

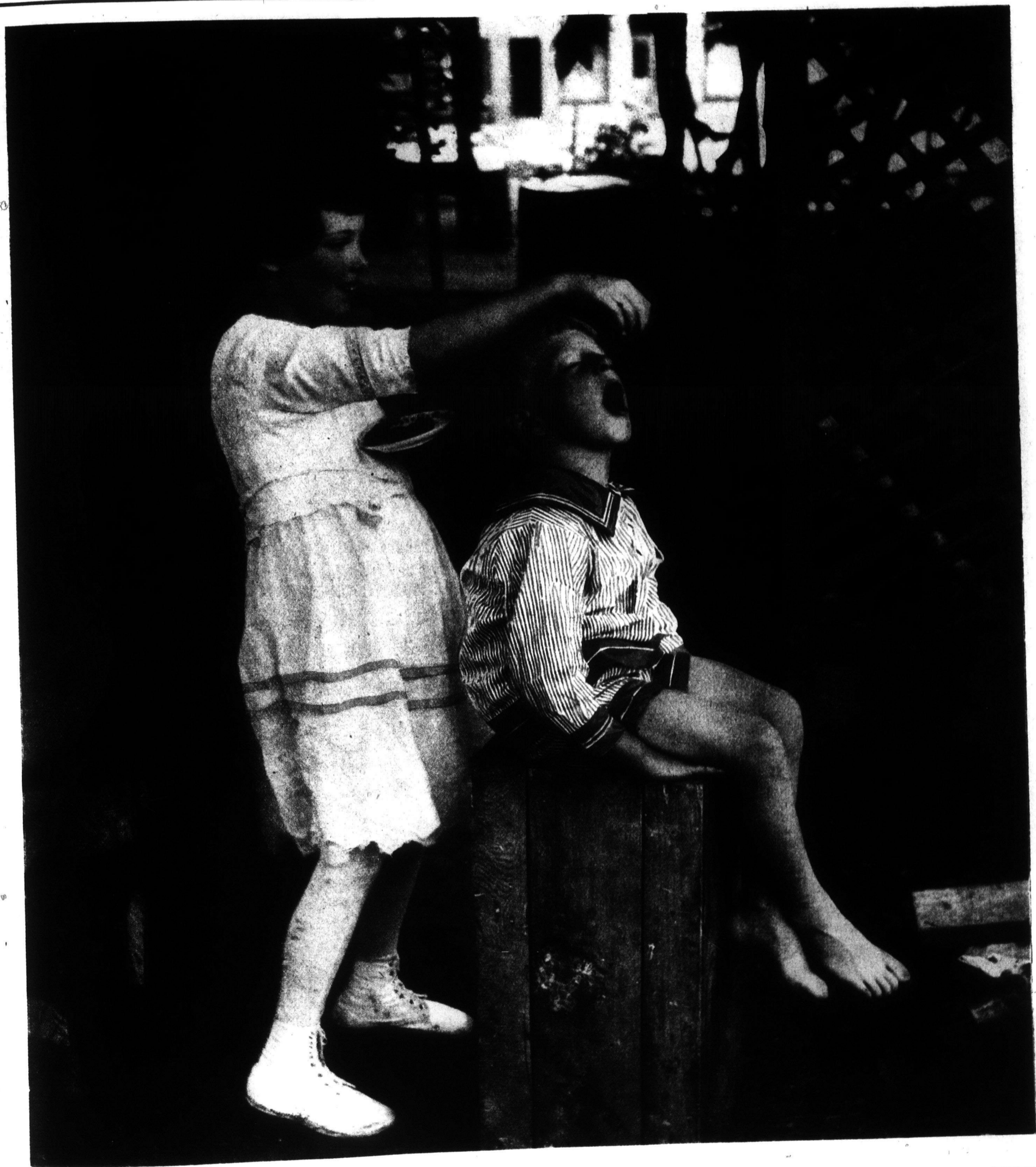
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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Issued Monthly
10c Per Copy

WINNIPEG, MAN., OCTOBER, 1920

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Home Magazine





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The Western Home Monthly

Published Monthly
Vol. XXII. By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can. No. 9

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

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

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

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

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

A Chat With Our Readers

We have ample evidence that the summer numbers of the Western Home Monthly were highly appreciated throughout, and in no summer in the past did we add so many new friends. We would like to tell you what we have in store for you for the remaining issues of 1920. Clear through from cover to cover they will be packed with the kind of short stories, special articles and departments for which The Western Home Monthly is famous. No department of the home will be overlooked and the interest of its every member will be a first consideration.

In over 42,000 homes The Western Home Monthly is a monthly necessity and there can only be one reason why this number of keen brained men and women in Western Canada buy and read it from month to month. That reason is a sincere regard and appreciation for its contents.

It is just as hard to produce the magazine to-day as it has been for the past year. The paper shortage is still very real, but your name on our list means that you will get the magazine every month. So see that your subscription does not fall behind. You won't wish to miss an issue, and especially our Christmas Number containing many special features, and articles from world renowned writers. We have spent very large sums in securing these special writers, but are confident that the effort and expense will bring delight to our readers and keep up the high standard of our Christmas Issues of the past.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Okotoks, Alta., September 10th, 1920

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed find \$2.00 being subscription for three years for one of my friends. I think the last three numbers of your paper the best ever. I am particularly interested in the articles devoted to women's welfare and wish that every mother and daughter in the land could have the opportunity of reading them.

In conclusion I may say that I have been a subscriber to your magazine for over twenty years.

Mrs. J. G. Mundell.

Send it twice a month instead of only once. Five W. H. M. readers in this home.

J. H. Paintin, Kronau, Sask.

Cannot see how The Western Home Monthly could be improved. Ten W. H. M. readers in this home.

William C. Milne, Kisbey, Sask.

The Western Home Monthly has suited me in every way for six years. Two W. H. M. readers in this home.

Percival B. Hooker, Mere, Alta.

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Mrs. Geo. Candy, Lyleton, Man.

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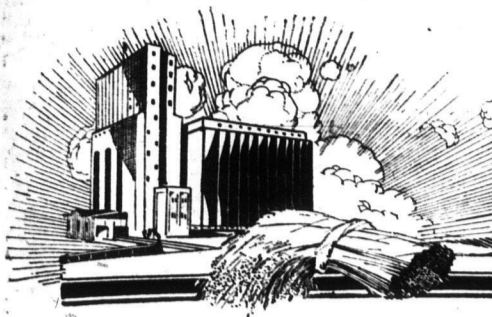
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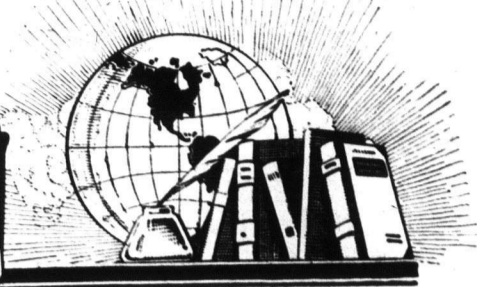
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GOODYEAR
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EDITORIAL



GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

By the time this goes to press, the matter to which it refers will have been settled beyond recall, but it is well that every journal in the West should be on record when such vital issues are at stake.

After the decision of the Railway Board it will be agreed by most people that direct government by Parliament is better than indirect government by Commissions. This last ruling on rates seems to the ordinary mind to be altogether indefensible, but, of course, the ordinary mind cannot be expected to have the same clarity of vision and the same good judgment as the minds of Commissioners. One has to envy the transcendent abilities of men who can in a few brief days decide upon a course of action that means more to the Canadian people than the settlement of the tariff problem, or the raising of all the ordinary revenues of the country. If it were not known how thoroughly capable and unprejudiced these men are, and how independent they are of all influences exerted by Parliament or Corporations, one might think they had made up their minds in advance, and had listened to the counsel from the West only as a matter of form. That, however, is an absurd supposition. Anyway, who would expect Western advocates to succeed in any case in opposition to the trained intelligence of the counsel for the railroads? These men are so accustomed to winning cases, when it comes to a contest between vested privilege and public rights, that it would be quite unorthodox, and even bad form, to refuse them all that they ask. Yet the ordinary citizen of the West is incensed, and he is fully persuaded that the Government of Manitoba and the Boards of Trade of Winnipeg and Toronto, have good reason for making an appeal to the Cabinet.

Among the things hard to understand are these: Why there should be a Commission to grant relief to a rich corporation when it says there is trouble ahead, and none to grant relief to a poor citizen when trouble actually faces him; and why there should be an increase in rates for two roads when only one requires the increase to meet its necessities. It is surely better for Canada by direct taxation to raise the amount necessary to keep the National Road going, than to raise three times the amount by indirect taxation—two-thirds of which amount will without question go to a road that does not require help. As we see it, taxation is always taxation, whether it is direct or indirect. From the point of the Government, of course, one understands how the ruling of the Commission is better than direct taxation. A minister of railways does not like to face a big deficit. Was it this thought which prompted the minister to indulge in those foolish utterances a few days ago?

There is in the West, of course, another objection to the ruling. The distribution of the levy is open to serious criticism. The West now pays, it is understood, eighteen per cent higher rate than the East. Why should the discrimination be continued? If the rates have to be revised, why should the revision not be equitable? Is it another instance of eastern lordship? Why did the Commission not come to the West to get the western point of view? The dissatisfaction which exists is not without cause, and it will do more to create disunion than anything that has occurred for a long time. More than that it will have the effect of doing away not only with this Commission, but with others created to relieve Parliament from the necessity of making decisions.

There was another decision, this time local, which is quite as unpopular as that of the Railway Board. It was the decision of the Municipal Commissioner for Manitoba, when he gave his ruling as to fares on the street cars in Winnipeg. Once again it was a victory for the corporation, only in this case the ruling had the effect of annulling a contract entered into by the city and the street car company. That is the thing which causes chief offence. The people are a unit in saying that if one man is to impose taxation at will, they prefer a czar of their own choice to a Commissioner who is named by the government. Apart altogether from the necessities of the railway company it is clear that the way to settle the difficulty was not by arbitrarily cancelling the original contract. That is not just, and we hope the courts will prove this ruling to be beyond the powers of the Commissioner illegal. The street car company made good money—great money—during the prosperous years. The shareholders are, man for man, better able to bear loss than the general public. In any case, there should have been consultation between the two parties to the original contract, and a new understanding arrived at in that way. A utilities commissioner was surely never intended to have such authority as that exercised in this case. It may be that a seven cent fare is reasonable; the point is that it should never have been imposed in this way.

There is another side to it, of course. Increase in fares will reach a limit. It is possible the limit is now exceeded. If a rate is too high people will travel to and from business in some other way. Can it be that the street car system has had its day, and that we are ready to move on?

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND CHARACTER

In a recent discussion of public schools in the United States and their relation to religion, a clergyman said, "We are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children will make havoc of our institutions."

It is a broad statement. If it is true the fact is of the greatest importance, for the public schools surely justify themselves if they do not build character as well as impart knowledge. The charge was made as an argument in favor of the introduction of distinctly religious instruction in the public schools.

But is it true? The "Outlook" of New York city has attempted to answer the question, not arbitrarily, but by asking the opinion of nineteen college presidents, the heads of institutions of learning in the North and in the South, the East and the West. Their replies are based upon a study of the students in their own colleges, part of whom are graduates of public schools, part graduates of private or sectarian schools where religion is taught.

Not one of the nineteen college presidents finds that the moral influence of the public school is inferior to that of the best private schools. All say, on the contrary, that the public school pupils enter life with as high moral conceptions and as much religion as their companions from the private schools; but several of the presidents do notice a decided difference between the product of different public schools and different private schools—a difference which is always traceable to the character and personal influence of the teacher.

The result of the interesting inquiry is a splendid tribute to the public schools. The popular faith in them is not without justification. But two other conclusions should not be overlooked; the tremendous influence of good teachers, that is, teachers of strong and beautiful personal character, and the influence in morals and religion, of the home. If there are no religious influences in the home, nothing which the schools can teach will supply the lack; and if there is religion there, the pupils in the public schools will do very well without special religious instruction.

THE FRUITS OF LABOR

There is no way of production without labor. Whether it be agriculture, fishing, mining, lumbering, or the manufacture of finished articles from raw products, there is need for men to use their hands and brains. They must invent and discover; they must combine their ingenuity and their physical powers; and, above all, they must persevere in face of opposition and difficulty. All things come to those who work. And it is becoming to men to work here and now, for they have all eternity to rest after the trouble and toil are over. The first thing for any people to learn then is the necessity and dignity of labor. It is the means whereby man saves his own soul, to say nothing of production itself. The great peoples of the world have been working people, the great souls in any nation are those who incessantly labor. Nothing is more becoming to us as a people than that we should give ourselves up to the task of production. When the output is sufficient for our needs and the needs of the world there is no necessity for staying our hands. We can learn from the small boy. When he makes a toy he is not satisfied till he has adorned it with paint or with some device. So if by uniting our forces we can produce all that is necessary we can educate ourselves to give everything an artistic finish. That is the great need of our production to-day. We are a commonplace people because we produce commonplace articles. When we give up our souls to artistic production we raise ourselves from the plane of artizanship to the plane of the artist. The time may come when six hours a day will be all that is needed to produce rough material. It will always take longer than that for men to produce the best of which they are capable. So it is becoming for us to settle down to work, each in his own appointed place. Hand labor, head labor, and, hardest of all, heart labor. Yea, have we known what it meant: "He sweat as it were great drops of blood?" Through the giving of all he has, a man gets for himself all that is possible—his full development, his complete self-realization. The key to greatness for individuals and nations is good whole-souled work.

Doctor Burke's Cure

By Dorothy Canfield

Illustrations by G. Patrick Nelson

EVERY time the older clergyman looked at the younger he gave a groan of self-pity for which he felt little, if any, shame. It came near being a case of simple self-preservation, he thought, and did his best to harden his quivering Celtic heart.

"I mustn't get interested in him," he said to himself despairingly. "I mustn't get sympathetic or Lulu will scold so."

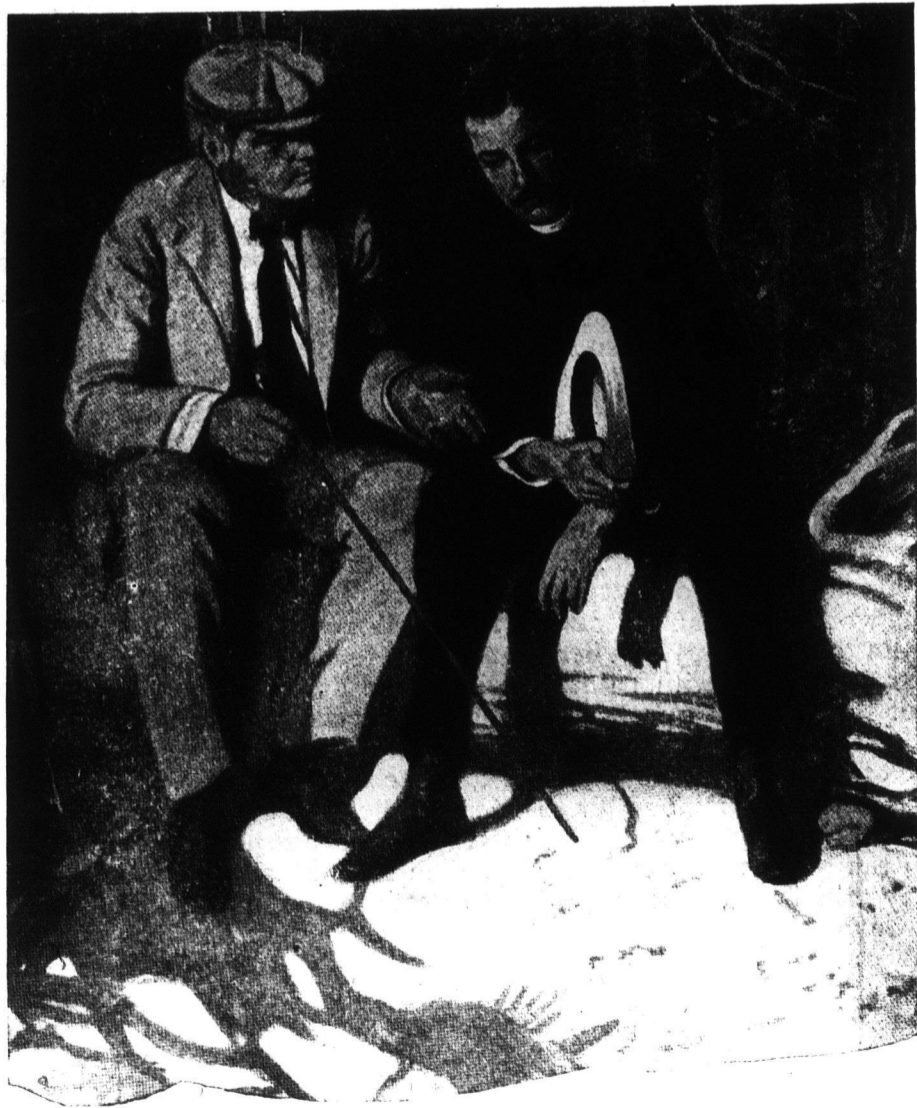
Lulu was the inimitably incongruous name of his wife, a firm-lipped, even-handed New England woman, set by Providence, so she said, as a guard over the too facile sympathies of the husband she idolized. She was undaunted by his rise to great fame and ordered about the celebrated Dr. Burke with as unshaken a certainty that she knew his wants and needs better than he, as though he were still young Michael Burke, the handsome and romantic emigrant who had captured her heart.

It had not been she alone, however, who had sent him upon this enforced vacation which he was now trying so conscientiously to guard intact. The whole worshipping parish, seeing fatigue in his keen, gentle eyes, and traces of nervous strain about the mobile, eloquent, well-beloved mouth, had risen as one man and insisted on his going away to a remote New England nook in the mountains where he would not be known.

The last condition was the idea of the great nerve-specialist, one of his parishioners, who withdrew from the position of adoring affection, common to all St. James people when their rector was in question, long enough to regard Dr. Burke as a "case".

"He must go where people will not know him," was his verdict. "He must wear a pepper-and-salt suit and a red neck-tie if necessary, so nobody'll think he's a clergyman, and he must not sympathize with a living soul! Don't some of you know a place where everybody's fat and prosperous and complacent? He has simply borne our burdens and lived our lives in his wonderful way so long that he must have a rest. His insight into suffering humanity has grown unnaturally keen, and he cannot see any of us fainting for some subtle, spiritual lack that he does not, with his marvellous skill, bring to us what we need. But it's at the cost of his very heart's life, and he must be naturally and humanly selfish for a time, or the exquisitely fine machinery which makes him what he is will snap in a thousand places."

The nerve-specialist was one of the vestry, and this homily was delivered at the first vestry meeting after his examination of Dr. Burke. Each of the vestrymen loved his rector as much as the



Dr. Burke had never spoken better.

nerve-doctor, and each of them repeated the exhortation in his own words to the tired man. Moreover, each of them told his wife, and each wife repeated it to Mrs. Burke. What Mrs. Burke said to her husband is not recorded, but it was probably vigorous, for he set out upon his quest for quiet, genuinely alarmed about his condition and firmly resolved to be as near an approach to a cabbage as possible. And here he was upon the second day feeling his heart go out towards the young boy-rector of the little mountain parish in one of those swift rushes of intuitive insight which made him so worshipped by his parish, but which had also reduced him to the state of pallor and nerves in which he found himself.

He struggled valiantly against this obsession. He took solitary walks and rides over the enchanting country, trying to forget the sad note in the boy's voice and the perplexed and mournfully bewildered look in his eyes. He told himself impatiently that he was like a machine which was worn too smooth-running for practical purposes. He had been used, half-humorously, to think of himself as a contrivance which ran sympathy upon the pushing of a button. But now it had escaped from his control. The reverse-cogs no longer worked. It ran sympathy indiscriminately, as though the button had stuck fast and was pushing in all the time.

Thus he reasoned to himself when he was away from the little boarding-house where he and the young Mr. Melville were the only guests, and he went back to the appetizing meals sure of his power to resist the insidious appeal of youth in distress. But as he noted with the unerring eye of a great soul-specialist the signs of spiritual unrest, and diagnosed the case from stray indications in the conversation which would have meant nothing to anyone less gifted with the magical insight that was his, he felt a miserable certainty that he would succumb before long to the temptation to put out his wise, kind hand and give just the touch to this unbalanced life that was needed.

It was after a moonlight walk with the young rector that he finally felt himself conquered. Up to that time he had repeated despairingly what his wife was always saying to him, "Suppose I had not happened along? He would have pulled through somehow." But on that night as he lay tensely awake, watching the steady patches of moonlight on the porch outside his window, he realized that this was a selfish shrinking of responsibility—a callous repetition of the world-old cry of "Am I my brother's keeper?" He remembered himself in his first parish, and the apparently soul-rending doubts and unbeliefs which then assailed him, and how he would have blessed Heaven if some wise, kind elder could have put a steadying hand on his whirling, aching, self-doubting head. When the boy spoke with such a shrinking horror in his voice of his doubts as to his capacity to be a clergyman, with all that it meant, Michael Burke felt a responsive quiver in his own ever-young Irish heart, and he longed to show the dear lad sweetly and tenderly, as only he could, how ludicrously he was overestimating his own importance. When the Reverend Mr. Melville's blue eyes looked past his companion, as church doctrine was spoken off, with a haunted expression of hardly-repressed misgiving, the older man yearned over him and he felt burning on the end of his facile, eloquent tongue the very words which would show this fresh boy-soul the eternal truth underlying all the noxious verbiage which had been conscientiously forced down him at the theological seminary.

The moonlight evening of the fatal walk was Sunday, after the evening service in the bare little church, and after the keen eyes of the great man had pierced to the very soul of the hesitating, forlornly courageous soldier of the Gospel. The evening sermon had been a lamentable affair. The boy was trying to learn to speak extemporaneously, and the results were alarming. The fluent, practised orator drew great breaths of agonized sympathy as the young rector halted and stammered and fumbled hopelessly. And when he finally finished miserably without having made a point of any kind, and turned back to the altar to receive the plate for the offering, thus shutting out for a moment the intolerably humorous, keen eyes of his amused but resigned congregation of people old enough to be his parents, Dr. Burke mopped his forehead, exhausted with the nervous strain. He could not have been more spent and haggard if he had been pouring all his golden eloquence into a mighty effort to stir the hearts of the self-satisfied, prosperous congregation who came to hear him in the city. As the priest turned about with the plate for the offering, the older man's heart contracted with a positive physical pain to see the drawn lines in his young comrade's face. The boy was evidently suffering agonies of mortification over his failure—those youthful, tragic pangs which seem to leave the whole future black. Michael Burke could hardly

restrain himself from going straight to him, putting his strong arm about his drooping shoulders and comforting him as only he could.

They walked home together that night, and although the doctor tried to call up before him the disapproving face of his much-loved and much-feared wife, he parted from the young man with the feeling that they were destined to be more to each other. Mr. Melville had been very silent and subdued, and once as they sat for a moment by the roadside, he had dropped his head with a half-stifled groan.

Dr. Burke's hand had flown out in instant sympathy, but he had withdrawn it before it touched the young priest, and he had sat in silence beside the troubled soul, holding in a final restraint the impulses of his helpful heart, tugging at the leash of his prudence.

That night, as has been said, he lay long awake, feeling his whole being warm and glow into the heat that always preceded one of his great efforts, either a sermon or a soul-to-soul struggle with the powers of evil and doubt. He had a sort of zest in letting himself go, lifted high out of his worry about his health by the tidal-wave of this sacrificial fervor.

Although he knew that, while it would sweep his beneficiary out into the wide sea of healthful endeavor, its receding would leave him nerveless and limp on the shore of physical and spiritual lassitude, he had so exhilarated a joy in the prospect of the righteous exercise of his great power, that he even doubted for a moment whether he did not, after all, rather enjoy his adroitness in manipulating souls, whether it was not becoming an exciting game of skill with him more than a prayerful act of devotion.

But he was too wise a man, and had won his wisdom too hardly by terrors of self-distrust, to allow such fantastic doubts of his disinterestedness to trouble him much. He recognized them as among the most insidious wiles of the arch enemy, and put them resolutely on one side, as he meant to teach the Reverend Mr. Herman Melville to do before the end of his month's stay in Clarendon.

He slept very little that night, and although insomnia had grown to be a wretchedly steady habit with him, he could not but attribute his tossing restlessness to the subtle struggle which lay before him. The next morning he arose keyed up for the beginning of his task. He tried to forget Lula, and succeeded at the first sight of the young clergyman's pale, drawn face. He made conversation, casual, kind, impersonal talk, and before Mr. Melville knew it he had made an appointment to show the tired-looking elderly man in the pepper-and-salt suit the view of the cascades by moonlight—the one show place of the little village.

That day was one of mingled joy and faintness to Michael Burke, but when the two started out together he felt himself like a well-tuned instrument, ready for the master's hand.

He began by telling the young man abruptly who he was; not just any Mr. Burke resting from too much devotion to business, but Michael Burke—of St. James, New York—"the one they call 'Father Michael', you know."

The young clergyman stopped abruptly in the shade of a pine tree as if stricken dumb by this announcement, and the other felt sympathetically the heart-sick rush of chagrin of the self-conscious rector as he thought of his last night's sermon being heard by the world-famous preacher. His heart overflowed suddenly, and putting his hand on his comrade's shoulder, he said in the sweet, deep voice which always went to his own heart as well as to his hearer's, "I tell you that, my dear fellow, because this last week has made me wish to be 'Father Michael' to you, too."

Mr. Melville stammered out an incoherent expression of gratitude and the conversation was launched. They had started out to see the cascades, but they did not stir from under the pine tree's dense shadow. For two hours Dr. Burke felt he had never spoken better. He went over the trials of his youth—he had been a boy not unlike his companion—and he drew from them the gently ironical and healing essence of experience with which he had soothed so many troubled souls. He touched—but this very lightly—upon the anguish of first feeling the horrors of incompetence, the sermons that missed fire, the precious opportunities lost. He reserved more on this head until a later date, when they should be drawn more together and the boy really should have opened his heart. He spoke of the uplifting consciousness of one's final insignificance which was such a comfort to sane middle-life and to which the young man would certainly come through these very trials of his stormy youth. Of doctrines he spoke sparingly, but with a wide allowance for youthful scorn of theology, and with a tolerant, kindly smile for blasting moments of apparently world-rocking scepticism. The mere fact of having taken orders, after all, could not protect you against unbelief, he urged his young friend to know; and the priest must forge his own armor of faith by his own lustiest efforts, or go naked and shivering all his life. He must have his own interpretation of the holy truths of the church, and there was no better beginning than honest doubt.

At this he was suddenly aware that he was very tired, his knees shaking under him and his head heavy and throbbing. He rose and proposed that they go back to the house. He recalled that he would have a whole month with this boy-soldier, and that perhaps he had said enough for the first time.

The Reverend Mr. Melville walked beside him in silence, his head bowed. Dr. Burke respected his confusion and said nothing. At the door the young man roused himself, took the other's hand ardently in his and said earnestly, "I can't tell you, Dr. Burke, how much you have helped me! You have given me a new inspiration!" The older man waved his thanks aside deprecatingly, but he went to his room with a glowing heart in a very tired body.

As he laid himself down wearily in his bed, his fatigue was for a moment lightened by the inevitable conscious joy of an artist who has done well. "It was one of my great moments," he said to himself, with an honest pride. (He thought half-regretfully what a sermon he could have preached with the fire and feeling he had used up on this obscure boy, but upbraided himself at once for the thought which he recognized as mercenary.)

There was no trying to sleep. His tense nerves twitched and twanged all through him like over-strained violin-strings. He felt that he could never relax again in his life; and reflected that this might mean the turning point for him, that this time he might really overdo so that he could never get back to a healthy state of nervous equilibrium again. "No matter about me," he said stoutly to his fainting heart, "it is an immortal soul to be saved for the service of good," and he turned himself to watch the steady light of the moon on the veranda floor.

A shadow passed before his window, and the Reverend Mr. Melville walked past with his arm around the waist of a girl in white. Dr. Burke remembered hearing that the young rector was engaged to be married, and smiled sympathetically.

The next moment he started on hearing his own name spoken, and in an instant was so transfixed by what he heard that he forgot he was eavesdropping.

"Did you ever hear of the Reverend Mr. Michael Burke, Pussy dear?" asked the young man.

"No," said the girl promptly. "Is he the old man who's boarding here?"

Father Michael bounded indignantly in his bed at the adjective. "Yes," said the other, "I didn't know he was a minister till to-night. He dragged me out for a moonlight walk and told me he was 'Father Michael'. He spoke so pompously about it that I was scared, for fear he'd realize I'd never heard of him. I just stopped short, trying to remember the name. It seems to me vaguely that I have heard him spoken off, too. Isn't there an emotional old preacher in some sensational church in New York by that name?"

The girl made no response and the other went on, "Well, he's like all other old men, too fond of the sound of his own voice, and so garrulous about his youth! I thought he never would get through telling me anecdotes of his young days. I meant to be kind to him, but, when you consider that he was keeping me away from you, you can imagine that I was not vitally interested in his reminiscences."

There was an interlude of appropriate silence after this, and then the girl asked, "How's your poor tooth?"

"Better, to-day, thank Heaven. Yesterday I really thought I could not go through the service. By the way, Helen, darling, what did you think of the sermon in the evening? Didn't it strike you as pretty good? I thought that point about the health of content was not so bad. It really seems odd to me sometimes that



Dr. Burke mopped his forehead

I should have so little trouble about speaking without notes. It just seems to come natural to me."

"It was wonderful," breathed the girl rapturously—"wonderful! I felt the tears in my eyes all the time—and when I thought how you were suffering every minute from toothache I—"

There was another silence. Then the young minister spoke again. "You know how worried I have been about arranging the heating plant of that old house we're going to use as parish-house? Well, it was the funniest thing—all the while this old man was talking I kept turning it over in my mind—it's really been making me lose my appetite; I thought I was no good, and not fit to be the leader of a parish because I couldn't solve that problem—and finally an inspiration about a straight pipe up from the old kitchen came to me from a figure he was drawing idly on the dust with his cane." He paused and laughed a little with a boyish mischief. "I hope it wasn't deceiving and un-Christian, but I just couldn't keep the joke to myself, and when I said good-night to my old sermonizer I told him he never could know how he had helped me. He never will, either!"

The girl laughed with him, a tinkling gush of amusement and admiration that disappeared before the sudden severity of her sweetheart's voice as he went on, "But, if he is a clergyman as he claims, he has the most extraordinary ideas on theology. Really, Helen," he spoke with a youthfully solemn condemnation—"I really shouldn't think him quite safe." He lowered his voice to a greater hush, "Honestly, he didn't sound quite—quite orthodox to me!"

There is a limit to all things. At this the Reverend Dr. Michael Burke sprang from his bed, and, rushing across the room with an agility he had not suspected to be in him, he slammed the window down, banging it so that an echo resounded through the house.

But he was Irish for other things than quick sympathies, and before he reached his bed again he was shaken by a laughter that seemed to tear him away from all his old moorings. He buried his face in his pillows to stifle the sound of his noisy peals of mirth—he felt overwhelmed, drowned, as wave after wave of hilarity swept over him. His tired nerves reacted from their tense strain of a few moments before into a wild jangle of hysterical realization of the joke on him. It seemed to him that he could never stop laughing.



"IT'S A DIZZY LIFE, BUT AN AIRY ONE," SAYS GIRL WHO TRIED IT.

After finding the bricklaying business too full of ups and downs, this amazing young girl decided to take a shot at non-grinding for a change. She is Miss "Collie" Collier, a reporter for the Chicago Herald-Examiner. Miss Collier, whose lump of curiosity is probably as big as a bricklayer, just fifteen minutes of which was enough to give her all the information she wanted. She next hit the concert hall, but the men on the job cursed too much. Then she went to the top of the new Shuman Hotel building in Chicago. Without any trace of fear, this slip of a girl mounted in the



"I meant to be kind to him"

Every time he recalled the scene under the pine tree he burst into guffaws and beat his hands upon the pillow. He thought of his last meditation before the dialogue outside began, "No matter about me—it is an immortal soul to be saved," and his piqued vanity was fairly annihilated by his sense of the inimitable irony of the situation. The same quality in him that made him an instrument exquisitely responsive to emotion made him lie alone in the darkened room and plunge from one depth of uncontrollable mirth to another. As fast as a convulsion of laughter subsided into faint, breathless chuckles, odd phrases of his exhortation floated across his brain—"the joy of realizing one's final insignificance in the world," "how cheerful it made middle-age to know that youth always ludicrously exaggerated its own importance," and he lay back on his pillows, shouting and crowing hysterically until his breath gave out and he shook in noiseless giggles.

Finally he realized that he was dog-tired, and at the same time he felt dimly that he was relaxed and unstrained as he had not been for many months, . . . but before he could stop to philosophize on this he fell suddenly asleep like a little child.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, and the house was noisy with active life. He reached for his watch and looked at it credulously. It pointed to twenty minutes to twelve. He had slept almost half the day. The fourteen-year-old son of his landlord passed the open window and he called him in. "Don't you want to go fishing with me to-day?" he asked, yawning happily as he sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I'm going fishing the rest of the time I'm here. Come along."

After the boy had gone he rose and went to the mirror. On the way, a belated and passing spasm of laughter overtook him, and when he looked at himself he hardly recognized the healthily flushed and smiling face which greeted him. He surveyed this care-free image complacently for some time, and finally, with a freakish return to his boyhood, he stuck out his tongue and shook a jocular fist at the looking-glass. "Sure, an' 'tis not you that can iver say it does a man no good to lave his own parish a bit!" he cried, assuming his broadest brogue, and then, "Och, faith! an' I wish Lulu could see me just now!"

AURORA BOREALIS

By Elsa Barker

Even as the glory of the northern lights
On some still winter midnight strikes the soul
Spellbound with visions, and the boreal pole
Becomes a flaming ladder that unites
Heaven and earth; so, Love, your beauty smites
My spirit dumb with wonder, and the whole
Sky of my life burns with the aureole
Of your strange being blazing on the heights.

Love is no less a mystery to me
Than the aurora of the northern sky.
'Twas the cold midnight of my destiny,
When from the void you came to glorify
My firmament with unknown ecstasy;
Yea, and I know not whence you came nor why!



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This way to a pretty skin

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Blended from ancient oils

In classic days the royal road to a beautiful skin was the use of Palm and Olive oils. They served both as cleanser and also as a lotion. Ancient records picture this use and record the benefits.

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If you value the health of your skin, wash your face daily—wash it thoroughly—wash it with Palmolive soap.

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"No! No," he said, "that step! it is the thing born in you!"

The Toes of Toinette

By Frederick Palmer

THE private secretary's rule about callers at the 135th Street aerodrome waiting their turn melted under her imploring request to take her card in to Danbury Rodd at once.

"Mademoiselle Antoinette Rogget!" Rodd read aloud. "And what does she want?" His face lighted as he finished the question, which he answered by his own exclamation: "Of course! It's Toinette! One forgets that she has also a surname!"

Her attraction for the aviator was no secret among his friends. Many times he had excused himself from company in order to be at the theater in time to see her dance. She was a kindred spirit of flight, unchaining his imagination. She came nearest to being aerial of any earthly creature he had ever seen.

"What shall I say, sir?" the secretary inquired. "She seems to be in trouble," he added, by way of using his influence.

Rodd paused as soberly as if he were deciding a matter of state. Purposely, he had always chosen a rear orchestra seat. To him, Toinette was an abstraction, an impersonal expression of human grace. He disliked to spoil an illusion which he had deliberately nursed. Probably her charm before the footlights was the product of calculated training in front of a mirror, and in real life she was a most matter-of-fact being, talking professional slang.

"Is she anything at all like what she is on the stage?" he asked.

"That's the surprising part," said the secretary, who promptly acted on his own responsibility. He opened the door and beckoned, as he drew to one side with a punctilious bow.

Rodd was hardly on his feet when Toinette, in furs, came into

his office with the same radiant quickness of the Toinette in costume appearing from the wings. It was herself, not an actress, that her audience saw, night after night. She might be nineteen, this fragile woman, yet she was like a child in her spontaneity.

"I speak to all the peoples with my feet, is it not?" she said. "So you will excuse me if I miss the steps when I speak the English."

Whatever her request, she had no mind to be balked of a full hearing. As if the movement were a part of a courtesy, she took the visitor's seat, while Rodd, in the presence of such grace, felt his arms and legs disjointed fans of a windmill as he sank into his own chair.

"Meestaire Rodd, how very queeck can you run your queeckest flying machine to Philadelphia?" she inquired, tossing back the furs from her throat and setting her muff at an angle on her knee in keeping with that at which she held her head.

"Why, I have done it with a bank of wind at my back from the Schuykill to the Hudson in twenty-eight minutes, but that was pretty wild going. In average weather, I think we can depend on forty," he told her.

"Ten forty-five, ten feefty-five—yais, that will do," and she whirled the muff round and round jubilantly, her feet rat-tatting the floor. "You will—you will?"

"Who am I to take?" he inquired.

"Moi, moi, moi!" she repeated beating her jacket with her muff.

"And when?"

"To-night—this very night!"

Rodd looked at his calendar pad and saw that he had three engagements for that evening.

"But I have been so excited I did not tell you it right," she went on. "I am playing in Philadel-

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"That is your audience, Meestaire Rodd," she cried, with a gesture earthward

phoea and I must dance there at ten-fifteen and I must be in New York for the last act of the opera! Yais! It is impossible unless I fly, is it not?"

"I know no other way," said Rodd, between fear and temptation. So many actresses had made similar requests. Could this small person be playing a part set her by a press agent? She subtly guessed what was passing in his mind.

"Non, non, non!" she exclaimed, shaking both her head and the muff in a tempest of fur and plumes and rebellious eyes. "Not the advertisement! Non! A secret that must not go in the newspapers! And Toinette does not advertise, if you please, except with her toes!" She thrust two patent-leather tips out from under the hem of her skirt and regarded them awesomely. "It is not that I like to ask the favor of a stranger," she asseverated proudly. "It is not for myself I ask, but for the maestro. Meestaire Rodd, you can help me to make the best man in the world happy forever and evaire. But if I try to tell you how much I love the maestro I should talk all day! and then I could not say it—all what is here!"

She pressed the muff against the left side of her jacket passionately; then it flew over to his knee coaxingly, as she leaned forward.

"Listen, Meestaire Rodd," she pleaded. "The Hotel Aragon in

Philadelphoea has a place on the roof for the aeroplanes to land. The theater is across the street. I respond to the last encore, I run to the elevator of the Aragon, and we fly! Please, just to make the noblest, truest man in the world happy—you will? You will?"

With a feather touch of those wonderful toes she was on her feet and bending over him, her eyes begging. The impulse to please her brought consent to his lips.

"Yes, and we'll have an auto ready to take you to the stage door of the opera instantly we land," he said.

"Oh, oh! You are the vrai Meestaire Rodd. You are the same off the stage as on!" she exclaimed, twirling the muff again and dancing a few soft little steps an irresistible expression of her delight. "Thank you! Thank you! And you will not tell anybody evaire that you took me?"

"Never!" he answered, rising, supremely self-conscious that in her fantastic presence he was as clumsy as a hippopotamus.

"It is all a secret—a trick! By and by I tell you," she said. "I must hurry to see the manager of the opera to plan everything so very carefully, now you have promised. In the wings at ten-fifteen! Do not forget!"

It seemed to Rodd that she never touched foot to floor or pavement from the door to the waiting taxicab. He blinked as if



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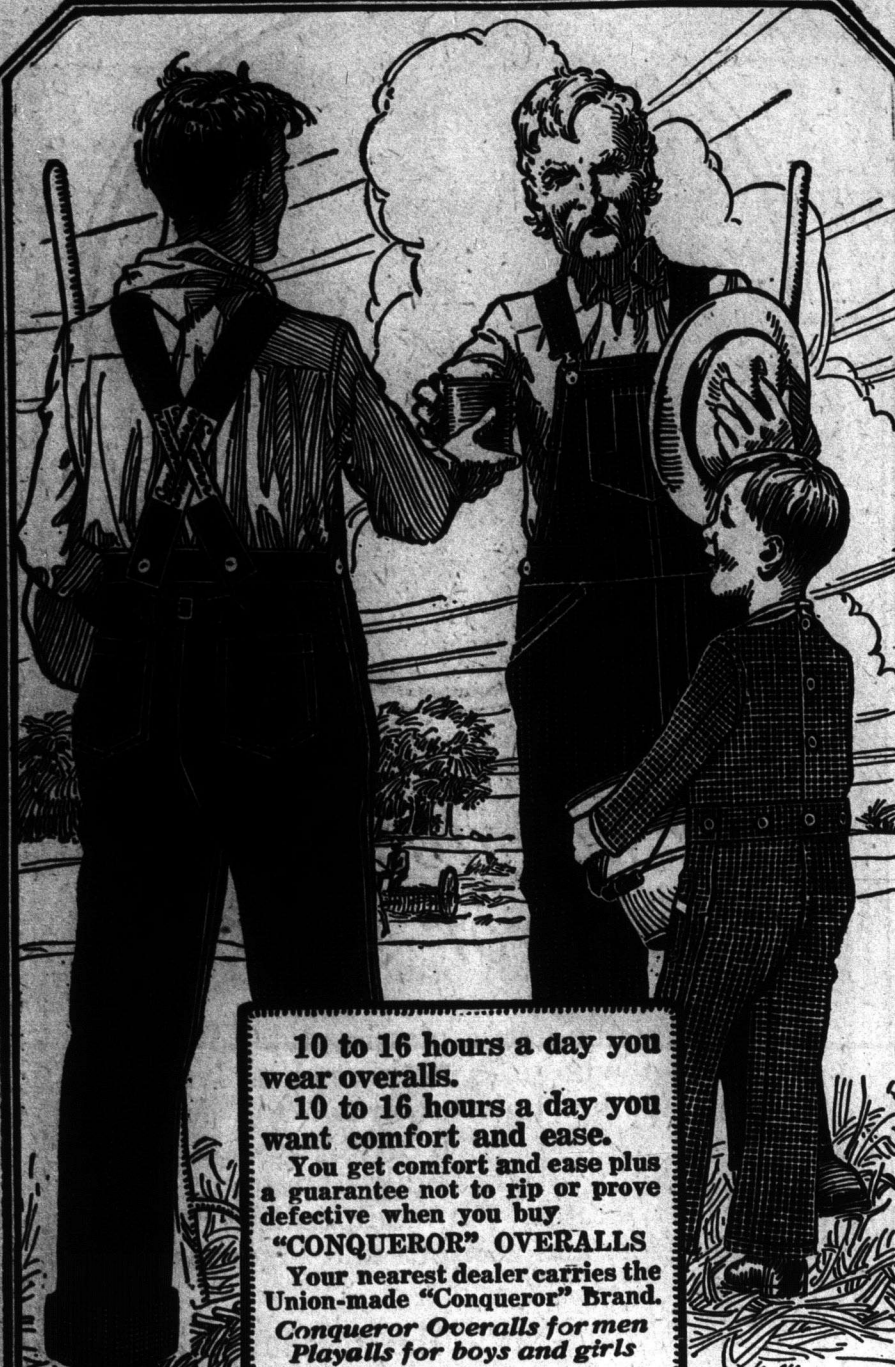


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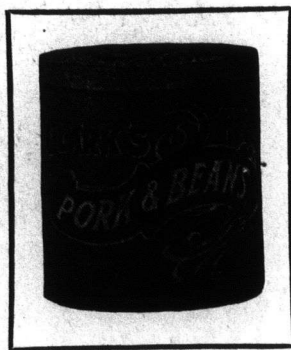




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to make sure that all that had happened was not a dream, and glanced at his arms and legs, and was really gratified to find that with her out of the room they did not seem any longer or more awkward than those of the average man of his height.

Some one kept slipping a muff back and forth across the plans of the new wing to his factory over which he was working, making a spell of phantasmal stage mystery. Who was the maestro? Why should it make him happy forever to have Toinette beat a railroad train? There was more to the story than a whim that she should appear in Philadelphia and New York the same evening.

The three engagements which had stared at him from the calendar pad were brought under one head at the dinner hour. The Falcon, which rose above the gleaming city on that crisp winter's night, was a different looking aeroplane from the Falcon in her summer rig. The boxlike structure over the seats gave the effect of the body of a Brobdignagian interplanetary bird. As warm as toast when he descended to the roof of the Aragon in Philadelphia, Rodd looked down on skurrying men in the streets with their hands to their ears, and on chauffeurs in rough furs resembling so many clumsy bears with heads drawn shiveringly between the shoulders.

When he entered the theater he heard a sound like the distant beating of surf, and he saw that Toinette had just gone on the stage. When she came off, with thunders of applause following her, she ran to Rodd and gave his fingers an earnest press, while the audience continued to call.

"I love it! I love to dance!" she cried. "But only one encore to-night!"

The instant she returned, all the theater was silent, as if, indeed, the people were listening to the singing of her feet. A third time she went back, but only to kiss her toe in adieu. Then her maid threw a heavy fur coat about her and thrust the two precious feet in satin slippers into big fur boots.

"And the make-up box? Mon Dieu! That is everything! I must not forget that!" said Toinette, which struck Rodd as odd, considering that she was not made-up at all.

"Here!" said the maid, taking a box off a chair.

Toinette slipped it under her arm.

"All right, Meestaire Rodd—queeck!" But as they passed out she paused long enough to pull the long knotted forelock in the center of the comedian's bald wig, and that comedian's round face through its grease paint, flashed with happiness like the moon coming out from under a cloud.

They ran across the street into the doorway of the hotel and were shot up in the back elevator to the roof, where the Falcon's engines were softly humming in readiness.

"It's cozy!" she said, when she was seated inside the silken hous-

ing. "And why these woolly little wires like a cobweb over the walls?"

"They keep us warm," answered Rodd. "Otherwise, we'd be frozen by the terrific speed."

"Then I could not dance at the opera to-night," she said, "not until they stood me up beside the radiator and thawed me out—and then it would be too late, too late!"

The motors started; the runners creaked on the frosty track; they were already ascending.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she trilled. The lights of Philadelphia were trailing in confusion like thousands of comet tails. "That is your audience, Meestaire Rodd," she cried, with a gesture earthward, "and you wait not for the encore!"

"Those toes—those very valuable toes, are they tucked in snugly?" he said, bending over to see for himself that they were.

"Yes, those very valuable toes! Nevaire do I go on the stage but I have a little stage fright for them," she said. "What if they should not—not do as I bid them! They are what you call my capital, my kingdom, my all, is it not? Every morning when I wake up I look across the sheet at them so far away and say, 'Toes, are you there?' And they wiggle back, 'All right!'"

"Yes, I know how you feel. All the rods and planes and the engines, they dance for me," said Rodd.

"And do you have the stage fright, too?"

"Yes," he confessed. "I never throw in the gear without a feeling that perhaps the Falcon will not respond. I never rise without fresh wonder to find myself flying. But if I break a toe I can get a new one, and you can't!"

"Non—nevaire!" She shuddered. "And I will grow old and can't dance any more. No! no!" She shook her head obstinately, defiantly, as if shaking off this shadow. "Non! I will keep young! Oh, that was the river—and it is gone like a needle shot through the cloth, n'est-ce-pas?" Then she looked about her inquiringly and exclaimed: "Voila! I can save the time!" and took a mirror out of the box, hung it in a crotch of the asbestos-covered wires, and began making-up.

"It is a part of the trick for the maestro. Ah, but I have not told you about the maestro!" she added, turning to Rodd in surprise at the discovery, with one eyebrow darkened. "I ask you to do everything and explain nothing. Where shall I begin this bonne histoire? With what was the beginning, of course! I was a little girl this tall"—she indicated the height by holding out the rouge brush and measuring carefully from the forehead—"a waif! I ran the errands for Madame of the bake-shop. 'The bread you ordered!' 'The cake you ordered, my lady!' And I dance—always I dance. The music, it touched the little springs in my toes! I danced for the love of the dance, just like I breathe the air for to live."

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"The maestro's name is Signor Laponi, but we call him maestro because he is Italian, and he like that best. Alors, one day he is walking by when he sees me dance when the piano came along, so happy; yais, so happy I forget to deliver the rolls which some one do want in the very great hurry. He stop, he watch, he make the wild gesture, and he mount on his toes and he say: 'Do like me—can you?' Oh, I shall nevaire forget his look! It was like a man waiting to see if he had found a diamond or just a lump of coal. I do the step—it was good fun and so very easy!"

"Le Bon Dieu!" he cry, and he pick me up in his arms and demand where I belong, and I point to the bakeshop. He carried me in, and he cried, "Whose child is this?"

"Nobodys!" said Madame, very angry to see me still with the rolls in my hand.

"Nobody's! Thank God! Then she is mine!" said the maestro; and he was so very grand.

"You're welcome to her!" said Madame. "She is a good for nothing!"

"How the maestro laugh! He laugh like the child; he laugh like he was a wrinkled, wise old man of the mountain. Have you understood?"

"Good for nothing! The good God has put the spark of genius in her feet just as He put it into Beethoven's head. Good for nothing! She will dance in Paris, London, Berlin, St Petersburg, New York! Men shall besiege the ticket office to see her! I know! I will train her! This to pay you, Madame!"

"In his grand way he stand me on the counter right among the pastries. Ah, it was like the maestro—all life is art to him—to empty his pockets, to take off his sleevebuttons and his scarpin, and give them all to Madame, who was so astounded she could only breathe hard, with her hands on her hips. And he take me up again, and he pat my toes, and shake my ankles softly, and chuckle all to himself and carry me all the way to his room. It was all most surprising to me. Hein! I was so very surprised, being such a very little girl, I had not dropped the rolls. That was what you call a very happy coincidence, eh? For the maestro, who love the art so he forget everything else, had given away all his money and the rolls were all we had for supper!"

"But the maestro, so thin and dark-eyed and earnest, he did not eat any of the rolls. He look at my ankles and my toes and feel them and he ask me to dance again, and he was so very happy that it make me very glad."

"At last," he says, "I shall train a great dancer!" You see, all his life he had live for that ambition, for the applause of the pupil he had trained."

She paused thoughtfully, taking in a breath of wonder. Trenton was a glow-worm illuminating the ghastly mantle of snow which passed by the frame of the wafer-thin gelatin window. The braces were like threads of spun glass, the

rods sparkling and the planes gleaming in their coats of frost under the Falcon's lamp.

"There was another little girl. She help me eat the rolls," Toinette went on. "The other little girl was Valerie, the maestro's daughter. Oh, wait till you see Valerie! She is good and honest, not just lucky, like me. Valerie's mother was dead. She had a beautiful name, Felicite, is it not? She was a dancer and her mother a dancer, but not the great dancer. Hein! You have understood? The great dancer, she walk on the roses and thousand-franc notes! Non!? Madame Felicite was the hundred-franc-a-week dancer, and the hope of those dear hearts of the maestro and Madame Felicite was that their Valerie should succeed where the mother and grandmother had failed. They would live to see all Europe applaud Valerie. But Madame Felicite she die so very poor, still hoping."

Toinette turned somber. The willow of her figure drooped, and the corners of her mouth sank under the grease paints which were gradually outlining a countenance far older than her own.

"And the maestro! His art and his real daughter and his daughter adopted—it was the fight in his heart. He would scold me and call me the lazy, undeserving one, and then pat my ankles. And once when Valerie had tried so hard and could not, he grew very angry and he shook me and say, wild-like, 'Why did you have that spark and not my Valerie?' And then he change to tears, and beg my forgiveness, and pat my toes, and say the bon Dieu was right in giving the spark to me. Have you understood?"

"He love us so much, he was so grand in his ideas, that he would not let us appear at all till we were the finished artistes. He come to America the better to make the money, and when we were ready we should go to Europe for the debut. Ah, he live on the sensation we would make one day. We were so very poor I would beg him to let me do the dance just for to boil the pot. 'Non!' he answered, so angry and proud. And—you will not tell?—all in secret I get the engagement in the vaudeville and I dance just well enough, not too well, so he shall not hear, and I get the poor girls to be his pupils and I pay for their teaching, and the maestro nevaire know. Oh, it was the good fun!"

"And the maestro he lost the sight of one eye and the other it go bad, and then one day he go blind. He cannot teach any more, and I find a friend to give us the little money I earn as a loan. You have understood? And how did I practice, remembering everything he tell me and so sorry when he have been so good to me that I have been such a mischief. He could only tell by listening to the steps, and sometimes when he thought it was Valerie dancing it would be me, and he would be very happy to think how Valerie had improved."

The make-up was finished with a last touch. She turned on Rodd the features of a woman of forty,



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with the smirking smile of the professional dancer or circus performer, forced under physical strain.

"Why is this?" Rodd inquired indignantly.

"For the audience at the opera. It is a disguise, a part of the trick. And the maestro, he not only go blind—oh, the poor maestro, may the good God cheer him!—but he cough and cough, and when the doctor examine him the doctor he say, 'Arizona quick to save the life!'"

"Non! What is the life?" answer the maestro. "I shall live long enough for the European debut and that is all I want!"

But we find a friend—the manager of the opera in New York. That big, terrible, knowing, good man, he say, 'All right. I arrange for the European debut.' And he get the maestro into a drawing-room on the train for Arizona, oh, so very clevaire and kind!"

"Yes, and then?" said Rodd, guiding himself by the lights of Newark.

"Voila! Valerie and I, we make the debut at the opera in Paris; two girls before all those grand, bored, critical people. Oh, the audience! It can make you so happy when it is all smiles and rustles and handclaps, and so miserable when all the shirt fronts of the men out there in the silent darkness look like so many little tombstones over your own buried ambition. The singers have to wait and wait on the encores for me—the lucky one.

"Alas, for Valerie only just a little applause. Poor Valerie, standing so triste, with nobody speaking to her in the wings! Is it not a shame the bon Dieu has not given her the spark in the feet when she is so very worthy, when she work so much harder than I? And then I think of the maestro out in Arizona—the poor maestro! Everything I owe to him! But for him I still work in the bake-shop, is it not so?"

"But Valerie, she kissed me. She was not jealous—no! no! no! And when I ran from all the men who wanted to send me home in their carriages—just as the maestro had told me to do, for the sake of the bon Dieu and my art—and Valerie and I went back to our

room in the omnibus, just as we always had, that night she sobbed and sobbed.

"Oh," she say, "it is not for myself. I do not like the dance. I would better like to keep a shop or anything! Non, it is not for myself—it is father's heartbreak when he knows I have failed!"

"I could not sleep thinking of the maestro. Since he become blind his pride was more and more in Valerie. in his Madame Felicite's child. When I read the papers and all the critics say of what they call my singing feet, I had the idea—yais, the grand idea!—Valerie should be me!"

"Yais, the handclaps were all for Valerie! For once I was glad that the maestro no more have the eyes to see. I make the plan very carefully and a friend in Arizona who is in the secret read aloud all my notices and change my name to Valerie. You have understood? C'est joli, n'est-ce pas? And Valerie she have to help, though she say it is one lie. But is it a lie? Non! It is for the maestro and it make him happy till a travelér make some fool talk before our friend in Arizona could stop the stupid.

"The maestro grow suspicious, angry, and he come on in this weather—the poor maestro, with only a little piece of lung left, just enough so he can live in Arizona—yais, he come on all alone to find the truth! And the first we know was when he appear in Valerie's room at the hotel in New York. She is so good, so honest, she is not quick for—what you say?—for keeping up the story. And to-night in the last act, just for a minute, Valerie appears at the opera for the first time and the maestro will be there in the manager's box. He cannot see, but he will know by the applause if he has been fooled. Oh, that terrible monster the audience, it will say 'Another danseuse? So! So! Nothing unusual!'"

"Is Valerie forty?" Rodd asked. He resented the spirit of youth and lightness taking on a mask.

"No, no! But New York does not know Valerie!" she answered quickly. "And New York it knows me, my face, which I change. But I cannot change my

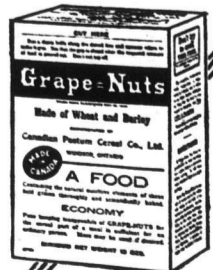
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toes—that is the trouble. Have you understood?"

"Yes." New York's skyscrapers were blank shadows, with the bright ribbon of upper Broadway softening into the darkness of the lower city.

"Twenty-eight minutes!" said Rodd, as the guiding plane dipped for the descent.

"You take the long steps when you dance, and so quick!" said Toinette.

The Falcon skidded over the graveled boards of the long 52nd Street pier between the canal barges, stopping a few feet this side of a waiting automobile, which they entered. Toinette was silent and desperately sober. Rodd saw her under lip tremble.

"If I should forget myself—if I should fail!" she whispered. "If the maestro should guess! Oh, he would be more miserable than ever! 'Twould be the climax for him!"

At the stage door the manager himself, the most important accomplice, his manner breathing a generous yet astute cosmopolitanism, received them.

"I am not too late?" Toinette asked.

"No, but watch your steps—watch the steps which Valerie could not possibly do—the ones no one in the world but you can do, little one," he said; and passed her into the mysteries behind the scenes with a bearish pat on the head, while he bade Rodd follow him. At a door he stopped for his guest to precede him, and Rodd looked out on the auditorium through the frame of the manager's box, where sat a lean, withered man, and with him a girl, in ballet costume. The manager signalled to her with uplifted finger and she took her cue.

"It is time for me to go on, father," she said.

"Your triumph, Valerie! I shall hear them as they praise you. No, it is my triumph!" he answered, coughing with the words; "mine and Felicite's! Most of all is it her's! And then I go back to Arizona content."

Valerie went to the door, but there she paused and sank softly down on the step to wait while her comrade played her part. Rodd seated himself between the maestro and the manager.

The chorus fluttered away from the center of the stage; the tinsel king of a basso rested on the arm of his chair, pulling his false beard, and the tenor prince stood near, while the soprano peasant girl stood among the people.

Thus the court awaited the dancer. She appeared from the wings, but not with the smile of Toinette, crying, "I love to dance for you, for I have a spark in my feet!" It was the make-up smile of the professional without inspiration. People settled back, thinking, "Now we shall see what we have seen scores of times, all according to the bill." But as her feet took life a rustle ran through the house.

The maestro had his hand to his ear listening for the thip-thip of the toe-touches in the mighty silence. His daughter, watching

fearfully from her place at the entrance to the box, saw his face glow with happiness.

"Training! My training!" he said. "Application is better than genius! Now, will you believe me, my mischief Toinette, who would not practice?"

Toinette, keeping in psychic touch with the mood of the many-headed, critical monster watching her, had given just enough to insure a hearty encore. The audience instinctively felt the magnetism of a reserve force under control. It was hungry, expectant, leaning forward when she returned. At the command of ten thousand eyes calling for her art, she forgot herself. She let the spark in her toes have its abandoned way in the call of the music's enchantment. When she stopped, the monster drew a long, deep breath and through the film of her make-up Rodd saw the fairies' frolic playing for an instant in her natural smile. Then her face turned ghastly with the realization of her error as she ran into the wings in panic; while an old gentleman near the box sprang up and cried:

"It is, it must be, Toinette!"

The thunders now rising from pit to arch drowned his voice. But the discriminating ear of the maestro had already heard the truth. He fell limp, all the life out of his body and face.

"No! no!" he said incoherently.

"It is not all art. It is the thing born in you! That step! I can hear if I cannot see! No other foot had the bones, the muscles, to do that step except the foot I found in front of the bakeshop!"

Valerie, to whom his words were inaudible, took her cue and sprang forward, touching his shoulder.

"Are you pleased, father?" she asked, half strangling in her effort at triumph. The maestro pushed her away from him tragically.

"No, it was not in nature. We were to be denied our hope, Felicite and I, to make a great dancer of our child. But, Valerie," he gasped, "I did not think, with your mother's blood and mine, that you—you would play such a trick to the shame of art and truth!"

"Father!" Valerie sank at his feet. Her simple loyalty had not the resourcefulness to invent any explanation.

Rodd, with a realizing sense of the situation, found himself playing a new part which, in his philosophy, was guaranteed by the views of Toinette about the righteousness of some lies.

"Maestro," he said gently, putting that strong hand of his on the teacher's shoulder, "you forget how a child's love for her blind father may give her the spark!"

The maestro shrugged his shoulders. They could say, if his weak lungs could not, that he understood how the accomplices in the plot would come to the rescue of his daughter.

"But proof is the only way," continued Rodd. "Toinette was on the stage at ten thirty—in Philadelphia. It is now eleven forty-five. How could she be in

Continued on Page 64



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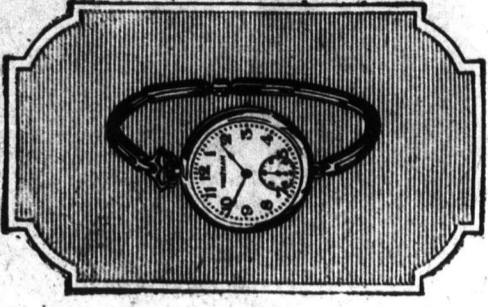
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He trotted faithfully beside you

In the Days

By Marion Hill

No matter how far away from the house you were when you were bad, you always found that the news of it got home first. Hearing it, your mother used to say she was "surprised," and your father used to say that he "expected as much." It is rather queer that you should have happened to be their son, for they knew so little about you. Your mother was always imagining you to be the possessor of a stack of virtues, highly impossible to you; and your father was generally suspecting you of a heap of iniquitous conceptions, equally impossible.

Aunt Leila was the only one who seemed capable of arriving at a decent average; you were just "boy" to her, which simplified a lot of things. When you and a scrape tumbled into the house together, Aunt Leila was neither surprised nor expectant; she merely grinned companionably or laughed outright.

Some people called your Aunt Leila young; a palpable misstatement, for she was married—how account for Uncle Edmund else? And—even at that tender age—you knew that matrimony was very much of a settler, so far as youth was concerned.

Now, in the affair—or rather, continuous performance—of Baxter's cat they were all mistaken. They thought you did not like cats.

Nothing could be further from the truth. You liked cats. You did, indeed. But you mostly liked them in motion. And you generally spared yourself no exertion to furnish them with adequate incentive.

You used scientifically and honestly to feel that anything which had power to move with the whole-souled abandon of a cat ought to be kept moving; otherwise were wasted one of nature's best gifts to the cat tribe.

Why should they have expected you to prove your love by going through life with a cat on your heart? Did they think that a cat was easily obtainable? They should have known, as you did, that a cat belongs invariably to high places, to fence tops, to shed roofs, not impossibly to flagpoles, especially when you were near.

But a dog belonged to the good, good earth; he was always underfoot and reachable. How you ached for a dog. For a permanent one. The transitory dog was a daily occurrence. He adopted you on your way from school and came home with you; as far as the back door, no farther. Then you were taken to task for the happening and were detailed forth with the dog to lose him. Losing him generally occupied the whole of the afternoon—if it were a nice day.

Will you ever forget the admirable dog that absolutely refused to stay lost? that turned up at nightfall, con-

WAS it your fault? Certainly not. It was the fault entirely of that inscrutable abstraction which they called Providence.

Providence made you a small boy, to begin with; and Providence additionally saw to it that everything which was most undesirable in the way of a dog should follow you home; yet when this combination resulted in its usual disaster, Providence always discreetly stood from under and left you to get out of the mess as best you might, by yourself.

Really, to be a small boy is to be but a hanger-on by sufferance to the ragged edge of the world, belonging to no rightful zone of enjoyment, and possessed of weird disqualifications which shut one out of each and every kingdom—animal, vegetable, or mineral.

They were very illogical—you thought—also very numerous. For to an abiding mother and father were added variable nurses and cooks, a fairly constant aunt, her attendant uncle and whole droves of intermittent grandparents. And it seemed to be the chief business of everybody either to rate you for not being around when they wanted you to be around, or to berate you for being around when they wanted you not to be. And the only safe rule to go by was to hurry out of the way the very minute you found yourself wanting to stay, and vice versa.

Very illogical. According to their dictum, no sooner did you succeed in outgrowing the shameful condition of wanting privileges for which you were "too young," than you found you had entered that shameless state of coveting diversions for which you were "too old." If there ever were a period of exact suitability, you missed it; it leaked by you in the night. No morning ever dawned upon it.

They were formidable only when massed together into a forbidding society, strewing "don't" in the path of experiments, like tacks in advance of a bicycle; collectively, they stood for all things evil; individually, though, they were none so bad.

Your father was pretty harmless, except on Sundays. He devoted that holy day of rest to evening up such scores as he had been unable to attend to on week days after he came home from business. At least, so it seemed. Sunday looms in memory as a day of much blistering, moral and bodily.

He would know nothing about anything, if your mother had not told him, at supper time. But everything came up after the pie—how you had been kept in at school; or barred out, as the case might be; what you had done to Jimmy Baxter's cat; what you had said to Jimmy himself; and what Jimmy's mother had said to you—oh, nothing was kept sacred. Your mother's excuse for all this breach of faith was that she wanted to make a good boy out of you. First the teacher took a whack at you; then your mother; finally your father. All for the same thing, too.

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As a bedfellow he indulged

of Dog?

Illustrations by Louis Fancher

ident of welcome?; that was in the yard bright and early the next morning, wagging his tail nineteen to the dozen in rapturous greeting? the dog that adopted you so hard and fast that mother, father, cook, aunt, uncle, all—were unable to disabuse his mind of the legality of the affair? the dog that was permitted, perforce, to remain and become yours? Never. Pat is unforgettable—a very Sirius in the constellations of memory.

Pat seemed to be his name from the start. You never had a doubt about it. There was no need. Pat answered to Pat as to the manner born. He seemed, moreover, emblazoned with the name Pat from stem to stern. It was preposterous to think that he had ever been called anything else. He arrived on the highway of your life already named and ticketed as yours—like that forward young woman in the mythology book who sprang full grown and completely armed from her father's head or helmet, or something. You were glad she was armed, and you often wondered whether or not she was legged, too; but as she got around in the upper world considerably and performed a lot of deeds for you to study, she probably was. What a relief Pat was after myths! He was so intensely real.

But he was nothing to look at. No, indeed. His homeliness was of a stern and unimpeachable character. Perhaps that is why they all hated him so, for grown-ups are always partial to such of their animals as are nice looking—including their children. A plain child has to walk an awfully straight path. Certainly Pat was no beauty. He was of a dirty white from tip to tip and he had a diabolical black smudge around one eye. Two black eyes might have made for symmetry, therefore was Pat denied them. Nature accorded to Pat no meanest advantage. His one black eye gave him a frightful proscribed and sinister appearance. It was as if some fiend had fashioned him in a moment of sport and then had chased him from Hades with an ink bottle.

But he was all yours—that was his one and sufficient beauty. He stuck to you as no shadow could stick, independent quite of where the sun happened to be in the heavens. A shadow is a mere fair-weather friend, and fickle in comparison with Pat. The only times he was ever in doubt of your whereabouts (and no wonder) was when you were polished off and haled to church; and when he finally found you, after a panting search and in the middle of the sermon, his conversation on the subject was poignant. The minister and the congregation all looked at you with remonstrance — as if you had been the barker.



in certain thoughtlessnesses

In the way of hiding his crimes from the hard-hearted others, you performed services for Pat which you would have hated to perform for the angel Gabriel. Your own clustered sins were few and fairly coverable compared with the frightful things Pat could do, and did, do.

Will you ever forget that morning when you found him careening around the garden with a rose-bush in his jaws? That beast of a plant was a pampered thing, a kind of family pet, and was all but rocked to sleep every night; it was certainly watched every minute of the day and its wretched buds counted every half hour. Well, Pat showed himself a connoisseur. That was the bush he wanted and no other. It branched from his glad head like the horns of a deer, and the more anguished you became in an attempt to recover it, the more of a game Pat took it to be. The bush was a sorry thing when you finally did recover it. You had to manicure it for a full fifteen minutes before you could tell it from pea brush. Then you replanted it; and you had to rake the whole bed to hide your traces. Your particular Nemesis must have been to a ball game, or something, that morning; for it mercifully came on to rain. Seldom indeed did the elements conspire any way but against you. Still, rain it did; and you were saved, for the subsequent death of that rain-refreshed bush was a slow and somewhat normal affair, and was attributed to blight.

Then the fearful afternoon when you caught him trotting to the lawn with the ham bone which was to form the nucleus of that night's supper — what a soul-searing time you had trying to trim that mangled bone back to some faint semblance of its former seemly self; and the horror you endured at the table during the few tense moments that the maternal eye studied that bone disapprovingly; and the cool thankful perspiration which poured down your spine when the maternal edict was that no servant could be trusted!

The slippers you had to retrieve! The chewed pens and pencils you had to burn. The holes you had to fill up! The footmarks you had to erase! The meat and milk that you were forced to pilfer! The milk matter was easy, though; for a trifle of water added to the pitcher fixed that. But obtaining meat was a harder job. You endured all the pangs of a father of a family with a strike "on" and the price of beef "up." You used to try sliding your portion of the roast to Pat at dinner time, under the table; but he exposed the combine by snapping his paws gratefully together and slobbering an audible appreciation of your bounty. Then, of course, the Assembled Don'ts got in an interdict. And why? Wasn't it your meat, once it was on your plate?

But they begrudged Pat everything, even his optimism. He could not so much as wag his tail that somebody did not make unpleasant mention of fleas—the inference being that Pat shook fleas from that amiable stump much as dew is scattered from a waving branch. Fleas! Whoever heard of such a thing? Why, if you had been given five cents each for every flea on Pat's whole body you wouldn't have had enough money to buy a bicycle—a high-grade one, that is. And the queer way they had of transferring the odium to you of all that was reprehensible in your pet. You were made to feel that every solitary flea was a plague spot due to your own stained and mutilated soul; that had you been fair and unsmirched from your infancy up, Pat would have been flealess. The absurdity of this never struck you until it was years too late. At the time you felt that it was all more or less probable. Sins and their punishments were mysteries together. You never quite knew what everything was all about. Such times as your conscience was as pure as an Easter lily, someone would box your head nearly off your



Pat was no beauty



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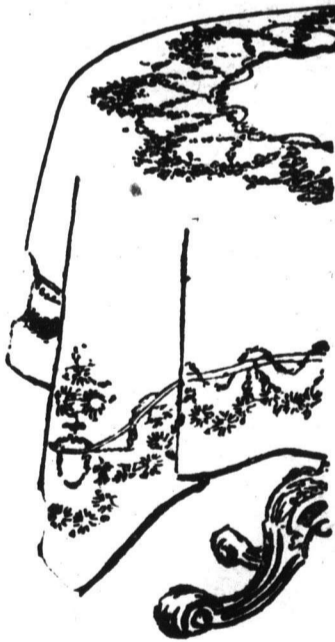
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The performance of Baxter's Cat

shoulders and loads of times when you staggered and shuddered under knowledge of crime too awful for words, somebody would give you a penny for being a good boy. You never got a penny and ease of mind so enjoy it; never.

The only one who always understood you was Pat. If you were in sorrow, answering sorrow would leap immediately to his loving eyes, and he trotted faithfully beside you without a gambol. He was never ready for rabbits till you were. If you were in fear, he heartened you. If you were for running, his legs were like lightning. If you were happy, he was mad with delight. If you were sleepy, he would drowse, too.

In bed at night, though, he was but a mixed blessing. Undeniably a companion and a comfort and a charm against burglars, he nevertheless as a bedfellow indulged in certain thoughtlessnesses which you could gladly have dispensed with. For instance, his initial dream was always about cats and he would chase them not only with agonized whispers but with a frantic running motion of his hind legs, which members being invariably plastered against your tender young stomach, all but vivisected you. Waking, very much ashamed of himself, he would wetly dab an apologetic kiss upon your cheek and drop to sleep again. Lulled, you slept, too; then the next thing you knew you were on the floor, for Pat, getting hot, had braced his feet against the wall and shoved you into space. That difficulty adjusted, along toward the middle of the night Pat used to make a point of remembering an ancient burr between his toes, and, sitting heavily upon some portion of your anatomy he would snuffle and snaffle and mumble those toes for full hours at a time, keeping you from due and desired slumber. And always at four o'clock in the morning he heard robbers and would so bark himself off his feet as to tumble the entire length of the stairs, from top to bottom, yelping all the time, and too excited to know that he had fallen, glad of the miracle of being at the front door under which he could sniff and whine to his heart's content. Next, he would come bounding back in high glee to let you in on the joke, too, standing ecstatically over you to tell you it was only the usual milkman after all.

Not but what Pat's idiocy could be a blessing at times. You remember, of course, the muscular spasm, fatally resembling a grin, which elected to attack your miserable face when you were being scolded and were actually frightened stiff? This spasm was good for a box on the ear nine days in the week in the ante-Pat period but after he arrived he always had the celestial kindness to see a cat, or sneeze opportunely, at the very moment you were catching it the worst, thus giving you a pretext for an anguished smile and preserving you from being stigmatized as a brazen criminal who took amusement in his own vileness.

And then, when you were out of the danger belt and were off for the uninhabited safety of a vacant lot, what actual relief glowed from his honest face! The snuggle of his cold nose into your palm was the signal of release for all your black and bitter fancies, and with a whoop and a jump you answered to his pressing invitation to throw dull care away. How long did you have him? You cannot possibly say. Those boyhood days stretched like a fairy tale from one long adventure to another, and time was measured not by hours but by experiences—which came four million to a minute.

You can remember Pat and snowballs, Pat and spring picnics, Pat and school, Pat and vacation; consequently you had him for the length of a good round lifetime, and you felt that he belonged to existence as inevitably as night and day. You drew your breath without effort, and without effort there was Pat always bounding beside you; you analyzed no further, and took him everlastingly for granted.

Then one day—will you ever forget it?—you went schoolward as far as your garden gate, and woke up to the fact that you were alone. There was no panting scuffle in your wake, no admonishing yelps from a decreasing distance, no commotion in the near underbrush, to signify that the rest of you was hurrying to catch up. You recalled with a cold sinking of your heart that Pat had not ambushed under the breakfast table that morning. So you whistled and called and wandered, back toward the house a little. Then he slunk languidly out from under the shed, his head hanging, his legs dragging, but his loyal stump of a tail saying to wag, striving to say, "Never mind me, old fellow; I'm not very fit this morning. Just go along without me for once, won't you, old chap?" You patted him and shook hands with him, heartening him so that he crawled to the gate, only to lie down there, his nose in the grass, his eyebrows moving anxiously, his brave bit of tail bluffing it right royally.

That interminable day at school is a horror which will go with you to the grave. Missed lessons and accumulating punishments, usually the dominant factors in your sum of daily suffering, faded into trivialities, so anxiously did you keep listening for the sound of a joyous bark. Four o'clock, the hour of reprieve for the pure in heart, meant nothing for you. You always had to stay at least half an hour and write: "I have whispered" two hundred times; and then you had to stay another half hour and put in the "h."

But once released how you flew down the road! Yet the very fear which spurred you on seemed too to pull you back. Generally your first mad dash was one bee line from the school door to your pantry shelf where you hungrily bolted down everything which might legitimately be called yours, and gnawed illegitimately around the edges of such things as were intended for re-appearance on the family table. But to-day you had no thought of food. You dreaded to reach home, for all the haste you made to get there. And there was no comrade in the garden. You knew the worst right then, even without searching further, and if your face betrayed the haggardness of your heart, you must have been a pitiful little sight.

Yes, Pat was where you thought he would be, under the shed, and he was dead.

Now you had seen dead things often enough before, had come across them in



He finally found you after a panting search

60 Dishes Like That

At the cost of three chops

The large package of Quaker Oats serves 60 dishes. And it costs about the price of three chops, or nine eggs, or one fish.

Each dish of Quaker Oats supplies supreme nutrition. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As vim-food and food for growth nothing grows to match it.

Why pay ten times as much, or more, to serve a lesser food for breakfast, when oats are so delicious?

Compare calory values

Foods are measured by calories, the energy unit. The large package Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories.

Note the table at side. See how much it takes of other good foods to equal 6,221 calories.

It takes 60 pounds of assorted vegetables to equal in calory value a package of Quaker Oats.

1 Package Quaker Oats in calory value equals

About	89 Eggs
Or	9 quarts milk
Or	17 lbs. mackerel
Or	7 lbs. round steak
Or	9 lbs. veal cutlets
Or	21 lbs. potatoes
Or	24 lbs. bananas

Compare the Costs

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	6 1/2c.
Average meats	45c.
Average fish	50c.
Hen's eggs	60c.
Vegetables	11c. to 75c.

Compare the cost per 1,000 calories. See table at side, based on prices at this writing.

Note that meat, egg and fish breakfasts cost 8 or 9 times a breakfast of Quaker Oats. And none of them are such balanced foods, none so good for children.

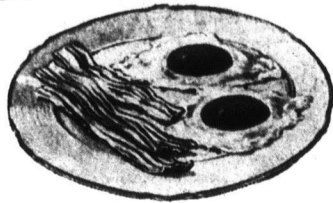
This argues strongly for Quaker Oats breakfasts. Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Save on your breakfasts—perhaps 35c.—by serving these delicious and nutritious Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

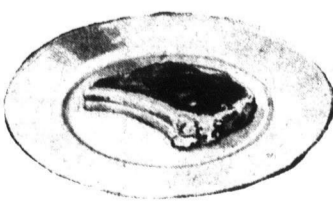
The Food of Foods at its Best

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The flavor makes the oat dish doubly inviting, and it costs you no extra price.



Costs 14 times a dish of Quaker Oats



Costs 12 times a dish of Quaker Oats

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

field or wood and had investigated them with interest, the more dead the thing the more intricate your interest; but the things had never had any attributes for you in life, consequently they had practically never existed. Death, life, all were mere abstractions, lacking the importance of the growing whistle you were whittling from a willow.

This was something terribly different. Pat was more than a thing—he was a heart which was boundlessly loving; he was an intelligent mind; he was a kindly and gracious spirit; he was incarnate good humor; he was the soul of fidelity. These, then, were all transient? Oh, the unfathomable cruelty of it! Unbelievable as it may sound, right here is where crept in your first doubt about the God of your childhood. Why should He have bothered to take Pat? What good was your dog, your one dog, to Him who had such worlds of possessions? You dropped your hand upon the well-loved body, then—then you sprang frantically to your feet; you needed some warm human sympathy to help you bear the dreadful facts which that chance touch had established.

Coming across Cook you forgot her usual asperities and told her, as well as you could for the dry clutch at your throat, of what had happened; and she said it was a precious good riddance. Had she coarsely slapped you upon your two eyes she could not have shocked you more or deepened more the blackness of your misery.

You sought your mother and told her; and in turn were told that perhaps it was better so. The heartless words "a precious good riddance" shone unmistakably in her relieved eyes.

You were alone then in your sorrow. And before you — always alone — was the grim and brutal task of burying. The tragedy of all the years to come, the years when you would suffer, alone, and bury, alone, focused itself in vague shadow of premonition as you dug out a resting place for your past companion. And talk of bravery—when it came to lifting that poor companion—but why talk about it at all?

Just a moment you paused before hiding Pat for ever, and in that moment you heard the jeering but sweet, high laughter of your Aunt Leila. The sound smote you like a whip and you covered above the open grave as if stricken by so many lashes. "What mischief are you up to now?" she was calling challengingly. But you did not answer. If you could spare poor unloved Pat the insult of a laugh by remaining silent, you were going to so remain, hoping that she would go away. She came nearer, in slow amazement; then hurrying—she knelt beside you. "Why, Pat! why Pat! why, dear old dog," her shaking voice was murmuring, and the tears which rained upon his dingy coat were not all yours. For yours, which had not fallen before, came like a storm at the sight of hers and at the tribute of her white hand with its pretty rings petting and stroking the poor stark body. "Why, Pat! why, Pat!" In a flash you learned a great truth, that the merry heart which goes through the world laughing where it may, is also the heart which weeps when it must, and gives instant gift

of sympathy to all in need. For a second or so you gave way utterly, forgetting that you were a man and weeping to a finish the greater part of your agony in her comforting arms, which had gotten around you somehow, you didn't quite know how or when. As a rule you couldn't stand arms.

It was a little touch—a very little touch, that about the handkerchief—but you have remembered it all these years, and always with a rush of gratitude. It was her nice one, lace-edged and perfumy, but she put it over Pat's dear face that the earth—ah, well, it was all years and years ago.

A woman who could do that sort of thing must have a little sense, even if she was your aunt, so you trusted her with a big question:

"Is this—?" You paused for words great enough to fit the thought; but none would come. So you used the little ones. "Is this the end of him?" You pointed to the grave, a mound by now, the tears once more drowning you. Your gruff speech was deeply metaphysical — even theological. In your hazy mind were jumbled the comfort-

able words "the resurrection and the life," and you knew they had nothing at all to do with the case in hand; but, oh, if they only had!

Aunt Leila, trump that she was, went magically to the very core of your inquiry, to the shrine of your mystic hopes.

"People say 'no'; but, sonny-boy, I think there's a dog-heaven. I do indeed!"

You cheered as magically. On the strength of that slim "think," you reached out toward life again and were ready to find it sweet.

BAKING CONTESTS

Baking contests are becoming increasingly popular as an attraction for housewives who visit our Western fairs. Here the modern housekeeper comes not only to exhibit the products of her own skill and make a bid for whatever prizes there are, but also to gain some special culinary knowledge by studying the methods and ingredients other contestants have used in their baking—

knowledge that will help her when she returns to her own kitchen.

At the Regina Fair held during the last week of July the Exhibition authorities offered ten prizes for the best loaves of bread and ten more for the best buns. These prizes aggregated \$110 in cash. The management of Robin Hood Flour Mills, however, decided to add further spice to this particular contest by guaranteeing to duplicate the reward received by any prize-winner who had used Robin Hood flour in the baking of her bread or buns.

The result proved that EVERY successful entrant had baked with Robin Hood flour and \$220 was thus the amount paid to the winners.

This incident speaks well for the enterprise of the Robin Hood Mills and the fact that every prize was won by those who had baked with their flour is a tribute to the excellency of Robin Hood flour they can feel justly proud of.

How much happier most of us would be if we had the moral courage to say more often, "No, I can't afford it."

Ford
Sedan
The Car for Women
Ford Motor Company
of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

22



Anything with the power to move ought to be kept moving

Her Right Place

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

THE little London typist felt sadly out of place, serving sweets behind a counter. Poor Elsie! Everything was so completely different from what she had anticipated. When Mrs. Moore had returned to Canada, she had engaged Elsie King as a kind of nursery governess, to look after her two children on the journey. But when they reached Halifax, Elsie was no longer needed. She had known this and had been glad to have her passage paid. Still, when Mrs. Moore wished her a cheery "Good-bye," she felt anything but cheerful.

She was only eighteen, and a great desolation came over her as she realized she was alone in the world, in a strange country. Mrs. Moore had said: "Don't be too fussy about what you do at first. If you can't get a position as typist, go as a shop girl—anything as long as you have work. Your thirty dollars won't last long here."

This Elsie had found sadly true. It was autumn, and everyone predicted an early winter, so the girl had laid out her money for warm underwear, and there was only enough over to pay one week's rent and board.

Working in a shop was, perhaps, one

of the last things she should have undertaken, for she hated her job. Even the very words were different here. "Sweets" had to be called "Candies." Pounds, shillings and pence had to be forgotten, and dollars and cents take their place.

Marion Brown, who worked beside her, loved her job.

"It's a snap of a place," she said, enthusiastically, as her dainty hands arranged the pretty boxes of chocolate, and her bright blue eyes smiled at the English girl. But Elsie was too shy. She did not like serving customers—her nimble fingers were fairly aching to run over the familiar keys of the typewriter.

An elderly woman drew near.

"Can't you make your side of the counter look more attractive, Miss

King?" she said, icily. "Miss Brown's is much better than yours."

Tears of irritation filled Elsie's dark eyes, as the woman passed on.

"Never mind," said Marion. "She's always cross, I'll help you." A touch here and there and the work was done.

On the opposite side of the store was a young man of about twenty-five. He had charge of the drugs, and his counter was as near perfection as could be.

"I suppose he has the artistic sense which I lack," thought Elsie, enviously.

But Douglas McDonald did not know he was regarded with envy by the pretty girl whose eyes looked so sad.

"If she would only smile," he thought. "I wonder if I dare talk to her."

He tried it at lunch hour; but Miss King drew herself up with a touch of her island pride. They had not been introduced! She did not want any strange young man talking to her, even if his eyes of deepest blue reminded her of the summer skies, and his thick hair of red gold recalled a brother she had loved and lost. No, it was no good. She could not forget the habits of a lifetime. She could not realize that in this great, free country, people were really friendly and willing to help her, if she would only let them. So she stayed on, looking on her tasks as hopeless drudgery, from which there was no escape, and dreading the approaching winter above all things.

But McDonald had made up his mind that he would know the English girl. Already she occupied too much of his time! She was a distraction. Even after work hours, her image pursued him.

"It's absurd," he said to himself. "Why can't I get her to speak to me? We work in the same store."

He tried a cheery "Good morning" and "Good evening," which Elsie answered in cold politeness. To a young man as much in love as Douglas this was exasperating; for he really had to own to himself that he was in love with the shy English girl. He found out which way she went after work, and followed her, at a most respectful distance. Then he boarded the same car—keeping at the opposite end, of course. He even changed his rooms; but Miss King was unconscious of all this!

Once, at the lunch hour, he saw her come out of a typewriting office. She looked at him guiltily. Was she trying to change her job? She had every right to do this, only, he had heard, the girls had signed on for the Christmas rush. His own job was good and permanent and he liked it. Why did she always look so bored and discontented? "Selling candies isn't hard," he thought. "I wonder why she doesn't like it?"

The men customers tried to joke with her unsuccessfully. There was a Frenchman who bought candies every day, and, as it seemed to Douglas, only for the purpose of trying to flirt with her. But the young man at the drug counter was too economical to want to throw away his hard-earned salary on a chance. Perhaps he was saving up to be married—but who was the girl? There must be two for that contract, he knew!

One day there came a change in the store. A typewriter stood in a prominent place on a desk in front of Douglas. He manipulated the keys awkwardly, he used his erasure frequently and he, the member of a good Scotch kirk, was uttering half inaudible words—unfit for any lady's ear.

Elsie King's face had undergone a complete change, though Douglas McDonald was too busy to see it. She was always looking in his direction now—looking and smiling a motherly, knowing smile. If she could only take those clumsy fingers and put them on the right keys! Ah! What was he doing? He had just put in a carbon paper—wrong side up. And she saw the rows and rows of figures which he must copy—two or three times over, if he went on like that! He ran his fingers through his thick, red hair, then for a moment he glanced across the counter and—their eyes met. This time she smiled at him. He was too surprised for anything. He turned back



Ganong's GB Chocolates

"Of course I remembered
your box of Ganong's".



In ½, 1, 2 and 5 pound boxes.
Ask for the "Delecto" Box.

Originated by
GANONG BROS. LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Makers for 50 Years of Fine Chocolates.

The finest in the Land

to his machine and was just going to begin to type the long, long column, with the carbon paper in the wrong way, when—

"Wait a minute," called out a voice, as, forgetting her shyness, Elsie rushed across the store and stood at his counter. "You've got the paper in wrong," she said. "Let me show you how to do it."

She was on his high stool in a minute. What of the lady who had just asked the price of chocolates? Well, Marion could attend to her. Elsie arranged the paper. "I'll start you right," she said. "I'll do the first few lines, to show you how."

As he handed her the papers which she must use—although she had already selected the right one—their hands touched. Douglas felt an elation he had not known for weeks. As for Elsie, she was attending thoroughly to the matter in hand. Her little fingers fairly flew over the keys, and before she knew it, she had typed one page.

Then she looked up—flushed and happy. Douglas thanked her gratefully.

"If you don't understand anything, just you ask me," she said. Then, without waiting for a reply, she turned reluctantly towards her own counter. A man interposed between her and her counter. He was tall and elderly. She knew him well. He was the owner of the store.

"Report at my office this evening," he said, as he passed on.

Her heart fell. What could he mean? Nothing else, except that she had lost her job! Well, she didn't care! There were other chances now. But did she really not care? How would that young man get on without her? Wouldn't he put the carbons in wrong? Wouldn't he forget to oil and clean his machine? It was no business of hers; but the machine was new. It would be a pity if he neglected it!

The time passed quicker than usual. Occasionally, she caught a glimpse of blue eyes that smiled at her; but she dared not help their owner any more. Had she not already lost her job, by doing so?

It was six o'clock. "I want to speak to you on important business," said Douglas McDonald boldly, as he passed Elsie's counter. "I'll wait for you outside the store."

"Something wrong with your machine?" she asked.

"A great deal wrong—everywhere," he answered.

Oh, never mind," she replied. "I'll soon put you right."

Marion looked a little surprised when she saw Elsie go off with Mr. McDonald, but she only smiled. She had her own escort.

Mr. McDonald turned to Elsie anxiously.

"Did you lose your job?" he asked.

"Oh yes," replied Elsie, gaily. "I guessed I would."

"And it was my fault," put in Douglas.

"I suppose so," answered Elsie, still gaily.

"You don't seem to mind much," said Douglas.

The girl did not answer. She smiled enigmatically.

"Will you come and have tea with me in this restaurant?" asked the young man, surprised at himself for daring.

Elsie nodded, and they were soon sitting opposite each other in the warm room. A rosy flush spread over Elsie's face—she did so enjoy the warmth. They spoke little during the meal, and not on very important business. Perhaps Douglas had forgotten that, as he also forgot his Scotch frugality and delighted the girl by giving her a good time.

"Have you already found congenial work?" he asked, toying with his fruit.

"I've got a splendid job," replied Elsie, and twice as much pay."

"Are you going to work far from our store?" asked Douglas, his spirits sinking as hers rose.

"Not very far," she said.

"Where is it?" he asked. "I can't tell you," she replied. "At least, not until to-morrow."

"You're not fit to earn your own living," he observed. "You ought to have someone to look after you."

There was a strange tenderness in his voice as he said this.

"That's all right," said Elsie, perhaps purposely misunderstanding him.

"There's a young man on the premises, and the manager said he'd put me right in any business detail I wanted to know."

"Young man," snarled Douglas. "What sort of a young man?"

"Oh, a very nice one. He seems kind; at least, his eyes look so."

"You shouldn't go there," said Douglas. "It isn't right. There ought to be girls around. Are there any?"

"I couldn't say," answered Elsie. "But the job's perfectly lovely!"

"Young man included," growled McDonald. Elsie laughed. "I'm so glad he's there," she observed. "And thank you so much for the tea. I must be going home now."

He saw her to her lodgings. Yes! He actually went as far as that.

"I'll be at Bryan's Cafe at lunch time," smiled Elsie, as he left her.

He had spent the whole evening with the girl at last; but, somehow, he did not feel much happier for all that.

"I wonder where she's going to work," he mused. "And who the young man is. Lucky beggar!"

The next morning, Douglas McDonald was as punctual as usual, for he was always strict to business. He paused as he approached the candy counter.

No. Miss King was not there. She had evidently got the sack, as she said. He walked dully to his own counter. Ah!

They had taken the typewriting part away from him. Probably he'd bungled it. There, near his drugs, and at the desk which had once been his, was a girl.

"Why did the boss want to stick a girl there?" he asked himself, crossly. The girl looked up at him and smiled.

"Heavens!" he cried. "You here—Elsie—Miss King."

"Mr. Waite thought I might be of use at this counter," she observed demurely, taking up a piece of paper and inserting it in her machine. "Perhaps you can explain the business a little?"

After all, Douglas thought, she had said "he" was a nice young man!

Have Plow and Harrow, Spade and Scythe,

Or Sword and Spear made old Earth blithe?

Elgin Watches





The Construction Engineer

Never before has he played so vital a part in progress.

This is an age of *Achievement* in construction—buildings, bridges, tunnels, railroads, ships and machinery.

Like the Elgin, that miracle of precise construction and dependability, the engineer must be exact—exact down to the most minute detail of science, skill and seconds.

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TORONTO



"Tobias Leads the Way"

Written for the Western Home Monthly by R. B. Forsyth

WITH the passing of the ice guards of winter, clear-eyed spring had issued from her dells in the dusky woodland places, vigorous and warm of limb. With her came the fragrant arbutus and the gentle-eyed violet offering incense to the passing winds, as they swayed to and fro, while the buttercups, pages of the approaching summer queen, caught and reflected her brightness and laughter on their tiny shields of yellow, throughout the meadows.

Through the open window of the Chamber of Horrors, as Peggy Ivadele Leyland was wont to call her den, the wholesome tang of sea-air drifted, taking its toll from the opening pink and white apple blossoms of the orchard lot, as it came.

Now, Peggy Ivadele Leyland was an author and in her Chamber of Horrors wonderful scenes of romance and adventure assumed the flesh and blood of living form, from her very fertile brain. Short stories on all conceivable points of love, suspense, emotion and contrast—as her text-book staked—had found their way to the desks and to the hearts of

city editors. Charming little stories were these, reflecting the blithesome, vivacious Peggy herself.

From the columns of the local weekly "The Citizen," which had published her earliest efforts, she had made her way by slow degrees over the stepping-stones of Sunday school and young people's publications, to the desired higher level of first-class magazines, more difficult of access but more remunerative.

Like most of those who essay the thorny paths of literature, she had met with success and failure, but on the whole she had conquered. Wilkie Collins' maxim: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait," had not been lost upon her.

The clicking of her typewriter ceased. She snatched a handful of manuscript from the table, threw herself upon the couch, and began to read. With the quick intent mind of the trained writer, the coup d'oeil, she skimmed the pages sensing the general impression as she read.

With an exclamation of impatience, amounting almost to disgust, she threw the pages upon a chair beside her.

"It isn't any use, Tobias," addressing the cat, "They're no more in love than

they were at first." She stroked Tobias, thoughtfully. "Even your mind, always active on the subject of mice, would pronounce these pages dry as dust—and as lifeless." Tobias purred his acquiescence.

Rising, she seated herself at the typewriter to resume work, but, instead she watched the flakes of apple blossom drift groundward. In idle mood she fingered the pages of her book of acceptance slips, "The Book of Tender Mercies," as she had named it.

How she treasured this, the first one, from the lady editor of a woman's magazine, with its kindly appreciation of budding talent. They were all here, these chums of ambitious youth, voicing encouragement.

Then the dejection book, "The Book of Unappropriated Blessings," some of whom had afterwards found suitors, these spinster-like, solemn-eyed messages, from over busy or over punctilious editors, with the brief "returned with thanks," or the still more curt "with thanks," and one from the editor of "Out of Doors and In," who had scribbled with saucy boyishness on the back of the card, "Try the World Out of Doors." She had not quite forgiven the pun and would perhaps cross swords with him again.

The entrance of Eliza Ann, the housekeeper, slightly stooped as to form, and slightly strained as to temper, with the mail from the rural delivery van, which had just gone clattering down the lane, interrupted her work for the moment.

There was a letter and an announcement of the alumni dinner at Stainforth. Kitty Blake's husband was professor of English literature there, and he, Kitty wrote, had presided with Kitty herself, radiant in black lace and sequins, scintillating and brilliant as ever. Kitty was made to sparkle at functions of this kind.

She caught herself wondering how John Mounville would have borne himself upon such an occasion. John had been the classmate of Kitty and herself at the Collegiate, a thorough-going plodder, whose interests had been wholly divided between his mother and his studies, at least at first. How she had loved John's mother, a charming, white-haired lady of beautiful repose of manner, whose widow's weeds seemed only to accentuate her charm. She had been a real mother to Peggy in her own orphaned girlhood. Mutual likings and similarities of tastes had brought them much together, and John had been the privileged friend in common.

Then had come a real crisis in Peggy's life. John Mounville had declared his love for her. Frankly to herself she admitted that she had never thought of any such thing as marriage with John or with anyone else. From anyone excepting John, it would have provoked a gale of laughter, but with him she had been astonishingly practical, admonishing him to beware of platitudes, as if he had been catching cold or something equally alarming. That he could ever have thought of asking his mother to take second place in his affections had seemed quite incomprehensible to her then. After this, her visits to John's mother had been made, when possible, in his absence. When they met in his mother's presence she was careful to show neither studied constraint nor exceptional animation.

The appearance of Eliza Ann in the doorway claimed her attention but it was not as a critic of methods in romance, real or imaginary, but rather as a dispenser of newly-gleaned gossip, that Eliza Ann came, duster in hand.

"Mis' Maunville and John hev taken their house agen for the summer." Greenway folks always referred to Mrs. Maunville's son as "John"—theological professor that he was. "Alicia Brown says the blinds are up and there's smoke from the chimney."

"They say John Maunville is to be head of the college soon," Eliza Ann continued, making brief incursive dabs of the dusting-cloth. "Alicia says his peters a been in The Outcry." She flicked the dust from the cloth. "I wouldn't fancy none bein' a professor," she droned on.

The idea of Eliza Ann's assuming staid professional robes, provoked a ripple of laughter from Peggy. Mentally she had decided to snatch a moment with John's mother, then with her sketching materials she would find something worth copying.

"I'm going out for the afternoon," she remarked rather abruptly, rising from her chair, and with portfolio in hand and Tobias trotting at her heels, she passed through the garden gate, plucking an early rose as she went.

And such a day as it was. Overhead the sky was of the clearest blue. The mill-stream, of which she caught a glimpse through the willows and alders which caressed its surface, never beckoned so joyously, and Peggy, leaving the visit to John's mother for another day, idled here and there, sketching where she chose. But all unknown, just before her lay "The Great Adventure."

For with the passing of the afternoon, Peggy, with her sketches came by the wood path to Greenway Capes, whose giant headlands with zigzagging banks shouldered their way by rugged force into the deep. The ocean with its mysteries of mood, its restless brooding spell, not visualized but interpreted by the artist's sixth sense, had not failed of its appeal to Peggy. With the setting of sandstone cliffs and merry white-capped breakers, her brown hair brushed by the off-shore wind, she might have stepped from the pages of her own romances.

With an exclamation of surprise Peggy sprang to her feet. Tobias has disappeared. The danger of a passing dog outweighing his transient interest in art had caused him, as Peggy soon learned, to take refuge in The Pulpit, a tower-like rocky projection with steep sides, whose base was detached from the general line



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of the shore. It stood out in clear relief before the massive gallery behind, thus giving it the name, "The Pulpit."

"Come back, Tobias," she called. "It is time to be going home." But Tobias climbed still further.

With alarm, Peggy noted the rising wind and the incoming sweep of the tide. Naughty as Tobias had been, he could not be left to the mercy of the storm. Already the water was too deep for wading. She ran along the bank in search of some lobster-factory hand to importune his services and a dory. The distant wailing of Tobias lent speed to her limbs.

A few moments later a figure, breathless from its wild race for help, plunged helplessly, as do ships upon rocks in fog, into John Maunville who regardless of the rising storm and busied with his own thoughts, was strolling along the bank.

An exclamation of surprise at the unexpected meeting with John burst from Peggy. "I'm looking for help," she stammered. "Tobias, the wretch, has climbed The Pulpit. In a little while he'll be drowned," she quavered.

But John, more interested in Peggy than in catdom, regarded the bedraggled figure before him. His surprise at meeting her was no less genuine than her own. "My—cat—" she panted, pointing toward the rock, and pushing him nearer the dory on the sands.

Together they dragged the weather-beaten skiff into the water. It was not water-tight but at least it would not capsize. With swift strong strokes John pulled out into the water.

And John could row. Peggy had never admired his physical strength more than now. She watched the muscles of his arms move like strong steel bands at their owner's command. If only he should come back safe. To herself she confessed that she was proud of him—proud of his strength, his scholarship and not least his devotion to his mother.

She watched the craft battle its way through waves and undertow around the headland toward The Pulpit, though the oncoming of darkness and the clouds hanging low over the water made it difficult to follow the progress of the dory.

A breaker larger than any which had preceded it broke savagely over the boat, drenching the oarsman. She caught her breath in suspense—but the boat moved on.

She hurried along the bank anxious to catch a glimpse of John. There stood The Pulpit battered by countless wave shocks—neither Tobias nor John nor the dory was in sight—nothing but the mad sweep of waves. What if John did not return? What of John's mother and P—

She grew faint with apprehension and watching, and was on the point of spreading the alarm, when an unmistakable cat wail, from somewhere down the cliff, rose above the thunder of the waves. It grew nearer.

Up a narrow ravine trotted Tobias, drenched and shivering, proclaiming his woe.

She caught the cat in her arms. Rivulets of sea-water escaped unchecked down her shoulders.

"Is he — is he — safe?" she panted, brushing back the strands of flying hair from her face. "Isn't he coming?" she sobbed, as she ran along the cliff, striving to catch some sight of him. But the mockery of waves was her only answer.

Returning to the ravine up which Tobias had come, she paused, her suspense increasing every moment.

She flung the treasured Tobias from her in disgust. "Tobias I hate you," she cried.

But unknown to Peggy a figure was slowly toiling its way to safety up the face of the projecting cliff, from the yawning grave of water beneath.

Out of the ravine came John, hatless, breathless and dishevelled. His lately immaculate black clothes hung limply from his well-knit limbs, dripping salt water. There were rents and gaping seams, and here and there blotches of brick-red clay; but it was John, sound of limb, vigorous and smiling as ever.

were so kind, so strong, so generous—just like John himself

Behind them, the sea played on—its harmony of life,—its hates, its hopes, its eternal loves.

Above, a single star smiled its benediction of happiness through the skurrying cloud rack, as they followed the path which led to the big house among the poplars where John's mother lived.

For Peggy, the Great Romance had begun in earnest.

Failed to Surprise Him

Last year the fruit-raisers held a convention in a Western city. It was devoted largely to a discussion, pro and con—mainly "con"—as to the "Ben-Davis" apple. Now, the Ben Davis, by reason of its being large, red, fine-look-

ing, a prolific grower and an excellent keeper, is a favorite apple among Westerners who raise fruit for the markets; but the coarseness of its flesh and its lack of flavor and sweetness make it strongly disliked by those who judge an apple by its quality.

Among the apple-growers in attendance at the convention was an Eastern horticulturist who had been especially severe in his denunciation of the Ben Davis. He presented figures showing that the exportation of American apples to Europe had fallen off lamentably of late years on account of the fact that the most of them were of this particular variety, and that the people over there could not be brought to regard them with favor; and he urged that the convention set the seal of its condemna-

tion on the Ben Davis and discourage its further growth and exploitation.

A fruit-grower who had an orchard of several thousand apple-trees, all of them of this particular kind, one morning handed him a magnificent-looking specimen, bright red and of the largest size.

"You think you know a good deal about apples," he said, with a sly wink at the others who were standing about. "Taste that and see if you can tell what variety it is."

The Eastern man bit—or tried to bite—into it. He found that its exterior was a thin shell of papier-maché, while its interior consisted entirely of cork.

"Yes," he said, with a countenance wholly unmoved. "I know what it is. It's a Ben Davis, but it's the best one I ever tasted."



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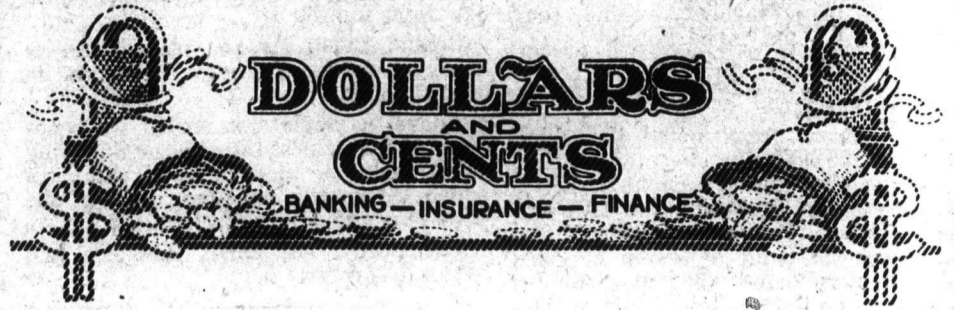
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ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?

It is becoming quite commonplace nowadays to read, listen and talk about those hard times which some economists and financiers have been predicting for a considerable period. Perhaps the term "hard times" is overdone or improperly used in many instances, and when we think of the 1920 harvest in Western Canada in terms of dollars and cents it is hard to imagine that this country will experience anything even approaching a financial panic. It would be better to substitute the term "better times" when we speak of the future. If it is hard, but not good, for a spendthrift to save money—then we are in for hard times; but if it is good for a spendthrift to cease wasting money, then we are in for better times. If it is hard, but not good, for a business man to eliminate wasteful methods of doing business—then we are in for hard times; but if it is good for a business man to eliminate waste in his organization—then we are in for better times. If it is hard, but not good, for the Canadian people to pay their way—then we are in for hard times; but if it is good for the nation to pay its obligations as they fall due, then we are in for better times. After a number of years of go-as-you-please we are now getting down to business, and although it is sometimes hard and disagreeable to start business after a long holiday the fact remains that it is good for us to get down to "brass tacks." On the whole it seems that we may expect better times because business will be on a better basis as soon as the present deflation process is completed.

The prosperity of Western Canada depends upon the crop, and although 1920 did not produce a record harvest it certainly produced a very valuable one. The Northwest Grain Dealers' Association estimate the crop in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to total as follows:

	Bushels
Wheat	213,245,000
Oats	359,931,000
Barley	49,538,000
Rye	4,400,000
Flax	8,385,000

This crop should realise pretty close to one billion dollars (\$1,000,000,000), as compared with \$600,000,000 in 1919. One billion dollars is a lot of money. It will steady the financial situation in Western Canada, but it will not provide an excuse for further reckless spending. Western Canada will have an opportunity to place itself on a firm financial basis, but to do this it must use the proceeds of the 1920 crop judiciously.

When is One Dollar Worth Thirty Cents?

It is often said that statistics can be used to prove anything. From a superficial point of view this may be correct, but statistics are abused just as much, perhaps more, than many of the other good things we have. Despite the fact that statistics appear to be fallacious at times, there is one very sure combination which is convincing to the average man, i.e., statistics plus experience. We do not need statistics to prove that the cost of living has increased tremendously during the past twenty years. We know this to be the case because our pockets have told us so. But statistics prove to us the extent of this increase, whereas our pockets just give us a general and somewhat vague idea of the increase.

Information given in the August issue of the Labor Gazette—a publication issued by the Dominion Government—shows that the average cost per week of

a family budget of staple foods, fuel, lighting and rent in sixty Canadian cities for the twenty years compares as follows:

1900	\$ 9.37
1905	10.50
1910	12.79
1911	13.00
1912	13.79
1913	14.02
July, 1914	14.16
July, 1915	13.71
July, 1916	14.41
July, 1917	18.37
July, 1918	20.66
July, 1919	22.02
July, 1920	26.92

These figures prove that it takes one dollar to-day to buy that which cost approximately 30 cents in 1900. Fifty cents purchased as much in 1911 as one dollar will purchase to-day. If you have one thousand dollars in the bank to day its purchasing power is just the same as that of five hundred dollars in 1911. If you are earning \$200 per month you are no better off than the man who earned \$100 per month in 1911.

We do not look at things in this way as often as we should. It is a serious matter, particularly for the family man. Every family man is interested in life insurance because it is his duty to provide for his family. \$15,000 of life insurance might have looked a whole lot in 1911, and many men retain that 1911 impression. Insurance is much the same as any other financial problem. It is not a question of how many dollars, but rather a matter of knowing what those dollars will provide. A \$15,000 life insurance policy taken out in 1911 is not as valuable today as it was when it was taken out. Why? Because it takes \$30,000 to buy to-day what could have been bought in 1911 for \$15,000.

Rural Credits

The farmer and the banker sometimes agree to disagree. Some very animated discussions have taken place over the financial relationship which exists or should exist between these two very important classes in the community. The net result of these discussions has been the decision by many men that farming is a business which should be conducted by a farmer, and banking is a business which should be conducted by a banker. As a general rule, bankers make poor farmers and farmers make poor bankers.

One of the suggestions which are repeatedly made by those who severely criticise the Canadian banking system is that the United States system of small local banks should be adopted in this country. This suggestion met with considerable support in pre-war days, but it is noticeable that prominent men who at one time favored it are now veering round to the support of the existing banking system. There are a number of reasons for this change of opinion. In the first place the Canadian banks are giving better service to the farmer than ever before. The banks have carried many farmers in districts where crop failures have occurred for three and four years in succession. In many of these districts the experiences in stricken areas in the United States would have been repeated if small local banks had been operating—they would have gone to the wall. The Canadian banking system which permits one bank to have branches in every section of the country enables that bank to use surplus funds gathered up in one part of the country for the benefit of other sections. The branch manager is given

than he used to have, and the banks have made every effort to meet the financial needs of the farmer. Another thing which has tended to dispose of the criticism of our banks is the fact that they emerged from an anxious and trying war period intact and sound. They have also succeeded thus far in piloting Canada through the very serious financial troubles which have arisen all over the world this year. Solid and safe—they have justified their existence, and so long as they continue to put "service" at the top of their business platform we shall be well served.

A \$50,000,000 Tax

The value of property destroyed by fire in Canada in 1919 exceeded \$23,000,000. In 1918 the total was \$32,000,000, and in 1916 and 1917 it reached \$20,000,000. The present year has not reached the reduction in losses which was expected, the losses for the first eight months of 1920 being in excess of \$16,000,000, or nearly \$700,000 more than the loss for the corresponding period of 1919. Heavy as the monetary loss has been, a still more serious loss is the annual toll taken of human life. In 1918, 241 lives were lost, in 1919 the death list totalled 206, and in 1920 up to August 31, 152 lives were lost as a result of fire.

A monetary loss of \$23,000,000 through fire is heavy enough, but in addition to this the Canadian people pay large sums for insurance premiums—\$36,000,000 in 1918 and \$40,000,000 in 1919—and also pay a tremendous bill for fire protection, fire departments, etc. The actual cost of the fire menace in 1919 totalled approximately \$50,000,000, made up as follows:

Premiums on insurance	\$40,031,474
Less losses paid by insurance companies	16,679,355
	<hr/>
	23,352,119
Losses not covered by insurance	6,528,292
Cost of fire departments, etc.	20,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$49,880,411

A grand total of approximately \$50,000,000—over \$6 for every man, woman and child in the country. October 9, the anniversary of the great Chicago fire, has been chosen as Fire Prevention Day throughout Canada. It will be devoted to an educational campaign, the object of which is to cut down our fire losses. Is it necessary? We think the aforementioned figures will convince you that it is.

THE MOTHER OF LITTLE CHILDREN

Before They Go to School

Of the things which a child should learn before he goes to school perhaps the most important is obedience. It's a homely old-fashioned virtue and one that has grown less and less in favor for a good many years. But it's about time for the tide to turn, and maybe we shall by and by have a generation of properly obedient children again. There are those who have long advocated stricter enforcement of obedience and others who have decried their own lax methods, when it was too late. Why, when I, myself, was a growing girl, my father used frequently to say that if he had me to bring up over again he would make me "mind" from the very first, and I confess to having had a very similar feeling in the case of my own youngsters. Then, too, the world is beginning to demand a more obedient class of children. It is growing tired of the headstrong ways of the undisciplined child who is always pushed to the fore. People have gone mad over this idea of doing for their children, until it has become, not a question of "The Rights of the Child," but rather of "The Rights of the Parent," and of the long-suffering public. For after all, the hard-working adult does have some rights also, and the child who has never been taught to obey will never respect those rights, but will ride roughshod, not only over all his elder's rest times, but all his plans for social intercourse, and will endeavor, by every childish wile and strategy, to draw the

centre of attention toward himself.

This is not as it should be. It is not the normal plan of life. Children should be taught that their time is coming. There should be some things left to which they may look forward. They have been crowded to the fore, have been given such prominence, and in many cases so much of social life, that by the time they have attained young man and womanhood their tastes have been gratified to satiety. Is not this, perhaps, a reason for a part at least of the social unrest to-day, and for the distaste of our young people for the simple, old-fashioned pleasures that we found so absorbing? So much for obedience and the simple pleasures of normal childhood.

There are so many things to be crowded into these few brief years that it seems almost unnecessary for the mother to attempt imparting any "book learning" to her child. Besides, the old-fashioned learning of A.B.C.'s has long been tabooed by our public school system, while almost any kindergarten or primary teacher will state that she has many times fervently wished that par-

ents would not undertake to teach children anything at all before they enter school. For, as one bright school-ma'am put it, "It's so much harder to unlearn than to learn, and the system of teaching employed today in our public schools is so radically different from that used even a decade ago, that instruction given by the parent is often merely a handicap to the child's advancement."

That question disposed of, what, then, are essential things to teach our children before they enter school? Habits of truthfulness, frankness, industry, and personal cleanliness and neatness? Of course, we can't begin to teach all these in the few years but we can lay the foundation for them, and because these things are the essential qualities that go toward the making of a good man or woman, we must lay that foundation well.

Truthfulness and frankness go hand in hand. Reams and reams have been written advising the mother how to separate the real from the unreal in the small child's mind, and how early

to inculcate habits of truthfulness in his small soul. The wise mother will remember, however, that in this as in other things, example speaks louder than precept, and will watch her own words very closely. It is so easy when we are flurried and worried to promise a punishment that our saner thoughts do not approve, or in our plans in happier moments to raise the children's hopes for some pleasure that cannot be fulfilled. It is wise to keep both punishments and pleasures to ourselves until we are sure of their fulfillment. Both work better as surprises.

Then, let's be very careful not to make frankness and truth-telling too hard for our little people. I know one mother, conscientious in the extreme, who, nevertheless, by her rigorous system of accusing interrogation, built up a habit of evasiveness and near-untruths in a child naturally quite frank and open. True, the lad's natural proclivities led him often into irritating mischief, none of it, however, of such far-reaching consequence as the habit formed by the mother's unwittingly censorious and condemnatory queries.

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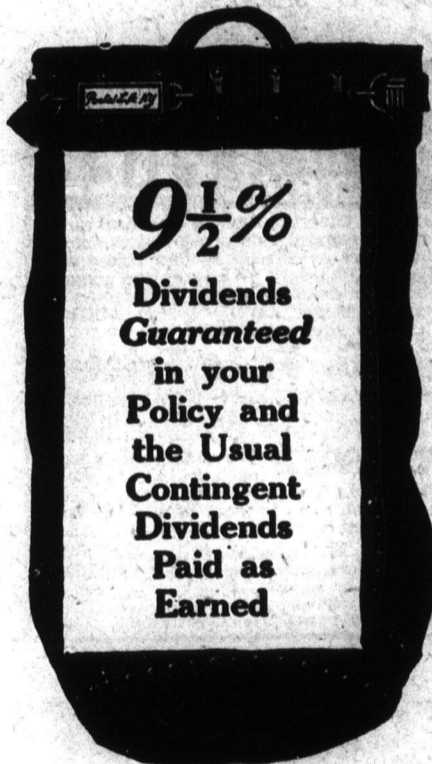
He found the POSTAL to be sound, well-managed and a money-saver for him.

He saved a good part of the agent's commission on his first year's premium; in subsequent years he received the entire agents' renewal-commission and an office-expense saving, aggregating 9½ per cent of the premium, guaranteed in his policy.

This seemed good to the man in Calgary and it seems good to many others holding smaller policies throughout the United States, the Provinces of Canada, and in distant lands.

Thus far this year the Company has written more business than ever before during a like period.

It has also received many more requests for policies on approval than during any other like period in its history.



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The POSTAL LIFE conducts an interstate and international business by mail, or personal applications are submitted to the Company at its offices in New York. The Company is therefore not subject to licenses, fees, and taxes for occupying territory and for other State exactions, thus making substantial savings for all policyholders wherever they may live.

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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

PRIZE OFFER

We are anxious for letters from girls' clubs describing their plans for the coming year. Let us hear from branches of the Canadian Girls in Training, Camp Fire girls, Girl Guides, church clubs—in fact, all clubs of girls who are doing something for their community. A prize of two dollars will be sent to the club sending the best description of their work. Let us have a round table discussion from all girls' clubs.

One Girls' Club

There is a club of young women in Winnipeg that has worked quietly and constructively for several years. Few know of their active helpfulness except those in immediate touch with the children's institution where their efforts are concentrated.

This summer they undertook to furnish the nursery and it is a credit to any city to have the homeless children in an environment so attractive. The room is large and sunny and the decoration is in blue, a soft grey and white. Little figures of boys and girls—quaint and interesting—form a border around the room. The over-hangings are of the same design.

The girls displayed artistic sense in their choice of material and decoration.

Then there are the tiny white beds—many of them with clean white covering—all supplied by this girls' club. A wardrobe the height of a table is in the centre of the room.

The atmosphere of the room is restful and beautiful. A lasting impression of lovely association and kindly consideration will bless the mind of every little child in that haven of comfort, even to the little tot abandoned by a heartless woman two weeks before. That group of young women must have worked hard to accomplish so much for little children, and their president, Miss Sayre, is planning more. Surely this is a club of beautiful girls, for

"Beautiful hands are hands that do Highest or lowliest service true. Beautiful lips are lips that speak Words to encourage the worn and weak.

Beautiful eyes are the eyes whose light Lessens the gloom of somebody's night. Beautiful dress is the dress, indeed, Worn by the one who responds to need. Beautiful, truly, the life intent Ever on good and for others spent."

A YOUNG WOMAN—ALONE—IN ANY CITY

A copy of a sermon preached by Dr. J. L. Gordon in Washington, D.C., on the subject: "A Young Woman—Alone—And In Washington," contains these paragraphs:

"Every young woman has an influence. Every suggestion of beauty, every subtle element of magnetism, every added touch of originality in temperament, every curve and turn in demeanor, every trace of sparkle and vitality in conversation—all these add to a young woman's influence and therefore to her responsibility. That influence and responsibility is yours until you have sacrificed it, by an imprudent word, or by an unwise act. Guard well your influence and never forget, for a moment, that by the virtue of your soul and in the purity of your mind, you have an influence unequalled in its sphere.

When you have sacrificed your influence, it will probably never return to you—not certainly in the same original quality and power—your sceptre has departed, your crown has fallen, your robes are moth-eaten and your chair of enthronement uneven in its footing.

This is an hour of danger. The bars are down. The restraints have been removed. Even the folks who are classed as "religious" are following the line of least resistance. There has never been a time on this continent when the dangers which encompassed

our young women were so great. Young women are entering the commercial realm and standing side by side with their male competitors. Our civilization is providing, unknowingly, new tests for character in all realms of social intercourse. I therefore address these words to the young women of the community.

If I were a girl I would refuse, early and forever, to live in a world of dreams—dreams which will never be realized, because they have no possible relationship to the practical affairs of life. The impossible dreams of fiction have blasted the fair ideals of many a splendid girl. I have read sermons on the danger of card-playing, and wherever there is gambling there is danger, but I would rather see a daughter of mine playing cards than reading certain novels which are to be seen lying on the centre tables of so-called good society. For there is a class of fiction in which all the characters and circumstances are abnormal. They have about the same effect on the sensitive mind of maiden and youth as a dose of morphine has upon the dope fiend. They introduce the reader into an unreal and artificial world where we are charmed by heroes who never existed, and captivated by bewitching beauties who never breathed, and where all the circumstances are dominated by a luck which was never experienced by ordinary mortals on sea or land. Why permit yourself to be deceived even for an hour? Dare to face the real facts of life even in your literary relaxations."

GUESTS

Suggestive of nappy hours, tired hours, joy and regrets, selfishness and consideration—two types there are, and they come and go, and the hostess reflects. Perhaps a few remarks might help some young women who do not intend to be thoughtless but are. In the first place, contrive to leave the hostess alone for breathing times. This is meant for the guest who stays a week or more. Of course the disposition of hostesses differs. But I have talked with several before writing this and I find most of them tire of talking. They cannot relax when someone is always around. I have in mind a guest I would enjoy an entire summer. She takes her book or sewing and goes for a walk. Perhaps she returns in two or three hours. This gives the hostess time for relaxation. It is not easy to work and talk at the same time for days or perhaps weeks. This guest enjoys everything and is a pleasure to entertain. There is the fussy guest who is on a diet. She cannot eat this and she does not like that. She is extremely tiresome to the hostess. Then there is the suggestive guest who tells her hostess how her work should be done. A visitor of this type seldom gets a second invitation.

A guest should realize that an invitation to one's home for a few days or weeks is a distinct honor—for when an outsider is in a home, that home for the time is given over to her. Every member in the home is taxed to some extent and every one sacrifices. Sometimes every member is under a tension. So let us be considerate of our hostess and consider her need of her relaxation at times.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUS GIRL

So many girls write me asking to explain how they can overcome self-consciousness.

Anne Bryan McCall in her department for girls has this to say to the girl who is self-conscious:

Investigate Your Fears

"Emerson says, 'Always do what you are afraid of.' I believe that is a splendid rule for cultivating courage; but I believe an even better rule would be, 'Always investigate what you are afraid of.' Examine into the cause of your fear; look into it, and find out what it is.

When we go forward and investigate the things we are afraid of, we are very likely to find in them something actually helpful. Is it the opinions of others we fear? If we could make up our minds to go toward them and try to understand them, we should find that, instead of things to fear, they are either things that are not worth troubling about or else they are things that would be an actual help to us.

Going toward life instead of away from it, learning to face, yes, and investigate, whatever frightens us, whether our fear be a physical fear, a mental one, or a spiritual one, this is practising bravery, and this at last is to attain to self-forgetfulness and the merging of our lives in others.

Brave thoughts (unselfish thoughts), the sayings and doings of brave unselfish men and women; the biography or autobiography of brave lives; the committing to memory of verses that are full of spiritual bravery; the daily conscious effort to investigate and understand lives and beliefs and interests that are different from our own, all these will help us to cultivate that bravery which is at heart thought of others, and that conscious and loving thought of others which is not alone bravery but a perpetual enrichment of life.

ONE GRANDMOTHER

When I was a young girl I had birthdays and I was proud of them. Those were birthdays when I would tell my age. Now the one person in all the world who understood the heartbeat of a twelve-year-old girl was my grandmother. She knew young girls longed for a little attention on their birthdays and when I went to see her I knew she had my favorite ginger cookies for me and twenty-five cents for a new hair-ribbon. That is the outstanding memory of the birthdays of my childhood.

When I developed into that restless teen-age period when a young girl knows more than all the grown-up people in the home, grandmother understood and helped me. She always took time to listen to my little affairs which were really very big to my inexperienced mind. At fifteen I thought surely I would marry a young man who had written me two letters. Then he sent me an invitation to his wedding. My childish grief was changed to joy when grandmother explained the absurdity of my day-dreams. I told grandmother all my troubles and my pleasures. Now I realize the value of that confidence.

Beautiful memories of grandmother! Dear young women readers, write me memories of your grandmother as you once wrote such beautiful memories of your mothers.

A librarian said recently that we might be surprised if we could see the old men and women take home love stories. Their hearts are young. Let us recognize the youth that shines through their faces.

DISTRICT CONVENTIONS

During the month of June eighteen very successful district conventions were held in various parts of Manitoba. In spite of the heavy rains which interfered with motoring to a considerable extent the attendance was very gratifying. Community singing was a feature of all sessions. Two good speakers for each convention were secured by the extension service. An outstanding feature of the agricultural chautauqua which were held last winter were the motion pictures, using the pathoscopes and slow burning films, which the department has secured. It was hoped that the pleasure and profit of the conventions would be increased by the same means, but our long bright Manitoba evenings made this impracticable, as the buildings could not be darkened sufficiently, without excluding too much air.

The afternoon sessions were devoted to business and reports. District officers for the coming year were elected. Very interesting reports of the year's work were given by all local institutes represented. These were followed by many

interesting and helpful discussions.

The evening sessions were open to the public, the addresses being on subjects of general community interest.

In each community, all other women's organizations were invited to convene with the institutes. Their cordial reception was most gratifying.

In Gladstone, Mrs. D. Watt, our provincial president, and Dr. W. A. McIntyre, principal of the Winnipeg Normal School, gave excellent addresses.

The evening session in Reston was a combined meeting of the women's institutes and the trustees' association. The speakers were the Hon. Dr. R. S. Thornton, Minister of Education; Miss Annie Playfair, Hartney; and Dr. Clingan, M.L.A., Virden.

In Minnedosa the speakers were Mrs. D. Watt and Dr. W. A. McIntyre.

In the northern district, two conventions were held, one in Dauphin and the other in Benito. An interesting talk on the work of the district nurse was given by Miss Street at the Dauphin convention. The speakers for the evening were Prof. Sproule of the Agricultural College, and Rev. S. C. Middleton director of community clubs. At the Benito convention, Mr. Sims, M.L.A., and Prof. Broderick of the Agricultural College.

At Melita, Miss Playfair, Hartney, and Mr. S. T. Newton, director of the extension service, gave interesting addresses.

Mr. H. E. Wood, in charge of boys' and girls' clubs; Mrs. Duncan, Home Economics Department, Agricultural College, and Miss Gertrude Dutton, of the extension service, were the speakers in Belmont.

In Boissevain addresses were given by Hon. Dr. Thornton and Mr. S. T. Newton.

Mrs. South of the Agricultural College, and Miss Playfair, Hartney, gave very interesting addresses in Treherne.

The Hamiota convention was especially successful. It was largely attended. Addresses were given by Mr. McConnell, M.L.A., Mrs. Watt and Dr. W. A. McIntyre.

In Pilot Mound, Miss Kelso, head of the Home Economics Department, Agricultural College, and Mr. H. Evans, deputy minister of agriculture, gave addresses, which were much appreciated.

At Graysville, the speakers were Miss Playfair, editor of the Hartney Star, and Miss Gertrude Dutton.

An outstanding feature of the Emerson convention was the delightful folk singing and dancing, contributed by the junior and senior girl guides, who are being trained by members of the Emerson Institute. Miss Playfair and Miss E. Cora Hind, agricultural editor of the Free Press, gave very fine addresses.

A most interesting feature of the McAuley convention was a demonstration of milk and cream testing, by a team of little girls from the Two Creek school. Prof. Lee, M.L.A., and Mrs. D. Watt were the speakers.

The pavilion in the park at Souris is an ideal spot in which to hold summer public gatherings. Dr. W. A. McIntyre and Dr. M. Stewart Fraser, of the Provincial Board of Health, gave very interesting and inspiring addresses.

Another very pleasant spot in which to gather in convention is the Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg. The speakers were Miss Playfair and President Reynolds.

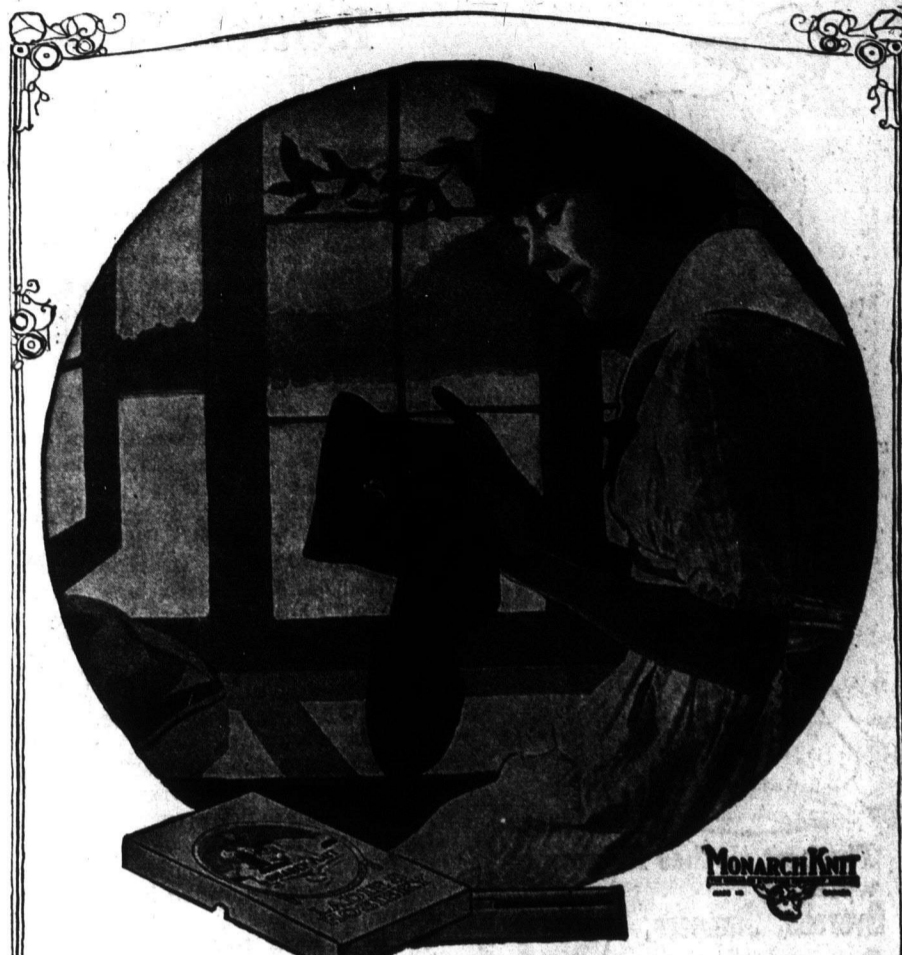
In Portage la Prairie Miss Playfair and Prof. Sproule were the speakers.

At the Birtle convention addresses were given by Miss Playfair and Prof. Lee.

RESTING PLACES

"Lots of telegraph poles are going up," said Willie. "They are just so far apart from each other, and every time I go from our house to yours, grandpa, I stop and rest at each pole."

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Written for "The Western Home Monthly" by Sydney McDonald



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FAST — FADELESS

IN Rotten Row the eye sums up quickly the external significance of this mile-and-a-half of well-pounded loam and its pageant of high-strung life. In externals it is the same to the duchess who owns half a county as to the milliner's apprentice; but each will retain a different impression, so much depends upon the eye which sees it.

For nearly all human beings own in some degree certain intangible possessions—memories of times and places; a glance is sufficient to some, while others saturate their minds with repetition to ensure possession. In remote corners of the Empire there are men and women who, on hearing the word "London" see mentally Rotten Row and Hyde Park; these have carried off their possessions, many to last a lifetime. In this lies its whole appeal and influence. In this avenue of trees in a London Park is kept the standard measure of social life in the external; to most people a mere florescence of sweldom; to those who have looked beneath the surface it offers a problem and a doubt.

But this pageant, be it what it may, never is or can be vapid or dull; here the high, clear top note of social efficiency is sounded, be it singing or sighing, and apparently without effort, as a natural phenomenon. As in all else, behind this is a world of struggle, interesting alike to weeping philosopher or nursery-maid—still more interesting to the actors in the drama—so many efforts, so many experiences have had to be made by one's self or one's ancestors, to have arrived here as one of the chosen. The scene of this restrained pomp, this background to social life, has qualities of its own, apart from humanity. To some it is even more fascinating and certainly more satisfying, for in the natural order of things all persons cannot be ambitious, and many refuse to be, they find their interest in simpler things. Here, in the early summer mornings when the warmth of the sun is less apparent than the mellow, misty, entangled light, some of these are to be found. When the long avenue of trees have that quality that leads the eye to mystery, when they seem vague, vaguer and vaguest, as the recession of the stems and foliage of the trees melts into the distance. The senses, too, are touched, so sweet the sunlight, so impregnated is the air with the fulfilment of spring's earliest promise.

There are many beautiful places in the world, dear to human hearts—to many dear as old friends—and Hyde Park on a summer morning is one of those. Hours before the crowd of exquisitely dressed and beautiful women transforms the aspect, this undulating mile or so of trees is one of London's real delights, and it leaves indelible impressions for after-years for many of us. When spring warms up the blood, and the mind responds, one's intangible possession of the park in summer again becomes real; the merest impressions revive and seem to materialise familiar objects, out of nothing, stirring the feelings, recalling the shafts of sunlight, the faint perfume of the grass, the watering-carts sprinkling the dust. There are many other memories to be gathered here. In autumn the "season" has long been deceased, vistas and avenues gather again their romance in golden lanes of light and shade, soft, mellow and mature, and passages of pearl-grey across the wide stretches of the grass, shroud figures coming and going which seem very unlike prosaic Londoners, so invested are they with the halo of autumn.

There are those, too, who have other memories: the grey of a winter afternoon, the misty masses of tall buildings veiled by the bare branches of the trees and pierced by the points of glittering lamplight, when London is manifesting its gloom, and murmuring in the muffled rumble of the traffic in the distance

outside the park. It is on this background, which in itself seems so detached from human troubles, that the fashionable pageant is moving—men, women, horses—a combination always significant and potent in active life. Here is the most profound study for the speculative mind in that mystery of mysteries, the human face. The faces of our period are here as in a gallery of painting; that is to say, the faces that count. They pass each other with some little sign of recognition—a glance or a nod. They are the faces trained by years of effort to hide the thoughts that have moulded them. But though the transient may be hidden, character cannot; and this quality, after all, is really the aristocratic symbol, call it what we may; through all the ages of the world it has come to this. Here diplomacy can be seen arranging in a glance or a bow the state of a treaty or perhaps resolving on a slow-walking horse, the words that will best say nothing. Here is a Cabinet minister, there is a general. Glancing across a parasol is a famous admiral; riding awkwardly on a poor kind of horse is a bishop with a large head and ascetic face. Wealth shows very quietly dressed; income so many hundreds an hour. There are the young with occasionally old faces, for experience gathers early harvest in this rarefied social atmosphere.

Old men sit in the chair and gaze across to the moving scene; they may recall their day, and half imagine the ghosts of the departed interweaving in a spectral procession with the living, for Rotten Row must be haunted, if any place is, with the spirits of the great ones—great statesmen, great soldiers, great ladies and great rascals. Some remember Palmerston, Disraeli; these are their intangible possessions. The Blessingtons, the d'Orsays and the leaders of fashion for nearly two centuries; there are vistas beyond.

Of beauty there is no stint—or, at least, the beautiful in women. In the May afternoons the whole scene becomes a fluttering flower-garden of color. Whatever the age produces in dress blooms forth here. Only, perhaps, at Monte Carlo is a more concentrated scene of external brilliance; but there are great contrasts. We are a free country; any may come here, anyone does; and it is almost easy to distinguish; especially in the feminine face, those who are of the "great" world, and those who "would" be of it in any remote degree.

It is almost a phenomenon in human nature, that desire to set up a standard of appearance at all costs and get as near to it as possible. A great judge once impressively said that many of the crimes and nearly all of the unhappiness were caused by this trait in human nature—it is the obsession of some. One of the greatest English novelists could hardly hide the fact that to him mankind was a species of flunkey, perhaps to a lesser degree, but still flunkey. And when one sees some of the gorgeous representatives of this class it is possible to understand the fascination exercised over him. It is singular that this so-called fashionable life should be associated with life of true worth, for in reality they are in no way connected. One sees here a perfect-tailored, cravated and gloved biped. He may be a gambling roué, he may sit in the next chair to some heroic young officer, a decent soul of honor filled with all the real experience of life that tight corners in the great war could give him. The philosophy of clothes never had a greater advocate than Rotten Row on a fine summer afternoon.

And so all walk or trot, canter or gallop by, on the most magnificent horses, and will gallop in the distant years and pass away as their predecessors, not only in this Rotten Row but in others. Nearly all the great capitals have one—indeed all ages have had one. It is quite possible that when

(Continued on page 47)



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Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

An apology is due the readers of the Women's Quiet Hour, in that the page was missed from the last two issues of The Western Home Monthly. This was due to the absence of the writer from Winnipeg, making a crop inspection, and motoring 110 miles a day is not conducive to writing at night; however, in the course of the trip some things were noted which may be of interest to my readers.

This outpost of Empire is a little white building 28 x 32, erected on a pretty slope 35 miles due north of the town of Prince Albert, in the district of Paddock Wood. The building is the first of the

outpost hospitals which are to be a part of the work of the Red Cross in the years to come. The town of Prince Albert raised \$1,500 in cash, and the rural community of Paddock Wood raised \$1,000 more, part of which was subscribed in the form of work on the building. This little hospital, which has a concrete foundation, and has been built with a view to enlargement as the district develops, has four beds, which can be increased to six by putting beds into what will be generally used for a small surgery. In addition to the wards on the ground floor there is a kitchen, bathroom, and a small living room. Upstairs there are quarters for the nurses.

The Canadian Red Cross Association, through its Saskatchewan branch, is equipping this hospital and furnishing a staff of one or two nurses, as the need demands, and maintaining the hospital for two years, and this period will be extended to five if it should be necessary.

The land on which the hospital was built was donated by Mrs. McLean, of Paddock Wood, who is American by birth, but who has been resident of Paddock Wood for a number of years.

One of the strong claims for the erection of this hospital was the fact that surrounding it is a very considerable soldier settlement, and within the past year, in connection with this settlement, fifty babies have been born, and, most gratifying to relate, no baby has been lost, and no mother has been lost; nevertheless, mothers and babes have suffered great inconvenience for the lack of this hospital accommodation, and the little white building will prove a veritable godsend to this district.

The Red Cross has sent one of its nurses to the neighborhood to supervise the hospital while it is in course of erection, and until the hospital is ready she has been nursing cases in their own homes.

Not very far from the hospital is a new and very modern school building, and less than a quarter of a mile from the school is a community hall. The community hall is built of logs taken from the nearby timber, but has an all hardwood dance floor, and is providing a very delightful social centre for the whole district.

After seeing the little hospital I had a long chat in Prince Albert with Miss McKillop, who has charge for the Prince Albert district of the visiting of soldiers' wives, in order to see that they are getting along "making good," and to afford them any assistance possible. Miss McKillop had just come in from a long trip in the Tisdale district, north east of Prince Albert, and although she had not had time to take off her hat or unpack her bag, she was more than willing to tell me about her work and how it was progressing. By the way, she is a graduate in Household Science of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and a classmate of Esther Thompson's. On the wall of her little office is a map, and in this map are stuck many scores of pins. The color of the pin head indicates whether the occupant of the quarter section is married or not, or if

married, whether there is a family, etc. Of course one of the first questions asked was how were the brides, and particularly the brides from the Old Country getting along.

At the mere mention of them, the face of Miss McKillop brightened, and she hastened to tell me that she had personally made 200 visits, each visit representing a different family, and she assured me that out of that number there were only 10 women who were not likely to make good under the conditions in which they were placed. Of these ten, two were Canadian born, the other women were from the Old Country. She went on to speak with much enthusiasm of the courage with which the women from the Old Country were meeting the new and strange conditions and were adapting themselves to life in the Canadian West. She spoke of one bride, the one at the most remote point of her territory, a graduate from Newham College, and also a graduate in music from London, who had no complaints to make of the country, but who was steadily facing her difficulties as they came along, and adapting herself with really marvellous rapidity to her changed surroundings.

The soldiers' wives from the Old Land could have no better friend than Miss McKillop; she was born in the West, and is thoroughly familiar with all pioneer conditions, and, in addition to her practical experience, she has her academic training; above all, she is bringing to her work a sympathetic enthusiasm that must go far to inspire a similar spirit in the women whom she goes to visit.

I had the pleasure of taking afternoon tea with a soldier's bride who had only come out from England in April last. Up to the time she had never seen a Canadian cook stove, and had never built a fire of wood. She had made bread in the Old Country, but never with Canadian flour, and she had no knowledge of buttermaking, yet, it has never been my privilege to eat more delicious homemade bread or better flavored butter than furnished for her tea table that Sunday afternoon. She told laughingly of her difficulties in adapting herself to Canadian flour, which seemed to her to take an incredible amount of water. One of her chief difficulties had been to remember to put more wood on the fire while the bread was in the oven, but she told of her difficulties laughingly, and, when asked how she liked the country, said, "Oh, it is wonderful. I made up my mind to like it before I left England, but now I love it." Her little four-roomed house was exquisitely neat and clean, and the beautifully polished silver and dainty napery, were an indication of the quality of the home from which she had come. No one, after seeing her home and chatting with her for an hour would have the slightest doubt that she was a very valuable addition to the country.

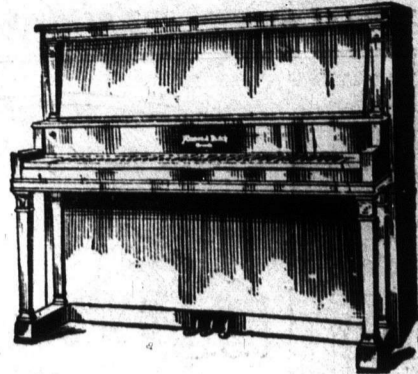
I was especially interested in the soldiers' wives in this Paddock Wood district, because I had seen them going in the August of 1919, when I was coming back from the Henryburg and Alberville districts. My heart ached for them when I saw them going in, and realized, as they could not possibly realize, the pioneering difficulties that were before them, and it was most gratifying to learn how many had made a success of settling in the new country. One cannot help rejoicing to think of the fifty babes, real genuine Canadians. This is the form of immigration, which, above all others, Canada needs.

Just now when the country is on the verge of a prospective plebiscite, it is timely to say something of the condition of country hotels. Advocates for the return of the liquor traffic are in the habit of laying the blame for any defects

Continued on Page 29

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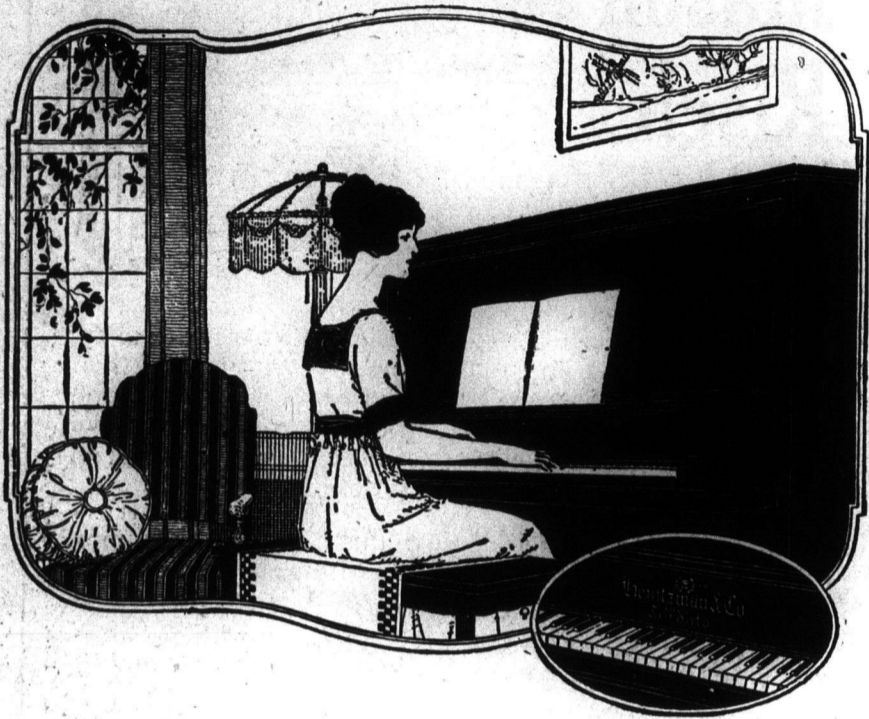
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Music and the Home

Business Men of Seattle Sing

Happiness and a spirit of good fellowship reign supreme in the business life of Seattle since the introduction of noonday sings by the Chamber of Commerce, according to Dana Sleeth in the Seattle Star.

"We considered in this column recently the benefits of communal singing," says Mr. Sleeth. "And we said that if every neighborhood would get together and sing for an hour every week everybody in the neighborhood would feel better, find life more livable, find fewer thorns thrusting their barbed javelins out from under the roses of human circumstance.

"And in all Seattle there is no better proof of this than the Chamber of Commerce chorus gives.

"If every tired, peevish business man in town would take in a few of these

papermen and butchers and insurance agents and brokers and bankers.

"And they get together and forget business and cost of living and necessity of dying and the unobtainable ideals of youth, and for an hour or two they jest and banter, and enjoy themselves.

"Probably not a man there but regards his noonday sing as the brightest spot in his weekly routine, and not a man there ever goes away with a frown.

"Action, enthusiasm, jest, self-forgetfulness, the coming together in song of thirty spirits—that sort of regeneration is a real saving service of an abiding grace for the average American business man, who usually is self-centred, repressed, outwardly cold and inwardly lonely.

"And the chorus freely gives as it

The Genius for Martyrdom

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly

By Nellie L. McClung

Women have it, in larger measure than men. There are many women who are ready and willing to be sacrificed for their families, and there are some who really enjoy poor health, abuse and overwork. They glory in affliction and are proud to tell of how tired, worried, upset and nervous they are.

"Too tired out to stand up—and too strung up to sit down," is the way they speak of their state of mind.

And they are proud of it!

These are the women who will not use labor-saving machinery. You can see them at the County Fairs, and you can tell them by what they say about the demonstrations of new machines for household use.

"No, indeed, I wouldn't use a washer—I have always managed to get the clothes clean on the board, and I guess I always will!"

This is their reply when their husbands suggest a washing machine.

Wash-day, to them, would lose its charm if they were not all tired out when it was over.

One of these told me of what happened to her when her last child was born. Something went wrong about the house—the roast was underdone or done too much, or was tough or something, and her husband in his poor blundering man's way, found fault with it. She immediately arose from her bed, although she knew she should not, and cooked the next meal herself. Graphically she tells how the room swam around her, how her head ached, how her knees trembled, and how at last she fell in a faint on the floor and had to be carried back to bed; how the doctor was hastily summoned, and what he said; how frightened her husband was; how long she lay in bed, and what it all cost.

Never once does it strike her that it was not a heroic thing she did, but a foolish, spiteful, stupid thing. The martyr's crown is upon her head, and she wears it with much swagger. It is hard to deal with people who are proud of their foolishness. Sometimes I think the law is rather too severe on wife-beaters. There is such a thing as extenuating circumstances!

singing luncheons, he would find it was a lot better world than he had been led to suspect.

"Here are thirty or forty business and professional men—men with bald heads, and men with whiskers, and all sing.

"After lunch these tired business men, who are not tired at all, group themselves about the piano, the leader shouts out the song number, they give a humming chord, and then they are off for forty-five minutes of singing.

"They sing the old songs, and the new songs, and rather well, considering that probably not one in ten ever had an idea he could sing until he was stirred out of his melancholy isolation by this luncheon.

"Not finished part singing; not the exact, technical rendition of classical gems; just plain, old-fashioned singing, with every fellow doing his damndest to keep vocal step. Here are plumbers and doctors and lawyers and news-

has freely received. Last night these men left their after dinner slippers, and their evening at home, and the usual comforts of relaxation, to go out and sing to the inmates of the county farm and the hospital; to sing rousing choruses; to sing, with fresh, red-blooded vigor, laughing songs, to drown in harmony some of the drab surfaces of institutional life. That's a fine thing to do—that spirit, multiplied by 50,000 would make Seattle a heavenly place to inhabit.

"If there is a more important thing in Seattle than this gathering together of its people in a musical movement, it has escaped our notice."

Music Teacher—"Johnny is improving daily in violin playing."

Johnny's mother (gratified)—"Is that so? We didn't know whether he was improving or we were just getting more used to it."

Women's Quiet Hour

Continued from Page 27

in the country hotels to the absence of liquor.

But an experience of country hotels in the West extending considerably over 25 years, enables me to say with confidence that while there are very grave defects in the hotel system in the West, food and rooms are on the whole better than when liquor was being sold. The one very great fault in country hotels at the present time is the bad sanitary accommodation and for this there is no excuse, and the governments of the three western provinces are seriously to blame for not instituting a standard of sanitary equipment for hotels, and seeing that they live up to it. There is little doubt that many cases of illness are directly traceable to this source.

A condition which has affected the income of hotels quite as much as the doing away of liquor is that of automobile travel. A very large number of commercial travellers now travel by motor instead of by trains, and make three or four of these small towns in a day, and as they can only stay overnight in one place only one hotel reaps any benefit from that day's trip. This is a condition that affects hotel incomes very seriously indeed. The absence of permanent boarders which was so noticeable during the war, is now steadily being removed, and the unmarried men in practically all of the small towns are boarding at the local hotel, thereby furnishing a certain income. A good deal is said about the high rates in these hotels, but to any practical housekeeper the rates will not appear unduly high, with the present high cost of food and service, the extremely high cost of household linen is also a factor. Quite a few country hotels, or hotels in small towns are to-day in the hands of Jews, Greeks, or Chinamen, and, as a rule, these are the hotels against which the chief complaint can be made on the grounds of lack of cleanliness. The provincial governments are certainly not inspecting hotels as they should do, and I once more voice the demand that the inspection of hotels be placed in the hands of capable women. No one who is at all familiar with the cost of the upkeep in an hotel will object to paying from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day for a room and meals, but having paid that amount, a traveller should be insured a clean bed, a decent supply of towels, and moderately good meals. In not a few of the hotels visited in the past six weeks, it was necessary to insist that the bed linen be changed. The attempt to force used linen on the travelling public should not be tolerated, and should be a punishable offence. Apart from the offense to one's sense of decency in being asked to sleep in bed linen which has been occupied the night before by someone else, there is a serious danger of the spread of disease.

In all, some 35 hotels were visited, and one which stands out prominently as being a model for the very small town or village hotel, is the Hotel at King Edward, at Minto (this town has only 200 inhabitants). The King Edward was not only exquisitely clean and neat, but it had a beautiful garden attached to it, surrounded by a carriage hedge, in the shade of which benches were placed where visitors could sit and enjoy the cool of the evening out of doors. The little dining room, in which not a fly was to be seen, was adorned with beautiful house plants, well cared for, and showing a profusion of bloom. It was no surprise to be told that commercial travellers were motoring 40 miles to spend the Sunday at Minto, and what is being done at that point could be repeated all over the country if the government saw that the proper class of people were installed in the hotels, but whatever the drawbacks of the present hotel system, no woman at least, who has occasion to travel, will advocate the return to the selling of liquor in hotels. Sanitary

arrangements may be poor, but will at least be spared the presence of the old-time loafers around the country hotel, and the rowdyism and noise which almost invariably proceeded from the bar. There is no doubt also that the quality of the food is materially improved, for proprietors of these places have found that they must furnish the travelling public with a reasonably good meal if they hope to get any patronage. One of the great drawbacks to the hotels is the presence in almost all towns of the Chinese restaurants, which underbids them in the price of the meals, and, of course, almost invariably receive the patronage of the farmers, whose devotion to prohibition is never sufficient to make them pay 50c. for a meal at the hotel when they can get it for 35c. at the Chinaman's.

THE GREY TOWN

By Anita Fitch

O shepherd, let me rest awhile
Within thy drowsy vale!
And play upon thy pipe to me,
And tell some quiet tale
Of how the stars come out at night
And how thy sheep lie down;
And maybe I shall once forget
The grey and weary town.

And if a lodger thou would'st take
To share thy leafy home,
For my light keep the flocks I'd guard
And gladly would I roam
The farthest hills to find them green
And water from cool streams;
And thou might'st pipe forever on
And live in idle dreams.

Away! Away! my bleating ones,
Nor stumble on the steep,
I am your joyous shepherdess,
And you my milk-white sheep;
The morning star shall lead us forth
To pass through stillest ways,
And nights shall move like other nights
And days like other days!

Nay, shepherd, nay, take back thy crook,
The thing may never be,
For past thy valley's purple fold
The gery town beckons me.
O shepherd, shepherd, speed the guest!
The long street calls my name,
And in slim line, my only stars,
The lamp breaks into flame.

A Book, though mainly as the Writer makes it,
Is also largely as the Reader takes it.

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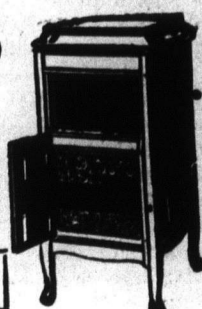
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WINNIPEG PIANO CO

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The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

THE QUIETER DAYS

Now that the harvest is in, and the summer resorts deserted, there will be a little more time, no doubt, to devote to matters more or less related to the intellectual realm. In the busy West, for most of us, the spring and summer months witness a period of what might be termed intense physical activity. As fall approaches, however, there is more leisure for the development of plans which we may wish to see in effect the following year. In a country which is developing so rapidly in industry and agriculture, it is but natural that these plans should have to do with things of a material and practical nature, but the young man who wishes to avoid a one-sided development, will pay attention also to some of the things in life which are not to be measured by the foot rule and adding machine.

Following this thought during the months to come, the columns of this page will include as much reading as possible of the quality that will aid in the mental growth and enrichment of those who will soon be called upon to play their part in the great problems of 1920 and 1921. In the task before us, the suggestions of our readers will prove helpful and interesting and we hope, therefore to hear from you freely and often.

THE SCHOOL AND INDUSTRY

The impression is common that school activities have to do mainly with theoretical ideas which have but little bearing on the so-called practical things of life. School life, however, is not merely theory—it is a case of experience. More than this, society has often occasion to acknowledge indebtedness to the scientific teachers in this and other countries for practical results accruing from classroom experiments.

In this connection, a recent achievement is that of Mr. S. J. Peachey, lecturer in chemistry at the Manchester College of Technology. Mr. Peachey has discovered a method of vulcanising rubber that is much cheaper and less complicated than methods used hitherto. Moreover, if the rubber be mixed with a waste material, such as sawdust, or leather scraps, or paper, and the mixture is vulcanised, the resultant materials will serve a variety of useful purposes. The new discovery is expected to prove particularly useful in the manufacture of linoleum, heavy wall papers and artificial leather upholstery.

WORD AND BOND

Dr. Ellis Powell, editor of the Financial News of England, was one of the party of editors that visited Canada recently. In one of his articles he writes of the obvious tendency in the business world to demand and enforce business government.

He states, however, that years ago it was boasted that on the Stock Exchange such a thing as a disputed bargain was all but unknown. As an instance of this, a foreign observer has told us how he was once closeted with a distinguished banker, absorbed in a pleasant chat, when a head was thrust round the door of the bank parlor and a smile of recognition passed between the banker and the intruder. Then ensued a colloquy of incredible terseness.

"Half a million," said the owner of the intruding head.

The banker nodded.

"Five?"

Another nod.

"Seven?"

Another nod, another mutual smile, and the episode was over. The banker then explained to his visitor that he had lent £500,000 at five per cent for seven days to the gentleman who had just left. He had done it "on the nod," for the "nod" was a sacred bond.

EYES THAT SEE NOT

In a subsequent age it may seem strange to those who look through the records of the past, that we who live in a land of plenty should have presented the spectacle of a country in constant fear of want and shortage. Sometimes it seems almost as if our fears were groundless and of a mental rather than an actual origin.

I know of a little plot of land in a Manitoba city that was cultivated during the active years of the war, and each year it yielded generously of many varieties of vegetables. Yet, several times a week, a man on his way to work would lean over the fence and complain to the gardener that "this Manitoba gumbo won't grow anything." It mattered not that there was evidence in plenty to prove him wrong. The soil was rich and black; the leaves and blossoms were in profusion; the potato plants grew thickly in rows of regimental arrangement; and, at the further end, were great tomato vines weighted to the ground with fruit "in due season." Still, he insisted the soil was no good.

The cure for such an attitude is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps a real shortage would bring a change of heart and vision, but of one thing we may be sure, there are many territories in the world that are less desirable than the three prairie provinces.

SAILORS AND IDEALS

The way in which the British sailors kept the seas clear during the great war brings to mind the remarks of Lord Sandon, at Liverpool, when he was addressing a number of boys training for merchant seamen. "What can be nobler," he said, "than to be a first-rate English sailor? And in what does the best type of the sailor consist? I should say, he is, above all things, to be true, to be brave, to be kind, to be considerate for the weak, to be determined to do his duty to his God and his country.

"The people who spend the happiest lives are those who think not first of themselves but of those around them, who do their duty and trust to God for the rest. That is the best recipe in life; that is the way in which the noblest characters are formed."

The conditions laid down by the King for the prize given by his Majesty to the marine boys are these: "Cheerful submission to superiors, self-respect and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offence, a desire to conciliate the differences of others, and, above all, fearless devotion to duty and unflinching truthfulness."

Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character in every condition of life.

THE BETTER THINGS

It is not so much literary culture that is wanted, says Samuel Smiles, as habits of reflection, thoughtfulness, and conduct. Wealth cannot purchase pleasures of the highest sort. It is the heart, taste and judgment which determine the happiness of man, and restore him to the highest form of being. Burns says:

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest,
If Happiness had not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

A man of great observation said that there are as many miseries beyond riches as there are on this side of them. "The fewer things a man wants," said Socrates, "the nearer he is to God." The less we seek the more strictly we live, and the more happy we are; for an unselfish life kills vices, extinguishes desires, strengthens the soul, and elevates the mind to higher things.

GREAT DEEDS

"Great deeds are great legacies which work with wondrous usury. By what men have done we learn what men can do. A great career, though balked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy. He who approaches the highest point of the supreme quality of duty is entitled to rank with the most distinguished of his race."

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
And charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

SHARING THE WORK

"Don't spend your valuable time doing work that you might teach the office boy to do. Once I saw a man sitting at a big mahogany desk ruling some sheets of paper. In the next room sat a restless boy with nothing to do. In the course of our conversation the man made the usual complaint of being 'so busy that he didn't have time to think.'"

"Why don't you give that boy some of your work?" I asked.

"Oh," said the man, "he couldn't do it the way I want it done."

"Then why don't you show him how?"

"Oh, I haven't time—that would take longer than to do it myself."

Too busy to think! Surely something was preventing him from thinking. I could see that the case was typical—he was that way about everything. And there are many like him.

You never know how great a help a bright boy can be until you take the trouble to teach him how to help you.—Warren.

CONSIDERATION

The late Sir Arthur Helps, in one of his wise essays, says: "You observe a man becoming day by day richer, or advancing in station, or increasing in professional reputation, and you set him down as a successful man in life. But if his home is an ill-regulated one, where no links of affection extend throughout the family, whose former employees (and he has had more of them than he can well remember) look back upon their sojourn with him as one unblessed by kind words or deeds, I contend that that man has not been successful. Whatever good fortune he may have in the world, it is to be remembered that he has always left one important fortress untaken behind him.

That man's (or woman's) life does not surely read well when benevolence has found no central home. It may have sent forth rays in various directions, but there should have been a warm focus of love—that home nest which is formed round a good man's heart."

COMMUNITY PROBLEMS

1. Mention some of the evils that have attended the granting of franchises, explaining the reasons for them. What remedies can you suggest?
2. Is noise a necessary feature of city life? What are some noises which could either be removed or reduced?
3. What chance is there for a community to improve its arrangement after it has grown large?
4. Compare the ideas of former times and to-day with reference to disease.
5. Why do slums come into existence?
6. Show the dependence of the city upon others for its food.
7. Do you think that everyone should belong to a political party?
8. What is the reason for sending representatives to foreign countries?
9. What is meant by the commission plan of city government?
10. On what principles should the levying of taxes be based?

THE CAUSES OF WEALTH

While it is well to remember that we seldom find one cause working alone, we may consider that there are four factors in the production of great fortunes.

1. Accidental causes, or those over which the fortunate individuals who gain the wealth have no control.
2. Opportunity, often very similar to accidental causes, but differing in that often the individual must exercise considerable judgment in discerning the existence of and in seizing the opportunity.
3. Efficiency, where the wealth resultant is due to the superior capacity of him who has gained it.
4. Monopoly, where the wealth is due to the possession of monopolistic privileges.—Laing.

RIDDLES

Riddles formed part of some of the oldest ballads. A knight seeking a wife would propound riddles to three sisters, and marry the one who answered best. And sometimes we have a dead man rising from the grave and endeavoring to persuade his lady love to accompany him to the other world. The lady makes a condition; he must answer her riddles.

The best known riddle of antiquity is the riddle of the sphinx, a she-monster of Boetia: "What animal has four feet, two feet, three feet, and one voice; when it has most feet it is weakest?"

Oedipus answered: "Man; he crawls on all fours when a child, walks on two feet when a man, and in age uses a third foot—a staff."

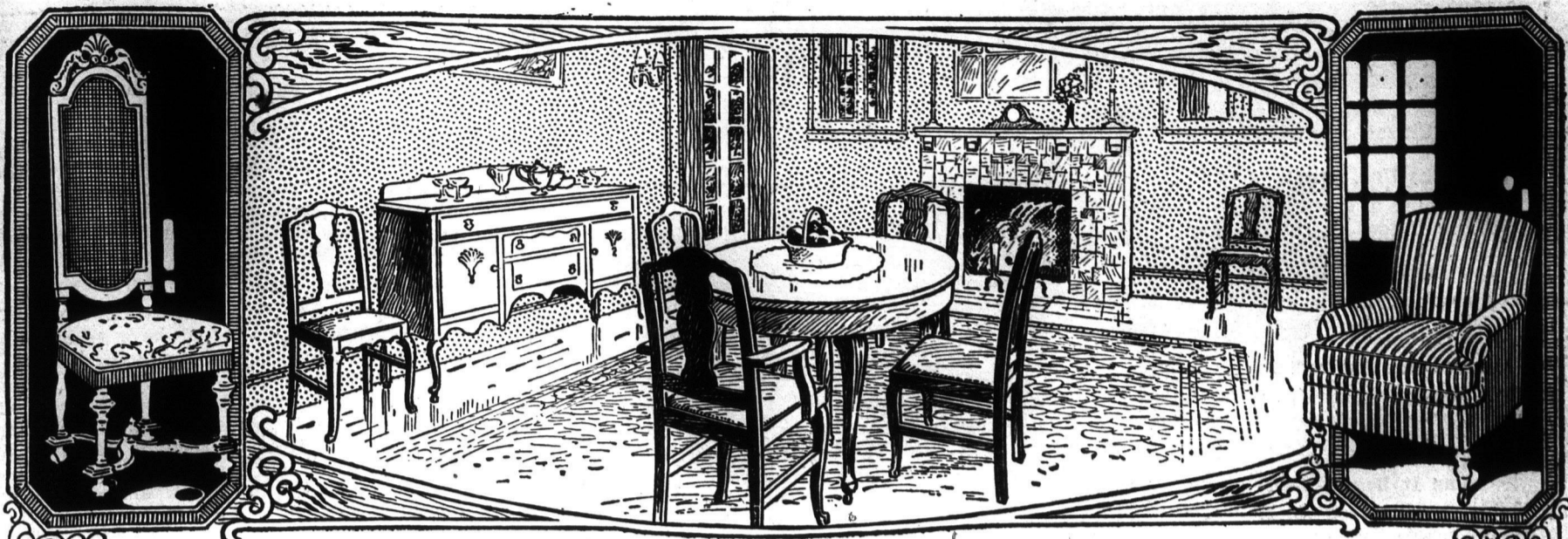
We can judge from these ballad riddles that in an early stage of civilization, the riddle was no mere amusement as it is now. The riddle carried a forfeit—honor or life—and someone has suggested that riddle contests may have been used as a means of eliminating the mentally unfit.

PREPARATION

An old clergyman was asked by a young preacher to tell him how to prepare a sermon.

"Fill up the cask, young man," said the veteran; "fill up the cask. Then, whenever you tap it you'll get a stream."

For the briefest statement, one cannot know too much. Such knowledge is important, not only for knowing what to say, but also for knowing what not to say.



Let the Homes of Canada Reflect the Nation's Prosperity

CANADIANS have every reason to feel optimistic and courageous to-day, to live happily and to enjoy the refinements and comforts of a progressive and prosperous nation.

As a Toronto "Globe" editorial so truly stated:—

"In the topsy-turvy world of to-day, few nations have a better outlook than Canada, the well-being of which is based firmly upon the fertility of her boundless fields."

Improvement of Homes

One of the most impressive evidences of the progressive and prosperous condition of the Canadian nation is the great interest that is developing in the beautifying and improving of our homes. More care and more thought are being given to the furnishings. Greater consideration is shown for beauty and harmony. An atmosphere of cheerfulness, brightness and attractiveness is carried throughout the home.

The Influence of Furniture

It is really surprising how readily an ordinary, uninteresting house can be transformed into a real home, in which it is a pleasure to live, by the magic of beautiful, yet not necessarily expensive, furniture.

Nothing that you can buy will give you and your family so many years of happiness, comfort and solid satisfaction as beautiful furniture.

Beautiful furniture brings an atmosphere of cheerfulness and brightness into every room. It delights the eye. It gives comfort and rest to the body. It brings contentment to the mind and has a refining influence on character. It gladdens the heart. It is the pride of the owner.

The Designs of To-Day

During the last decade there has been a wonderful improvement in the appearance of furniture.

Modern furniture designers have received their inspirations from the "Period Designs" of the old masters, but have not copied their work, because some of the old masterpieces were either too frail or too cumbersome for utility.

While the average family might not care to furnish their homes with the original work of the old masters, the modern adaptations of them, as produced by Canadian furniture craftsmen, ideally meet the present-day demands for furniture that combines beauty with comfort and utility.

Moderately Priced Suites

This beautiful, modern, well-made Canadian furniture is obtainable in moderately priced sets and individual pieces, as well as in the more elaborate and expensive suites.

The individual earnings of Canadians are greater than those of almost any other race. The new era commencing with the close of the war is proving to be the most progressive and prosperous in the history of the Dominion, and Canadians can well afford to brighten up their homes with better furniture.

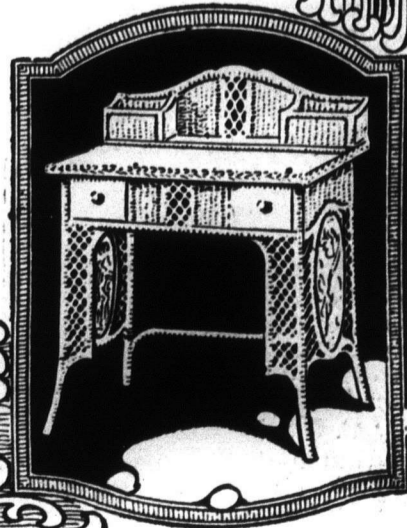
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Bank of Hamilton Building Toronto, Canada

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**Better Furnished Homes
Mean Greater Happiness**



What the World is Saying

It Has Seen Much of War
If you think there's nothing in a name, consider Warsaw.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Unspeakable
It must be beginning to dawn upon the Turk that he isn't wanted in Europe.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Polish Discord
Had Poland stuck to Paderewski, she would not be so much out of tune.—Vancouver Province.

France Has Suffered Twice
The farther you get away from the Rhine the easier it is to criticize France's attitude toward Germany.—Victoria Colonist.

Can It Be All-Wool?
Funny the price of woolen clothing always fluctuates with the price of cotton.—New York Globe.

Politicians Have Much to Say
In political matters much may be said on both sides. And, to our sorrow, it always is.—New York Evening Post.

An Ohio View
The danger is that we may monkey along talking about making a separate peace, until we get into a separate war.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

An Explanation
Los Angeles now blames the "earth trembles" on the fact that the city has grown so heavy that it staggers.—Seattle Intelligencer.

There Will Still Be Peroxide
A French savant says the blonde type will be extinct in three hundred years. This dark prediction ignores the chemical industry.—Calgary Herald.

A Remark from the Philippines
Despite the awful example furnished by the rest of the world, North China and South China have decided to sign a peace treaty.—Manila Bulletin.

A Misuse of Pies
Charlie Chaplin's quarrel with his wife seems natural enough. How would any woman like to have her best custard pies handled like that?—Moose Jaw Times.

The Disconsolate Wets
Though they scoff at the prediction that Scotland is going dry, the hearts of the wets are in their boots. They remember that Kentucky went dry.—Duluth Herald.

Women Have Votes
How frequently these days a candidate feels called upon in his speech to mention his wife. There's a reason.—Detroit News.

What Canada Needs Most
The true National Policy of Canada consists in giving the freest possible access to nature's storehouse to all who come with the will to succeed by productive work.—Toronto Globe.

Not an Earthquake, of Course
A brick loosened by the tremor (which is a scientific word) in Los Angeles hit a fire-alarm box, and turned in an alarm. Now they call it a "fire."—Omaha World-Herald.

In Suspense
Yes, it was too bad, the way that ungallant movie director is accused of leaving an actress for two hours hung on a wire. But then, think of the way some women keep a fellow dangling for years.—Los Angeles Times.

Proof Conclusive
It is said that the level of the Great Lakes is being lowered, which proves conclusively that people are drinking more water since prohibition came in.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Another Expert Heard From
A medical expert reports that the ouija board is increasing the number of insane people. But this is merely another instance of confusing the effect with the cause.—Chicago Tribune.

For the Women Voters
No presidential election campaign would be complete without publication of the fact that every candidate's mother was fond of him when he was a boy.—New York Sun.

Returned Soldiers' Insurance

The Returned Soldiers' Insurance Act, passed by Parliament last session, and now in operation, puts the returned man next to a good thing; and he should not overlook taking advantage of it.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The New Vision

The Dominions can no longer be regarded as "Colonies or subordinate nations clustering round one nation," and the old machinery of the Empire, which expressed this conception and which "unfortunately still remains," must be correspondingly altered.—London Daily Chronicle.

Canada's Outlook

The outlook before Canada is good. Our children are being cared for and educated to be decent citizens of the future. Our country's resources are far from being exhausted. We are only finding out how rich our continent-wide Dominion is in its resources.—Toronto World.

Old World Conditions and Ours

What a tale of lamentation it is that comes across the Atlantic from the Old World! Fortunately, even though its words be strong, it has little of truly penetrating meaning for us, on account of our sheer unfamiliarity with any of the conditions under which humanity in the countries of the Old World is suffering.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Mixed Irritation and Dreams

Reality is too strenuous for certain kinds of minds. They prefer to escape it—or, rather, to imagine they are escaping it—by keeping drunk on mixed irritation and dreams. Bolshevism, or something they choose to regard as Bolshevism, has become a favorite tippie with such people.—Ottawa Journal Press.

Commonsense About Land

The British Trades Congress has adopted a resolution declaring that, while national ownership of land could not be secured at present, cultivation of all agricultural lands should be made compulsory. The Congress is evidently concerned with immediate facts and not with communistic dreams.—Vancouver Sun.

Canada's Forest Products

The forest products of Canada brought a quarter of a billion dollars into the country last year. But there is need of taking care not to kill the goose that lays these large golden eggs. Even the forests of Canada are exhaustible, if they are not renewed.—Canadian Finance.

The Peril of Ignorance

Never was the lack of education more emphasized as a danger than in the situation in Russia. The illiteracy and ignorance of the mass of the people has made the Red rule easy, and now confronts the world with one of the worst perils of all history.—Halifax Herald.

Prohibition and the Penitentiaries

The Dominion Government parole officer, Mr. W. P. Archibald, says there has been a reduction of the penitentiary population of Canada since 1915, when the provinces began to stamp out the liquor traffic, from 2,118 to 1,463 in 1918. Under prohibition he expects the penitentiary cases to decrease to half the number under license.—Kingston Whig.

Election Campaign Stuff

It is announced from Republican headquarters that the agriculturists in the corn belt are much pleased with Harding. It is understood that he has pledged himself that if he is elected president there will be good weather during his four years in office, and comparative immunity from insect pests.—Chicago Evening Post.

A High-Flying Profiteer

Louis Bleriot, who was the first aviator to fly across the English channel from Calais to Dover, has just been ordered by the French courts, under the law of France against profiteering, to pay 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000) of excess war profits into the French treasury. This is probably the crash of his career.—Brantford Expositor.

Canada's Problems

The test of every would-be reformer of Canadian social, political or industrial life is his willingness to deal with Canadian problems in the light of Canadian experience and conditions, and not by importing to Canada the doctrines and the disastrous methods found in Europe.—Montreal Gazette.

Russia

In no quarter is there disposition to punish the people of Russia. All would have them free and prosperous. But they must see to it that they get leaders and institutions worthy of confidence. This is their business. As long as they neglect it, as long as their armies are under the command of Lenines and Trozskys, there is no choice to democracy but to keep a weapon above the mantelpiece, even as our forefathers did when a savage yell and a whizz of a tomahawk informed that the older Reds were on the warpath.—New York Tribune.

Britain and France

After all, France and Great Britain maintained an alliance throughout all the vicissitudes and disappointments of a terrible war. The idea of their ceasing to be bound together by strong ties of friendship and alliance is now simply unthinkable.—London Morning Post.

The Widow's Mite

In Asia Minor a poor Greek lady died, leaving a cow, which she willed to the University of Athens. It is not strange, therefore, that a nation which supports its glory in this fashion becomes strong and mighty. As for us in Egypt, the wealthy spend their money on their pleasures. As to useful services to our country, what we pay for them is against our will.—Cairo Nizam.

The Teacher's Highest Gift

The power of inspiration is the highest gift that may be bestowed upon a teacher; it has the power to kindle in pupils an intellectual and moral enthusiasm which makes permanent impression upon character. This, we take it, is the highest measure of a teacher's efforts. With it we are likely to get good examination results, but without it we shall get such a spectacle as obtained in "kultured" Germany of a few years ago.—Christian Guardian.

War Orphans

Napoleon said in reply to a humanitarian objection to war, "You can't have omelets without breaking eggs!" But Napoleon, from beginning to end of his famous career of devastation and bloodshed, did not make as many as even 1,000,000 orphans. There are 12,000,000 war orphans in the world today.—London Daily Herald.

Commonsense of Neighborliness

Life is bearable on anything more crowded than an uninhabited island only where there is a spirit of give and take. Without the spirit of subordination of our personal inclinations to the common good, life in a community would be impossible. It is a plain matter of commonsense.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Smaller Annoyances

The things that hurt most in life are not the swordthrusts, but the pinpricks. We are constituted by nature to endure great sorrows and great calamities. That was shown in the war, when humanity at large rose in triumph against the onslaught of the Fates. But we are much more susceptible to the lesser annoyances of existence. Petty jealousies, ill-temper, selfishness in small matters, a lack of consideration for others—these are the pinpricks which we inflict and endure, and these are the chief causes for unhappiness.—London Daily Mail.

When the Editor Went Harvesting

The Vegreville Observer thinks that farm laborers should be more moderate in their demands. Round that town, it seems, they are asking \$7 a day, with a proviso of no chores. The editor declares that "working in the harvest field is by no means a snap, but on the other hand isn't a man-killing job." Anticipating the inevitable question as to what he knows about it, he tells how for several seasons he "pursued the honorable calling of a harvest hand on Manitoba farms, and had a piece of everything connected with it except riding the binder—our bosses invariably selected the easy jobs for themselves." His stipend was \$40 a month, which is now out of the question.—Edmonton Journal.

THANKSGIVING DAY

The Time for Grace at the Table of Health

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

For the health which you have from His hand,

For the strength to the living,
Let happiness ring through the land
A healthy, happy Thanksgiving!

THANKSGIVING Day reminds you to be glad that you have escaped the perils, the maladies, the accidents which have maimed, crippled, blinded and deafened others worse off than you are.

Call back the past, and be grateful for the fruit of the time of your toil; for the gifts of health and happiness. The richer you are in strength and vitality, the poorer you often are in thanks for anything: Though you should be the one most giving of thanks.

You owe to the Providence of Almighty God to act your appreciation in more than words for his signal favors and protection against cancer, paresis, rabies, pneumonia and other fatal or crippling ailments.

To the beneficent author of all the health that was, that is, or that will be, you should in deeds prove your sincere and humble thanks for the opportunities to apply to your own protection the means and the manifold mercies, which He has through his scientific disciples vouchsafed to the human race.

Mere verbal thankfulness or religious fervor without the actions and practice will not be acceptable alone to God as evidence of gratitude. To know how to be healthy and happy, and not use this knowledge is not enough before God and Man.

You go into the beautiful autumnal woods and gather toadstool. You know there are poisonous ones as well as non-poisonous mushrooms. If the former are eaten, illness and often death ensue.

You know there is no simple test to distinguish the harmful from the wholesome toadstools. Yet you "take a chance"; you "try anything once", and serious consequences, easily avoided, follow. You do not exhibit a thanksgiving spirit, but a pagan one of defiance of facts, when you fail to employ in deeds, the discoveries God gave mankind.

Similarly, your gratitude to God at your recovery from typhoid fever is not as acceptable as would be your sincere thanks that you have at your service that great discovery and almost absolute preventive, anti-typhoid vaccine. Inoculations of this into all the people would prevent and exterminate this ever-present scourge of civilization.

Show a true feeling of thankfulness by fighting romance and sentiment in the realms of health and vitality with a practice of the facts.

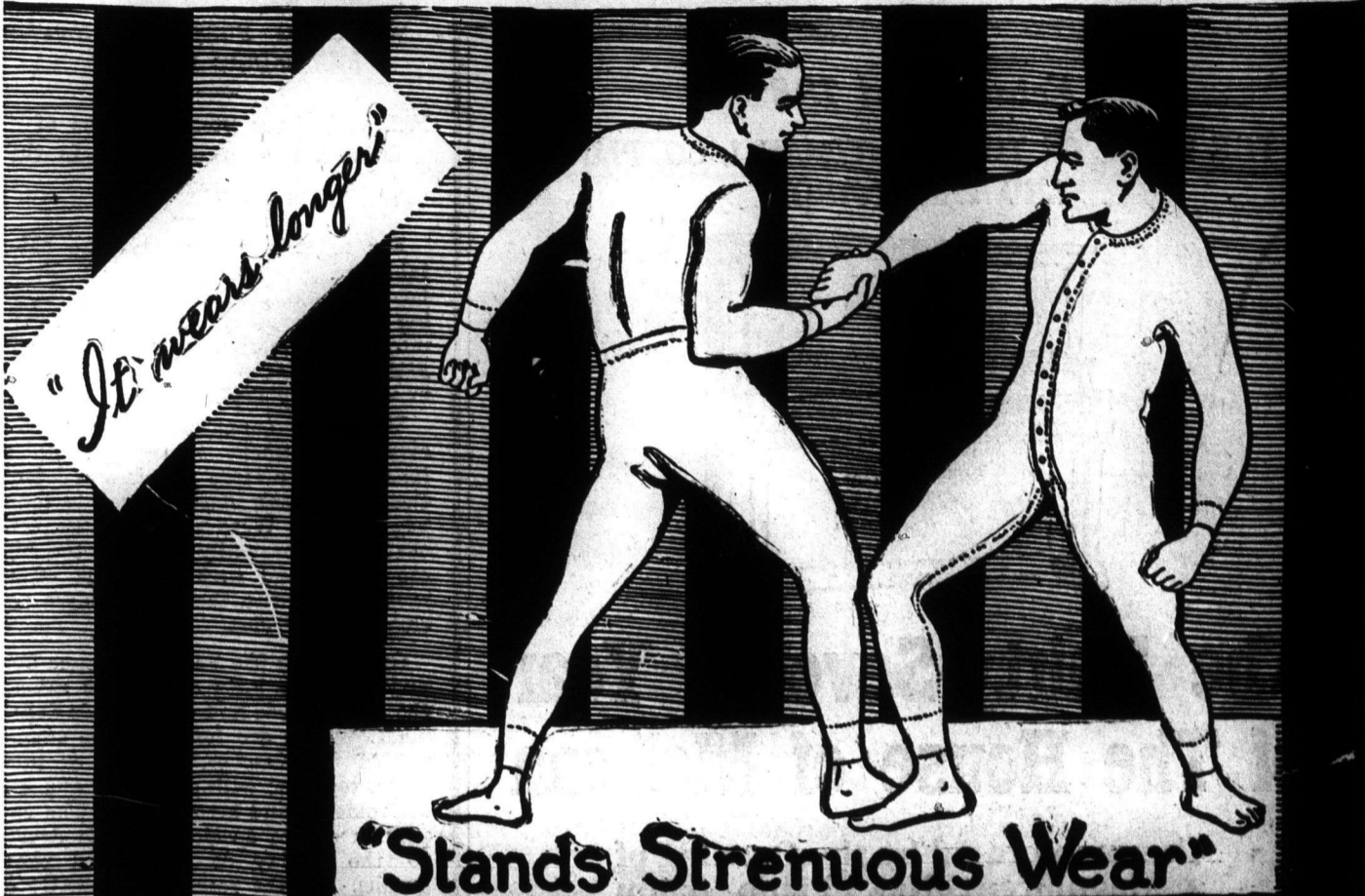
The great steel strike had as one of its sources of contention, a physical examination by all applicants for work by the companies' doctors.

Why, in the name of humanity or intelligence, sane men should object to the very thing which will save health, life and happiness is beyond reasonable understanding.

Wage-earners should be thankful that so helpful and expensive a matter as a complete physical examination is done by the employer. By it, early and curable signs of disease are discovered, which would not be found out otherwise until the person began to suffer and to spread the plague to others.

Be thankful that more diseases can be prevented and headed off than can be cured. But do not stop with words. Put into your own flesh and blood, the inoculations and the measures necessary to anticipate and to ward off such incurable diseases as pneumonia, typhoid, cancer, hydrophobia, malaria, gonorrhoea, yellow fever and smallpox.

Let this Thanksgiving Day inaugurate a new method in your life. Instead of meek and pious words of self-deluded thanks, let your thankfulness be shown in the ardent practice of actual use of the instruments and discoveries, which Providence has helped earnest research workers and other scientists with nothing to sell, to unearth and put at humanity's service.



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McLean's Music Store now one of the finest and most up-to-date in the trade

For several months past the old-established music house of J. J. H. McLean and Co., Ltd., has been transforming its premises at 329 Portage Avenue into a veritable place of delight and a fitting habitation for the instruments in which they deal.

When the expansion of business in every department necessitated an extension of the store premises and facilities it was determined to provide Winnipeg and the West with a music house that would worthily combine the highest ideals and best traditions of the music trade with the most modern merchandising service.

On entering the Portage Avenue doorway into the lofty main floor salon is the Sheet music and small goods department. Here are found all the supplies needed by teacher, student or music lover, together with orchestral and band instruments and accessories. The main portion of the spacious floor is devoted to the display of pianos and phonographs. At the rear is the greatly enlarged and entirely reorganized phonograph department, occupying both the ground floor and a mezzanine gallery. Many original innovations have been introduced for the better service and comfort of patrons. Chief among them is an "island" counter for the housing of the big record library. This novel feature permits of instant service in the selection and demonstration of records. Grouped around it are the principal demonstrating rooms, all virtually sound proof and equipped with machines and individual record racks containing the latest productions. Upstairs in the mezzanine are the department offices, additional demonstrating rooms and recital hall.

From the main floor a passenger elevator leads to the second storey of the building, which has been taken over in its entirety. The elevator vestibule opens into a beautiful salon, in which the finest productions of the piano maker's art are shown in modern grand and upright pianos and player pianos. At the front are the executive and general offices. On the Hargrave Street side is a series of piano demonstrating rooms. Each room with its double-door of paneled glass has been individually beautified with a distinctive decorative treatment. At the rear is a separate organ room and a large, bright, airy workroom for the piano tuners and other experts employed by the house.

The mural tones and other decorative features, both upstairs and down, are all in exemplary taste and in keeping with the traditional high standard of the house of McLean in all its undertakings.

Music and Dancing

Unlike singing, dancing is inseparable from music; dancing, however elementary, is unthinkable without music no matter how primitive. On the other hand the best music is anyhow not spoiled by dancing for the simple reason that the sense of sight does not conflict with the sense of sound.

Musical bigots may and no doubt do see profanation in the attempt to translate into bodily movements the music of the great masters of the past, but those masters themselves with the broadmindedness and aesthetic catholicism which are among the hall marks of artistic genius would have applauded any successful attempt to render their works where feasible in terms of dance. Schumann would love the ballet "Carnaval" and Rossini would revel in that brilliant joke the "Bontique Fantastique." Moreover, many of the prominent musicians of to-day have written or will write ballets. This means that the value of ballet as a sister and companion to music is being increasingly recognized.



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Odd Superstitions for the Month

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Addie Farrar

AMONG the Saxons, October was known as "Wyn" or wine month, and also as "Winter Fyllith, or "fulleth," to denote that the season of winter was near to hand. In the Roman calendar the name refers to the position of the month, the eighth in the year.

The month has only four unlucky days, the 4th, 6th, 16th and 24th, and is on the whole a lucky month, excepting, perhaps, for those born in it. Three gems seem to rule this month. One old superstition gives the beryl to this month, and an old writer declares that the diamond must be worn by those whose birthdays fall in August, but the birthstone generally accepted is the ill-omened opal, and the couplet runs:

"October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest."

St. Faith's Day on October 6th is a very propitious occasion for those who want to work love charms. One method is to have three girls bake a cake together, without saying a word, and each must then turn this cake three times. Baked, it is divided into three parts, still in silence, and these portions are passed through the wedding ring of a woman who has been married seven years. The three then go to bed together after eating the cake and dream of their future husbands. A sort of Halloween test before the date evidently. The old rhyme these fun-loving maidens are supposed to repeat before they sleep runs:

"O good St. Faith, be kind to-night,
And bring me my heart's delight;
Let me my future husband view,
And be my vision chaste and pure."

The first Monday after October 10th was formerly known as "Pack Monday, and it used to be a kind of general fair day all over England and other parts of the Old World, but is now observed in only a few localities. It is said that the habit of holding our county fairs in this month comes from the old Pack Day. The 18th, St. Luke's Day, was also marked by a great many fairs. The festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, the 28th of October, used to be the day upon which winter clothing should first be donned, and tradition has it that rain invariably falls on this day. It is also an occasion to work another charm, such as is worked on All Hallow E'en. Peel an apple without breaking the skin, throw over the left shoulder, after turning about three times and repeat this rhyme:

St. Simon and Jude, on you I intrude,
By this paring I hold to discover;
Without any delay tell me this day,
The first letters of my own true lover.

Of course, if anyone is silly enough to have a very strong imagination the peeling which has been thrown on the floor may seem to have the form of a letter.

It goes without saying that the best known festival of October is All Hallow E'en on October 31. And any person born on this date is supposed to be very psychic, and can see and communicate with the spirits of the dead, and in some parts of the Old World the day is celebrated by the laying of flowers on the graves of all the dead in the cemeteries. Until quite recent times in Wales and Scotland where this date is a great day, bonfires were lit on Hallow E'en to keep off the evil spirits, who are supposed to be rampant on this night. In the Middle Ages all the church bells were tolled to frighten away the devils. Throughout all of Scotland All Hallow E'en was observed as a kind of harvest thanksgiving, because, in that country, the crops are not entirely gathered until quite late in the year.

In the Isle of Lewis, a libation of ale was poured into the sea at midnight on Hallow E'en as a sacrifice to a sea god named "Shony," while the fishers invoked this god to send plenty of seaware the coming year. Then, with a strange confusion of Christian and heathen customs, they all went to church, where a candle was placed upon the altar.

All the old customs that to-day we use in our Halloween frolics were used in ancient times with special meanings and superstitions—the bobbing of apples, burning of nuts, etc., and nearly all of the poets of the past generation refer to these peculiar superstitions. Perhaps one of the most weird of the old superstitions that still survives in some parts of Brittany is the belief that at midnight on this All Hallow E'en the spirits of the dead are permitted to revisit their friends on earth. Therefore, these people leave all of their doors wide open on this night for the visitors, and place food and wine on the table for them should they return to their home.

It is that month that the weather prophets begin to prophesy for the coming winter, and the old saw runs:

Many haws,
Many snaws
Many sloes,
Many cold toes.

Country people say that a heavy crop of wild berries foretells a hard winter; the heavy crop being needed by the birds for food. Another saying is:

"A good October and a good blast,
To blow the hog across the mast."

Getting Even with Martin

Martin Hobbs was a man of uncertain temper, but of such importance in his native town that the lash of his tongue was borne with patience by those to whom he grudgingly ministered in his capacities of iceman, plumber and janitor of the town hall.

In the course of his duties as janitor he reduced almost to the verge of tears a young woman who asked for the key of a room in the town hall where certain records were kept.

Martin knew that she was writing the history of the town, but he did not propose to strew her path with roses.

"Lockin' and unlockin'," he grumbled, as he began fumbling in his pockets; "potterin' and putterin', fussin' and fidgetin', and what does it amount to when all's said an' done? Anybody ast ye to write a hist'ry? Who's a-going to read it? Here's your key, and mind you fetch it back, and lay it on that table if I'm not here."

The town assessor was at work where he heard this ungracious address, and when the young woman returned the key he said, indignantly:

"Martin outdid himself in rudeness this morning, I should say."

"Oh well," said the young historian, "he felt a little cross, and had to grumble, that's all."

"Never you mind," said the assessor, cheerfully. "I'm going to make out his tax-bill to-day, and I shall assess him for seven more hens!"

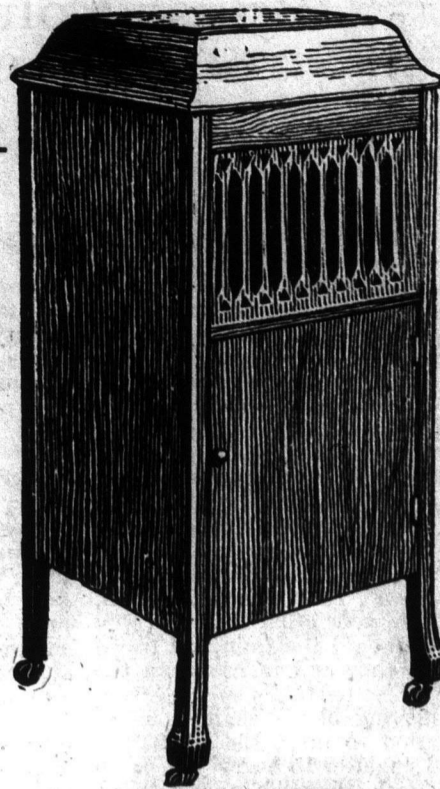
Asking Too Much

The country doctor had come to prescribe for Lucy, the colored cook's little daughter, who was suffering from the unfashionable ailment known as "chills."

The doctor opened his saddle-bags and prepared several doses of the time-honored remedy, quinine in capsules.

Lucy sat up in bed, watching the proceedings with great interest, as the doctor filled each tiny capsule and capped it. But when she heard the instructions, "Give her one of these every two hours," she wailed in terror:

"Is you gwine to mek me swaller dem little glass bottles, stoppers an' all?"



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fier is perhaps the most expensive part of the Sonora, with the exception of the Cabinet and the Motor, the Sonora Sound Amplifier is made of wood throughout.

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British Columbia The Land of the Oriental

Written for the Western Home Monthly by J. W. Burns

SURELY you have heard or read of this great western land, of its untold resources and wonderful opportunities, balmy air, grand rocky ranges, semi-tropical climate, emerald grassy savannahs, glorious scenery, almost a paradise.

British Columbia welcomes you, extends to you her hand, and says—Help yourself, brother, there is plenty for us all. It is only a country with a loving unselfish nature that would treat strangers thus. According to well-written advertisements, newspaper concoctions and other luring schemes, the atmosphere of British Columbia is charged with affection, and so it is. You can't resist the temptation, so you pack up your grips, hoist the wife and children aboard the train and travel three or four thousand miles across the continent. In your mind's eye the train is horrid, moving like a snail, you are almost tempted to bribe the conductor, fireman and engineer to hurry you on to the Golden West, where life is one glorious dream of changing hues and scenery. Life, the real life of bliss, is here, perfect in every detail, and as you sit back in your

comfortable chair and the train rolls along your heart is overjoyed as you look upon the great wonders of nature, gigantic snow-capped Rockies, the great primeval forests, the deep wonderful canyons and mighty rivers all blending in graceful harmony. The effect is magical, already you feel yourself a different being. Your wife notices the change, her eyes sparkle with joy, she too feels different, and, finally, the train arrives at the great western seaport city, Vancouver.

Vancouver
Even in Vancouver you cannot live in the street, so you start out to look for a place to live in, and here you learn for the first time something that the advertisement you read did not mention. "Yes, sir, we have several nice rooms to let. I suppose you are married?" and, of course, you say that you are. "Have you any children?" Of course, what can she expect—a married man without children! You are proud to say yes, a boy and a girl, as the case may be. Surely you have not offended the smiling landlady, still for some unknown reason her countenance has hardened and her mouth begins to tighten,

new lines as if by magic form round her eyes, her voice has even changed, and then suddenly she says, "No, we don't, we can't have any children in this house." You may travel all day and every day for a week without any better results. By this time you are a little discouraged; the magnificent dream you had on the train has entirely vanished, and you are back again to your sober senses.

Hunting a Job

You rent a house and fix it up in first class style, and you thank your stars that at last you are settled down, and now the only thing you have to bother about is to get a job and go to work. Accordingly you look up the advertisements in the local newspapers; to your surprise you find that to secure a position you must first of all invest from \$500 to \$5000. By doing so you are assured an excellent position and big salary, but you are not prepared to do that, although the ads. promise big returns, anything from three hundred to one thousand per cent.—you are not really looking for an investment but for a job, any kind of job for the present until you get Westernized, or, in other words, until you can inhale the ocean breezes without affecting your lungs. A janitor's job would do for the time being. You apply at all the big buildings in town and you are positively told and assured that only Japanese and Chinamen are employed. What about railroading? You would be sure to get a job as section hand. You call at the railroad offices, and

after making your business known you are very politely informed that only Chinamen are needed, and with an official smile you are bowed out of the office, and the door closes gently behind you. Now you are desperate, but you are determined to get work, if you can't get a job on land why not try the sea? You apply at one of the big navigation companies that ply between Vancouver and the Orient. After you have made your mission known to the high mucky muck, he says, "Well, sir, you see my company does not employ any white help on their ships save the captain and the engineers; all the deck hands and stewards and the rest of the crew are Orientals." This gentleman also wishes you good-day and bows you out of the door. I need not mention what you wish him in return. As you walk down the street you pass several employment offices all wanting men, particularly loggers. Here at last you breathe easily. If you had only had the sense to come here first by this time you could be earning big money; but what's that you see? Surely you must be mistaken, you gulp and your heart sinks when you read, "Keep away from the logging camps. Strike on. Don't take the other man's job, you may be down and out yourself some day."

Weary and sore you turn your face in the direction of Water Street, the great wholesale district, and you walk along the water front until you come to the wharf of a big steamship company. It may be possible to get a job here, and, of course, if you don't the pleasure is all yours. You make enquiries and you are shown into the office of the proper functionary. He greets you with a smile, a forced smile but, nevertheless, a smile; you are glad, for this is the first smile you had since you tipped the porter at the station when you got off the train. "You are looking for work?" Yes, sir. "Well, you can start to work to-morrow morning." You are so overcome after your many disappointments at this sudden change in your luck that you feel your heart galloping at a dangerous rate, big beads of perspiration as clear as Kimberley diamonds stand out on your forehead. Oh, joy! oh, joy! the vigor of youth returns, your step is light and elastic; you have won, victory is yours, at last you can go home with a smile on your face. My! how the wife will caress and the kids will fondle you. This time you bow out of the office, you smile at the superintendent and the whole staff. Hold on. What the H— No, no, you can't believe it, but to make sure you walk a little closer to the man who is carrying the banner, and you read, "Strike on here, help us make life worth living." After you are fully recovered from this jolt you have made up your mind to leave the country. Fully determined to do so you call up the steamship company, instructing them to secure you a passage either to Hon Kong, Japan, Christ Church, or anywhere they are sailing to. No, you can't leave the country just now, you are told by the man at the other end, but we may be able to do something for you in three or four months time.

You think you are in the Orient

On your way home you unconsciously walk up a street where you see thousands of Chinese, everywhere there is an Oriental atmosphere; dark, narrow any dirty alleys, wooden and brick houses, and every moment you expect to see a ghost making his appearance. You are also made sensitive to the smell of rotten fish, onions and garlic. You have a genuine feeling that you are not in British Columbia or indeed in a British country. The conductor must have made a mistake, he must have let you off at a wrong terminus. To make sure you ask a policeman what city or country this is. "This is Vancouver, yes, sir, this is Vancouver," but you protest that it is more like Pekin. No matter, sir, we call it Vancouver. Of course, the name may be changed at any time to Tokyo, Pekin or Athens. Well, good afternoon, sir.

Eventually you arrive home, and the wife hands you a letter from the landlord to the effect that your rent is to be raised on the first of the month ten dollars, and in case this is not satisfactory you must vacate then. Before you have time to discuss the contents of the letter with your better half you hear an authoritative rap on the door; it is the gracious landlord himself. He just came to tell you he has sold the property and that you must vacate within three days.

(Continued on page 45)

**BIG
COTTON
BATT
1.65**

**MAKE
YOUR OWN COMFORTER**

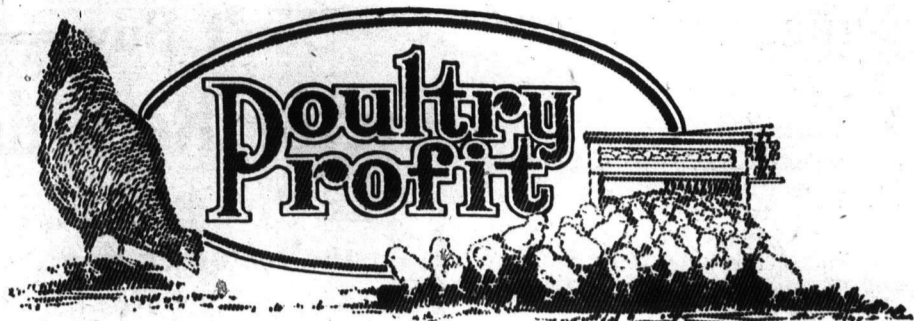
The Big Cotton Batt shown here is one of the most outstanding values shown in EATON'S Big Fall and Winter Catalogue, and the price quoted makes it a real economy to make your own comforters, as many of our customers have proved to their own satisfaction. This Batt is made from the choicest long-fibre cotton, thoroughly cleansed and purified, and finished very soft and fluffy. Woven in one sheet measuring about 70 x 84 inches. Weight about 3 lbs. Suitable coverings will be found listed on pages 433 to 435 of our catalogue. Write for your copy of this big book to-day, if you have not already received one.

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THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



By Helen E. Vialour

KEEPERS of poultry throughout the west will be gratified to learn that a pen of Winnipeg birds, Silver Comb Anconas, owned by Wm. Howe, are still in the lead in the egg laying contest for the whole of the Dominion. Rhoad's pen of Barred Rocks, Ottawa, are in the second place. The first week in August this pen of Anconas, numbering 10 birds laid 54 eggs. Having been in the contest for ten months and one week these birds have made a splendid record, 1588 eggs to their credit.

The entry for the Dominion contest for 1920-21 has been altered from August 15th to September 10th, allowing poultry keepers to get their birds in better shape. The contest commences again on November 1st and these interesting contests prove conclusively that pullets must be well matured and in first class condition from the start to make good in these contests.

The birds are kept under ideal conditions during the contests which are being conducted throughout the Dominion but they are not coddled at all and must get accustomed to unheated hen-houses and plenty of fresh air. The pens of birds are shipped to their destination a couple of weeks before the contest commences. All the breeds entered seem to have done well though the Barred Rocks may be slightly in the lead. Only one pen of Orpingtons continue among the best pens. The Wyandottes have done splendid work and, of course, Howe's Anconas are outstanding, showing what a good pen of western bred hens can do. We have now come to the season of culling out our flocks and I am pleased to learn that the agricultural college will send an expert out to cull and select the good from the poor layers, amongst the farm flocks. This is being done in the east to some extent by the expert members of poultry associations in many parts of Ontario. Prof. Herner is making a specialty of flock culling but prefers to have a real demonstration where perhaps a dozen or more people will gather at some farm arranged, while an expert will show them how to pick out the good layers in the same flock. After one demonstration the poultry keepers can do the work themselves. The only stipulation asked is that the farmer keeps a record of just how many eggs were laid the two weeks previous to the demonstration and then keep record of how many were laid by the culled birds during the following two weeks, and send these figures to Prof. Herner, M. A. C., who has an excellent article on culling in a recent copy of The Nor-West Farmer. October seems the best month for the work and only one and two year old hens can be put to the test satisfactorily. Of course, the formation of the body and head, etc. of the pullet can always be noted. The "old Hogan" system of culling seems to be in vogue again. I well remember sending to the States for this secret and paying \$10.00 for it, nearly 20 years ago. Trap nesting is all right for a person who has the time and patience to fuss with it, but the busy man or woman on the ordinary farm cannot lose time with these small details, such as releasing birds from their nests and taking leg numbers several times per day. There are many late hatched flocks this season and the best of care must be given them before winter. Mixed grains should be fed a couple of times each day and a dry mash left ready to be pecked at. Green food such as mangels or sugar beet are excellent and easily fed. Butter milk or sour milk to drink will hasten the growth of the youngsters, which should be housed from cold winds and draughts

at night. Then feed by themselves night and morning before they are let out to range with the rest of the flock. The cockerels should be fattened and sold as soon as they are fit, and crate fattening is best for this as it is really a saving of high priced food though some extra work. Feed has dropped a little in price though it is still much too high, and why should chicken feed wheat cost more than the best milling wheat? This is a serious question which should be gone into like the high rent probe. \$6.00 per 100 lbs. for chicken feed wheat was the city price in September. One and two year old hens need the best of care also through their moult which commences in August and is fairly well over by November 1st though an odd hen will moult in early winter and is a sorry looking spectacle. She usually is shivering about looking for a warm corner in her coop. A late moulting hen is generally a good layer, however.

Spices and condiments should not be given moulting hens, let nature take her course. Give plenty of range. Penned up birds should be released during this period. Bugs and beetles, seeds and good sound food will cause the hens to feather out in good shape for winter. When the home garden is cleared of all its treasures, turn the hens in for a run. They do good work in digging out bugs and worms and their eggs.

The cabbage worm has been particularly destructive this past summer. One lady who was pickling soaked her cabbage and cauliflowers in a strong brine to kill the insects. Then made a mash for the pigs with shorts and the brine. The pigs turned up their dainty noses at the mess but the hens rushed to the trough and fairly gorged themselves, with the result that seven or eight fine hens were poisoned within a few hours and the rest of the flock were more or less sick. Brine is often thrown out at pickling time, so I tell the tale as a warning.

Do not let cold weather come in without a thorough house-cleaning in the chicken coup. Lime is cheaper than most disinfectants and one of the best means of keeping rid of lice and mites. Clean the house well, removing all fixtures, brushing out every corner, emptying the dust box of last winter, then whitewash, using plenty of salt in the mixture so it will not rub off on the clothes of the attendant for weeks. Spray or pour coal oil on the roosts, use clean nesting and litter on the floor, then the hens will be clean of vermin and comfortable all winter. Our western fall weather is ideal for doing odd jobs like this. The children can help and also secure road dust for the dust bath and dry leaves for the floor litter. Rubber roofing, tarred, or building paper should be used to mend roofs or cracks. If much glass is broken in the windows a clean flour sack will take the place of part of the glass and give enough light. Glass is such a high price at present that mending windows costs too much to have unnecessary glass. If earth floors are in use take off several stitches of this soiled earth without fail, as much disease lurks in dirty earthen floors. Try and replace this dirt with gravelly sand, then put on the six inches of clean litter, ready for winter.

At the Manitoba Agricultural College the experts prefer cement floors to any other in all of their poultry buildings. They are clean and durable and can be kept free of disease. Sometimes the cement floors crack if not properly constructed but the cracks can easily be

(continued on page 45)

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisment Co. of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c. word. Minimum 75c. Cash with order.

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SCOTCH TWEEDS FOR SUITS AND COSTUMES—Very stylish. Fine selection and new designs free. Parcels carriage paid. Dept. 16, Waverley Tweed Co., Hawick, Scotland. 12-20

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PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN! Secure your copy of "What a Young Boy (or Girl) Ought to Know" from Eaton's before it is too late. Children's Protective Society. 4-21

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FRUIT AND FARM LANDS
CALIFORNIA—Improved farms near Sacramento for sale; terms. Write for list. E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 11-20
IF YOU WANT to sell or exchange your property write me. John J. Black, 14th St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 10-20

STAMMERING
ST-STU-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C. 2-21

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AGENTS—\$100, \$200 monthly selling Easy-wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required. Send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste Marie, Ont. 10-20

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FOR SALE


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CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES. Instructions. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ont., Canada. 12-20

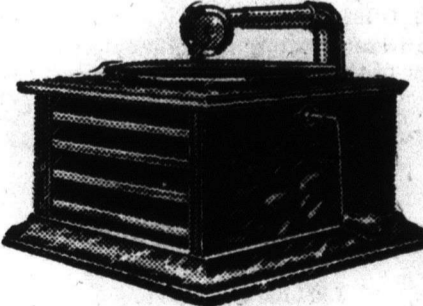
HONEY FOR SALE—Clover, \$18; Fruit-bloom and clover, \$15. Buckwheat, \$12 for 60 pounds. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. 1-21

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WONDERFUL WATER FLOWERS—Mysterious little objects which when placed in water develop into birds, animals and brightly colored flowers; 10c. package, 3 for 25c. S. M. Nickerson, Dawson St., A. Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. 9-20



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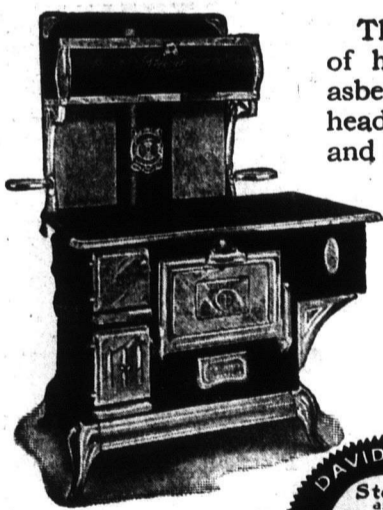
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is strongly built, and lives a long time. It needs very little attention, hardly ever requires even the slightest adjustment, and is easily kept clean and sweet. Renfrew Separator users have told us they consider the Renfrew a 33 1/3 per cent. better investment than any other separator made. Write us for particulars.

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A contact reservoir can be supplied to attach to either left or right end. Steel Persian closet at top is an extra convenience. An exceptionally moderately-priced range of thoroughly reliable quality.

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DAVIDSON

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THE INVITATION

By Max D. Major

Southern:
I have told thee how sweet the roses are
In my home beyond the sea,
Where the dark-eyed maid with her
sweet guitar
Sits under the olive tree.
Then fly, oh, fly from this island of
storm
Where all that is fair must pine,
To a sky more blue and a sun more
warm;
Henceforth shall my home be thine.

The Lassie:
I have heard thee tell o' a sky mair blue,
An' a sun mair warm than this,
An' I've sometimes thought if the tale
be true,
Tae dwell i' that clime wi' bliss;
But oh! when I gaze on my cosy cot,
So dear sin' the auld lang syne,
The land o' the soothron becks me not,
Nay, ne'er can thy hame be mine.

Gang awa', gang awa', oh, gang ye awa',
Gang back to your olive tree;
Gang back tae the lass wi' the sweet
guitar,
'Twad surely be weal for thee.
The sun may be rare i' oor northern
clime,
It's quite gude enoo for me;
I ha'e na a thirst for that land o' thine,
It's hot enoo here for me.

We maids o' the north we luve oor land,
Tho' chilly the clime tae thee;
Alongside a lass o' a soothron strand,
My luve wad seem cauld maybe.
Gie me the kilt an' the braw tartan
plaid,
The sporrán an' baréd knee;
Your luve-sick spiel wad but mak' me
sad,
The skirl o' the pipes for me.

Oor braw bonnie braes an' oor rushing
streams,
Mair striking nor southern sea,
Wi' oor thunderstorms when the light-
ning gleams,
The pink o' sublimity.
Then hie, oh, hie tae the sooth, oh then
hie,
An' waste na your pooder on me,
For a mon like ye, tak' the soothron-
sky—
Oor auld rugged north for me.

Aye, the sacred calm o' a highland
hame,
An' the simplest piety,
Ha'e kilt at the birth all desire to
roam,
If e'er 'twas conceived in me.
Oor luvies o' the soul 'tis from heaven
fed,
It yearns to eternity.
We air na like ye, under passion's tread,
Oor role is sincerity.
(Exit Southern.)

Did he think me, the gowk, a natural,
Did he think to bribe poor me,
Na wi' luve but wi' things material,
His "maid an' his olive tree"?
Before a week passed had I ta'en the
bait,
An' sampled the soothron morn,
She an' I wad ha'e grippet i' bitter hate,
She'd wisht she had ne'er been born.

The Safe Course
Mrs. Wilson's husband was often
obliged to travel on business, and fre-
quently did not reach home till after
midnight. His wife had been in the
habit of sleeping peacefully at these
times, says a writer in the "Spokesman-
Review," but a number of burglaries in
the neighborhood during one of Mr.
Wilson's trips had disturbed her calm.

On one night of his return, Mr. Wil-
son was stealing carefully up the front
stairs, so that his wife would not be
awakened, when he heard her voice,
high and strained:

"I don't know whether you are my
husband or a burglar," came the excited
tones, "but I am going to be on the safe
side and shoot, so if you are Henry
you'd better get out of the way!"

Don't Buy Victor Records

That Have Been Used in Demonstration

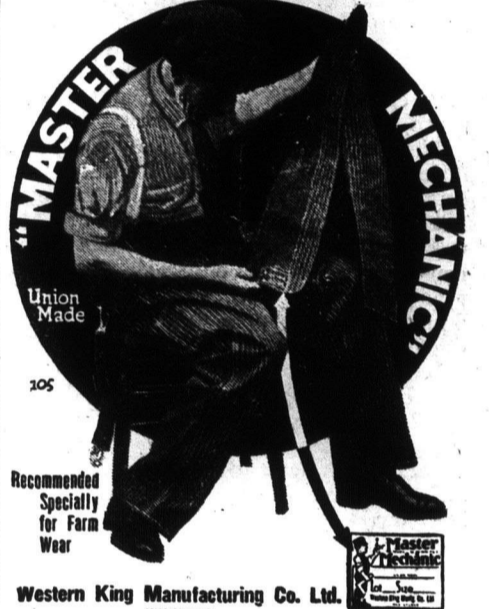
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Special to Ladies

Any amount of combings made up for \$2.00. New hair added, if desired, from \$2.00 worth up.

15c. postage.

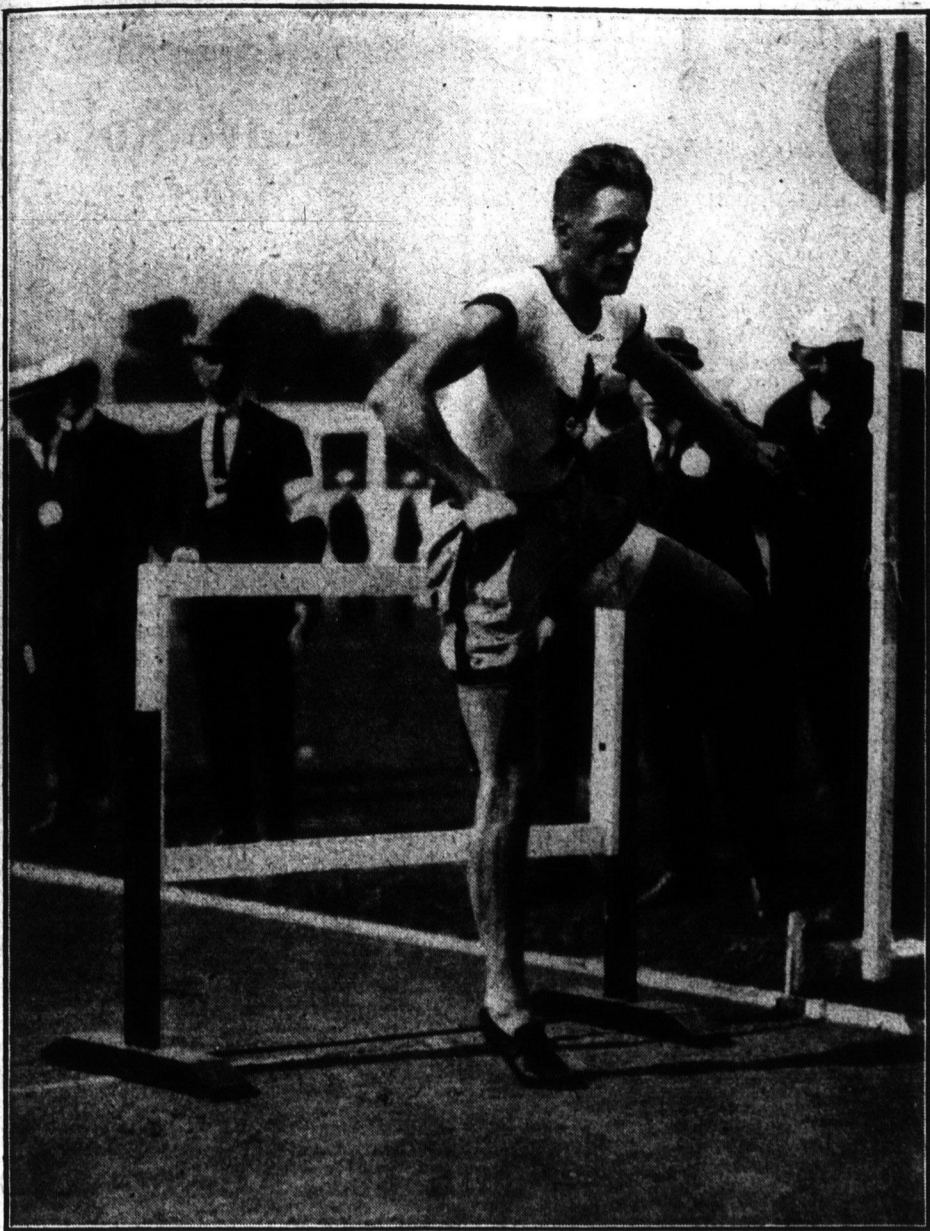
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A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1/4 ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.



Earl Thomson, of Prince Albert, Sask., clearing one of the hurdles in the final of the 110 metre hurdle event at the Olympic games in Antwerp. Thomson won the event and shattered the world's record for the distance. This is a splendid action photograph of the Canadian.

Poetry and Prose

"What a beautiful sight it is, Mrs. Bates, to see your two little boys always together!" the summer boarder exclaimed, in an ecstasy, on the approach of Bobby and Tommy Bates, hand in hand. "Such brotherly love is as rare as it is exquisite."
Mrs. Bates nodded in pleased assent. "I tell Ezry," she said, "that they're as inseparable as a pair o' pants."

Unfamiliar Ground

The tourist who had secured a guide within a few moments after his arrival in Rome spoke crisply to the man. "I've only got an hour or so to spare for Rome," he said, "and I want to see just two things—one's St. Peter's and the other is the Forum. Take me to them both as quick as you can."

The guide engaged a carriage, into which the tourist jumped, and after a few words from the guide to the driver, the equipage started off at a brisk rate. Suddenly it stopped, and the tourist ceased his fire of questions abruptly.

"Hop out," he said to his guide, urging him by a slight push. "Now which is this, the Forum or St. Peter's?"

Obedied Instructions

The city editor summoned the photographer of his staff. "Colonel Welligan's house is burning," he said, "and I want a picture of the fire. Get out there as quick as you can with your camera, and take a view of what's left of the building, from the inside of the fence corner."

"But," said the photographer, "if —"
"That's the point I want it taken from—right in the corner."

"But I think there's —"
"I don't care whether there's a better point or not. You know what I want. Hurry up! You are losing time."

The photographer took his camera and departed. A few hours later he came in with the proof of a picture he had taken from the desired point of view.

"What is this?" asked the city editor.
"That is a photograph of the ruins of Colonel Welligan's house, from the inside corner of the fence, near the street."

"I can't see anything of the house."
"I couldn't, either," responded the photographer. "I tried to tell you there was a big tree standing between that corner and the house, but you wouldn't let me."

—and still another
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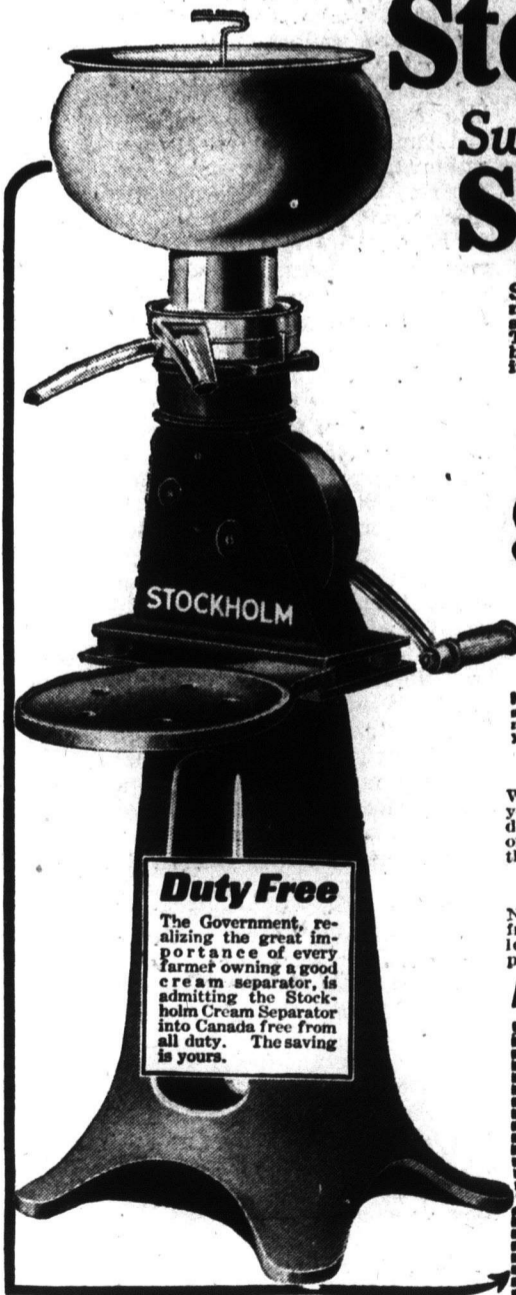
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Please send me your catalog. Tell me how I can get the Stockholm Cream Separator on your easy payment plan. Also send me the absolute 10-Year Direct Guarantee that you make on the Stockholm.

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Written for the Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale



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LADDIE and I had been mightily interested observers of the swift downward swoop of a great baldheaded eagle. It struck the Canada goose a sharp blow, evidently piercing the head with its claws as the big goose grunted and fell into the tide channel. It nodded its torn head for a long time, and then it evidently recovered as it flew away. All this time the ice from the western side was drifting closer, and on it sat a dark object.

"Get the camera and creep down to the shore and snap that seal as it passes." Soon I saw Laddie sneaking along over rock and snow and ice, clad all in white like a living snowman. He reached the outer point, and the bright eyes of the seal drifting there a hundred yards off, instantly spied the camera and dived, but not before Laddie got his picture.

I would estimate the harbour seal living on the ledges in Port Joli harbour at about two hundred. They make the night hideous at low tide by their long strangling coughlike bark. They are amusing creatures. Laddie and I duck shooting off Boyd's rocks have laughed many an hour at them.

They are no judge of weight and size. For instance, along comes a long thin cake of ice. Instantly a seal spies it and picks it out for a nice long trip in the bright sunshine. Up it flaps and scrambles on the cake, which instantly turns over. Back goes the little spotted youngster, for the old ones seem to know enough to pick good big cakes. Up he slides and off he splashes! Not only once, but half a dozen times. We have seen them finally manage to slide on and balance so accurately as to get the ride without any upset, after so many tries.

They have a game of tag that is wonderful. These six to eight month seals are of about forty to fifty pounds in weight. There is lots of food, tommycod and sculpin, dab and scunner swimming all about, so this game is not a jealous pursuit after food. Up, clear into the air leaps a half-grown seal and tumbles in amid a shower of salt water drops. Right after him comes another, heading out, every flipper and hair showing brightly in the clear light. In he splashes and out pops the first one. For a length of several hundred yards this frolic continues, until the air is full of glittering drops and resounding whacks.

We hope this spring to be able to see one through the glass cuddling her newly born pup on the ellgrass of the tide-flats. As there is only a very few hours before the returning waters cover the mud the little chap must be a record breaker at learning to paddle along. They are a social beast. Laddie and I have watched the tide uncover a rock about twenty feet square. Up would poke a whiskered head with great human looking eyes, and out he would flop. Number two came right along, and ten to twenty more would follow, until every sittable atom of that rock was crowded with big yelping animals, looking very much like sacks of grain laid side by side. Not one of these, although no doubt someone was crowding on top of someone else, bit or molested the one beside it, and if you saw the great incurving teeth you would wonder why they did not. All they would do was to roar out their displeasure. Just in about the same notes the sea lions use. Remember I am writing of the common harbour seal. The sea lion is the chap who gives the fine-furred skins my lady calls "sealskin." The fur of these harbour chaps is short and coarse. They are so inquisitive that they jog along after Laddie and I in the big cedar canoe as if they were mightily interested in the long green animal with the four arms, as no doubt our canoe and paddles appear to them.

We crowded one-half grown chap up a little creek one day. He did not like it a bit either. As soon as he got to the end of the tide run he evidently decided to come back. Canoe or no canoe, he sat for a moment on the mud, and shook his head and quavered out a strange whimpering cry. Then he launched off down stream straight for us. We both stuck out paddles down beside the canoe. A curious curl of water told of his approach. On he came, looking somewhat as a loon looks under water. A greyish whitish looking thing under the canoe, and through the paddles it darted and did not come up within our sight. One thing astonishes us here. During many days of extremely cold weather not a single seal did we see above the waters of this harbour. We know they can stay down a long, long time, but they have to come up, even though they have to melt and push a hole up through the ice. But not a one did we see that wintry weather. Evidently they went out to sea.

All you prairie dwellers know the marsh hawk. The big soft flying chap with the white spot above the tail. Well, we have the same bird here. I will show you a picture of one a neighbour killed. They look much smaller to us here. They evidently go south in winter, as we never see one then. I want to ask all you good western farmers to spare this bird. He does such a great amount of good. Not only does he abstain from feeding on anything of yours that is valuable, but each hawk will kill hundreds of mice and moles and young rats each season that they are with you.

You men who have large farms and ranches may rejoice over one thing. The song bird and all the perching birds are fully protected by the new federal bird treaty between us and the United States. They had been having huge troubles with the weevils in the cotton crop, and all the borers in the trees and the stinging insects in the blossoms. Do you wonder why. When I tell you that hundreds of thousands of robins and meadow larks, and all birds about that size, including blackbirds and orioles, had been selling in New York markets as "reedbirds" at a dollar twenty-five a bunch of one dozen. The great migration of birds which you see each fall passing over your farms continues on south until they merge into such huge flocks as are unbelievable to our northern eyes. I have seen whole fields of the middle western states turned black as if after a fire by the millions of blackbirds which had just settled on them. Now imagine what a hunter with a double-barreled gun and number eight shot can do with a mass like that. No wonder you men have bugs in your crops.

Here is another Nova Scotia animal that many of you have in your woods. A great big cat, the "bay lynx," or "bob cat" or "wild cat," as it is called. I am sorry my camera seems too short for it. I missed the head of this thirty-five pounder. It makes havoc among the flocks of sheep kept along this coast. They let their sheep roam over second growth fields and hills, often fully a thousand acres in extent. Close growing spruces and firs that hide the flock from the house, and shepherds, yes, they have regular English shepherds here to take care of the flock once it runs up in numbers of hundreds. One flock near where I write this numbers fully five hundred. Now these age-old forest and second growths are as thick as any woods I have met on this continent. They are penetrated by narrow animal trails or woodcutters' paths. The hills are "barrens" covered with a thick low growth of laurel and blueberry bushes. Where could a wild cat find a better cover? The one in the picture ambled right into an old set trap.

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You should have seen the great hooked claws, almost as big as those of the panther or mountain lion of the west. Its teeth—and it sadly needed a tooth-brush—were an inch long sharp fangs. No wonder it can kill several lambs before the alarmed flock scatters!

There is a little gully on the coast where one-inch thick spruce grows right beside the trail. The sand was deeply indented by the arrowlike hoofs of a neighbour's sheep as we went east. Along the top of a sand ridge that went parallel with the trail we saw mink and weasel tracks and the deeper pads of a wild cat.

"Sheep had better look out, that fellow is after them," said Laddie. Returning on our way westbound the telltale sand had another story written on it. All down the middle of the trail ran the ambling footmarks of the flock of sheep. Where these passed the lone spruce the sheep had suddenly leaped out in alarm. One deep gouge showed where the cat had struck the lamb and thrown it over; and as we followed a trail up on to the sand ridge we found the torn remains still warm. The way that cat had torn the lamb showed fury more than greed. It was almost skinned. Poor little frightened lamb, its sufferings were soon over, let us hope.

"Whatever's the boy got on the rope" I said as Laddie appeared along the path with a dark object in his hand, or rather dragging along the snow. It seems he had been out looking at some traps, and had taken the 22-Winchester with him. Up a thin tree he spied a dark looking lump, and just while he was wondering what it was a neighbour came along and told him it was "porky." He borrowed the little repeater, and promptly killed the bunch of hair and quills. I needed one specimen, but we do not often kill things thus unnecessarily. It was an adult male weighing about 20 pounds. Its hind feet are huge pads, and its four long incisors fully three-quarters of an inch long. No wonder it creates havoc when it gets into our camps or shanties.

The whole body is covered with a coat of very long brown hair, and in it lies the strange armour Nature has provided it with. All the hair of the back and sides and tail are literally filled with long white brown-tipped quills, nicely barbed for any beast fool enough to tackle Mr. Porky. The tail is the real weapon of the animal, and the grand old poet Longfellow was sadly astray in his natural history when he spoke of them "shooting their quills." The only thing they can do is to flip the tail against an enemy and leave a nice studding of quills sticking in. In handling the beast one would think that the lightly held quills would fall out. It is the very heavy coat of hair that keep the feebly grasped quills in the flesh. There are no quills on the stomach, under the tail or behind the legs.

These beasts have caused much havoc by their destructive habits. As they climb trees well it is hard to cache things in the northern woods. One of the expeditions along the Albany carefully stored all their surplus flour and pork and dried meat in several caches along the trail. It was much harder work coming back up stream, so they came lightly loaded, relying on the cached supplies to take them to the frontier. Bears could not have more thoroughly eaten and destroyed the ton of provisions in those four caches. Luckily a bear was killed and fish eaten until civilization was reached.

A Young Logician

Jennie's mother was expecting company, but just before the train time, says "What to Eat," a telegram arrived which read, "Missed train. Will start same time to-morrow."

Jennie rushed home from school expecting to see the guest, but instead was shown the message. After reading it laboriously and carefully through, she exclaimed:

"Why, mama, if she starts at the same time to-morrow, she will miss the train again!"

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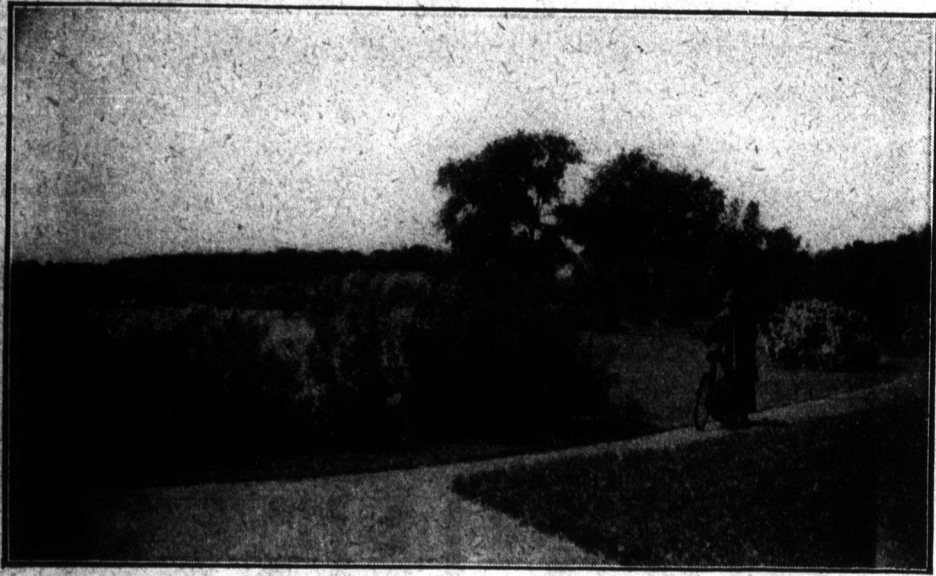
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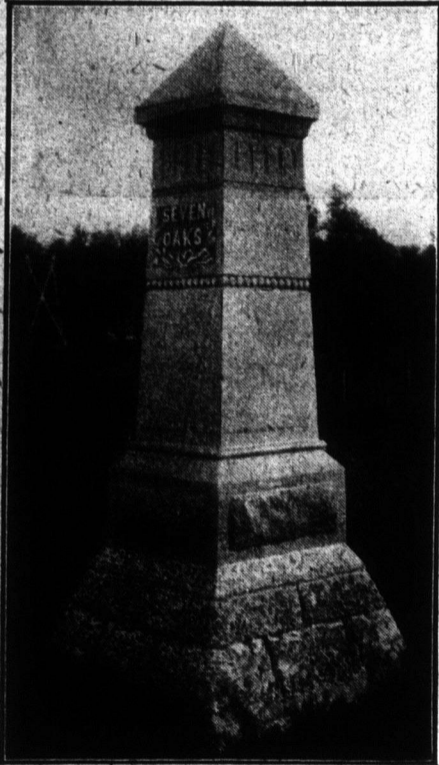
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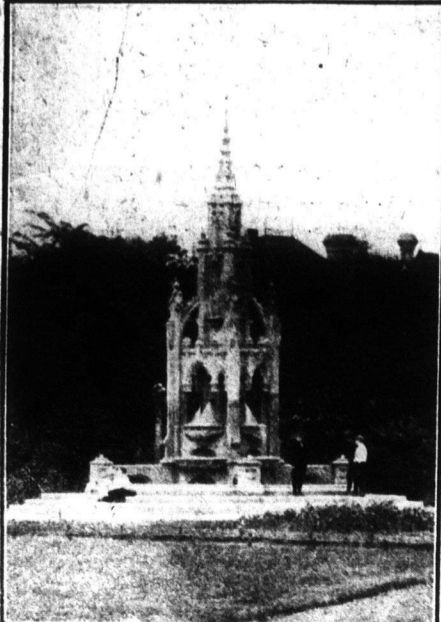
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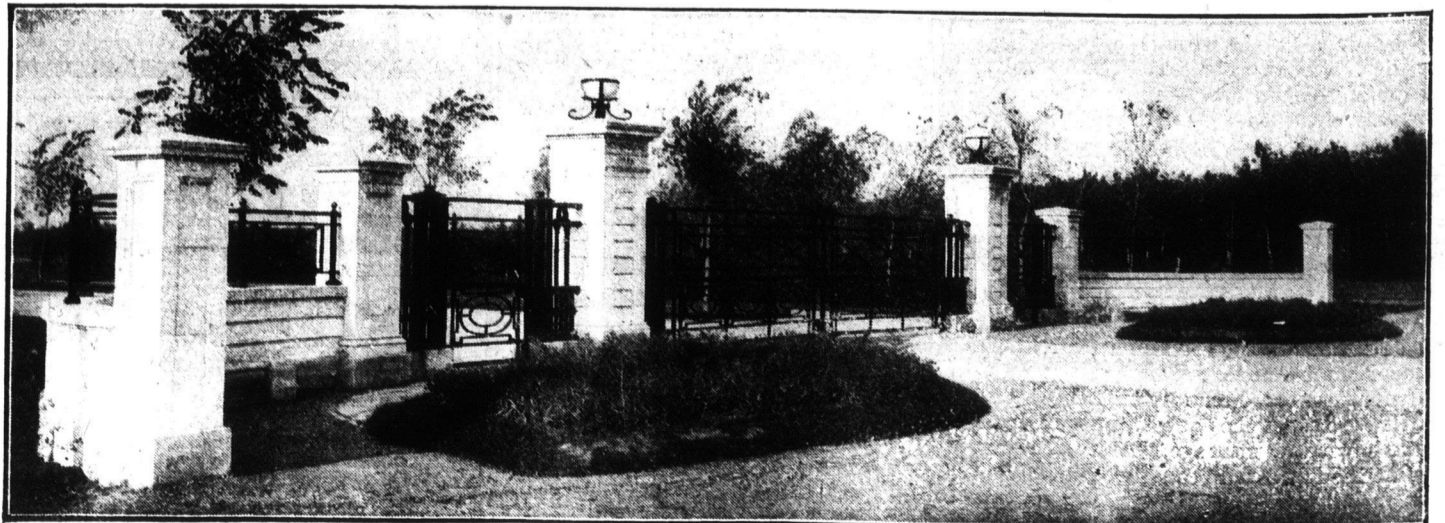
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British Columbia

Continued from page 38

Dear reader, don't take this as a joke; this condition has existed here for some time, but let us continue our journey and see the country for ourselves just as it is

The Fisheries and Orientals

After you are fixed up a second time you are more determined than ever to secure a position. You apply at the offices of the fish canneries. These canneries during the fishing season employ hundreds of men. You are shown into the office of the great I Am, but the great I Am has all the men he needs and dismisses you as if he were the lord of creation or the Kaiser. At all the other fishery offices you have no better luck, all of them have all the men they need, but they are wise enough not to tell you what sort of men they employ. You learn that there are several canneries within 30 miles of Vancouver, on Lulu Island. You board the Inter-urban train bound for Steveston where there are many big canneries. Soon the city is left behind, and you are in the open country; you cross the bridge that connects the mainland with Lulu Island, and here you behold a most charming country. Fine houses, small but excellent, extend to the right and left, the country is low and level. Not many years ago the island was partly covered by the sea, very few trees are to be seen. This little

island colony within an hour's ride of Vancouver is one of the most prosperous places in British Columbia.

Finally you arrive at Steveston. I do not know how this place got its name, but I am sure it has been mis-named, it should be called Little Tokyo, Kobe or Peking. For more than a mile along the water front the houses are built on high tressles and packed close together, greasy and battered and wretched in appearance. Hundreds of Orientals live in these houses; while the houses look miserable the occupants are well-to-do. Hundreds of boats, big and small, ready for the fishing grounds, lay along the sandy beach. All the principal stores are owned by Orientals, you only hear two languages spoken, the chatter of the swarthy man and the cry of the sea gulls.

You walk into the cannery and meet the boss. He is not inclined to be very communicative. Undoubtedly he is carrying out the instructions of his superiors, but he tells you straight from the shoulder that he cannot give you a job of any kind, he has all the help he needs. "What sort of help do you employ?" you ask. "Oh, Japs and Chinamen," he replies, and all the while he is edging away. "Do you employ any white help?" "No, except a very few." "Are there any other canneries here?" "Certainly, but they employ the same kind of help as we do." By this time you wish you were back in Bonnie

Scotland, Old Ontario or Montana, or wherever you hailed from.

Buying a Farm

Then somebody suggests that you should take up fruit farming, where you can be your own boss; nothing like being independent. You set out for the Fraser Valley, the most beautiful and richest part of British Columbia; orchards bearing rich fruits, berries in abundance, the lands are fertile and productive, convenient to the towns and railroads; an ideal place in which to live. Truly you are glad to get away from the city, country life is real life, fresh air, beautiful sunshine, here you have all you desire. Alas! alas! you are as far from your goal as ever. Sixty per cent. of this fertile land you have seen is owned by Orientals, you can't get a look in here, John and Jim know the value of good land and neither coaxing nor money will entice them to dispose of it.

In an article of this sort it is impossible to cover the whole field, but at least it will give you an idea of how things stand.

If you only watch the boats arriving from the Far West and see the number of Orientals that disembark you would be astonished. On, on they come, just as they invaded Southern California. I will leave the rest to the fair imagination of the reader, and let him ask himself the question, "What will British Columbia look like twenty years hence?"

Poultry Profit

Continued from page 39

mended and cement costs less to-day than plank floors. The birds do well on them, even little chicks come to no harm in the large brooder house plant at the college, therefore, the use of cement floors in poultry houses is strongly commended for use in our western climate.

One of the most popular cars in the Better Farming train sent out on a five weeks tour through Saskatchewan was the poultry section, where experts under Prof. Baker, Saskatoon, showed how poultry should be kept to make a profit. Hens, turkeys, ducks and geese were all there for demonstration purposes. Trap nests and many other modern devices were shown. Incubators and brooders in operation, a growing patch of sprouted oats for use in winter. An interesting section of the car was where the candling eggs process was explained and demonstrated and the new law regarding egg selling made clear to the retail merchants by a representative of the Government of Saskatchewan, department of agriculture.

The clear-headed planner has his mind on his business; the worrying failure has his business on his mind.

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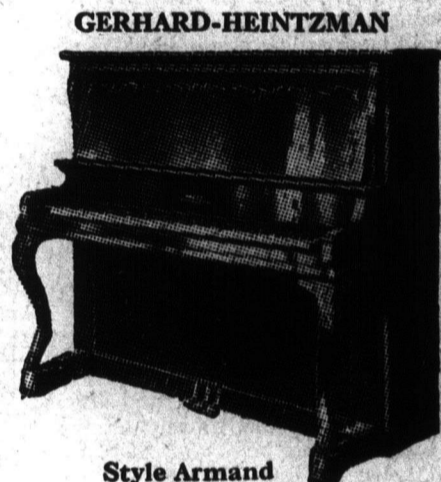
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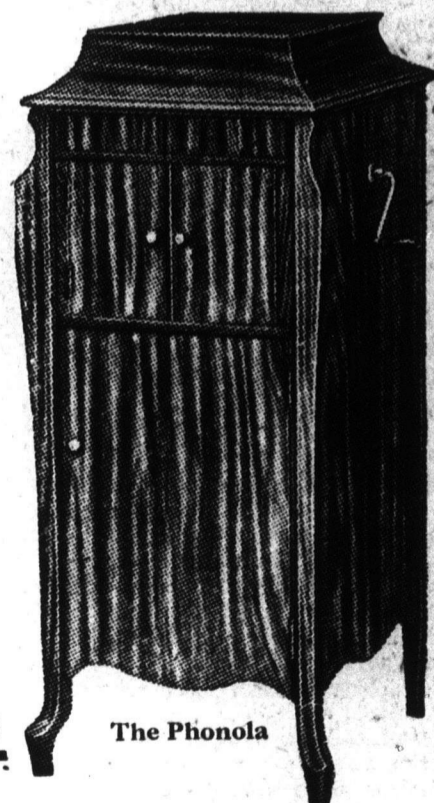
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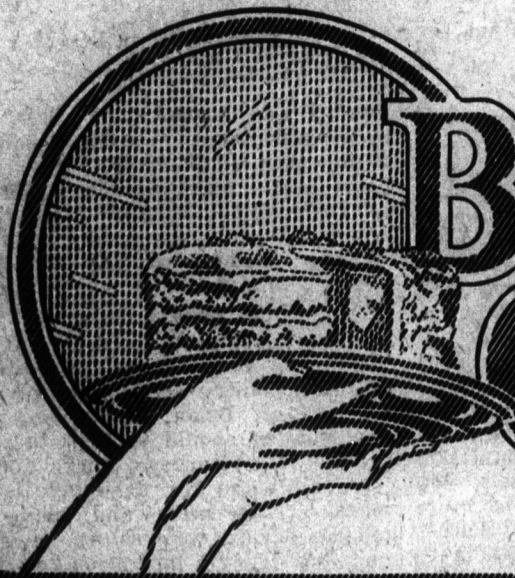
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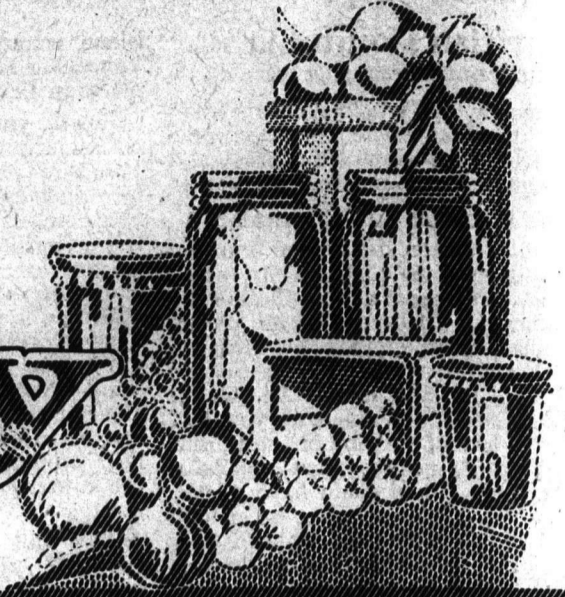
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Better Cookery

EDITED BY
GERTRUDE DUTTON.



ONE often wonders why more people do not provide themselves with a large supply of winter vegetables in the fall, when they are so plentiful, and may be stored with such ease. Perhaps the simplest way to determine how the different vegetables should be preserved in their natural state, is to consider the manner in which they grow. They should be kept under somewhat natural conditions. For example, root crops should be buried in earth to prevent drying out and loss of flavor. Tender things such as pumpkins should be kept where there is free circulation of the air to which they are native.

The ideal storage place for underground vegetables is a cold cellar which will not freeze.

Such roots as carrots, turnips, beets, salsify and parsnips, if packed in boxes in alternate layers with dry earth or sand, will be just as plump and fresh next spring as they are now. Salsify and parsnips need a good hard frost to develop their finest flavor.

Potatoes are put in boxes or bins, where it is cool, dry and dark. Occasionally during the winter and spring they require to be picked over, as one or two soft decayed potatoes would soon spoil a large quantity. Any sprouts which have grown are removed at the same time.

Cabbages we pile roots upward in boxes or barrels.

Onions must be both cool and dry. They will sprout if too warm, and rot if too moist. They are best kept on slatted racks or in slat baskets. If there is no attic in which to keep them, the racks or baskets should be hung from the rafters of the cellar, where there is good circulation of air. In fact, all bins, boxes, barrels and baskets containing vegetables require to be surrounded by air spaces.

Celery, neither trimmed nor washed, is packed, heads up, in long, deep boxes filled with dry earth or sand.

Pumpkins and squash must be thoroughly ripe in order to keep. They are placed in a dry, airy place, on shelves, without touching each other. They require a warmer temperature than root vegetables. From time to time they are wiped dry with a cloth.

Tomatoes, if firm and unspotted, when placed in baskets or on racks in the cellar, will ripen gradually until January.

SALT AS A PRESERVATIVE

During the canning season when the busy housekeeper finds it almost impossible to keep up with the supply of fresh garden products needing attention, she may well revert to the use of salt, which is so popular in Europe.

Barrels, kegs, stone crocks or smaller jars, may be used as containers. The surface is covered with white cheese-cloth or cotton, cut larger than the top of the vessel, and a weight of some kind put on top, to keep the product down in the brine. This may be a wooden block, a plate, a saucer, a stone. Yellow or pitch pine should not be used, neither should sandstone, limestone nor marble.

Dairy salt is quite as satisfactory as table salt, and is much cheaper. Rock salt is too likely to contain impurities.

If sealers are used, the rubbers are greased to prevent the salt oozing out.

DRY SALTING

String Beans. String, wash and weigh fresh tender beans. Blanch in boiling water from three to five minutes, then immerse in cold water one minute. Pack in jars with alternate layers of salt, using one-fourth of a pound of salt to one pound of beans. A wooden potato-masher is useful in packing down the beans. Have a layer of salt on top. Weigh the beans down with a large cork dipped in paraffin, grease the rubbers, and seal if using sealers.

When ready to use, freshen the beans by soaking in cold water for three hours before cooking.

Corn, beet-tops, spinach, chard and green peas may be preserved in the same way.

BRINING

Green Peppers. Remove stems and seeds from fresh green peppers, wash and pack in a jar with blossom-end down. Cover with a brine made of two pounds of salt to one gallon of water. Weight and seal. Peppers may be kept in this way for eight or ten months, then freshen in cold water, and stuff and bake, or use in relishes or salads.



Stuffed Onions

Cauliflower, red peppers, celery, hard pears and peaches may be kept in a brine of the same density.

PICKLES AND RELISHES

Too much vinegar and spice is not good for our digestive organs; nevertheless, a small quantity served with certain other foods gives the same freshness we enjoy in the summer-time from lettuce and similar salad foods.

Cabbage and Pepper Relish

6 green peppers 2 tablespoons mustard
1 red pepper seed
3 onions 2 1/4 tablespoons salt
1 large white cabbage 3 tablespoons brown sugar
half bunch celery 1 qt. vinegar

Wash pepper and remove stems and seeds. Peel onions, remove outside leaves and hard centre of cabbage. Wash celery and remove coarse green leaves. Put all the vegetables through the meat-chopper, using the coarsest plate. Add the other ingredients, mix thoroughly and seal in sterilized jars.

Piccaililli

1 peck green tomatoes Vinegar
6 medium onions 2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups salt 2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 red pepper 1 teaspoon cloves

Wipe tomatoes and peel onions and put through food-chopper. Sprinkle with salt and let stand over night. Drain in a bag, put chopped mixture in

kettle. Add chopped red pepper and cover with vinegar. Add sugar mixed with the spices. Mix thoroughly and cook gently till thick, stirring occasionally. Seal in sterilized jars.

Chopped Pickles

3 qts. green tomatoes 1 qt. small green cu-
1 qt. ripe tomatoes cumber
3 bunches celery 4 qts. water
3 large onions 3 pints vinegar
3 red peppers 2 lbs. brown sugar
3 green peppers 1 teaspoon mustard
1 cup salt 1 teaspoon pepper
1 large cucumber

Wipe tomatoes, wash celery, peel onions, put all the vegetables through the chopper, cover with the salt and water, let stand over night, and drain. Add vinegar, sugar and spices, mix thoroughly and seal in sterilized jars.

Mustard Pickles

4 qts. small cucumbers 1 gal. boiled water
3 large cucumbers 2 cups salt
1 qt. green tomatoes 1 cup flour
4 green peppers 1 cup sugar
1 bunch celery 6 tablespoons mustard
1 cauliflower 2 tablespoons celery seed,
Vinegar

Wipe the small cucumbers, slice the large cucumbers, the tomatoes and the peppers, chop the celery and separate the cauliflower. Put all together in a kettle with the boiling water, to which has been added the salt. Cover and let stand over night. In the morning bring to the boiling point and let simmer till the vegetables are tender. Drain, mix

the flour, sugar and mustard. Add enough cold vinegar to make a paste. Stir into two quarts of boiling vinegar, add the celery-seed and boil five minutes. Add the drained vegetables, and cook twenty minutes. Larger amounts of sugar or mustard may be used if desired.

Chili Sauce

12 ripe tomatoes 3 cups vinegar
2 ripe peppers 6 drops each of oil of
2 onions cloves
2 tablespoons salt Cinnamon and allspice
3 tablespoons sugar

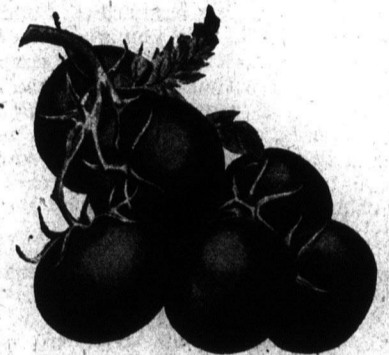
Peel and chop tomatoes and onions fine; chop peppers. Add sugar, salt and vinegar, and boil one hour. Add spices and seal. If oils are not available, boil 1 teaspoon each of the ground spices with the other ingredients.

Beet and Horseradish Relish

Mix one cup of cold cooked chopped beets with 3 tablespoons grated horseradish, and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Sugar may be added. Canned beets and bottled horseradish may be used.

Pickled Onions

Peel small white onions, cover with a brine made of one and one-half cups salt to two quarts of boiling water, and let stand two days. Drain, and cover with fresh brine, let stand two days and drain again. Make fresh brine and heat to boiling point. Put in onions and boil three minutes. Pack in



Tomatoes in Choice Condition

jars, interspersing the onions with bits of mace, peppercorns and bits of bay-leaf. Fill jars with scalding vinegar, containing one cup of sugar to a gallon of vinegar. Seal.

TOMATOES

Broiled Ripe Tomatoes. Peel firm tomatoes and cut in halves. Sprinkle each with salt, pepper and fine bread or cracker-crumbs. Place on a toaster over the fire for five minutes. Slip on a hot flat dish, dot with butter, and place in hot oven for five minutes. Serve at once.

Sauted Ripe Tomatoes

Peel and slice tomatoes, season with salt and pepper, dip in batter or in egg and crumbs and sauté in a hot frying pan, with butter.

Stuffed Ripe Tomatoes

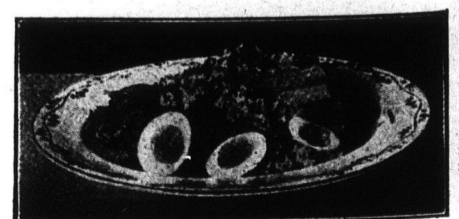
Cut a thin slice from the top of tomatoes, scoop out the inside with a spoon, mix it with an equal quantity of either cooked rice or macaroni or bread-crumbs. Add salt, pepper, a little melted butter, and a few drops of onion juice. Refill the tomato-shells, replace the tops, and bake one half-hour.

Stuffed Onions

Peel and boil ten minutes, the required number of large onions. Remove from the water, cool, cut off a slice from the top, and scoop out the inside to form a cup. Chop the onion which was removed. Add equal amounts of any cold chopped meat and soft bread-crumbs. Season and moisten with melted butter or cream, and mix thoroughly. A teaspoon of chopped parsley may also be added. Fill the onion-cups with the mixture. Sprinkle the tops with buttered crumbs, and bake in the oven till the onions are soft.

Asparagus with Buttered Crumbs

Boil a bunch of asparagus for fifteen minutes, or until done, letting it stand in the kettle with the tips out of the water for the first ten minutes. Or heat a can of asparagus. Pile on a hot platter, sprinkle over it half a cup of fresh bread-crumbs, which have been fried a deep yellow in two tablespoons



Asparagus with Buttered Crumbs

of butter in a frying-pan. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs.

Confidence

By Mrs Nestor Noel

I wonder if many of us realize that one of the first lessons we must teach our children is confidence—confidence in their parents and in themselves. It is not a hard lesson to teach, though there are people who never think of it. And yet, how easy it is! From the first moment of its existence, the infant turns, instinctively, to its mother. So it would continue throughout life, if we did not, in some way, shatter its confidence.

When children begin to talk among themselves, we hear such remarks as "It's no use bothering mother," or "Let's ask mother; she always finds a way!" I need not say which of these two expressions I would rather hear! It rests with us mothers to so influence our children that they will, naturally, turn to us in all their difficulties.

"Why do you bother me about such trifles?" we sometimes hear.

There are no such things as trifles in a child's life. Everything is enormously big. With a little girl, it is just as important to her to put her dolly to bed as it is to do her lessons! So we must try to see things from the child's point of view, or we shall never fully understand it, and without understanding, there is no such thing as confidence.

I want to emphasize here, that we do not need to do everything for our children, in order to gain their confidence. It is simply necessary that we be able and willing to show them how to do things for themselves. We must not let them be afraid to try seemingly hard tasks. The very effort they make is good for them and teaches them self-confidence, which we wish them to learn. But back in their minds must always be the idea that their parents are ever ready to come to the rescue, should it be necessary.

Children who are often scolded become diffident of approaching their parents. We hear constant whispers amongst them, such as: "You ask." "No, you; I'm afraid!" No child should ever be afraid to ask her parents anything, even though we have to deny her sometimes. Our denials should be so explained that the child herself will see reason in our refusal. If a child wants us to be always buying it something, we need not be harsh in our refusal, because we are hard up. We might say, gently: "I wish I could buy it for you, dear; but I'm afraid I cannot do so, because we had no crop this year," or any other real reason. Children have a great deal more common sense than we give them credit for, and they will be quick to see when their demands are exorbitant, if we explain a little.

As soon as your children are old enough to understand, let them know how you stand financially. Do not have family secrets from them. We can say a great deal more in front of children than we think we can. As for those conversations which should not take place in the hearing of children, my opinion is that, in most cases, they should not take place at all.

If you are in the habit of having secrets from your children, you may be sure that they will, eventually, have them from you!

We must think of that time in their lives, from sixteen to twenty. It will be full of mysteries to them; but if you have taught them to have confidence in you, then, even in these years, and later on, these children will have no sorrows nor joys which you will not share.

When children begin to grow away from their parents, they leave a void in the hearts of father and mother. Our business is to follow them in their growth, and to see that they never grow away from us. They are our children still, and always will be, even when they have children of their own!

Where girls and boys are left to nurses, governesses and tutors, they have not so much confidence in their parents. To gain their confidence, we must live with them, talk to them more

and play with them when they want to play. I cannot imagine a girl confiding her great sorrows to a girl chum and leaving her mother completely out of her confidence. If this be done, it must be the mother's own fault, and she would do well to guard against it from the start.

If you are mothers, do not let your girls be afraid to confide in you! A girl's life may be ruined because of want of confidence. A sensible mother may be able to avert many great evils from her child. Even if your child should one day fall below the standard you had given her, do not be the one to blame. You, of all people, should be the consoler. Surely, you would not have her go elsewhere for the consolation which it is your privilege to give. Let a child feel that, whatever its faults, it can always turn, with confidence, to its mother. Then, if that mother prove worthy of the name, we shall have better girls and boys in the future.

They can have no confidence without

mutual affection. This almost goes without saying! Only one does come upon abnormal mothers, now and then! If these know not Love, I cannot make them understand Confidence!

Rotten Row, London, Eng.

Continued from Page 26

we are able to talk with the people on Mars we shall find they have had their Rotten Row for centuries.

This tendency to "show off" is confined to no period. The very birds have a period when their plumage is nice; and fine feathers make fine birds. Long ago, in ancient Babylon, in Assyria, Rome, Egypt, this human vanity existed. After all, does it matter? Fortunately for human happiness, the Rotten Row theory occupies a small space. It is a moot point whether the duchess who sees Rotten Row in one way is in any happier degree than the milliner who sees it in another. The great majority of people know this and it needs no repeating. It perhaps provides a show, it is often beautiful, though based on the toil of others, and it never will and never can change the destiny of a people, nor remove love and death from their eternal powers.

SUNSET'S ADIEU

Beside the stile we parted,
The Sun was casting his charms
Into the distant ocean,
Which he clasped with quivering arms:
Whilst you and I were severed,
Each went by a separate road;
I watched you cross the meadow,
Then I sought my lone abode.

Around me crept a feeling,
As night succeeding the day:
Only your smile I treasured,
Which, e'en like the flickering ray
That dances o'er the water
When Apollo seeks his rest,
Upon my heart was shining,
Like a golden cup impressed.

A SONG OF THE SURGE

The love of man for a maiden,
Is like the long-swelling seas;
For it heaves with passion laden,
Whilst the rhythmic roll agrees.

What if the wave but refuses
To move in accordance sweet,
Or the flow that love infuses
Shall a counter current meet?

Then as the foam of the ocean,
Oft blown to yon craggy shore,
'T is but whirled in writhing motion,
When it bursts and lives no more.



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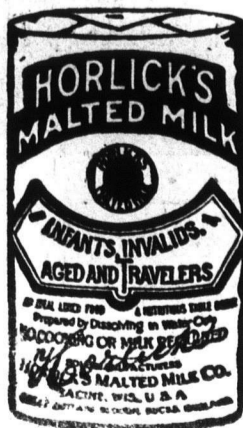
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2519

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke



SOMETHING TO LEARN THE HEN

Alas! my child where is the pen
That can do justice to the hen?
Like Royalty she goes her way,
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for public buildings, yet
For custard, cake and omelette.
Or if too old for such a use
They have their fling at some abuse,
As when to censure plays unfit
Upon the stage they make a hit,
Or at elections seal the fate
Of an obnoxious candidate
No wonder, child, we prize the hen
Whose egg is mightier than the pen.
Oliver Herford

When two do the same thing, it is not
the same thing at all.

Nature has given us two ears but only
one mouth. Doesn't it seem as if we
were meant to say only half what we hear?

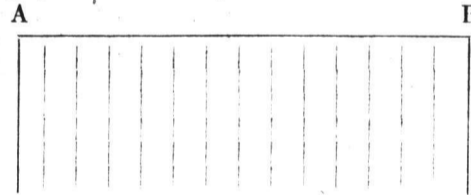
SOMETHING TO MAKE A GOOD TAFFY FOR HALLOWE'EN

2 cups molasses 3 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon of vinegar

Boil all together to the "hard ball"
stage. Turn out on a buttered plate.
This candy may be pulled just before it
hardens. Butter or flour the hands before
pulling.

HALLOWE'EN LANTERNS

Everyone wants to decorate for Hallowe'en, and here is a pretty idea that is easy to carry out, and cheap as well, which will please father and mother. Take a piece of colored paper about five by eight inches, (white paper on which a rough design in water color paints or crayon has been drawn will do as well). Cut a strip from one end half an inch wide and five inches long. Paint or crayon this black. Now place the paper on the table with the long side towards you, and fold it over till the lower edge meets the upper, and crease hard. The crease is next to the worker. With your scissors cut through the paper at right angles to the crease, about half an inch from the end, and make your cut to within three-fourths of an inch of the edge. Do this for the whole length of the paper to within half an inch of the other end, so that your paper now looks like this.



Fold.

With a little paste now fasten the point A to the point B also fasten the corresponding corners. Color the uncut bands at the top and bottom of the lantern with crayon or water color, and fasten on your black strip for a handle. A number of these little lanterns may be strung on a wire or hung from the lights or used in many ways.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

That they are selling lion's meat in Paris for food at seventeen cents a pound.
That there is a baby seven weeks old who only weighs one pound.

That it's a good idea to have the morning paper stuck in a clothes pin hanging on the verandah. This saves the paper from being blown around the yard.

That there is a machine so finely adjusted that it will weigh an eye-lash or the ink in a signature.

That there is a safe way to light a fire with coal oil. Take an empty tin (a lard or syrup pail) fill it nearly to the top with wood ashes. Pour in enough coal oil to thoroughly saturate the ashes without making them sloppy. Let them stand a few hours, covered. When ready to light the fire lay a few large spoonfuls on the kindlings and touch with a lighted match. It will burn with a steady flame with no flaring.

That you can sharpen your pocket knife on the sharp edge of the scissors opposite the cutting edge. This will not always work well if the knife is very dull but ordinarily it is a good quick way to get a keen edge.

SOMETHING TO AMUSE YOU

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Johnson," said the school teacher, "that your little boy appears to be utterly incorrigible."

"Pears to be utterly—which?" returned Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas.

"Incorrigible, beyond reform. He quarrels and fights all the time. I cannot imagine what is the matter with him."

"Aw, I reckon it's this-a-way, mom: The little fellow was punyng around for a couple of weeks and had to stay out of school, and prob'ly now he finds hisself 'way behind with his fighting—that's all."

"No, sah, ah don't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored lady looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth an' git off at the very same place he got on at, an' I sez to him, "Rastus," I sez, "yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo' been?" "

SOMETHING INTERESTING

WHY DOES A CAT HAVE WHISKERS

Why does a cat have whiskers? This question comes under the larger one—what is the function of eye appendages? Mr. P. F. Swindle has investigated this subject very thoroughly, and he has formed some startling conclusions, which he reports in the American Journal of Psychology.

Most animals have eye appendages that seem to obstruct their vision. And many of those that haven't any use substitutes—the snake, for instance, continually thrusts out its tongue. But, according to Mr. Swindle's investigations, these obstructing appendages really aid the eye. When an animal watches its prey or stares at a branch that it intends to land on, it wiggles its whiskers constantly and thereby rests its eyes. Thus, instead of becoming blurred in time, the object it watches is always sharply defined.

Mr. Swindle experimented with a tomcat, watching him first with his whiskers on, and then watching him after the whiskers had been shaved off. Tommy soon changed from a fat, well fed cat to a thin, hungry one.

Your First Reader told you, in simple words and large type, that pussy's whiskers, wide as his body, were there to warn him of the size hole he could crawl through; but that reason alone did not suit psychologists, and they have recently proved that whiskers aid the cat's eye.

A cat sits perfectly still and stares at the rat, he wiggles his whiskers constantly. Each wiggle rests his eyes and brings his visual power back to its normal sharpness. Stare fixedly at an object, and it soon blurs; half close your eyes and it stands out again. Thus a cat's sight is kept sharp by the aid of his whiskers and he is consequently a fat, well fed cat because when he leaps he is practically sure to land his prey.

When inquisitive psychologists shaved off a cat's whiskers they found that for the first time in his fat life he leaped and missed. In a few weeks the whiskerless cat became melancholy and thin. Imitation whiskers were glued to his cheeks and his catching average improved perceptibly.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

There will be a prize of a button for the Children's Cosy Corner Club to the boy and the girl who send in the funniest verse. No verse to be longer than eight lines. Write the name of the writer underneath the verse and if possible the name of the book where you found it. We want something very funny so put on your thinking caps and send these verses in before October 25th.

A golden Dream was sent to Dreamers Two;
One scorned the Dream, the other made it True.

About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

THE PERENNIAL QUESTION OF HIRED HELP

THERE are other means than big wages that may be employed for the retaining of hired help on the farm, and the system of "paying in kind", as is used to express an exchange of goods, applies considerably to farm help and the supplementing of their wages. In short, the hired man is human, and will be sorry to leave a good home and may even refuse better offers from a money standpoint, to go elsewhere when his environments have been made attractive. The general shake-down bedroom and the irritating lack of seclusion are factors against retaining permanent help.

The end of the day's work, and the additional hours of Sunday are refitting periods for a man both mentally and physically, when he retires to uninviting quarters, he concludes his job is worth just so many dollars per month and that is all there is in it, and in consequence plans for a change of surroundings at an early opportunity. In some cases a tempting offer may be made for continuing work on the same farm at the close of the summer season, but one summer's discomfort will suffice for the average man and in the end a new man has to be found.

A good deal of meeting half way between employer and employee can easily be accomplished, and this policy serves to elevate the man from the position of a hired machine to that of friend and assistant to his employer. If the employer plays his part it will be reciprocated in the case of every man with an average sense of honor. The perpetually grouchy, frowning "boss" may expect the minimum amount of work, for unreasonably black looks are not by any means accelerators of labor, and generally act as a damper on the willingness of the farm hands.

In the farm house the hired man feels a certain amount of restraint, which is natural on the part of a stranger and guest, and it is good policy on the part of the farmer and his family to in every way put him at his ease in order to make him feel at home. To the man of the right type any courtesy on the part of the family to himself will certainly not be forgotten and will be reciprocated by many obliging acts.

It has been proven that it is not necessarily the longest hours that produce the best kind of labor and quantity of work accomplished. If the home life is cheerful and there are a few diversions to break the monotony of continued effort, the likelihood is that there will be a good deal of loyalty put into the accomplishment of the daily tasks. It is a very short sighted policy to expect men to keep up a pitch of efficiency when following a practically unbroken routine for a whole season of barn-field-meal table-bed. A farm home with a gramophone and a few well-selected books will provide a very good means of mental refreshment to the physically tired workers at the end of the day, which is certainly preferable to a nightly recounting of the day's trials and troubles such as is the case where a binder has struck tangled grain and the breaking plow has been working among oak roots and mosquitoes. At the end of such dark days when the best of tempers are tried and where the means are not available to counteract the after effects, the men are likely to retire to bed in a state of smouldering resentment against things in general and still be tired in the morning.

The lifting of restrictions in regard to smoking in any part of the house will win the high esteem of the men who indulge in that practice. If smoking were allowed in the house and forbidden in the barns, the boot would be on the right foot.

If the hired helpers were provided with the means of taking a hot bath occasionally, they would feel more justified in sleeping in the beds provided and would also acquire a sense of gratitude that would endure. If the means of promoting cleanliness are provided, in the majority of cases cleanliness is observed.

It frequently happens that the hired men will come to the house with muddy boots and incur the displeasure of the lady of the house by making the floor muddy when the only alternative seems to be to leave their boots outside in the

rain or walk through the house on their hands.

An ancient Roman adage says "The hand of iron is no softer through wearing a glove of kid", and along the same line of philosophy it may be said that the clean man works with more zest. In hiring help, the proper feeding and housing of the men is of vital importance for if these essentials are lacking in farm system, discontent will creep in in spite of high wages.

A discussion of the plan of work that is ahead between the farmer and his hired men will be appreciated by the latter as most men like to know what is expected of them for some time in the future, whereas, secretiveness in this regard means that the men are kept working in the dark so to say, and such a procedure is somewhat injurious to the right pitch of interest being maintained. Working with the farmer rather than for the farmer is the right spirit and means better co-operation of labor.

Where there is more than one man employed on the farm, the most satisfactory arrangement in regard to Sundays is to allow each man to have a perfectly free day in turn, otherwise the day's relaxation is spoilt for all hands. For instance, a man may wish to visit friends at a distance, and if there are chores to be done before he goes away and other chores awaiting his return he is getting rather a poor holiday. On the other hand, if each man in turn is prepared to do all the chores and accordingly dons his overalls for all day with a perfectly free day in view the next week there will be better all round satisfaction.

In regard to accommodation, it may be said that whatever embellishments the farm house may have, the real haven of refuge and rest is the hired man's room. This room should be as comfortable as it can be made, for the hours on the farm are long and the work is hard, and a comfortable bed and an attractive room will certainly tend to counteract the physical and mental fatigue that follows on the heels of an average day's work.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD WATER

It will be readily conceded that water plays a very important part in the business of farming and when the well is located it is as well to take every possible precaution to see that the water supply is kept free from contaminating influences. The health of the family can be materially affected by the impurity of the water from a badly located well, while the stock will thrive more readily when the water is attractive. There is always a possibility of illness being brought on through the drinking of water from wells that were once pure but owing to the lack of the necessary protective measures, have become contaminated. Such a state of impurity is very easily brought about through soakage from stable refuse, garbage, etc., and if a well is located where there is a dip in the ground that will carry a flow of rainwater toward it, it will only be a matter of time before the quality of water deteriorates should the well be located near a barn past which the water on the surface flows. In addition to the impurities brought along by running surface water there is also a steady downward soakage from manure piles which is a source of danger to any shallow wells in their near vicinity.

Of course the deep drilled well is to be recommended over the shallow kind as the former will yield the safest water providing always that the location has been carefully selected. Where a shallow well (any depth to 30 feet) is used, great care should be exercised to see that the state of the ground is as near perfect as possible. A well, in order to keep its purity should be located where the rain or snow water runs away from the pump platform rather than toward it, and to ensure a greater degree of safety, it should be located at least 200 feet from any building where impurities are to be found. A good plan is to have a fence each side of which is 40 feet from the well to keep stock away. To facilitate the watering of stock a trough may be placed outside the fence and a pipe from

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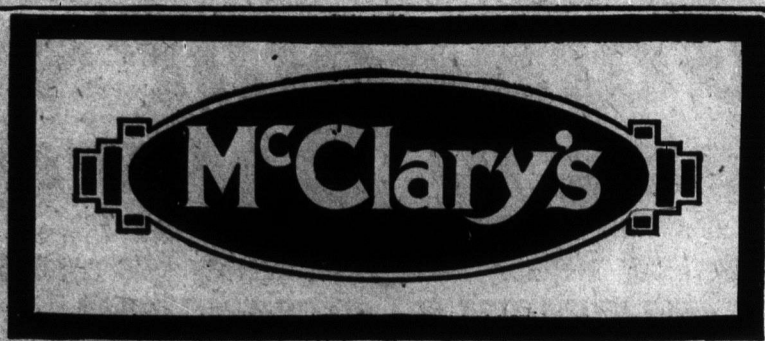
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the well to the trough used to convey the water.

The first consideration in regard to the establishing of a well should not be that of convenience of location only, but rather the purity of the water as a safeguard to health should be the main consideration as in all other progressive work.

The first step after the water becomes available is to get it analysed for purity and if it is not satisfactory, then, from the standpoint of purity, all the water used for drinking purposes in the house should be boiled.

An important part of the well is the platform which should be water tight to prevent any backflow into the well from outside. If trash, etc., is allowed to enter the well it soon becomes foul and needs to be cleaned frequently. One of the best types of well platform is built of matched boards or heavy timbers with the cracks caulked with oakum or tar.

Where a bucket is used to dip water from the well, a shelf should be provided for the bucket to stand on when not in use instead of placing the bucket on the ground where it is likely to pick up dirt or polluting water and thus introduce foreign matter into the well.

It is necessary to abandon the custom of judging by appearances when dealing with well water, as such water may be clear and sparkling, also odorless, yet be badly polluted. Thus bad water can easily masquerade as good.

If one wishes to be free from the task of cleaning out an impure well for a considerable period the rules of cleanliness must be strictly observed, and the alternative to the task of clearing the well is not hard in comparison as it requires that all stock be kept away from the well and that where a pail is used for dipping, it should be kept clean and neither it nor the rope be handled by hands that have handled any substance that is likely to pollute the water.

The farm well, the land and the stock should all receive the best treatment for the best returns.

THE ENEMIES OF THE HEN

At the present time the hen looms largely in the widespread campaign of greater production and given the justice due to her she usually plays her part, but she cannot be expected to produce eggs though well fed along the lines prescribed for egg production if she is constantly irritated by vermin.

There are many varieties of vermin that infest fowl but the Red Mite is considered to be the most troublesome. They are grey in color and only appear red after they have become filled with blood. They increase very quickly in the cracks of the hen house and usually attack the birds at night. As they cast their skins several times their presence is often detected by such skins which may be seen like a white powder around the perches.

If the fowl become thinner than they should be, mites may be suspected, when cracks in the boards and other hiding places should be inspected and if the mites are found to be present in the house, a thorough house cleaning should be undertaken. This cleaning may be accomplished by means of an old broom and a good strong disinfectant.

A hand spray pump is an effective means of applying a disinfectant but if a brush is used, one should see that every crack is flooded.

Of course one of the best aids of combating any of the ills that are likely to occur in the poultry plant is to see that fresh air and sunlight are allowed a considerable amount of influence.

A very good disinfectant recommended for use against mites is as follows: Dissolve one pound and a half of concentrated lye in as small a quantity of water as possible. It will be necessary to do this two or three hours before it is required, as the lye should be cold when used. Put three quarts of raw linseed oil into a five-gallon stone crock and pour in the lye very slowly, stirring meanwhile. Keep on stirring until a smooth liquid soap is produced, then gradually add two gallons of crude carbolic acid or commercial creosol, stirring constantly until the resulting fluid is clear dark brown. Use two or three tablespoonfuls of the mixture to a gallon of water.

The above mixture is considered the most effective remedy against mites; but as there is a good deal of work involved

where there are other tasks calling for one's time a good strong solution of "Zeno-oleum" or other creolin preparation might be suggested as a substitute.

The mites may be killed by the use of ordinary coal oil but its quick evaporation prevents its effects from being so lasting. There is an excellent "paint" which is recommended for application to the roosts and nest boxes. This latter preparation is composed of one part crude carbolic to three or four parts of coal oil.

Hen house cleanings should be periodic as these pests in a small number may survive or escape the first cleaning. The cracks in the roosts and nest boxes should be flooded at regular intervals throughout the summer either with the above mentioned "paint" or with coal oil. Such a procedure will keep the pests in check until the time arrives for the next thorough house cleaning.

The house cleaning is greatly facilitated if such fixtures as roosts and nest boxes are movable. If they are not movable, it certainly pays to make them so.

GETTING THE WHOLE STRAW STACK.

Last winter's feed situation has brought home to us the need of saving the utmost in roughage, etc. after harvest. The plausible arguments of those who are forcing up the price of commodities and the transportation of the same must be replied to by making the little we can raise on the farm go the longest distance along the road of usefulness. The straw stack which was once looked upon as just a straw pile and burnt without much compunction has now become an item of considerable value and provision should be made to keep it in good shape so that its value as feed should be as near 100 per cent as possible. There is a good deal of straw lost annually on the edges of the stacks, and the most practical way to turn such a loss into profit is to trim off such edges as soon as possible after harvest is over, drawing the roughage to the barn and leaving practically clean walls around the stack, thus eliminating a good deal of loss through tramping.

A STORY FOR BOYS

From the "Youth's Companion"

SOME time ago in the fall two young stockmen of the upper White River country in Colorado, whose names are Gale Purcell and Ed. Prewitt, rode away one morning up on the mesa fronting the river to drive down some beef. They had with them a trained half-breed shepherd dog, very useful in driving the cattle down the steep inclines and brushy trails of the mesa.

A three-inch snow had fallen in the valley overnight. It was, however, so much deeper on the mesa and higher hills forming the backbone of the divide that the stock, which had been feeding on the bunch grass above, were straggling down into the valley. Hence the boys met a scattered band of range horses below the quaking-asp groves that fringed the bunch-grass plateau. Riding through these horses, the stockmen came on the half-devoured carcass of a suckling colt.

The tracks of the trampled snow showed that the killing had been done by a very large mountain lion.

"For here's his tracks as big as saucers," said Gale. "They are right fresh, too. We must have scared him off as we rode up. If we follow him now, he's our meat. Let's put Shep after him."

For although the mountain lion will prowl close to a corral at night to seize a dog unawares, he will flee from one in daylight, especially if the dog be accompanied by man.

The fresh trail of the lion led directly toward a little spring-fed stream that was fringed by a heavy growth of service bushes and oak brush, forming a thicket almost impenetrable to any horseman, but these mountain riders in leathern "chaps" and coats.

Fending off the brush with both arms, Gale rode in after the dog, while Ed. Prewitt hurried through on a cow trail to intercept the lion. They had ridden well through the thicket, when a furious barking from Shep gave notice

he had treed his game, and the riders emerged just in time to see the lion climbing a stunted pine that stood in an opening some little distance from the edge of the thicket.

At their approach he crouched on a big limb well up in the tree, displaying his uneasiness at their presence by laying back his ears and jerking his tail. Halting near the tree, they sat in their saddles, looking up at him. Ed's hand was on his six-shooter, when Gale stopped him with, "Hold up, Ed. It will be more fun to rope him."

To this Ed agreed, but the intervening branches made it useless to throw a rope at him as he lay. So Gale dismounted, gathered clubs from the dead oak brush, and flung them with whoops at the lion to dislodge him, while Ed, rising in his stirrups, with the coil of his rawhide rope in his left hand and his right swinging the loop over his head, waited the lion's leap to the ground.

Gorged from his meal on the colt, the lion was not inclined to jump, and the heavy oak clubs caused him merely to shift his position uneasily.

"Wait a minute, Ed," said Gale. "I'll climb the tree, and he'll either clear out so you can get a throw at him, or I'll drop a rope over his head and we can snake him down and snub him up to the trunk. Find me a good long pole."

While Ed was hunting for a pole, Gale took off his spurs, coat and hat. Uncoiling his rope, he slipped the hondo end through his belt, leaving it to dangle after him. He rode under the tree, stood up in his saddle, grasped the lowest limb and swung himself up. Ed then passed up to him a dead quaking-asp pole.

"Be ready to beef him if he shows fight," said Gale, looking to his six-shooter. "And look out, Ed, if he gets—make your loop small so he won't jump through it." Then Gale began his climb.

The lion, seen from below and so near, looked bigger than ever to Gale; but the click of Ed's six-shooter as he cocked it was reassuring. Now the lion's uneasiness increased. He backed out as far as possible on the limb; his big yellow eyes grew green, his ears were laid back, and, displaying his fangs, he exhaled his breath with an audible sound.

Slowly Gale gained the limb on which the lion crouched. He stood up firmly on it and braced his back against the trunk. He then hung the loop on the small end of the pole that he had dragged up after him and cautiously endeavored to drop the loop over the lion's head.

But as the pole with its dangling noose neared the lion, his jerking tail suddenly rose and stood out stiff as a poker, with every hair in it on end, until it appeared monstrous in the eyes of Gale.

"Look out, Ed!! he shouted. Even as he spoke, the lion sprang upright on the limb, knocked the pole from Gale's hands with one stroke of his paw, and leaped from the tree.

With a whoop Ed struck spurs to his snorting horse and swung his rope, in a dash after the lion, which was no match in speed for a cow horse. Before he could gain the cover of the brush, Ed threw. But in his haste he had made his loop too large, and the agile lion got one paw through it before the roper could tighten it with a turn of the loose end round his saddle horn.

The horse was badly frightened but Ed had him in control, and as he braced himself back the lion was flung heels over head. Then Shep, excited beyond all prudence, rushed in, to be knocked 20 feet over the bunch grass as the lion regained his feet.

The loop caught him in front of one shoulder and behind the other, round the brisket; so while he could not slip out, neither was he choked or prevented from "handling himself." With a snarl and a twist of his body, he jumped ten feet into the air; but the nimble cow pony had now got over his first fright, and he took up the slight slack, so that the lion was thrown squarely on his head as he came down.

Clawing at the tightened rope as he was jerked over on his back, the lion walloped over the tall bunch grass, making the snow fly in his eccentric gyrations. So agile were his movements that Ed, skilful as he was in handling his horse, could not always succeed in keeping his rope taut. He was glad enough when Gale, hatless and coatless, just as he had leaped from the tree, hurried to his aid.

It was difficult to plant a loop from his shying horse over the neck of the gyrating lion, but Gale did it. The two ropers then pulled against each other, choked the creature down, "snaked" him up and snubbed him to the tree; then winding round him in narrowing circles, they bound him fast with the lassos.

Gale remained to guard him, while Ed went to the ranch and returned with a trusty team and a "go-devil"—a rough sled hewed from the fork of a tree and used for dragging poles down the mesa. On this they chained the lion and took him to the ranch.

But a big, live mountain lion is an expensive possession. For two months, during which he showed no signs of being tamable, the boys had to keep him in fresh meat, and so they were very glad when Bailey's travelling agent bought him for the menagerie for one hundred and twelve dollars.

—Frank Oakling.

The Cannon Roared

While campaigning in his home state, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze. "But, hush! hark!" declaimed the

youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But hark (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more, And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"


This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Jos" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

A stranger in Milwaukee, seeing an Irishman at work in the street, asked him what was the population of the town.

"Oh, about forty thousand," was the reply.

"Forty thousand! It must certainly have more than that," said the visitor.

"Well," said the Irishman, "It wud be about 275,000 if ye were to count the Dutch,"



THE PRICE OF SHOES
vs.
THE PRICE OF OTHER THINGS

IT has been said that "comparisons are odious." And so they are—as a rule.

But it has been so repeatedly stated that shoe prices are "excessive" or "ridiculous," that we feel justified in making a comparison between the present price of shoes and the price of some other things that we buy.

The following prices are from Government statistics and cover the period from January, 1914, to January, 1920.

Advance in price of Iron and Steel	124 per cent
Average wholesale advance in all commodities	146.4 "
Advance in price of Fruit and Vegetables	153.2 "
Advance in price of Textiles	206.2 "
Advance in price of Western Grains	259.6 "
Advance in price of boots and shoes	118.2 "

Shoe prices had to increase—naturally. The price of everything that enters into a pair of shoes has gone up tremendously in late years. For instance, hides have advanced 154.6 per cent. in six years. One of the principal materials used in making fine shoes has advanced 500% in the same period. In fact, there is no single commodity used in the manufacture of shoes that has not advanced by leaps and bounds during late years.

But in spite of this a close margin of profits, efficient manufacturing methods, and keen domestic competition, has resulted in lower prices than the above advances would seem to make inevitable.

These comparisons will show why shoe prices are higher—they have simply followed in the wake of general advancing prices.

But, in Canada, they are neither "excessive" nor "ridiculous," but proportionately lower than most other things.

The Shoe Industry in Canada is an efficient and competent one—making shoes for the Canadian people which, grade for grade, are as low, or lower in price, as shoes obtainable in any Country.

Canada produces footwear of every desirable type, and of standard quality in all grades. When you buy Made in Canada Footwear you are assured, at fair prices always, of the utmost that modern skill can produce in Comfort, Service and Style.

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Girls! Save Your Hair and Make It Abundant!



Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty- tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness.

A Drugstores and Toilet Counters sell Danderine

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Whether you do your washing in the old fashioned tub, or in a new electric washing machine—

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Insist on Keen's. **MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited** Montreal, Toronto Canadian Agents.



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The distinctive characteristics of Fall Fashions are the prevailing straight lines for day and evening wear. Shorter skirts at from 10 to 12 inches from the floor. Sleeves long and set in at regulation armscye. Wraps and other outer garments long and cut on straight lines or in dolman fashion. Suit coats in either three quarter length and half fitted, or, in wrist length and cut on box lines.

Colors in pile fabrics for suits, coats and dresses, are subdued shades of henna, rust, brown, blue and black.

Soft satins, twills and duvetyne will be popular for street dresses. Lace, especially chantilly is smart for trimming on afternoon dresses.

Much embroidery is used.

Hats of felt, velvet, duvetyne and brocades are shown. Both large and small hats. Many of the autumn suit models will be simply finished and show very little ornamentation; variety will be achieved through the medium of color, odd jacket lengths, flares and shapings.

Plaited skirts and plait effects in general will continue in favor, even plaited lingerie is promised; one will note, however, that the plaits are wider than the accordion plaitings of our summer styles, more in kilt effects.

Beads and passementerie in beads will figure largely as trimming for evening and dance frocks, for which the chiffons, tulle and mousselines are very attractive.

Cut steel and jet is again revived for gowns of black satin and lace.

Frocks of taffeta are trimmed with wooden beads.

Linings are shown in wonderful contrasting color combinations, but, of course, the conservative woman will prefer the one-toned linings.

Velvet and velveteen are popular materials and will be used extensively during the coming season.

The little dress is again with us with new features in finish and cut, belting and sleeves, also color and combinations of color. One may have a one-piece dress in kimono style or with set-in sleeves and with tucks or frills or borders or a plain hem finish.



A Dainty Under Garment—Pattern 3126 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Batiste, washable, satin, crepe, crepe de chine, nainsook, cambric, and silk is used for garments of this kind. Lace, embroidery or embroidered edging with ribbon, may serve as trimming. A medium size will require 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple "Easy to Make" Apron—3054—This is a good model for drill, gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, sateen or alpaca. The pattern is cut in one size, medium. It will require 1 1/2 yard of 27-inch material, without tie strings. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Youthful Popular Style—Pattern 3364 is here illustrated. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 5 yards of 27-inch material. Serge, duvetyne, tricotine, velveteen, satin, taffeta and wool mixtures, like-wise linen and other wash fabrics are good for this model. The closing is effected at the side under the front panel. This dress measures about 1 3/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Attractive Blouse Suit—Pattern 3370 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 38-inch material. Gingham with facings of linen would be nice for this design. Or, taffeta trimmed with satin or foulard. Serge gabardine, poplin, and velveteen, are also attractive. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model—Pattern 3173, was used for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. Serge, chevot, velvet, corduroy, linen, khaki and tweed could be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Costume for Street or Calling—Blouse Pattern 3359 and Skirt Pattern 3349 are combined in this model. The Blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard. Gray serge is here shown with trimming of mottled silk in contrasting tones, and soutache braid. This is a good style for satin, or velveteen, also for gabardines, velours and duvetyne. To make the costume for a 38-inch size will require 7 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular "Cover-All" Apron—Pattern 3361 was employed to make this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 6 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. Striped seersucker with facings of white pique would be good for this, or one could have percale, gingham, drill or lawn. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Seasonable Top Garment—Pattern 3346 is here illustrated. It is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6 year size will require 3 yards of 44-inch material. Chinchilla, chevot, mixtures, plush, velvet, corduroy and other pile fabrics may be used for this design. The facing may be omitted or it may be of contrasting material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Becoming Dress for Work or Porch Wear—Pattern 3344 was employed to make this style. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. Checked gingham in blue and white with trimming of white linen and fancy braid is here shown. Linen, percale, lawn, poplin, seersucker and sateen are good for this design. The skirt with plaits extended measures about 1 3/4 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for the Little Miss—Pattern 3356 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. As here shown, white wash silk was used with plaitings of organdy and motifs embroidered in silk floss. Gingham, calico, unbleached muslin, lawn, poplin, repp, batiste, taffeta and woolen materials, all are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Fashions—Patterns

Capes and cape effects are shown; double and triple capes for utility or sports wear, and dainty effects for morning and evening use.

Suit skirts are very simple as a rule, in some instances the seam edges of the back are lapped over the front and so stitched, instead of showing the regular seam.

Slit pockets or patch pockets are both used.

The old-fashioned shirt waist with high collar and frilled band on a regular shirt sleeve is in good style at present.

It looks much as if skirts would gain in fullness during the season, and with added fullness, there will be added length.

The low waistline has come to stay, as have also long sleeves and high collars.

Many new and interesting fabrics are shown for the new blouse, but crepe georgette and chiffon will be most popular. Crepe de chine is also a good material for blouses and serviceable in that it is washable. Gray will be a favorite color in crepe de chine.

Taffeta is a material favored by many women, and may be readily and prettily trimmed with ruchings and pleatings.

For slender and youthful figures there is not a better blouse style than the one-piece kimono.

It may be worn unbelted and in length should come just to the hips.

A suit of navy blue poret twill has a semi-fitted coat trimmed with narrow bands of material. The skirt is plain with inset pockets at each side.

A top coat of green bolivia has raglan sleeve, so comfortable and roomy. A narrow belt over sides and back and a collar of squirrel.

Black charmeuse or satin with just a bit of Irish or filet lace will make a dress that is good for many occasions. The skirt could be slightly draped or made with folds to stimulate a tunic and the waist with front closing and in low waistline.

Wool velours is a good material for a slip-on dress.

Heavy silk embroidery or fine soutache braid will form a suitable decoration.

Coats for misses and growing girls are developed in serge, tricotine, velours and cheviot.

A Dressy Gown for Many Occasions—Combining waist pattern 3357 and skirt pattern 3319. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make this model for a medium size will require 7 3/8 yards of 40-inch material. Printed Georgette and satin, serge and satin, figured and plain foulard or taffeta are excellent combinations for this style. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1 3/4 yard. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Costume for Business Wear, Sports or General Utility—Comprising waist pattern 3353, cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and skirt pattern 3345, cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. It will require 2 1/2 yards of 38-inch material for the skirt and 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for the waist for a medium size. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 1 3/4 yard. The waist is a good model for linen, madras, gingham, batiste, crepe, silk or washable satin. The skirt could be of serge, gabardine, mixtures, broadcloth, taffeta or velveteen. The waist pattern provides a patch pocket, and is arranged so that collar may be rolled low or closed high. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Practical "Slumber" Garment—Pattern 3363 supplies this comfortable model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 4, and 6 years. A 2 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. Long cloth, cambric, nainsook, crepe, flannellette and flannel may be used for this style. The collar may be omitted, and the sleeve finished in wrist or elbow length, and the garment cut with straight edge, omitting the "envelope" tab. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Dress for the Little Miss—Pattern 3358 is here portrayed. It is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4 year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. As here shown chambray and checked gingham are combined. One could have serge and plaid woolen, percale, or linen with embroidery or facings of white, taffeta or tricolette for this popular style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Unique Model—Pattern 3160 is illustrated here. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Width of skirt at lower edge, is 1 3/4 yard. A medium size will require 6 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Silk poplin with pipings in a contrasting or matched shade or color, and lace or embroidery would be attractive for this. It is likewise appropriate for serge, shantung, linen, foulard, crepe, taffeta and satin. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New and Comfortable Suit for the Small Boy—Pattern 3365 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 4 year size will require 1 1/2 yard of 27-inch material for the blouse, and 1 1/2 yard for the trousers. If preferred blouse may be of material different to that of the trousers. Linen, drill, cambric, madras, pongee, khaki, and flannel are good for the blouse, with the same materials for the trousers, or serge, mixtures, cheviot, corduroy and galatea. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Negligee—Pattern 3362 was employed for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It is a very comfortable, attractive style, suitable for crepe, crepe de chine, China silk, albatross, gabardine, lawn and flannellette. A medium size will require 9 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

CATALOGUE NOTICE—Send 20c in silver or stamps for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1920-1921 Catalogue, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses and Children's Patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 31 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.



3364



3367



3054



3353



3345



3346



3173



3370



3361



3126



They Know That Cuticura Will Soothe and Heal

Whether it is an itching, burning skin trouble, an annoying rash, irritation, cut, wound or burn Cuticura will soothe and in most cases heal. First bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. In purity, delicate medication and refreshing fragrance Cuticura meets with the approval of the most discriminating. Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap always without mess.

Jaeger Undergarments

Jaeger Undergarments are made in all weights for all seasons. They are carefully woven from pure undyed wool of the finest, smoothest and strongest texture. Made in all sizes for men, women and children.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application. For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada. DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen CO. LIMITED Toronto Montreal Winnipeg British "founded 1883".

Gray Hair Ended In From 4 to 8 Days

Science has discovered the way for restoring gray hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. And women use this scientific hair color restorer with the same freedom they do powder. Simply comb Mary T. Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer

This Test Convinces Send the coupon for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results and the pleasure of using with the old way. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN 187 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is: black... jet black... dark brown... medium brown... light brown... Name... Street... Town... Co... State...

The Home Doctor

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., (Johns Hopkins University.)



THE snug fit, the fine even knit, the soft material, distinguishes it as a Mercury garment.

First quality materials and careful making combine a principle that goes into all Underwear bearing the Mercury trade mark.

Mercury Underwear for women is made in all the popular textures for light or heavier wear.

Dainty trimmings add a touch of charm to the finer Mercury lines.

If your dealer does not handle Mercury, send us his name.

MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED, Hamilton, Canada

Makers of Underwear and Hosiery for Men, Women and Children.

Mercury

Underwear

118



Mother! Watch
Child's Tongue

"California Syrup of Figs"

Delicious Laxative for Child's Liver and Bowels

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California" Syrup of Figs today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxative" is often all that is necessary. Children love the "fruity" taste of genuine "California" Syrup of Figs which has directions for babies and children printed on the bottle. Say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Beware!

WHY EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD SHOULD EAT YEAST CAKES

The homely little yeast cake, the kind you can purchase at any corner grocery store, has come into its own at last. You always ate a lot of it in the bread you ate but you never knew before that you and your children ought to eat it, morning, noon, and night in cakes, compressed and soft, just as you buy it from the grocer.

Well that is what the American medical profession as well as the French and English doctors and scientists have decreed. The foremost of the world's investigators have found out that the yeast cake will cure you of pimples, of hives, of boils, of carbuncles, of beauty blemishes, of emotional fag, of anemia due to need of vitamins in your food, of poor or defective nutrition, of slowness or thinness, and of several other human maladies.

Obviously, if the yeast cake with its vitamins can be purchased so cheaply at each grocery to remedy a disease, if you wish to save yourself from pains, sickness, loss of work, weakness, lost vitality, and prevent the causes of all these troubles, you will do what most sensible doctors are advocating, to wit:

One cake of yeast
You'll take at least
Three times a day.

Curiously enough, the spread of the cult of yeast as a method of nourishment, disease prevention, and special beautifier of the flesh has come from scientific sources, and not from tradition, rumor, propaganda, or advertising. Indeed the growth of a vast amount of facts and knowledge to preserve yeast so essential to the human economy as bread itself, came as an agreeable surprise to yeast growers. "An unexpected pleasure," so to speak.

Perhaps it was researches made at the greatest seat of medical discovery, the wonderful Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, that gave the first true information scientifically about the essential value of the grocery yeast cake as one of the vital necessities of the best health.

Dr. M. Levine, one of the ingenious investigators on the Rockefeller Institute staff, while searching out the various possible remedies for beri-beri, a disease which attacks those at sea or institutions where fresh vegetable and fresh fruits rich in vitamins are not plentiful, he discovered that the feeding of the grocery yeast cake to individuals, notably animals, down with beri-beri were healed at once of this lame, crippling disease.

Other forms of vitamins deficiency such as rickets, pellagra, scurvy, and neuritis due to lack of vitamins, are improved very soon if the victim lives on yeast cakes three times a day.

Vitamins, you should know are among the food essentials needful to the healthy existence and vitality of man. Proteins or egg-white stuff; fats and oils, sugars and starches called "carbo-hydrates" because they contain lots of coal and water; and vitamins as well as minerals and water are the elements in foods necessary to living in health.

One of the reasons bread is the staple and staff of life is because of the strangely active little yeast particles called plant cells. Yeast is best kept in cakes in the cold, because if it is exposed when moist to much warmth, it begins to generate and multiply and then even digest itself and go bad—spoiled.

The yeast cake is obtainable fresh every day at grocery stores, and that is where you should get it.

Bread eaters usually have pretty and ruddy complexions, doubtless as much because of the yeast as of other ingredients.

Pimples, acne, and other ugly marks of the flesh, especially marring the beauty of some of America's most comely women, according to the observations and clinical studies of such eminent medical colleagues as Dr. P. B. Hawks, of Philadelphia, I. R. Klein, of New York, and many others as reported before medical and scientific associations are generally healed and smoothed away if the victims begin to add a cake or so of yeast to their diet.

Blackheads, with their little greasy black specks in the crater of an embryo pustule or pore, are reported by those

same medical investigators to be largely prevented and done away with by fresh yeast cake taken three times a day.

The velvety, fine texture, the rose red tint, the tempting youthfulness of the skin of children can be duplicated if you eat a cake of yeast at each meal.

Beauty, health, strength and growth especially in children and women appear to be greatly aided by yeast, which like bread and milk are among man's most correct foods and cheapest ones as well. Yeast given to thin, under-sized, marasmic children, who have failed to grow in height or in mind, have improved strikingly when fed fresh grocery yeast cakes.

Miss R— M—, the teacher of a class of undersized, badly nourished children, wrote to me in care of The Ladies' Home Journal and asked me for some medical suggestion to help the health, vitality, and complexions of her wards. One of my secretaries, on my advice wrote her to feed each of them a cake of fresh, compressed yeast with each meal, either plain, flavored with honey or orangeade, or with preserves. This is what she soon wrote:

"Dear Dr. Hirschberg: The children ought to be big when older, and I am now deeply grateful to you for your most wonderful, yet cheap and simple remedy for ugliness, sallow complexions, and stunted growths. The changes in them all from simply taking yeast cakes fresh every day, has been magical. The girls with greasy, red, pimply noses, and the boys scrawny and dwarfed have all taken on new life. They are really beautiful and growing in an extraordinary degree. It is a pity you are so philanthropic and refuse remuneration for I believe good counsel of so simple a cure, should be better paid for than a lot of complicated hocus pocus and medicines, the thing people prefer to pay most for and often receive the least returns."

Yeast cakes can also be used locally made into a soft poultice. In this form it is fine as a dressing for boils, carbuncles, and other skin diseases, even psoriasis and some kinds of eczema. To be sure, you must stop there, but also take the yeast cakes each meal, preferably before meals.

When the Jefferson Medical College professors, especially Dr. P. B. Hawk found that yeast could favorably replace 25% of meat and almost as much flour in making up bread, they gave the medical profession a big step in advance toward the day when health can be maintained without fear of the terribly high cost of foodstuffs.

This is particularly true for trouble in the alimentary canal. When the digestive tube becomes plugged up with bacteria poisons from decayed foods, bulky choked up clinkers and refuse, producing stagnation in the intestines, which you lightly call constipation, or "auto-intoxication," or "biliousness," or "ptomaine poisoning," it has been found that yeast cakes mixed with some pleasant flavoring agents, as fruit juices or milk, will soon relieve the condition and benefit the victim in a most happy manner.

Yeast, of course, is no panacea. It is not advisable to take it for housemaid's knee, for a fractured skull, for emotional insanity, for Charlie Horse, for sprains, bunions, sore throat, or the mumps. It is not supposed to be a cure-all, or an all healing ointment.

It is, however, one of the almost perfect foods, fit for kissable infants as much as for kings. It does prevent many ills that human flesh is heir to, it does safeguard beauty and yield you a finer complexion than rouge and lip sticks and hair dyes and enamel or face powder. It regulates the intestines, it supplies vitamins, those absolutely necessary food elements absent in much stale food, frozen food, cold storage, and hoarded rations. So eat as much fresh grocers' yeast as you can.

That Gorge

Several young people were exchanging reminiscences of their trip in the White Mountains when one of the girls exclaimed: "Oh, Tom, do you remember that gorge in Jefferson?"

"Do I remember?" repeated Tom. "Sure! You mean the day we got there. It was the swellest dinner I ever had in my life. I was so hungry!"

Work for Busy Fingers

The New Sash Sweater

The new sash sweater proves wonderfully becoming with the broad-sash tied loosely at either the centre-back or side-front, as one desires.

Materials required: 11 balls yarn (1½ oz. balls); 1 pair of bone needles No. 5; 1 bone crochet hook No. 4.

Cast on 92 sts, k plain for 4 ridges. At the end of 5th row cast on 55 sts for sleeve, k across and cast 55 sts for the other sleeve. K 5 ridges. Increase 1 st on each end of next ridge. K 32 ridges, always increasing 1 st on both ends of every 5th ridge. This makes 216 sts. K 100 sts, slip these on safety-pin, or separate needle. Bind off 16 sts for back of neck, and on last 100 sts start front as follows:

K 14 ridges, decreasing 1 st at neck edge every other ridge. K 23 ridges plain. Bind off 55 sts for sleeve, k 4 ridges on remaining sts, bind off. K other side to correspond. Sew up under-arm seams.

Sash—Cast on 30 sts and k plain for 2½ yds.

Fringe—Take 3 strands of wool 8 inches long. Double this and with a

Ladies' Sash Sweater



Size 36 Bust Measure.

crochet hook pull the doubled end through a st on end of sash. Then pull ends of strands through the doubled end forming a knot. Sew one edge of sash to bottom of sweater with centre of sash at centre-back.

Collar—Ch 28, turn, d c into 4th ch from hook, 5 d c in next 5 ch (forming 2 bl), ch 2, skip 2 ch, d c in 3rd ch (forming first m), 1 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, 2 m, ch 5 turn.

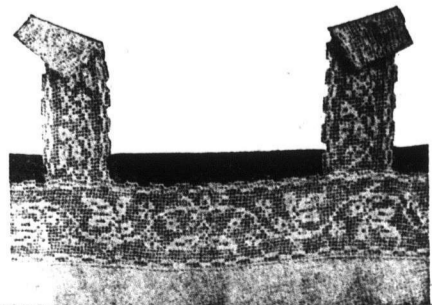
Row 2—1 m, 1 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, ch 3, turn.

Row 3—2 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, 2 m, ch 5, turn. Repeat, alternating rows 2 and 3 for 78 rows. Sew the edge of open meshes to neck edge of sweater with over-and-over sts.

Cuffs—These are made exactly like collar. They are 41 rows long—Sew these to end of sleeves.

Filet Camisole Top

Materials required: No. 70 crochet cotton. Medium steel crochet hook. The same design is used both front and back. One half of design is shown in block pattern. As many rows of plain meshes should be added at the sides as are neces-



sary to make band the right size. The band is made straight along lower edge.

To start band, ch 89, turn. 1 d c in 8th st from hook for first m, 3 d c in next 3 ch to form by, ch 2, sk 2 ch, d c in next. Follow pattern across row, ch 5 turn.

Row 2—D c over 1st d c, follow pattern across, ch 5, turn.

Row 3 and 4—Follow pattern. On end of 4th row sl st back along top of m, ch 5, turn.



Block Pattern for Filet Camisole

Row 5, 6, 7—Follow pattern. On end of row 8, ch 8, turn.

Row 9—D c in 8th st to form added m, follow pattern across. Proceed to end of bl pattern, which is center of design. Repeat pattern, working backwards, that is, make next row like row just before last row, and so on.

Shoulder Strap—Ch 65, turn, 1 d c in 8th ch from hook for first m, 1 bl, 16 m,



Block Pattern for Shoulder Straps

1 bl, 1 m, ch 5, turn. Follow pattern, repeating design desired length.

Filet Yoke for Chemise

Materials required—4 balls white crochet cotton, No. 60; steel crochet hook, No. 12.

Starting front at arrow—Ch 51, turn, 1 d c in 9th ch from hook, ch 2, skip 2



ch, d c in next ch, repeat across, making 15 m in all, ch 8, turn.

Row 2—D c over last d c (this adds 1 m), 15 m, ch 5, turn.

Row 3—5 m, 2 bl, 9 m, ch 2, 1 d tr (thread over hook 3 times) in top of last d c of row below (this adds 1 m), ch 11, turn.

Row 4—1 d c in 9th ch from hook, ch 2, 1 d c in last d c of previous row, 8 m, 5 bl, 4 m, ch 5, turn. Follow pattern to row 8, adding m as in rows 2 and 4.

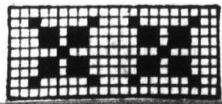
Row 9—4 m, 3 bl, 5 m, 1 bl, 1 m, 2 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, 6 m, turn.



Block Pattern for Chemise

Row 10—Sl st back 1 m, ch 5, d c over next d c 7 m, 1 bl, 1 m, 1 bl, 6 m, 1 bl, 5 m, ch 5, turn. Follow pattern to centre at letter A. Then repeat for other side, reversing design. After finishing front make 1 row of m, then, for the back of yoke, work 6 pairs of the roses shown between B and C, leaving 3 rows of m between each rose; join.

Shoulder Straps—Ch 33, turn, 1 d c in 9th ch from hook, to form first m, make 9 m in all, ch 5, turn. Follow pattern making 9 flowers with 3 rows of



The foundation of good dress, like the foundation of good art, is an understanding of proportion and grace of line. In the figure of every woman lie the possibilities of beauty, yet so elusive that an ill-chosen corset may distort it to unattractiveness.

THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD DRESS

It has been written that violent contrasts destroy the very basis of art and maim the truth.

It is easy for the thoughtless woman to distort her figure with unbecoming corset styles that destroy her natural beauty. The possibilities of becoming dress vanish in the violence of contrast between too-large bust, too-small waist and too-large hips—always the disfiguring marks of the over-corseted figure. To be obviously corseted is to flout beauty.

Good taste in dress must find its first expression in the proper corset. There are many Gossard Front Lacing Corsets designed to accent the natural charm of every type of figure. Whatever your corset needs, there are many models created in accordance with the unchanging principles of beauty that will assure you graceful lines and faultless proportions, gained by a healthful support so comfortable, so pliable as to permit the full expression of that grace of motion that is the birth-right of every woman.

At this time of generally unsatisfactory buying conditions, it is reassuring to know that Gossards are still moderately priced. The cost of Gossard Corsets represents that fair price where the utmost in quality has been reached, and every Gossard will give you a wearing service that alone will justify its cost.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
366-378 West Adelaide Street, Toronto

In value, fit, style, wear—every

GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSET

you buy must be entirely satisfactory to you. If it is not—return it. You will find these original front lacing corsets at those stores you patronize most, where high principles of merchandising make every sale conditional upon your complete satisfaction.

Old Dutch Cleanser

for Scrubbing all Floors
Digs in gets all the dirt



Eveready ready for longer nights

LONG days have gone, long nights have come and every flashlight for safety sake, for service sake should be kept filled with a live Eveready Flashlight Battery.

It will be Eveready in the cellar—Eveready in the attic—Eveready in dark closets and on treacherous stairs—Eveready inside, where its protected light can't start fires—Eveready outside, where it won't blow out.

Such urgent needs demand a light which won't fail, a battery which is absolutely dependable.—That means

Eveready Flashlight Batteries

For 20 years Eveready has set the standard for flashlight batteries of long life and reliability. They make all flashlights better. Keep an extra one on hand and remember

EVEREADY



Canadian Made for Canadian Trade

Flashlight Batteries Fit All Flashlights

Canadian National Carbon Co. Limited
Toronto A-6-M

THE WOMANS INSTITUTE OF CANADA

Motto: "FOR HOME and COUNTRY"
BY ELIZABETH BAILY PRICE

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

MRS. J. D. PRICE

"The Women's Institutes arose out of the needs of the lonely women on isolated farms. These women desired to meet at stated periods for the exchange of counsel and amenities, to say nothing of the opportunity of exchanging recipes, dress patterns and community news. Many and remarkable have been the results therefrom. One of the most valuable of these has been to stay the downward trend, which was so sadly impoverishing the life of the country."

"Janey Canuck,"

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, President Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, Edmonton, and the first woman police magistrate in the British Empire. As "Janey Canuck" Mrs. Murphy is also widely-known as one of the Dominion's foremost writers.

Mrs. J. D. Price, Calgary, is publicity secretary, Federated Women's Institutes of Canada.

in these rest rooms, community singing and other social interests, using the rest room as a community centre; bringing to women in isolated districts wider vision by contact with other groups of women—a linking up of the women of the country villages, towns and cities in any effort to better the community.

The work of the Women's Institutes in each province is directed by a superintendent, who is an officer of the Provincial Department of Agriculture. Under this officer is usually a corps of women known as lecturers or demonstrators who go up and down the country giving demonstration lectures in Home Economics, Home Nursing and Sewing. The upkeep of these departments is done by a provincial grant made by the provincial governments under the provisions of the Dominion Agricultural Instructions Act.

In order that the splendid work of the Women's Institutes in the different provinces should be co-ordinated, standardized and brought to its greatest usefulness, it was felt that a National Federation should be formed. This was really brought to a climax by Miss Mary MacIsaac, the superintendent of the Alberta Women's Institutes, one of the brightest and most far-seeing women in Canada to-day. The resolution for a national federation had been passed at the Dry Farming Congress in Lethbridge a year previous to the Great War and of course on declaration of war nothing was done about it. It was Miss MacIsaac who revived the resolution and backed it up with real work. She got in touch with every province with the result that in February, 1919, in the city of Winnipeg, when representatives of each province were present, this organization was completed with the president, that well-known Canadian author, the first woman magistrate in the British Empire, Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton.

This organization is strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian. There has been a good deal of discussion about this and it has been said the Women's Institutes of Canada are non-political and non-religious. Those who have argued have been very emphatic in the point "that being non-political" the institutes can take no part in the framing of legislation or in the work of a government. But like patriotism, the word political has sometimes been corrupted into having a very narrow meaning. In its broad meaning, which is "pertaining to promote the welfare of the state," Women's Institutes can and do take

FOR a number of years Women's Institutes have been in existence in the different provinces under the names of Women's Institutes of Ontario, Home-Maker's Clubs of Saskatchewan, Home Economics Clubs of Manitoba, Women's Institutes of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Alberta, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island and Home-Maker's Clubs and Cercles de Femmes of Quebec.

These organizations were formed primarily to better home conditions in rural communities and to bring the farmer's wife all necessary information regarding her home and its activities.

In the years of their existence, the scope of the institutes has widened and now includes such activities as providing scholarships in the agricultural colleges for boys and girls of the community; the formation of boys' and girls' clubs to increase the interest and liking of the young people for rural life; the study of laws protecting women and children; conducting campaigns for child welfare and better nursing facilities in isolated districts (particularly in prenatal and maternity work) and the Canadianization of our new citizens; the betterment of school and other community conditions; the opening of rest rooms in villages, towns, on fairgrounds for the use of farmers' wives and children; the installing of libraries

every part. Sectarism, too, is barred—that is, the discussion of it in the meetings, as it is felt that there is greater unity and harmony and greater strength in greater numbers if religious differences are not introduced.

The objects of the Federation are:

1. To co-ordinate the various provincial Women's Institutes.
2. To act as a clearing-house for the activities of the various federated bodies.
3. To develop agriculture.
4. To promote educational, moral, social and economic measures.
5. To encourage co-operation and community efforts.
6. To initiate nation-wide campaigns in accordance with the objects of the Federation.

As Janey Canuck, the national president, in her address at the first convention last year has put it: "The National Federation is the body which gathers up all your works and recommendations to send them to their objective. It is the tip of the arrow, so to speak."

And it is a strong incentive, for it has been estimated that the Women's Institutes of Canada have nearly one hundred thousand members—a mighty force indeed in the great offensive of women's work, one that cannot help but put women's work "over the top."

The constitution is very broad. It can be suspended at any time, which permits the institute to "carry on" and take action with immediate problems instead of being hampered by a weighty constitution which so often is a handicap by the delay it causes in getting quick action.

Conventions are held alternately east and west and executives which are elected in biennial conventions alternate between east and west.

The Federation is as yet a very new organization but has great plans. The work is divided among committees, these being agriculture, laws, child-welfare and public health, home economics, education and better schools, immigration, institute technique and national events and publicity.

The Board of Directors is composed of elected representatives from every province, the superintendents, who have not a vote, and the National Executive. This Board meets annually and will very probably hold its next meeting in Montreal the latter part of September.

The officers of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada are:

Honorary presidents: Lady Borden, Glensmere, Ottawa, Ont.; Lady Hendrie, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. R. B. Brett, Government House, Edmonton, Alta.; Lady Aikins, Government House, Winnipeg; Mrs. W. Pugsley, Government House, Rothesay, N.B.; Lady Fitzpatrick, Government House, Quebec; Lady Barnar, Government House, Victoria, B.C.; Lady Lake, Government House, Regina; Mrs. Mac. C. Grant, Government House, Nova Scotia.

President, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Edmonton; vice-presidents: Mrs. William Todd, Orillia, Ont.; Mrs. J. P. Gamache, Pont Rouge, P. Q.

Hon. corresponding secretary, Miss Emily Guest, 183 Indian Grove, Toronto, Ont.; recording secretary, Mrs W. F. Cameron, Davidson, Sask.

Treasurer, Miss Eliza Campbell, R.F.D. No. 6, Fredericton, N.B.

Conveners of Committees: Agriculture, Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, Huntingdon, Quebec; Laws, Mrs. Ralph Smith, M.L.A., Victoria, B.C.; Health and Child Welfare, Dr. Margaret Patterson, Toronto; Publicity, Mrs. J. F. Price, 1220 115th St N W Calgary; Education and Better Schools, George A. Putnam, Toronto, Ont.; Immigration, Mrs. Chas. Robson, Winnipeg, Man.; Institute Technique and National Events, Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.A., M.B.E., Victoria, B.C.

Superintendents: Alberta, Miss Mary MacIsaac, Edmonton; British Columbia, Dr. Warnock, Victoria, B.C.; Manitoba, Mr. S. T. Newton, Winnipeg; New Brunswick, Miss Hazel McCain, Fredericton; Nova Scotia, Miss Helen MacDougall, Truro; Ontario, Mr. George Putnam, Toronto; Quebec, Miss May Chute, Ste. Anne Bellevue; Saskatchewan, Miss Abbie DeLury.

THE REST ROOM

A Rest Room under the auspices of the local Women's Institute, satisfies a very urgent and long-felt need in nearly every Manitoba town. In many cases, the country women have had no place to go, on arriving in town, to remove extra clothing needed for driving, or to rest after shopping, while waiting for the men to be ready to start home. How much happier one feels while waiting in a place in which she has part ownership, and has a perfect right to be, than in a store where she feels decidedly in the way.

If the room is large enough, it may be used for the Institute meetings, dressmaking and millinery short courses, committee meetings, etc. The library may be in the Rest Room.

It should be conveniently located, and easily kept warm.

It may be financed by annual grants from either town or municipal council or both, or by the proceeds of ten-cent teas served by members of the Society, on market day each week or oftener if advisable.

The furnishings may be donated by public-spirited citizens of the community, particularly the merchants, or

preferably, purchased by the municipal council or from a fund raised by the Institute for that purpose. The kind of furnishings will depend entirely on circumstances, but should include comfortable chairs, couches, tables, toilet facilities, and some means of serving tea. If a kitchenette is impossible, an oil-stove and cupboard for dishes, may occupy one corner of the room. A screen or two would be useful. It would be a good plan to have a Rest Room Committee to interview councils and other public bodies, and report to the executive.

Many people will be glad to donate magazines, after reading them. Some business man may be willing to place a daily paper in the Rest Room. In one town in the Province, are two sewing machines. Another has a checking room where parcels, etc. may be left.

The expenses will include rent, fuel, light, a matron's or caretaker's salary, and possibly a few incidentals, such as advertising.

In some towns, an empty office, store or old schoolroom may be available, or a room in the new Community Halls being built as memorials, in many towns. Some woman who is unable to leave her home, might be glad of the

income she would derive from renting an extra room in her house, where conditions were suitable.

After a Rest Room has been established for a time, the business men will be its warmest supporters, as they find it brings increased business to the town.

JUDGES WILL NEED THREE MONTHS TO DECIDE CONTEST

Hundreds of thousands of replies were received in the \$10,000 prize contest recently conducted by the manufacturers of the Eveready Daylo, with the result that the contest department in New York was completely snowed under by the avalanche. It will take the judges, the art editors of Life, at least three months to study the returns and make their selection of the 104 prize winning answers that will receive the awards ranging from \$10 to \$3,000.

Replies bore postmarks from every province in Canada, every state in the U.S. as well as Alaska, Hawaii, France and England. Some of the contestants took the trouble to bring their answers to the New York Office, many telegraphed them, and one sent his in from mid-ocean by wireless.



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Sunday Reading

Jesus Lifted

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage

The story of four long spikes—two for the hands, and two for the feet—is ended. Even the hammer has been lost, and the antiquarian cannot find it. Wipe off the tears from the cheek, and drop the dirge out of the song and come to the coronation!

The grave of Christ is like the old jewel casket of some lordly house from which the jewels have been taken. One slight bolt now on a family vault is all that is necessary to keep the door of the dead shut, but a rock of a ton's

weight is not sufficient to keep shut our Saviour's tomb.

I think the greatest day in all the ages of heaven was the one in which Jesus went back. When Napoleon set foot in France after his return from banishment, many thousands flocked to his standard; but when Christ went up from the St. Helena of earthly exile and pain, all heaven turned out to greet Him.

Our great cities arose to welcome Alexis, not because of any wonderful achievement on his part, but simply because he was the son of a king. Our Jesus went in not only a royal son, but

the victor of a thousand battlefields; and the streets of heaven were full, and the doors of all the palaces were thronged, and some cried "Welcome!" and some shouted "Hosanna!" and some clapped their hands, and they who had harps struck them, and they who had palms waved them, and as He went up on the throne from which thirty years before He had descended, it was holiday in heaven!

There He sits in that high place—your Jesus and mine. Having had a share in His sorrows, we have a share in His triumphs. At the whirling on of His joy let all the churches of earth and heaven wave their banners of victory. Yonder He sits exalted, to pardon our sins!

At nightfall an army may be defeated, but during that night the troops rally, reinforcements come in, and at daybreak the battle reopens, and the lost ground is regained. On the Friday night of the crucifixion, Jesus went down seemingly defeated. But, in the tent of His grave, our Captain slept, getting ready for another battle; but when the morning of His resurrection broke, angels rode down the sky with swift despatch, and from the door of His tomb, as from the portholes of an invincible squadron, a volley broke that sent Death and Hell reeling into the pit. Our sins that in the dreadful nightfall seemed to be triumphant, are cut to pieces under the bombardment of the morning. Let the children tell it in the Sabbath-school class, and ministers of Christ preach it in the great congregation, and organs sound it in the thunder of open diapason, and heaven roll it from gate to temple, and from temple to throne, "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour!"

He sits in that high place to hush our troubles. We cannot tell Him anything new about our trouble. I think that the soldier's spear was not thrust into Christ's side, and then pulled immediately out making a clean cut, but that it was turned around in the gash making so wide a wound that there will always be a hollow in His side large enough to enfold all our sorrows; and our troubles paining him in the very same spot, it will keep Him thinking of His earthly anguish, and every time He puts His hand on His side He will put His hand on our sorrows. Now He has for us an all-curative salve mixed of three ingredients, the sweat of His brow, the tear of His eye, and the blood of His heart: and having suffered with Him on earth we shall be glorified together.

Yonder He sits—the grave-breaker. Our Brother, having escaped from the wreck of death, will not leave us down in the white surf. Our Chief Butler, having escaped from the prison of the tomb, will not forget Joseph. He will see that the grave goes all to pieces. It shall be split at the top, to let in the light. It shall be split at the bottom, to let out our corruptions. It shall be split at the door, to let us come out. Highest slab or monument will not be a pebble large enough to jolt the chariot of our King. The pale horse unbridled, unsaddled, and riderless, will follow in the wake. It may be too soon to say it, but at the risk of making His assault upon my own soul more ferocious at the last, I will cry out, "O death! where is thy sting; O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" O Jesus! live for ever!

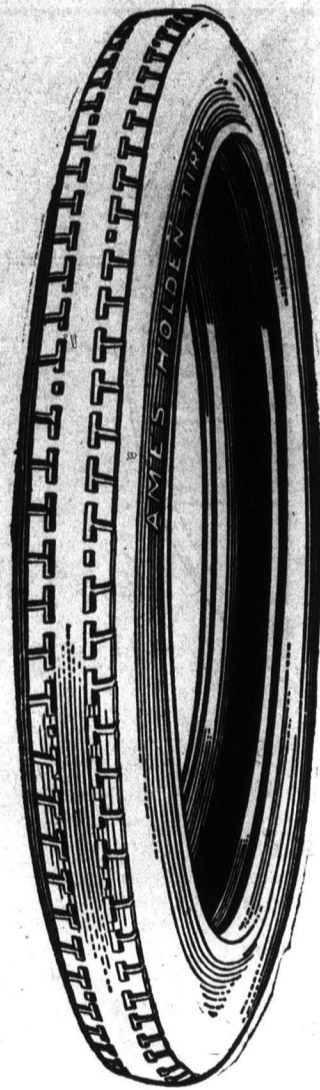
"All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved and still adored,
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too!"

Zaccheus

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out en masse to see him. Here He comes—the Lord of Glory—on foot, dust-covered and road-wearied, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age when he is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man, and could not see over the people's heads while standing on the ground; so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on, and trying to gain his attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree, and says: "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

I see Christ entering the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The King of heaven and earth sits down; and as he looks around on the place and family, he pronounces the benediction of the

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text: "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of his eyes, the length of his hair, the contour of his features, the height of his stature. "Come down," said Christ.

And so, many people, on this day, get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about His divinity, about God's sovereignty, and the eternal decrees. They speculate, and criticize, and hang on to the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children. You cannot go to heaven by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem. What matters it who are elected to be saved, when we know that unless we believe and repent, we shall all be damned. Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world, when the great question is, how shall we get sin driven out of our hearts? How many spend their time in criticism and religious speculation! They take the Rose of Sharon, or the Lily of the Valley, pull out the anther, scatter the corolla, and say, "Is that the beautiful flower of religion that you are talking about?" No flower is beautiful after you have torn it all to pieces. The path to heaven is so plain that a fool need not make any mistake about it; and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would not stop until I had killed all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on it until they can make game of all the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them; and so they perish. We must receive the kingdom of heaven in simplicity. William Pennington was one of the wisest men of America; a Governor of his own State, and afterwards a Speaker of the House of Representatives. Yet when God called him to be a Christian, he went in and sat down among some children who were applying for Church membership, and said to his pastor, "Talk to me just as you do to these children, for I know nothing about it." There is no need of bothering ourselves about mysteries when there are so many things that are plain.

Death a Lifting Up

I love to think that what seems to be the mystery of the silence of death, which envelops so many that we loved on earth, is not really a mystery. Our friends are separated from us because they are lifted higher than our faculties can go. Our child dies. It is the last that we see of him here. He is lifted so far above us that we cannot follow him. He was our child; he was cradled in our arms; he glambred upon our knees. But instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, God took him, and lifted him up into His own sphere. And we see him not. But it is because we are not yet developed enough. We cannot see things spiritual with carnal eyes. But they who have walked with us here, who have gone beyond us, and whom we cannot see, are still ours. They are more ours than they ever were before. We cannot commune with them as we once could, because they are infinitely lifted above these conditions in which we are able to commune. We remain here, and are subject to the laws of this realm. They have gone where they speak a higher language and live in a higher sphere. But this silence is not the silence of vacuity, and this mystery is not the mystery of darkness and death. There is the glory; ours is the waiting for it. There is the realization; ours is the hoping for it. There is the perfection; ours is the immatur-

ity striving to be ripe. And when the day comes that we shall disappear from these earthly scenes, we shall be joined to them again; not as we were—for we shall not then be as we were—but as they are with God. We shall be like them and Him.—Beecher.

Life's Harmony

I stood within the great cathedral door,
And heard a voice
That rose in song, but ceased almost
before
One could rejoice
I listened; Ah! the many singers caught
The melody,
And the grand anthem, as by angels
taught,
Swelled full and free.
And so I thought of sweet lives that
but lent
Their youth to earth,—
Their life-work all in summer days was
spent,
And all life's worth.
'Twas only that short strain we needed
here,
While up above
The seraph song is ever since more clear
And rich in love.
One Master guides the harmony of life
In earth and heaven;
No pause unneeded falls, no note too
brief
Is ever given.
Here, but the snatches of the glorious
song
Our ear can trace;
There, the full chorus, pure, and deep,
and strong,
In endless praise.

Toward Evening

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Sing a song of childhood days, the rain
upon the roof:
Ancient-sweet monotony where the
eaves are deep;
Burden of the melody now near and
now aloof,
Lost and caught and lost again on
the brink of sleep.
Rain upon the sloping roof, and fire
ebbing, dim,
In a little pulse of flame beating very
low,
Like a faint accompaniment to a tender
hymn—
Music of the long and long ago.
Sing a song of childhood days, the wind
upon the corn:
Half a breath and half a sigh making
wistful round;
Whispering, whispering, each to each,
aged folk outworn
Of the old-gold tents of rest on the
camping ground.
Wind among the withered corn, and a
bob-white in the brush
Calling thrice and silver clear so his
mate may know—
She a bit of listening brown by an
autumn bush—
Music of the long and long ago.
Sing a song of childhood days, a
spring's first whippoorwill;
One gray shadow on the world, one
pale star alight;
Strange, a disembodied cry from the
lone-tree hill,
Making sudden plaintive speech to
an April night.
Whippoorwill across the dusk, and cow-
bells up the lane,
Through the gate a truant file, muffle-
footed, slow;
Tired bell by tired bell tinkling home
again—
Music of the long and long ago.
Sing the songs of childhood days, croon
them every one;
Keep no chord or cadence back, spare
no broken bar;
Youth may hold my hand again before
the singing's done,
Though the years are many and the
distance stretches far;
Peace may touch my brow again and
hush the chant of strife—
Fretful notes all meaningless, words
that weary so—
Ah, throw the old stops open wide and
loose upon my life
Music of the long and long ago!



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Mother's Column

SEWING-ROOM SUGGESTIONS

The following method of "hanging" a skirt is one used by some of the best tailors, and can easily be practised by the home dressmaker. Slip the skirt on and pin carefully at the waist line; then place the yardstick against the dress, with the end resting firmly on the floor, and place a pin or chalk-mark where the other end of the stick touches the skirt at the hips. Repeat this process round the skirt—being careful always to have the end of the stick resting on the floor—until a row of pins or a chalk-mark encircles the hips of the skirt. If it is desired to have the skirt two inches from the floor, measure thirty-four inches from the line of pins or chalk-marks and turn the hem at that point. By following this method it is impossible to have a poorly hung skirt.

Strong tapes stretched along the wall of the sewing-room from convenient points, say from the door-frames to the window-frames, will be found a great convenience. Paper patterns and parts of garments may be pinned to the tapes, and one may be sure of finding them when needed.

When making buttonholes in a lace or net waist one finds the need of a solid background upon which to work. This may be obtained by firmly basting a piece of cotton or silk on the wrong side of the lace where the buttonhole is to be made. After the buttonhole is worked the cotton or silk may be cut away from the stitches and be wholly unnoticed, while the result will be a firm buttonhole.

In a material that may ravel, like pongee or brilliantine, it is best to work the edge of the buttonhole before cutting. This is easily done by placing a basting line the proper size where the buttonhole is to come and working round it. A sharp knife may be used to cut the opening, and if a little care is taken there is no danger of cutting the stitches.

The dressmaker will find a supply of small safety-pins a great help in fitting a gown, as the common-pin is very apt to get out of place or be lost entirely in removing a gown that has been fitted. A trial of this method will convince one of the great advantage over the old way.

The tucker attachment on the sewing machine will be found a great convenience when one desires to make hand-run tucks in baby clothes or underwear. After attaching the tucker to the machine place the goods as if the tucks were to be sewed on the machine, but remove the thread, both upper and under tension. The result will be a clearly defined crease to show the line of the tucks, and the holes made by the machine needle will be so regular that the hand stitches cannot be irregular.

WINTER VEGETABLES

The greatest problem that confronts the gardening housewife is the indoor storage of winter vegetables. Few homes are equipped with a proper outside root cellar, and there are nowadays few house cellars but have the serious drawback—to the vegetables only—of a furnace. The unheated cellar, if it is well ventilated and may be protected against freezing, makes a satisfactory storage place, or even where there is a furnace, if space is partitioned off, ventilated, and made heat-proof, it will serve. An unused room upstairs where the temperature will not fall below freezing, nor go above 45 degrees F., is a perfectly practical storage place. Cabbage, however, and turnips should not be kept in the house or indeed in the cellar, for in decaying they become very offensive. Cabbage is best stored in a well-protected cold frame, or in an outdoor pit. Such a

pit need be no more than a foot deep, wide enough to hold several heads in a row, and of any desired length.

The cabbage should be placed upside down in the pit and covered with several inches of straw. When freezing weather arrives, six or eight inches of earth may be added and still later a "great" coat of manure if the weather is extreme. If they must be brought into the cellar, they should be packed in barrels and covered with sand.

Celery we plant closely in boxes of damp earth in the cellar. If you have both the golden self-blanching and the green winter celery, use the former first, as it does not keep so well.

Of the edible roots two things are to be remembered: that they keep best when not in contact with the air, and if kept a little moist their firmness and succulence is better preserved. This applies to beets, carrots, parsnips, celeriac, and salsify. Carrots are very easily injured and spoil quickly unless handled with great care. In the North boxes of moist sand offer the safest means of storage. The roots should be packed closely, but not touching.

The handsome highly colored pumpkins and winter squashes may be left in the open until the vines have been killed by frost. These require still other conditions for their safe keeping. They should be kept fairly warm—about 50 degrees F., and should be exposed to the light and air. My country neighbors spread them out on the attic floors, and we find a swinging shelf in a warm dry cellar a good place for them. Squashes and pumpkins, like melons, should be picked with an inch of vine; this keeps them from rotting at the stem.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR NURSING

1. Selection and Care of a Sick Room

When one is seriously ill, you will of course get a trained nurse if you can. It is seldom that the professional is not better than the amateur, no matter how zealous. But in any case, every woman should know something of how to care for the sick, and some times she must act as nurse herself. What she must do will be found clearly and competently set forth in this and the following papers of the series, but anyone who attempts to put these instructions into practice must remember that the nurse, no matter how well trained, is the subordinate of the attending physician, and that she must follow no directions, even these, without his full knowledge and approval.

When a member of the household is sick, it is of first importance to put him in a suitable room. If possible, select a room of good size, having one or two windows and an open fireplace. The fireplace not only makes possible the most approved method of heating, but is of great use as a means of ventilation.

Before taking the patient in give the room a thorough cleaning. Place in it only what furniture is needed, leaving no upholstered chairs, no heavy curtains or draperies, which catch the dust.

The best sort of bed is a high, single one. It is much easier to lift and handle the patient on this than on any other kind. Place it so as to be able to get at both sides easily, and so that it will not face a window, as strong light is trying for a patient's eyes. Use a hair mattress, or at least one that is firm, and select bedclothes which are of light weight. Even in very cold weather it is possible to keep the patient perfectly warm without heavy spreads and comforters, which are oppressive and tiring when one is weak; a hot-water bag placed in the foot of the bed will serve to keep a comfortable warmth. A sheet may be used as a top cover, unless a very thin counterpane is available.

A good plan is to take out of the room everything in the way of bureau covers and table covers that cannot be

washed; use towels for covers if nothing else is to be had.

Unless the room is to be stripped and turned temporarily into a hospital ward for surgical purposes or for an infectious case, there is no reason why a few pictures should not be left on the walls, since it is not necessary to destroy all homelikeness. With fresh muslin curtains, dainty covers, a few flowers and pleasing orderliness, it is possible to be hygienic and cheerful.

The floor should be bare, with a few rugs, which can be taken out each morning and brushed. While they are up go over the floor with a damp mop, or a straw broom over which a piece of Canton is tied. In this way the dust is really removed.

A screen is valuable for protecting the patient from drafts or shielding his eyes from the light.

Ventilation is of the greatest importance, as an abundant supply of oxygen is needed in the fight with every disease. An excellent plan is to flush the room thoroughly with fresh air two or three times a day. Put extra covers over the patient, be sure that he is well protected, then open all the windows opposite the fireplace, or two windows, down at the top. In bitter cold weather the lower half of the window may be put down on a board several inches high, which has been cut to fit the width exactly, and in this way fresh air will come in between the sashes, and be directed toward the ceiling, where warm, devitalized air always accumulates. An adjoining room may be opened and filled with outside air, which can then be let into the sick room by opening the connecting door.

If the invalid is troubled by a picture or any object in the room, always remove it. These whims and fancies of illness ought not to be disregarded, for when nerves are unstrung by pain and the brain is disordered by fever, familiar objects may take on strange and unpleasant shapes, which hold the eye by a wretched sort of fascination and cause real distress.

Remove from the patient's sight all depressing suggestions of illness. Just as soon as a glass is used, take it away when the bed is changed, carry the soiled bedding out at once, keeping everything in restful and refreshing order. When it is possible, use an adjoining room for all supplies, so that no food or medicine need be kept in the invalid's room. In this second room keep an alcohol-lamp and small granite boiler, for heating water and nourishment; a dish-pan and tea towel, so that cups and dishes may be washed quickly; and also a foot-tub for soaking soiled linen.

CONCERNING BUTTERMILK

Things which not everyone appreciates, about which there is a certain flavor of exclusiveness, usually command the eager enthusiasm of admirers. Thus the devotion of the lover of buttermilk to his favorite tippie is almost passionate. He cannot help boasting of its virtues, and urging it on the palates of those who do not like it and do not wish to learn to. His very zeal often defeats its own ends, which is a pity, for buttermilk is a wholesome drink, and deserves to be more popular than it is.

There is, to be sure, a legend that everyone drinks it in the country. The jug is supposed to be filled after each churning, and emptied long before the next one. In haying-time as a quencher of thirst, and in the winter as a promoter of mild and cheerful conviviality, buttermilk is declared to be the true rural beverage.

Unfortunately the facts are otherwise. Farmers, as a rule, feed their pigs and not themselves on the by-product of the churn. Switchel, no doubt, has more lovers, although less talkative ones, and so has cider.

But Professor Metchnikoff, the eminent biologist, has given a useful advertisement to a deserving article. He discovered that intestinal microbes, which he holds responsible for many maladies, including premature old age, do not thrive in lactic acid, which is the characteristic thing about butter-

milk. He also learned that the Bulgarians, a nation of sour-milk drinkers, produce an astonishing number of centenarians. Ergo: If you would live long, drink buttermilk.

Boston, temperamentally unable to resist innovation, whether dietary, religious or educational, has responded at once. Ten thousand quarts a day are consumed there, and the restaurant-keepers have taken to making up the beverage out of ordinary milk and prepared lactic-acid tablets. From other cities come similar reports; the habit is demonstrably spreading. Not everyone who drinks it will live to be a hundred; but the taste once acquired, buttermilk is a delightfully refreshing drink in hot weather, and healthful and nourishing the year round.

WIVES AND BUSINESS

"Statistics show that the ratio of domestic unhappiness is greater among the rich and the well-to-do than among the poor, and the explanation of it is to be found in the fact that the day laborer not only does not work as hard as the millionaire business man, but is less absorbed in his occupation. When the carpenters, or the bricklayers, or the pick drivers finish their ten or eight hours' work, they go home to their families. With their overalls they divest themselves of all thought of their business. Their children climb upon their knees, they are interested in all of the wife's little budget of household news and neighborhood gossip, and the man gives to the woman the companionship for which she married him.

"With the man absorbed in big business enterprises, no such simple, happy family life prevails. Every nerve must be stretched to the breaking point to keep pace with his competitors; ceaseless vigilance and absolute concentration of thought and interest must, he knows, be the price of his success. If he dallies but a month, a year, an hour, by the wayside, somebody who has not let his attention be distracted from the prize for a second will pass him, and he has no time to listen to his wife, or be interested in his children. It is a great game, an absorbing game, a game of never-dying interest he is playing, and the fury of the gambler and the ambition of the man are wrapped up in it, and it pushes everything else out.

"Such a man loves his wife and children. Yes; there isn't a doubt of it.

Continued on Page 64



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Correspondence

The Western Home Monthly Writers Appreciated

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have often thought I should write and tell you how much I like The Western Home Monthly, and have always put it off until now, and here I am. The Correspondence Page has always proved full of amusement for me, and I am extremely fond of the stories. I like the stories written by Edith G. Bayne, H. M. Batten, F. J. Dickie and Bonnycastle Dale; the last-mentioned author is my favorite. I enjoyed his last story, "A Wreck on Sambro Ledge" on the dreaded "Blind Sisters" off Halifax" very much. I devoured every word and realized as not all prairie dwellers do the story of the Bohemian, for I used to live on the coast and have seen the sea in all its moods. Well, readers, I think I am having a talk with the authors instead of the correspondents, but not much is said of the stories, and I think they are very worthy of mention.

There still seems to be many lonesome men and women on the prairies, and while I am not exactly on the prairie I am afraid I am sometimes a bit lonesome too. I would like to write to all the lonesome ones, but that would be almost impossible, there are so many. However, I will promise to write all who write me.

I hope you understand I belong to the fair sex, but will be pleased to have letters from anyone.

Jean.

Poetry Haul from The Western Home Monthly

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time now, especially the Correspondence Column, and I shall be very pleased if I may be allowed to join your circle.

I live in England, in a little seaside place on the banks of the river Mersey, a few miles from the city of Liverpool. I work in an office, but I prefer the open-air life. I spend most of the summer days on the shore, for I never tire of the sea.

I should like to thank "Tolerable" and "Ex-Sergeant" for all the nice things they said about the girls of the Old Country, and I am glad to know that we are held in such high esteem in Canada. However, we in England say the same about Canadian girls, as "Tolerable" and "Ex-Sergeant" say of British girls. We consider the Canadians less reserved, far livelier, and apparently much warmer-hearted than we are.

Forgive me if I suggest that girls of the Old Country should be called "British" and not "English." You see so few of us are really English. We are nearly all of Scotch, Irish or Welsh descent.

I myself am Scotch, although I live in England, and I should like, through the medium of your paper, to send my best wishes to all Scottish laddies and lassies in Canada.

I am very fond of poetry, and have collected pieces out of papers for years, but I think I have got my biggest haul from The Western Home Monthly. One piece which appeared some months ago especially appealed to me. It was entitled "Sometime." I wonder if it took the fancy of many readers?

I know this is not a very interesting letter, but I do hope to see it published.

I should love to receive letters from readers, and my address is with the editor if anyone would care to write to me.

With the very best wishes from the Old Country.

Barbara.

Modern Young Man Not Ideal

Dear Editor and Readers:—May I have the pleasure of being with you a few minutes?

Yes, "Hokus-Pokus" you are right about overalls being nice and free. They are almost necessary where the girl does farm work, but it is not necessary for her to cultivate the manners of a boy as well. I have seen many who seemed to forget that they ought not perform the various gymnastic tricks that they do in their overalls. It is quite all right if they retain their refined and quiet manners.

"Bell Flower" has seen the teacher-age a success. I would like to hear of others who have had experiences.

I think "Del" has voiced my thoughts exactly. "The attention given the returned soldier has gone to his head," and I think more than a little. True they have done much for us.

The modern young man, or the most popular modern young man, is far from my ideal, and I am sure from yours, dear readers, if you only go into your hearts for your real feelings. What is the cause of all this careless, boisterous, low and lazy life the average young man is living. In almost every case it is his parents' fault. Now, I know this will bring on much criticism, but I have thought long and often, studied families in all positions, and that is my conclusion. The trouble in most cases began when he was a very little boy. Just step and recall the homes you have entered. I can say that out of every hundred you visit in Canada today five per cent only have children who respect and obey their parents and elders and are well-mannered. That is the root. Five per cent of all the young men in Canada in a very few years, as it is to-day, will be worthy the name of a gentleman. You may ask what part mother plays in this. To begin with. I will tell you of a home I visit. Every day mother says "You little



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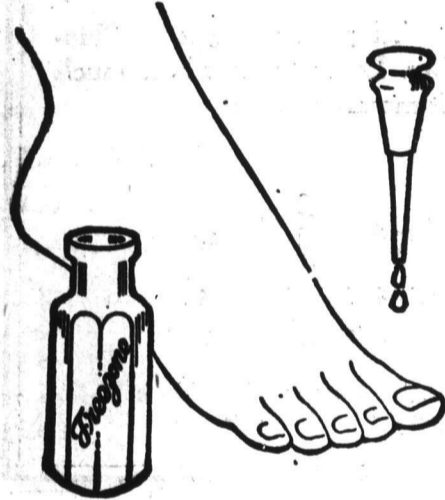
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scamp, you, I will pick them up now, but when you are older you will do it yourself," he runs and laughs. The boy is now three, and throws coat and cap on the floor. I wonder when he will become of age. I can imagine when he is ten times that old he will still be lacking a few years, and if it is not his coat and cap it will be something else, pyjamas, underwear, or boots will be there for tired mother to pick up and put away with a sigh as she wonders why he cannot remember to do it himself. Who is at fault? Mother's love spoils many. That is only one case, but I have found a solution for nearly every time when a young man has not come up to standard. I do not mean that it is always his parents. There are a few who go astray with the best of teaching, but not 95 per cent of them. There is too much love from mother, and quite often thoughtlessness from dad, in nearly every home. They do not waken up to their children's wrongs.

My letter is rather long, so I will stop. My pen runs away on topics that interest me greatly.

Could any of your readers take orders for embroidery? I have read over my letter and it gives the impression that I am a "whirlwind" on bringing up children. I will leave that for others to decide. Am I married or not?

Just Guess.

A Word from B.C.

Dear Editor:—For a long time I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly, and I enjoy especially the Correspondence Page. I have not seen any letters from British Columbia in print for some time, so if I may I will fill in the gap with a few random words.

My home is in the sunny Okanagan Valley, where you prairie people get all those delicious varieties of fruit. Right now the fruit season is in full progress. At any moment of the day loads of luscious fruit may be seen rolling into the packing houses to canning factories to be packed or canned by lively Okanagan maidens garbed in clean blue overalls, just like "Hokus Pokus" says she wears.

"Bubbles," although I am not of the fair sex may I suggest a name for the man who does his own housekeeping. "Mr. Luckyboy" I would name him. Won't some of the prairie readers of either sex of my own age, 18, write to me. My address is with the editor.

Peaches.

Ladies Write "Light Hair"

Dear Editor and Readers:—For the last few years we have been taking The Western Home Monthly, and I find the Correspondence Page the most interesting.

There certainly seems to be a lot of lonely bachelors out West. I am working out on a farm, and am lonely myself, for there are not many girls out in the country.

I am intending to go to the city for the winter, so I will be pleased to hear from some of the ladies about my own age, which is 20. If I see this in print I will perhaps come again.

Light Hair.

A Proud Canadian

Dear Editor and Readers:—Although I don't take your wonderful magazine myself, I have it sent to me by my mother, and I do enjoy reading it. I have had it sent over a good bit of Canada and the United States, and my friends there thought it was really good. In your May issue there was a letter from "A Lonely Bach," who had his flapjacks eaten by the dog, and he is asking for the recipe for another batch. Did the dog eat the recipe too, I wonder.

I agree with "Happy-Go-Lucky," but just think what the small town people would think of a girl who just goes out for a good time.

I enjoy farm life. During the war I drove a four horse team and liked it

fine. I am a Canadian and proud of it, but I lived in the U.S.A. for five years. I like the people there too, and they are easy to get acquainted with, and you can sure have a good time there.

Well, now this is getting rather long for a first letter, so I will close, hoping to see this in print. Wishing the magazine and readers every success, I remain

Irish.

LONELY

By Elsie C. Taber

Silence reigns from wall to wall,
Noiseless footsteps, voiceless echoes,
Calling to each other, call,
Fall and die away, and all
The world is empty.

For a form has left its chamber
Gone from its accustomed places,
And the echoes soft are calling,
Calling to the empty spaces—
"All is love!"

She is gone my own beloved,
Loved, and lost to me in going;—
And the cobwebs down are creeping,
And the wind without is weeping
In the gloom.

She has gone out from my keeping,
And the shadows dark are sweeping,
But she does not lie there sleeping,
And the dreary house is empty
Like a tomb.

Has she gone, or is she speaking?
Ah! no sound of laugh or greeting;
And my tired heart seems sleeping—
Nought to cheer it into beating—
Into time.

For my Agnes has gone roving
She, my heart is ever loving
Will she come again to meet me?
Comfort, cheer or joyous greet me,
In the room?

Come, return my precious rover
Leave your friends, and to your lover
Turn your dainty footsteps hither,
Or my weary heart will wither
Ere you come!

It happened in front of the village post-office.

An old farmer was holding his frightened team while an automobile rushed by. "Queer how horses are so skeered of them things," said one of the loafers. "Queer?" grumbled the farmer. "What would you do if you should see my pants coming down the street with nothing in them?"



Mending is One of Mother's Multiplicity of Duties

Unfortunately, it is usually necessary for the busy mother to leave the mending until some quiet hour when the children have been got off to bed. This necessitates working by artificial light, with unusual straining of the eyes.

It is this straining of the eyes which makes one feel so tired after mending, sewing, shopping, or doing fancy work.

When you think of how constantly the eyes are employed, and of the continual changing of the focus to suit the distance of the object viewed, you may not be surprised to know that the optic nerve consumes an enormous amount of nervous energy.

For this reason straining of the eyes brings on fatigue, and often leads to nervous breakdown.

There is no magical way by which exhausted nerves can be restored.

It takes time and patience in order that the depleted nerve cells may be nourished back to health and vigor, but you may be sure of satisfactory results if you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly.

We know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the vital substances which go to the upbuilding of the nervous system. We have the utmost confidence in its curative properties, because we have seen it tested in so many thousands of cases. But how are we going to prove this to you unless you try it? You are the one to be benefited, so it remains for you to make the test.

Try it when you feel tired out and discouraged. Try it for sleeplessness and irritability. Try it for nervous headache and indigestion. It is not a mere relief, for this reason you must persevere in its use until the lost vigor is restored to the nerves. The fact that the results are both thorough and lasting will encourage you to continue the use of this food cure until you feel strong and well.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box of the genuine.

The Toes of Toinette

Continued from Page 18

two places at once? If you could take the train with Valerie you would find her sound asleep after her evening's work, I am sure."

The maestro's emaciated figure was revitalized with hope, and the "big, terrible, knowing, good manager," who could not have been a great impresario if he had not had art enough in his heart to understand the maestro, quashed his engagements as decisively as Rodd had and remarked, in the most casual way:

"A good idea! I've got to take the twelve-thirty train to Philadelphia. Maestro, will you come? It is on the way to Arizona, too."

"Oh, if you are right," said the maestro, "how happy I shall be forever, dreaming of Valerie's triumph!"

Inside the housing of the Falcon on the way back, Toinette removed the grease-paint and was her young self again.

"The spark of my toes makes its poor little bow to the spark of your motor," she said, as Rodd bade her good-night on the roof of the Aragon; "and whenever you fly, may the bon Dieu watch over you!"

Mother's Column

Continued from Page 61

He lavishes upon them the money that he makes. He wants them to be happy and richly dressed, and he will tell you that the reason that he slaves is to support them; but he deludes himself. The real reason is that he has given his innermost heart to business, and she is a jealous mistress that resents a divided allegiance."

Instead of a Collar Button

A small button sewed to the back of the collar-band will be found to be much more comfortable than a collar-button, and has the merit of not getting lost.

A "Magic Stick"

When you want to boil anything quickly, like cider for apple butter, or sugar water in sugarmaking time, just place a stick across the top of the vessel in the centre, and it simply can't boil over. Try it and see. For a large open kettle out of doors it is better to quarter instead of halve the steam, using two sticks and crossing them. I always keep a smooth, clean piece of wood about eighteen inches in length, two inches wide by one-half inch in thickness, but if I can't find it in a hurry I substitute a piece of kindling. This would be a boon for campers and hunters who have to boil their coffee in an open bucket swung over the fire.

Charcoal in the Vegetable Kettle

If a small piece of charcoal is placed in the kettle when cooking turnips, cabbage, cauliflower or other vegetables of disagreeable odors, the vegetable will not be injured, and the odor will be removed.

To Wind Up a Curtain Roller

Using a button-hook to wind up a curtain-roller, when the spring has run down, is a great saving on the fingers, and it certainly saves the temper.

No boy ever yet acquired a business by reading the signs on other men's stores.

Misfortune is a Wind that rises higher, Blows out the Match, but fans the Steady Fire.

Any man can afford to ignore those who do not understand him if he can go home to a wife who does.

You have made progress when you have learned that it is as easy for the other man to be right as for you.

Give the Girls a Chance

The school year is opening. Boys and girls are once again faced with the necessity of hard and patient study. Boys as a rule are indifferent, careless, concerned with sports and games. They do not as a class give themselves too seriously to book work. Girls as a rule are more conscientious, more anxious to please their teachers, and to win good reports during and at the end of the year. If a boy fails "he should worry". If a girl fails she feels disgraced.

At home a boy's study is accepted as the main purpose of his life. If he has lessons to prepare he is excused from other tasks. The girl is not so excused. She has her household tasks and her social duties to perform and in many cases her studies must wait.

It is for parents to see that during the year girls get as fair a chance as the boys. She should be able to systematize her work and her hours. She should get time for play and for sleep. She should have a fighting chance.

The most pleasing grace in the whole world is modesty. It is becoming alike to individuals and nations. It is worthy of cultivation by all classes. It is a fitting virtue for the young and doubly fitting for those advanced in years.

Among the men that can not be tolerated in good society are those given to boasting—the man who talks about the great deeds he has performed, the great people he has met, the great experiences he has undergone. Among the nations that become a by-word and a reproach are those that are continually magnifying their little performances, or such as in their self-conceit venture to proclaim to the world that "We won the War."

There is no one to whom modesty is more becoming than to a young lady. It will appear in her speech, her dress, her manner and her actions. A loud cackling laugh, a face overdone with paint and powder, a dress so striking as to be a subject for remark by all observers, a manner so bold that it compels attention—all these are unnecessary and extremely distasteful. It is surely easy for a young lady to grasp the first principle of behaviour. Nothing in the details of dress, speech or manner should detract from the sweetness of her own personality.

A recent writer has given expression to two thoughts that bear upon this topic. The first has to do with speech:

Some are afraid that a quiet demeanor may suggest stupidity. Well, sometimes it does; but it also suggests thoughtfulness, and watchfulness, and depths of intelligence and feeling. That was an exquisite compliment paid to a quiet lady in a French comedy: "What makes the charm of your conversation is not only the things you say, but above all the things you don't say."

People may suspect that we are not brilliant if we keep still, but if we talk much, they are sure to know we are not. And those who practice the charming art of being quiet escape at least the great talker's vast accumulation of things she had rather not have said.

The second thought has to do with dress: "The mediaeval pilgrim walked miles with beans in his shoes, hoping through torture of his body to save his soul, but the modern misled young girl stands all day in high heeled shoes and all she has to show for it is an awkward carriage and a hobbling gait.

To quote once more:

That the art of being well dressed is a personal art, and that its values are not absolute, but relative, is a truth that few women grasp. Taste is founded on a sense of proportion, on a nice adjustment of ideals to practical conditions and necessities. A keen and experienced observer once said that she had known but three perfectly dressed women in her life. The first was the wife of a millionaire. The second was the secretary and stenographer of a newspaper editor—a capable girl who received thirty dollars a week. The third was a housekeeper, who for years had run a big, hospitable country house smoothly and comfortably. Naturally, the question of money was eliminated from the unconscious rivalry. Each of the three women had a sense of fitness that taught her how to dress her part. Each knew—either instinctively or by a process of selection—the clothes best suited to her own appearance, to her surroundings and to her daily tasks. Good taste is invariably built on a substructure of judgment and plain common sense.

Riddles

By Robert Jukes, F.C.I.



We observe that the report of the Board on Foreign Missions was presented to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Ottawa on the 4th of June. The document states that during the next five years the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars is to be expended in the foreign field of the Church.

Without the least desire to detract from the noble work that is being carried out in foreign missionary fields, not only by the Presbyterian, but every other denomination, including the Roman Catholic, we have never been able clearly to understand the precise reason for devoting immense sums in the direction above indicated, when the condition of the Home Field is considered.

For years past we have regarded this all important subject as constituting for the average layman, a—riddle.

Taking at random, a considerable district radiating, say, a hundred miles from where we are writing in Saskatchewan, it may be safely asserted that large areas, exclusive of villages and hamlets, are entirely free from any attention, from any kind of religious denomination. We leave out of consideration occasional visits during the summer months, from excellent and well meaning young men, members mostly of some university, who devote portions of a vacation to furthering the cause.

Such efforts, though laudable, leave the great problem untouched.

To establish on a sound financial footing, that will operate in the direction of affording those members of the community who consider the absence of any spiritual influence, both on themselves and their children as a grave evil, it should be possible to develop a scheme of co-operation between the churches and the great societies, of which we may take the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, as an example, in the direction of acting in conjunction with the persons in the various localities who are most interested in the subject, and drawing up a plan of campaign based on sound knowledge of all the difficulties involved. Good results should accrue from a frank and open conference.

Viewed in the abstract, we have always maintained that those entitled to the first charge on all missionary effort, were the white people, the white men and women, the white pioneers of these wild wastes of North America, who yesterday and now "bear all the heat and burden of the day" for their children, the men and women of to-morrow.

These are the people who have the first claim, the people whose children will, if matters continue as at present, be less equipped, as far as an elementary knowledge of Christianity is concerned, than the Yellow, the Black and the Red, for whose benefit an enormous degree of energy and treasure is expended, to the prejudice of those possessed of superior claims.

"The divine injunction must be obeyed," exclaim the missionary. "Go forth into all the world and preach the Word." To this we will merely reply that the Author of that command probably never, with His knowledge of human nature, could have intended that in the progress of time His words should always bear a literal interpretation, or that they should be marred by over zeal, or lack of judgment and discretion.

Foreign Missions are deserving of the deepest respect from every man, whether he believes in the doctrine of Christianity or not, but it is open to grave question whether a less generous flow of contribution toward the Chinese who despise us, or the Hottentots and the Esquimaux who regard us with indifference, would seriously affect the number of conversions achieved.

In making these slight observations on a subject of deep interest, we are

quite aware that large sums are devoted to the Home field, and that numerous earnest and devout men and women have consecrated their lives to its noble work; it is, therefore, in realizing these facts that we regret all the more to note the numerous neglected spots that lie scattered over this far West.

If the church and the societies find population increasing over such a vast territory, and in some places composed of elements that make no response to their efforts, elements indeed that the church never has and never will get in touch with, why not invite the Salvation Army to join forces with them, not only in urban centres, but in many rural districts also? In no degree does it matter what denomination would compose the force. All should co-operate for one purpose only. Look at the mines, the lumber camps, construction camps, fisheries. Is there any organized body of picked men in these strange and unattractive places? Men who can really throw themselves into the lives of those they are with, and who are individually possessed of magnetism that will cause each one his immediate welcome, as being a "real good sort?"

The public has ever been generous to Home and Foreign Missions. The executives of these great institutions should be more generous to the white man.

JERUSALEM

By May H. Windsor

Look up! look up! Jerusalem, this glorious day you'll see,
The tyrants and usurpers bold before their conquerors flee.

They come who bring salvation, soon your freedom they will win,
They're at the gates, fling wide, fling wide, and bid them welcome in;
And as the proud oppressors now are put to utter rout,
"Huzza, huzza," the people cry, with glad and mighty shout.
And lo! the British flag is flying o'er Jerusalem.

The people of Jerusalem rejoice to see this day,
They have music there and singing, bright flowers strew their way,
The crescent droops and trembles, it falls inglorious,
Behold! the cross is lifted up, it waves victorious.

"Huzza, huzza!" the people cry, and Judah's hills around,
Moriah and Mount Olivet take up the joyful sound.
And lo! the British flag is flying o'er Jerusalem.

That flag bears—Oh, Jerusalem, the insignia of One,
'Tis the symbol of the kingship of David's greater Son.
Once—long ago—He walked these streets in sorrow and alone,
To-day He comes as conqueror to save and bless His own.
Sound, sound the harp and timbrel, He sets His people free,
And sing, oh Jordan sing, as ye roll onwards to the sea.
For lo! the British flag is flying o'er Jerusalem.

The British flag, red, white and blue, floats o'er the olive trees,
Of David's city Bethlehem, triumphant in the breeze.
Flung outward, and flung skyward too, safe guardianship it holds,
The weak, the poor find sure refuge beneath its sheltering folds.
Oh rain, or wind, or sunshine, silvery day and solemn night,
The lion and the unicorn keep watch from lofty height.
Oh! praise the Lord, the British flag flies o'er Jerusalem.

The Christian needs a reminder every hour; some defeat, surprise, adversity, peril; to be agitated, mortified, beaten out of his course, so that all remains of self will be sifted out.—Dr. Bushnell

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to buy heat
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YES, the "roomful" is the practical way to measure heat. It does not matter how much fuel is bought, nor how much heat is produced, unless you get the full benefit of it *in the room where you want it*. Sometimes you want a bath-roomful and again a denful. The Perfection Oil Heater is the prompt and direct way to get it. The Perfection produces the heat *on the spot*

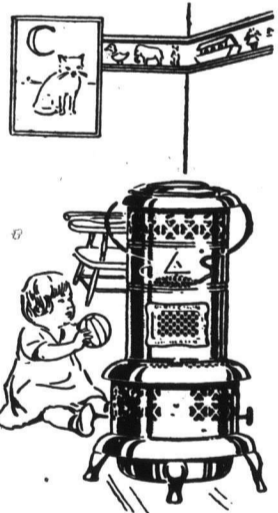
If you could build your house over again you would change a good many of the radiators and registers around, wouldn't you? Why not put a

Perfection Oil Heater near the window where the radiator *ought* to be? Fresh air is necessary to health, and the ordinary window sash lets in a good

JUST strike a match and light it—as easy as lighting the gas.



deal of it. But a comfortable degree of heat is also necessary. By using the Perfection Heater in this way you get both. It throws out a clean, intense heat, and continues to throw it out for about ten hours on a single gallon of coal oil.



As cheerful as an open fireplace

The warm cheerful glow of the Perfection Heater makes it a favorite in many homes that have no open fireplaces. Keep children warm and keep them well with a Perfection Heater. It weighs only a few pounds and can be carried from room to room like a lamp. It will boil a tea-kettle, heat shaving water or dry clothes indoors. It is the most economical and most satisfactory way to get heat when and where you need it.

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Hardware, housefurnishing and departmental

stores everywhere sell Perfection Oil Heaters. Let your dealer show you how simple the Perfection Heater really is. Over four million Perfections in use, and the number is growing daily. Your dealer can also show you the New Perfection Oil Cookstove and Perfection Water Heater—models of convenience and economy.

Protect against fuel shortage

See your dealer to-day. Get a copy of our new Perfection Heater folder. You can save a hod of coal every time you use your Perfection. That's worth money these days, and besides coal is scarce and it may be hard to get this winter.

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