even though a normal amount of milk is fed to each. The calf born in the fall consumes its milk during the grain feeding season, thus reducing the amount of grain required, and when spring comes, it is old enough to make the maximum use of pasture during the full pasture season. The spring-born calf consumes its milk during the cheap pasture season, and must be fed on grain and roughage at a time when it eats the most.

The heifers, used in estimating the cost of feeding, made a daily gain of about 1.3 lbs. the first year, and one pound the second year. They were fed a considerable quantity of whole milk and skim-milk, which possibly increased the cost somewhat. However, if any dairyman purposes raising a thrifty calf, that will have sufficient size when mature, it is poor economy to skip the amount of milk fed. Of course, good, thrifty calves have been raised on a small amount of milk in combination with sweet, clover hay, oat chop, cornmeal, and a little linseed meal. The following figures give the average amount of feed consumed with thirty heifers in the test: At the end of the first year the weight was 564 lbs., and in that time 499 lbs. of whole milk, 2,786 lbs. of skim-milk; 656 lbs. of grain; 586 lbs. of silage; 768 lbs. of hay; and 9 lbs. of stover was consumed, besides 128 days on pasture. The total cost of the feed was \$29.31. Valuing other costs, as previously mentioned, at \$14.79, the total net cost was \$44.10, for a calf at one year of age. From one to two years of age the feed consumed was: 174 lbs. of skim-milk; 870 lbs. of grain; 2,247 lbs. of silage; 1,419 lbs. of hay; 232 lbs. of stover, and 151 days on pasture. The total feed cost was \$29.55, and other costs \$8.89, making the net cost of \$38.44 for rearing the heifer from one to two years. These figures may seem rather high, but, on the feed given, the calves just made ordinary gains, and would not average over 1,000 lbs. apiece at the end

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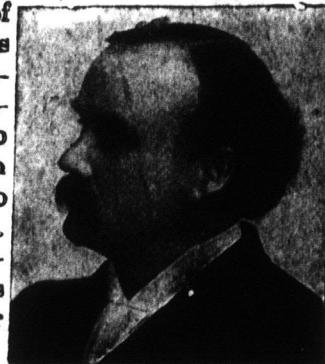
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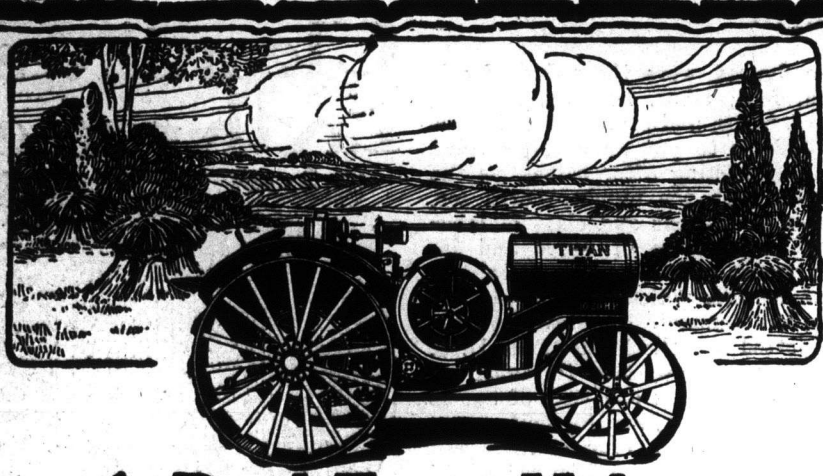
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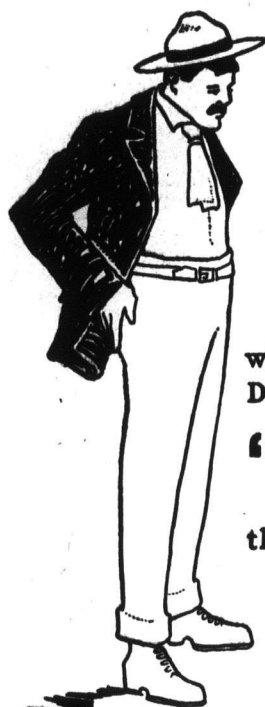
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of the second year. Possibly equally good calves might be fed at less expense, on the average farm, where only a few are being raised, and exceptionally good care given, but the figures quoted for the various expenses and feed appear reasonable; in fact, some of the feed was valued at a lower figure than the present market conditions would warrant. It is believed that, when everything is considered, the average cow costs more to raise than most dairymen figure on.

It is as expensive to raise an ordinary calf from low-producing ancestors, as it is the calf from high-producing stock, which, in all probability will be a profitable producer. If a cow returns \$10 profit each year, it will take about eight years for her to repay the cost of raising to two years of age. At this age the cow would be past her period of usefulness. However, cows that furnish their owner with \$10 profit give him a living wage, and a high rate of interest on his investment. It is believed that the average cow does not return a profit of \$10 per year, if feed, labor, housing and interest on investment are considered. Therefore, in order to receive good wages, the aim should be to raise and keep high-producing cows on the farm.

Suppose it does cost \$80.00 or \$90.00 to raise a calf to the productive stage, during that two years or over the feeder is receiving a fair wage, all feed and bedding is paid for at market price, cost of stabling, taxes and interest on investment are also considered, so, if the calf is only worth what it actually costs to raise it to the time when it returns a revenue, the feeder is losing no money. On first thought \$10.00 may seem a small annual profit from a cow, but, it is equal to 12½ per cent interest on the cost of raising a heifer. It is doubtful if any other branch of farming pays as high a rate of interest. If a cow produces a revenue of \$5.00 above the expenses incurred in feed and care, she is a profitable investment. The average cow may not do it, but it is possible by careful breeding and feeding to have cows that will produce even a greater profit than that mentioned.

The Head of the Herd

The progressive dairyman depends on the use of a pure-bred sire for improving the productive capacity of the herd, and the sire that usually brings the highest price is one whose immediate ancestors are high producers, both of milk and butter fat. As like tends to produce like, the natural conclusion is that a bull from high-producing stock will transmit heavy-producing qualities to his progeny, and in the majority of herds the use of a bull from such stock has been the means of increasing the average yield of milk from one to two thousand pounds per cow in the second generation. When the possibilities resulting from the use of good sires are so great, dairymen can well afford to pay a big price for an animal that represents not only a life-time, but possibly generations, of careful breeding and selection for high production. But, in purchasing a herd header, pedigree is not the only consideration. No matter what records the bull's ancestors have made, if the animal himself does not appear to possess prepotency, individuality, truthness to breed type, and a strong constitution, pedigree should not be considered too highly. However, it is possible to secure bulls showing these characteristics along with the very best of breeding.

In raising the young bull he should receive careful attention and good feed in order to keep him in a healthy condition, so he will make normal growth. While it is possible that an animal that is thrifty, yet undersized on account of insufficient feed, may produce offspring equal in size to the calves from a larger size, such an animal is not in demand on the market. The bull calf can be raised on skim-milk equally as well as the heifer. Until six months of age, heifer and bull calves may run together. The following daily ration will keep a calf in thrifty condition: When fifteen days old, about ten pounds of whole milk and two pounds of skim-milk, three ounces of concentrates made up of equal parts of corn meal and ground oats, and one-half pound of clover hay; at one month of age the whole milk will have been

entirely substituted by about twelve pounds of skim-milk, and the average calf will eat about one-half pound of concentrates and one pound of hay; at two months of age the skin-milk need not be increased but one pound of concentrates, two pounds of clover hay and two pounds of silage or roots will probably be consumed. As the calf grows, concentrates and roughage are gradually increased. Only hay of good quality should be used for feeding to calves and bright, leafy clover which has been cut early makes the best roughage. Alfalfa is excellent feed, especially after milk is discontinued.

At six months of age bull calves should be separated from the heifers and fed more heavily on grain. If a number of bulls are run loose in a pen, they sometimes fight; consequently they do not do so well as if placed in separate pens. The bull should be sufficiently mature for light service at ten or twelve months of age. The calf should be halter broken and so handled from calf-hood that he will recognize man as his master. If this were done, there would be fewer cross bulls in the country. The bull in full service will require about the same quantity of feed as a dairy cow giving a good flow of milk to keep him in good condition. Clover or alfalfa hay, turnips and silage along with from six to eight pounds of concentrates make a suitable ration.

To maintain health and vitality the bull must have plenty of exercise. Possibly the most suitable quarters is a box stall with a paddock adjoining in which he may exercise. Every precaution should be taken to have stall partitions and paddock fences strongly built so that there will be no possibility of the bull learning how to break loose. The man handling the bull should do so without displaying fear, and yet always be careful. Many accidents occur with bulls that have been too much trusted.

Too many dairymen use a bull for two or three years, and then, just when his value as a producer of stock becomes known, he is sold to be slaughtered. For the best interest of the dairy industry it is time that this practice ceased in case of good bulls. A proven bull, three or four years old, can often be bought for less money than would have to be paid for an untried, young animal. As a bull's usefulness usually lasts for a number of years, if he is properly cared for, it would oftentimes be advisable to head the herd with an animal that is known to leave good stock rather than depend entirely on the services of a young sire.

Keeping the Boys on the Farm

There is a farmer in Southern Georgia whose neighbors all consider him an unusually successful man. He has farmed all his life, but until five years ago he had merely made a fair living in return for long hours and ceaseless work. His career was not such as to tempt the younger members of the family to stay on the farm. The one who told this story, in fact, left the country and went to New York.

Five years ago the older man's health gave out. He was laid up all winter, and when spring came on he could get around a little but he could no longer work with his own hands. His neighbors all said, "It's too bad he's all wore out," and some of them even added, "laid by to die."

He gave up half the farm and hired help to work the remainder, under his supervision. Watching the Negro work was not interesting employment for all his time and so he attended crop improvement meetings, began to get in touch with the state and national agricultural experts. While his hired Negro was working with his hands the "worn out" farmer got to work with his head, and what he thought out the Negro carried out under his direction. Now there are two or three Negroes, though the farm is not as large as it used to be when he worked it himself. The profits, on the other hand, are three or four times what they used to be—and the younger member of the family who told this story is now in Georgia swapping some town lots for a farm, though he has a two-year contract which he has to fulfil before he can go to it permanently.

A well-known fruit raiser in New Jersey tells this story of his success:

"At twenty-one I rented the old homestead. I tried to buy it, but father said no. It was too big a thing, more than I would ever be able to pay for. No one member of his family need ever hope to own it. As I could not buy the one I lived on, I bought an old neglected fruit farm seven miles from home, and farmed it in addition to my home farm. The fourth year our apples averaged 40 cents a basket and the farm sales were more than \$6,000. All this time, the farm I lived on was also doing a little better every year so that I once more had some free money. By this time father had forgotten that no one of his sons could ever pay for the whole of the farm and he sold it all to me. After making a settlement for the home farm (largely paper) I still had a little money left and I bought another farm right away. The sales of the farm the first year were \$4,100, the third year they were \$5,100, and last year (the twelfth) they were about \$10,000 clear of commission. The other farms I have tackled have given me similar results.

"My wife goes around with me to these farms and is just as much interested as I am. My older boys are as enthusiastic as any farmers you ever saw. The oldest one is at Cornell studying agriculture. The next two will be somewhere studying agriculture next year. They are more enthusiastic than their father, and when they come back we will do still better. I have got a little red-headed boy at home so high. He wishes he could hurry up and grow big and learn how to farm.

"Farmers are prosperous. They have automobiles, they have steam-heated houses, and live as well as anybody. Sentiment is all right, but sentiment won't hold boys on the farm. But let me tell you, if you make your boys think that a farmer can make more money, have more fun, lay by a better competence for old age than any other line, you will put those boys in a state of mind that you can not drive them off the farm with a club."

—From The World's Work.

"Sport Model" at Low Price is Unusual Overland Product Just Placed on Auto Market

Originality and distinctiveness furnish the keynote for the latest product of Willys-Overland Limited, of West Toronto—the Country Club, a smart four-passenger sport model at \$1,050.00 f.o.b. Toronto.

The Country Club is the only sport model in the small car class and bids fair to be one of the greatest successes of the season. Heretofore, "sport model" has been associated with "high price"; but in the new car, Willys-Overland Limited offer a model of marked distinction, at an unusually low figure.

The outstanding feature of the Country Club is its unusual body design, which gives it a compact custom-built appearance. This is strengthened by a color scheme of rich gray for the body, long grained upholstery and mohair top. The sloping win-shield lends added smartness.

Fenders and trimmings are lustrous black. Red wire wheels add a touch of brilliant color, further accentuated by an occasional flash of nickel and polished aluminum.

The seating arrangements are equally distinctive. In front are two comfortable chairs which move independently forward or back to the length best suited for the driver and his companion.

The wide aisle that divides the front seats makes the rear compartment easy of access.

A roomy, comfortable rear seat for two is close up, although allowing ample leg room. Four grown persons can comfortably ride in the Country Club.

Wide "U" doors, front hinged, with large pockets for tools and other accessories, are provided.

Officials of Willys-Overland Limited believe that the Country Club will find ready sale among people who also own heavy large cars and are accustomed to easy riding, special care has been taken to make it so comfortable and easy riding that it will not suffer by comparison with the most luxurious makes.

Large four-inch tires; the famous shock-absorbing cantilever springs, which are now a feature of all Overland pleasure cars; and special springs for the

cushions, go a long way to achieve this end.

Thorough tests have shown the performance of this car to be in keeping with its style.

"The volume of power developed by its four cylinder motor and the smoothness and ease of operation," according to The Willys-Overland Company, "are going to be a source of charm and lasting satisfaction to Country Club owners."

The Country Club has a wheelbase of 104 inches.

The motor is of the four-cylinder en bloc type, 3 3/8-inch bore and 5-inch stroke. The ignition is furnished by the battery and distributor system. The car is equipped with Tillotson carburetor.

The 12 1/2-gallon gasoline tank is under the rear deck; the vacuum feed assures an even fuel flow under all driving conditions. A bracket is provided for a spare tire in the rear of the car. An extra wire wheel is included in the equipment.

Early shipments of the Country Club have found a ready welcome among discriminating people to whom low prices and economy in operation promised gratification of a long cherished desire for an out-of-the-ordinary car as well as with those whose choice of an automobile is in no way governed by its price.

It is on this satisfaction which the Country Club has already created, that Willys-Overland Limited is basing its prediction of this car's sweeping success.

War Savings Certificates

The new War Savings Certificates which have been created by the Government to encourage thrift and economy and to give everyone an opportunity to assist in financing our war expenditure, are now on sale at every bank and money order post office in Canada. The \$25 certificate sells for \$21.50, the \$50 for \$43, and the \$100 for \$86.

As an investment these certificates offer many attractive features—chief of which are the absolute security and the excellent interest return. For every \$21.50 lent to the Government now, \$25 will be returned at the end of three years.

There are two other features which are especially interesting to small investors. First, the certificates may be surrendered at any time, if the buyer should need his money; and second, each certificate is registered at Ottawa in the buyer's name and, if lost or stolen, is therefore valueless to anyone else.

But while they are excellent from an investment standpoint, the certificates should appeal strongly to Canadians because they offer to those who must serve at home a splendid opportunity for a most important patriotic service. The person who honestly saves to the extent of his ability and places his savings at the disposal of the Government by purchasing these certificates, may feel that he is having a direct share in feeding, equipping, and munitioning our Canadian soldiers, who are so nobly doing their part.

Mr. Geo. Wood, Holland, Man., recently received the following from one of his Mt. Tolmie, B. C., customers: "Birds arrived yesterday and I am very pleased with same. Shall probably show them as a pen in January."

In poultry experiments at the North Dakota Agricultural College, a comparison of the productive powers of yarded fowls, versus fowls kept under ordinary farm ranging conditions, showed that the former gave a greater egg production but the eggs were not so large, especially during the latter part of the summer; that is, a greater number of eggs but less pounds. Tests were also conducted to determine the effects of age and cold on the fertility of eggs. The results showed that it is not safe to keep eggs more than ten days in summer, as after that the hatching percentage went down very rapidly; earlier in the spring they may be kept longer, up to three weeks. As to the effect of cold on the fertility of eggs, Prof. Dynes believes that a moist cold, unless long continued, would not affect the fertility; but eggs are liable to crack in a dry cold.

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.



One Whiff Bingo!—He's Dead!

The minute Mr. Gopher smells Kill-Em-Quick he starts right in to commit suicide—it gets 'em all for 1 cent an acre—saves enormous losses.

Kill-Em-Quick
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOPHER POISON
The Time-Tested, Guaranteed Gopher Killer

It Puts the "Go" in Gophers

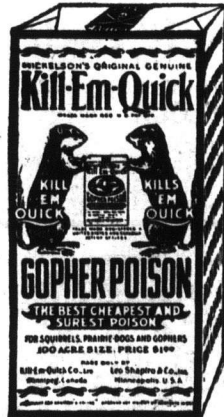
It's sudden disappearance to the gopher pest. The odor attracts them—they go to it with a ravenous appetite—once they find it, they're gone. The tiniest particle taken into the mouth invariably kills.

Cheapest—It kills all the gophers for 1 cent an acre—

Surest—It never fails. It "gets the gophers" every time. They hunt it, eat it, die of it. It's sure doom for gophers—

Safest—No danger to handle. It spreads no seed of noxious weeds.

40-acre size, 50c.



An Old Friend in a New Dress

Guaranteed

Money back guarantee printed on every package. If it fails, we refund the purchase price.

Easy to Use

Simply stir into moistened oats or ground feed and drop into holes.

100-acre size, \$1.00.

Testimony of an Expert Witness

Do you want proof of Kill-Em-Quick efficiency? Here it is. Read this letter from Professor Jackson, of the Manitoba Agricultural College:

Dear Sirs: Winnipeg, June 2, 1916. My field representative, Mr. Kiteley, has given your gopher poison (Kill-Em-Quick), and several other gopher poisons, field tests, and reports having found Kill-Em-Quick the most efficient and entirely satisfactory.

We are therefore prepared to recommend Kill-Em-Quick as an effective gopher poison. Yours sincerely, [Signed] V. W. JACKSON, Professor of Biology.

Get Kill-Em-Quick from your druggist—if he cannot supply you, we send direct upon receipt of the price. Send for Free Gopher Book.

Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd. Dept. G Winnipeg, Canada.

IN THE FIELD MAKING MONEY



or lame in the barn, "eating their heads off"? One means profit—the other means loss. When a horse goes lame—develops a Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone—don't risk losing him through neglect—don't run just as great a risk by experimenting with unknown "cures". Get the old reliable standby—

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Mr. David Yerex, Sonya, Ont., writes—"I have used your Spavin Cure for fifteen years, and know it to be a good cure". Be ready for emergencies, keep a bottle of Kendall's in the barn. Then, if a horse goes lame, you have the remedy on hand to cure the trouble quickly; \$1. a bottle—6 for \$5. at druggists. Ask your dealer for free copy of book—"Treatise On The Horse"—or write us direct.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VERMONT, U.S.A. 110

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For making PILLOW TOPS, QUILTS, Etc.

Printed in correct colors on good quality felt cloth in various shades.

We have two sizes: 8 x 6 ins. (about 40 nations) 12 for 25c

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Your grocer is honest. He will not say other flour is "just as good" as "OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"—he knows it is Canada's Best Flour.

Your Great Grandmother used it—your Mother baked it into the delicious flakey pies and snowy white bread you so well remember—your children will use it when they grow older.

What Are You Doing?

Give hubby once more the pies his mother used to make.

Do It To-day!

Order from your grocer a bag of ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR and your baking day troubles are over.



Great Bargain Offer

The Western Home Monthly
AND THE
Farmers' Telegram & Family Magazine

BOTH FOR
ONE FULL
YEAR FOR
ONLY **\$1.25**

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE

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

USE THIS COUPON

Enclosed please find \$1.25. Mail to my address for one year, The Western Home Monthly and The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine and the Canadian War Picture.

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Work for Busy Fingers

Lace Centrepiece with Honiton Braid

Materials: Two balls of No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton, 1 bolt of Honiton Braid.

Make 7 ch sts, join into a circle.
First Row—3 ch sts 17 d c into this circle.

Second Row—5 ch sts, 9 sps, join to 3rd ch st.

Third Row—4 d c over each sp, 1 d c over d c.

Fourth Row—3 ch sts, 1 d c, *1 ch st, skip 1 st, 2 d c in next st, repeat*.

Cut 10 large portions of braid and sew ends together forming a circle.

Fifth Row—3 ch sts, 1 s c into 2nd p of braid, 3 ch sts, 1 s c over ch of preceding row, 3 ch sts, 1 s c into 4th p of braid, 3 ch sts, 1 s c over next ch, repeat*.

Sixth Row—1 s c over small portion of braid, *7 ch sts, 1 s c into 2nd p of braid, 7 ch sts, 1 s c into 4th p of braid, repeat*.

Seventh Row—*2 ch sts, 1 p, 3 ch sts, 1 p, 2 ch sts, 1 s c over loop, repeat* also for 8th row.

make 4 s c over 1st sp, 1 s c over d c, 4 s c over next sp, 1 s c over d c, 3 s c over next sp, 12 ch sts, catch back into 2nd s c of this sp, turn, *3 s c, 1 p repeat* until you have 5 p, 3 s c all over the 12 ch sts, 1 s c over same sp, 4 s c over next sp, 4 s c, 1 ch st, 4 s c, all over corner sp, repeat for the 4 sides.

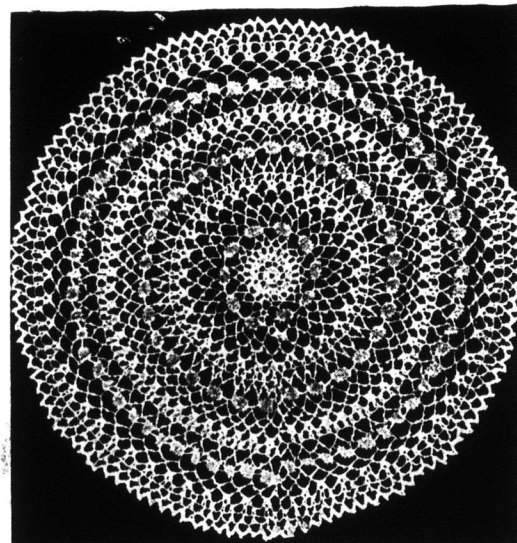
Next Row—7 ch sts, 1 s c into 2nd p, 7 ch sts, 1 s c into 4th p, 7 ch sts, 1 s c into the corner ch st, continue for the 4 sides.

Last Row—*3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, over 1st loop, 3 s c, 2 ch sts, connect with 1 s c, to center of 5 ch sts of insertion, 2 ch sts, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, over centre loop, 2 ch sts, connect with 1 s c, to center of next 5 ch sts of insertion, 3 s c, complete centre loop, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, over next loop, completing 1/4 of this row, repeat* making 3 p and 4 clusters of 3 s c, each for the remaining centre loops.

Break thread and start another medalion on the last row, join 1st and 3rd p. of centre loop with the corresponding p of 1st medalion.

For the wheel between the medalions, make 7 ch sts, join forming a circle, *7 ch sts, 1 s c, over center of 5 ch sts, of the insertion, 7 ch sts, 1 s c, into circle, repeat for 4 loops, 4 loops into 4 p of 1st medalion and 4 loops into 4 p of 2nd medalion, break thread.

For the upper edge of the lace, make 5 ch sts, 1 s c, into the center of 5 ch sts, repeat for the length of lace, except at the corners, for 4 loops make 2 ch sts between each.



Another Lace Centrepiece

Materials—One ball of No. 5 mercerized crochet cotton. Make 8 ch sts, join forming a circle.

First Row—5 ch sts, 32 t c, into this circle, join with s 1 st to ch.

Second Row—9 ch sts, turn 1 s c into each ch st, 2 ch sts turn, 1 d c into each s c, taking the front half of each st only, 1 ch st, turn 1 s c into each s c, *10 ch sts, 1 s c into the 4th st of 1st row, ** 1 ch st turn 1 s c into each st for 9 sts, repeat** three times, catching front half of each st only, repeat* until you have formed 8 blocks, join with s c to corner of 1st block.

Third Row—7 ch sts, * 1 s c to corner of block, 7 ch sts, 1 t c, over ch between blocks, 3 ch sts, repeat*.

Fourth Row—3 ch sts, 1 d c into each st and 2 d c into t c of preceding row.

Fifth Row—3 ch sts, 1 d c, 1 ch st, 2 d c all into 1st st, forming a fan, *7 ch sts, skip 5 sts, 2 d c, 1 ch st, 2 d c, repeat*.

Sixth Row—Repeat 5th row, make each fan over ch in centre of fan of preceding row.

Seventh Row—*3 ch sts, 1 s c over chs of 5th and 6th rows together, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, repeat*.

Eighth Row—*11 d c all over center of fan, 5 ch sts, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c, all over fan, 5 ch sts, repeat*.

Ninth Row—*1 d c between 1st and 2nd d c, 1 ch st, 1 d c between each of the remaining d c, 10 d c, 5 ch sts, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c, all over center of fan, 5 ch sts, repeat*.

Tenth Row—*9 d c with 1 ch st between each 5 ch sts, 1 fan (from this to the finish 3 d c, 2 ch sts, 3 d c form a fan), 5 ch sts, repeat*.

Eleventh Row—*8 d c with 1 ch st between each, 6 ch sts, 1 fan, 6 ch sts, repeat*.

Twelfth Row—*7 d c with 1 ch st between each, 7 ch sts, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c, all over fan, 7 ch sts, repeat*.

Thirteenth Row—*6 d c, with 1 ch st between each, 7 ch sts, 1 fan over 1st ch of fan, 5 ch sts, turn, fan over fan 6 ch sts, 5 d c with 1 ch st between each, 6 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn, repeat decreasing 1 d c on each row until you have 2 d c, 6 ch sts, fan over fan, 5 ch sts, turn fan over fan, 6 ch sts, 1 s c between d c, 6 ch sts, fan 5 ch sts, turn 2 fans, continue down the side of point making *1 s c into each st of fan, 12 s c over ch, 3 s c over last st of next fan, repeat* until you reach the 13th row, repeat for each point.

Elaborate Tea Cloth

Materials: One large skein of No. 5 mercerized crochet cotton, 1 square of linen, 24x24 inches.

This lace is made in sections, first make an insertion, start with 19 ch sts.

First Row—Make 2 d c into the 6th ch st, 1 ch st, 2 d c into the same st, 12 ch sts, skip 12 sts, 2 d c, 1 ch st, 2 d c, all into the last st, 5 ch sts, turn, repeat for 3 rows.

Fourth Row—5 ch sts, 2 d c, 1 ch st, 2 d c over ch between d c of preceding row, 9 ch sts, 1 s c, over the center of all 3 chs, 1 ch st, turn, make 1 s c into each of the 9 ch sts, turn, repeat for 6 rows, 2 a c, 1 ch st, 2 d c, all over ch, 5 ch sts, turn, repeat the first 3 rows.

Next Row—2 d c, 1 ch st, 2 d c over ch, 9 ch sts, 1 s c over the 3 chs, catch into the corner st of square of 4th row, continue for the length required.

For the medallion, start with 20 ch sts.
First Row—1 d c into the 8th st, *2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 d c, repeat*.

Second row—5 ch sts, *1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, repeat*.

Continue until you have 5 rows, then

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

A teacher once asked her pupils to define the word "ancestors."
"It's our back relations," a little girl replied.

Giving God a Chance

When Doctor Morrison entered his study he found young Stanley pacing it in agitation. The young man went directly to the point:
 "Doctor Morrison, I've made a mistake. I should not be honest either with you or myself if I denied it any longer."
 "You mean in uniting with the church?" his pastor asked quietly.
 "Yes, sir."

"What makes you think that you have made a mistake?"
 "Because," the young fellow answered slowly, "I can't feel it any more. I know, of course, that religion isn't simply emotion. But it shouldn't bore me. There's something very wrong when that is so. I—I can't tell you how I have fought it. Of all men in the world, I

feel that doctors ought to believe. And yet, I can't believe."

"When you united with the church you were in Mr. Houghton's class, I remember. Did he make you study?"

"He certainly did!" the young fellow responded, laughing in spite of his trouble. "You had to study if you were going to hold up your head in that class."

"And when he died, you kept up your Bible reading for a time, but it grew more and more perfunctory, and then you began to forget it altogether; and when you did take it up, you were bored. Is that it?"

"That is about it, sir."

"You are studying medicine; have the doctors discovered any way in which a patient can take nourishment enough in a year to last the rest of his life?"

"Of course not, sir."

"When you have your degree will you never look at your books again?"

The young fellow's flamed. "I don't know what you mean, sir. A good doctor never stops studying. He has to keep up with every experiment, every discovery."

"And yet you expect, as a Christian, to take in enough Christianity in a year to last the rest of your life!"

"But it hasn't lasted; that's exactly the point."

"Certainly. That is the point with thousands of Christians in the church to-day—lack of food. Have you studied your Bible to see what it has to say to doctors? Have you studied it to learn about human nature and the way to treat it? You keep up with the latest medical discoveries—have you laid out for your-

self a course in the great discoveries of men whose it is to interpret the word of God? Have you studied prayer as you have studied the nervous system? Have you ever put it all to practical tests, as you experiment in your laboratory? In other words, have you given God half a chance?"

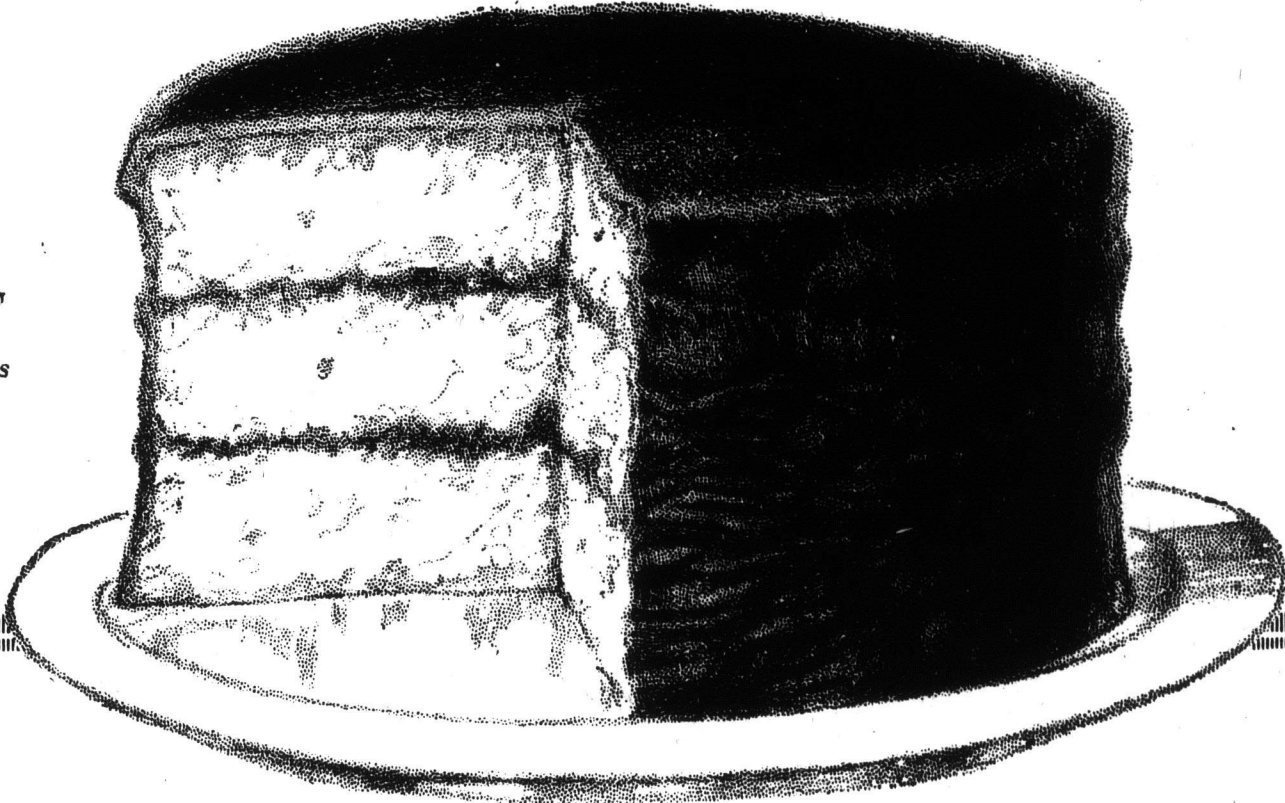
The young man's face had cleared. He held out his hand.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

From Different Viewpoints

"Uncle Frank," asked Little James, "what is the difference between 'cute' and 'sneaky'?"

"According to your mother," reflected Uncle Frank, "it's the difference between what you do and what Mrs. Brown's little boy does."



WHEN YOU THINK OF CAKE THINK OF FIVE ROSES

Age Only Improves A Five Roses Cake

Some housewives demand Lightness in cakes—

Some demand Fine Flavor, or mere Appearance.

Users of FIVE ROSES Flour demand *more*—and they get it *consistently*, because its wholesomeness and baking qualities seldom vary.

Long after ordinary cake is dry and tasteless, you can readily identify a FIVE ROSES cake by its rare freshness of flavor and a texture still soft and moist.

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A Comfortable and an Attractive Lounging Robe—2009—This model is lovely for cotton or silk crepe, for lawn, cashmere, silk, satin or gabardine. The fronts overlap at the closing. The neck edge is finished with a broad collar. The sleeve is cut in kimono style. The pattern has 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 44-inch material for a 34-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Model—2013—Ladies' apron dress—This model may serve as a house dress. It is comfortable and easy to develop, easy to wear and easy to launder. Percale, gingham, seersucker, crepe, lawn and alpaca are good for its development. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a 34-inch size. A pattern of this illustration

The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Up-to-date Style—2021—Ladies' Sport Blouse, with sleeve in either of two lengths: This style is fine for satin, taffeta, flannel, batiste, lawn, linen and other wash fabrics. The fronts are finished in coat closing. The sleeve is finished at wrist length with a frill; in elbow length, a smart turnback cuff forms a suitable decoration. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Style for Business and

Child's dress, with sleeve in either of two styles—Lawn, nainsook, batiste, dimity, “allover” embroidery, cashmere, nuns' veiling, challie, silk and albatross are good materials for this style. The model is made with panel sections in back and front and is lengthened at the sides by gathered skirt portions. The sleeve may be short, with a turnback cuff or finished at wrist length with a band cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 3-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Overblouse Dress for Misses' and Small Women—2014—This model is nice for serge and satin combinations, and good for gabardine and crepe. The overdress may be used to wear with any guimpe or underwaist. Of all simple styles, this one is the simplest to develop, and with its plain and graceful lines is most becoming, especially for slim figures. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the guimpe and 3½ yards for



mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Fashionable Model—1818—Ladies' three-piece skirt—Striped suiting, serge, broadcloth, poplin, taffeta, faille, gabardine and velour are nice for this model. The pocket, which is both jaunty and practical, may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. It requires 3¾ yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1-3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Becoming Model in One-Piece Style—2007—Girls' one-piece dress, with sleeve in wrist or elbow length—This style is good for percale, chambray, gingham, serge, gabardine, flannelette, lawn and linen. The closing is at the side. The neck is cut in square outline.

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Home Wear—Waist 2026. Skirt—2025—Separate skirts and waists have lost none of their popularity, and surely no combination is neater, especially for general wear than a neat waist of linen, crepe, or other reasonable material, and a skirt of serge or cloth, linen or taffeta. In the combination here portrayed the waist has the popular yoke extension, below which the fronts are full and gathered. This gives comfort and ease, and is very becoming, especially to slender figures. The sleeve in wrist length has a deep shaped cuff to which a flare section may be added. In elbow length the sleeve has a turnback cuff. The waist pattern 2026 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt pattern 2025 is cut in 7 sizes also: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 5¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 3¼ yards at the foot. The 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 Simple and Pretty Design—2011—

the dress, for a 16-year size. The dress measures about 2½ yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

It was the Sabbath day, and the elder was shaving himself prior to church time, when he made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Calling his wife, he asked her if she had any court plaster.

“You will find some in my sewing basket,” she said.

The elder soon had the cut covered. At church, in assisting with the collection, he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate. Very much annoyed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

“I should say there was,” answered the assistant. “What is that upon your nose?”

“Court plaster.”

“No,” said his friend; “it is the label from a reel of cotton. It says ‘Warranted 200 yards.’”

Young People

The Star Game

By K. B. Walker.

"We came to the country to live out-of-doors, and it has rained two days!" said Grace. And then all the children broke out together: "What can we do?"

Mama put down her book and smiled. "Why not make up a game?"

"You make it up and we'll play it," said Mary, sagely.

Mama looked thoughtfully at the five yellow heads clustered round her chair. "I have it, chicks!" she cried. "We'll play the star game."

"What is it?" cried the five.

"You shall see. Bess, bring me my scissors and that large sheet of gold paper in my top bureau drawer. Mary, ask Bridget for a candle and candlestick. Grace, make a tiny bit of flour paste."

Away they all flew except Dotty and Daisy, who jumped up and down, crying, "Are you going to leave us out 'cause we're young?"

"You are to the best part of the star game," said mama.

Bess brought the scissors and gold paper, and the little girls watched mama curiously while she cut out a sun with rays, two stars and a crescent moon.

Then Grace brought the paste, and the fun began.

On Bessie's white forehead mama pasted the sun; on Grace's the moon; on Dotty's and Daisy's a wonderful star.

"I can't imagine this game," said Grace. But mama only laughed.

Then came Mary with the candle, and in a moment was told to light it. By this time five little girls were much excited.

"Now Bessie stands in the center of the room, holding the lighted candle; Mary stands at a little distance from Bessie."

"And what shall we do?" begged Dotty and Daisy.

"You may stand in this corner, dears, until I tell you to come out; and Grace may stand in the opposite corner. Now we're ready to begin. Bessie is the sun, Mary is the earth, Grace the moon, Dotty and Daisy are stars. Bess must stand still while Mary revolves round her in a circle, very slowly indeed."

"When Mary turns her back to the sun—the candle-light—you will know it is night, and Grace and Dotty and Daisy—the moon and stars—must come out and shine."

All the little girls clapped their hands. The game went splendidly.

After a while they added more to the game. Mary divided the chalk circle into four parts, and in one Bess scattered bits of paper for winter snow; in another Dotty and Daisy sprinkled red clovers out of mama's vase, for summer days; in the third Grace placed a rosy apple for autumn; and Bridget came with a piece of maple-sugar on a plate for spring.

Mary stopped at the close of each season, Bess put down the candle, and they "made believe" some more. When it was the summer season they went to the ocean for a dip and a frolic; when it was winter they went skating and snow-shoeing over the hills; in fall they were off for a nutting expedition.

Bridget watched the game with arms crossed, her honest face amazed.

"Who would think," she said, "that the old earth was capering round the sun like that!"

The New Leaves

"Wake up!" said a clear little voice. Tommy woke, and sat up in bed. At the foot of the bed stood a boy about his own age, all dressed in white, like fresh snow. He had very bright eyes, and he looked straight at Tommy.

"Who are you?" asked Tommy.

"I am the New Year!" said the boy.

"This is my day, and I have brought you your leaves."

"What leaves?" asked Tommy.

"The new ones, to be sure!" said the New Year. "I heard bad accounts of you from my Daddy—"

"Who is your Daddy?" asked Tommy.

"The Old Year, of course!" said the boy. "He said you asked too many questions and I see he was right." He says you are greedy, too, and that you sometimes pinch your little sister, and

that one day you threw your Reader into the fire. Now, all this must stop."

"Oh, must it?" said Tommy. He felt frightened, and did not know just what to say.

The boy nodded. "If it does not stop," he said, "you will grow worse and worse every year, till you grow up into a Horrid Man. Do you want to be a Horrid Man?"

"N-no!" said Tommy.

"Then you must stop being a horrid boy!" said the New Year. "Take your leaves!" and he held out a packet of what looked like copybook leaves, all sparkling white, like his own clothes.

"Turn over one of these every day," he said, "and soon you will be a good boy instead of a horrid one."

Tommy took the leaves and looked at them. On each leaf a few words were written. On one it said, "Help your

mother!" On another, "Don't pull the cat's tail!" On another, "Don't eat so much!" And on still another, "Don't fight Billy Jenkins!"

"Oh!" cried Tommy. "I have to fight Billy Jenkins! He said—"

"Good-by!" said the New Year. "I shall come again when I am old to see whether you have been a good boy or a horrid one. Remember,

"Horrid boy makes horrid man; You alone can change the plan."

He turned away and opened the window. A cold wind blew in and swept the leaves out of Tommy's hand. "Stop! stop!" he cried. "Tell me—"

But the New Year was gone, and Tommy, staring after him, saw only his mother coming into the room. "Dear child," she said. "Why, the wind is blowing everything about."

"My leaves! My leaves!" cried Tommy; and jumping out of bed he looked

all over the room, but he could not find one.

"Never mind," said Tommy. "I can turn them just the same, and I mean to. I will not grow into a Horrid Man." And he didn't.

The Book

"Let us write a book," they said, "but what shall it be about?"

"A fairy story," said the elder sister. "A book about kings and queens," said the other.

"Oh, no," said the brother, "let's write about animals."

"We will write about them all," they cried together.

So they put the paper and pens and ink ready. The elder sister took up a fairy story, looked at it, and put it down again. "I have never known any fairies," she said, "except in books; but, of course, it would not do to put one book inside another—anyone could do that."



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"I shall not begin to-day," the little one said, "for I must know a few Kings and Queens before I write about them, or I may say something foolish."

"I shall write about the pig and the pony and the white rabbit," said the brother, "but first I must think a bit. It would never do to write a book without thinking."

Then the elder sister took up the fairy story again to see how many things were left out, for those, she thought, would do to go into her book. The little one said to herself: "Really, it is no good thinking about Kings and Queens until I have known a few, so I shall wait"; and while the brother was considering about the pig and the pony and the white rabbit he fell asleep. So the book is not written yet, but when it is we shall know a great deal. —L.C.

New Year's Day in the Wood

"Do I look nice?" asked the Rabbit. "Very nice!" said the Chipmunk; "that is, for a person who has no tail to speak of. But, of course, you cannot help that."

The Rabbit looked into the looking-glass pond and saw his little white blob of a tail. "Don't you want to lend me yours, just this once?" he asked. "I would take great care of it!"

"No, I cannot do that," said the Chipmunk, "but I can lend you the tail of my late uncle. It is such a fine one that we have kept it to brush out the nest with."

well, and neither of you is either of them. Who ever heard of a long-tailed rabbit or a long-eared squirrel? Get along with you! You are frights, and probably thieves as well." And she shut the door in their faces.

The two friends walked a little way in silence; then they stopped and looked at each other.

"You said I looked fine!" said the Rabbit.

"I—I meant the tail!" said the Chipmunk. "It is a fine tail. But you said I looked splendid!"

"I was thinking of the ears!" said the Rabbit. "They are splendid ears."

They walked on until they came once more to the looking-glass pond. They looked at themselves; then they looked at each other; then, all in a minute, off came the long ears and tail.

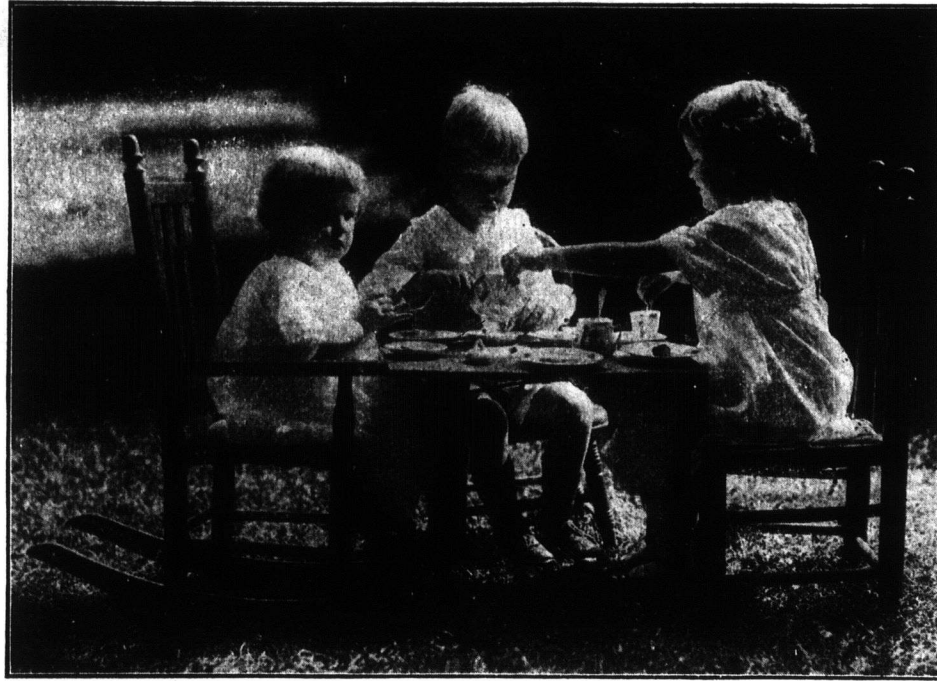
"There!" cried the Chipmunk. "Now we look as we were meant to look; and I am bound to say, Rabbit, that it is much more becoming to you."

"So it is to you!" replied the Rabbit. "Now, shall we call on Miss Woodchuck again?"

"Come on!" said the Chipmunk.

So they went to Miss Woodchuck's house and knocked once more at the door, and Miss Woodchuck opened it. "Oh!" she cried. "Mr. Chipmunk and Mr. Rabbit, how do you do? I am so glad to see you. A happy New Year to you both!"

"The same to you, Ma'am!" said the Rabbit and the Chipmunk.



A pleasant afternoon repast

"The very thing!" said the Rabbit. So the Chipmunk brought the tail of his late uncle and tied it on to the Rabbit's stub.

"How does that look?" asked the Rabbit.

"Fine!" said the Chipmunk. "Now tell me how I look!"

"Well enough!" said the Rabbit. "Of course you would look better if you had long ears."

"Dear me!" said the Chipmunk; and he, too, looked into the looking-glass pond. "Haven't you a spare pair that you could lend me?"

"Why, yes," said the Rabbit. "There is a pair that belonged to my grandfather, hanging on the wall at home. I will get those."

So the Rabbit got the ears and tied them on to the Chipmunk's head.

"How do I look now?" asked the Chipmunk.

"Splendid!" said the Rabbit. "Now let us go and make our New Year's calls. Where shall we go first?"

"I wish to call on Miss Woodchuck!" said the Chipmunk.

"So do I," said the Rabbit. "We will go there first." And off they went.

They came to Miss Woodchuck's door and knocked, and she opened the door. "Merely!" she cried. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"We are Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Chipmunk," said the two friends, "and we have come to make you a New Year's call."

"More likely you have come to steal the nuts!" said the lady angrily. "I know Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Chipmunk

Robert's mother had given him some unexpected pleasure. Turning to his father, he said, "O father, I am so glad that you married a lady who likes me!"

The Fairy

Once upon a time there was a good little girl. And she asked her mother if she could go to play in the woods, and her mother said yes.

So she went to play in the woods. And she was walking along and walking along, and whom do you think she met? A fairy! And she was awfully surprised to meet a fairy, so she said to the fairy:

"Where do you come from?"

And the fairy said: "This is where I live."

And the little girl said: "I never heard about any fairies living in these woods."

And the fairy said: "No, because nobody ever saw me here before. But you are a good little girl, so I let you see me."

And the good little girl said: "How do you manage to be seen by nobody, even though they walk right past you every day?"

And the fairy said: "I lend them money."

Children suffering from worms soon show the symptoms, and any mother can detect the presence of these parasites by the writhings and fretting of the child. Until expelled and the system cleared of them, the child cannot regain its health. Miller's Worm Powders are prompt and efficient, not only for the eradication of worms, but also as a toner up for children that are run down in consequence.

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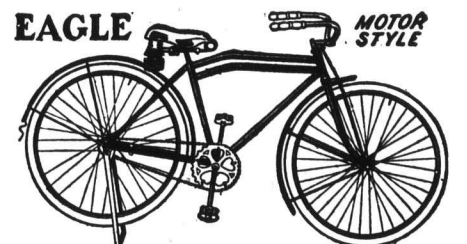
Miss Kasye McDonald, Sydney Mines, N.S., writes: "Last winter I contracted a severe cold, and it settled on my lungs. I would cough and raise phlegm and blood. I had the cough for a month, and had medicine from the doctor, but it did not seem to do me any good. I really thought I had consumption."

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

The Home Doctor

A Waste of Teeth

Of all nature's gifts, there is none that contributes more to health and appearance than beautiful natural teeth; yet an amazing number of persons handicap themselves and their children by allowing the gift to go to waste.

Statistics recently published of the results of examinations made in several large cities throughout the country show that about three-quarters of the school children have unsound teeth, the defects ranging from lack of cleanliness and slight decay to almost total decomposition.

Among the very poor it is natural that anything so incidental as teeth should receive little attention, for with them the problem of food and clothing is all-absorbing; but many of the worst cases seen in school are children of the well-to-do.

If the offenders are adults, unless they are oppressed by dire poverty, there is not much ground for pity; but when the victims are children, it produces both pity and impatience; for they are victims of other people's carelessness or stupidity.

The average baby is well when it is born, but by the time it has reached its fourth or fifth year its health is less perfect. The troubles of babyhood are largely due to improper food, which in its turn often affects the teeth; later, when the teeth should be cared for, as a rule nothing is done, and the result is a long train of evils.

If a child's first teeth are not nourished by proper food, the second teeth will suffer. The child that has strong first teeth is likely to have a strong second set, for the simple reason that teeth are an indicator of the general condition. Proper exercise of the teeth is also essential; consequently the question of food for children is important.

One of the most important things for young mothers to learn about the care of the baby is that the mouth should be washed carefully at least once a day. The reason for that is that unless a baby's mouth is clean digestive disturbances will arise; but apparently the duty is regarded as necessary only during baby days, for when the child is older and the teeth begin to appear, the custom is entirely omitted.

There is no period of time when the teeth can be neglected with impunity, but they need particular care in childhood and youth. There is a very close relation between decayed teeth, enlarged glands of the neck, and earache, from which many children suffer.

It is not uncommon for parents to give the first teeth no care at all, because they feel that it is foolish to spend care and money on what is so soon lost. It is a great mistake. Dirty, decayed, unsightly teeth spoil the charm of a child as surely as they spoil the charm of an adult. Not only is that the case, but the longer the first set of teeth is retained, the better and stronger the second set will be.

Moreover, the older a child is before the permanent teeth appear, the better the jaw will be shaped. That means that the second set will have room to develop properly, with no crowding and no overlapping. From every point of view it is economy to care for the child's first teeth by insisting that he brush them properly, and by having them filled when they need filling.

The logic of this course is so clear that it is astonishing to see how many children suffer from poor nourishment, due to the fact that their teeth are so poor that they cannot chew their food properly. The pity of it is that over and over again when a child is supposed to be vicious or mentally defective, the real trouble is that his teeth are not fit for service; consequently he is half-nourished, anemic, and therefore unmanageable.

It is against the law to extract teeth without permission, and to many parents the advice to have the cavities filled seems foolish; so day after day palliatives are applied, and the thing that ought to be done is neglected.

If the six-year molars are the ones affected, the remedy is often applied too late, and the permanent teeth are sacrificed. Those molars are the first of the permanent set. When they are extracted, none come to take their place. It is

therefore of great importance that they should be properly cared for and retained.

Artificial teeth do not in any case make up for the original; they are a makeshift at best, and serve only because they are better than nothing. An element of danger will always be present unless the teeth are perfectly clean. There is no possible substitute for cleanliness—it tempers all physical ills, and entirely prevents many.

Tuberculous Meningitis

This disease is caused when the tubercle bacillus attacks the brain. Although adults sometimes have it, it is usually a disorder of childhood, and it is most common in children under ten years of age who belong to families in which there is a tuberculous tendency. The symptoms of meningitis often declare themselves with what seems great abruptness, but the history of the case will generally show that there has been a period of failing health and strength of several weeks' duration. The child loses his appetite and is fatigued after the least exertion; he often complains of headache and grows irritable.

Although the child is constantly drowsy, his sleep is restless, and disturbed by night terrors or gritting of the teeth. Presently all the symptoms grow more severe, and there are paroxysms of vomiting. Indeed, vomiting that occurs independently of eating is very suggestive of this trouble. The headache grows more violent, and is sometimes so agonizing that the child screams from the pain; often there are convulsions. The temperature may rise to 102 or 103 degrees, but the pulse is rather low. This lack of agreement between the temperature and the pulse is characteristic of tuberculous meningitis, and it enables the physician to distinguish it from other diseases that in some ways it resembles.

This stage of the illness is succeeded by another, in which there is less headache and no vomiting, but which is characterized by dullness and then stupor, which after some days becomes coma, from which the child cannot be roused. In this final stage the pulse and breathing are very rapid and irregular, and convulsions may be continuous. Most of the patients die in a state of deep unconsciousness.

Tuberculous meningitis must be considered as an almost universally fatal disease, and since that is the case, parents cannot give too much care to children who are suspected of having a tuberculous constitution. It sometimes follows in the train of the infectious diseases, especially whooping cough and measles. Sometimes it is caused by unskillful interference with tuberculous joints or glands in the effort to heal them. Only expert physicians should be permitted to undertake that sort of treatment.

Simplicity

"Airs!" exclaimed the proud mother of whom the Philadelphia Public Ledger tells. "My Elsie, for all her learning, hasn't any more airs than her poor old dad."

"Then she won't turn up her nose at her old friends?" queried the visitor.

"La, no!"

"How refreshing! Most girls who go through college nowadays will hardly look at you after they're graduated."

"Well, they ain't like my Elsie, that's all I can say," retorted Elsie's mother. "She's become a carnivorous reader, of course, and she frequently importunes music. But stuck up—my Elsie? Not a bit! She's unanimous to everybody, has a most infantile vocabulary, and, what's more, never keeps a caller waiting while she dresses up. No, she just runs down, nom de plume, as she is."

Looked the Part

According to a lively contemporary, the wife of the governor of a certain state was telling a servant about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said proudly, "is at the head of the state militia."

"Oi t'ought as much, ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully. "Ain't he got the fine malicious look?"

Two Cases of Eczema and How They Were Cured

Further Proof That Dr. Chase's Ointment is a Positive Cure for Chronic Eczema.

If you read these letters you will find that Dr. Chase's Ointment is not to be classed among ordinary salves and ointments.

By actually curing itching, stinging eczema in many thousands of cases it has stood the most severe test to which any ointment can be put.

Mr. J. Brice, Temperance road, Parry Sound, Ont., writes: "Just a line to praise Dr. Chase's Ointment for what it has done for my wife. She has been suffering with eczema in her head for two years, and has spent no end of money with doctors and for ointments, which did her no good. She had about given up hope of ever being cured when someone told her to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. By the use of this Ointment the trouble has left her entirely, so we have unbounded faith in it. I have told several people about the Ointment."

Mrs. W. G. Dowden, Greenspond, Bonavista Bay, Nfld., writes: "I suffered

with eczema on my hands, and for eighteen months was so bad that I could not use a needle to sew or do anything. I could scarcely dress myself. Though I had lots of salves from doctors, I could never get much benefit from them. Then I sent for a sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and found it very different in action. It was not long before my hands began to heal, and four 60c boxes made them well. I cannot praise Dr. Chase's Ointment too highly, and frequently give some to others to get them using it, for I know that it will cure."

In the home Dr. Chase's Ointment is of almost daily usefulness, for by relieving chafing and irritation of the skin it prevents eczema and similar itching skin diseases. Applied to all cuts and wounds, it prevents blood poisoning and heals the skin. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

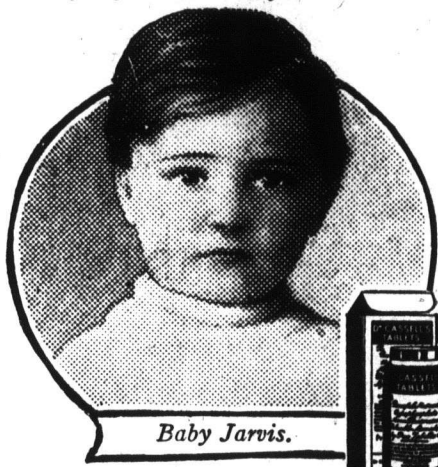
Now a

Fine, Bonny Little Boy

Penetang (Ontario) Child, Once so Thin and Delicate, Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

MRS. JARVIS, BOX 286, PENETANG, P.O., ONTARIO, says: "It

is a pleasure to write and tell you what Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done for my baby. When only five months old he was taken ill. I had medical advice for him, and was told he had colic, for which he was treated, but he did not get any better, only worse. I tried several special foods, but none of them would stay on his stomach, and he became so thin that he seemed just skin and bone. He



Baby Jarvis.

thought poor baby could live, but one day I chanced to hear of a baby's case almost like mine, that had been cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, so I got some for my baby, and I am thankful I did. After a few doses the nervous jumps he had suffered from stopped, and soon he was almost well. I have given him the Tablets during teething, and find them very soothing. He is a bonny boy now, quite cured, and weighs twenty-five pounds at twelve months old."

Every mother should know that Dr. Cassell's Tablets are just as suitable for children as they are for grown-up people. Their splendid nutritive and vitalising properties soon overcome any tendency to nervousness or weakness in the little ones, and lay the foundation of a strong constitution for after years.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

FREE SAMPLE.
On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognised remedy for

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|------------------|
| Nervous Breakdown | Sleeplessness | Mal-nutrition |
| Nerve Paralysis | Anamia | Wasting Diseases |
| Infantile Weakness | Kidney Trouble | Palpitation |
| Neurasthenia | Dyspepsia | Vital Exhaustion |

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. War tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

Had Weak and Dizzy Spells.

WAS CURED BY
**MILBURN'S
HEART AND NERVE PILLS.**

Mrs. J. S. Nicholls, Listowel, Ont., writes: "I was weak and run down, my heart would palpitate, and I would take weak and dizzy spells. A friend advised me to take your Heart and Nerve Pills, so I started at once, and found that I felt much stronger, and my heart was ever so much better in a short time. I cannot praise your medicine too highly for it has done me a world of good. My husband has also been bothered with heart trouble ever since childhood, and finds quick relief by using your valuable pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally known as the very best remedy for all troubles arising from the heart or nerves.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Knives Forks and Spoons

are necessities, not luxuries. So are Watches Clocks, Fountain Pens, etc. These, and a great many other useful and pretty articles, are illustrated in our handsome Catalogue. You will find the illustrations exceptionally clear and exact, and that the prices will compare favorably with any Eastern house.

Our policy is a money-back guarantee on any article we sell, if not entirely satisfactory.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO-DAY

D. E. Black & Co. Ltd.

JEWELLERS
Herald Bldg. Calgary, Alta.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST LAND REGULATIONS

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months' residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Book "Patent Protection" Free
BABCOCK & SONS
Formerly Patent Office Examiner. Estab. 1877
99 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL
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Correspondence

Would the correspondents whose letters appeared in the March issue kindly send their names and addresses to the Editor?

Cheering the Lonely Ones

Dear Editor:—I should have written to you before, but we have had so many blizzards and have been so much shut in this winter that it has often been impossible to either send or receive mail. I wish to thank you for sending that parcel to "Lonely Westerner" for me last November, and I thought that perhaps you would like to know that he received it safely and was very much delighted to get it. I have had some nice letters from him, and, as I chanced to tell him in one of mine that I knew French, he passed on the information to a French soldier, and I was very much surprised to get a letter in his own language from him. Fancy my predicament if I had simply been bluffing. But I am afraid I have got somewhat rusty in my "parley-vou-Francais," for it is so many years since I had the opportunity of either reading or writing it. However, I did my best and shall be only too glad if I can help in this way.

I see you have a letter from a French boy in your page this month. I would write to him in his own tongue if you think it would be acceptable. Letters are no trouble to me, indeed they are a delight, and perhaps God has intended that I should use any powers I may have in that way to help these very lonely ones. Wishing you all success with your helpful and bright paper.

"Helper."

Long Hours in Macclesfield

Dear Editor:—I am not sure whether I am allowed to write to your paper, as I am not a subscriber. I have a brother in Alberta, who sends us the W.H.M. every month. We do enjoy reading it and always look forward to its coming. I have a sister—a hospital nurse—who takes all the old copies back with her for the patients to read. They are delighted with them. I live with father and mother in Wilmslow. It is a country district twelve miles from Manchester. There is a camp of German prisoners of war two miles from where we live. When you pass the camp on the train you can see the men playing football and cricket, or wheeling barrowfuls of gravel for mending the paths about the camp, under the supervision of armed guards.

I work in a shop in Macclesfield, start at six o'clock and finish at six in the evening. It is a very nice change to spend weekends in the country after being in the town all week. I have three brothers in Canada, two in Alberta are farming, while the third is a reporter in Winnipeg. I hope to join them some day when the war is over. We shall all be glad when the boys come home from the war. It will be rather strange to see men in civilian clothes after seeing so much khaki, blue, brown or grey hospital uniforms.

If my letter is accepted I would like to correspond with some of the boys and girls who write to the page if they will write first. I will leave my address with the editor.

"A Little English Maid."

From a Lonely Girl

Dear Editor:—I have been a silent reader of The Western Home Monthly ever since I was a wee little girl and I can truly say it is the paper I enjoy the most. I can remember it when it came to my father's house and we would all sit around the fire in the evening, then father or mother would read. Oh, how we all enjoyed those evenings. But now I am in a lonely part of Alta., and would like very much to correspond with anyone about my own age.

I am like a lot more of the readers, I have a brother fighting in the trenches and we are all very proud of him.

I am very fond of dancing and outdoor work and I can truly say that I enjoyed going out in the field last haying time and harvest and taking my place like a little man. Now, dear readers, you may all laugh, but I did not pull on the overalls, although I see no harm in doing so.

Anyone wishing to correspond with me, my address is with the editor. Hoping

The Western Home Monthly will have continued success, I will sign myself,
"Blue Eyes."

Wanted to be Independent

Dear Editor:—Have you room in your corner for another correspondent? We have taken The Western Home Monthly for quite a number of years, but I have never had courage enough to write, although I do enjoy reading the letters. Some of them are very interesting.

I live in a little town, although my home is out on the farm, only eight miles from it. I lived on the farm until last year, when I thought I would like to be independent and I went to college to take a business course and then secured a position in my home town. I get plenty of work here and not very much time for amusement of any kind. One does not know what town life is until one has had about a year of it. I have learned to know and often wish I was back on the farm, doing housework and feeding the chickens. I agree with "Jolly Sixteen" that one does not get lonesome on a farm. You can watch Nature work so wonderfully, but you can't do that in a town. Dusty streets and the "whiz" of automobiles is all one can hear from morning till night during the summer.

I would like to correspond with "Rainbow" if he will write first.

Well, I think I will have to close, as this may get into the W.P.B. if it gets much longer. Wishing much success to the club, I remain,
"Business Girl."

Food for Thought

Dear Editor:—I cannot resist answering "Spitfire," she certainly named herself well. I, too, know girls who do not agree with farm boys enlisting. Thank goodness they are getting few and far between. You never hear a girl or a family who have any loved ones there talk like that, and I presume by her letter she has no brother there. I have two overseas, one has been in France nearly two years. The third and last tried to enlist but was rejected. We are proud of them. I would not be seen with a civilian unless he wore the rejection button or had a reasonable excuse for being here. I say thank God our brave young lads went. Where would we be to-day had we waited for older ones alone to fill the ranks. Every boy in khaki is a hero in my sight, giving up his all to fight for us.

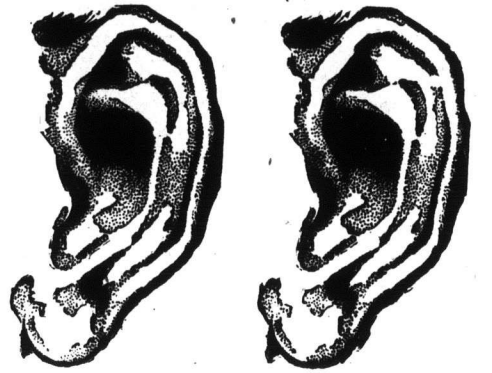
As for farming, if it wasn't for the almighty dollar a certain amount wouldn't be farming. Besides other men need their boys. Their business is their living and as important as farming. We girls in Manitoba and Saskatchewan aren't helpless or afraid of work. We can and have done it before. Our mothers in years gone by have done it and we must save the honor of our land in time of stress. Then retired farmers living in towns and cities would be glad to return to their farms, happy in the knowledge that they were doing their bit. We know who are able to go and who are not, and there are plenty that should go. I'll be glad to see the day when conscription comes—but our government seems afraid to do it. If we had a national government I think we would get it, and as for the shallow-minded, I think it can be reserved for girls of that class. No, it isn't for us to tell men to go, but it's our duty to show them theirs and help them to go. Again we can thank God for all the brave women who have seen their duty and helped their husbands and sons to see theirs, also the girls who have helped their sweethearts to go.

Another thing, I wouldn't give a pin for a girl who wouldn't stick up for her own country, whatever it may be. And we must admit we wouldn't be where we are to-day if it wasn't for that grand little isle across the sea and her navy. I would like to hear from any khaki lads.

A Happy Farmer

Dear Editor:—As I am putting in a lonely time I thought I would join the circle. I do not take the valuable paper myself, but father does and he sends it over to me when they get finished reading it. I am very pleased to get it and just sit down and turn over to the correspondence column and see what they all have to say. This is my first letter to the paper and I don't want to make it too

DULL EARS MADE SHARP



Haven't you often thought if your ears could be sharpened up a little you'd be quite all right?

Now will you let me show you just how you can do that for yourself right in your own home? And no one need know anything about it (unless you want to tell them) until you hear quickly and keenly and are freed forever from those terrible noises in the head.

Just answer these questions, jotting down the necessary yes or no as you go along. Sign your full name and address, and mail to me.

This Coupon

entitles readers of this paper to advice free on curing Deafness.

Do your ears itch?
Do your ears throb?
Do your ears feel full?
Do both ears trouble you?
Does wax form in your ears?
How long have you been deaf?
Do you have pain in your ears?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you hear better in a noisy place?
Did your Deafness come on gradually?
Have you a discharge from either ear?
Have you ringing sounds in your ears?
Is your Deafness worse when you have a cold?
Can you hear some sounds better than others?
Are there hissing sounds like steam escaping?

Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

Full Name.....
Address.....

By return mail I'll send you a letter telling you all about the causes of your Ear Trouble, and how you can treat it yourself right in your own home and this won't cost you a red cent. No matter how slight or how serious you think your trouble is, let me tell you the truth about it.

I have been in the business of sharpening dull ears for nearly thirty years. After graduating and receiving my medical degrees from Dublin University, I devoted myself to the study of Ear Troubles so that instead of becoming a local physician, I am to-day an Ear Specialist with patients in every quarter of the globe.

Believe me, in those years of practice, I have learned to know much of the unutterable horror of Deafness. My letters daily are beseeching cries for help from a living death—shut out from friends—from the joys of the home circle—many are pitiful appeals—"Doctor, I fear I may lose my job any moment, and then who will hire a Deaf man?"

And the tragic part is, that all this might have been so easily averted if proper steps had been taken in time.

And so I say with stern conviction—
Get advice upon your Ear Troubles before it is too late.

I'll tell you of people right in your own section of the country, perhaps right in your own town that have been cured of Deafness by my method. My cured friends are everywhere, and will gladly tell you about their cases. Don't think your case hopeless, and don't let it become so by delay.

Write to-day for advice on your Ear Troubles.

EAR SPECIALIST SPROULE
117 Trade Building BOSTON, MASS.

FREE TO MOTHERS of Children with WEAK KIDNEYS



"My child cannot control his kidneys during the night."
Mothers—save yourself the trouble of either lifting your Weak-Kidneyed Children out of bed at night or drying their bedding the next morning by giving them Zemeto. A harmless medicine that should quickly banish this disease (for it is not a habit but a disease). Zemeto is equally as good for older people who can't control their water during the night or day.

Write us today—send no money, not even a stamp. Just your name and permanent address, and we will send you a **absolutely free** package of Zemeto. If it conquers your disease, you need pay us nothing—just tell your friends what it did for you. Show this advertisement to your friends, as it may not appear again.
ZEMETO CO., Dept. 607, Milwaukee, Wis.

What the World is Saying

The Brazilian Idea of It

Civilization will have to put Germany in a straight jacket.—Rio de Janeiro El Paiz.

A Fearful Conception

The Kaiser's idea of the Deity must be a fearful conception.—Dundee Courier.

What Surprises Can Be Left?

The amazing thing is that there should be any people to feel surprised when Germany perpetrates some new form of atrocity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Brutal von Hindenburg

To apply the term "cowards" to the German soldiers who charged upon the guns at Verdun seems an ungracious thing on the part of that courtly Prussian Field Marshal von Hindenburg.—Paris Le Matin.

The Belgian Genius

The Kaiser has "donated his famous print-collection to his country," but it is not understood that it contains any of Louis Raemaker's drawings.—Brockville Times.

Proportional Representation

What is proportional representation? It is a system of election whereby, it is believed, better and fairer representation is given to minorities than under the existing system.—Hamilton Spectator.

Glasgow Did Her Bit Financially

Is Glasgow for peace without victory? Her subscription of \$500,000,000 to the new war loan speaks for her. The population of Glasgow in 1911 was 784,496.—Wall Street Journal.

What Germany Stands For

Germany alone among the nations definitely stands for militarism, for the right, that is, of one nation to enforce its will on other nations by force of arms.—Kilmarnock Herald.

"To the Bitter End."

"Germany will fight to the bitter end." Of course. The sweet end was the end at which the dash for Paris promised to end under the Arc de Triomphe.—Stratford Herald.

Something He Will Not Try

Hindenburg complains because his men are surrendering too easily. He might understand it better if arrangements could be made to give him a tour in his front line trenches.—Halifax Herald.

Quite So

The fact that the pair arrested here for plotting against Britain's Indian Empire could furnish \$25,000 bail each indicates that Berlin paid well for something it didn't get.—New York Sun.

A Good Idea

The practice of writing on the envelopes of letters sent overseas, "The supremacy of the British Navy enables you to receive this," is one that might well be made general. It will help to keep more alive in our minds the fact of our indebtedness to the men who keep the flag afloat and triumphant on the sea.—Vancouver World.

The Breakdown of German Planning

Germany's elaborate, world-wide and enormously costly system of international intrigue has broken down everywhere. Distrusted and detested everywhere, without faithful friends or helpful allies, Germany enters on the last phase of a war she expected to fight and win in as many months as it has now lasted years.—Glasgow Herald.

Carving Up the United States

While promising Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to Mexico, the Kaiser made no mention of California. Did he mean to give that state to Japan? Strange, too, that he failed to mention whether Frederick Willie, or one of his other sons, would be crowned King of the United States in the White House.—New York Tribune.

An Old German Proverb

There is an old German proverb that "truth may be smothered, but not extinguished." One of these days the German people will discern that the Government has succeeded in smothering quite a lot of it during the last couple of years.—Manchester Guardian.

Their Relationship

The view from the Frederik VIII. as she lay in Halifax harbor, with Bernstorff on board, was limited to a brewery and a jail. They are not picturesque, but a philosopher undergoing detention might indulge in deep reflections on these structures as embodying cause and effect.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Philadelphia Joke

We may expect to read before long that the bride carried a beautiful bouquet of spinach and wore around her neck a string of genuine potatoes, with a cauliflower pendant, the gift of the groom.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Crown Prince Promoted Again

The Crown Prince has been promoted again. Which reminds one of the way the boss' son "starts at the bottom" in a factory, and by his own unaided efforts becomes a vice-president of the concern in six months.—Toronto Telegram.

The Pirates' Pet

The sentimentalism of the story published in the German newspapers about the crew of a submarine who made a pet of a little girl at Wilhelmshaven, the submarine base, is characteristically German. Did the sight of the child never remind the sentimental pirates of the little children murdered on the Lusitania?—Boston Transcript.

Germany as a Promiser

Texas is larger than Germany, but see with how free a hand Berlin offers it to Mexico! The Huns are vastly generous, always ready to promise anything to anybody. But, always they know that if the war ends leaving them strong enough to keep their promises, they will be strong enough to break them.—Brantford Expositor.

A Dog's Noble Work

The hero of the Dog Show at Madison Square Garden in New York is Filax, a German sheep dog, present at the show by permission of the French Minister of the Interior. He has saved the lives of more than a hundred wounded French soldiers, whom he sought out where they were lying helpless. The judges at the Dog Show said he was "coarse in show properties." That may be. But do you know of any finer sort of dog than that?—Duluth Herald.

In Regard to Leather

Leather has reached such a high price in Europe that it is being predicted that the ordinary people will have to go about barefooted before long. While this may be exaggeration, the situation threatens to become more than a joke. More than the peasants in out of the way districts may yet have to wear wooden shoes.—Monetary Times.

A Custom With Savages

German submarines left Kiel to an accompaniment of band music. The harbor entrance was decorated with evergreens. There was much enthusiasm. This sort of thing has always been customary with savages when something particularly atrocious has been in contemplation. Murder expeditions embarked upon by the aborigines of North America or Africa used to begin with the performance of similar rites.—Hamilton Herald.

The Riders of the Plains

The fact that Royal Northwest Mounted Police posts are still to be maintained at certain commanding positions in Alberta and Saskatchewan should please the dwellers in the isolated places who feared that the protective service would not be sufficient under the new order. It is a fine compliment to the riders of the plains and the watchers in the solitudes that the settlers all regret their withdrawal from their old duties.—Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.

The Difference

The Kaiser has tried to discover a resemblance between the manner in which he treated Belgium and the manner in which Great Britain dealt with the Boers. It suits his convenience to ignore the fact that while one Boer general chased his troops out of West Africa, another has done the same thing in East Africa, and that the latter is now in London, taking part in the Imperial Conference.—Peterboro Examiner.

A Proposal to Tax Finery

Wholesale proposals come from a relative of Lord Rosebery. Mrs. Hope, of Luffness, whose suggestion for limiting extravagance takes the form of a Dress Tax, which would operate somewhat on the lines of the Amusement Tax, which has resulted in the addition of so much wealth to the Treasury. Mrs. Hope's proposal is that on every hat, costume, and other item of feminine apparel of an expensive order a really swinging tax should be levied; for instance, a woman who paid twenty pounds for a gown would have to pay an extra five pounds, which would go to the government; while on ordinary clothes of an inexpensive order women would be required to pay a tax of from one shilling to two shillings in the pound. It is by no means improbable that a Dress Tax somewhat on these lines may form a feature of the forthcoming Budget.—British Weekly.

Our Empire of Freemen

The load left on the shoulders of the "weary Titan" will be heavier than ever; but young nations sprung from his loins, and gifted with resources as yet incalculable, have proved their readiness to come forward, in peace as in war, to share, along with the burden, the responsibilities and the glories of an Empire of freemen.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

When Burns Was Astray as a Prophet

Note should be made of the following communication, addressed by a Scot to a Scottish newspaper: "The bard wrote:

"The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree."

The sentiment and aspiration are sound, but I think that in this couplet Burns proves himself a false prophet, because after February 1, 1917 (when the 50 per cent dilution comes into force), we won't be able to taste it at all.—Westminster Gazette.

Herr Schiedemann Is Right

"Our enemies are waging a war of conquest. We are waging a war of defence." So declared Philip Schiedemann, Socialist leader, in the Reichstag. The words are interesting for the purpose of making a contrast. In the autumn of 1914 the German legions were battering at the defences of France after having marched roughshod over unoffending Belgium. They were out to conquer. To-day they are on the defensive in the same field of war and the tables have been turned for good. Herr Schiedemann correctly states the situation.—Montreal Gazette.

Willie Wagging His Weak Chin

The Crown Prince of Germany praises the soldierly qualities of the French, not to please the people of France, but to cast slurs at the English. Perhaps the royal young gentleman is peeved at the recent British advances, which are compelling the Germans to retire and readjust their lines in certain sections. Before long he is likely to have further cause for appreciating the strength and valor of both the French and British in the western field, even if their progress is calculated to discourage expressions of admiration on his part.—Charlottetown (P.E.I.) Guardian.

"Verboten"

One of the characters in Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" suggests that the persons directly and fundamentally responsible for stirring up wars — the particular kings, chancellors, politicians — be dealt with personally. It is an attractive idea. The guilt is always traceable, too. In the case of the present war it rests upon the Kaiser and his advisers, a thing which the German people will come to see themselves in the end. But will the German people rise and get rid of the Kaiser? We doubt it. We are afraid that if a revolution were to start in Germany it could be stopped at once merely by a proclamation reading: "Revolutions are forbidden in Germany. This is official."—New York Herald.

The Country "Put On Its Honor"

The country is put "on its honor" to reduce its consumption of food to a standard, not of privation or want, but of a reasonable economy that is quite compatible with health and vigor. We hope a strong public opinion will at once be formed for the carrying out of these instructions, and for the avoidance of the compulsion which must follow if the appeal to honor and goodwill should fail. We do not want, if we can possibly avoid it, to be driven along the road of food-tickets and rations, with the inequalities and confusions that are inseparable from that system and are so richly illustrated in the experience of our enemy. But if we are to avoid it, we must make it a point to live within the limits that the Food Department prescribes for us.—London Daily Mail.

Bread "Bought With Blood"

There is a story in the Old Testament, that when David was once at war with the Philistines and their army occupied his native village of Bethlehem, he expressed a longing for a drink of water from the Bethlehem well. Three of his warriors overheard him, and at the risk of their lives they broke through the Philistine army, drew water from the well, and brought it back to their king. David would not touch it. "Is not this," he said, "the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" We ought to have something of that feeling about the bread and the meat that the heroes of our merchant marine fetch for us from overseas. Their bravery is unfeeling; since the German submarine atrocities started, no British sailor has shirked going aboard his ship for fear of what might befall him; and the terrible list of men killed by shells or explosions, men drowned, and men frozen to death, has never deterred their fellows from doing their duty. But the food which they bring us is in very truth "the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives." We must use it, but we shall never misuse or waste it if we remember how it has been brought. There is, indeed, if one reflects, something profoundly shocking in self-indulgence under such conditions.—London Daily Chronicle.

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