

WESTERN **THE** HOME MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

By the Proprietors of

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Q If we could improve "BLUE RIBBON TEA" we would do so. But we cannot. It is a perfect tea. So we have improved the only thing improvable—the PACKET. In future, "BLUE RIBBON TEA" will be packed in the new, double-material, air-tight parchment and cartridge paper wrappers—the "last word" in tea packing. Only the enormous sale of "BLUE RIBBON" permits this improvement. No moderate turn-over could warrant the large outlay for the special machinery required. Henceforward THE BEST TEA on the market will come to you in THE BEST PACKET.

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COLLECTION No. 1 contains 22 varieties of our Reliable Vegetable Seeds in packets and ozs. 2½ lbs. of seeds for \$1.25 prepaid.

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And a large stock of all hardy fruits, ornamental shrubs, plants, etc.
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for home use and for sale, they pay.

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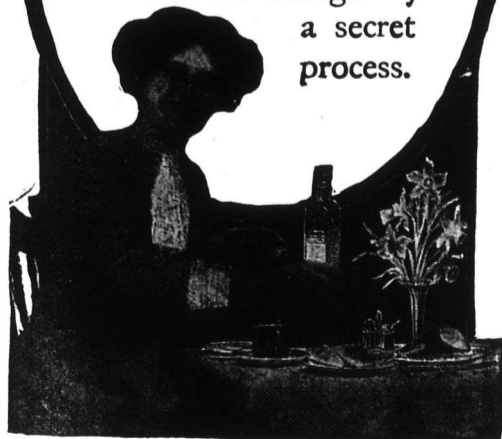
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVI. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 2.

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

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

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

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

A Chat with Our Readers

Our short talks with our readers in the last three numbers apparently attracted the attention of many and we are encouraged to continue to discuss the merits of the Monthly in this manner, in the hope that every reader will assist in widening its sphere.

When we wished our readers a prosperous and happy 1914 in our January number, we meant something more than a casual wish that the year just entered should bring our subscribers many good things, we meant that The Western Home Monthly would do its best to contribute to their pleasure and well-being. In the past you have found much to enjoy within the covers of the magazine, you have in recent issues found well informed, fearless editorials, dealing impartially with matters of grave interest to this Western country. These will be continued so that every reader of the Monthly may have enlightened and non-partisan views on the questions that have from time to time to be solved by the people. You have found its fiction pages healthy and fascinating; you have found its many special departments, dealing with every phase of home life helpful; its fashion pages artistic and reliable; and generally speaking you have regarded the Monthly as your good friend who could always help, instruct and entertain you.

You have been enthusiastic about the Monthly and thus you have encouraged the publishers to better effort. You know how much easier it is to work when appreciation is shown. The Monthly entered 1915 with a most sanguine spirit, endorsed by an army of readers of whom any magazine would be proud. The duty devolving on all those who appreciate the Monthly is not only to send their own subscriptions in early, but to see that their friends share in the happiness that the Monthly brings with its twelve monthly visits.

Indeed there could be no better remembrance to a friend than a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

For the coming year it will continue, and on a larger scale, to give its readers the benefit of expert knowledge in all its departments. The hope is that the Monthly will in the future meet all tastes that the home can devise—that even the children will be found absorbed in its pages. The daily mail of the Western Home would in its size surprise even its most ardent supporters, and at this season it is teeming with kind words of approval and generous good wishes, for all of which we are very grateful.

As we have already stated, the year 1914 was a good one for us, the best in our history. It saw the sphere of the Monthly greatly extended and for this our thanks are due our subscribers. The thousands of new ones added have taken up the cause of the Monthly with true Western zeal and enthusiasm. The Monthly is a purely Western product, and its aim is to be helpful and interesting to every Western home.

As the result of a recent appeal to our readers in which we requested them to let us know what features in our magazine they liked and which, if any, were not palatable, we believe that within the next two or three months our subscribers will readily concede the palm of magazine par excellence to The Western Home Monthly. Since our readers have in such large numbers made known their likes and dislikes a steady weeding-out process has been going on, and those features which in deference to public request are now discontinued, have been replaced by others especially asked for. We want to draw particular attention to the fact that we are here to publish a magazine destined to be of the greatest possible help and courtesy to our readers and we are always grateful for advice and suggestions for future development.

It is no unusual thing for us to receive by a single mail, twenty or thirty letters, expressive of the gratification of our subscribers. We appreciate these kind missives and we are especially well pleased with the knowledge that our readers really have the interests of The Western Home Monthly at heart. We are going to further encroach on the good nature of every reader and solicit his or her help to further add to our circulation. As you are probably aware your favorite periodical enters an enormous number of Western homes every month. Having regard to Western conditions, this is highly gratifying but we are not satisfied. Like Oliver Twist "we want more," and we believe you are the only person that can be of any material assistance to us in achieving this object. Suppose for instance that one of our present readers succeeded in getting us only one new subscriber—surely a very simple thing—our circulation would double—in other words our figures would jump to considerably over 90,000. Suppose you try this. The majority of our readers live in well settled districts and we believe that many of their friends and neighbors would gladly subscribe to The Western Home Monthly if they saw a copy so that we are not asking you to do any canvassing for us—simply to show the magazine to your acquaintances. Again, you may have some friends in a distant part of the country who might be interested in our publication. Just send us their names and addresses and we will send them a sample copy. We know that The Western Home Monthly has only to be seen to be appreciated and the sending of a sample copy usually means a year's subscription by return mail. With every little effort, we should have a circulation of 100,000 in a short time. Let us determine that this become an accomplished fact.



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Find out how quickly two big dishes daily can make languid people bubble with vitality.

Quaker Oats

The Luscious Form of Vim-Food

Ten pounds per bushel is all we get from the choicest oats that grow. That is because all the puny, starved grains are discarded.

You get in these flakes just the cream of the grain, rich in precious elements. And you get here a flavor, enhanced by our process, which makes the dish extra-delicious.

Quaker Oats is so rare and exquisite that oat lovers, from all the world over, send to us to get

Large Package

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Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

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it. In the homes of a hundred nations it is the premier morning dish.

Here it is handy to you. Every grocer has it. A simple call for Quaker Oats brings it to you always, and at no extra price.

We urge that it pays, in a food like this, to serve the most likable form. You want it eaten in abundance—want it eaten often. The way to insure that is to serve it in this tempting form.

One serving will convince you.

Household Suggestions

A Simple Refreshment Menu

A ball of cream of chicken salad served with nut sandwiches, and a glass of lemon squash, make a delightful tea or supper dish. Olives and salted peanuts may be passed.

To make the cream of chicken salad, chop the chicken very fine. Add to each half pint one-half pint of cream sauce and two tablespoonfuls of gelatine that has been soaked in four tablespoonfuls of cold water for an hour. Mix the ingredients together hot, season nicely, and turn into a shallow pan to cool. When cold form into balls the size of English walnuts. Put three of these balls on a nest of lettuce leaves, put one teaspoonful of mayonnaise in the middle and they are ready to serve.

Use slightly toasted unsalted almonds for sandwiches. After they have been chopped fine sprinkle them thickly between thin slices of bread and butter, press together, and cut in any fancy shapes desired.

The lemon squash may be made the day before. Grate the yellow rind of three lemons and add two pounds of sugar to one quart of water; boil for five minutes, and strain. Add the juice of twelve lemons, and strain again. At serving time dilute this with Apollinaris water, making the lemon squash sufficiently cool to be palatable.

Dried Fruits

In general the following broad rules may be applied to the purchase and preparation of all dried fruits. In buying such fruits as apples and apricots, reject those which have been sulphured (to be recognized by their light color). This process is objectionable, because though improving the appearance, it lessens the fine flavor of the fruit. Remember that it always pays to buy the best grade.

In preparing dried fruit for cooking, pick over, then cover with tepid water; let stand for five minutes, then wash thoroughly in several waters until perfectly clean. Drain, cover with fresh cold water, and let stand from twelve to thirty-six hours to soak.

When a simple dish is desired, turn the soaked fruit into a double boiler, heat slowly, and cook at the side of the fire for several hours, until the fruit is tender but unbroken. The fireless cooker may here be used to good advantage. This slow cooking dispels toughness and develops the full sweetness of the fruit. Sugar should not be added until about twenty minutes before taking from the fire. No definite amount can be given; use only enough to sweeten to taste.

Thus simply prepared, such fruits as apricots, peaches, pears, prunes, cherries, berries and prunelles may be used in alternation as a course for breakfast when fresh fruits are unattainable. Combinations of one or more fruits may also be made to great advantage.

Dried fruits can be utilized in many good desserts. When using tapioca or sago, substitute stewed and sieved fruit of some kind for the usual fruit juice, fresh fruit or milk. Make a mold of boiled cereal or corn starch, and serve with it as a sauce the sieved fruit made sweeter than usual. In place of the quartered apples in dumplings, take large prunes that have been soaked and pitted, halved peaches or apricots cooked until just tender, or figs or dates steamed until soft. Dip stewed apricots or peaches in a fritter batter, and fry in smoking-hot fat.

Stew a dish of soaked dried berries or pitted cherries, and sweeten liberally. Butter thick slices of stale bread, lay two on a platter, and pour over some of the hot fruit. Repeat until there are three layers of each, then cover with a platter and a slight weight. Set away for half a day, and serve cold with cream.

In the shortcake and roly-poly line dried fruits make a good filling. As a variation of the familiar German apple cake, mix three cupfuls of flour, two tea-

spoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat two eggs, add one cupful of milk, and stir into the dry mixture with more milk as necessary to make a thick batter. Spread half an inch thick on shallow greased pans, and press into the batter soaked and pitted prunes or any washed and soaked dried fruit. Use enough pieces to cover the top. Sprinkle thickly with sugar (some add a speck of cinnamon), and bake in a quick oven.

The proverbial "sweet tooth" will be satisfied with this confection: Take equal portions of soft figs, dates, seeded raisins and apricots, measuring after chopping fine (the apricots to be washed, soaked for four hours, then dried on a cloth), and one-half as much chopped almonds and pecans or butternuts. Mix well, pounding with a wooden beetle. Pack into a square or oblong mold, let stand for three hours, turn out, cut in small cubes, and roll in powdered sugar.

Lastly, when the preserve closet is empty and fresh fruit a long way off, do not despair. Pick over and wash four pounds of prunes, soak for twenty-four hours, then steam for twenty minutes. Boil together for ten minutes two pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one ounce each of whole cloves and stick cinnamon and one-fourth of an ounce of ginger. Add the prunes, and simmer gently until tender, then can. Or pick over, wash and soak a good grade of dried apricots. Next day weigh the fruit, and for each pound add three-fourths of a pound of sugar. To four pounds of fruit add one cupful of water and the sugar, and cook slowly, with frequent stirrings, until reduced to a marmalade.

One of the Most Dreaded Pests

Bedbugs are liable to find their way into any house or apartment, but it is the housekeeper's fault if they find lodgment there. As with all other insects, perfect cleanliness is the greatest safeguard. If they are found in a room immediate action should be taken. There are many agents for exterminating these bugs, but my preference is for naphtha. It is clean, does not injure anything, is easily applied, and is absolutely sure, if enough is used in the right place. The only drawback is that the vapor is very inflammable, but if the work is done in the morning with the windows open, and there is neither light nor fire in the room, there is not the slightest danger. It must be remembered that these insects do not confine themselves to the bed. They get into picture mouldings, the backs of pictures, cracks in floors and walls, and in upholstered furniture.

When you are preparing to exterminate these pests get a spring-bottom oiler (a can such as is used for oiling machinery) and plenty of naphtha. Open the windows of the infested room. By means of the oiler force naphtha into every groove and crack in the room. Wet all the ledges over the doors and windows, the top of picture moulding, and every crack in the bed—which should previously have been taken apart—the mattress, pillows, etc. Have all the clothing put out on the line, and beaten and shaken well. Close the room, leaving the windows open, and after a few hours it may be swept, dusted and put in order. Another method is to fumigate with sulphur. Or, oil of cedar may be used. Dip a feather or small brush in the oil and brush over the cracks and crevices. Shut up the room for several days. Air well before using.

Broiled Fish

A very tasty dish may be prepared from smoked halibut, or salmon, cut into thin slices, sprinkled with lemon juice, and allowed to marinate in this dressing for an hour. The slices are then dipped into melted butter, dusted with pepper or paprika, and boiled over a clear fire, or under the broiler of a gas range. Serve with croquettes of rice, or hominy, and garnish with slices of lemon.

Editorial Comment

Conservation

There lived, some years ago, in this city a Scotchman whose name need not be given. His salary was but six hundred dollars a year. Yet he always seemed to be well clad and so did his family. If there was any hardship no one knew about it. Indeed he frequently used to refer to his "wee bit savings." At the same time all around the city were families in dire want although their earning power was greater than his. It was the Scotchman himself, who, in one of his unconscious bursts of wisdom, gave an explanation of the apparent anomaly. "Don't you see how it is, man? They all know how to make money, but I'm the only one of the lot who knows how to save it. They never look a day ahead."

Take the thought over into our national life. Our income, in proportion to population is princely, although it could be multiplied many times. Yet so thoughtless are we of the future that we have already impoverished our resources; it would not be extreme to say that in some particulars we are on the verge of bankruptcy.

Lumber.

Some years ago it would cost \$3,000 to build a house. To-day it will cost \$5,000. One reason is that the price of lumber has increased. It has increased because the lumber supply of the world has diminished. Every year the United States is using three times as much timber as it grows, and every year there is more timber burned than is used. And this in spite of the fact that between four and five million dollars are spent in protecting the forest reserves. Here in Canada we have preserves infinitely richer, and yet we grumble about spending one hundred thousand dollars a year for wardens, while the losses by fire are beyond calculation. Nor is this the only loss. In the very richest sections, the choicest lands are let for a mere song to men of another nation. The hundreds of thousands of profit are enjoyed by those who acknowledge another flag. True there are some of our own people who have succeeded in getting on the inside—but why should not the resources of the nation be preserved for the nation? The world every year requires a billion and a quarter worth of lumber. By conserving our forest lands by cutting trees at the ground instead of six feet from the ground; by clearing all dead wood instead of leaving it to feed the forest fires; by planting afresh denuded districts, we could ensure an income for all times. We could become fabulously wealthy.

This waste of timber, meaning as it does, an increase in the cost of building, has serious and far-reaching consequences in a democracy. It is no little thing if men cannot own their own homes. Patriotism and good feeling decline. A man's loyalty will soon wane if he has no financial interest in his country.

There is another side to this lumber industry. Most of the pulp-wood reserves are right here. Why should we not make them a source of wealth to our nation? Why should we ship out the manufactured article for a mere pittance, and buy the manufactured article for a prince's ransom? We are the only country in the world that has an excess of pulp wood. We should make it a source of profit for all times. It is too precious to be squandered. Just as some of the claims in California which were rented to private individuals were taken back by the state when it realized its foolishness, so the time has come for Canada in all matters of this kind to insist that national resources shall be used for national advantage.

A Song of Canada

By Robert Reid.

Sing me a song of the Great Dominion!
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear;

Here is no starveling—heaven forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the nations throng;

Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the worth of each Canadian,
Roamer in wilderness, toiler in town—
Search earth over you'll find no stauncher,
Whether his hands be white or brown;
Come of a night good stock to start with,
Best of the world's blood in each vein;
Lords of ourselves, and slaves to no one,
For us, or from us, you'll find we're—
MBN.

Sing me the song, then; sing it bravely,
Put your soul in the words you sing;
Sing me the praise of this glorious country—

Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.
Here is no starveling—heaven-forsaken—
Crouching apart where the nations throng;

Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Well is she worthy a noble song!

Bird Life

There is a conservation about which little is being said, the conservation of our birds. It is positive cruelty, this slaughter of the feathered tribe. Have you thought what it means to lose the song of the bobolink and the trumpet of the swan? Is it of no importance that in this whole world no one can find a passenger pigeon? The men of sixty years will tell you that in their boyhood they saw flocks numbering a million.

Wheat

Wheat! What a priceless heritage in our broad acres. Sometimes we think of the wealth of our gold mines. All the gold taken out of the mines of British Columbia from the beginning of time does not begin to compare with the value of the wheat crop

in Manitoba for a single year. And Manitoba is a small province. We now raise in Canada 1-20 of the world's wheat. We can raise $\frac{1}{4}$ —for a time. There's the rub—for a time! With bad cultivation the fertility of the soil will decline, just as it has declined in the United States. There the average yield once was 35 to 40 bushels; now it is less than 13. This in spite of the fact that agricultural colleges are at work enlightening the people. The fact is that agricultural colleges reach but a small percentage of the people. What is wanted is clear information disseminated to all the people. This means the teaching of the rudiments of agriculture in every high school and every consolidated school. Education should have some value for the leading industry of our land.

Meat

Then there is meat. Steak a few years ago was fifteen cents, now it is from twenty-two to thirty cents, and this because cattle are scarce. The farm has encroached on the ranch, and the farmer has not yet learned the necessity of mixed farming. For mixed farming may not be profitable immediately, but unless wheat legumes and manure are found together, the farmer might as well expect ultimate ruin. No soil can stand wheat raising alone.

Water Power

Then there is water power. It has been estimated that the water power of Canada is anything from seventeen million to seventy million horse power. Why should it not all be retained for national advantage? Fortunately there is little to complain of right here. As Canadians we still have the air and most of the water courses free from embargo. As a nation we are at the beginning of things. We must learn how to save, how to husband our resources. Then shall we have a prosperity which is not ephemeral. Our growth in population will be paralleled by a growth in resources and manufactures. These are the material conditions of all other prosperity.

Moral Quality

Above and beyond all material things is the character of the people. More important than anything else is this, that we preserve a reverence for all that is pure and holy; that we respect womankind and tenderly deal with children; that at home, in business and social relations, we honor and practice the Christian virtues—in short, that in all things we endeavor to exemplify that righteousness which exalteth a nation. Unless we conserve our own moral forces, there is no purpose in any other conservation whatsoever. It is not difficult to understand what duty this imposes on the family, the church and the school. The nation's prosperity depends upon the well-being of these institutions.

How Big is \$100 to You?

That amount of money is not by any means as big to some people as to others. For instance, many people think so little of it that they ignore it, throw it away.

How? By simply refusing to save it when purchasing a piano. Twelve hundred people last year considered \$100 worth saving, and therefore bought Sherlock-Manning Pianos. This is our simple genuine offer:

We will sell you a Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano that is the equal of the best made, and save you \$100 on the price. Right there we go on record in plain, straightforward language, with statements we are ready to prove. There are several factors which make the



Louis XV.—Style 80.

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When you examine the interior of a Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano you find the famous Otto Higel Double Repeating Action, finest quality of wire strings and best guaranteed felt hammers from the foremost maker. All these standard features of excellence go into every high-grade piano made. We take six months to build one of our instruments, and it gets the greatest care of skilled workmen every day of that time. Do you wonder we get the tone?

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Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal, Canada

"War! War! War! Is a Bountiful Jade"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.

THE GRIM fingers of the great God of War are stretching out and reaching nearer to this Canada of ours every day. Who would have thought to look at the old familiar Empress, the C. P. R. liner who for the last twenty years has monthly made the trip from Victoria and Vancouver to the Orient, that she would figure in the finale of the running down of that Pirate of the Seas—The Emden? The home government took the Empresses over from the railroad and armed them and placed them on patrol service in the Indian Ocean. They are swift, lowlying cruisers, unarmoured, of course. You will remember when the Australian warship ran the Emden ashore on Cocos Island, a number of the men escaped. It seems they seized a native schooner and made a miniature pirate out of her. Well, our old friend, The Empress poked her long slim nose into the scene and captured the last of those German Pirates. Then to add another chapter to her long history—the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, one of the greatest of the native Princes of India, bought her to use as a hospital ship for the mother country. Just remember, the Sikhs we cannot use

solid out-thrust of water ahead and a great fan-like tail behind her. As she passed a little grey painted Government tender, she threw it behind and above her like the cork on a boy's swiftly dragged fishing pole. We were speeding across the Sound, a little off her course now.

"Ah!" said Fritz, "She's altering her course!" Now her water hidden bow was pointed straight for us—now it swung past us—now she was almost broadside on and about three hundred yards away—now she was swinging around her circle until she was stern on and her mighty swells were rushing down on us.

"Head her into them!" I cried and around we came. The swirl of the on-coming waters caught us and worried us as a dog would a cap in his mouth; then we mounted up the creaming curve and balanced a horrid second on the top, then the wall of water sank under us and left us tossing and rolling, a mass of foam and spray from bow to stern. It treated us more easily than it did the gunboats and second class cruisers as it flung them about most unceremoniously, and it swept the shore clean of every wharf and boat and boathouse all along that part of the Sound.



Outer Docks, Victoria, B.C., with the "Empress of India" in centre of the three steamships

on the Pacific Coast—a labour trouble incident—are just as loyal and just as ready and willing to fight and die for the good old flag as any of us—all these native Princes are helping to keep you and I secure in our far west Canadian homes.

Did you ever meet a torpedo boat destroyer when you were out for a nice little cruise in an inoffensive motor boat? No, well, your humble friend and his assistant Fritz did—we were down off Bremerton, the Navy Yard of the U.S. on the Northern Pacific coast. There is a magnificent dockyard there and the lad and I were busy "put-putting" around about first class cruisers and gunboats and prison-ships and Government yachts, all open-mouthed at the fleet of cruisers that lay at the piers—just arrived from Mare Island, the California Navy Yard. We saw them go to sea. I will tell you about this later.

"Say, that boat coming down the Sound (Puget Sound) must have the bit in her mouth! Gee! See her go!" We both stood up in the little launch and watched the tiny warship come tearing along; I had seen them before but never under forced draught. She was still about a mile and a half from us and about four hundred yards from the shore.

"Look at those boathouses turning over! Look! Look! She's upsetting everything all along the shore," her afterdrag, at thirty-five miles an hour, was simply sweeping the shore clean behind her.

"Get power on, laddie," I yelled. "Put—put—put" sang our little engine and died. "Put—put—put," this time she was off. The destroyer was about two minutes away and we were right in her path. In two minutes we ought to get a bit out of danger. She came with a

Oh! I would like to have heard what the Admiral said to the officer in command; anyhow that was the first and last time a destroyer ever came into Bremerton under full head.

We were mightily interested in all things here as the times are ominous and we wondered just what Uncle Sam would do if a German cruiser swung into the Gulf of Georgia—just dropping a few shells into Victoria as it passed along the Straits, and then shelled Vancouver, it could hardly fail to hit a number of American citizens, as our cousins are very much with us out there, nor could it help hitting a few American places of business, mills, offices, branches of stores, etc., and a few American private yachts and public steamers. Now just what would he do? I don't think the cruiser would get that far now. In the early days of the war she might have, but the greatest Navy of them all is protecting every part of her world wide territory now, and sweeping the seas of the enemy—ships, colonies, islands, war vessels—everything.

If you were a ship and got a bone broken I will show you the naval hospital and the old Doctor-of-the-Seas, the Salvor (good name and good boat, too) lying beside the dock. I wish I had space to tell you of the wonderful salvages we have seen this wrecker make—great huge freighters driven ashore a thousand miles from their home port, pounding on the rocks of an exposed coast, full of water and great gaping wounds. Northward, ever northward, speeds the Salvor and her consort, the Wm. Jolliffe, and her most wonderful assortment of pumps, and she installs her huge pumps and cements up the great wounds and passes great bandages about the sorely stricken ship and southward she

comes, over stormy open bays and along sheltered passages, always ready to head for shore and beach her injured one if the water should gain on the pumps. Three months later the dry dock gates will open and this one-time cripple will urge out under her own steam. I am afraid to say just how many ships and steamers of the northern Pacific Coast have been lugged home and repaired by this wonderful plant of the Bullens.

In olden days this was a fearsome coast, before British Columbia and the United States lighted and charted it. I have known passenger steamers to race for Alaska over unlighted, uncharted waters and, luckily, almost every time they piled their craft on the rocks it was in one of the reef-beset sheltered passages and all the crew and passengers were saved; not always, as I know of more than one boat "Lost with all hands." To-day lights gleam everywhere, nearly all these cruel rocks are charted, but there is still one thing that makes me shiver. Many captains keep up full speed during mists and fogs when they think they are in wide enough waters.

I remember one foggy night. We had just passed Foul Bay; the tide was running swiftly but the night was ghostly silent. Our little craft went "put-putting" along as if she was the only boat in all these waters, but you can wager we were keeping our eyes and ears open as we

"Just think," quoth Fritz, "they look so small one could almost pocket them." Along they came until almost abreast of us and some three miles out. I never remember seeing a bigger swell than ran that day.

The quartette of warships were running under reduced speed—they had too. Up! up! up! would go the white bows until the four great white yachts were pointing at high heaven and the sea was boiling dangerously over their sterns. Down! down! down! would plunge those same four bows until you would think they were whales intent on sounding. It made our nerves tingle and our hearts pound to watch them. Great creamy tops would leap over their sinking bows and dash back against the turrets of the huge guns and leap out a solid mass of shining water, like a great transparent pair of wings for a warship. I knew they were wet, these great cruisers, as I had spent many days on them and what a U. S. Jackie won't tell you is not worth telling. But I never believed it possible that anything man has builded could plunge and cavort as did this fleet and still get to port.

To add to the intensity of the feeling of alarm that spread over us we had only to turn our heads a bit towards the east to see the spot where our own little native port steamboat had met her fate, coming along these wild Straits of Fuca. Her deck load of contractors' railroad iron had



The Naval Hospital for ships on the B.C. Pacific coast

were right in the steamboat lane. Suddenly we heard a gurgle, as if water was being pushed, ahead, and right out of the fog, going parallel to us, appeared what looked like a huge white painted fence. It was the tall white sides of the "Empress of India" just arriving from Asiatic ports. So near was she that her port lights sparkled on the tiny bits of brass that decorated our engine, and, when she did get past, what a nice flirt she gave us with her tail current. Slop! slop! along the Straits we went.

I heard the cruiser squadron was putting to sea the next day, and I wanted to have a good look at these big white United States warships in a heavy swell. We made harbour—well, we had to. You see we had a number one size boat and this was about a number ten size sea. All night the wind howled in from the Southwest; all night long the mighty surf boomed and bellowed on the spit.

Early morning found us on shore facing the fury of the gale, peeping out from behind a beachcomber's shack, builded of storm strewn timbers (a thing of wonder) lath and hand painted cabin panels side by side; a bit of rough hewn fir and a magnificent mahogany board placed check by jowl. For a bit of ornament, this dogfish oil gatherer had finished the eaves a foot deep with gold leafed beading. Ah! what poor souls fought for their lives while that beading was being wrenched and torn off the gilded saloon of the passenger steamer.

The wind howled through the nooks and crannies as we waited and watched for the squadron. At last, about noon, we saw them appearing along the distant Olympic shores—four white objects that flashed in the sun,

shifted—two or three wild plunges in the mighty seas and she settled down in 90 fathoms with all her crew and passengers. Alas! many an affrighted one never got out of the tiny cabin.

It is wonderful—this all-protecting Mother Nature. Next morning the seas had subsided, the skies were blue, the tides ran ripplingly along as if they never would injure a passenger or a warship, all the sea birds were lifting and spattering along, the glad sun was shining and sparkling everywhere and our little "put-putter" was running majestically along these one time wild Straits as smoothly as if she was in some miniature harbour in a city park.

Out of Thine Own Mouth!

I will honor and revere your colors when they deserve my respect, when they cease to be an empty or wicked farce. Plant the red, black, and golden flag on the heights of German thought, make it the standard of free humanity, and I will shed for it my heart's best blood.—Heinrich Heine, to Germany.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company reports exceedingly satisfactory business for 1914. The applications received during the year totaled \$27,433,327, showing a substantial increase over the 1913 total. The business in force at the end of the year was approximately \$108,000,000. The Official Report of the year's business will be issued shortly after the annual meeting of the company on Feb. 2nd.



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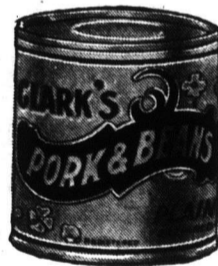
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Stirring Times in Rupert's Land

By J. D. A. Evans

A few days prior to Christmas, the writer desirous of extending the compliments of the season to Manitoba's oldest inhabitant, journeyed to Somerset, for two miles distant from that village, dwells James Cunningham. As the writer entered his peaceful abode amidst the poplar trees resplendent in covering of hoar frost, this wonderful man was standing at the stove adding billets to the fire.

"How are you to-day?" was the first remark Mr. Cunningham was accosted with. Then he turned around, he, the man in excess of one hundred and three years of age, and cordially bid his visitor be seated.

"You've come to spend the night this time, I hope," were the welcome words of the venerable centenarian. "I'll try and recollect some things this evening. Christmas is close at hand, I thank you for your visit to wish me a Merry one."

Until supper was announced by Mrs. Clouston, his daughter, Mr. Cunningham smoked a pipe and conversed about the war and other subjects of generality.

It is apparent from archive and conversation with Manitoba's pioneers, that the Hudson Bay Company have figured in the limelight of much pertaining to the early history of this province and its record of turbulent times. An insight into various of these agitations which have transpired, may prove of interest to them in the Manitoba of today. It is learned that at the time the executors of Lord Selkirk decided to dispose of their interest in Red River property, the Company immediately following purchase by them, determined upon certain procedure stringent in character, and as defensive medium in protection of their holdings, at once endeavored to suppress the operations of any person or body whose livelihood was obtained through trading with the settlers or Indian population. As a natural sequence to such arrogant action, the people assumed an attitude of resentment, in particular they of native extraction whose vocation was connected with the fur trade in its different aspects. From in excess of nine hundred French halfbreeds, a petition was dispatched to the British Government containing the request that the Company in question be instructed that the petitioners with others might continue commercial dealings as in previous times. Delay in receiving assent to this desire, caused the traders to become impatient; naturally the agitation was not lessened, a crisis imminent. This latter originated from a French trader, Sayer; he having purchased goods to trade in the Lake Manitoba district, thus incurring the Company's wrath, was placed under arrest and conveyed to Fort Garry for detention. A day was appointed for his trial; it was recognised in the Colony this procedure would create belligerent attitude by the settlers and others. Hence, Louis Riel, he whose son figured in the Manitoba of later years and was executed in 1886 for treason against the Home Government, arrived upon the scene with a large contingent of French half breeds assembled in St. Boniface; they marched to the courthouse. The magistrates appointed were unable to conduct the indictment, the accused being carried off amidst the excitement of an angry mob whose actions endorsed their opinions that the Colony's commerce was an asset open to all. Frustrated by this, the Company determined to retain their monopoly against intrusion, when the Rev. Corbett, in 1859 Anglican minister at Headingly, Mr. Cunningham was here resident at the time, contended in strenuous phrasing from his pulpit, the claims of the Company were unjust, detrimental to the interests of the Colony. As resultant of the reverend gentleman's address, his arrest followed, the indictment, however, contained no impeachment as alleged against the Company's assumption. The accusation placed against Mr. Corbett was instead a charge of misbehaviour toward a private individual, a trumped

up case heard before the then Governor of the Colony. Unanimous opinion declaring the accused innocent, an infuriated mob broke into the jail; he was promptly set at liberty and shortly afterward removed to Poplar Point to continue his useful ministrations. But rowdiness and lawlessness were not tolerated in those years remarked Mr. Cunningham, who recollects that one James Stewart a ringleader in Mr. Corbett's release, was placed in prison from which he emerged a few days later, the result of forcible action on the part of his supporters. It is alone necessary to add as the centenarian says, that incidents of this nature display the antagonistic feeling in those years prevalent against the Company and its rights, the determined attitude of the settlers to enjoy freedom of mercantile operations.

"Can you recall anything concerning the purchase of Rupert's Land?" was asked Mr. Cunningham who at the time (1859) was as in following years, a figure very prominent in the material affairs of the Colony.

"This had been secured the Company by a Charter which provided that all land not included in Rupert's Land was held by them through a license which required renewing every twenty-one years. In 1853, a few years before the time came for this license to cease, the Company's directors of course made an application for renewal. This the settlers thought would be a good opportunity to make opposition which was presented to the Government at Ottawa, and they, recognising how unfair the Company's proposition was, strongly opposed the request. After this, Mr. Cunningham states, "a representative Chief Justice Draper appeared before the House of Commons in London; he urged that Canadian settlements be extended to the Rocky Mountains, which contended Justice Draper constituted the natural western boundary. At a little later date, the petition of the Canadian Government was granted, that is in 1870, two years after confederation of provinces."

SOUND SLEEP

After Change to Postum

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare." (The effects on the system of tea and coffee drinking are very similar, because they each contain the drug caffeine.)

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavor and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug—coffee.

"People do not really appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of coffee would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned. Yours for health."

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"There's a Reason"—for Postum.

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"How did this judgment affect the Hudson Bay Company?" asked the writer.

"This was what took place," responded the venerable centenarian. "The Company in surrendering their rights received a sum of three hundred thousand pounds and was given permission to select a block of land near all its Posts, also one-twentieth part of lands lying south of the north branch of the Saskatchewan and westward of Lake Winnipeg."

"Did you, this would be in your early days, meet Bishop Provencher? He is understood to have figured much in the history of his time, did he not?"

The memory of Mr. Cunningham is extraordinary. He says: "I did when I was a young man. He might be called the first permanent missionary of the Roman Catholic Church here; for nearly forty years he lived in the Colony. I can remember a church built by him across Red River somewhere nearly opposite the mouth of Assiniboine. People nowadays can't realize what a good influence Bishop Provencher cast over the Colony. I knew him well; he had such a kind face and everybody loved him. He was buried over in St. Boniface, I think."

In allusion to early mission work in Manitoba, Mr. Cunningham always brightens up. And now we shall be given illustration of the retentive mind of this man upwards of one hundred and three years of age.

northward of West Selkirk. He likewise established a mission amongst the Crees then located in a district of Portage la Prairie. Mr. Cunningham in making reference to Archbishop Machray, recollects distinctly his arrival in 1865, and the death a few days afterwards of Mr. Cochrane who is buried within the pretty churchyard at St. Andrews. In these early decades, the Anglican Church in similitude with that of the Roman Communion, found its principal work to lie exterior of the Colony's settled portions, and in particular were the efforts directed toward a betterment in the conditions of the Indian inhabitants. The territory covered was of immense dimension, a fact recognisable when it is learned the area embraced not alone Rupert's Land, in which fifteen clergy labored, but extended to Moose Factory and the Yukon. Ten of these missionaries, remarked Mr. Cunningham, were native born and fluent in knowledge of various Indian dialects. It was necessary oftentimes to tramp for days in order to reach scattered bands of aborigines, whilst these heroic clergy in humble wigwams, assisted their flocks not alone by spiritual and scholastic tuition, but engaged in the hunt after food.

"By what means was Presbyterianism first introduced into the Colony?" was asked Mr. Cunningham, whose reply was that Gaelic settlers had long wanted a minister able to preach and converse in their own language. The Anglican



Belgian and British cavalry wintering in the trenches.

"Did I know Rev. William Cochrane? Yes, I did but that is going back to the long, long ago, somewhere about 1825, wasn't it?" The writer nodded. Mr. Cochrane arrived in the Colony during that year; he was the pioneer of Manitoba's Anglican Church; his work performed in a practical wilderness, yet, ere this the Rev. John West who returned to England, had built a schoolhouse in the vicinity of the St. John's Cathedral of to-day. Mr. Cunningham possesses but faint recollection of this reverend gentleman. The settlements were a distance apart, the majority situate along Red and Assiniboine Rivers. This necessitated the Rev. Cochrane instituting mission stations at specified places. The Upper Church was erected; this is the Cathedral of St. John's. At a distance of six miles, was built Middlechurch; likewise St. Andrew's, Mr. Cochrane erected this also. That is, not the present stone church visible from the Street Railway line to West Selkirk; that building dates from later period, and in it Bishop Anderson preached, he who penetrated the wilds of Yukon, carrying thither the Word of God. The first people ever baptised in Rupert's Land were the Cunninghams, a fact the to-day centenarian representative of which speaks of with pride.

"Not long after we came from Hudson Bay," says he, "mother took us to Upper Church where we all were baptised."

In speaking of Rev. Cochrane's work as a missionary, it is interesting to note that he founded a church in St. Peter's historic place of the Indian peoples and situate on Red River bank a few miles

church to minimise the difficulties, had modified their service and the Presbyterians delighted to attend the ministrations of the clergy. But in 1851, application was made to the Presbyterian authorities to send out a minister; the Rev. John Black was dispatched. Upon his arrival, some three hundred persons gathered together; in 1854, the first Kildonan Church was built.

"I helped to put up that church," said Mr. Cunningham. "It wasn't a very large building, but the old settlers will never forget the name of John Black."

This fact is requisite of no comment; the writer has upon many occasions years ago, heard Red River people allude to his saintly life.

Methodists dwelling in Manitoba to-day, will read with interest that the great body of Christians following the footsteps of John Wesley, inaugurated the first church of their denomination in the "great lone land" in 1840, the pioneer efforts of such occurring at Norway House and on Saskatchewan River. The entry of the Methodist Church proper into Manitoba, transpired in 1868 when Rev. George Young arrived.

"There appeared to be continuous wrangling in the early days," was a statement of the centenarian, who likewise says that in much later years this was visibly apparent. An exemplar, a rebellion occurred in 1869 at the time of transferral of the Colony from the Hudson Bay Company to Canada. This action evoked strenuous opposition amongst certain people by whom it was extended into an uprising. The Company operated a fort at Sturgeon Creek at this time, and made demand of pay-

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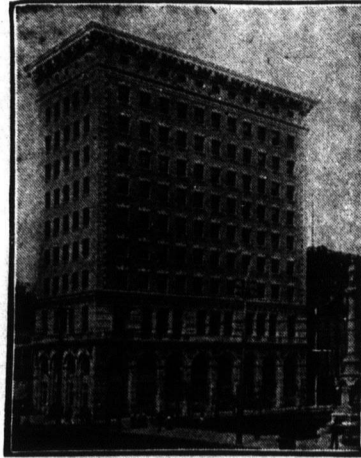
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ment for lands various settlers were living on. This request met with prompt refusal; in the subsequent uproar, the Governor of the Company was killed. At the time in question, a Dominion employee was surveying the lands under dispute; information was imparted him the action would create trouble amongst the half breeds who had formed an opinion the Government were disregarding their claims altogether. A party, Mr. Cunningham states, headed by Louis Riel, interfered with and prevented the surveyor's work. A few days following this action, one William McDougall was made Lieutenant-Governor, an appointment Riel in company with some three hundred men, endeavored to resent by preventing McDougall from entering Fort Garry from St. Norbert. Then, an attempt was made to raise a force amongst the English and Scotch settlers to force a way for McDougall to enter Fort Garry. This endeavor met defeat; it was said at the time that many of these men, claimants to no allegiance with Riel and his followers, undoubtedly assumed a disguised sympathy with him. At a few weeks later date, the Fort was seized by Riel who issued a proclamation that the Colony send twelve men as representatives to sit in council with his supporters. Nothing of importance, however, transpired; this was sequential to the fact agreement was entirely out of the question, and rather did this assembly incline Riel to assume greater determination than before. Within two months, McDougall sent forth that which the settlers understood to be Queen Victoria's Proclamation which empowered him with the Governorship, likewise authorising immediate suppression of the rebellious attitude. As the aftermath of this mandate, some fifty men met at the house of Dr. Schultze; herein government stores were in safe keeping. In protecting these goods, the men in charge were confronted by a large band of Frenchmen by whom they were taken to the Fort. Amongst these was Dr. Schultze; he, however, made good an escape, and after secreting himself in Kildonan for a short period, contrived to get away to Duluth, from whence, he travelled to Ontario. Just at this time, Donald Smith, the late Lord Strathcona arrived at Fort Garry; his presence was the means of bringing together a gathering of English and French representatives, of whom Mr. Cunningham says forty were in attendance. The first action of this assembly was to formulate a Bill of Rights and dispatch delegates to the House of Commons at Ottawa. Manitoba was passing through turbulent times; Riel with his ill advised adherents imprisoned a number of people, four of whom were condemned to death. Amongst this quartet was Thomas Scott; he suffered, the remaining three received pardon.

At the close of these interesting reminiscences of early years, Mr. Cunningham spoke in a personal strain. He, Manitoba's oldest inhabitant, has upon many occasions made the journey to St. Paul with an ox cart. In the early fifties, he travelled to and from Edmonton by a similar mode of conveyance. "People," he remarked, "often talked about trains which we were told in Fort Garry ran long distances in England and United States. We often wished a railroad would be built into the northwest, but we never expected to see it come."

In response to the writer's query relative to the grain growth and process of rendition into flour, the centenarian said its grinding was accomplished with a circular stone turned by hand power; this mill of primitive construction, revolved around a grooved stone. He is able to recollect distinctly when a little boy, the date of this would be about 1820, various settlers in Kildonan raised small acreages of wheat.

"Christmas will soon be here again, Mr. Cunningham," remarked his visitor. The venerable man who was then standing up to replenish the stove, sighed.

In speaking of winters and the contention Manitoba's climatic conditions are now in progress of change, the centenarian remarked that when a very small boy he recollects men talking about a difference even they had witnessed. During the past two decades, such is making itself noticeable, and may the hope be extended that the severity of winter season will in not

distant period, be of greater modification than at the present time. The idea that the Indians are reliable weather prognosticators, is not conducive to the opinions of Mr. Cunningham who places no credence in the alleged signs through which a coming season's meteorological forecasts may be read. In his judgment no prophetic vision is obtainable. Concerning prices for commodities in early days, he contends that figures for goods then purchasable in English currency, were not excessive; the transportation tariffs solve this. Water traffic, ships to Hudson Bay from England, York boats to the Fort.

A few minutes later, the centenarian enquiring the time was informed that ten o'clock was passed; he then prepared to go upstairs.

"Good night and God bless you all," was his parting remark.

But—yet every life must reach its terminus, the writer upon this visit could not fail to notice that the venerable man is rapidly approaching completion of his pilgrimage. Within the past few weeks, a deafness is making an appearance; his eyesight is rapidly failing; that wonderful memory remains.

"I'm ready to go any time now," was a remark made by him to the writer during the evening. "My end is not far away, and during the last few weeks I've begun to think so. Yes, I want to go before long."

"Not yet," answered his listener, "several more Christmas days for you yet."

But, ah! this cannot be, for Mr. Cunningham the man in his one hundred and fourth year of age, is now of very different appearance than on Good Friday last when the writer visited him. Very pathetic indeed was the sight as he walked across the room. However, he is in perfect readiness to leave the scenes of earth, and when his long, useful career is examined—James Cunningham, the Hudson Bay lad in earliest years, he who travelled from that distant zone in 1817 to Fort Garry; his active association decades afterwards as the representative of Kildonan constituency in Manitoba's first Legislative body, and other duties, verily will be realized inasmuch as concerns him, the grandeur of those words penned by the Psalmist of old:

"And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee."

THREE REASONS

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The Ghost of Tim O'Leary

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

The little cabin hung like an eagle's nest on the purple crest of the mountain and our driver raised the whip with which he had been momentarily flicking at the team, and pointed to the crudely picturesque log hut.

"Now that 'ere cabin you see up there, that's the 'aunted 'ouse of Ragged Ridge," he said, boastfully.

"Br—r—r!" emanated from some of the party, shudderingly. "Do we pass it in crossing over?" asked the school teacher. "We do, its right along the trail. Mebbe we'll see ole Tim hisself too, bein' as 'twill soon be gettin' dark."

And Joe literally smacked his lips at the prospect of giving us "the shivers."

He was a little Englishman from Leeds. No idea of encountering such an entertaining object as a spirit-haunted house, had crossed our minds when setting out in the early morning from Sandy Plain in Alberta on the stage journey to Coalport Landing in British Columbia, nor did the guide-book contain any reference to it. Undoubtedly therefore it was either a fabrication of Joe's fertile brain, or a pleasant little surprise which he kept in reserve. The cabin was still several miles distant, though appearing to be much closer and we gazed with

in the western sky, while a restless wind began to moan among the jack-pines. Rain was coming.

"Is there no way by which we could cut across the trail and avoid it—the cabin?" inquired the new Coalport school teacher, who was making the journey for the first time and vowed inwardly it should be the last—till the railroad came in.

"No ma'am—unless by airship, but don't you worry Tim's sperrit is real friendly to lydies."

Two members of the party, a young Ruthenian homesteader and his fourteen-year-old bride had remained silent throughout. It was doubtful whether they even vaguely understood the talk. For her going-away gown the bride was wearing a white dress made of curtain net, with accoutrements even more unique—large brass-toed boots, durable and thick, and a wonderful collar formed of knitted Berlin wool and glass beads, from the tassel ends of which there dangled elongated glass globules, that gave forth a gentle tinkling, musical sound whenever the wearer moved, reminding one forcibly of the old-fashioned hanging-lamp shades, once so popular. Over her small flaxen head was



Steam shovels at work in Spokane mining district

mingled emotions upon it, demanding the legend or tale, if there were one. This, Joe was in no way loath to impart, now that he had us out beyond the foot-hills and wholly at his mercy.

"It's ole Tim O'Leary's late residence," he began, turning about at an angle of forty-five degrees, the better to embrace his audience in the rear seats. "Tim was the biggest man in these 'ere regions onct-time o' the big gold rush. Tim 'ad all kinds o' luck. Could rustle more cattle an' never git pinched! They 'ad a score o' wararnts out fer 'im but no one never cud ketch 'im 'e was that slippy! Gold miner 'e was too but nobody ever cud git a line on where 'e cached 'is pile. An' then 'e up an' croaked!"

"He was rich then?" we asked. "Rich! Tim cud put it all over Croesus. Used to pitch nuggets into Moon Lake—y' can see the wee lake over there in the coulee—jest to watch the ripples. Oh 'e 'ad a free an' easy life—never in all 'is life wore a collar, nor 'ad a shave—an'—aircut. Looked like a twin brother o' Robinson Crusoe 'e did!"

One of the passengers evinced a desire to pursue the question of the gold.

"Oh, 'tain't no use lookin' up there fer it. That's what causes 'is sperrit t' walk. There's been 'eaps o' people diggin' an' nosin' round—daytimes. They ain't never found so much as a glint o' gold dust! The sperrit knows where it is an' keeps guard."

"Perhaps had they gone at night, with a spade and a dark lantern,"—began an occupant of the front seat.

But a prolonged shuddering and teeth-chattering cut in upon the remark.

There was silence for a moment or two, during which dark grey clouds were observed for the first time rapidly rising

wound a variegated silk scarf, from beneath which her quaint little face peered forth with a sober and most unbride-like air. Her eyes were large, bright and alert, though she spoke no word and seemed not to hear any of the conversation. With her youthful husband she shared the middle seat with an English woman of Amazonian proportions who was going to Fort George, to hew out a fortune for herself as lady-secretary of a lumbering firm. The school teacher and newspaper reporter occupied the front seat beside Joe and in the extreme rear two dour Scotsmen had disposed themselves amongst the luggage.

Before half an hour had gone by, the clouds that had been gathering ominously in the west, were over us and the first large drops of rain splattered down. Joe halted long enough to draw the side blinds and produce the oilcloth rugs, but we had scarcely resumed our journey before it became evident that a storm was upon us. So suddenly had it loomed up in the afternoon sky that when the first thunderclap fell on our ears we started as at a cannon-shot, while the horses plunged and reared. The lightning played incessantly over us and Joe lashed the team to greater speed.

"Where can we take shelter?" asked the teacher.

"Times like this I gen'rally put into Tim's cabin," replied Joe, calmly, "Storms come up sudden-like in the mountings."

"Oh, but—the ghost!" cried the teacher, clutching Joe's sleeve, preferring the danger of which she knew something to that of which she knew nothing. We were close to the cabin.

"That ghost ma'am revels in thunder an' lightning! 'E ain't a bit frightened. Why some say as 'ow they've seen 'im up there dancin' an' wavin' of 'is arms



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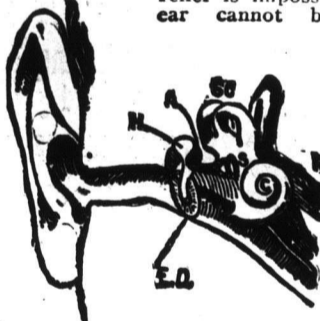
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an' singin' some of 'is wild songs while the thunder crashed an' the lightnin' flashed!"

The Scotsmen in the back seat, until now very reticent, began to thaw. One of them, leaning forward, called:

"Mon! Air ye no' goin' to pit in till it's ower?"

"These 'ere lydies—" began Joe, shrugging his shoulders.

We protested, our latent courage coming to our rescue.

"Mon!" exclaimed the other Scot scornfully, "if there's a banshee seen by ony o' the pairty we'll gie ye all a siller dollar! Pit in, pit in, afore we're drowned!"

This magnificent offer, coming from a son of the heather, staggered us all, momentarily.

"Make it five yer honor, an' I'll put in," said Joe, brazenly.

The Scots consulted together.

"We'll split the odds an' ca' it twa-fifty," announced the one who had first spoken.

And we drove under the slight shelter of a grove of jack-pines by the side of Tim O'Leary's cabin.

"Go right in ev'rybody!" cried Joe, and we scuttled in out of the driving rain, finding ourselves in a dampish cave-like, earthy-smelling and extremely dark interior.

The pines sighed and bent almost double while torrents of rain beat upon the mountain side, and began to drip through the pine rafters upon us, as we stood in a huddled group about the open doorway of the hut. One of the men struck a match but the wind instantly extinguished the light, and we were obliged to grope about in search of a dry area, within. At every lightning flash however, the interior of the cabin was illuminated, but it gave back nothing except emptiness—not a chair or bench, not even an empty nail-keg was visible. It grew darker without, and to make matters more weird and awe-inspiring, a peculiar sound like a low crooning chuckle began to be heard, in the intervals of the thunder-claps, coming apparently from behind us in the back of the hut, where one small aperture, once a window, showed gray against the gloom. Joe had remained, as a faithful teamster should, with his horses, but sheltered as he was beneath the wagon-top we could not see him.

Thus a quarter of an hour passed. Then, suddenly, without so much as a second's warning an ear-piercing demoniac shriek rent the air and with hearts standing still and the breath smothered in our throats we beheld a white-garbed form in long flowing raiment, and with wildly-rolling eyes, pass within ten feet of the door, waving its ghostly arms and uttering its weird laugh which was half shriek. We fell back upon one another, our gaze fixed unbelievably upon this apparition and not one of us capable of uttering a syllable. The figure, grayish-white against the semi-darkness, passed slowly and then reappeared, its rain-soaked garments flapping like sails in the wind, but the spirit beneath unafraid of the elements.

"Shut the door!" the teacher at length managed to gasp.

The door was closed with some difficulty and the two Scotsmen leaned their broad backs against it in a "come-one-come-all" attitude, forgetful that spirits may penetrate the thickest of man-made barriers. A flash of lightning just then showed their faces ghastly white. It makes a Scotsman feel sick to lose so much money at one fell swoop, but if the faces of the rest of us were of a similar hue it was from a different cause. The little teacher had just resolved to faint away as gracefully as possible when again we heard the faint crooning sound behind us. The ghost must have glided around the cabin to the rear. Now was our chance. We whispered the word to the door-keepers and although the idea was somewhat slow in penetrating to their minds, after five minutes' parley they grasped it. The door was flung open, and, regardless of the drenching rain we bolted one and all for the wagon without a glance behind. How we clambered in and urged Joe to whip up the horses at top speed and were on the trail again in less than two minutes none of us afterward could remember. The storm was abating and

about three miles further west, in the fresh wet stillness, we slowed down. Beyond the last range of mountains, the rays of a storm-clear sunset were glancing in long horizontal bars of red-gold across the pine-clothed slopes and five miles below us in the valley lay Coalport, our destination.

The Scotsmen had maintained a discreet silence, but Joe turned now and addressed them.

"It's as good a time now, as any, yer honors, to settle the little matter of the bet."

They paled visibly and clutched their pockets, convulsively. But before either had time to speak, if indeed they were able to enunciate at all, a new voice interposed.

It was that of the little Ruthenian bride and it was the first time she had spoken since we had left Sandy Plain in the early morning. Her voice was as sweet as a silver bell—and to the Scotsmen must have sounded fully as sweet as a belfry full of silver bells.

"I like de monney firs' rate," she said, slowly, with a tinge of wistfulness in her eyes, "but I bet me if you look onner de seat you fin' de ghost!"

And truly, there we did find it—or its outward and visible signs in the form of two white linen dusters which were tucked away, wet and mud-stained in the extreme end of the wagon, under the last seat.

Joe gave vent to a low crooning chuckle and fargetful of the horses, whipped those faithful beasts along the last lap of our journey, and spoke no more to us. The Scots were somewhat slow in dove-tailing the little matter together, but at length they turned to each other and slapped one another upon the shoulder, simultaneously, to the great delight of the bystanders at the hotel where we had just drawn up. A short whispered consultation ensued between them and finally they leaned forward and touched the little bride on the arm.

"Shake hands. You've saved our lives!" they cried together. After we had alighted the little bride stood looking fascinatedly into the palm of her hand and as we passed along, she shyly exhibited its contents—two shining silver dollars, her wedding gift from the sons of Scotland.

As for Joe, he escaped with his life, which is saying a good deal considering the fact that he nearly became a ghost in earnest before the brawny Scotsmen had finished with him.

"Do I understand that the home team won by default?" asked the visitor in the outer office. "Yes; by de fault of de home pitcher," explained the office boy.

A school teacher complained to the principal the other day that one of the big boys was flirting outrageously with the music teacher, who came in once a day. The principal spoke severely to the class and ended by saying that out of consideration for the feelings of the culprit, he would not name him in public. At the close of the session, however, he was to come to the principal's office for an interview.

Yes, you guessed it. All the boys in the class showed up.

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In a certain neighborhood there resided an honest farmer, who was not easily swerved from the path of rectitude. He owned a horse which a couple of traders wished to possess. They called on the farmer and after some haggling gave him his price and drove off with the prize. They had scarcely gone three miles when the horse dropped dead in the road.

Seeing the farmer a few days later, they approached him with: "What kind of a horse was that you sold us the other day?"

"A good all around horse, sirs."

"Yes, he was. He dropped down dead before we got three miles from home."

The farmer listened in open-mouthed astonishment, and then exclaimed: "Upon my word of honor, gentlemen, he never done that way for me."

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Two Pair of Twinses

For W. H. M. by Ida M. Halliburton

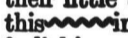
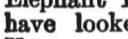
THERE were one Pair of Twins already in the Town of Trees. They were Mrs. Kangaroo's Twins, and she had brought them up very carefully. They never soiled their clothes; they never tore them. They never raced or romped so their fur was never rumpled or their ears never out of order as you sometimes see rollicking, frolicking Kangaroo children get

Their mother, Mrs. Kangaroo, washed and combed them each morning and they sat on a bench in the sunshine or walked in the shade until lunch. Then they took off their pinnies and took a nap. After their nap they sang songs or learned verses until tea time and after tea they went to bed.

Yes, indeed, this Pair of Twins were very, very well-behaved, they were very demure; and they were called Elisha and Elijah.

Now, whenever any of the mothers in the Town of Trees wanted to know anything about raising children or wanted a pinny pattern, they visited Mrs. Kangaroo, who liked to give advice and lend pinny patterns and whose Twins were so very very well-behaved, so very demure that they were models for all the other children in the Town of Trees.

Now one day Mrs. Kangaroo heard that there were new people come to live in the Town. These people, the Elephants, had a pair of Twins, of rollicking, frolicking Twins. But day after day passed, and Mrs. Elephant did not come to her for advice nor for pinny patterns, and Mrs. Kangaroo began to feel very slighted for she wanted to tell Mrs. Elephant how to raise Twins.

So one day she put new starched pinnies on Elisha and Elijah, and after telling them they must be very, very well-behaved, they must be very demure, she took one by each hand and started out to call on Mrs. Elephant with the frolicking, rollicking Twins. She looked very dignified as she walked along with an Elisha Twin by one hand and an Elijah Twin by the other and her eye glass dangling. They walked along so nicely that their little tails made careful marks like this  in the sand. If they had been frolicking, rollicking Twins, like the Elephant Twins, their tail tracks would have looked like this  and Mrs. Kangaroo would have been ashamed of them.

Now Mrs. Elephant who had finished her dinner, and had sent her rollicking, frolicking Twins out to play, was taking a nap. She rose when Mrs. Kangaroo knocked and hastily pushed a whole trunkful of soiled pinnies under the bed for her naughty Twins had been rollicking and frolicking with the laundry bag before they went out.

Then she opened the door and Mrs. Kangaroo introduced her Twins. Both Twins curtsied and sat down. They smoothed down their starched pinnies, folded their hands in their laps and began to be very, very well behaved, very demure as their mother had told them.

After waiting a long time for Mrs. Elephant to ask advice, which she did not, Mrs. Kangaroo asked to see the Twins who came when they were called, looking very, very soiled. Mrs. Kangaroo put on her eye glass and asked their names. Mrs. Elephant says, "I call them Dot and Dimple; but for short, I call this one Twinkly Toes, because she is so active on her feet." Now while her mother talked, Twinkly Toes kept looking at her feet and twirling her toe in the sand. "I call this one Twiddle Thumbs because she is so handy with her fingers"; and all the time Twiddle Thumbs kept twisting the corner of a very soiled pinny.

"Now, my dear Dot and Dimple," said Mrs. Elephant, "you may take Elisha and Elijah out to play."

"O," said Mrs. Kangaroo, "My dear Twins never play, but they may go out for a little walk, if they walk in the shade."

So the Two Pairs of Twinses started out and the two mothers settled down for a good talk.

But Twinkly Toes and Twiddle Thumbs couldn't bear to walk in the shade; they simply could not be very well behaved or

demure; so they led the very good little Twins down to the creek, where the mud was sticky and black, and the water was green and slimy.

Here they had built a raft and they asked Elisha and Elijah to go for a ride. "But how shall we get on?" asked both Twins at once, looking at their clean pinnies. "Why, we'll carry you." So each Elephant Twin took a Kangaroo Twin under her arm and carried them to the raft. But though the raft would hold one pair of Twins, it wouldn't hold two, and in a moment, Two Pair of Twinses were dumped in the green and slimy water and were clambering out on the black and sticky mud.

These well-behaved Kangaroo Twins were not half so sorry as you would suppose when they found their starched pinnies all mud and their hair all wet and rumpled. "Now," they said, "We can't get any dirtier, and we can play all we like." So the Two Pairs of Twinses sat all the afternoon and made mud pies with the black and sticky mud mixed with green and slimy water and put them in the sun to bake. Then they sat down and buried their feet and legs in the stickiest mud that was left, and so their mother's found them. But I'm not going to tell you the rest. Some people think the story 'ust starts here

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The girl glanced at them indifferently and then at the young man, as if she saw him for the first time. "Oh, he's not as young as you are," she said. "He's a full-grown man."



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The Market in Jamaica

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Jessie B. Dixon

DIFFERENT lands, different peoples, different things to eat. We start out from our hotel as early as we can in the morning, certainly not later than eight o'clock, to see it at its best. As we go many colored women on their way to market too, pass us on the road, for if it comes to a walking contest we are beaten in the race. Everyone seems to be going, some have baskets on their heads for this is the chief way of carrying their stuff to market, some lead a donkey whose paniers are filled with fruit or vegetables, a bit of sugar cane, a few eggs, etc., and some lead the donkey and carry the basket too.

The market enclosures cover about a half acre of ground, part is covered and part is open. When we get near the gates we see some women selling these market



Hats and Brooms of Native Manufacture. Scene in Jamaica



Negro Hut, Jamaica, B.W.I.

baskets which hold about a bushel; what a picturesque group they make with their colored cotton dresses, the dull green of the baskets and the shade trees behind them. The colored women do all their carrying in these baskets, whether they are going to market to sell their produce or to buy for their own household or the white people for whom they work.

If the country woman has a donkey, and she is considered in very good circum-

stances if she has, she must leave him in the donkey yard where he nibbles at the fodder till she is ready to go home again. We are accustomed to seeing the men doing the most of the marketing in the North but the women do all in this Island; she also works in the fields for her house-keeping is very light, a small house or hut about eight by ten feet is her home, and at other times the outdoor life.



Street Scene, Market Day in a Jamaican village B.W.I.



Market woman with basket on head leading donkey

Passing through the big gates we enter the market enclosure—such strange looking catables; the principal thing is a large, unshapely root of a dark brown color, but when it is cut as some are the inside is snow white; this is the white yam, the chief and sometimes only food of the colored people. There are tomatoes about the size of an egg and smaller because they allow the plant to keep on bearing instead of pulling it up and putting out fresh plants and so the tomato gets smaller and smaller, squash, okras, ackees, oranges, a few bananas, some bundles of sugar cane, mango, lettuce (tough and bitter), laundry starch from the cassava plant, sweet potatoes, eggs wrapped singly and in pairs in the leaves of the banana tree, a pig on or two, and a few other things in small quantities. These women walk sometimes ten and fourteen miles to market carrying all their produce on their

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heads; this means that the quantities are small though many women may bring a little of several articles. The colored people are only holders of small parcels of land which they do not always cultivate to the greatest extent. The women are all wearing cotton gowns that have once been bright and gay but tropical suns and



Market Women. Pile of white yam in foreground

many washings have subdued their brilliancy, for cleanliness is a characteristic of these people and fashion plays no part, the bandana still holds its own though hats enjoy some favor. In another part of the market we find a varied collection of baskets useful and ornamental for the Island. They are all native industry and made from woven palm leaves, the natural shade of the leaf is a creamy yellow and by dyeing some of the leaves a brown and others a tawny yellow a pleasing design is woven in. The native dye woods of the Island supply these

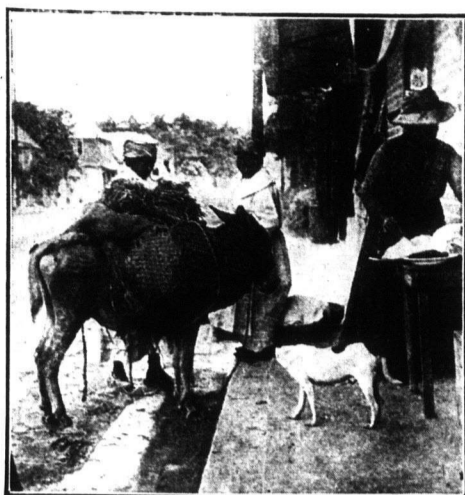


Sellers of Market Baskets

colors. These baskets are the choicest things of all the native industry and we carried away a few fine specimens. Still in another place we see some brooms, not the kind we know made of corn, but of palm leaves too, of about the same shade as the baskets and shaped like a big tassel. These are not used to sweep carpets for no carpets are used there, but to sweep verandas and door yards. In the homes of the white people polished floors prevail; the floor is stained with some of the native dyewoods if it is not of hardwood, then polished with the juice of bitter oranges rubbed up with the outer shell of the coconut which is a fibrous husk. And still another place where hats



Vegetable Market Scenes



Preparing to go home

can be bought, fancy, millinery in a market, also of native manufacture though only worn by the colored people.

In the covered part of the market we find fish, meat, agricultural seeds, or we would say farm seeds, tobacco in ropes of an inch in thickness and two cents buys a yard, sometimes a drygoods stand with

articles likely to be bought by the country woman. The meat does not look a bit appetizing though quite good, as no meat is offered off the hoof twenty-four hours. Fish is much more used and superior in every way. The waters of the sea supply some very fine specimens, the salt-water herring of course, lobsters, oysters, but the finest is the red snapper a fish averaging two feet in length with a brilliant scarlet skin and snow white flesh. Turtles from which the genuine green turtle soup is made. Some of these grow to an immense size sometimes weighing a hundred and fifty pounds; from the shell of their back our finest quality of tortoise shell is made.

Market is usually over by the early afternoon and preparations are made for the long walk home. If our market woman desires something to eat she leaves the market and goes out on the street where she can find someone near selling a lunch from a table in a shady spot. Two cents, four, six cents will buy all she needs of fried fish or vegetable, and bread, very clean and appetizing in appearance as the seller lifts the clean white cloth that covers it. There are no lunch counters or even restaurants in this Island.

These market places are found in all the towns and Kingstown, the capital, has three situated in different parts of the city.



Donkey yard for Jamaica market



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The Fairy Godmother

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

She was no longer in her very first youth, but she was still young for all that, and very graceful and sweet, and most people were agreed upon one fact: that she was perfectly charming.

Her face was oval and pale, and her hair was brown, with eyes to match. And she wrote songs—the most delightful little songs you can imagine; and this enabled her to live in the charming little house in Sussex most of the year round, and to surround herself with a number of things such as her artistic soul loved—bits of rare china, pictures, and here and there one caught the gleam of beaten silver and pewter when a ray of sun came slanting into her pretty sitting-room, as it did on a certain afternoon in late September—an "Indian summer" afternoon.

It made her look very fragile and wan, however, as she lay on her couch; and if you had looked carefully you would have noticed how wistful the expression of her eyes really was.

She had, as it happened, been working a great deal too hard, following on a nasty touch of "flu" some months previously, and the result had been a pretty severe breakdown. Now she was convalescent the days seemed to hang rather heavily, in spite of the presence of a small and much-loved niece, who was staying with her while her sister, the small person's mother, was abroad with her husband.

Just now the little lady, whose name was Betty, appeared to be deeply engrossed in the task of rooking a Teddy bear to sleep. She sat cuddled up in a far corner of the room, surrounded by the inmates of a Noah's ark, and a battered dolly, crooning a song in her soft little voice, and rocking herself to and fro.

The picture was a very pleasing one. The artistically-quiet yet beautiful room and the sunshine coming in from the garden, bringing the scent of mignonette, and touching the gold of the child's curls, and flickering now and then on the loose white gown of Carolyn West, as she lay on the couch, talking to a girl who had come in to tea.

"You know," the visitor was saying, in her soft, merry voice, "I simply don't know how on earth I'm going to get everything in! I've heaps of things to do before the—before Thursday! And so many people to see. But I did want to come in and have a chat with you, Caro, before I go away, so I've simply stolen the time. I wish you'd been well enough to come to my wedding! I suppose you really won't be? Don't you think—"

Carolyn's eyes grew absent just for a moment.

"No," she said. "I'd love to in a way—but you know—I mean, Phyllis, that I simply can't stand weddings. I—"

she broke off rather suddenly; and the girl put down her cup and saucer.

"Just why," she said softly, "if you'll forgive me for asking? There generally is some reason, isn't there? I don't know why, but somehow, I've never liked to ask you exactly; yet I've been fearfully curious—and—"

The hostess smiled a rather twisted smile.

"Oh, yes," she said. "There is a reason, my dear. This: I ought to have had a wedding myself; and well—I didn't that's all!"

"Did he—die?" asked Phyllis softly.

"Oh, no!" Caro's voice was rather absent, too, as well as her eyes. "It was quite an ordinary commonplace little story. He was an actor, and my people thought it was a case of infatuation. We were both absurdly young, you see, and we could have waited. But they wouldn't hear of it because they were very old-fashioned, and had a violent prejudice against the stage."

"We had neither of us any money, and when the whole thing came out there was a most fearful row; and my father told him to go away, and never dare to show his face again. You see, it's quite the usual sort of story one meets with in fiction."

Phyllis slipped a sympathetic hand into the other woman's.

"And did he go?" she asked, with interest.

Women are always interested in a love story!

"Yes." Carolyn squeezed the slim little fingers. "Oh, yes; he had to. He was forbidden to write to me, and he would not consent to a clandestine correspondence. He went abroad, and I never saw him again. That's all, dear. We left London, and—I don't know—he got over it, I suppose."

"I wish," said the girl, "that you could be happy."

"Oh, but I am!" said Caro brightly.

"There is my work you know; and, oh, heaps of things! I suppose because I am not well now I've got morbid. I'm lonely at times and—"

Phyllis rose.

"Well, I wish," said she, "that the Prince would come just like they do in fairy tales."

"Fairy tales," said Caro West sighing, in spite of her smile, "never come true!"

But the departing visitor laughed, and grew a little pink, because she was thinking of someone.

"Oh yes they do—sometimes!" she said wisely, as she went out.

There was a short pause; and then a little figure, with a Teddy bear tucked under one arm, her brown eyes peeping out from a mass of tangled gold, sidled up.

"Please," said the small voice, with a very wheedling note in it, "want 'oo to tell me fairy story?"

"Why, my babelet—the eyes of Carolyn were very like Betty's—I thought you had fallen asleep! Well, snoodle up here by me—that's it. A fairy story? I don't think I know one—not a proper one to-day."

A coaxing mouth touched her cheek. And of course, the fairy tale had to be told. You see, you can't resist small persons with gold curls and brown eyes, and a mouth like a flower, if they are perfectly good—as this one was.

"Well there was once a princess—"

"And a pwince!" interpolated the listener firmly.

"Of course! And they were going to live in a beautiful castle—"

"Where?" demanded Betty thoughtfully.

And Carolyn looked out into the sunny garden—at a bee buzzing about some stocks.

"I think it was in—Spain," said she. And added: "You see, they were building it up, they had got nearly half-way with it, and then it tumbled to the ground with a big, big crash. And the Prince had to go away, and the Princess was left alone; so she—"

"But the Pwince," said Betty anxiously, "came back?"

"I—I don't know!" said the storyteller, with sudden weariness. "I—don't think so. But we'll finish the story another day, Auntie is so tired. Run into the garden, darling, will you? There's a good girl, and play while I sleep. I'm very tired now."

Betty slid down to the ground.

"Will be v'vy good," she announced. "Al-ways good." Then she laid her soft little face against Caro's for a second.

"Ouldn't it make you quite, quite better, Auntie, if a pwince comed for you?"

And "Auntie" turned over on the pillow with a queer smile.

"Perhaps," she said. "Now go and play, my sweet, and remember not to go out of the garden."

Butterflies were flitting about, bees were humming drowsily from flower to flower, and Betty, with the Teddy bear tucked under her arm, decided that a garden was an ideal place.

She industriously picked a handful of daisies, and then half-way across the grass she stopped. For—what was that? Betty stood, head on one side, listening intently. Surely it was music? How queer!

The sound of a string band came floating over from some adjoining grounds; the violins were throbbing out a waltz. It was entrancing! Could the fairies be hidden away in the greenery of that other great garden on the opposite side of the hedge making that wonderful music? She gave a tiny wriggle of joy, and her feet moved to the lilt of it.

Of course she didn't know it, but in those grounds there happened to be a

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garden party in progress. The music was by a Pink Viennese Orchestra, which, with heaps of other attraction, had been sent down from town, including a company who were going to do a pastoral play, for the giver of the party had a wonderfully well-lined purse, so that by waving a golden wand—the purse don't you know?—he could command all sorts of wonderful things.

Betty found a gap in the hedge, and got through quite easily. On the other side she stood waiting—the music had ceased, and she wished it would start again. There was nothing to be seen, after all. Perhaps they were hidden behind that thick clump of trees, and—"O-o-o-h!" The exclamation escaped with a little squeal of joy, because, coming round the bend of those trees was—well, most certainly a fairy person. You recognized him at once by his funny dress, you see, for people don't go about—ordinary people, that is—in such clothes nowadays.

He came right up to Betty, and they stood and they looked at each other solemnly.

And suddenly she knew him—because of his eyes, which were nice and kind and grey—and then he wore doublet and hose and a queer, green peaked hat with a long red feather, and such funny pointed shoes. Oh, there could be no mistake! So she edged a little nearer, trembling with excitement.

"Are—are you the—pwince?" she asked in an awed tone.

"The pwince?" said the man curiously.

"How do you mean you funny little soul?" "The pwince," said the small maiden, with ill-concealed impatience, "out of the fair-wy tale. I've been telled a fair-wy tale 'bout a pwince and a pwincess, and—"

Her listener caught on to her meaning and her mood, but he shook his head.

"No," he told her, "I'm afraid I can't be a pwince, kiddy, I'm only a wayfarer, that's all."

"But—fink you must be," she said, with conviction. "cos you're just like my pwince. Why couldn't you be?"

"Well, it's like this," he said slowly. "You see, I can't be the pwince, little woman, because—well, there is no pwincess."

"If you found one, 'ould you be—the pwince—weally?"

And the man laughed, though there was something in it the baby didn't understand.

"Really and truly," he assured her, "if—if it happened to be the real pwincess; for if you find her—well, you are a pwince at once, no matter what you were before."

"Well," said Betty triumphantly, "you must come wiv me. an'—an' I'll show you one. Please!"

And, somehow, for the life of him, he couldn't have told you why, the man allowed himself to be seized by this golden-haired mite and dragged over the grass of the other garden to the open French window, where Betty, finger on lip, paused.

"Don't make any noise," she whispered tremulously, "cos it's Auntie Caro, and she's asleep! But she said she wished the pwince would come, and of course—"

The rest of the sentence was lost as she tiptoed softly over the threshold, beckoning the "pwince" to follow, and because of the fact that from his stand by the window he could see the face on the pillow within the room. He did follow with a sort of smothered exclamation, and stood looking down at Carolyn West's still form. Her eyes were closed. One hand (the left) lay lightly beneath her chin, touching the slender, bare throat—a favorite attitude of hers when asleep. And the "pwince" smiled suddenly, because he saw there were no rings on one finger of this hand.

"Pwince," said the excited voice at the head of the couch, "it is in the stor-wy; you have to kith her—quick!"

There was a breathless silence. And then—well, the man stooped low and kissed the third finger of that left hand, and that woke the pwincess.

She opened her eyes and looked up, right into the grey eyes of the man.

"Philip!" she said, with a sort of cry. "I—oh, of course I am dreaming!"

"No," said the man called Philip; "I don't think so. You were lost, but I have found you, and I am never going to let you go again. D'you know that?"

"I'm due to play in 'As You Like It' in another twenty minutes," he went on. "But first I've got to tell you a long story,

if you'll let me, or part of it; and after the show—well, dear, I shall come back and tell you the rest, if I may?"

* * *

Betty was going to bed very soon, and she came tripping into the room to say "Good-night."

And it was really funny, because there sat Auntie, don't you know with quite another person—not the pwince at all. She felt vaguely disappointed, because he had said he was coming back, and Betty had wanted to ask him quite a lot of things.

But this man was ever so different. To begin with, his hair was quite short and brushed smartly back, like Daddy's, and he wore ordinary clothes—just like other people.

Yet it was extraordinary, because he was sitting with an arm round Aunt Caro, who didn't seem to think it at all funny. He held out the other arm to Betty.

"Hello, Babe!" he said—and the eyes and the voice were those of the pwince, after all—"don't you know me?"

"Yeth!" said she joyously.

"You see, I had to come back to look after the pwincess," he informed her. "And see about building the castle again?" she inquired anxiously. Then she added curiously: "Why did it fall down before?"

And the man smiled into the brown eyes.

"Well," he said, "you, the fairy god-mother, were not there you see, and real fairy tales never come right without a fairy godmother. But of course you never knew that."

The Last Toast

We've drunk to the King—God bless him!
We've toasted our sweethearts, too,
Our khaki lads in the trenches
And our sailor boys in blue.
But there's one more toast to be honoured
So in silence your glasses take,
And drink to the men of Britain
Who have died for Britain's sake.

From field, and mine, and city
They raced to the jaws of death,
With a jest at the foe's cannon
And a laugh with their latest breath.
And now they're at rest and sleeping
Where they fell on an alien shore,
But their graves are here in Britain
In our hearts for evermore!

He Had To Go

A rosy-cheeked office boy who is employed by a great business house one day walked quietly, hesitatingly, into the manager's office. His face was drawn and haggard, says a writer in the Chicago News, and it was evident that the errand which had brought him there was of no ordinary importance.

"Say?" he interrupted, and the manager looked up at him severely.

"Say what?" growled the office man turning back to his work.

"Say? Kin I git off this afternoon?" queried the boy, his head down, his hands twitching nervously.

"Get off! What for? 'Nother grand-mother dead?" grunted the busy man, looking up again.

"No, 'tain't that," admitted the office boy.

"Well, what will you do if I let you off?" the manager relented.

"I'll never ask again," brightened the boy. "An'—an' I'll work any Saturday afternoon to make up for it, an'—an'—I'll work any night—I don't care if you dock me—an'—an' I'll work twice as hard if you'll just let me off this afternoon."

"Well," gasped the office man, "it must be pretty important! What on earth do you want to get off for?"

"De Giants is goin' ter play de Kellys dis afternoon, an' I'm on de Giants' team, an' we've all gotter be dere dis afternoon an' dey can't do not'in wifout me," answered the young man, importantly.

"Oh," grinned the manager, "baseball game, eh? Yes, you can get off."

The boy grinned, and rushed out of the office, his face covered with smiles.

The overworked manager turned back to his figures resolutely, then looked up wistfully and remarked to himself, "I wish I could get off to see a baseball game this afternoon myself."

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How Beet Sugar is Made

A Visit to the Factory of the Knight Sugar Co. Ltd. at Raymond

Written for W.H.M. by Max. McD.

The manufacture of beet sugar is a process of considerable interest. The raw beet goes into the factory at one end and comes out at the other end the perfected sugar of commerce.

From the storage bins the beets are allowed to fall into a flume of running water which floats them into the factory and into the beet wheel by which they are carried to the washer. Here they are subjected to a thorough washing, after which they are automatically ejected into another elevator which carries them to the third floor, where they fall into the slicer. The slicer consists of a driving pulley that operates the shaft carrying a circular frame, which holds the knives. Here they are cut into long V shaped strips about five and a half inches wide by one-eighth inch thick and of various lengths. These slices are called cosettes. From the slicer the cosettes (or beets) are transported by gravity through a hopper into a chute to a diffusion battery. The vessels for diffusion are mostly upright iron cylinders with flat or arched bottoms, having a large opening capable of being tightly closed for receiving the slices. A number of such diffusers connected together is called a battery. In order to keep the contents at the required temperature, there is connected with each diffuser, or cell, a so called heater which reheats the juice before being admitted to the next diffuser in line. The vessels are connected by pipes in such a manner that the same portion of liquor can be distributed throughout the entire battery. The driving power is hydrostatic pressure and is obtained from a tank in the upper part of the sugar house, giving a pressure of from fifteen to twenty-five pounds per square inch. Here the sugar is extracted by a series of bleedings with hot water, the sugar being held in solution in the cells which also contain most of the impurities.

Albuminoids Coagulate Before Pressure of Lime

The object of the diffusion process is to obtain the sugar with as few impurities as possible. When sufficiently concentrated the juice is drawn off in measuring tanks, enough being taken to extract the sugar without too great dilution. This is accurately measured, and a record kept of the time, number of cells and density. This juice is pumped into a calorimeter where it is heated. This is important as it is necessary to coagulate all the albuminoids before the presence of lime. From the heater the juice flows to the carbonators, which are covered tanks heated by closed steam. Here lime in the form of milk of lime is admitted to the heated juice. The lime combines with the greater part of the impurities and forms an insoluble precipitate. The lime also combines with the sugar forming a calcium succrate, which if not decomposed will be lost in filtration. This is done by injecting gas which is made by burning the lime used in clarification. Thus an insoluble precipitate of calcium carbonate is formed.

Just enough gas is admitted to break up this combination of lime sugar. Care is taken not to carry the operation too far, as after the calcium succrate is destroyed the carbonic acid attacks the compounds of calcium and in time will liberate all impurities again. The process is closely watched and samples are taken every few seconds. As the operation approaches completion samples are taken in test tubes. The proper point at which to stop the flow of gas is indicated by the formation of a granular precipitate showing clear liquor between the particles. The gas is instantly shut off, a test tube is sent to a table nearby where a chemist's assistant is stationed and the percentage of lime in the juice determined by filtration with standard acid.

Juice is Filtered in Presses

After clarification, or carbonation as it is called in a beet sugar house, the whole contents of the carbonate juice and precipitate are drawn off and forced through filter presses by means of a pump. The presses are composed of alternating solid and hollow openings, to allow the juice to pass from one to another. The solid

frames are covered with two thicknesses of cloth manufactured especially for this purpose. When these alternating solid and hollow frames are clamped by means of a screw, and the carbonator juice pumped through a valve, it is readily seen that the cake will accumulate on the cloth in filling the hollow frames, and clear juice run through the cocks into the troughs.

When the press is full of cake, hot water is forced through the cake, thus washing out any remaining juice. The press is opened by releasing the pressure of the screw, the apron is removed and the cake dropped through a hopper underneath and conveyed outside the building. This refuse can be used as a fertilizer. The physical condition of the precipitate is important. If the operation has been carried on properly the juice will filter rapidly through the filter presses, leaving a hard porous lime cake, that is easily washed and cleaned from the presses. The juice from these filter presses is received in another set of carbonators where milk of lime is again added. This time there is not so much danger of overcarbonating. Gas passes through the juice until there remains no trace of lime in the juice. This is determined by actual test each time. The juice is then boiled to precipitate the double carbonate that may be in the solution and again forced through another set of filter presses.

Sulphur Fumes Clean Juice

The clear strained juice which is now a light straw color is pumped to the sulphitators. The operation here is performed in tanks of precisely the same construction as the carbonation tanks, the sulphur fumes being forced through the perforated pipes into the juice instead of gas as in carbonate process. Here sulphur fumes are forced through the juice by means of an air pump, which decolorizes the juice and precipitates the remainder of the lime. This juice which is now water-white is allowed to flow through mechanical filters which eliminate whatever mechanical impurities remain in the juice.

At this stage the juice, while comparatively pure, is diluted, containing only a small amount of sugar. This depends on the quality of the beets worked. It is desirable to concentrate it and this is done in a multiple effect evaporator. This consists of four bodies each of which is arranged with steam chambers and tubes with room for the vapor to disengage. The upper part of the vapor chamber is connected with a steam chamber in the next body, so that the vapor from the boiling liquor may pass into the steam chamber of the next. The juice in flowing through the effects becomes more condensed as it passes along, going in at a density of about one hundred and coming out somewhat higher. This not only concentrates the sugar but also the impurities. The product which is now technically called thick liquor, is again submitted to the sulphur fumes which neutralize it and destroy the waste material.

Thick Liquor is Crystallized

The thick liquor is again passed through mechanical filters, which removes any foreign solid matter, after which it is boiled in the vacuum strike pan where the sugar is crystallized. This pan is a closed cast iron vessel about eleven feet in diameter and fourteen feet high holding from thirty to forty-five tons of melada (sugar molasses) when full. In the lower portion are situated a number of copper coils through which the steam passes to the condenser and the pump draws off the non-condensable vapor. During the operation a vacuum is maintained in the apparatus, the mass boiling at a low temperature, which prevents burning. When the operation is completed the whole mass, known as melada, is concentrated until it contains in composition about seventy-five per cent of sugar and twenty-five per cent of molasses. The melada is then removed into a large iron tank with propeller arms constantly revolving which is termed a mixer. Attached to and directly underneath the mixer are a number of centrifugals.

The following article copied from The Journal of Commerce, Montreal, is from the pen of Lt. William Ewart Gladstone Murray, a Rhodes scholar of McGill University. Mr. Murray was at Oxford when the war broke out, and like hundreds of other College men, both in Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions, volunteered for service. He obtained a commission in the 14th Scottish Light Infantry where he has an excellent opportunity of judging the efficiency of Kitchener's army. Lt. Murray is a Westerner, his father being Paul Murray of Union Bay, Vancouver Island. He is a nephew of Dr. Hugh Mackay, Winnipeg.

**BRITAIN'S CITIZEN ARMY
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**One of the Greatest Achievements of
Military History**

The Citizen Armies of Britain already number one and a half millions of men. After barely three months of systematic training, these armies have achieved a remarkable state of organization and efficiency. It is no exaggeration to say that they constitute one of the greatest achievements of military history. Very few people in the United Kingdom, let alone in the outside world, have realized as yet the significance of these armies. In "Ks" characteristic manner, steadily, persistently, silently, without a trace of ostentation or publicity, the gigantic task has gone on from month to month, until now the British Islands are a veritable armed camp. It is only those who are privileged to participate in the work of organization and training that have any idea of what these armies will mean to the Empire.

For the gain to Britain from the Citizen Armies will be measured in many ways other than in the number of laurels they will undoubtedly win on the field of battle. Men of all degree, of every station in life, previously separated by

business of class and party, are now of one determination. Out of the political and social chaos which preceded the war, there has emerged a solidly united people, prepared to spare no sacrifice, in the accomplishment of their duty to themselves and the Empire. In recent years there have not been wanting numerous discouraging signs of the future of the British Democracies. Many years of comparative security, and commercial prosperity, brought about their inevitable crop of false prophets and dangerous counsels. The recrudescence of "Little Navyism," the general disregard of national service, the studied avoidance of Empire issues, the insidious influence of "Pacifism" and "Insularity," the steadily widening breach between labor and capital, and the domination of partyism even

at the peril of the nation, were all symptoms of impending decadence and ultimate disruptor

When the history of these stirring times is written in proper perspective it will be seen that the world war, despite its honors, preserved the British Empire from a more ignoble fate than conquest by the Germanic Powers. It awakened the soul of a great democracy by challenging its very existence. The effect was kaleidoscopic. It is being measured to-day in the strength and the spirit of the Citizen Armies of the Empire.

It is probable that by July of 1915, well over a million men of new armies will have taken up their place in the firing line. Just as soon as these have left the United Kingdom, a similar number will be raised and prepared in a similar way. So far as the genuine striking power of the

Empire is concerned, the war will not begin on land until August, 1915. Just as soon as the first million men of the new armies are at the front, we may anticipate a complete change of naval policy. So far, the consistent adherence to the policy of blockade and containment, has accomplished its purpose by demolishing German commerce and gradually tightening the iron grip of the siege of the Germanic Allies. But once the British people are ready to begin their land campaign in earnest, this will be vigorously seconded by a relentlessly aggressive policy on sea. Winston Churchill's famous "Rut-digging" speech was of more significance than has been generally realized. It is known that British submarines and torpedo craft have thoroughly reconnoitred the whole German coast, and that the former have actually entered the harbors at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. Everything is ready for the decisive moment—that moment when it is determined to launch forth the might of the Empire. The War Office plans contemplate the placing of as many as five million men in the field in as many years, if such is necessary. So much for the general considerations of the purpose and strategy of the Citizen Armies. With their details and local features, future articles will deal.

Flannelled Fools?

The fighting on the Continent is very severe, and will probably be prolonged. I think the time has arrived when the county cricket season should be closed, for it is not fitting at a time like the present that able-bodied men should play day after day and pleasure-seekers look on.—Dr. W. G. Grace.

The submarine is the successor of the destructive agencies of former times. It may be regarded as the descendant of the fire-ship, with which it was the practice to attack ships lying to leeward and taking shelter in open ports or bays.—John Leyland.



Lieut. William Ewart Gladstone Murray



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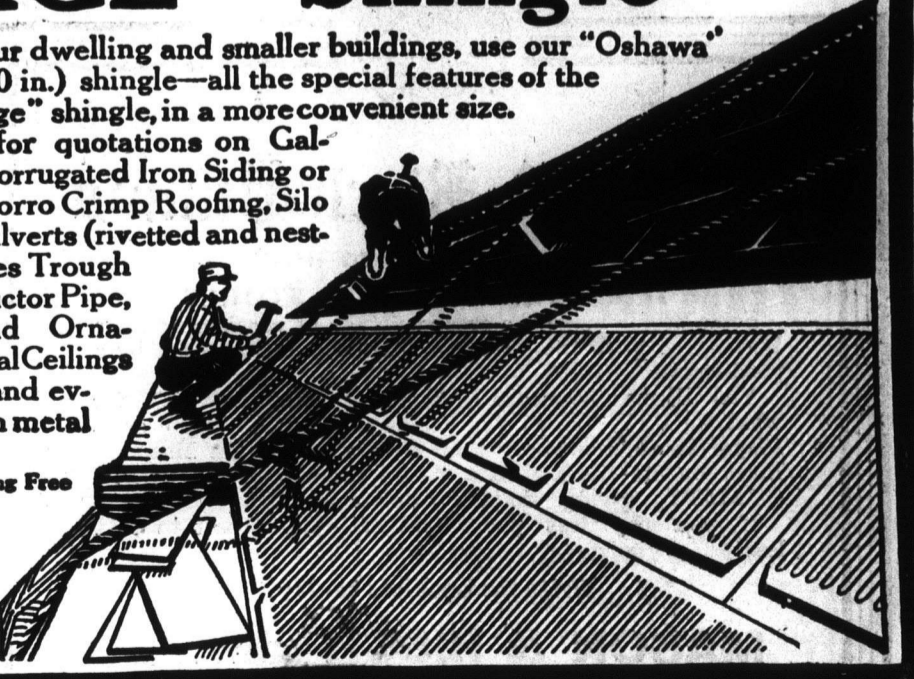
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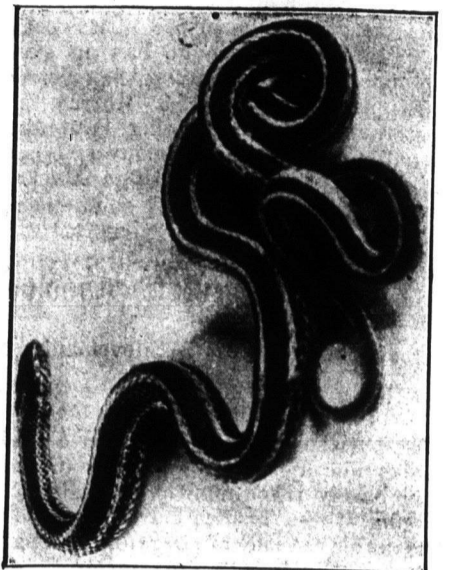
Written and Illustrated for The Western Home Monthly by S. J. Wigley, Edgerton

In a recent number of The Western Home Monthly some amusing and distorted photographs were shown. Here is another way in which amusement may be obtained during the winter days.

Select from your stock of negatives one with an empty foreground, and from this negative make as clear and distinct a print as it is possible to obtain. This



Horse photographed 15 feet from camera



Snake photographed 2 feet from camera

the illustrations the snake was photographed some two feet from the camera, and the horse sitting down to rest, some fifteen feet away. When you have produced a really comic picture the whole is again copied with the aid of the camera, and you will then be able to print many of these composite photos to mystify

should be done in black and white, and on a non-glossy surface. This is important, as the picture is to be copied



Composite photo

later, and reflections from a polished surface will spoil the work. This print should be mounted on a stout piece of cardboard.

Then from amongst your prints of animals and people select and cut out very carefully with scissors those you think would make comic pictures. They should be arranged on the foreground of your mounted picture and pasted in position. You will generally find that by combining objects taken near the camera with those at a distance amusing and strange effects will be produced. In

your friends. The photograph of the gopher in a trap was taken at close quarters, and the various figures grouped around had all been photographed at much greater distances.

If you have a street scene for a background photos of your friends taken close to the camera, when pasted on to the street picture will appear as mighty giants.

Two Views

What have you done to-day? I asked a ropemaker. "O, sir, ten hours of hard work, just twisting tow—my fingers sore, my lungs choked with dust. I did not come to the prayer meeting last night! I was too tired; I went to sleep when I was trying to say my prayers. I sometimes think if it were not for Mary I would end it all—nothing but work, work, work. I am so tired, and I only make enough to keep body and soul together. This is one side. See the other. A ship with eleven hundred souls on board is being driven upon the shore—a land of crags, like giant teeth, stretching up sheer and sharp. One anchor after another is dropped, each checking the speed of the vessel's drift. The last anchor was down. Will it hold? Yes: the ship is saved! Go, tell the ropemaker not to think of the toil and the dust, and the monotony, but of the eleven hundred men and women saved.

These things are written in the Lamb's Book of Life—the ring of every hammer, the click of every needle, the whirl of every loom. They who truly wait upon the Lord shall hear His angels strengthening them, as they strengthened Christ, with songs of peace, and goodwill to men.



Composite photo

The Breaking of the Monsoon

By Percival Whitfield

THE rains were overdue, and the night air was hot to suffocation.

Lester paused in his approach to the bungalow, from which a light shone steadily, streaming down the path of the little garden, vainly striving by deep and forced inhalation to satisfy the craving of his blood for a more oxygenated atmosphere.

The monsoon would break shortly, he hoped fervently, as he stood panting, looking up into the pitchy blackness of the sky. There was not a breath stirring to dry the clamminess of his brow; nothing to disturb the intense stillness, for it was after midnight. Suddenly, with the unbelievable suddenness of the blows of Fate, Lester might as well have been within the Arctic Circle as standing where he actually was, appreciably close to the equator, for all he realised of atmospheric conditions. There had come to him from the bungalow a sound—in reality, soft and almost inaudible, but to him clear and startling as a pistol-shot—the sound of a kiss.

Then Lester heard his wife's laugh—the rich, musical laugh of intense enjoyment he knew so well—and Guthrie his friend, his chum of many years of wanderings, came out.

As he came down the lighted path Lester mechanically pressed back into the deep darkness of a dome of papwas. For a time he remained there hidden and silent; then he stepped into the light and followed its pointing finger after Guthrie.

Guthrie had got so far in his undressing as to remove one boot. He sat with it in his hand, oblivious to the attentions of a swarm of mosquitoes attracted by his candle.

Yes; it must stop where it had begun. That much self-control he owed to Lester. Good heavens! What sacrifice did he not owe to Lester—his old friend in ups and downs, who had cheered him in adversity, nursed him in sickness, and, but just now, fraternised with him in prosperity! And there was little sacrifice here. He would have given much that this had not happened; but he was not the first man by a long chalk to lose his head, bereft of common sense by the backward turn of a lovely neck, the crimson of upturned lips, and a glance, half threatening, wholly maddening, from two glorious eyes.

A sensuous shiver gripped and shook him as he re-created the vision. It surprised and annoyed him as a confession of weakness where he had thought himself strong. Well, there was always safety in flight. The China-bound mailboat had arrived that afternoon, and was still in the bay? Why should he not board her at once before she sailed? He was a rich man now, able to arrange his future as—

The door opened, and Lester came in. The eyes of the two men met, and Guthrie knew that Lester knew.

Then he was staring at the door, which Lester had carefully closed behind him as he went.

Lester crossed the road, and entered his home. His wife was in the room, preparing the great masses of her dark hair for the night. The whiteness of her bared arms shimmered in the light to the play of her young full muscles.

Lester found himself, somehow, recalling half-forgotten memories of his native loch with moonbeams dancing on its rippling waters.

He aroused himself with an inward groan and entered the room.

Mrs. Lester saw him in the glass, and raised her eyebrows at the gloom of his face.

"Something gone wrong?"

"Something gone very wrong, Maud."

She turned, startled into almost swift motion by the tragedy of his tone.

"Guthrie has been here?"

"Yes, he ran across; but as you were not at home, he—"

"He improved the occasion."

She did not start exactly, but caught her breath sharply.

"Frank?"

"Have you nothing to say, no explanation ready?"

Then she rose.

"What do you mean?"

"Why have you done this?"

She drew herself to her full height, and threw out her arms with a grand gesture of denial.

"How can you speak to me so? What do you mean? I have done nothing!" Her innocent violet eyes were full of tears. Lester had to force himself to overwhelm her with fact.

"Maud, this is useless. I was in the garden, and heard."

She walked to her chair to gain time.

When she was seated she said quietly:

"Well?"

Lester's voice sounded calm as her own as he pressed his point.

"Why did you do it, Maud?" Then, huskily, with what seemed a hesitancy to know the worst, he slowly added: "Do you love him?"

Mrs. Lester's delicately shaped foot in its pretty shoe deliberately traced the pattern in a square of the marquetry floor before she answered; and when finally she raised her eyes and spoke, it was with an air of being intensely bored:

"You wish to know the truth? I don't know. I enjoyed flirting with him to-night because— Well, because I believed that it was only that I was your wife and it amused me!"

"I understand," said Lester quietly. "You wished to prove your power by overcoming his scruples."

"Well, perhaps! As to loving him, or anyone else— Well—"

Her shoulders shrugged the idea to scorn.

"Yet a year ago, when you married me," Lester began with the manner of a professor about to dogmatise upon an interesting scientific question.

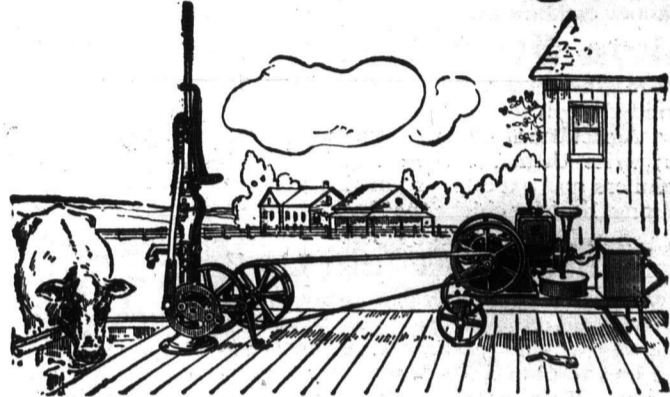
Mrs. Lester sprang to her feet, her calmness all at once deserting her.

"A year ago I said I loved you, and I thought I did. You came and took me out of a poky little Norfolk rectory, where I was lost among five sisters, all very like me; where I never had anything to look at but stupid fields and dreary marshes; where I never saw anyone but nasty, disagreeable, ungrateful, poor people; and of course I thought I loved you. Unfortunately, you told me stories of the world, of your adventures, of the great fortune you were on the point of making—of which I have never heard

any more—and, girl-like, I dreamed dreams; and then you brought me to this dreadful place, where one can't wear decent clothes because it's so hot, and where the white ants won't let one even have proper furniture." And she glanced disdainfully at the pretty Shanghai wicker-

work around. Then, with redoubled vigour: "I never was allowed, or wished to read anything so wicked as Shakespeare, but I believe in one of his plays there is a man who excites a girl's imagination, gets her to marry him, and then smothers her. You remind me of

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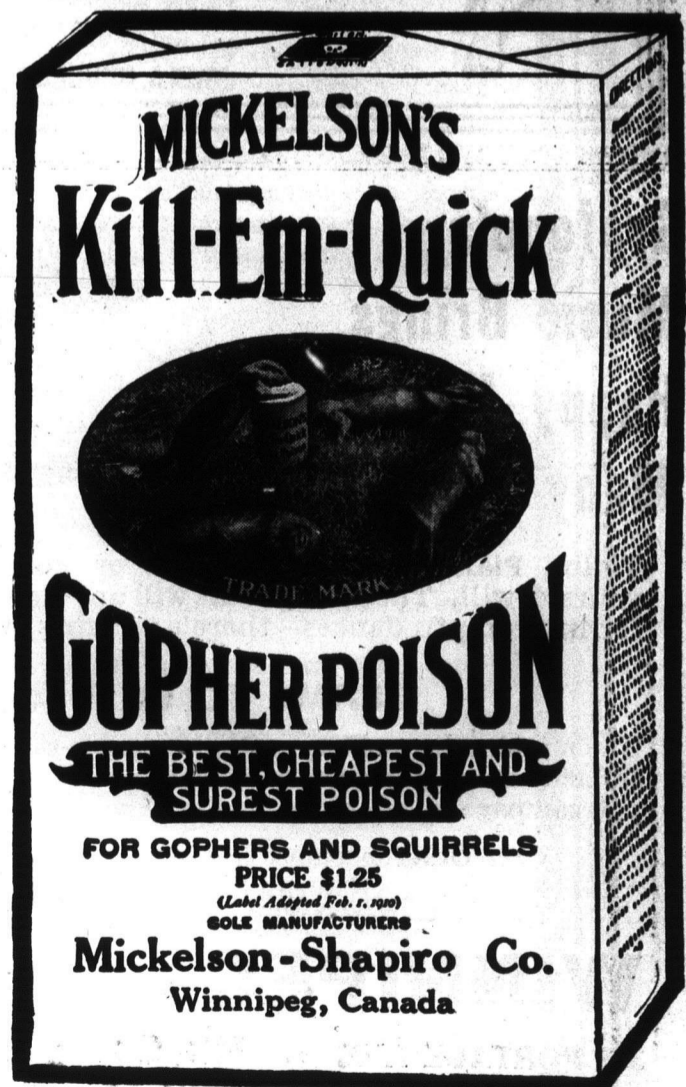
Extracts from judgment (Cassels, J.) in the Exchequer Court of Canada. Mickelson-Shapiro Co. vs. Mickelson Drug and Chemical Co. and Anton Mickelson.

*** in the face of the assignments to the plaintiffs, it was a fraud on the part of Mickelson applying for registration of his trademark***

As I pointed out, the trademark upon which the plaintiffs sue was registered on the 25th of May, 1909. It came direct to them through Mickelson. As far back as May, 1909, the words, Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick were shown upon the can referred to in the plaintiff's trademark*** It can be utilized in getting rid of the trademark registered by the defendants. I order that this trademark be expunged from the registry.

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Othello! I am not sorry this has happened to-night, for I will have no more of this life; it is stifling me."

She swung around to her mirror, and fell to brushing her hair with a trembling energy that betrayed her passion.

Lester's face had grown graver and graver as he listened. When he answered it was with evident effort.

"Maud, I am sorry; I had no idea you suffered so. I ought to have spoken; to have explained. Of course, I knew you were impatient, and I have pressed everything to hasten the fortune I promised you. And, oh, why couldn't you wait? For it has come, Maud—the fortune! The mail to-day has brought news we were expecting to Guthrie and me; the deal is made, our mine sold. That is why I am so late. I have been busy with Ransome, my lawyer. Thank God, I can tell you that every penny of my share

Lester's tone silenced Guthrie; and with perplexity in his heart he went on through the blackness and the wonderful stillness, for the sandy road muffled even the sound of their footsteps.

Thus they rounded the last turn and reached the beach; and the lights of the Government launch, moored at the end of the boat jetty, smote their eyes, a blaze in that night of ink. As if stimulated to decision, Guthrie stopped and fronted his companion.

"Something, I must say," he protested passionately. "It was unpremeditated, and I cannot tell you how I regret it. Though don't think I say that with any idea of extenuation," he added hastily.

"Am I a saint to judge you?" asked Lester. And the very bitterness of his voice fell on Guthrie's warmth like a cold douche. "I guess both of us have thought to-night of the old Don and his



The Lord Bishop of London who has gone to the front as chaplain to the London Rifle Brigade

of the purchase-money is settled on you! You are a rich woman now, and, so far as any interference from me is concerned, free."

Lester turned away with stiffened back and head erect. At the door he turned, and, half involuntarily, looked back. His wife sat with the brush in her hand, buried in thought, and seemed to have forgotten his very existence.

As a matter of fact, in the face of this very unexpected news, it was forced upon her perception that she had made a mistake; and she was racking her brains to find some means of minimising her conduct, some method of explaining away her words, without humbling herself to ask forgiveness. That would be her last resource; and, if it came to that, not for one moment did she doubt it would be effectual.

In her preoccupation she never noticed that Lester was going. At the gate he met Guthrie. Without speaking, the two men turned down the winding road to the beach, but presently the silence was broken by Guthrie.

"I hope," he began, "that you have not—that is to say—I mean, you know, that it was all my fault."

"I have not jumped on my wife with heavy boots, if that's what you mean. Although you can't see, you can take my word for it that I am wearing light canvas shoes."

young wife at the Dequerida Mine over in Chile, and the bullet you took in the shoulder for my sake. At least, I know I don't forget. Come!" And he led the way out on to the jetty.

As they advanced they became gradually apparent to each other, their forms shaping themselves in the ever-increasing light, till they reached the end of the jetty, and stood fully revealed in the illumination which came from the launch.

Guthrie peered anxiously at his companion, wondering uneasily what purpose he had in view in coming to such a place, but Lester's face betrayed nothing.

His eyes were fixed far out, where the bay opened beyond Fort Hill upon a row of twinkling stars which represented the China mailboat lying down off the quarantine station.

Presently he spoke musingly: "Strange it should be Royston's boat, the 'Ta-Ku.' The very boat Maud and I came up in less than a year ago." Then, with his gaze still upon the distant lights, but with an incisiveness which startled Guthrie, he continued: "She's more than a mile out, a goodish swim, but you and I ought to do it, and chance getting back—eh?"

"Oh, there's no knowing what we might do," said Guthrie, with a little, perfunctory laugh, "if we were fools enough to try!" And he added, with an air of cold, practical common sense: "Think of

the sharks! We are not likely to risk such a fate. To attempt a swim to-night would be suicide."

"Not in our case," said Lester, turning, and for a second time looking Guthrie in the eyes. "It will be merely putting a puzzle into the hands of Providence for solution. I am going to try and swim round the 'Ta-Ku.' All things considered, I presume you will not let me make the attempt alone."

He sat down on the planks of the jetty, and began to take off his shoes.

"Great snakes!" cried Guthrie, feebly protesting. "But the 'Ta-Ku' may be off long before we reach her. How far are you going to tempt Providence, then?"

"She won't sail yet. You were at the Residency to-night? Royston was there."

"Yes," Guthrie admitted.

"Just so! The launch is waiting to take him off. He won't go aboard till sun-up, and drop out with the last of the tide."

"Well," hazarded Guthrie in his extremity, "but your wife?"

"Quite so," said Lester, standing up to unbutton his white cotton tunic. "If I get back, you know Maud will have kindness; if you are the one to return I know you will be good to her."

The calm assumption he recognised in this exasperated Guthrie unutterably. Unutterably, for he, the product of manifold experiences, was for once quite at a loss for expression.

He found it an impossible thing to explain that his infatuation for the woman Lester valued so highly was merely a momentary madness, and that the last thing he wished for in the world was the reversion of his wife.

If Lester had not been his friend, things might have been different; he might have spoken out, but, under the circumstances— Then the thought of their long and much-tried friendship brought with it a fresh irritation.

Lester ought to understand. He believed that, if their positions were reversed, he should understand and make allowance for Lester.

Suddenly the truth blazed through his egoism, and his soul shrivelled and shrank in the fierce, self-revealing light.

His the guilt! That merry, confident, kind-hearted old Lester was this calmly desperate man, carelessly determined to play pitch-and-toss with the Fates!

The hysteria of remorse gripped and stifled him for an instant.

But his emotion passed as suddenly as it had arisen. He was a man of quick decision, who saw his course of action at a glance.

He realised the futility of further expostulation with Lester. His growing fear became that he should take to the water and vanish in the darkness; for risk from shark or alligator altogether neglected, he had little belief that Lester could swim so far as the "Ta-Ku," much less round her and return.

It seemed to him a plain duty that he must accompany him, aid him, if necessary, as far as the steamer; then attract the attention of the watch, and have him taken on board.

To his satisfaction, he found himself approaching them swiftly, borne on the now outgoing tide. But his content was of brief duration, for he was quick to perceive that in the very swiftness of his approach lay a new danger.

With what seemed the speed of an express train he bore down on the steamer, and, as he was rushed past her companion-ladder, vainly grasping at the safety so near, swept along the counter and whirled away under her stern, he called, eagerly at first and then frantically, for help.

He might have spared himself the effort.

The "Ta-Ku's" passengers, aroused from their slumbers on poop and quarter-deck by the din of the thunder, had cowered in inaction, stunned by the blood-curdling dreadfulness of the crash, till the first wild blast, that heeled the steamer nearly to her rails, rent and tore and snatched the awnings from above them, and the rain came down with startling effect. Then there was uproar and scurrying on their part, and shouting and hurrying by the Chinese crew.

In the polyglot babel, Guthrie's distraught cry was little likely to attract attention, and he passed unheeded on the racing tide.

Up to this, the very weight of the wind had curbed the impulse of the sea; but now despair began to gain possession of

Guthrie, for he was too experienced not to know what to expect from the shallow waters of the bay under the continuance of the fierce stimulation to which they were subjected.

Nor was he wrong in his fears, for the sea got up with a sudden outburst of energy which was appalling. One great wave after another drove him resistlessly oceanward.

He reluctantly gave up the hope of being of service to Lester, and set himself resolutely to swim ashore.

Gamely and stubbornly he struggled; but slowly, and with what bitterness to be admitted, it was borne in upon him that even to save himself was beyond his power.

The tide ran out with ever-increasing force before the hurricane, whilst his strength failed appreciably.

Smash! This storm-driven wave broke into eyes and mouth, almost suffocating him. Thud! The next caught his forehead, almost beating him into insensibility.

Half unconscious, he began, when the tumultuous sea would allow him, to rail aloud against the thoughtless weakness which had brought him to this.

Then, as his fate loomed large and certain in proportion as his strength decreased he became perforce silent, and his soul

went up in mute appeal to the unknown, undefined Supreme Being that through life he had vaguely recognised.

Wrung from his weakness, yet the cry, with unconscious, unconquerable pride, was not on his own behalf. So he did not curse his prayer as unrequited when he sank and came up again, only to find himself unable to cope with the bitter onslaught of the next combing, curling sea, and he was once more overwhelmed.

And when, totally spent, he finally went under, and, to his surprise, awoke to find himself on the Government launch with the Government Resident and Royston bending over him, his first conscious words were:

"Have you got Lester?"

With the first streak of daylight the finish came to hope, when Royston, having boarded his ship, reported from the bridge that the "Ta-Ku" knew nothing of Lester.

And, bare-headed, Royston stepped to the engine-room telegraph and pushed forward the lever; and with the clang the "Ta-Ku" glided away, silent and sombre, in the first rays of the new sun.

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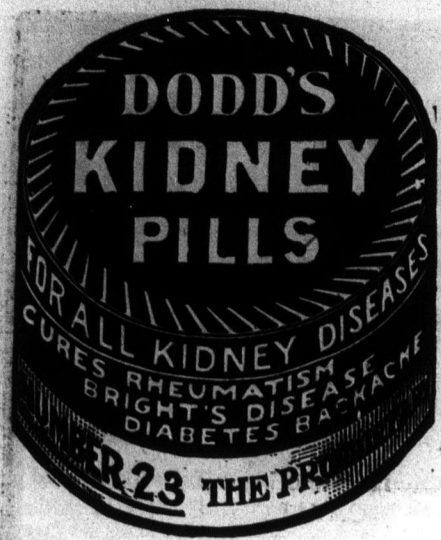
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When Hartshorne Napped

By J. F. Valentine

"Is Mr. Bernheimer in?" Hartshorne handed his business card to the hotel clerk as he put the question.

"He was, only a few moments ago," the other replied. "I'll have him paged."

Hartshorne turned from the desk and, walking across the lobby, sank into one of the deeply cushioned leather chairs that lined the opposite wall. He leaned back, the pliable springs gave way to the pressure upon them and, in doing so, brought a feeling of rest to the salesman, whose system craved the sleep of which it had been deprived.

His eyelids slowly drooped, while his thoughts reverted to his sick brother, beside whose bed he had sat for the past two nights, watching him as he tossed about in a delirium of fever, and giving at regular intervals the medicine the doctor had prescribed.

Suddenly Hartshorne drew himself together with a jerk, and rising painfully to his feet—every muscle and joint seemed stiff and aching—he stepped over to the desk again.

"Can't you find Mr. Bernheimer?" he inquired, and as he did so he saw a gleam of recognition in the clerk's eyes.

And Hartshorne was very anxious to do so. His sales so far this season were far below the average, and must be brought up, or it would mean a reduced salary for the coming year, as all wages were based upon "past performances."

He walked now with a halting step until he reached the corner, where he stopped to deliberate upon the next course of action. But his mind refused to solve the question; the only thing left for him to do was to return to the firm orderless.

So Hartshorne boarded a car, and, soon reaching the building in which his concern was located, he entered the offices with anything but a light heart to meet the angry look of the senior partner.

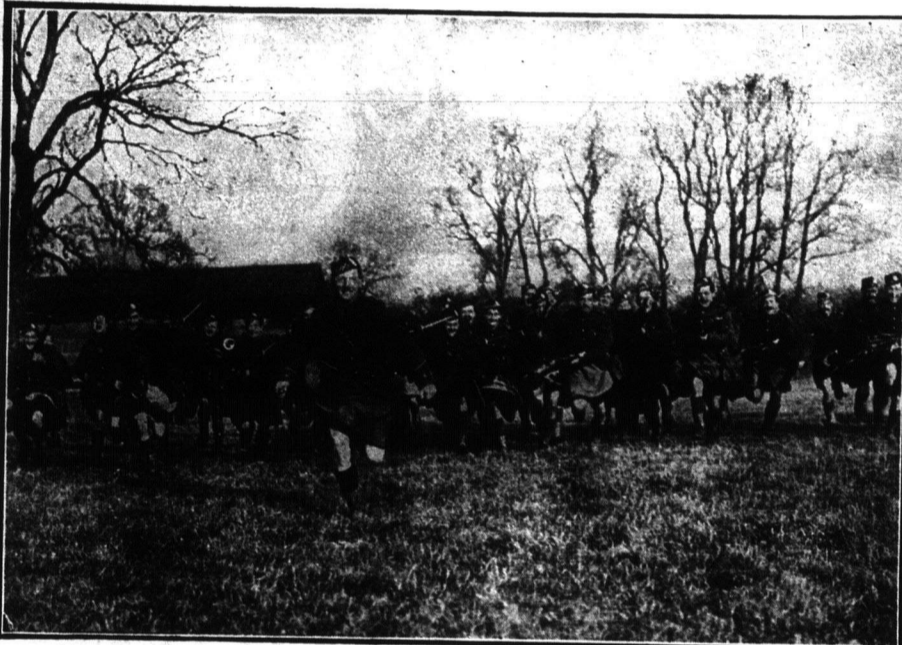
"Well, where have you been?" the latter demanded.

"Why, I went up to see Bernheimer," Hartshorne faltered.

"I know you were supposed to go there," the other stormed. "And I also know you did go there; but why did you leave without an order?"

"Because I didn't see him," the salesman replied evasively, wondering, meanwhile, at the source of the information the other evidently possessed.

"I know that," was the angry retort.



A son of Harry Lauder (the noted humorist), a lieutenant in the Argyle Highlanders leading a charge

"Why, yes, I found him. He was here; but we couldn't find you. Where did you go?"

"I was sitting over there," Hartshorne replied wonderingly.

"Then you must be deaf," the other retorted. "We paged the entire hotel for you."

Then the truth dawned upon the silk salesman—he must have fallen asleep.

"But—can't you get him again?" he stammered.

"I'd have to take a long trip to do so," the clerk answered.

"Why?" There was a trace of concern in Hartshorne's voice.

"Mr. Bernheimer left nearly an hour ago. He took the St. Louis Limited, and is already well started on his way to Terre Haute."

Hartshorne did not reply. For an instant he stared helplessly at the clerk, then his eyes rested on the clock behind the latter. He saw that it was over an hour and a half ago since he first appeared at the hotel, so he must have been asleep all that time. With the realization, he faced about and strode toward the door.

The salesman was plainly agitated over missing this Western dry-goods dealer, who ranked as one of the merchant princes of Chicago. According to rumors floating about in the dry-goods district, he was preparing to open a large branch store in Terre Haute, Indiana. These rumors became actualities when different salesmen told of the large orders they had sold him at his hotel.

Hartshorne's employers had heard, the previous evening, of Bernheimer's buying; and upon Hartshorne's arrival at the store that morning, he was directed to see the man at once, and "sell him, even if you have to shave prices a little."

"He phoned me a while ago, saying that you had called, but had left before he saw you. Now, where did you go?"

"I didn't go anywhere. I stayed right there in the lobby."

"That's the funniest thing I ever heard," his employer scoffed.

"I don't—understand you," Hartshorne faltered.

"Then I'll make myself plainer. Over an hour ago Bernheimer telephoned here and said you had been there, but had gone away without leaving any word. He said he would have given you a nice order, but as he was starting in a few minutes for the new store he was opening in Terre Haute, it was too late to send another man."

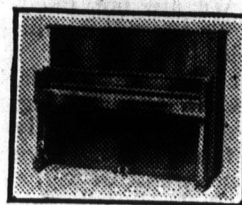
"I offered to send some one out to Terre Haute to see him, and he immediately grew indignant. Said it would be useless, as he would do no business with a house that employed salesmen who were so lax. So you see the hole in which you have landed us. Now, what excuse have you to offer?"

Hartshorne realized just what his nap had cost him, and in a few words as possible he explained what had happened.

"I'm very sorry," he concluded. "I realize now what it has cost both you and me. But isn't there something I can do to straighten out the thing? Why couldn't I jump out to Terre Haute?"

"I have a good explanation to offer," Hartshorne insisted. "My brother was so much better this morning that I'll not have to stay up with him to-night. I could catch an afternoon train, and be out there to-morrow morning."

"From the way he spoke, I don't think he'd even see you; and if he wouldn't, the best excuse in the world wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel."



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THE LABEL

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"But I can try—"
The employer's face showed his extreme disgust as he broke in hotly: "At the firm's expense? I guess not!"
"Let me go out there, and if I don't get an order I'll pay my own expenses," he said. "If I do, they're on the firm."

This suggestion appealed to the other, but he did not reply instantly, and Hartshorne saw that he was weighing the thing carefully.

"It isn't worth the trial," his employer finally replied. "You didn't have Bernheimer on the other end of the wire. If you had, you'd realize how useless the trip would be. And you can't afford to spend your own money on such a hopeless quest."

"I certainly can," Hartshorne maintained. "I not only can, but I want to do so."

"Well, if you feel that way, go ahead. But remember, it's your funeral if you don't land him. The expenses will come out of your own pocket."

"I know that," Hartshorne answered. "But I'm not thinking of that—"

"I'll remind you of it when you return," the other interrupted.

"I'm only thinking of the fact that I'll sell him a bale of goods," the salesman continued.

"I wish you luck," and, turning on his heel, the "boss" strode in the direction of his private office.

For half an hour Hartshorne worked at good speed getting together his samples and packing them into the two trunks he would take with him. This completed, he directed one of the office-boys to call an expressman and see that they were sent immediately to the railroad station.

Hartshorne then hurried home, where he found that his brother had improved greatly since morning. Briefly explaining that he was forced to take a few days' trip to the West, he hastily packed his suit-case and hurried off to the railroad terminal.

As he stepped to the station platform in Terre Haute the next morning, he wondered in just what part of the city the new store was located. But he decided that everybody would certainly know of it and be eagerly awaiting its opening.

Hartshorne had already been in Terre Haute a few times, and, recalling the name of the hotel at which he wanted to stop, he walked toward one of the omnibuses, and was about to step in when a newsboy hurried toward him.

Hartshorne halted long enough to buy a paper, and scanned the pages, expecting to see a large advertisement of the new store. But no announcement of the sort met his eyes, and his brow wrinkled in surprise at this fact.

"I must have bought the wrong paper," he said under his breath, and a smile of reassurance chased away the puzzled expression. "I recall now that there are two dailies in this place."

At this juncture the omnibus backed to the curb, and Hartshorne stepped out to enter the hotel. As he stepped toward the elevator after registering, his glance rested on the news stand at the other side of the lobby. He walked over to it and purchased another paper—the rival to the one he had bought at the station.

The first thing he did after reaching his room was to spread the paper open before him in a search for Bernheimer's announcement. But to his surprise there was none in this paper, either.

It was a well known fact among the trade that Bernheimer's success in Chicago was due to his strong belief in advertising, and people sometimes marveled at the newspaper space he used. Knowing this, Hartshorne was greatly taken aback at not finding at least a page in each paper devoted to the announcement of the coming opening.

But he quickly dismissed the matter from his mind, reasoning that it was undoubtedly due to some new and sensational advertising which Bernheimer was planning. Throwing the paper aside, he descended to the hotel office and went directly to the desk.

"Is Mr. Bernheimer stopping here?" he asked of the clerk, feeling certain that if the merchant was in town, this would be the hotel at which he would put up.

"No one here by that name now," was the reply, which caused Hartshorne to conclude that the man had friends in town and was visiting them while completing arrangements for his new store.

"Well, you can surely tell me where his new place of business is located," Hartshorne went on.

"Place of business?" the other repeated blankly.

"Yes," the salesman said, a slight trace of impatience in his tone. "Bernheimer, of Chicago, is opening a new store here in Terre Haute. Don't you know where it is?"

"That's news to me," the clerk replied. "I must have missed something."

"Then, you know nothing about it?"

"Not a thing."

"But who would know about it?" Hartshorne persisted. "I must find Bernheimer. I've come all the way from New York to see him."

"I don't know where to tell you to go. But—"

The clerk turned to the cashier, who had stepped from his window and now stood beside the other, a quiet listener.

"Do you know anything about Bernheimer, of Chicago, opening a store here?" he asked.

The cashier shook his head.

"I've heard nothing of it," he replied.

"I may be letting the cat out of the bag," Hartshorne said. "But perhaps you can tell me if there are any unoccupied buildings in town that could be used as a department store."

The clerk smiled good-naturedly as he gave his answer.

"That's far beyond me. But you could quickly find that out by going across the street."

He pointed toward the opposite side, where Hartshorne saw a large real-estate sign.

"They're the largest in the city, and can tell you just what you want to know."

Hartshorne started to cross the corridor, but stopped abruptly and returned to the desk.

"Evidently Bernheimer isn't ready to tell Terre Haute what he's about to do, so please say nothing about it just yet," he requested. "If the news gets out, and he could trace it to me, you can readily see where I'd get off. And, particularly, as I'm out here to sell him a big bill of goods."

"We'll say nothing," was the response in chorus from the two men, and Hartshorne hurried in the direction of the real-estate office.

He entered it confidently, feeling certain that here he could get the information that would bring him in contact with the merchant he sought.

An office boy's inquiry as to whom he wished to see brought forth Hartshorne's card as well as, "I wish to see one of the members of the firm."

The youth disappeared through the doorway that led to the private offices, and quickly returned to conduct the stranger inside.

"I called to ask regarding a department-store which some one has rented here in Terre Haute," Hartshorne began. "I was referred to you as being the largest real-estate agents in the city, and was assured that if you did not happen to handle the transaction yourselves, you could certainly tell me something about it."

"A department store?" the other repeated. "I don't quite gather your meaning."

"Then I will make myself perfectly clear," Hartshorne went on. "You surely have heard of Bernheimer, the dry-goods merchant of Chicago?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, he is going to open a branch store here in Terre Haute. Did you know that?"

"I certainly did not," the surprised agent responded.

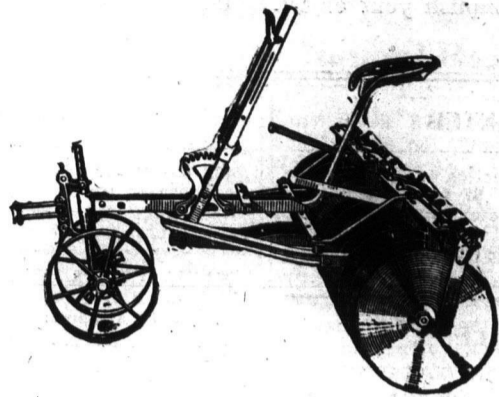
"He was in New York up to yesterday, buying stock; and, as those I met who sold him told me, he bought for immediate shipment. So he must have the store ready to open before long."

"Why, this is news to me," the other declared. "I can't understand it. I know of no such transaction—I have the renting of buildings that would be suitable for such a business—and, if there had been a deal of this sort, the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that we would know of it."

It was now Hartshorne's turn to be amazed.

"That's most singular!" he exclaimed. Then he added: "But, even so, it might have been arranged quietly, and the agent is keeping it to himself. But can you think of any vacant store that might be suited to such a business?"

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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

She Was Always There

We must understand people not to find out what we can get out of them, but what we can put into their lives. A good education teaches us how to live. Mrs. Mayo, the pioneer mother of the two doctors who made Rochester famous, said: "If one just says, 'I'm going to be useful till I drop,' it helps a lot, my dear."

It is a fine work of loyalty for two lads to make the home of their boyhood famous the world over. The Mayo brothers lived in a log and plaster house in Rochester but the mother's influence made of it a palace for her growing sons. Mrs. Mayo is eighty-nine years old—a living example of that genuine mother who bathes ever at the fountain of youth.

Through poverty, adversity, fire, famine, plague, Indian warfare, and seven years of physical blindness she was her husband's unwavering companion. Her husband, a doctor, died two years ago at the age of ninety-three. She says he was the greatest—the most useful man—she ever knew. In her own words while referring to him she gives us a glimpse into the inner life of true home makers. She says: "I often think that the secret of my husband's usefulness was that he never looked backward. Looking backward is not a good thing for one's soul. It is wonderful to be able not to do that. The Doctor thought nothing about the past, very little about the present, but always about the future. At sixty he spent a whole year in Bellevue Hospital and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, working as hard as the youngest student there."

In the very early days The Doctor came to the States a young English emigrant to carve a career out of the New World. Five years later he married. Then they moved to Minnesota where the two famous sons were born. When the Sioux Indians rose against the settlers, Mrs. Mayo's courage convinces us of the kind of character possessed by mothers of great men. Her husband was away helping the settlers. She says: "Will was a baby in arms. When it was necessary for me to go to the barn or the well, I'd put on a pair of overalls and tuck my hair under one of The Doctor's old hats and carry a gun on one arm. Refugees began to straggle by. I would run to the gate and ask, 'Who dressed your wounds?' and when they said the Little Doctor, I knew my husband still lived. At one time I had seven families in my little house and three more in the barn. My daughter and I had to work day and night to feed them. One day I baked a whole barrel of flour to feed the homeless who quartered on us." Hook Nose was the name of the Indian chief who led the massacre and after he was hanged the government gave his body to The Doctor. It was from that skeleton that the Mayo boys got their first instruction in anatomy. It hung in the father's office for thirty years.

Mrs. Mayo says: "One never knows how much one can stand until one is put to the test." Just when she thought she could bear no more she lost her sight for seven years. She contracted sore eyes while helping The Doctor with his patients. It was then she said: "If one doesn't give up under calamity, but just says, 'I'm going to be useful till I drop,' it helps a lot my dear." Their income was small but they saw to it that their children received good education. They believed that education means service.

At eighty-eight The Doctor went to Japan to study hospitals there. At eighty-nine he went to Mexico. It was he who founded St. Mary's Hospital at Rochester which is recognized now among the first in surgical science. The two Mayo brothers who carry on the work so successfully there are the sons of a mother who was great in mother power and a father who believed in useful children. The Mayo clinic, world famous among surgeons, stands on the site of The Little Doctor's wilderness home-stead. It's marble rotunda marks the spot that his office occupied for fifty years and to this building come sick men, women and children from all parts of the American continent to be

Danger Signals Warn You of Approaching Paralysis

Slowly and Surely Exhaustion Goes on Until Collapse of the Nerves is the Natural Result.

You may be restless, nervous, irritable and sleepless, but you think there is nothing to be alarmed at. You

have no appetite, digestion is impaired, and there is weakness and irregularity of other bodily organs. You feel tired in body and mind, and find that you lack the energy to attend to the daily task.

You may not realize that these are the symptoms of nervous prostration and the danger signals which warn you that some form of paralysis is the next step of development.

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lic. This has been proven in many thousands of cases similar to the one described in this letter.

Mrs. Thos. Allan, R.F.D., 3, Sombra, Ont., writes:—"Five years ago I suffered a complete breakdown, and frequently had palpitation of the heart. Since that illness I have had dizzy spells, had no power over my limbs (locomotor ataxia) and could not walk straight. At night I would have severe nervous spells, with heart palpitation, and would shake as though I had the ague. I felt improvement after using the first box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after continuing the treatment can now walk, eat and sleep well, have no nervous spells and do not require heart medicine. I have told several of my neighbors of the splendid results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Ed-manson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



MRS. ALLAN.

YOU WANT BIG HATCHES

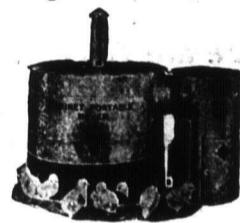
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with their pure, moist, close-to-nature heat make record hatches. No dead chicks in the shell, but big robust plump chicks which avoid all diseases and grow quickly into ready cash. A pleasure to raise this kind. Give your son or daughter one of these money making outfits. We'll teach them to run it profitably and back them up with all the latest information and details by which poultry raising is made successful. They'll enjoy the work and make a nice bank account for themselves the first season. Dozens of girls are making money with our outfits. Send to-day for big FREE catalogue, it gives full details. Address:



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healed by two men whose parents lived their lives in the service of humanity. The courage of that mother must have been developed in her girlhood. A successful professional man who has many times eulogized his mother said the other day: "The outstanding memory that I have of my mother is that she was always there—always at home to welcome her sons and daughters."

Perhaps my young women readers wonder why I have written this sketch of a mother of two great men—because most girls long for fine careers. Think you not the mothering of splendid men and pure women is woman's highest calling? And does it not require careful preparation? Olive Schreiner says: "Men's bodies are our woman's works of art"—I would add and their minds and hearts also.

Choosing a Vocation

When a girl comes to me with this request: "Will you tell me how I can choose my vocation?" I answer by ask-

ing this question: "What are you in love with?" George Eliot said: "A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts." It is true of the ideals she adopts and the hopes she cherishes. Frances Willard was in love with the temperance reform. Mary Lyon was in love with the ideal education for women. Florence Nightingale was in love with cleanliness and order and health. Deborah was in love with her country. Grace Darling was in love with courage and daring helpfulness. Jane Addams is in love with humanity. Queen Mary is in love with all practical phases of work that make women useful and womanly. The love that each of these great women accepted fashioned her life.

A Friend of the West

The girl with a definite aim in life does not drift into the whirlpool of treacherous dangers. She is usually safe. It is the girl with no fixed ambition—working and trifling time away, looking vaguely into space for Prince Charming

to appear who is confronted by dangers. As a matter of fact Prince Charming prefers to surprise. The girl with the aim; he is eager to offer his wealth of manly gifts to her. He does not care to stop for a slight bow to the girl who so anxiously waits for him. Let me urge my girl readers to aim at something if they would get the most out of life. The girl who depends on the attentions of men for her recreation financially and personally opens a way to trying temptations.

Since girls have gone outside of their homes to work, many changes have been made in their lives. They seek more commercialized recreations. Instead of a helpful evening at home, they go to the moving picture show, or the dance. Their minds are constantly distracted. It is difficult to center the mind then on any one thing.

All girls need wholesome recreation, but care is needed in the choice. It is a noble act of love for her sex that we see in the offers from our women in the

West to take the unemployed girls into their homes, and more girls are beginning to realize that these offers mean opportunities for them. Last week a girl came to me from the country. She had been there nine months and no flattering offer could induce her to remain in the city. When her two weeks' vacation ended, she was eager to go back.

Mrs. Wheatley, the splendid Winnipeg friend of the wage-earning girl, has won a wreath of honor in her efforts to bring the women of the West in touch with unemployed girls of the city. Letters are pouring in to her from girls throughout the West, assuring her that they are happy in their new environment. Through her persuasive power she has molded the career of many girls and a deep sense of gratitude is felt by scores of women and girls for her genuine sisterly interest. For several months she has been secretary of the Women's employment department at the Industrial Bureau and during that time she has inspired in the minds of hundreds of girls definite aims.

Mrs. Wheatley is a woman of unusual experience and natural gifts. She has spent much time abroad, is well educated—can speak several languages—and best of all has a woman's heart. Her husband is one of our fine soldiers, and during his absence she has been doing this fine patriotic work for Canada's women and girls.

The Hidden Treasure

The reflection of the soul is the chief seal upon the countenance. The spiritual blood of great hearts fires the personality with power. Sometimes we meet men and women who are influential not from what they do but from what they do not do. Clothed in the garments of sincerity, nourished with good thoughts, and strong in the muscular exercise of honest labor, they are genuine friends. The unquenchable light and the one unconquerable force is the human soul.

Jennie B— was envied because of her popularity among men and women. She was clean and she saw only cleanliness in others. She was cheerful and people smiled with her. She did not live in the depths of self-pity and blame the world for her environment. No! Jennie believed in the goodness of men and women. She looked for hidden riches in other people. From every soul there shines bright or dim the gold among the wreckage. Most people are interested in buried treasures in the bottom of the ocean or in the satin wood box—but many are not interested in the search for the hidden treasure in other lives. If one finds in another the hidden treasure which is wealth of the soul—she makes that person rich indeed and she is a sharer of the treasure. Someone has said: "If you will raise for everyone at least a fragment of his deep-incrusted, sand-bespattered gold, will you not people the earth about you with the grateful ones you have enriched from their own treasures?"

Jane Addams, the queen of social service says: "We are learning that a standard of social ethics is not attained by traveling a sequestered byway, but by mixing in the thronged and common road where all must turn out for one another, and at least see the size of one another's burdens."

Friendship

What is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest—
Inmost refreshment, unexpressed.
Not only a beloved guide
To thread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's torch lead on before.
Though these be much, there yet is more.

The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspirations dear,
Wherein we breathe the large, free
breath,

Of life that hath no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart;
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive.
Lucy Larcom.

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Every article in popular demand—Every article has the iron clad 15-year manufacturer's guarantee. And all for the sum of \$7.45 prepaid.

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 3. Won't Corrode.
 4. Does not Scorch.
 5. Cooks Quickly.
 6. Lightness.
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 8. Will not Chip or
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Consists of 1 10-inch Fry Pan; 1 2-qt. seamless Coffee Pot; 1 5-qt. Preserving Kettle; 1 7-pint Covered Berlin Kettle; 1 2-qt. Lipped Saucepan; 1 pint Flaring Dipper; 1 9½-inch Cake Pan; 1 Bread Pan; 1 4-qt. Milk Pan.



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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Manitoba women will have an excellent reason for remembering January, 1915, for something beside the war. It has marked the entrance of the women into membership in the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association on precisely the same terms as men.

There were thirty-six women delegates to Brandon convention, and while the programme for the general meeting contained a resolution to admit the women on payment of half fees these delegates decided that if they were to be admitted at all they would show their belief in perfect equality and would claim the right to pay full fees. They therefore gathered together and framed and passed a resolution to that effect, namely, that while they appreciated the kind thought of their brothers in wishing to admit them for half fees they firmly declined this concession, believing that equal rights and privileges should carry with them equal duties and financial responsibilities. To my way of thinking this is the only stand to take, and while the men had intended the half fee as a courtesy there could be no manner of doubt the convention as a whole highly appreciated the action taken.

The resolution amending the constitution to admit women on the same terms as men was carried by a standing vote and amid much enthusiasm. As President Henders very happily phrased it, "their wooing had been successful," and for the future the Grain Growers' Association of Manitoba will stand for that rare form of righteousness equal opportunity for all.

It has been the privilege of the writer to sit in many conventions of both men and women together, but never to have seen a finer body of women than the 36 Delegates women who represented the women Grain Growers of Manitoba at this convention.

"Capable" was the word which seemed best to describe them. It was evident that the men felt this also, and that they had materially strengthened their organization by admitting the women. It was not surprising to learn that some of these women, being left widows with young families, had successfully farmed their own land and raised their families. Looking round upon these delegates when they were gathered by themselves to deal with the matter of full fees, one was instinctively reminded of the good woman of Proverbs, who "looked well to the ways of her household," who considered a field and bought it, and whose husband was known in the gates.

How many of my readers are reading Arthur Stringer's new novel in the Philadelphia Saturday Post? It is called "A Prairie Wife," and is a very diverting example of how completely a man may give himself away when he tries to put himself in the place of a woman. It is in the form of a series of letters from one woman to another, and should be labeled "what a woman would not write." A good deal of innocent fun may be got by the genuine "Prairie Wife" from a perusal of these very remarkable epistles.

This winter I have been dipping into old time favorites, and last week renewed my acquaintance with "That Lass of Lowries" by Frances Hodgson Burnett. When I was a school girl, my grandfather, who could speak the Lancashire dialect fluently, read that book aloud to us. The charm of that first reading all came back with the book. It is one of the first, as it is one of the best, things Mrs. Burnett ever wrote, and once again I had many a laugh over the caustic wit of "Owd Sammy Cradock and his wife." There are not many of the new novels which will bear reading 20 years hence I imagine. Another old favorite that has come in for attention is the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "The Chambered Nautilus" is surely a

fitting motto for the Empire in these times of stress.

"Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

But I must stop, as I am very anxious to have included a list of the names and addresses of the women delegates at the Brandon convention. Nearly all of them are readers of this page, and they particularly desired to be able to write to one another.

List of delegates attending Brandon convention, with names of The List branch to which they belong and post-office addresses:

Mrs. E. M. Zimmerman, Salem, Portage la Prairie; Mrs. L. A. Thompson, Salem, Portage la Prairie; Mrs. W. J. Witter, Lornedale, Cordova; Mrs. Thos. Weston, Elva, Elva; Miss Alice Shorliff, Elm Bank, Shipperley; Mrs. Jas. Kidd, Sinclair, Sinclair; Mrs. Jas. J. Scarff, Mount View, Dauphin; Mrs. A. H. Chester, Boissevain, Boissevain; Mrs. A. L. Fisher, Gilbert Plains, Gilbert Plains; Mrs. Wm. Horsley, Elva, Elva; Miss Margaret Skelton, Elva, Elva; Mrs. A. W. Price, Gilbert Plains, Gilbert Plains; Mrs. Frank Simpson, Shoal Lake, Shoal Lake; Miss Margaret Simpson, Shoal Lake, Shoal Lake; Miss B. Richardson, Beaver, Beaver; Mrs. D. S. McLeod, Goodlands, Goodlands; Mrs. Colin H. Burnell, Oakville, Oakville; Mrs. Wm. Hill, Woodnorth, Woodnorth; Mrs. Jos. Bennett, Pine Creek, Pine Creek Station; Mrs. Neil McLean, King's School, Shoal Lake; Miss McTavish, Oakburn, Shoal Lake; Miss Clara Delmage, Cameron,

Minnedosa; Miss Della Delmage, Cameron, Minedosa; Miss May H. H. Bell, Augusville, Augusville; Miss May Hotham, Waskada, Waskada; Miss Annie P. Thomson, Waskada, Waskada; Mrs. D. N. Morrison, Cardale, Cardale; Mrs. J. D. Fisher, Ninga, Ninga; Mrs. R. W. Edmonds, Springfield, Oak Bank; Mrs. J. Smith, Pope, Oakner; Mrs. J. Lean, Moline, Moline; Mrs. Dan Roberts, Springbrook, Austin; Mrs. R. H. Mooney, Woodnorth, Woodnorth; Mrs. A. B. Jamieson, Lornedale, Cordova; Mrs. R. C. Henders, Culross; Miss Ethel Johnston, Oak Lake; Mrs. A. W. Allan, Kellwood; Mrs. W. H. English, Harding.

An Opinion

The habit of using ardent spirits by men in office has occasioned more injury to the public and more trouble to me than all other sources. And were I to commence my administration again, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate for office would be. Does he use ardent spirits?—Thomas Jefferson.

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What the World is Saying

A Thing to Keep in Mind

Canadians can build up Canada by buying goods made in Canada by Canadians.—Nelson (B. C.) News.

The Black Bread of Humiliation

By and by the Kaiser will have to eat the blacker bread of humiliation.—Toronto News.

The Hun Idea of Equal Rights

The Kaiser believes in the equal right of all races—to become German.—Calgary Herald.

Quite So

Business is better and people are more cheerful in Berlin, Ontario, than in Berlin, Germany.—Brantford Expositor.

The Point of View

The German conception of war is that it is a glorious thing, so long as it rages around the homes of other people.—Halifax Herald.

Great Expectations Unrealized

The Prussians are probably sorry that they invested money in the South African revolution and the Turkish holy war.—Lethbridge Herald.

Heroes

The highest type of martial heroism is not the dashing adventurer of romance, but the mud-stained man in the trenches over yonder.—Calgary Albertan.

Appropriate

The Iron Cross has been bestowed on a German merchant skipper who broke the parole he gave to the British. Quite fitting.—Hamilton Herald.

The Lesson of the War

The lesson for Europe is that the true remedy for war is the enlargement of democratic government and the elimination of arbitrary autocracies.—Edinburgh Scotsmen.

Will Keep up the Bluff to the Last Moment

If Germany ever collapses from economic disorder, as seems likely, she will go down suddenly. The War Lord will see that the bluff is kept up to the last second.—New York Tribune.

Great Britain's Voluntary Effort

We may reasonably doubt whether even for home defence any other country could have surpassed the purely voluntary effort we are now making in order to engage in a war which is being carried on abroad.—Westminster Gazette.

The Germanic Logic

The Kaiser referred in August to General French's contemptible little army, yet England, according to Germany, forced the war. No wonder the German mind is a something understood only by itself.—Chicago Tribune.

Ancient Barbarism, not New Science.

The Germans have been called "masters of the new science and the old barbarism." American public opinion seems to have found in the attack upon the English coast towns rather more of the old barbarism than the new science.—Philadelphia Record.

The Violence of Desperation

A notable feature of the situation in Europe is the extreme violence of the German press towards all the adversaries of their country, and especially the British. Their rage is vitriolic. Their language is that of those who find disaster staring them in the face.—Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal.

A Real Democracy

The editors of the Canadian newspapers are hearing from American newspapers to the effect that the Monroe doctrine is our doctrine instituted for our own protection against threatening monarchy for which we have no use. We do not look upon the British monarchy as anything but a real democracy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Right Watchword

If you cannot serve your country on the battlefield you can at least serve it at home by being courageous. You denounce cowardice in a soldier, then do not funk in business. Courage—let this be the watchword for 1915.—Moose Jaw Times.

In Diplomatic Language

Count von Bernstorff, the General ambassador at Washington, has been politely but conclusively informed by Secretary Bryan that in regard to his assertions about purchases by Britain from American firms of dum-dum cartridges he is a liar.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

The German Way

Germany has a peculiar law under which a German may take the oath of allegiance to another country and still retain his German citizenship. Of course the fact that such a man is a liar, a perjurer and a sneak is a mere bagatelle to the nation that regards treaties as mere scraps of paper.—Vancouver Province.

The Goods for Canadians

Let the goods as well as the labels plead for patronage and the "made-in-Canada" crusade will be a splendid success. The buyer who must count every cent will be influenced by the need of getting full value, and in that regard Canadian producers can keep pace with all rivals.—Toronto Star.

Unprecedented

The shell-ridden body of a whale has been cast up on the Dutch coast. Not long ago one floated ashore, its head having been blown off apparently by a mine. The war it seems is taking its toll of life from the ranks of the neutrals under water as well as on the surface.—Port Arthur Chronicle.

One of the Things Germany Has Learned

"The British first-line are splendid soldiers" is the tribute paid by General Heeringen, the German Commander-in-chief of the armies of the west. That shows what an impression General French's "contemptible little army" of August has made during four months of incessant fighting.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Belgium

For us the great, clear issue of this war is Belgium. If we see anything right at all in all this matter, Belgium is a martyr to civilization, sister to all who love liberty or law; assailed, polluted, trampled in the mire, heel-marked in her breast, tattered, homeless, but sister to every nation whose God is greater than Utility.—New York Times.

Holland's War Loan

Although Holland is at peace with the world it has been compelled to raise a war loan of 275,000,000 guilders. The Gazette de Hollande remarks that this sum will suffice if demobilization is made possible by the war's ending before April 1 next. It is to be feared that the little kingdom will have to raise still more money before long. The most hopeful observers see no sign of hostilities ceasing as early as the coming spring.—Canadian Finance.

The Women's Share of the War

It is the women who bear the brunt of war. The man who fights may die in the trenches or lose a leg and get a pension, but the woman left at home must take her way as best she can without the aid of male support, be she mother, wife or sister. If wars could be financed that the sufferers who fight to live in desolated homes should be put on the pay rolls as well as the men at the front, future wars would be few and far between. The cost would be staggering.—Victoria Colonist.

In the Fore-Front

Officers are being killed at an extraordinary rate on the battlefield of Europe. Out of the British forces serving on the continent every seventh man killed has been an officer ranging in rank from lieutenant to general.

This is very impressive. It indicates that commanders are filling the posts of greatest peril in this war. They are not sending privates to death; they are leading them there.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

What the War Must Secure for Civilization

Essen can be blown to bits, and probably will be, but that would be mere poetry, and while it would be nice, it would not hinder the great German murder-mill from growing again. What people will want if the Allies win is assurance for the future, for a generation or two, that the sleep of honest people in four continents will not be disturbed by the rattle and clang of the Krupp forges in the night, getting ready to blow the lid off the world.—Harper's Weekly.

Fragrance from Cologne

The German papers are still publishing long articles containing the most paltry kind of abuse of the English. Here are some views expressed by the Cologne Gazette: "The German press should be made to understand that the golden hours are too precious to be wasted in dwelling on the hypocrisy and the lies of the English. . . . With a snarling dog there is no use in arguing; the only reply possible is a vigorous kick." Strange to say, the editor proceeds to assert: "We must occasionally depart from the straight road and meet the liar with the lie. That is the only way to silence him."—Ottawa Free Press.

A Tribute to Canada

Since Canada is an English-speaking country, bred to British traditions, trained to British ideals, impregnated with British democracy, of course it was "unprepared," as "unprepared" as the mother country has ever been, as "unprepared" as its neighbor to the south, a country of similar origin and characteristics, proverbially is. And yet, five months after the call came, five months since it was thrown upon its own resources, it is confident in its preparedness. The Dominion of Canada may be taken to-day as a world object lesson in the results of a system that is employed in the making of citizens rather than in the training of warriors.—Springfield Republican.

A Straight Answer

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz wants to know what the United States will say if Germany declares submarine war on all enemy merchant ships, torpedoing every British or allied vessel which nears any harbor in Great Britain. Well, the people of the United States of America, including a good many of German blood, would probably say that Germany was warring on non-combatants, was killing men without weapons in their hands, and therefore was no longer fit to be numbered among the civilized nations of earth. Their verdict probably would be that Germany had become a pariah government, an outlaw among the peoples of the earth, a public menace.—Detroit Free Press.

Some Light Penetrates to the Berlin Tageblatt

The Berlin Tageblatt, a newspaper of the first rank, asks the German professors not to be so vain-glorious. Professor Ernest Haeckel, the famous evolutionist, has been talking glibly of the conquest of London and the annexation by Germany of the greater part of the British Empire, together with large portions of France and Russian Poland. Other men of learning though evidently of infirm judgment see the German flag flying over Canada and Australia and Britain reduced to the level of Holland. The Tageblatt thinks this sort of bombast does harm to German interests and would like to have it moderated. It adds, amongst other things, that history will decline to speak in praise of the German diplomats, who left the nation without allies except Austria and Turkey; and is evidently not at all sure that the Kaiser is going to win. All are not blind in Germany.—Montreal Gazette.

The Battle of Flanders

We know now that in point of casualties the battle of Flanders has been the greatest battle in history. Our correspondent computes the total losses on both sides at 300,000 men. Of these the Germans lost, at a moderate estimate, many times confirmed from various sources, at least 200,000 men. The allied losses are put down at 100,000 men, and half of these were British, the reason being that it fell to the lot of the British army and the Indian forces to withstand the most furious attacks of the enemy, especially in the earlier phases of the fighting. Our troops are estimated to have lost in the battle 50,000 men, out of which number 5,500 casualties occurred in the Indian regiments commanded by Sir James Willecks.—London Times.

The Task of the Allied Armies

The question of why, if the Allies are doing so well, they have not thus far managed to drive the Germans from France and Belgium, is answered in a frank spirit by the military expert of the London Times. He says in effect that neither England nor France was ready for war. Lord Kitchener has "displayed prodigious activity, but he is no magician," and it will be February before his new army is ready to take the field. France has not as yet put anything like her whole strength into the campaign; but is making all haste to equip fresh levies and by February will have a million new men in action. Meantime the German plan of campaign, namely, a quick offensive followed by a speedy victory, has signally failed. German bankers and manufacturers are beginning to ask where the money to carry on the war is to come from and what the end is likely to be.—Duluth Herald.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the shareholders of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in Toronto on 12th instant. After the report of the Directors had been read the President asked the General Manager to address the shareholders. He spoke in part as follows:

General Manager's Address

When we had the pleasure of addressing you on the occasion of our annual meeting for 1913, we had every reason to look forward with apparently well-founded expectations that the year just ended would prove not less favorable than the preceding one. There was a movement during the first months of the year so worldwide in its scope as to lead many to infer that the drift of financial affairs towards a moderate prosperity had become unmistakable. The uneasiness regarding the settlement of the Balkan question had almost disappeared, and with the gradual adjustment of other political and international difficulties there was an apparent readiness to return to normal conditions. This enabled a large volume of securities to be marketed, which did much to relieve a very acute situation. As the season advanced the prospect of satisfactory crops and of fairly good returns from every legitimate enterprise should have assured a financial and industrial revival. Then came the outbreak of the European war, an event so tremendous in its import that at first we failed to realize the extent of the dislocation of business that it would entail, and the consequent hardship and loss to every conceivable interest the world over; yet we have stood the shock with remarkable fortitude and courage.

Considering all these untoward circumstances the report and statements now presented to you bring us the satisfaction that we have not labored in vain. In consequence of the extraordinary depreciation in the prices of all securities, we have made a careful revaluation on very strict lines; and having in the past been conservative and prudent with the disposition of our returns from this source, we were enabled to make all our adjustments without interfering with current profits. Our usual care has been exercised in providing for bad and doubtful debts, and with the return of more propitious times we should derive very important recoveries.

The net profits for the year were \$2,668,233.29, a decrease of \$324,717 from last year, and amounted to 9.36 per cent on the Capital and Rest combined. We were enabled to pay dividends amounting to \$1,800,000, these being at the usual rate of 10 per cent per annum, with extra bonus dividends of 2 per cent. The regular appropriation for the Pension Fund required \$80,000 and subscriptions to Patriotic Fund amounted to \$55,000. We are carrying forward in Profit and Loss Account a balance of \$1,117,763.27, as against \$384,529.98 a year ago.

You will notice that no appropriation has been made in Bank Premises Account, which shows an increase over last year of \$405,510. This increase is mainly accounted for by the final payments on some of our larger buildings and by the sums expended in purchasing sites for a number of the smaller offices. As we indicated in the report presented to you in January, 1910, we have in the past endeavored to keep the figures of this account within 50 per cent of the value of the properties which it covers. During the past year we obtained from reliable outside experts an appraisal of all the premises belonging to or controlled by the Bank, instead of relying, as formerly, upon our various managers; and the result of this indicates that the figures given in our balance sheet are well below the limit of 50 per cent just referred to. This is a source of much gratification to us, emphasizing, as it does, the conservative estimates of our managers. In this connection we may add that the Bank owns and controls the stock of The Dominion Realty Company, Limited, by which Company our smaller buildings are erected and owned. This stock is carried on our books at the nominal

value of \$1. The last annual statement of this Company, bearing even date with our own, shows a surplus of \$3,240,411.78.

The Bank's notes in circulation stood at \$14,942,557 at the close of our year, this account showing important fluctuations during the period under review, from a minimum in July of \$11,934,000 to a maximum in October of \$16,679,038. Our deposits decreased \$11,304,905, accounted for by a general reduction in current account balances, which is not unnatural under the circumstances; the ordinary deposits bearing interest show a decrease of only \$197,211, a remarkable exhibit when we consider the probable requirements of small depositors under existing conditions and the extraordinary opportunities which have offered for investing in first-class securities at remunerative rates. Bills Payable Account, representing our participation in international exchange transactions, amounted to \$3,924,151, being a reduction of \$5,591,636 from the figures of our last report. We wish to place on record that in accordance with an understanding acted upon by all the Canadian banks in London as to the moratorium in respect of bills of exchange, we adopted the policy agreed upon by the clearing banks, and re-accepted, with a few trifling exceptions, all our bills which matured in August, although during the whole period we were carrying bank balances more than sufficient to meet these commitments. At the expiration of the thirty days we resumed paying all our bills without exception. We did not take advantage of the moratorium in any other respect, and did so in respect of our bills merely to join in a united front to the public.

Call and Short Loans were \$27,677,386 and other Current Loans and Discounts \$142,588,076, as compared with \$25,764,910 and \$154,576,889 in our last report, the total being \$170,265,463, a decrease of \$10,076,337 for the year. Government and other securities were \$21,191,247, a decrease of \$2,766,571. The percentage of quick assets to liabilities of the public was 43.20. In thus strengthening our position we have the satisfaction of knowing that no credit usually granted to any of our customers was curtailed during this very trying year.

The members of the staff now number 3,536, a slight decrease from the figures of last year, but with the decline of business, sufficient to equip every department efficiently. We include in this number those on our Honour Roll who have temporarily left our service at the call of duty. We have given leave of absence to these officers on terms which should be very satisfactory to them, and it will be our pleasure and duty as far as possible to reinstate them when they return. Between 325 and 350 of our men have volunteered for military service of various kinds at home and abroad, besides very many others who are preparing for any emergency during the continuance of the war. This contribution of men and money and, what is more important, the loyal spirit manifested throughout our service, are creditable alike to our staff and to the Bank.

In reviewing the past year, we cannot but be impressed with the fact that Canada has had a remarkable escape from untoward disaster in financial matters, and we should realize that worse might have been our fate. With a courage begotten of experience, we shall face the future with full confidence that much good will eventually come out of the present situation.

President's Address

The President then said: The war has so changed all business conditions that it may seem unnecessary to describe those previously existing, and yet without doing so it is difficult to estimate our present position. We had passed a period of trade expansion throughout the world which in our case had been sharply exemplified by our foreign trade returns for the year ending in March, 1913, when the excess of our imports over exports fell just short of 300 million

dollars, and in addition to this we had to provide interest and dividends on securities sold abroad of from 100 to 125 millions. To meet this we can trace the sale of securities during the year 1913 to the extent of at least 250 millions. In the sharp contraction throughout the world which followed, the question confronting us was how well we could bear the loss of power to sell securities and the shrinkage of trade caused by the stoppage of the building operations based upon our sales of securities.

The more important of our public and private improvements were nearing completion, and the fact that we must in any event pause to demonstrate, by increased production, the wisdom of building them, was clear to many, but the enforced contraction, though it naturally went too far in the other direction, was necessary to bring us to a halt. The world had gone through the severer phases of this contraction, and had entered upon the year 1914 with distinct hopes for improvement in many countries, notably in Canada. The great banks of Europe were able to increase their reserves, money was growing easier, the market for securities was improving, and indeed, by February many issues, which had been held back for some time were successfully placed. In the United States the new tariff legislation and the new Bank Act were events of the highest importance, and if the effects of these were still somewhat uncertain, at least a great deal of painful doubt had been removed. Later on the prospect of a great crop left the question of improved rates for railroad freights the main points to be settled in order to put the United States again on the highroad to prosperity. In Canada, while trade was still lessening in activity, and money still hard to obtain and the prospect for our crops less hopeful than that of the United States, we felt that in order to make our future secure, we had only to lessen our pace and to turn our minds more to immediate production than to permanent improvements. Elsewhere, in France, in the Balkans, and in the Latin American republics, there was still much financial trouble to overcome, but conditions in London continued steadily to improve, and with that improvement the power to sell our securities seemed to be rapidly returning. It was, therefore, to a somewhat chastened but distinctly hopeful business community in Canada that the rumors of war at the end of July came with portents of evil in every direction.

It is not my part to-day to speak of what war means to us in its effect on our lives, on our hopes for our beloved Empire, or on the happiness of our families—I may speak of it only in its less important effect, that on our material prosperity. As we know, the first effect on finance and trade was the closing of almost all the stock and merchandise exchanges in the world, the cessation of the enormous trade, not only between the countries now engaged in the war but to a very large degree between neutral countries and those at war which were blockaded by the fleets of the allies, and the breaking down for the moment of all dealings in foreign exchange, letters of credit and in the vast number of credit arrangements existing between banks in different countries throughout the world. This paralysis affecting for the moment a large part of the international trade of the world estimated at about forty billions of dollars annually and also disturbing countless millions of domestic trade in all leading countries, was nearly universal in its effect merely because London, the great power house of the world, had to pause for a few days in order to consider how the new conditions were to be faced. I need not tell you what was accomplished in the way of remedial measures by the wisdom of the British Government and the leading bankers, merchants and men of affairs generally, but the few words which make the sufficient defence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are pregnant with a meaning which cannot escape the historian of British affairs for centuries to come. He said: "There is no doubt that we have, I will not say, departed from any principles which have been accepted in this country, but that we have undertaken responsibilities which no Government has ever been called upon to undertake in the past." In the report of our London manager which appears in our Review of Business Conditions, a most admirable summary is made on the various events in London bearing on the finance and trade of the

(Continued on page 31.)

She Was in Bed For Seven Weeks

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Madame Berube.

Montreal Lady tells how, after Four Years' Illness, She Found a Complete Cure for all Her Troubles.

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The Philosopher

A MATTER AFFECTING LENGTH OF LIFE

For the purpose of arriving at accurate conclusions in regard to the effects of alcoholic beverages on the length of human life, forty-three life assurance companies in Canada and the United States have contributed their records on two million insured lives for twenty-five years, for study by a committee consisting of actuaries and medical men. The statistical conclusions arrived at by the committee may be briefly stated. Among men who had stated, in applying for insurance, that they had taken alcohol to excess occasionally in the past, but whose habits were considered satisfactory when they were insured, the death rate was 45 per cent higher than among the insured lives in general, or, to state it another way, their lives were four years shorter than the average. The committee's report also states that among the men who had used alcoholic beverages daily, but not "to excess" the death rate was nearly 50 per cent higher than among total abstainers. It would appear from this that Russia will gain enormously if the prohibition of vodka is made permanent. The loss of half a million soldiers in the war would thus be made up in ten years.

CLUES TO NATURE'S SECRETS

A carload of fossils of inestimable scientific value have been taken from the Belly River formation in Alberta to the American Museum at New York. Since the gigantic monsters whose imprinted forms are thus preserved in enduring stone roamed the earth, continents have settled to ocean depths and rose again to mountain ridges. The American Museum is an admirable institution, but why should not these fossils and the other wonderful material for the increase of human knowledge which happens to be situated in Canada be placed in a Canadian national institution? The sublime thirst for knowledge which unlocks the secrets of the past knows no lines of national distinction, of course, but a healthy national pride should prompt us to be the first to make use of our own opportunities.

RUNNING FOXY ARGUMENTS TO EARTH

Dr. Dernburg, formerly Colonial Secretary in the Emperor William's Cabinet (there are not any German colonies now) and at present official apologist and mendacious explainer in the United States for the Kaiser has found every effort he has made in the States a boomerang. His latest device has been to extract cunningly from Morley's Life of Gladstone certain sentences in Gladstone's speeches, which, lifted out from their context and fitted into a setting of Dernburgian argument, Dr. Dernburg pretends to regard as in some way supporting some of his contentions. But Harper's Weekly, the New York Times and other leading journals of the United States have gone to the trouble of hunting up the passages in Gladstone's speeches, and proving that they are grossly misrepresented by Dernburg, for whose enlightenment Harper's Weekly cites the following passage from Gladstone:

"The greatest triumph of our time, a triumph in a region loftier than that of electricity or steam, will be the enthronement of this idea of Public Right as the governing idea of European policy; as the common and precious heritage of all lands, but superior to the passing opinion of any. The foremost among the nations will be that one which, by its conduct, shall gradually engender in the minds of others a fixed belief that it is just."

Harper's Weekly further cites what Gladstone said in 1870, when Great Britain was ready to go to war if either Germany or France invaded Belgium:

"If we had gone to war, we should have gone to war for freedom. We should have gone to war for public right. We should have gone to war to save human happiness from being invaded by a tyrannous and lawless power."

But Dernburg, needless to say, did not need to have pointed out to him these and other passages from the speeches of Gladstone and other British statesmen, which United States journals are now quoting for his benefit. He knows the truth, of course, being a very learned German, but as the truth will not serve his purpose, he resorts to falsehood. But he exhibits a stupidity which seems so characteristic of the learned Germans who follow that plan. For example, he recently visited Princeton University, of which President Wilson was formerly the head, and there addressed the students. He said early in that address, that Austria was determined to go to war, and Germany could not possibly have stopped her. Towards the close of the address, forgetting what he had said at the beginning, he said that if Great Britain had notified Germany unmistakably that she would join in the war, Germany would have seen to it that there would be no war. A Princeton student asked Dr. Dernburg how both these statements could be true, and the learned German floundered helplessly in trying to extricate himself from the predicament his inconsistent falsehoods had landed him in.

AT CLOSE GRIPS

In the war of 1870 the rapidity of the German triumph over France was due in large measure to the magnificent roads and the highly developed state of the territory in which the war was fought. The roads and the abundance of food supplies to sustain armies on the march facilitated the clock-like development of General von Moltke's plans. In the present war the Germans counted upon a repetition of the war of 1870. They started to advance with the same clock-like precision, confident that they could carry out their plans for a thunderbolt descent upon Paris. The roads were superior, if anything, to those of 1870, and the motor artillery was in every way superior to the artillery of 1870, and there were numerous rich and well-stocked cities and towns, to say nothing of the villages and innumerable farms, where the onrushing troops could find sustenance. But the Belgian resistance saved the situation for the Allies and the cause of freedom; and the fighting in Flanders has revealed clearly that a highly developed territory is a hindrance rather than a help to an invasion by highly organized armies. A country crowded with large cities, which are tied together by populous villages, criss-crossed with canals, with railway embankments, with irrigation ditches, cut up by quarries and coal pits, checkered with hedges and with walls about private grounds, thickly strewn with human habitations which after the solid European fashion makes of almost every peasant's cottage a miniature fortress—such is the ground over which millions of men are fighting. The result is that the long battle front sways and bends and curves and turns back upon itself. A great deal of the fighting is from street to street, from house to house. It is barricade warfare on a huge scale.

THE RUSSIA OF THE TIME TO COME

Few developments in connection with the war have aroused greater attention on the part of many thoughtful people than the great power and the unexpected efficiency of Russia. The enormous area and large population of that Empire and the fact that so huge a proportion of its people are still in a primitive stage are regarded by not a few even well-informed students of passing events as giving ground for thought as to the use which the controlling influences in Russia may choose eventually to make of the greatly increased Russian prestige and influence in the world. It is reassuring to learn from competent English observers in Russia that the change which the past ten years has made in the Russian officer, the Russian soldier and the Russian people generally is such as to give good reason for confident expectation of a great further improvement in the whole Russian body politic. The officers are from the great Russian "middle class," of which the world outside Russia knows little or nothing, and which is said to be really progressive, with an advancing enlightenment which would greatly surprise strangers to Russia, if they were to visit that country. The soldiers are described by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe as cheery, rough, courageous, obedient and simple-minded. The simplicity of the mass of the people in Russia places the future of the country very largely in the hands of the "middle class." The course and results of the war must needs give Great Britain and France a potent influence in the shaping of Russian national evolution, and the fate of Germany will not fail to serve as a salutary warning against dangers of autocracy as a system of government.

A PECULIAR PROBLEM

The peculiar difficulty of the Doukhobor problem stands out clearly in the report of the recent public interview between the head men of the Doukhobor community in British Columbia and Attorney-General Bowser and Provincial Lands Commissioner Ross, of the Government of that Province. Plainly the Attorney-General was nonplussed by the contention with which the Doukhobor leaders met his reiterated statement that the Doukhobors should see for themselves the necessity of their complying with the provisions of the law regarding vital statistics and the sending of their children to school. No matter in what form this was set before them, their constant reply was that Jesus Christ did not see the necessity of vital statistics, but only saw the necessity of simplicity and of love towards all the world, and recognized that making life complex led to much evil which could otherwise be avoided. Further, they demanded that the Provincial Chief of Police, who was present at the interview, as complainant on behalf of the law of the land which the Doukhobors will not obey, should state how long the Doukhobors had been in British Columbia, the number of persons in the Doukhobor community, and the number of Doukhobors that had been arrested. He replied that they had been in the Province five years, that there were about 5,000 of them, and that not one of their number had ever been arrested on a criminal charge.

No wonder Mr. Bowser confessed himself perplexed by the problem of how to handle these people. They are seemingly happy and contented. They are neither vicious nor lazy. They are very industrious. They have brought thousands of acres under cultivation. But they do not conform to our standard of civilization. When remonstrated with for not obeying our laws, they reply that our laws are not the laws of Christ. It is true, indeed, that our laws are, in large measure, made to protect ourselves against conditions and development which are the result of civilization. The trouble with the Doukhobor community is that they hold of supreme importance things which we place no such value upon, and regard as worthless things which we hold to be of necessary importance. This is an impossible state of affairs in the body politic. Somehow or other, the Doukhobors will have to be brought round to seeing the necessity of conforming to the requirements of the law, which are for the safety and welfare of all.

THE ABORIGINAL CANADIANS

From the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Ottawa the Philosopher has received the annual report of that department, which is a blue book of exceptional interest. The Indians of Canada, like their white brothers, are bettering their position every year, more attention being paid to agriculture, and the young men of the agencies turning their hands to industrial pursuits, while hunting and fishing, of course, form the chief occupation of the Indians in the more sparsely settled regions of the Dominion. The war has affected some of the Indians very considerably as a result of the way it has affected the fur trade, the European market being so largely cut off. To make up for this, the department has instructed its agents to see that the Indians do not want for the necessities of life, and they are being advised to hunt for food, ammunition, twine and certain food staples being issued to them free. The health of the red men is being well looked after, smallpox occurring among them only rarely now, and when it does show itself on a reservation being quickly stamped out, while the fight against tuberculosis is being waged with notable effect, the Indians being taught the dangers of insanitary surroundings and the benefits of plenty of fresh air in their dwelling places. The total Indian population of Canada is now 107,221, not including the Eskimos, whose number is 3,447. Of all the provinces, Ontario has the most Indians, viz., 26,419. Manitoba has 10,290, Saskatchewan, 9,799, and Alberta, 8,281. Great progress is being made in educational work among the Indians. One of the most notable western news items during the past month was the report of the movement among the Blackfeet living on the reservation near Gleichen, in Alberta, for the establishment of a newspaper of their own. The Blackfeet and other advanced Indian tribes have contributed generously to the patriotic fund, and a number of the young men have volunteered for active service at the front.

A NEW EUGENIC SCHEME

Despite the failure of the attempts made in the States of Washington and Wisconsin at eugenic legislation, the eugenicists in the United States are not discouraged. One of them, a New York physician, has come forward with a new idea. In Washington the law designed to render difficult the marriage of physically unfit persons was promptly repealed in response to the general opposition to it which became manifest when the attempt was made to enforce the law. The same dissatisfaction has been aroused by the attempt to enforce the Wisconsin law, which has not yet been repealed, but whose repeal is regarded now as a foregone conclusion. The New York physician with the new idea in this connection thinks that he has hit upon a device which will obviate the objections to the provisions of the Washington and Wisconsin laws requiring a physical examination of each candidate for matrimony and a physician's certificate that such candidate is free from any disease which might be transmitted. His suggestion is that each of the would-be contracting parties should be required, before approaching the altar, to hand to the other a newly issued life insurance policy, which, of course, would mean that the person on whose life the policy was issued had passed the ordinary examination by the insurance company's examining physician. Persons whose sense of delicacy might be offended by the requirement of physicians' certificates that they were free from transmittable disease, as a legal prerequisite to matrimony, will not, he believes, have any objection when the object of the examination is the matter-of-fact business object of getting life insurance. The New York physician's scheme will, at least, have the enthusiastic endorsement of all and sundry engaged in the life insurance business. Moreover, outside the eugenicists, it will commend itself to quite a number of theorists. But average, ordinary people will prefer to have it tried out in some other country than the one they live in.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce
(Continued from page 29.)

world. In our own country, while the issues were smaller, they were of the most profound importance to us, and we can never be too thankful for the high intelligence and the quickness of action of our Minister of Finance. Our gold supply is not important in amount as compared with that of the greater nations, but its preservation is vitally important to us. To convince people that the hoarding of gold was unnecessary, and in any event to make it nearly impossible, was part of the task here, as it was in England. One of the most effective means of accomplishing this was, as far as possible to make sure that the inevitable result of war in curtailing business would not be intensified by a lack of currency with which to carry on our daily affairs. The arrangements proposed by the Minister of Finance, approved by his Government and put into operation, all within twenty-four hours, were as follows:

(1) For the first time in the history of Canada banks were empowered to pay their debts in their own notes. When these notes reached the clearing house, however, they were redeemed in Government legal tenders or in gold. The notes were not, as many people suppose, made a legal tender as between individuals, and the main object of this arrangement was to prevent people from securing actual gold coin in order to hoard it, a process which would have been ruinous to the nation as a whole, although comforting to the individual who secured the gold.

(2) The banks would have been able under the Bank Act to issue the usual emergency circulation for crop-moving in September and this date was set back to August.

(3) The Government raised somewhat the limit for that part of its legal tender issues which is not entirely based on gold.

(4) The Government undertook to make loans to banks on approved security in order to aid them in carrying on the business of the country.

At that moment no machinery existed by which Canadian banks with call loans or actual cash, in either London or New York, could use such resources to pay debts in Canada. It seemed at first as if it would be necessary to declare several Bank Holidays in succession to afford time in which to work our remedial measures, but the latter were provided so promptly by the Government that no general cessation of business took place. The value of such measures is not to be judged by the use made of them. On the contrary, we are proud that they were used so little. Their real value consists in the assurance to the public and to the banks that steps have been taken, so far as lies in the power of the Government, to enable business to go on as usual. Since the passage of these measures the effect of the really wonderful provisions for financial relief set in force by the Imperial Government, the consequent ending of the British moratorium, the recovery of British and the partial recovery of other international exchange markets, the removal of nearly all enemies of the peace on the high seas, and the lowering, therefore, of the charge for the war risk in insurance, the partial resumption of operations by stock and merchandise exchanges, and many other remedial features, all these have helped largely to restore the broken machinery of the world by which before the war all international and much of our domestic business transactions were carried on.

The only moratorium legislation put into effect in Canada thus far is in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In Manitoba proceedings to enforce mortgage security on land are delayed for six months, while the period allowed for redemption is increased to one year. The Act does not affect trust deeds securing bonds, debentures or stocks. In Saskatchewan an Act was passed giving wide powers to the Lieutenant-Governor for the protection of debtors, and these powers have been exercised by a proclamation extending protection to volunteers and reservists from all legal processes for six months, and by a further proclamation giving protection to all debtors against legal process under chattel mortgage, conditional sale or hire receipt, except with the approval of the sheriff.

In Ontario the Government have intimated their intention to introduce legislation requiring mortgagees and holders of similar securities to obtain an

order from a judge before foreclosing, and giving the judge power in cases of great hardship to extend the time of payment. It is not intended to interfere with the collection of interest, rent or other debts of like character.

In Alberta a new Act has been passed in connection with the proceedings for the foreclosure of mortgages and similar securities, but this is not in the nature of moratorium or other legislation caused by the war.

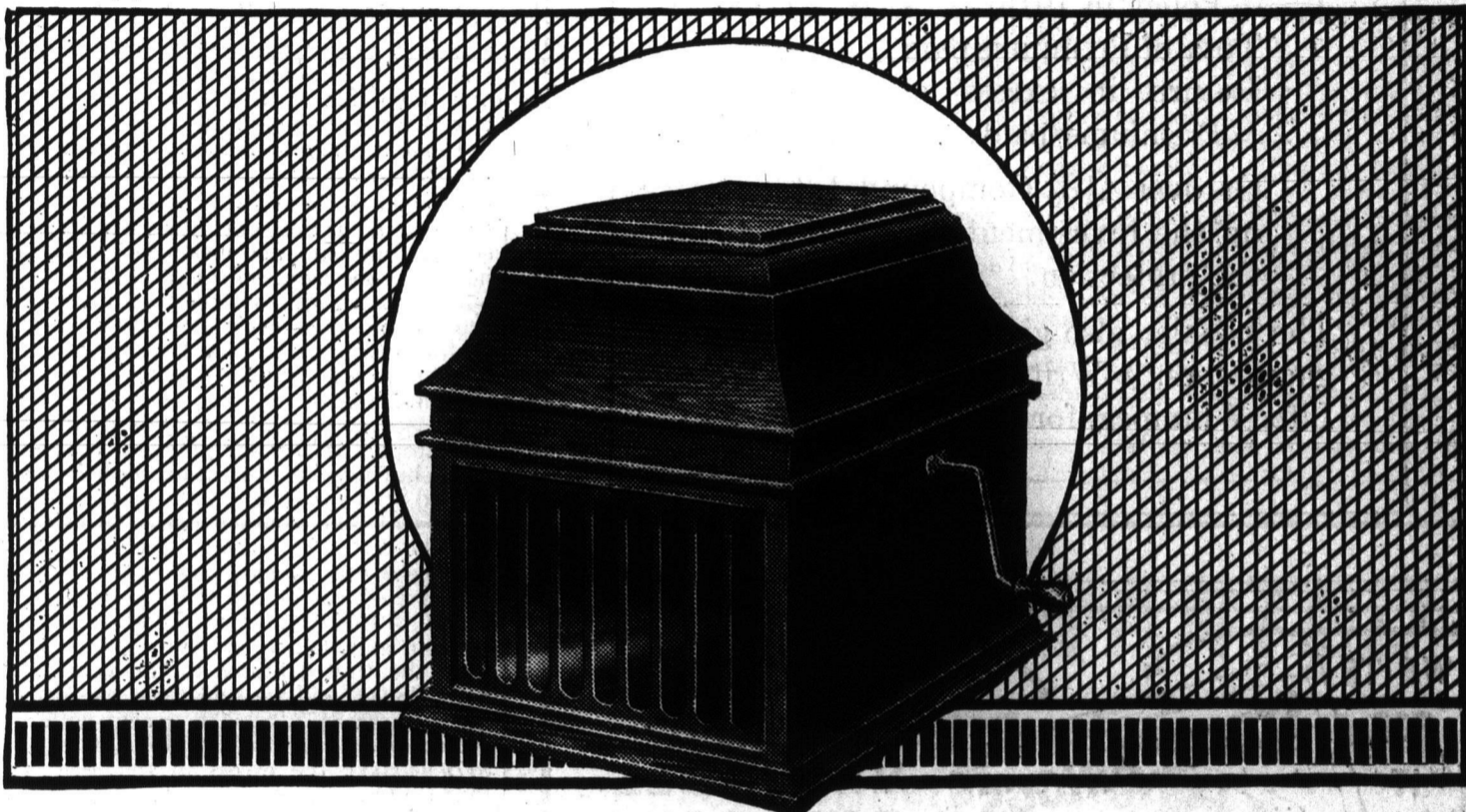
In this connection it may be well to say that the speaker has recently seen the returns of four large lenders by mortgage, the total principal of whose loans amounts to \$60,000,000. On these loans interest has been paid in the east with only a very trifling percentage of arrears, while in the west about 92 to 94 per cent of all interest has been paid, either at the moment when

due or within three months thereafter. Anyone who can remember the conditions in the now rich Province of Ontario twenty-five years ago will think this a very good showing indeed.

In Saskatchewan there are now commissioners whose duty it is to look after the finances of the various municipalities in the province. It is interesting to learn that one company, owning about fifteen million dollars in Canadian municipal bonds had at the end of the year only three town and three school section bonds, aggregating \$4,500 of principal, in default, and this temporary default had taken place since August and has no real significance.

We have in each year remarked upon the condition of our foreign trade, partly because in the disparity between imports and exports the danger line of our expan-

sion is most easily found. We have to sell securities to settle this difference and we have to pay the interest on these securities. Frankly, with the balance against us at March, 1913, of \$298,711,000, already referred to, we had gone far enough. The contraction in building operations and the general economy which had already begun helped to bring this debit balance down so that by March, 1914, it had fallen to \$171,620,000. The improvement, however, was caused by a reduction of only \$41,325,000 in imports while there was an increase in exports of \$85,765,000. In these figures the export and import of coin and bullion are included. Heretofore it has not seemed worth while to adjust the official figures by leaving these items out, but during the half-year ending September, 1914, the shipments of gold to Canada were so large as to render an adjustment



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imperative. The official excess of imports over exports for the half-year was \$89,213,000, but omitting shipments of coin and bullion it was only \$64,022,000. From this time forward, imports should show a very great decline, while, because of high prices for grain, the carrying out of war contracts for the allied countries, and the general desire to sell all that is available and to buy nothing that is not a necessity, our exports and imports should in the near future more nearly meet than at any time since the early years of this century. This will be a highly creditable accomplishment, showing that without undue pressure we could in two or three years do what our unfriendly critics thought impossible, that is, adjust the very large trade balance against us. Of course, we have still our interest to pay, and this country, in order to meet the most conservative demands for development, must be a borrower for many years to come, but I think we need have no great fear of the future in this respect if we take sufficient care of our credit. During the year 1914, although the markets were only favorable at times, and, since the war, have been practically closed to us, we sold securities abroad amounting to over 225 millions.

As soon as Great Britain begins to buy any new securities other than war issues she will buy ours, and meantime we must hope that the market for our bonds in the United States will continue to grow. We cannot too often draw the attention of that country to the fact that when our foreign trade is analysed the net debit for the difference between our sales and our purchases is payable to them and not to Europe. If the war prevents London from buying our securities, either the United States must buy them or our great trade with that country must fall away, and the cry of "Made in Canada" would then have even a wider significance than it has to-day. During the year ending March, 1914, again omitting the figures for coin and bullion, we made purchases from the United States to the value of \$409,818,000 and we sold them goods to the value of \$178,282,000, so that with a net excess of imports from all countries of \$179,945,000, the excess in the case of the United States was actually \$231,536,000. Part of this is, of course, offset by the actual cash brought into Canada by settlers from the United States, part by investments made here by Americans, and part by the purchase of our securities, but it has mainly been settled in the past out of the proceeds of our sales of securities in London and on the Continent.

It is not possible to forecast the effect of the war upon our economic position, and we must be prepared to meet each new condition as it arises, but we can learn something from the events of the war, and gain courage or caution as a result. The cost of the war to Canada is already arranged for in London, so that no money is being withdrawn from Canadian money markets on that account, and to the extent of 60 per cent, representing that part of the war expenditure which is paid out in Canada, we obtain money in London with which debts abroad can be paid. The war has brought us military contracts and purchases of supplies on account of Great Britain, France and Russia, the amount of which has been estimated at much higher figures, but may safely be placed at about \$30,000,000; our exports are thus increased and a corresponding ability to pay debts abroad created. One estimate of the result of the war on our foreign trade places the annual value of the imports into Canada, the movement of which is either directly or indirectly affected because of the war, at \$110,000,000. We can gather from this some rough idea of the extent to which our imports will be restricted by inability to obtain the particular articles we desire. It is already clear, however, that reduction will also come from lessened imports due directly to lessened trade at home. On the other hand, exports will be enlarged in quantity and value by the foreign demand for foodstuffs of all kinds, and already the preparations for next year's crop exceed anything known heretofore. Less noticeable, but probably of great economic importance will be the result of the wave of economy which has swept over Canada, mainly an enforced economy, but affecting all alike whether incomes are reduced or not. The effect of the careful use of food alone, the realization of the value of a bit of unused land as a garden plot, the little or great increase in production of almost every farm in Canada, east or west, the

willingness to wear out old clothes and to put off the purchase of all luxuries—no matter how desirable—the cry for goods "Made in Canada," and the slow but gradual realization that every unnecessary import may be a wrong to Canada even if the purchaser himself can afford it—all of these things must, taken together, materially increase our financial ability to bear the strain of the war. On the other hand, many of our greatest industries are working on short time, or are practically closed down, our railroad earnings speak eloquently of the contraction of business, men are not thinking so much of making money as of conserving their position for better times, unemployment as a problem faces us as rarely before, and the daily newspaper makes it impossible to forget that our material affairs are a secondary consideration while we rest under the vast shadow of the war.

Immigration has nearly stopped for the time being, except from the United States and the Orient, but, owing to the war, it is impossible to obtain figures showing present conditions. We have, of course, lost for a time, a large number of our best people by the despatch of our own contingent, by the return of reservists, and in other ways.

The reports of our superintendents and others on the business conditions in the various areas in which the Bank is interested are, needless to say, of more than usual importance. They range from references to the greatest financial events in the history of the world to the price of the agricultural products of a locality, and they give faithful representations of the various elements working for or against our prosperity. If we consider the awful effects of the war, we can but congratulate ourselves on the manner in which Canada has stood up under the strain and on the spirit shown by her people, while if we look beyond the war, we cannot doubt the ability of this country to carry out every prophecy made as to her future. In connection with the success which has attended our confederation of the North American provinces in one. Dominion of self-governing people, we draw attention to the report of our Newfoundland manager, in which the hope is expressed that the last step contemplated by the Fathers of Confederation is now possible of attainment.

The report of the Directors was then adopted and the retiring Auditors, Messrs. T. Harry Webb, C.A., and James Marwick, C.A., were reappointed. The usual votes of thanks were passed and the old Board of Directors were re-elected without change.

Civilisation Peril

Civilisation, as it progresses, requires a higher conscience, a keener sense of justice, a warmer brotherhood, a wider, loftier, truer public spirit. Failing these, civilisation must pass into destruction. It cannot be maintained on the ethics of savagery.—Henry George.

As Others See Us

The terror in London at the menace of German airships is such as cannot be imagined. Nightly are to be seen frightened crowds scurrying to their suburban homes like rats fleeing to their holes from the chase of the cat, and all this notwithstanding the powerful search-light installations on the prominent buildings and monuments.

After a comparatively early hour in the evening the streets are deserted except for a few drunken stragglers, the ragged unemployed, and the police, and in their gloom and solitude the thoroughfares already present the appearance of a conquered city.—Vossische Zeitung.

Transcending History

Let us sit down and read history. Read the most terrific pages of history. Read of Caesar, of Attila, of Napoleon. Get our souls full of those pages. Comprehend the sublimity of their upheavals. And then force ourselves to realise that the page now being written transcends them all in horror and importance. We cannot realise it. . . . But we must. And the sooner the better. This thing has happened to us. The realisation should induce a solemn state of mind, for which there is no word except the word religious.—Arnold Bennett.

Community Building

By J. S. Woodworth, Secretary Canadian Welfare League

Both by birth and by training, Canadians are individuals. They come of specially selected stock. Their forefathers were hardy pioneers who left the old-world communities and fared forth to battle single-handed with the hostile forces of the unconquered wilderness. Those of United Empire Loyalist blood represent still another sifting which separated a few sturdy independents and cast them into the inhospitable northern wilds. There they grew and flourished. From their descendants we gathered the adventurous spirits who did the early pioneer work of the great West.

Yes, specially selected stock, and then, rigorous training. In the early days every man had to shift for himself. There was no room for weaklings. Each man had developed to the utmost all his initiative and resource. Listen to the story of an Ontario pioneer. With his axe on his shoulder he pushed his way into the "forest primeval," cutting down a few trees, he made them into a log hut. Cutting down a few more he made and fenced a little clearing and there planted his first crop. He now returned to civilization for his wife, and they two, and the children who were given them, gradually transformed the wolf-infested forest into a comfortable farm home.

They had need of little outside help. An occasional "barn-raising" or "quilting-bee" were about the only events that brought the neighbors to their assistance. The school at "the Corners," the village grist-mill, the little meeting-house, largely sufficed for the simple community needs.

Among people living under such conditions, independence was exalted into a virtue. "Paddle your own canoe" was the advice given to the young man as he went out from the parental roof. This individualistic position even received a theological sanction. In order to save his own precious soul, "Christian" was warned to leave his companions and flee from the City of Destruction.

But times have changed. Now no man lives or can live unto himself. We are gradually learning that we are members one of another. We are all in the same boat. No man any longer can paddle his own canoe. We must pull together or sink together. In modern life, independence once a virtue, has become the greatest barrier to social progress. The modern Christian has been granted a vision of the Holy City coming down out of heaven. His job is not to flee into the wilderness but to stay and clean up the back lanes of his own city and make it the best residential district in the Kingdom of God.

Life to-day is socially organized. In Ontario the farmers use Niagara Falls to milk their cows. In the city, all the people use the Winnipeg river to light their houses. Let something go wrong with the electrical machinery and the Winnipeg people sit in darkness, while the Ontario cows have a very uncomfortable experience. Let there come a fluctuation in the London markets, and the farmers alike in Siberia, in the Argentine, and in Saskatchewan receive so many cents a bushel more or less, and buy, or are forced to go without, a parlor carpet or the wife's new dress. The world has become like a spider's web. Touch one strand, and the whole vibrates.

In the new social order, everything depends upon effective co-operation. This is precisely the point in which Canadians are weak. They haven't yet learned the value of team play. They continue to "hog" the ball, and wonder why after all their efforts and brilliant dodges, the score is against them. The secret? Lack of combination! Independence as an ideal, must give place to interdependence.

"Everybody's business is nobody's business" is a proverb that has come out of the bitter experience of a society in which individualism is rampant. Country cemeteries neglected, roads impassable, school yards over-run with weeds, city franchises the prey of exorbitant

corporations, politics a "dirty mess"—and so it will be until the old proverb is relegated to the scrap-heap and we hang up the shining new motto "Everybody's business is each body's business." When in reality, "the welfare of each is the concern of all" we have entered upon the new day.

Co-operation is particularly difficult if our Western communities which are made up of people from all parts of the world, and differing often in social customs, in religion, and even in language. Geographically we have become neighbors. In sympathy, we are often still living at opposite poles. How get together?

That is perhaps the greatest problem that confronts our Western communities. How build up a community spirit? From the economic standpoint, we can never attain our maximum prosperity or even successfully defend ourselves from exploitation, until we learn to co-operate. From the social standpoint, life in a small community is unattractive enough, and becomes unbearable if race prejudices and petty jealousies are allowed to persist. From the standpoint of true religion, how can love to God and man be developed in an atmosphere of suspicion and rivalry and schism?

Our unhappy divisions! But they may be healed. They are after all, so far as

we are concerned, merely accidental. The fact that one man was born a Scotch Presbyterian doesn't make it impossible for him to become a good neighbor to another man born an Irish Methodist. Ignorance and prejudice and insularity are overcome by getting together, working together, and playing together.

Here is the need for the community center. This may be and perhaps should be, a special building. Some day, it will be the finest building or group of buildings in the community. The property of all the people, for the use of all the people. But after all, the building is of secondary importance. The development of a community spirit is the great thing.

Every truly enterprising business man, every wide-awake farmer, every progressive minister, every far-seeing school teacher, every advocate of the woman's movement should constitute himself a community secretary in his own community. Then as the boosters say—watch us grow!

In one little Western town a football ground became a true community centre from which later there emanated various helpful activities.

In several towns in Canada "Community Secretaries" are employed, whose sole business is to discover and develop community resources, and to promote community activity.

In a town in Saskatchewan a group of young people began studying their local problems. They enlarged their group into a really representative Social Service League. This League was able

to promote various community enterprises—a municipal skating rink was opened, a disreputable saloon closed, the poor were systematically cared for; one of the public school teachers was set aside by the public school board to teach the adult foreigners the English language; the ministers of the various local churches were drawn into sympathetic relations and co-operation.

In the suburb of an Eastern Canadian city, a denominational brotherhood began to realize the wider needs and possibilities of the neighborhood. A Community Council was formed, on which were representative of all denominations and parties and interests. Within a few months, even a staid, reactionary old councilman got out with his rake on "clean-up day" and did his share in tidying up the streets and vacant lots. A little later, when the first playgrounds were opened, the suburb turned out en masse. Even the adjacent city came to see. Now, plans are being laid for extensive improvements that will make Fairville a thoroughly desirable residential district.

Community building is a serious and delicate task. Thrown together a heterogeneous mass of material—how put it together to form one harmonious and purposeful whole? Surely the call is for a master-builder! But our material is not dead stuff, but living personalities already richly endowed by some master-builder with instincts which impel them to take their proper place in the social organism. We need but remove the obstacles, and they will come together—each into his own place.

10,000 FARMERS WANTED

To Stand Behind The Sarnia Metal Products Co. Limited and the Organized Farmers in a Great Co-Operative Proposition

We want every farmer in Canada that contemplates using Corrugated Iron, Metal Shingles or any other Sheet Metal Building Materials, to write us at once for information of our new co-operative plan by which we are supplying the farmers of Canada with Sheet Metal Building Materials at the lowest possible cost.

\$25.00 to \$50.00 Saved Every Farmer

QUALITY

We guarantee the galvanized iron used in the manufacture of Sarnia Metal Products to be equal to that of any iron used by any manufacturer in Canada in the manufacture of similar lines of roofing products which they are selling to the farmer, at the time of advertising, at an advance of 25 to 50 per cent above the price we are quoting. And please remember that all Sarnia Metal Products are made from galvanized iron of a quality specified by the organized farmers themselves.

PRICE

By an agreement with the farm organizations we have agreed to supply all farmers with sheet metal building materials at a small percentage in advance of the cost of our raw materials, leaving the control of the selling price in the farmers' hands. We have estimated our profits on a very large volume of business and every order you send us will help in making our price still lower.

SERVICE

Our factory at Sarnia, just completed, is the most modern factory in Canada for the manufacture of the lines we offer, and we carry such large stocks and are situated in such an advantageous location that it is possible for us to make the quickest possible delivery of orders.

A VITAL QUESTION

If approached by another company or its agent in an endeavor to sell you Corrugated Iron, etc., simply ask them what they would supply you the same material for, if it were not for the Sarnia Metal Products Co., Limited, and its co-operative plan. We have some information in regard to the plan used in the endeavor of others to head off our business, which proves very interesting reading.

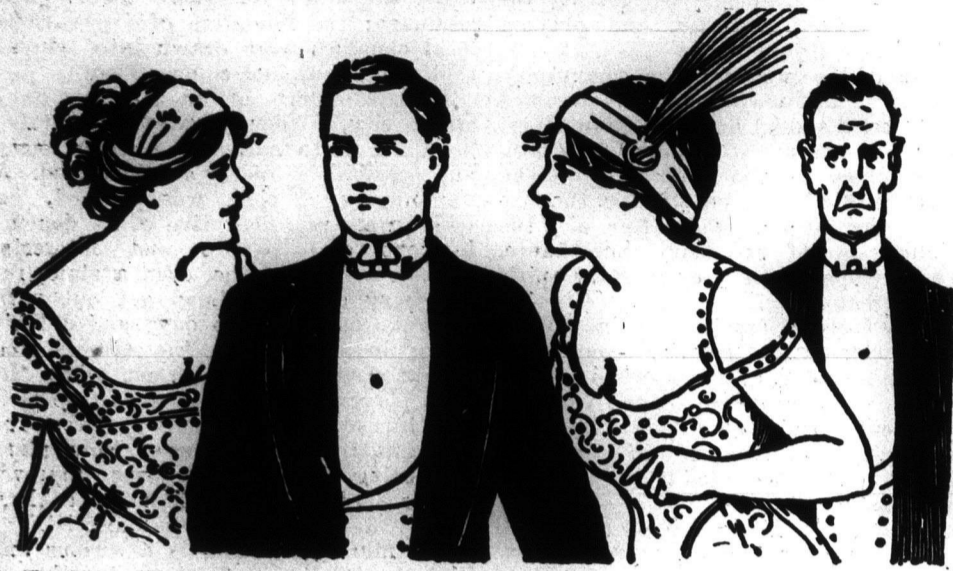
If you contemplate the erection of any new buildings or the re-roofing of any already built, please send us a rough sketch and we will do the rest.

WRITE AT ONCE TO HEAD OFFICE

The Sarnia Metal Products Co. Limited
SARNIA CANADA

Our lines are sold and distributed through the United Farmers Co-operative Company, of Ontario

WE INVITE
Every Thin Man and Woman Here
 to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast" Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular.

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two-year-old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 5-B Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of rebuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:
 "I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:
 "I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh

130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me'."

CLAY JOHNSON says:
 "Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 133 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:
 "Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:
 "Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it. Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.
 This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that the 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-B Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, **PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.**

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Courage

"Your Length of Life Depends Upon Your Courage" is the title of an article in a health magazine. You see, nature abhors a vacuum. If you sit back on your haunches and allow yourself to become paralyzed with fear and uncertainty, nature won't continue to pour good vital force into your body. Unless you have the courage to use the energy stored in your body, nature won't replenish the store. So when physical effort seems a burden, if you day by day allow the burden feeling to dominate you, the condition will become chronic. If, however, you meet every seeming obstacle with a whoop of courage, new energy will flow in and you'll get so interested in overcoming the obstacles that you'll forget anything like burdens. To keep your courage good is nine-tenths of the victory. The mental attitude of courage is a tonic. Courage depends to a great extent upon your will. Use your will to keep to the track and courage will back you up. This does not mean that you are to keep mind and body tense with effort, but that you are to move steadily forward, adhere to your purpose and not allow yourself to be side-tracked by trifles. Courage means activity and an active life is far more likely to be a healthy one than a life of inactivity.

What to do when the Baby has Rickets

As many children are inclined to be rachitic it will be helpful for the young mother to be somewhat familiar with the symptoms, in order that she may recognize the trouble early and have it promptly treated. It is what we call a "constitutional disease," showing itself in many different ways. The cause of rickets is most often improper food or inability to absorb proper food; it is also sometimes due to unhygienic surroundings. Babies who have been brought up on condensed milk, or on some of the proprietary foods which contain little fat, are especially apt to have rickets, as are also children who are kept exclusively on breast milk after their first year. The most marked symptoms of rickets are usually seen between the sixth and fifteenth months.

A baby with rickets is apt to be nervous and irritable and very restless at night; the child's head will often perspire very profusely, so much so that the pillow may become very wet. The chest, instead of being well shaped and like that of other babies, will frequently have depressions at the sides and little nodules or "beads" in the ribs. The shape of the child's head is also peculiar, often being very flat on top and measuring more in circumference than is usual at a certain age. There are also frequently "soft spots" in the skull besides the fontanelle, which is apt to be large and late in closing. The child is also apt to be very late in cutting teeth. His abdomen is generally very large and prominent, his wrists and ankles enlarged and his muscles soft and flabby. The baby catches cold easily and is apt to have bronchitis. He is often pale and anaemic, and when he begins to walk his legs will bend easily and he may have "bow-legs". When the child sits his back may appear curved, alarming the mother, who thinks her baby has some spinal disease, when the deformity is due to rickets and may be overcome before long. The child is also often constipated.

As soon as the mother recognizes any of the above symptoms she should have her baby examined by a good doctor and the proper treatment begun at once, for if the disease is looked after promptly it is much easier to control than if allowed to continue. The mother should see that her baby has nourishing, digestible food, and a variety of it, such as I have already suggested on this page.

As rachitic children require plenty of fat a baby ten to twelve months old may derive some benefit from being allowed to suck a piece of bacon for a few minutes every day. Of course he should not be allowed to bite off or swallow pieces of it. It should be cooked well, but not so crisp that it crumbles. Fruit juices and beef juice should be given early, but very little starchy or sweet foods allowed. The baby should always have his tub bath each day,

and if he is inclined to take cold easily he may have a little cold water dashed over his chest and spine, followed by a gentle but brisk rubbing to start up the circulation. Sun baths are also excellent to give such children. The baby should be placed directly in the sun, but with his back to it, so that the light will not hurt his eyes, for an hour every day. He should have all the fresh air and sunshine, both indoors and outdoors, that can possibly be given.

When a baby persistently refuses his food, appears drowsy at unusual times, fretful, feverish and generally uncomfortable, a young mother is often puzzled to know what to do until her doctor can arrive. She should look down the child's throat to see if it is inflamed or has any spots on the tonsils. She should examine his body carefully for rashes. The baby should be undressed and put to bed in a quiet room away from other children, and if very hot and restless a sponge bath, with a tablespoonful of alcohol to a basin of lukewarm water, should be given him. His usual food should be diluted with water or barley-water until it is just half the strength generally given; if old enough to have other food than broth and milk it should not be given. A teaspoonful of castor-oil is safe to give, but no other medicine should be given until the doctor arrives. A baby having fever will generally be very thirsty and he should be allowed plenty of pure boiled water, which has been cooled, to drink. If the child has not had a movement of the bowels for twenty-four hours a soapsuds enema may be given.

Fish-Skin Disease

Ichthyosis—from the Greek word for fish—is the scientific name for a peculiar disease, or rather deformity of the skin characterized by an overgrowth of a horny, scaly layer and an abnormal dryness. It usually exists from birth, although a few cases of acquired fish-skin disease have been observed. Its cause is unknown. It often affects several members of the same family, and in many cases is evidently hereditary.

Although existing from birth, it may not be very marked in the infant, but may be little more than a roughness and unusual scalliness and dryness of the skin. It increases gradually, becoming very apparent by the third or fourth year, for six or eight years perhaps, and then its progress stops and it remains practically unchanged for life, although a slight improvement is sometimes noticed as the child approaches manhood or womanhood.

It varies with the seasons, being better in the summer—and better the hotter and moister the air is—and worse again in winter. The skin is also liable to inflammation in cold weather and chaps easily, giving rise to painful cracks over the knuckles and at the tips of the fingers. The nails are rough and often break and split, and the hair is also dry and frayed at the ends.

There are all degrees of the disease, from a simple, dry roughness and scalliness, to a condition in which the surface is covered with thick plates resembling the scales of a crocodile. In almost all cases there are more or less definite markings, especially over the extensor surfaces of the joints, resembling fish-scales or a serpent's skin. The disease may occur in patches or in curved bands of varying width, with healthy or nearly healthy skin between, but most commonly it involves the entire surface, being least marked where the skin is naturally thin.

The treatment is mainly local, its object being to remove the excess of horny scales and keep the skin soft. Anointing the body at night with soft soap, followed by a warm bath and thorough rubbing with a coarse towel or a flesh-brush will, if often repeated, keep the scaling within limits. The free use of a good cold cream, borax and glycerin in water, lanolin or vaselin, applied immediately after the bath, and if necessary again in the morning, will go far to keep the skin soft and pliable. More severe cases will require more severe remedies, which would be used only under medical direction.

About the Farm

Lice on Live Stock

Farm animals, especially those housed in stables more or less infested with insects and vermin, are commonly troubled with lice. Animals in good health resist the insects, but those already in a non-thrifty condition do not fare so well. Lice cause a good deal of annoyance to farm stock, inasmuch as they bite the skin, suck the blood, and thus cause considerable irritation. Lice can be seen with the naked eye. Infestation, as a rule, takes place in filthy quarters, and the best means of disinfecting such places is by the use of a spray or kerosene. One of the best means of applying this to hogs consists in rubbing posts, which are constantly smeared with kerosene. In this way the hogs are induced to treat themselves. Infested hogs may also be treated by pouring kerosene directly over the infested parts, like the neck, shoulder and back. Dipping tanks, made of cement or wood, are frequently located in the run yards in which is placed some disinfectant fluid. Hogs use these small tanks as wallows, and in this way they disinfect themselves.

For horses and cattle a good remedy is made as follows: Boil for an hour 8 tablespoonfuls of arsenic, 8 tablespoonfuls of soft soap in two gallons of water. After being prepared by boiling, add enough water to make two gallons. When cool, wet the animal all over with a little of it, using a brush or curry comb to get it into the skin. Another good remedy is made of boiling stave-acre seeds, 1 part to 20 parts of water, for an hour, and let it simmer for another hour; then add water to make it up to the original bulk. This applied to the affected parts brings quick relief. It is advisable to repeat the application in a week or ten days, so as to catch any new lice from any eggs that were not caught by the first application. A very common treatment is secured by mixing a pint of linseed oil, 8 tablespoonfuls of oil of tar, and 8 tablespoonfuls of sulphur. This is then rubbed on the affected parts once a day for two days and allowed to remain for a few days, after which it is washed off with soap and water. In serious cases the application should be repeated within a week or so.—Exchange.

Testing the Age of Eggs

There are various ways of testing the age of eggs. An old-time method which was often adopted when a "stolen" nest was found, was to put the eggs in a vessel of cold water. On the principal that weight decreased as age increased, it was held that eggs which had been laid several days would float, while any of recent date would go below the surface. All that promptly sank to the bottom were supposed to be good for food. This was an easy method, but unfortunately as a good many people who had faith in it discovered after they had made a few experiments, it was not always reliable. Just why its results were not uniform has never been satisfactorily explained. It often worked out correctly but sometimes eggs that were very far from good sank in the water. When these eggs were broken the one who was to cook them had not an altogether pleasant surprise.

A prominent poultry journal has just reprinted from a French paper, and without comment, a description of a somewhat similar method of learning the approximate age of eggs which may work out satisfactorily. This involves the use of salt water, and the eggs to be tested are placed in this solution.

Yellow Butter

That the rich yellow color demanded by the public in dairy products is primarily due to the character of the cow's feed is demonstrated by recent experiments carried on by the United States department of agriculture in co-operation with the Missouri State Experiment Station. For some years dairy

experts have been studying this question. Their conclusion is that, although to some extent a breed characteristic, the intensity of this yellow color may, within certain limits, be increased or diminished at will by changing the animal's rations.

Chemical tests show that the yellow pigment in milk consists of several well known pigments found in green plants. Of these the principal one is carotin, so called because it constitutes a large part of the coloring matter of carrots. The other yellow pigments in the milk are known as xanthophylls. These are found in a number of plants, including grass, but are especially abundant in yellow autumn leaves.

These pigments pass directly from the feed into the milk. This explains the well known fact that fresh, green grass and carrots increase the yellowness of butter, the only standard by which the average person judges its richness. On the other hand, a large proportion of these pigments is deposited in the body fat and elsewhere in the cow. When the ration is changed to one containing fewer carotin and xanthophylls constituents, this hoarded store is gradually drawn upon and in consequence the yellowness of the milk does not diminish so rapidly as it otherwise would. This yellowness increases, however, the instant the necessary plant pigments are restored to the ration.

Green grass is probably richer in carotin than any other dairy feed. Cows fed on it will therefore produce the highest colored butter. Green corn, in which xanthophylls constitute the chief pigment, will also produce a highly-colored product. On the other hand, a ration of bleached clover hay and yellow corn is practically devoid of yellow pigments and the milk from cows fed upon it will gradually lose its color. It is, of course, indisputably true that the breed does influence the color of the milk fat; but vary the ration and there will be a corresponding variation in the color of the milk fat in each breed.

In cows of the Jersey and Guernsey breeds the body fat is frequently of such deep yellow color that some butchers and consumers look with disfavor upon beef from these breeds. For this prejudice there is absolutely no justification. The yellowness of the fat springs from the same causes as the yellowness of the milk fat, and there is no reason for objecting in one case to the very thing that is prized in another.

The Teeth in Dairy Cattle

Disease and irregularities of the teeth of dairy cows cause a monetary loss in beef and milk that would be surprising if it were known. When the teeth are in perfect condition they grind the food in such a manner that it is easily acted upon by the digestive ferments, and the essential elements necessary to repair the body waste and increase the flow of milk are readily assimilated; whereas when the teeth are diseased or irregularities are present we have a decrease of both milk supply and condition. The teeth of dairy cows probably require more attention than do those of horses, because, by their methods of grazing, stones, nails, wires, and all sorts of hard substances may be brought into the mouth, and are liable to break the teeth and bruise the gums.

Cows failing to reach the higher standards of milk production should not be discarded until a thorough examination is made of the teeth, for without perfect mastication of the food we cannot have perfect digestion and assimilation, and this is the basis of the milk supply. On examining 500 cows the writer found diseased or irregular teeth in 371, or over 60 per cent. Of these 47 had one or more teeth diseased, 19 had one or more teeth absent, while 31 had one or more points of enamel protruding through the mucous membrane of the cheeks.

The teeth are objects implanted in and protruding from the jaw-bones, and contain 76½ per cent of earthy salts. They are harder than bone, and can bear

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friction and exposure, while bone can endure neither without becoming diseased. Three hard structures enter into the formation of teeth—dentine, enamel, and cementum. Dentine is a hard yellow substance and contains the bulk of the earthy salts. Enamel is the hardest animal texture, and contains about 96 per cent earthy salts, is white in color, and when once destroyed is never reproduced. It is a protective tissue covering the entire exposed surface, and in the molars is mixed with the other substances to furnish the rough projections for grinding purposes. Cementum or crusta petrosa, the third constituent, completely covers the embedded portion of the teeth. It is brownish-yellow in color, and closely resembles bone in structure. The proportion of earthy matter, the same as in bone, is about 67 per cent.

Getting the Eyes Open to Dairy Facts

Running round for a few days away from home, I came across a farmer who has had some experiences that are worth while. I got him to tell me about them. He was a bit backward about coming forward at first. I wonder if that is not the way with most men who have done things in this world? But after he got started he put the vim into his story; no doubt about that!

"There isn't much of it to tell. I just got my eyes open, that's all; you know, it takes quite a little while to do that sometimes."

My! I should think so! Why, I know of greyheaded men who are fumbling along in the dark now, just the same as they did forty or fifty years ago. Wonder why?

"I hadn't a cow in my herd that gave four per cent milk. Terrible, wasn't it? It took at most seasons of the year not far from twenty-eight pounds of milk to make a pound of butter. The worst of it was, I did not know which were my good cows and which were my poor ones. I think now none of them were very good. If there had been one really good cow in the lot she would have brought my test up somewhere near what it ought to have been.

"Along about that time I heard of a man that was getting a pound of butter out of sixteen pounds of milk. He lived not far away from me and had a lot of Jerseys. I used to look at them as I drove past his place and think they looked pretty good, but I never thought I would have any like them. But I stopped and talked with that man one day and he told me he would sell me a thoroughbred bull calf for \$10. That was a big pile of money to pay for a young calf in those days, but I paid it and took the calf home.

"He wasn't worth a cent—something was wrong with his makeup. I never got a single calf from him. It rather took the tuck out of me to be brought up standing that way; but sometimes it is a good thing for a fellow to have his head knocked against the wall a few times. Stirs up his ideas a little.

"The next bull I got was a seven-eight's Guernsey, and he was a beauty—kind as a kitten, and we got some nice calves from him. That blood is in the herd yet, and a good many of the neighbors have some of it, too. I never charged a neighbor anything for the use of my bull. Maybe that does not seem like business to folks that think the money is everything.

"My test began to go up when those heifers got into the harness. To-day my herd as a whole tests the best of anybody's that goes to our creamery. Worth while? I should say so; but I am not more than just started. If nothing happens, I'm going to show the folks some cows one of these days!

"One of the good things about this is that it makes the whole farm better. I know that sounds queer; but it is a fact, just the same. A man gets some well bred stock on the place and he wants other things to correspond—better barns, better crops and all that. I actually believe my farm 'is worth more than it would have been if I had kept on in the old rut. I know it is, in fact. And what is more it makes more of a man of a fellow when he gets his dander up to do things.

Care of the Brood Sow

Professor Shaw of the University of Saskatchewan, gave some useful pointers on pig-breeding to short-course students. Pigs were, he said, a class of stock that all farmers could keep—feeding on by-products that might otherwise be wasted. Raising hogs is easy when understood but easy to fail in if not properly taken care of. The number kept should vary with the farm and breed. Two types, bacon and lard type were mentioned. The lard type is produced in the corn belt and is not heard of here. The British market demands a lighter type with the fat laid on in layers with the lean. The best American bacon is manufactured in Minnesota. The hogs of Minnesota do not get as much corn, and therefore produce a better type of bacon than those of the Chicago district.

The Canadian market demands the bacon type. Any type can be turned into a bacon type. This change of type is easier with hogs than with any other stock. The farmer should start in lightly in hogs and go on easily. The average farmer can start out with one sow a year, four sows in a litter which with care, one litter will in five years produce one thousand.

In selecting a sow for breeding purposes she must have certain lines. Good length, high back, with curve over loins and as much depth as possible, thin and neat about head, no surplus fat about the jaw; smooth shoulders and rather upright. Strong bone is necessary, stiff, straight in the pastern. Enough thickness giving room for heart and lungs for good constitution. Ribs should have good spring. Good depth to carry feed and large litters.

It is easy to take care of the sow in summer. She can be allowed out—rooting around. The wisest plan for the beginner is to have the sow farrow in spring. She must be taken care of during the winter, must not be allowed to get too fat or too lean. Her feed for winter should be ground oats and shorts in equal parts—a perfectly satisfactory feed—dry or wet. Housing the sow over winter is very simple. A few poles over which the straw from the threshing machine is directed. The sow must get plenty of exercise—they usually take exercise, but those of a sluggish nature should be forced to take exercise.

The sow should be placed in a pen by herself about farrowing time. A laxative diet should be added. The sow should not be disturbed. A guard rail may be placed around the pen, to save the young ones from being laid on by the sow. It is dangerous to allow an old fat sow too much straw to make a nest. It is not necessary to disturb a sow until she has come to the trough. She should not be fed very much at first, but increase feed each time. With only one litter a sow may be allowed to wean the young herself, but when two litters, eight weeks is sufficient. Skim milk is the best food for young pigs. They should be taught to eat as soon as possible. Ground oats is not a good feed for young pigs, but if passed through a sieve the fine part may be fed to them. Ground barley is good. Wheat is nearly equal to corn for feed, but is not good feed alone. Ground wheat should not be fed alone, but should be mixed. Canadian field peas are very fattening. Hogs are not equipped for making great gains on grass or alfalfa. A combination, however, will improve. Linseed meal has also proved a very satisfactory feed. A sow sometimes needs a tonic in winter. A good tonic is: 1 bushel wood salts, 25 lbs. charcoal, 5 lbs. sulphur, 3 lbs. salt, about 1/2 lb. of blue stone mixed in water. Mix up and place in trough where the sow can get at it.

Of Course Not

"Doctor, this bill is exorbitant and I won't pay it," said the patient irritably. "Besides I'm no better than I was before I came to you anyway."

"Of course you're no better," retorted the physician, "and all because you didn't take my advice."

"Oh!" said the patient. "Of course, as I didn't take it I don't owe you anything for it. Good evening."

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Fashions and Patterns

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1172 — A Smart Afternoon Gown — There is a jaunty youthful style to this costume of novelty woolen in blue tones, combined with blue serge for underskirt and trimming. This design is also good in brown serge with satin or poplin for underskirt and sleeves, and ecru batiste for collar and cuffs. The waist is cut on simple lines, and joins the tunic under the girdle. The skirt has plaited fulness at the side seams. There is a choice of sleeve finish, and a chemisette for high neck effect. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

met or canton flannel or linene. The neck edge may be finished with a flat collar, or cut out in square outline. The leg portions may be gathered or unconfined at the lower edge. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Pattern 10c.

1144 — Ladies' Apron with Princess Front — This desirable model has shoulder straps that extend over the front and form deep convenient pockets. The skirt portions are joined to a "Princess" panel; and are finished with a belt at the waistline, to which the straps are attached in the back. The Pattern is cut



1167 — Girls' Dress in High or Square Neck Outline — As here shown black velvet and Irish lace are combined. The style is equally good for serge, cashmere, corduroy, messaline, plaid or checked suiting, challie, voile or wash materials. The back laps over the front at the shoulder, where it forms pointed tabs, that may be omitted. A deep plait in panel effect outlines the front and forms part of the skirt which has plaits also at the sides and back. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Pattern 10c.

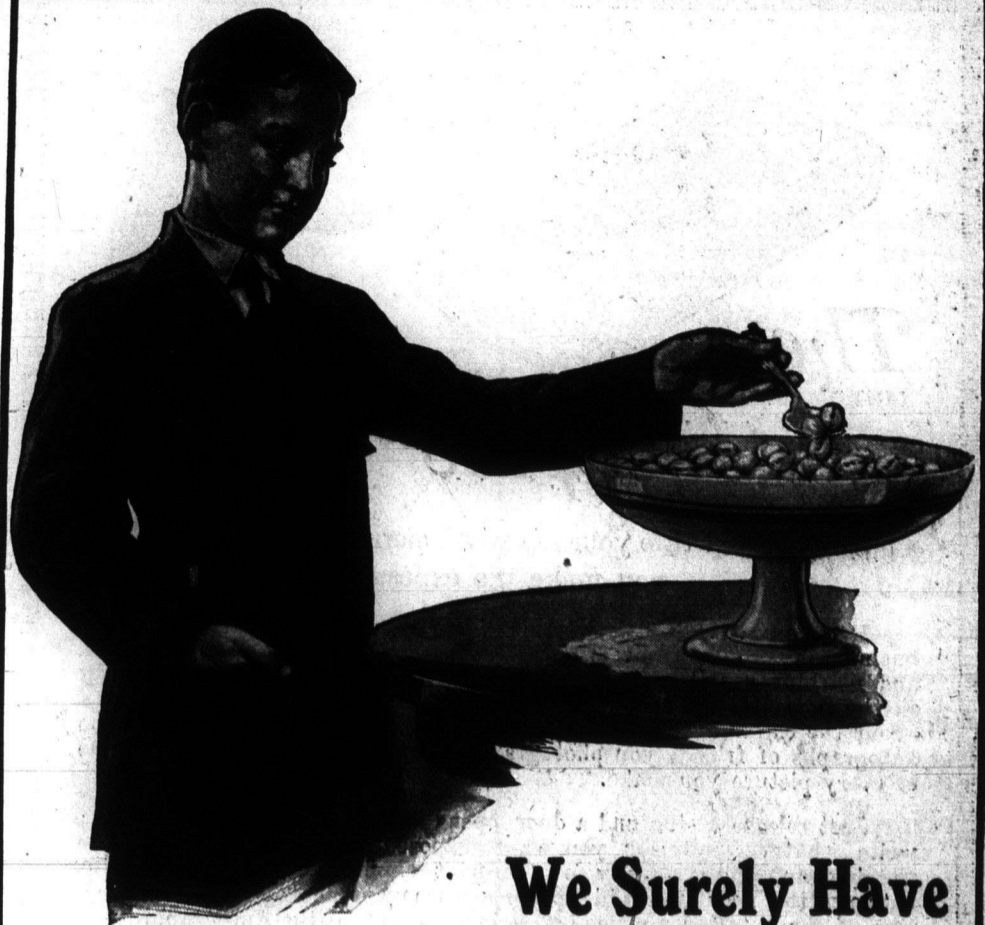
1152 — A Neat and Becoming School Dress — Blue serge with trimming of white soutache braid is here shown. Brown and white checked suiting or plaid in any of the pretty bright patterns is equally good. The shield may be finished in round neck edge or with the standing collar. This model is easy to develop, and will look well in galatea, or gingham, poplin, crepe, linen, or linene. The skirt is a three-piece style, with a lap tuck at the centre back. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern 10c.

1149 — Child's Night Drawers — This style will produce a comfortable sleeping garment, most satisfactory for young children, who "kick off" their covers. It is good for cambrie, muslin, flannelette, do-

in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

1162-1161 — A Dainty Evening Gown — Chantilly lace and black satin combine to make this superb creation. It is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1162 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1161. The waist has a smart style feature, in the cape back, which is adjustable and may be omitted. It is finished in surplice style and with sash ends. The underskirt is of black satin, topped with the flounces of lace, that are edged with satin folds. The design is lovely for crepe meteor, charmeuse, crepe de chine, poplin, or silk chiffon. The waist pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Two patterns 10c. each.

9934 — Ladies' House Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve — Checked gingham in black and white with facings of white are here combined. The design is made with a panel on the skirt front and back, and the right waist front is crossed over the left at the closing. The neck is collarless, but finished with a shaped facing. The sleeves are desirable in either wrist or shorter length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.



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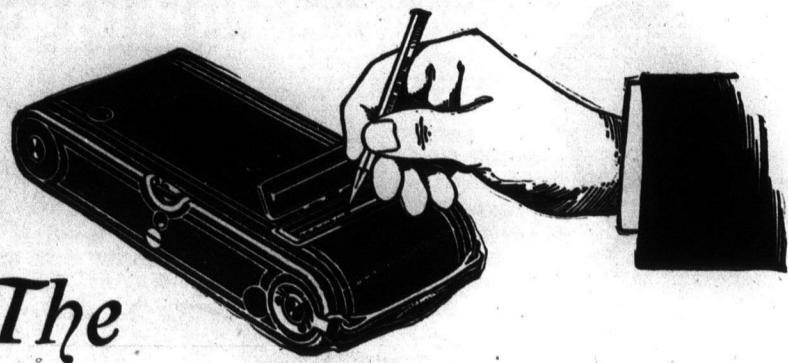
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1171—A Stylish Becoming Frock for the Growing Girl—How jaunty, up-to-date and becoming this design is, in all its simplicity. It will require little by way of decoration. The right front crosses over the left in unique shaping. The long shoulder is comfortable, and a popular style feature. The sleeve in wrist length with a band cuff, or in short length with turn back cuff, is equally good. Shaped trimming pieces are added over the fronts, and meet a wide collar. The skirt joins the waist under a wide belt. In brown galatea, with brown and white checked trimming. This style would make a nice school dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

1168-1117—A Simple Dress—Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1168 and La-

tonic, and becoming vest, are attractive style features of this model. Its youthful and becoming lines will assure its popularity. The fronts are cut low, and outline the vest, which is finished with a flare collar. The waist is lengthened over the back in basque style, and is finished with a broad belt, that may be trimmed with sash ends as illustrated. The tunic is joined to the waist in redingote style, and so forms a separate garment, that may well be worn over any skirt. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Pattern 10c.

1148—Boys' Russian Blouse Suit with Knickerbockers—This trim little suit is splendid for serge or flannel, and equally good for galatea, linen, linene or gingham. The left front is made with a box plait over the centre and laps over the



dies' Skirt Pattern 1117. This smart model is good for serge, velvet, corduroy, cashmere, crepe or voile. It may be pleasingly developed in a combination of checked suiting and serge, or velvet and poplin. If made of one material, a trimming or binding of braid would be very stylish. The waist is in simple shirt style with a new collar and coat closing. The sleeve, in wrist length has a flare cuff. In short length it is finished with a shaped turn back cuff. The skirt is trimmed with a tunic portion over the back, that forms a flounce at the sides and front. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and the skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Two patterns 10c. each.

1155—Childs' Bonnet and Coat with or without Cape and Cuffs—In serge, chevot, Bedford cord, novelty or fur cloaking, velvet, silk or corduroy this design will be equally lovely and becoming. The fronts are lapped at the closing, which may be finished in high neck outline, or with revers facings, to meet the rolling collar. The sleeve portions are cut in one with the body, and may have the cuff or a simple hem for a finish. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. Pattern 10c.

1165—Dress for Misses and Small Women—The new basque lines, flaring

right front. The blouse is finished with a "Dickens" collar, and the sleeve is plaited at the wrist. As here shown blue and white striped galatea was used. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Pattern 10c.

1146—A Comfortable Neglige or Lounging Robe—Figured cotton crepe in white and blue, with facings of plain blue crepe was used to make this inviting model. The shaped yoke is cut with the sleeve combined, and is joined to the body portions. Flannelette, silk, lawn or organdie are all suitable for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

1151—Ladies' House or Home Dress—For a simple cotton gown, suitable for home or business wear, this design is very practical and pleasing. It portrays an ever popular "one-piece" style, and is easy to develop, with a choice of long or short sleeve. It could be made of cashmere, voile, poplin, or serge, and with a neat linen collar and smart bow, is just right for service; while at the same time it is stylish in its simple graceful lines. The waist closing is under the box plait in front and the skirt joined to the waist, at raised or normal waistline, is fastened invisibly under the panel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

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Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

20 Reasons Why You Should Investigate the SANDOW Kerosene Stationary ENGINE



(602)

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., 82 Canton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

1154—Girls' One piece Dress with Long or Short Sleeve—Mahogany brown cashmere with trimming of new blue taffeta is here shown. This style is also good for blue and white checked, with collar and cuffs of white pique and a belt of patent leather. Any of the pretty bright plaids would be equally effective, or a combination of materials could be used. It could be made of white linen or linene, with a simple design of embroidery, a scalloped edge to replace the tucks, and have a sash of ribbon or a belt of embroidery. In poplin, faille, messaline or crepe, and also in wash fabrics, this style is good. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

1164—Ladies' Coat—Broad cloth in Russian green with trimming of novelty plush was used for this design. It will also look well in any of the many new coat weaves, in reversible plaids, chevrons, astrakan cloth, caracul and similar cloakings. The coat is cut in redingote style, with flaring skirt sections. The sleeve is set in the armseye and finished with a broad cuff. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1153—Ladies' Combination of Corset Cover and Drawers—A practical feature of this model is the belt portion on the cover, which brings the fullness well above the waistline. The drawers are cut on new lines and with comfortable fullness. For lawn, cambric, muslin,



1169—A Simple Up-to-Date Model—This attractive design was made of Persian silk in blue and green tones. The lines are simple and it is easy to develop. There is a choice of sleeve finish; either the wrist or elbow length are popular, with the jaunty cuff. The fronts of this waist open at the throat, and are finished with pointed revers that meet a smart collar. The closing is in coat style. This model will be equally suitable for charmeuse, satin, velvet, lace, net, madras, linen or flannel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

crepe, batiste, silk or domet flannel, this design is very appropriate. It may be finished with embroidered scallops, or with lace and insertion. All over embroidery could be used effectively for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern 10c.

1166—Ladies' Skirt with Yoke—For broad cloth, serge, cashmere, satin, poplin, or crepe this model is equally desirable. The front and back portions are stitched in tuck effect over panel sections. A shaped yoke is added, that may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 24 inch size.

1158—Ladies' Costume for Maternity or Invalid Wear—This design is graceful and effective. It is made with surplice fronts and yoke portions to which full sections are added. The large armseye is most comfortable, and a good style feature. The plaited tunic is joined to the waist, and the entire garment is so arranged as to give ease and comfort and also to admit of extending the waist size. The underskirt is a two piece model. The model as here shown was made of silk crepe in Russian green, with trimming of black charmeuse. The design is also good for serge, faille, poplin, broad cloth, crepe, satin, or voile. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern 10c.

1150—A New Dress for Mother's Girl—Good style, grace and simplicity characterize this neat little model, which may be developed with or without the tunic, and which looks equally well with long or short sleeve. For ordinary wear, for school, or home, wash fabrics such as galatea, gingham or percale are very desirable. If warmer material is liked, there are lovely half wool suitings in plaids and checks, also nice serges, repps, voiles and cashmeres. For a best dress, serge or corduroy, velvet or poplin are very good. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

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No Dyes or other Harmful Methods. Results in Four Days.

Let me send you free full information to restore your grey hair to the natural colour and beauty of youth, no matter what your age or cause of your greyness. This same simple means not only succeeded with me, but with thousands of others. One friend of mine of 78 who had been grey for 35 years restored his hair in less than one month to the natural colour of youth, so that not a grey hair can now be found. I



Old and Grey at 87 Young and Happy at 55

myself was prematurely grey at 27 and a failure because I looked old. I restored it to girlhood's color through the advice of a scientific friend. I look younger than I did nine years ago and am a living example that greyness need no longer exist for anyone. And so I have arranged to give full instructions absolutely free of charge to any reader of this paper who wishes to restore the natural shade of youth to any grey, bleached or faded hair without the use of any sticky or injurious dyes or stains and without detection. I pledge success with both sexes and all ages no matter how many things have failed. So write me to-day. Give your name and address plainly, state whether lady or gentleman (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) enclose two-cent stamp for return postage and I will send you full instructions to restore the natural colour and appearance of youth to your hair, making it soft, natural and easily managed. Write to-day and never have a grey hair again. Address Mrs. Mary K. Chapman, Suite 382, R.G. Banigan Bldg., Prov. E.I.

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FAMOUS NOVELS

BY

POPULAR AUTHORS

The following is an entirely new list, just published, of standard and popular works of fiction by well-known authors. Each book is complete in itself, and is well printed from readable type on good paper. The size is convenient for reading and preservation.

Included in the list are the most popular works of some of the most celebrated authors of America and Europe, and each book is published complete, unchanged and unabridged. Look the list over, and we are sure you will find therein a considerable number that you would like to read and own:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>By A. Conan Doyle
g12 The Secret of Goresthorpe Grange</p> <p>By Josiah Allen's Wife
g9 Miss Jones' Quilting
g19 Our Jonesville Folks</p> <p>By Mrs. Jane G. Austin
g14 The Cedar Swamp Mystery
g46 The Twelve Great Diamonds
g58 The Wreck of the Kraken</p> <p>By Emerson Bennett
g11 The Kidnapped Heiress
g21 The Midnight Marriage</p> <p>By Charlotte M. Braeme
g6 Lady Gwendoline's Dream
g16 Beauty's Marriage
g24 Coralie
g28 On Her Wedding Morn
g34 My Mother's Ring
g41 The Mystery of Birchall
g47 Marion Arleigh's Penance
g59 The Story of Two Pictures
g64 The Tragedy of the Chain Pier
g69 The Coquette's Victim</p> <p>By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett
g30 The Tragedy of a Quiet Life
g36 Pretty Polly Pemberton</p> <p>By Mary Kyle Dallas
g15 Cora Hastings
g33 The Mystery of Mordaunt Mansion
g73 The Devil's Anvil</p> <p>By "The Duchess"
g25 A Maiden All Forlorn
g32 A Little Irish Girl
g48 Sweet is True Love
g57 A Little Rebel</p> <p>By Alexander Dumas
g44 Otto the Archer
g55 The Corsican Brothers</p> | <p>By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming
g3 Hinton Hall
g10 The Child of the Wreck
g20 The Rose of Erstein
g45 The Mystery at Blackwood Grange</p> <p>By Anna Katherine Green
g56 Two Men and a Question
g60 Three Women and a Mystery
g65 The Old Stone House
g70 The Doctor, His Wife and the Clock</p> <p>By Marion Harland
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g1 The Gabled Roofed House at Snowdon
g17 The Old Red House Among the Mountains
g39 Rice Corner
g61 The Brown House in the Hollow
g66 Tom and I
g71 Kitty Craig's Life in New York</p> <p>By Etta W. Pierce
g22 The Blacksmith's Daughter
g31 A Mad Passion
g52 The Heir of Brandt</p> <p>By Effie Adelaide Rowlands
g62 The Power of Paul Latrobe
g72 A Love Match</p> <p>By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth
g2 The Crime and the Curse
g5 The Wife's Victory
g8 The Little Rough-Cast House
g18 The Refuge
g29 The Phantom Wedding
g42 John Strong's Secret
g68 The Fatal Secret</p> <p>By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens
g26 The Bride of an Hour
g37 The Love That Saved Him
g51 The Charity Scholar</p> |
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.	191
Gentlemen:	
Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me The Western Home Monthly for one year and the following books, postpaid (order by number)	
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Yours truly,	
.....	

Sunday Reading

He's My Brother

I met a slender little maid
A rosy burden bearing,
"Isn't he heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was faring.
She looked at me with grave sweet eyes,
This fragile "little mother,"
And answered, as in swift surprise,
"Oh, no, ma'am; he's my brother."
We larger children toiled and fret
To help the old world onward;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
So slowly it moves sunward.
Yet, would we all the secret seek
Of this dear "little mother,"
Unwearying we'd bear up the weak,
Because he is "my brother."
Minnie Leona Upton.

John Wesley's Old Age

In the new abridged edition of "John Wesley's Journal," by Mr. Percy L. Parker, the following interesting and valuable reasons are given by Wesley for his long and healthy life:

Saturday, June 28.—I this day enter on my eighty-fifth year; and what cause have I to praise God, as for a thousand spiritual blessings, so for bodily blessings also! How little have I suffered yet by "the rush of numerous years!" It is true, I am not so agile as I was in times past. I do not run or walk so fast as I did; my sight is a little decayed; my left eye is grown dim, and hardly serves me to read; I have daily some pain in the ball of my left eye, as also in my temple (occasioned by a blow received some months since), and in my right shoulder and arm, which I impute partly to a sprain, and partly to the rheumatism.

I find likewise some decay in my memory, with regard to names and things lately past; but I am not conscious of any decay in writing sermons; which I do as readily, and I believe as correctly, as ever.

To what cause can I impute this, that I am as I am? First, doubtless, to the power of God, fitting me for the work to which I am called, as long as He pleases to continue me therein; and next, subordinately to this, to the prayers of His children. May we not impute it as inferior means,

1. To my constant exercise and change of air?
2. To my never having lost a night's sleep, at land or at sea, since I was born?

3. To having sleep at command; so that whenever I feel myself almost worn out, I call it, and it comes, day or night?

4. To my having constantly, for above sixty years, risen at four in the morning?

5. To my constant preaching at five in the morning, for about fifty years?

6. To my having had so little pain in my life; and so little sorrow, or anxious care?

Even now, though I find pain daily in my eye, or temple, or arm, yet it is never violent, and seldom lasts many minutes at a time.

Whether or not this is sent to give me warning that I am shortly to quit this tabernacle, I do not know; but be it one way or the other, I have only to say:

My remnant of days
I spend to His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him!

The hard treatment meted out to Wesley at Charterhouse School may have had something to do with his hardy nature and length of days. Though always abstemious, he attributed his foundation of health to his obedience to his father's wish that he should run round the Charterhouse garden three times every morning. Still, the Charterhouse regime was unduly harsh, for, by the law that right is might, the elder boys took the meat away from the younger; and it is on Wesley's record that "a small daily portion of bread was his only food"; yet he lived to his eighty-eighth year, and sixty-fifth of his ministry.

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all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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Maud—"My grandmother reached her hundredth birthday."
Ethel—"She couldn't have stopped at twenty-three so long as you have."

Accuracy

Street Bandit to Professor—"If you move you are a dead man!" "You're wrong, my man. If I move it will show that I am alive. You should be more careful in the use of your words."

Betrayed

Harry—"I understand Gertrude Gadalotte married a man who made a big fortune by a lucky speculation in soap."
Grace—"Yes; and he disgraced her while they were on their honeymoon."
Harry—"How did he do it?"
Grace—"Gertrude wanted the other passengers to think an ocean voyage was an old story to them, when her husband, the first crack out of the box, pointed to a row of life-preservers and asked the captain what was the idea of all the extra tires."

The Permanency of Peggy

"Do you like your maid?" asked Mrs. Bothwell, who took a motherly interest in the first housekeeping experience of her young friends, the Faxon.
"I don't find her very satisfactory," answered pretty little Mrs. Faxon. "The fact is, she doesn't know any more about cooking than I do."
"That is hard," Mrs. Bothwell laughed. "Such a situation places entirely too much responsibility on the receipt-book. Why don't you let her go, and secure an experienced girl who can take charge of things while you are getting broken into harness? Yes, if I were you I'd dismiss Peggy."

"I wonder if you would?" sighed Mrs. Faxon. "I've been trying to, but I simply can't, and I expect she'll stay as long as she wishes for the reason that I can't succeed in discharging her."

"What a foolish child, you are, Amy. It's a very simple matter to tell a maid that you will have to dispense with her services."

"Is it? I haven't found it so. I've tried over and over again, and she never lets me. 'Sure, Mrs. Faxon,' she said the first time, 'I do be wishin' all the mornin' to see your swate face in the kitchen. Is it going to stir up a cake yer are? I hadn't thought of making a cake, but I went right at it. Then, again, when I decided I must speak, she spoke first, and with shining eyes and flushed cheeks proudly displayed a batch of bread which I immediately complimented her upon, although when it came on the table Ned asked me where the bread-axe was to cut it with. She is always so happy and so sure that she pleases me that it makes it impossible to tell her she doesn't."

"Why don't you write her a note?" suggested Mrs. Bothwell, ironically.

"I did think of that, and I was just composing a kind and dignified dismissal which I hoped would settle the matter when Peggy came with a letter from Ireland for me to read to her. She can't decipher a word of writing."

"Then of course you decided to have Ned undertake the task."

"How did you guess it?"

"Well, I have known other young wives who shirked their responsibilities," smiled Mrs. Bothwell.

"Ned just hated to do it, but I insisted, and one evening last week he went into the kitchen, and I was sure that he, who was so forceful and stern when occasion demands, would make her understand that he wished her to leave, but I was mistaken. When he returned to the sitting-room, and I asked when she would be going, he said, 'Going?' She isn't going. Why, Amy, Peggy isn't as old as you are, and when I spoke to her she cried."

"The case certainly seems hopeless," Mrs. Bothwell suppressed a smile and nodded brightly to the rosy-cheeked Irish girl who just then entered the room with noisy briskness.

Mrs. Weepurse—Wouldn't it be fine, Harold, if some one would give us an automobile?

Mr. Weepurse—What would we do if we'd burst a tire?

Mrs. Wise—Our rector preached such an excellent sermon Sunday against the danger and vulgarity of flaunting of wealth.

Mrs. Worldly—But, mercy, what's wealth for?

Why?

The curate of a fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday-school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

A small boy queried: "Why do the men all wear black?"

Giant Germs

Mrs. R—was an extremely careful mother and had repeatedly cautioned her six-year-old daughter against handling any object that might contain germs. One day the little girl came in and said:

"Mother, I am never going to play with my kitty any more, because she has germs on her."

"Oh, no," replied her mother, "there are no germs on your kitten."
"Yes, there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop."

A Substitute for Divorce

A recently divorced gentleman was invited to a friend's house to dinner. As soon as he was seated the host's little daughter asked abruptly: "Where's your wife?"

The man in some confusion answered: "I don't know."

"Don't know?" replied the enfant terrible. "Why don't you know?"

Since the child persisted he thought the easiest way out would be to make a clean breast of the matter. So he said: "Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

But the little torment would not stop. She exclaimed: "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as Pa and Ma do?"

He Took It Back

In a certain town of western Massachusetts two of the most prominent citizens are a Methodist brother and a Presbyterian brother. These are neighbors, and, for the most part, dwell on good terms, except when they try to effect an exchange of horses or to talk religion.

On one occasion the two had traded horses, and although the outcome rankled in the breast of the Methodist, they had met and started a discussion on the subject of predestination. As usual, an altercation ensued, when the Methodist lost control of himself. With mixed emotions concerning horse trades and John Calvin in his mind, he suddenly exclaimed:

"You're a robber, a liar, and a Presbyterian!"

This proved too much for the Presbyterian, and a fight began, in which the Presbyterian got the best of it. As he sat upon his prostrate opponent, bumping his head against the ground, he said:

"Take it back, take it back, or I'll bump your foolish head off!"

"I'll take it back," gasped the vanquished Methodist, "on the first two counts; you're not a robber nor a liar, but you're a blamed old Presbyterian if I die for it!"

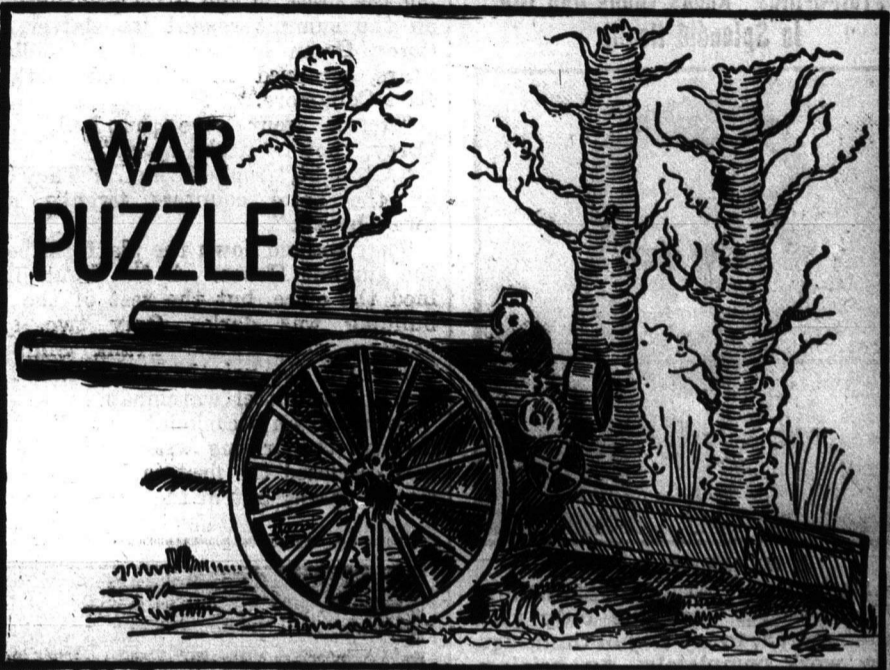
At breakfast restless little Tommy began to play with the cruet stand. His father told him not to do so. Tommy persisted, and at last upset it and spilled the pepper on the tablecloth.

"Now, Tommy," said his father, "you were disobedient and upset the pepper caster, and I really ought to make the punishment fit the crime by putting some of the pepper on your tongue."

Tommy looked up in a flash and said: "Should I be punished the same way, dad, if I upset the sugar bowl?"

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2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash. | 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash.
5th to 9th Prizes, each \$10.00 in Cash.



Above will be found the picture of a modern gun of the kind that is being used in the present war. At a glance the gun and some old trees appear to be all there is in the picture, but by careful scrutiny some soldiers' faces will be found. There are 19 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. If you find the faces mark each one you find with an X cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there are TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and One Hundred premiums given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

We do not ask you to spend one cent of your money in order to enter this contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Two Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this contest. This competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in recent Contests.

- Mr. W. A. C. Orr, 220 Cunnell St., Winnipeg..... \$10.00
- Miss B. Broder, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke..... 10.00
- Mr. Louis Gaital, Chathamville, Que..... 10.00
- Mr. Alphonse Brosin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa..... 10.00
- Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthursville, Que..... 10.00
- Mrs. E. Meallish, 121 Medland St., West Toronto..... 10.00
- Mr. J. W. Lounsbury, 426 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man..... 10.00
- Mr. H. Lloyd, Stanley, Barwick, Toronto, Ont..... 10.00
- Mr. J. P. Champagne, 233 Bolton, Ottawa, Ont..... 10.00
- Miss Daisy Babey, 214 University Ave., Toronto..... 10.00
- Mr. J. W. Lounsbury, 426 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man..... 10.00
- Miss L. B. Benjamin, 125 Hingham St., Hamilton..... 10.00
- Miss R. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont..... 10.00
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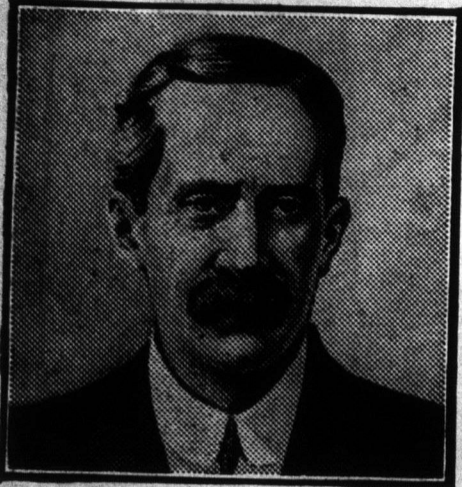
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Young People

On a Slide-Board

By Robert Barnes

At three o'clock on an August morn-
ing the press in the little printing-office
on the summit ceased its clatter, and
Corey Green brought out a bundle of
Stars, wrapped in enameled cloth, to
Bart Collamore.

"Here's your five hundred," said
Corey, "hot from the types."
"All right," replied Bart. "They'll be
on the hotel counters twenty miles
away by six."

They walked down the platform before
the summit House. A dim light illum-
ined the office, but the rest of the long
building was dark. Only two other
persons were awake—Frank Simmons,
busy over the printing-press, and Luke
Martin, the hotel watchman.

Overhead an occasional star glimmered
through the driving wrack, and the low
east disclosed the first faint tokens of a
cloudy dawn; but in the west frowned a

The slide-board was the conveyance
used by employees and trackmen in
descending the mountain railroad. Al-
though perilous for a novice, it was easy
of management for an experienced hand.
It was of seven-eighths-inch spruce, ten
inches wide, and something over a yard
long. Three cleats screwed across its top
kept it from splitting. Underneath were
two sets of "shoes," the forward of
wood, the rear of iron, parallel strips half
an inch thick and four inches apart, just
far enough for the top of the cog-rail to
slide between them.

As Bart slipped downward, the black
buildings on the summit were blotted out
by driving clouds. Little by little he
swerved westward, turning his back to
the dawn, hearing only the hoarse mur-
mur of the rising gale and the rattle of
his board.

Guide-books say that the three and
one-third miles from summit to base
may be covered by slide-board in twenty
minutes. Actually, the record is two
minutes and forty-seven seconds. This



With the Daisies

vaporous battlement, black and threat-
ening, from which a strong wind was
tearing detached masses and rolling
them against the mountainside. Now
and then a few flakes of snow flew by
on the raw gale.

Lifting his slide-board from the plat-
form, Bart set it on the cog-rail midway
of the track.

This rail was bolted to a wooden
centerpiece on the ties, and consisted of
two parallel strips of wrought angle-
iron, connected by steel pins three inches
apart, on which the cogs of the engine
worked. He turned the nut on the
brake-rod until the iron plates by means
of which the speed of the board was re-
tarded were in position under the
flanges of the rail. Then he pulled on
his gloves, jammed his cap down hard,
and buttoned his reefer up to his neck.

Corey glanced at the black western
sky. "You're liable to hit the storm
going down," said he.

"Guess I can beat it out," returned
Bart. Seating himself on the slide-
board, with the bundle of papers be-
tween his knees, he gripped the brake-
handles. Almost of itself the board
began moving.

"I'll be at the Base House in ten
minutes!" he called back, as he sped
away down the slope toward the north,
while behind him the drone of the wind
almost drowned Corey's shout.

"Good luck!"

can be appreciated when one remembers
that there is a drop of four thousand
feet, and that the average grade approx-
imates one in four. Bart had made the
trip some hundreds of times in his four-
teen years on the road. Every morning
that summer he had gone down before
daybreak, in order that the little paper
printed on the peak might have early
distribution among the various hotels.

Faster and faster sped the board. The
top of the rack was abundantly lubri-
cated with oil from the cogs of the
engine, and the grade was growing
steeper. On the left a dim shaft flitted
by, memorial of a life lost by exposure
on the mountain years before.

Bart put a little more pressure on his
brakes. The stout birch handles, some-
what smaller than baseball bats and
about as long as the board itself, were
connected forward with the brake-rod
running across the front in a hollow
wooden bar, and with an iron plate under
each flange of the rail. To retard his
course, the rider simply pulled up on
the handles, which were directly under
his arms, thus lifting the plates against
the flanges and pressing the board down
harder on the top of the rack.

The track curved northwest for the
next fifteen hundred feet to the Gulf
Tank, a water cistern on the left. The
grade varied from one in four to one in
eight. The wind, keen, strong, and shot
with hurrying snowflakes, stung even

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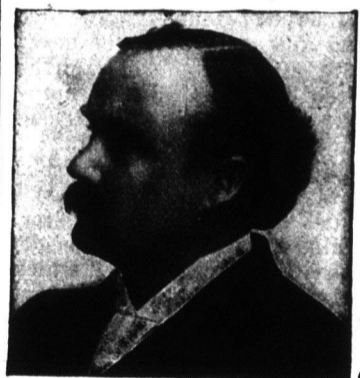
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Bart's seasoned face. He had worked on the mountain long enough to know what was coming out of that inky bank ahead.

Gulf Tank swept past, a square gray shadow, and the track gradually swung west. And now he caught it in good earnest. The moan of the blast had risen to a furious howling. Bullets of sleet pelted his cheeks. Right before him rose a black wall, the edge of the real storm. It looked almost as if it were solid. Catching his breath, he ducked his head, and bolted straight into the heart of the tempest.

In a second it enveloped him, rain, snow, sleet and hail. His board whizzed faster over the wet, slippery rail.

The grade increased, and he knew he had reached Long Trestle. Beyond lay Jacob's Ladder, the steepest place on the line, pitched considerably over one in three. He must not go too fast there. It was more than a mile and a half still to the bottom. If the board once got away from him—

Bart stiffened himself against the fierce blast, gripped the brake-handles hard, and pulled up on them. A stream of sparks trailed out on each side, as the plates bit at the flanges.

He was leaning well forward now, boring head foremost into the yelling gale. His eyes were closed; he could not keep them open.

Now the Trestle was past and the Ladder lay just ahead. He could tell where he was by the feel of the track. His head was clear, his nerves steady. All he needed to do was to keep a good

hold on those handles, and the board would soon carry him safely to the base. Suddenly his speed increased. He had struck the Ladder. The grade at its head was not far from one in two. Down he shot, lifting hard on the birch bars.

What was that? It could not be that left brake-handle was buckling! Yes! Something has given way. Up came his hand, higher, higher, higher, yet there was no response of iron grinding against iron.

For just a second Bart felt sick. The flange was only three-fourths of an inch wide. If that left plate once got out from under it, he knew very well what would happen.

A single brake could never hold the board on the rail. On the next curve, if not before, it would bound from the track with tremendous velocity, and its rider would land somewhere on the rugged mountainside with a broken neck. Somehow, if he cared to live, that plate must never lose its grip on the flange.

The Ladder was four hundred feet long and thirty feet above the rocks at its highest point. Bart was travelling forty miles an hour, so crossing the trestle took less than ten seconds. Before he left it, he saw what he must do.

Instinctively easing up on his right bar, so as to bring an even pressure on both sides, he ran his left hand quickly forward down the birch stick, to locate the break. Not many inches from the socket his fingers found it, where a knurl, imperceptibly weakened by long use, had evidently yielded at last.

Sitting where he did, he could just

reach beyond the break by extending his arm full length, and he could exert only a slight upward pull. If he hoped to keep the board on the rail, he must immediately shift his position, so that he might put out his full strength. Several short curves were just ahead.

To change one's place on a narrow board flying down a mountainside at forty miles an hour through a pitch-black hurricane is no fool's task. Very carefully Bart hitched straight forward, until his knees were upright, and he was able to lift strongly on the unbroken portion of the bar. His speed was now simply terrific.

Round a curve he whisked, leaning far inward in the fear that he might ride the rail. Then, as his board settled down on a straightaway, he pulled up with all his might.

To his horror, he found that with so short a leverage he could not press the plate against the flange hard enough to check his speed.

The board was running away with him!

Bart knew every yard of that track, every pitch and curve, from the engine-house at the summit to the Marshfield

turntable; and he realized that this was the most critical minute in all his years of railroading. Two courses were open to him—he might stick to the board, or he might roll off.

Which was the less dangerous? If he rolled off at that speed, the best he could hope for would be a fearful bruising, broken bones and insensibility. It would be hours before rescuers could find him; and hours in that storm meant death.

If he stayed on, he took the chance of being hurled from the rail at some curve; besides, what would happen when he reached the bottom, if he ever did reach it?

He decided to stay on.

The slide-board took the curves at express speed. Time and again Bart thought it was flying off. He wondered to find himself still sitting hunched on the spruce, when Waumbek Tank slipped by. He knew it had passed, although he did not see it.

But little more than a mile due west, and almost thirteen hundred feet lower, lay the terminus. Was this to be his last ride on the line? In a couple of minutes at the most the thing would be decided, Bart manned himself for the finish.

On he shot, straining at the bars, head down through the pitch darkness. He was dashing against a forty-mile gale at an equal speed; that was equivalent to standing still in a hurricane blowing eighty miles. It shrieked round him with indescribable fury, striving to hurl him

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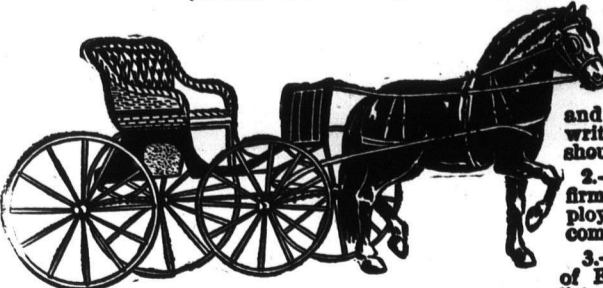
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backward from his seat. His cap was torn away, and the sleet pattered like a sand-blast on his bare skull.

Cold Spring Tank flitted past, and the last steep pitch was near, seventeen hundred to the mile. In a moment Bart was rushing madly down the descent. His head swam with the hideous speed. His board vibrated and trembled as it hurtled along the track. All seemed unreal, uncanny. But although dazed and buffeted, he never for an instant loosed his grip of the bars. A "green" man might have lost his head, and that could have had but one result.

Almost sooner than he could think, he was at the bottom of the pitch, darting over the Ammonoosuc bridge. Only a few hundred feet more. The track, he knew, was clear to its end, for cars and engines were housed for the night. Now for one last, long, hard pull!

Deaf, blind, numb, exhausted, bent almost double, he drained his strength to the dregs for a clutch on the handles; then he lifted, as if he would tear the flange from the centerpiece.

There was a terrific shrieking as the iron surfaces ground together. Fire followed each brake.

A building rushed by on the right—the carpenter-shop. Bart did not actually see it, but he knew it was gone.

Then came the car-barn, the turntable, the engine-house and repair-shop, and the long wood-shed. Less than thirty yards more! His speed was slackening on the level grade, but it was still tremendous.

And now the laundry was past—the last building. Twenty-five feet beyond it the cog-rail ended. Bart threw all that was left of himself into one final, mighty wrench.

A second later he found himself rolling blindly along the ties, head over heels and heels over head, cuffed, punched, battered, as if a dozen flails were beating him at once on every part of his body. At last he came to a stop, a bruised, dizzy heap.

After a little Bart sat up, tried his arms and legs, and found he could get

on his feet. He felt himself all over. Luckily his bones were well padded with muscle, so none of them were broken.

The storm was still blowing forty miles an hour, but by contrast it seemed to him to be almost over. He hunted until he found his bundle of papers; it had been tied tightly, and had not burst open. Then he limped up to the Base House.

"Here are your Stars," said he to the driver of the team, shivering outside. "I've done my part; now see if you can get 'em to Bethlehem before six o'clock."

A Match Story

By Gertrude L. Stone

Phil tried two matches before he succeeded in getting one to burn.

"I do wish we had some decent matches!" he exclaimed.

"Decent matches!" laughed grandma, whose lamp Phil was lighting. "I wonder what you would think of the very first matches I can remember, or, better still, of the first your grandmother's mother used. I have heard her tell about them, and I don't believe that lamp would be lighted now if you had had to use one of them. You would still be down on the hearth lighting your match; that is, if there wasn't any fire in the fireplace that you could use."

"If there wasn't any fire I could use?" repeated Phil, in a puzzled tone. "Why should I need any fire to light a match? I'd strike it."

"But the match wouldn't strike; it wasn't made so it could," replied grandma.

Phil put away the broken and burned matches, picked up the big Angora cat, and settled himself in a big chair. "If you'll tell about the matches that wouldn't strike," he said, in his most persuasive tone, "I won't fuss to-morrow night if I have to try three."

Grandma smiled and closed her book.

"What good were they if they wouldn't strike?" asked Phil.

"Oh, a great deal," answered his grandmother. "If you had some fire on hand you could light a 'spunk,' as they called them, very quickly, for sulphur blazes in a twinkling; and you could carry your match from lamp to lamp, instead of bringing the lamps or candles to the fire. Of course there are other things that light as quickly as sulphur. Paper does; but burning paper isn't very pleasant to handle. The way in which these matches were most useful was in lighting new fires, I think. People tried to keep fire on hand in those days, when a new fire was so hard to kindle, but if a new one had to be lighted it was a pretty fine thing to be able to use one of these spunks that you think were no good. To get a spark from flint and steel was no little trouble, and then this spark must be caught in a tinder-box—a box full of stuff that would kindle easily, but not blaze, stuff like—like—rugs," she added, with a meaning smile.

Phil understood. Only that morning he forgot to put up the brass fender, and a spark from the open fire had left a little round hole in grandma's hearth-rug. How sorry he had been!

"Now if you had wanted some new fire," grandma went on to say, "and had put the sulphur tip of a spunk down on that little burning spot, puff! you would have had a blazing match. Soon the wood of the match would have caught, and you would have had a new fire started. Think how much easier than to blow and blow to coax the burning tinder to light a piece of wood."

"People thought these matches wonderful helps, even if you couldn't strike them; but they did not have to use them a great while, because somebody thought of something better. I can just remember the next kind. They were tipped with sulphur and something else, but those, too, could not be lighted by scratching them. People lighted them by dipping them in a bottle. Strange way to light a match, wasn't it? That bottle was the most mysterious thing in the whole house to me.

It was filled with asbestos. You know what asbestos is, don't you? That queer kind of rock that is so very stringy and will soak up water or oil or any other liquid? This asbestos was soaked in sulphuric acid, a strong chemical that made the match tip blaze when it touched it. I always wanted to watch when my father lighted a match. Down went the match into the bottle. Just as soon as it touched the wet rock, fizz! we had a light. The first of these matches we had I've heard my mother say cost twenty-five cents for eighty-four."

Phil gasped, as he thought of a time in the year when he wanted lots and lots of matches. "I never could have saved enough money for a good Fourth if I'd had to buy my own matches," he said, with a sigh.

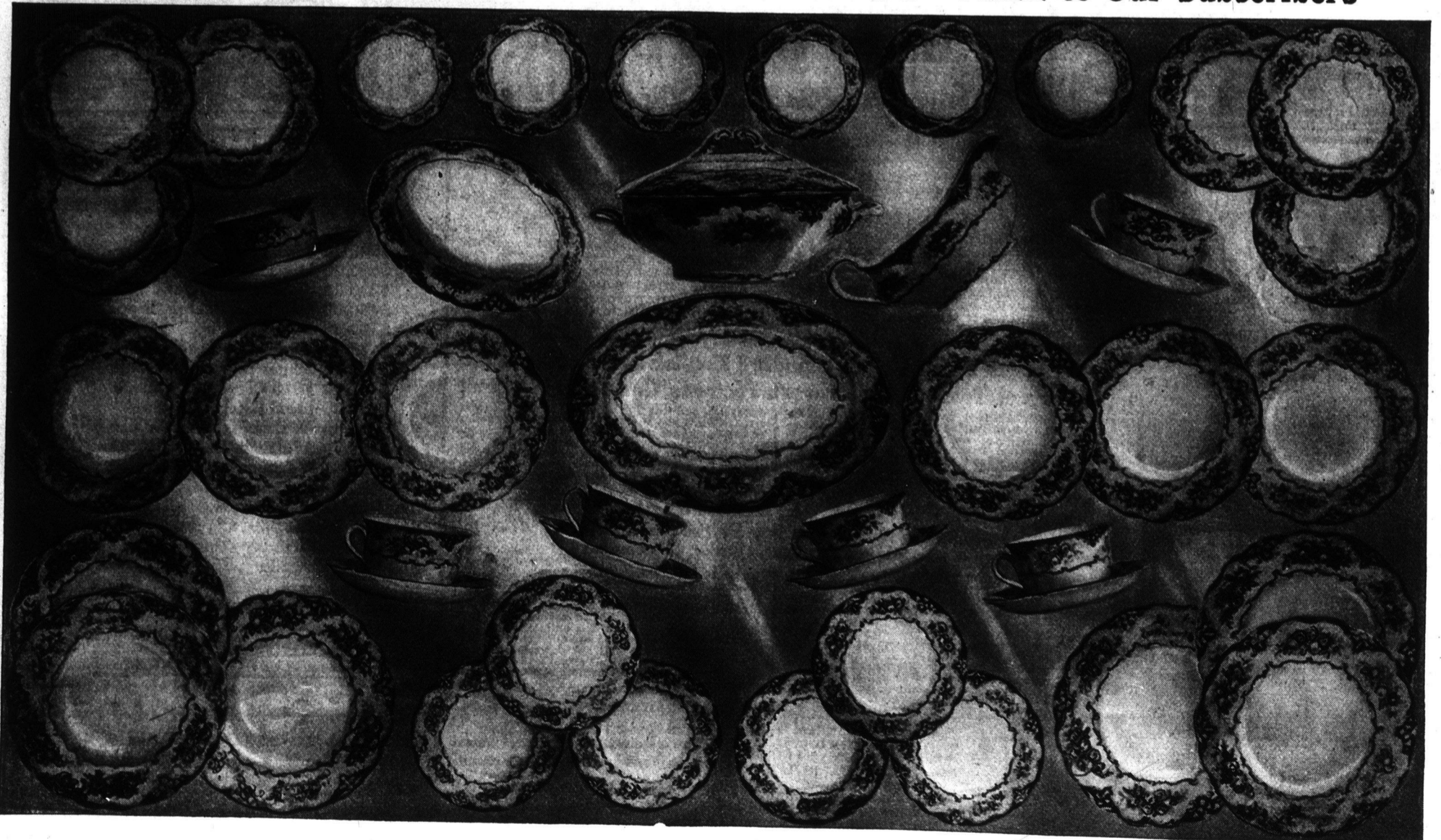
"You could have pieced out a match or two with a slow-match of rotten wood," said grandma, comfortingly. Then they both laughed to think how times have changed.

"I was quite a girl," continued grandma, "when we had our first friction-matches, matches that light by scratching on a rough surface, I mean. I am afraid you would not have thought them 'decent matches,' but I thought them very wonderful. They would not strike with a little easy scratching on the bottom of your shoe or the under side of a table; instead it took a very rough surface, and we had to scratch hard. We used sand-paper, folded two rough surfaces together, held the paper tight, and drew the match between the layers. And for all that, we thought these matches so fine that it never occurred to us that our grandchildren could possibly have anything better."

"Well," said Phil, laughing, as the supper-bell sounded, "perhaps these new parlor-matches of yours are pretty decent, after all."

Simple and Sure.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is so simple in application that a child can understand the instructions. Used as a liniment the only directions is to rub, and when used as a dressing to apply. The directions are so plain and unmistakable that they are readily understood by young or old.

This Magnificent Combination DINNER and TEA SET FREE to Our Subscribers



The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination Dinner and Tea Set, which we have decided to give away Free to our readers.

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi-Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft

and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs. Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

Correspondence

We invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received.

A Man's Opinion

Ingersoll, Dec. 1914.

Dear Editor—After much consideration, deliberation, and a large amount of deep thinking, caused by reading the fine correspondence letters in the W. H. M., I have decided to try my luck at letter writing and to make it as short as possible.

That nice letter of "Freda's" in the October issue took my goat, but I can't agree with her as far as the "yellow haired girls" are concerned, because some of the nicest girls I've met (and I've met a lot) had red hair.

I have had the misfortune to lose my Monthly that had "Sunset Bill's" letter in. He seemed quite friendly with the girls and I would like to hear from him and learn whether he has had any experience with the "Rainbow" kiss.

Well, I have just a few words to say to my fellow readers on various subjects, which I hope won't detain you long, or take up much of your valuable space.

Now "Sunset Bill," I understand you to say you have had a number of "love affairs" and still unmarried. I take it this way, that the girls having found you out, as merely a flirt, abandoned your company, leaving you still as you were at first, and your "love affair" falls away as a passing fancy.

With all these things to look up to, I

Relief from Asthma. Who can describe the complete relief from suffering which follows the use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy?

can't see why women should wish to enter that realm which has always belonged exclusively to men, viz: Politics. Neither can I account for any henpecking. It should be the other way.

And yet she is emphatic in her opinion that it is the duty of the women to exercise their right of franchise at the polls. The average woman is better than the average man, but the average woman politician is as bad as the average man politician—only she is worse!

Women, generally speaking, vote to please the men. Not as a matter of direction, but rather for the sake of harmony in the homes. Left to themselves and uninfluenced by men, woman's vote would be chaotic.

Women are, by nature, of a trusting disposition in everything save love affairs, and it is therefore an easy thing for the men to control their votes. Equal suffrage is still in the experimental stage and as a man politician said: "Politics are politics, and chivalry, or a regard for the finer instincts, has no part in the political game."

Must close now, as the Editor will be getting tired of all this. Would like to correspond with "One Girl in B. C.," "Cleopatra,"—yes, and with any one who cares to write. A post card would be fully appreciated and would be duly answered.

P. S. This is no argument for or against woman suffrage, but rather as a picture of the situation as I see it, or have read about it.

Something For Everybody

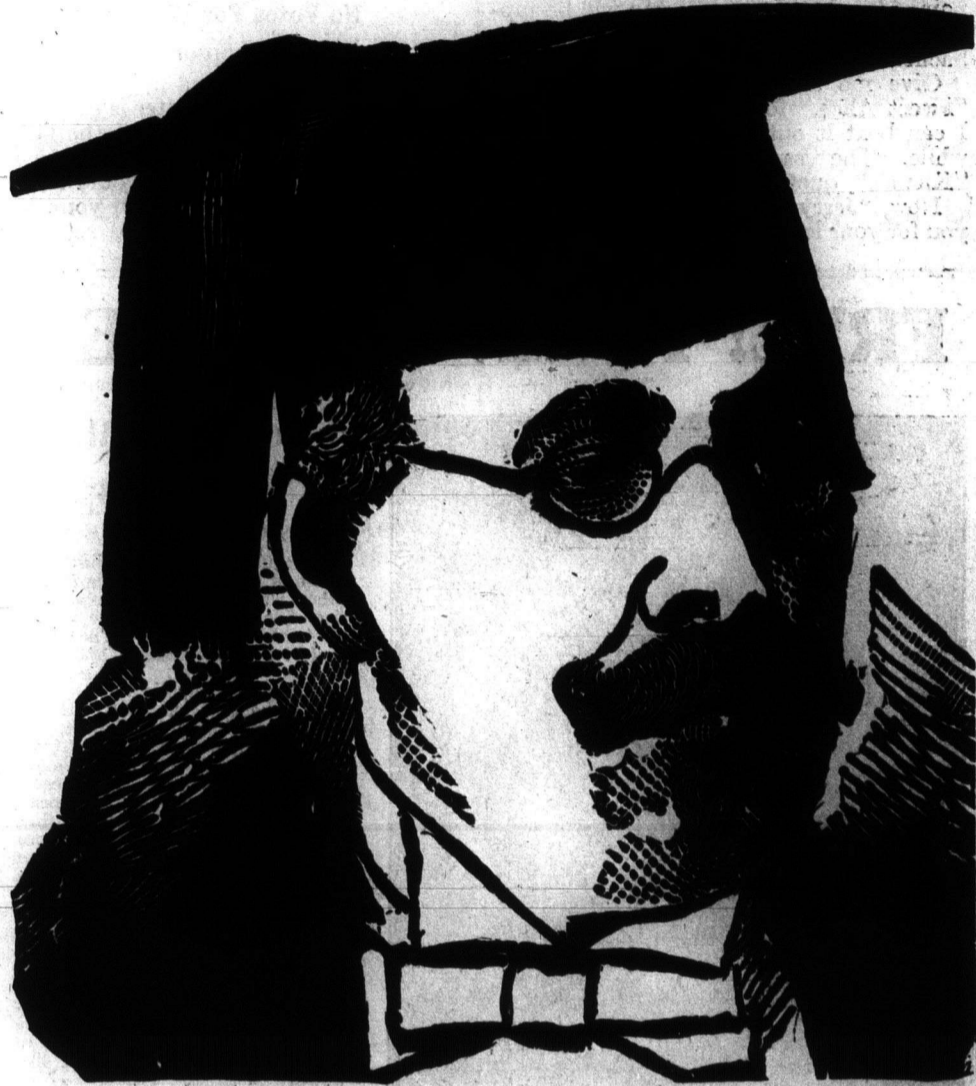
Medicine Hat, Dec. 12, 1914.

Dear Editor—Here is wishing you and your staff A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and my compliments of the season to all readers of the W. H. M., and my wish is this, and my toast this Festal Tide: "While we are climbing the Hill of Prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

Well, I have just a few words to say to my fellow readers on various subjects, which I hope won't detain you long, or take up much of your valuable space.

Now "Sunset Bill," I understand you to say you have had a number of "love affairs" and still unmarried. I take it this way, that the girls having found you out, as merely a flirt, abandoned your company, leaving you still as you were at first, and your "love affair" falls away as a passing fancy.

Good News for Canadians Health Specialist SPROULE The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains HIS METHOD OF TREATMENT



THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Has Cured all Forms of Catarrh

Twenty-five years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service astonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice.

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Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Catarrh.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by remedies prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh, the Specialist earnestly invites you to write him and tell him all about it.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1 Do you spit up slime?
2 Are your eyes watery?
3 Does your nose feel full?
4 Does your nose discharge?
5 Do you sneeze a good deal?
6 Do crusts form in the nose?
7 Do you have pain across the eyes?
8 Does your breath smell offensive?
9 Is your hearing beginning to fail?
10 Are you losing your sense of smell?
11 Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
12 Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
13 Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
14 Do you feel drooping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

Catarrh Specialist Sproule 117 Trade Building, Boston

Be sure and write to-day.

DISEASES OF BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and may in time attack the lungs and develop into Catarrhal Consumption.

- 1 Do you take cold easily?
2 Is your breathing too quick?
3 Do you raise frothy material?
4 Is your voice hoarse and husky?
5 Have you a dry, hacking cough?
6 Do you feel worn out on rising?
7 Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
8 Are you gradually losing strength?
9 Have you a disgust for fatty foods?
10 Have you a sense of weight on chest?
11 Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
12 Do you cough worse night and morning?
13 Do you get short of breath when walking?
If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

Full Name

Address

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires. SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL WHEN DUE

can give it to you in detail, without much hesitation. I agree with you on homesteads for women. It is a difficult task to undertake. I find it so myself, although I like the homestead and prairie life.

"Only Me," you sure have a little sympathy for the bachelor on the homestead, for housework and farm work come together rather awkward at times for one pair of hands. I suppose you will be supplying the wants of one of those lonely bachelors some of these fine days.

Give me a tidy and cranky woman, "Sweet Alice," for when she gets cranky I can beat it outside, on the farm, for a while. The same answer alludes to "Kittie's" question.

Now, "Jerry," I'll bet the girls worship you for your letter on Woman Suffrage. I

don't mind them being boss in the house, but I don't want them interfering with my duties outside.

Now I'll have to quit. I want this in the New Year issue, Mr. Editor, don't forget. Happy New Year to all—by that I mean myself, the Editor and staff, W. H. M. readers and subscribers. Good luck, from
Dido.

No Votes For Women

Simpson, Dec. 22, 1914.

Western Home Monthly,
Dear Editor—As this letter is only from a mere man, I do not know if the ladies will pay much attention or not. As regards votes for women, I would like to ask you if you do not think in your own heart that you are trying to set up a

system in getting the vote and having the word "obey" effaced from the marriage ceremony, which the Lord has put down as against His will and against His Word, when He says, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." Of course we have to submit and tell you that you have a very attractive banner to unfurl before the people—"The Closing of the Bar-room Door"—but won't some of you admit that you would like to see the bar closed all right, but would much sooner have the vote. Does it never touch your conscience, or do you not believe, that if the young and rising generation were brought up in the way that they should go, it would not be long before the bar would cease to exist? However, if this is what you really desire—to put the bar out of commission—I humbly apologize for my mistaken suspicions. Homesteads for women would no doubt have been a good thing a few years ago, but at the present time cannot see how it would help, as the land is nearly, if not all, gone that is worth homesteading. In my opinion, it would help but a very few, and they would in all probability live with their parents or brothers while doing the duties. How many would go away back from ten to fifty miles from town and start up house-keeping by themselves to get a quarter section now a days? After paying out a lot of money, the chances are they could not sell it for what it would cost them. I think the girls should be satisfied to let the men do the homesteading, because I have done my share of it and it is no fun, but to take another one now, I wouldn't do so if the Government was to give me money along with it.

Am an old batch, and, although I have to search myself with a microscope to see the faintest shadow of hope for a better future, I still try and remain content at that. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,
Icecycle.

Sunset Bill Back Again

Coronation, Alta., Nov. 28, 1914.

Dear Editor—When I wrote that letter which you published in the August number, I had no idea that it would cause so many and varied comments. Some agree with me, some say I am merely a flirt, while "High School Kid" says she doesn't think that I believe what I wrote, but just said it to see what somebody would say. I am writing this letter to convince the readers that I was sincere in my statements and for the purpose of making myself more clearly understood.

"Aura Lee" seems to voice the common idea when she implies that I characterize all love as a "sweet and passing fancy." I said "in more than half the cases."

There is certainly a sweetness and charm in that sentence of "High School Kid": "I haven't had any experience in the things you write about, but I don't believe it's so, anyway." And so it is with us all in the high school days. The future is a golden country where all is pure and noble and true. Life to us then is "one grand, sweet song," and our ideals and ambitions reach the clouds. It is well that it is so for all too soon must the dreams of these golden days give place to the realization that real actual life cannot be brought up to this ideal of youth. But, in the meantime, is it not well for us, who have seen the golden dreams of our school days fade, to just hint now and then to the boys and girls that life holds hardships and "things are not what they seem."

But back to the question of love. We read, for instance, "Evangeline," and take that as a measure for all cases, when, in fact, it is perhaps only two persons in a thousand who are capable of such a degree of devotion. We read extravagant fiction. The hero loses his true love and mourns her loss the rest of his life, when in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, if he is normal and healthy, he will mate again and live a fairly happy life. In this age of intellectual advancement, we have come to use our judgment in everything else but love making and choosing a life mate. That we still leave to caprice and instinct, with what results we have only to look at the divorce records in the States. I would not reduce love-making and marriage to a strictly business proposition by any means, but what I would like to see is some sane instruction

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

along that line which would lead the prospective partners to consider their suitability for each other, whether their tastes are congenial and in fact, whether they are really mated or whether it is just the fascination of youth. I am not drawing alone on my own experience for these conclusions, although I have seen quite a lot of life, but my observation of the people I have known has convinced me that it is a dangerous thing to jump into matrimony at the dictates of passion alone without its being balanced by judgment.

Hoping that I have convinced you of my sincerity and made myself clear,
I am, very truly,
Sunset Bill.

The Best Home Paper

McGee, Sask., Dec. 21st, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been taking The Western Home Monthly for three months. I think it is the best home paper that is published to-day. I have saved my three copies and I am going to send them to a friend in the United States. It might encourage them to take your paper, and I feel quite sure that they will never regret it.

Well, I can't step right out with a lot of our other writers, but I hope you will pardon me.

I think that the "One Girl in B. C." sure has got a good idea of the women folks and also the men.

Well, I think I had better close, and if any of the members care to write me, my address is with the Editor.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I sign myself
Pony Boy.

Follow This Example

Wana, Sask., Dec. 19, 1914.

Dear Sir—Being a new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, I wish to express my appreciation of your magazine. Its numerous departments must be a source of great pleasure to the lonely homesteader, especially the Correspondence page. Like many of the correspondents, I always look for that page first, although I have only received four copies of The Western Home Monthly. Your magazine is so good that I want those at home in old Ontario to read its pages, and am enclosing subscription price, and address on separate sheet.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I remain,

Yours truly,

M. G.

Patriotism

Manitoba, Dec. 1, 1914.

Dear Editor—Some months have passed since I wrote to this page, but still I am not losing interest in it. On the contrary, I take a great deal of pleasure out of reading the letters every month. Some of the readers have appreciated my other letters, and I feel encouraged to write again. Nearly all who write to the Correspondence Page have something to say about either of our three subjects, which are "Woman's Suffrage," "Is marriage a Failure?" and "What is Love?" I gave my opinion of the first some time ago, so it is not necessary to say any more. As to the second, I think our married friends should handle this subject—it is more in their line, and we might benefit by their experience. Some time ago we had a fine letter from "Sunset Bill" and in it he explained, according to his views, the mystery of "What is Love?" The lady writers seem very much opposed to his ideas. I rather think myself that love is something more than a sweet and passing fancy, but I would rather leave this matter also to the more experienced ones. However, I will say this much, without fear of contradiction, that it is one thing to be really and truly in love, and quite another thing to be merely "mashed," yet I believe that many people mistake the one for the other.

If we were to introduce a new subject, I would suggest "Patriotism." It is a very common word at present, and everyone can say something about it. I have read prose and poetry lately which held the soldier as the true patriot, and put reproach on those who were not soldiers. So I am just going to say a few things in defence of the latter. The soldier is very much in the public eye at present. We praise our soldier boys for their patriotism, we sing songs about them, we call them heroes, we are proud of them, and justly so. They

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The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whitens the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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are very necessary in this time of war. I would not try to take from the honor of being a soldier, but I also say that tradesmen, professional men, farmers, etc., and their wives and daughters are very necessary all the time, although the papers may say nothing about them; they may never be called heroes, but they may be true patriots just the same. I contend that the man who stays at home and cares for those dependent on him, or the man who provides for and rears a family to be useful and industrious citizens is doing his country as great a service as the man on the firing line; and greater than one that leaves his family to shift for themselves. I think that this kind of patriotism is just as good as that of the soldier. However, I still say honor to those who go to fight for our country, and due honor to those who remain at home.

When I think of the reams of poetry that will be written after the war, about daring deeds and glorious victories, I fear that that little poem, "The Farmer Feeds Them All," will be lost entirely. I hope some one will give their opinion of this subject, or pull my letter to pieces—either will be interesting.

Yours truly,
Thistle.

Who Will Help?

Harehills P. O., Sask., Dec. 6th, 1914.
Editor Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor—We have been constant readers of your estimable paper for the past year or so, and especially interested in the Correspondence Column. We read about the awful lonesomeness of some. We are bachelors but happily are not troubled very often with the complaint, as we have lots to do, baking bread, fighting the cat (who is an awful thief) and playing football with the biscuits we make, besides visiting bachelor neighbors, among

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

whom is "Happie Willie," who wrote to your column last winter.

We would like to have some of the girls give us a few hints on washing, as it is a year ago since we washed the shack floor, and we are having to put a new one down this winter, which we hope to keep clean.

We feel that it would be nice to have a girl now and then to take to dances, card parties, etc.—someone like "Just a Girl," in November issue.

Well, it is pretty nearly supper time, so we will have to get busy and cook some pork and potatoes, after which we usually indulge in a game of cards and a smoke.

Should like to see this in print and hope some of the girls will write. Our address is with the Editor

Amateurs Both.

Which Is The Happier?

Scandia, Sask., Dec. 18th, 1914.

Dear Editor—It is time for me to renew my subscription to The W. H. M., and at the same time will try and write a few lines and see if it will pass the waste basket. I have been kind of busy farming during the summer, but not too busy to read The W. H. M. Just now a bachelor has more time than money, so I can spare half of my time in reading and corresponding. I like very much the way The W. H. M. is conducted all through and I do not pass by the corresponding column, either. I am sure it has passed away many lonely moments, for the bachelors as well as all its readers.

This year has been kind of hard on the settlers in this district as the crop was a total failure. But everyone seems to have good hopes of better luck next year, so we are going to try again to raise a crop.

I do not remember of ever reading a letter in the Correspondent Column from a married man or woman—mostly from the lonely bachelors. I suppose all married couples are so well pleased and their time is so well taken up that they have no time for corresponding, but I, for my part, would like to see a letter in The W. H. M. from them. We bachelors would like to hear from those that have hitched

up in double harness, and find out how they like it. We, Us and Co., have kind of figured on accepting a partner when the chance comes, so a few instructions from those who have gone through the mill would be appreciated. Here is something to discuss: "Which is happier, a married or a single man?" I will sign myself
The Village Blacksmith.

All Want The W. H. M.

Olds, Alta., Dec. 13, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have just finished reading the letters from the readers of The W. H. M. I am a student of the Olds School of Agriculture, which I can say is one of the best institutions of its kind that there is. The W. H. M. comes to this School and there is a kind of a scrap among the boys for this paper.

I take great interest in such letters as "Eastern Girlie" writes, probably because I am an Easterner myself. I also, as she does, take great interest in all kinds of sports, and I think that all young men and women should enter into this sort of pleasure. The very best men and women of to-day have been in some way connected with sports, but at work or play, always keep this motto in front of you: "Play the game."

I would be glad to have this letter published and hear from some of the charming sportswomen of the East.

I think "Sweet Alice" has a style that would cheer any western homesteader up. Well, I must close, as they are calling supper in the dining hall. Oh, how I long for the time when I will be in some other little shack on a homestead. Well, good luck to everybody,

Yours truly,
Bashful Bingo.

"I wish I knew where to go this summer." "You have been away every summer for years. You ought to know where you want to go." "No; all I know is a lot of places where I don't want to go."—Washington Herald.

The Two Shades

By Louis Dodge

Late in the night, when no man saw or heard,

Two Shades returned to earth from some far place,
And came together for a ghostly word,
Though hands met not, nor face looked into face.

"Alas," complained the first, "the years are few

Since here I dwelt and mingled among men;

Ties had I many, comrades who were true,

With whom I had full share of honors then.

"But now none speaks my name in praise or blame;

They go their happy ways who shared my lot;

I have no fragment left of goodly fame—

Dead but a day or two, but quite forgot."

"Full fifty years have passed since that I died"—

Thus said the other—"And my place is kept

By one who dreams that I am by her side,

Who weeps to-day as then she sorely wept.

"One speaks my name when that her heart is sore;

Hunger is hers a little time each day;

And so she loves me; and forever more

Will love me as when first I went away."

"Strange," said the first, and sadly turned to go,

"I was a father fond, a husband mild—

And who were you, that are remembered so?"

"I," said the other, "was a little child."

MAN WHO NEVER SLEPT

Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy, effect most striking results.

A recent letter from Mr G. Arthur Felton, the man who never slept, recalls the story of a cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, which aroused great interest in Great Britain last year. Here was no ordinary insomnia, but almost unwinking wakefulness night after night, with no hope of relief, till in the end came Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and then blessed rest of natural and refreshing sleep.

Now writing from 6, Chipstead Villas, Chipstead-road, Coulsdon, England, Mr. Felton says:—"I am delighted to tell you I feel very fit—never better in my whole life." The story as originally given was so extraordinary, the cure so remarkable, that we feel justified in publishing it again for the benefit of our Canadian friends, that sufferers from sleeplessness and nerve failure may know how wonderful is the curative power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Here is the story:—

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets freed me from the terrible affliction of sleeplessness and nerve failure," said Mr. Felton, "when nothing could give me even temporary relief. In 1905, as a result of an accident, an operation had to be performed, after which I suffered from neurasthenia, and ultimately nerve failure. I was taken into a special institution, only to be turned out after months of treatment as hopelessly incurable. I had claimed compensation for my accident, and even the Insurance Company declared that I should never work again. I could just get about with the greatest difficulty, dragging my right foot along the ground, and my right hand hung helpless. Then came sleeplessness. Do what I could, or take what I would, I hardly ever slept night or day. For five years altogether I never could have slept more than a few minutes at a time, for I heard every hour strike every night. Often I wished I could die. Sleeping draughts of opium, and injections of morphine had no effect whatever—I was always awake. No torture of the inquisition could equal mine; but somehow I lived through it. Relief came at last with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and oh! how grateful I was—how blessed the man who could devise such a remedy! Almost from the first dose I improved. I began to get a little sleep, then to sleep right through the night, and that gift of sleep was more to me than all else that life can hold. That was only a year ago, and now I am a strong, healthy man again. Friends tell me it is a modern miracle, and I think it is."



Mr. Arthur G. Felton.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The absolute authenticity of the foregoing case is guaranteed, and no testimonial is ever published by the Dr. Cassell's Co. without full personal enquiry as to its genuineness. Purchasers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in this country may rest assured that they are getting a really reliable and tested remedy for

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- Dyspepsia
- Nerve Failure
- Sleeplessness
- Stomach Disorder
- Wasting
- Infantile Weakness
- Anaemia
- Malnutrition
- Palpitation

and they are especially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching motherhood. All Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

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A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., Manchester, England.

Woman and the Home

The Mother's Substitutes for Scolding

By Thomas Boyd

If we remember that in the household we are making by our own examples the very tone of voice, look and manner of the children, we shall take ourselves to task for giving way in the past to the sharply-spoken word, the irritated look and the untuned voice. When we recall also that the children's spirits are but the more ruffled and their nerves chafed by "scolding," we shall feel that that habit merits our poor opinion, and will welcome any substitute that may prove effective and have fewer ill results. That which we all recognize as "scolding" is not so much in the words as in the manner, perhaps. Besides the counts against it given above, there is this to say that it does not accomplish its purpose. It arouses the combativeness of the child, puts it on the defensive. Authority, decision, can be shown as well, and better, if the parent is entirely composed or seems to be so.

The son of Daniel Webster said his father's habit with him in his boyhood was to stand him between the paternal knees, gently and firmly clasp him by the arms, and then look at him long and sorrowfully, without speaking, and without anger. He said these mournful looks never failed of effect. Not many parents can bring to bear upon their erring children such a face and such eyes as Daniel Webster; but his method might often work well in spite of that fact. Christ himself only looked reproachfully on Peter when in the hall, after the arrest, that disciple had denied him; yet Peter went out and wept bitterly on account of his weakness and disloyalty.

Gentle and entirely self-controlled talk with the child about his misconduct cannot well fail to influence it. A manner and voice also that manifest the love and benevolence that the mother feels wins, while an irritated method hides the kind intention.

A few decided words, gently uttered, and prompt action in the way of proportionate and necessary punishment are the fitting method and remedy. The child will readily discern if the parent's mind is clearly made up and her will resolute as to the course of action.

None of us wishes to be pictured in the memories of our children hereafter as having been petulant or irascible or lacking in self-control. The scolding manner comes perilously near to giving unpleasant photographs to remain for the years to come. All the ends of family government can be reached without such damaging impressions. Self-poise, serene looks, calm, decisive words are best.

Guarding Against Envy

By Calvin Dill Wilson

It is a somewhat difficult task to guide children into due aspiration and ambition for achievement and accomplishment, and yet keep them free from ugly and injurious envy of those who already have what they are yet striving after. Yet it is necessary for their well-being and happiness and best success that they learn the distinction and keep it constantly in mind. They should have it made plain to them that while aspiration is noble and essential, envy is wrong and harmful. The fact that someone else possesses cultivation or education does not detract from another's chances of gaining the like. They have no monopoly of these attainments; they have not exhausted them or worn them out. They are open to all who will pay the price of persistent effort.

In such matters as good looks, if one finds himself or herself excelled, the only thing to do is to make up by other

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.—The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parlee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

qualities for the lack of beauty. A fine manner, voice, bright talk, the gift of song and other such attainments or talents often make the less handsome people more attractive and winning than those who have nothing but good looks. It is so with fine clothes. Teach the children that if others are more elegantly clad than themselves, they may still make up among their companions by gracefulness, good nature, skill in games or other like matters. The leaders among children and young people are not even usually the merely pretty nor the ones who think most of clothes. In any case, impress the child that the way is open for him or her to attain something quite as desirable as others have, even if it is not the same thing.

Dwell upon the harm of envy, that it spoils the disposition, gives an ugly expression to the face, causes bitter feelings and sharp words. More than that, we should rejoice in the fine qualities and talents of our friends. The wise Goethe has said, "There is no defense against superiority except to love it." That is, if our friends are superior and we admire and love them we are identified with them and share their good fortune. If we love fine qualities, the spirit of envy vanishes. Train the child in this better spirit.

Also, the child should know that envy hinders his own chances of gaining the very things which he admires in another. While he is allowing himself to be filled with ugly feelings, he is neglecting his opportunities to train himself and further himself.

Stories and Effects

By Elizabeth I. Adams

When a certain toddlekins had to be amused her mother would take her on her lap and holding a child's illustrated book, would tell a very simple little story from a picture or two. Sometimes she would repeat one story word for word, five, yes ten times, before baby would show any sign of fatigue. Pointing to the objects in the picture she would say, "See, here is a little boy, and he has a face and two hands and two feet, and he wears a hat and waist and trousers and shoes, and he has a little dog. He says to the dog, Come on, Rover, let's run. Rover says, 'Bow-wow, bow-wow,' and away they run down the walk to the street. The boy laughs and says, 'Ha, ha! that's fun! Let's run again!' Boy has fun, dog has fun." Or, it would be, "Here is Susie with her clean dress on and clean shoes. She has a dolly and a little carriage. She says, Now, dolly, I will take you for a ride on the smooth walk under the shady tree." Dolly sits very still and Susie wheels her carriage along. Susie sees a stone in the way, but she does not let the carriage go over it, because she does not want to hurt dolly, or let her fall out."

The mother took great care that all the children in the pictures were good children, did kind things, and yet had good times, plenty of fun.

One of the results of this sort of storytelling was that the child learned to see what was in a picture. She would touch hat and feet and parasol with her little finger. On receiving a new picture she would look at it intently and point to something familiar. Often she would sit on the floor and study her pictures, and, as she learned to talk, name many of the objects portrayed. When she went out with her mother she was very observing, would point to objects such as had been pointed out to her and named in pictures. Also, more than once, she was discovered trying to act out the stories she heard about doll or kitten, or the walk down street.

The Despotism of the Juniors

I wonder why we so often forget that the older children are as much to be considered and as carefully guarded as the little ones who are not very far from boyhood? Your boy of twelve or four-

teen is drawing a map that must be taken into school the next day. He is preparing a lesson that requires close attention. He is writing his theme, and is not finding the task easy. Along comes the little brother. He tries to climb upon the big brother's knee, he snatches a pencil and makes a mark upon the map, or he insists upon interrupting the home work of the older lad by little forays and dashes and requests for a story, until the patience of the older boy is exhausted. Repeated efforts to send the little one away proving futile, there is finally a scene and a skirmish, rough words are spoken and the smaller child begins to cry and goes with a grievance to his mother. Three times out of four the mother catches up the little one, kisses and hugs him and reproves her older child for his ill behavior. He has not behaved ill, and his right to do his work in peace has been invaded, but for him there is no sympathy.

A girl of ten or twelve is generally willing and happy to assist in the care of the younger ones in the family. She helps them to dress and undress, devotes a good deal of time to them, and is her mother's affectionate aid in their upbringing. It is not to be expected that she shall invariably wish to take the little Ruth or Jimmie with her everywhere on walks and rambles, and it is right that she should have some time to call her own and be at peace when talking with her classmates and other friends of her own age. The little children do not mean to be tyrannical, and would not be if they were not given to understand that every one must yield to them the instant they appear. After a while, if other babies arrive and they are deposed from sovereignty, they are sometimes very much surprised.

There is almost no downfall in the course of human life so complete and sudden as that which takes place when a new baby ascends the throne. The older child, hitherto reigning undisputed, looks amazingly large in comparison with the wee bundle in the nurse's arms, and is at once lifted out of the realm of infancy into that of maturer life. It requires on the part of parents a great deal of tact and forethought to adjust the places of the children as they should be. Often, indeed, the beginning of tyranny is established when the claims of the tiniest one are set in the foreground, and the preceding children are a bit neglected.

In the ideal home a system of mutual helpfulness reaching around the circle, binds the household together in perfect harmony. The little ones have an undoubted claim on the caresses, the care and the loving protection of those who are older. This being admitted, it is for the parents to see that the older ones also are immune from interruption that hinders them from proceeding with the work that they are daily obliged to do.

Business Methods in Keeping Accounts

How to Keep Books that will Show Where the Money Goes

By Doris Richards

Two things are to be gained by keeping close accounts. One is, that one keeps out of debt, and the other is, that one has greater comfort on the same income, for the purchasing power of money becomes a known quantity, and there are a hundred things about saving or planning wisely that come under consideration, which are never noticed unless the searchlight of a cash payment is turned upon them.

The popularity of the telephone is responsible for some carelessness on the part of housewives in daily management of accounts, but this convenience need not be one's undoing if care is exercised. Whether you shop by telephone or go to market, inquire the price or articles that day. A store-keeper may be perfectly honest, but he may have more than one grade of goods or more than one sized package of the same article, and you may be given the most expensive or the largest article, when the smaller would be sufficient.

It is better to do one's marketing by careful selection. Housekeepers living in a city can often save by watching advertisements for special sales, and here

the telephone may prove an asset, for one may telephone to several shops, to find where one can buy to the best advantage that day, goods to be sent C. O. D.

The charge account prevents to a large degree, this liberty of selection.

But some women may say: "This is all about how to keep out of debt, but I began wrong. I am in debt, and cannot see light ahead, what shall I do?"

Do not despair, but begin the reform at once. There are two ways. Start paying cash for everything. Save on the daily expenses in every possible way. At the end of the week or month, whenever one's allowance comes in, pay what can be spared on the old bills. In this way the debts will creep down slowly but surely, and there will be keen interest in practising the necessary economies.

The second plan is the same, without the admission to the store-keepers that the charge account has stopped. Pay something on account, on each bill at the end of the month, taking care that there is a certain sum paid, over and above that month's expenditure. Exercise every care, cut down every possible luxury. Calculate a good apportionment of the monthly income as it is, not as you hope it will be, counting in a certain sum towards the debts.

When one is free again?—Ah, by that time the lesson is learned, as to what Business System in keeping accounts really means, and how it can make for a family's happiness.

The Grandmother

By James Oppenheim.

The glory of her face still lives with us, The glory of her heart works in our hearts,

The glory of her Soul is warmth of Sun, And light of Sun, and in her holy presence

Hushed are our wild world hearts with pouring Peace!

Ah, golden days, ah, mellow Indian Summer,

Ah, golden Autumn of the year of Man—

The days are hers, the golden days are hers!

She has known Life; she has known earliest dreams

Of wandering childhood, earliest girlhood dreams,

Earliest womanly love; the passion of The Mother;

The burden of the Maker of the Home; The pangs of Birth; the quicksand clutch of Death—

Wife, woman, toiler, mother, guardian, nurse—

O lowly angel of three generations!

She has gone through it all; all dreams we know,

All pangs we seek to tear from our torn hearts,

All joys that thrill us, all wild hours of grief,

All folly, wisdom, all that makes up life,

Has she gone through—gone through unknown to Fame,

Unhonored, unapplauded, meek and pure, And lo, now she emerges from the Fight,

The Smoke and Thunder and the Noise of Life,

Radiant, mellowed, and the golden days Are hers; the golden Autumn days are hers!

Unvexed by brawling problems of the hour

Her very glance solves all; she brings to us

A sweet solution of the Life on Earth, Yea, tender touches of eternal God.

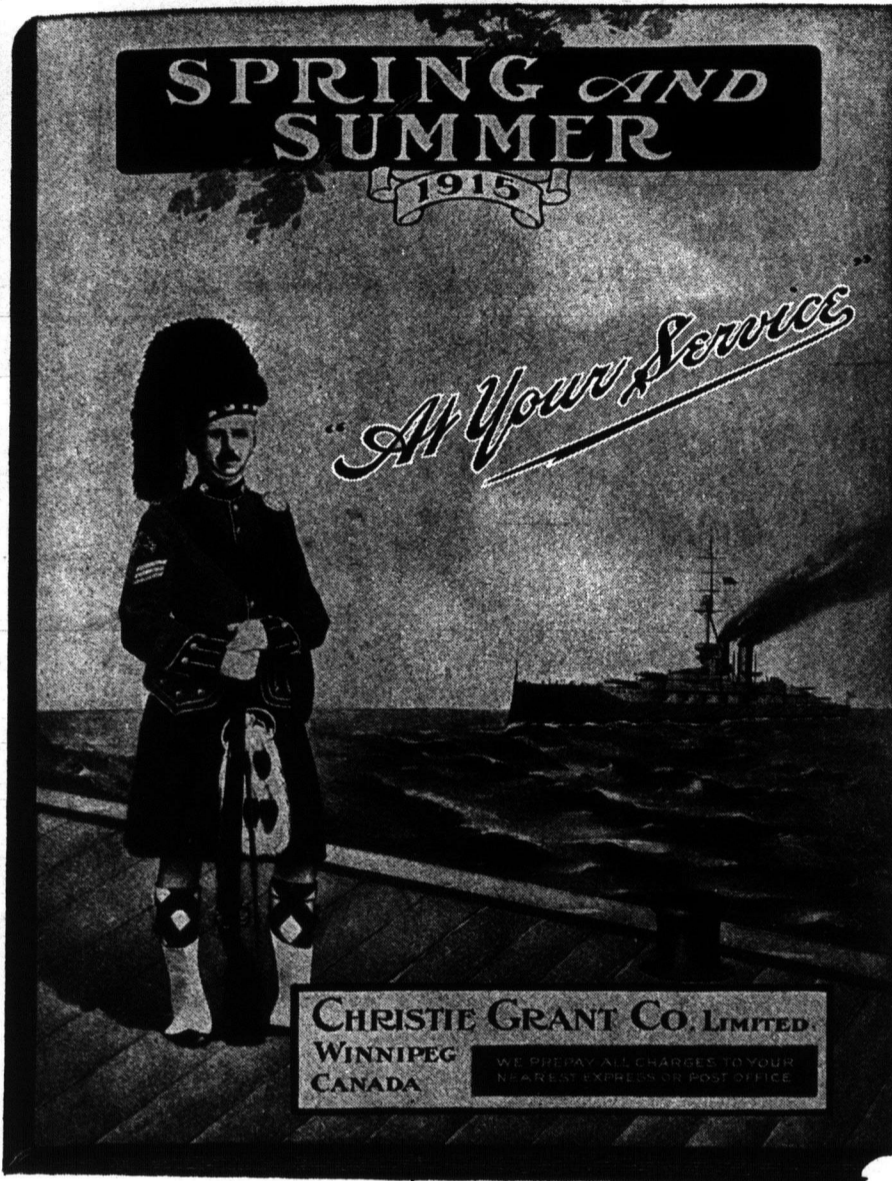
Not preached in words, but raining from her Soul

As Autumn haze in the golden Indian Summer

Fills through the woodlands, and the World is lost.

Joel Chandler Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus," was at his desk one night when an old-time reporter looked over and said: "Joe, how do you spell 'graphic'?" With one "f" or two?" "Well," said the kindly Uncle Remus, who was too gentle to hurt even a common adjective, "if you are going to use any. Bill, I guess you might as well go the limit."

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