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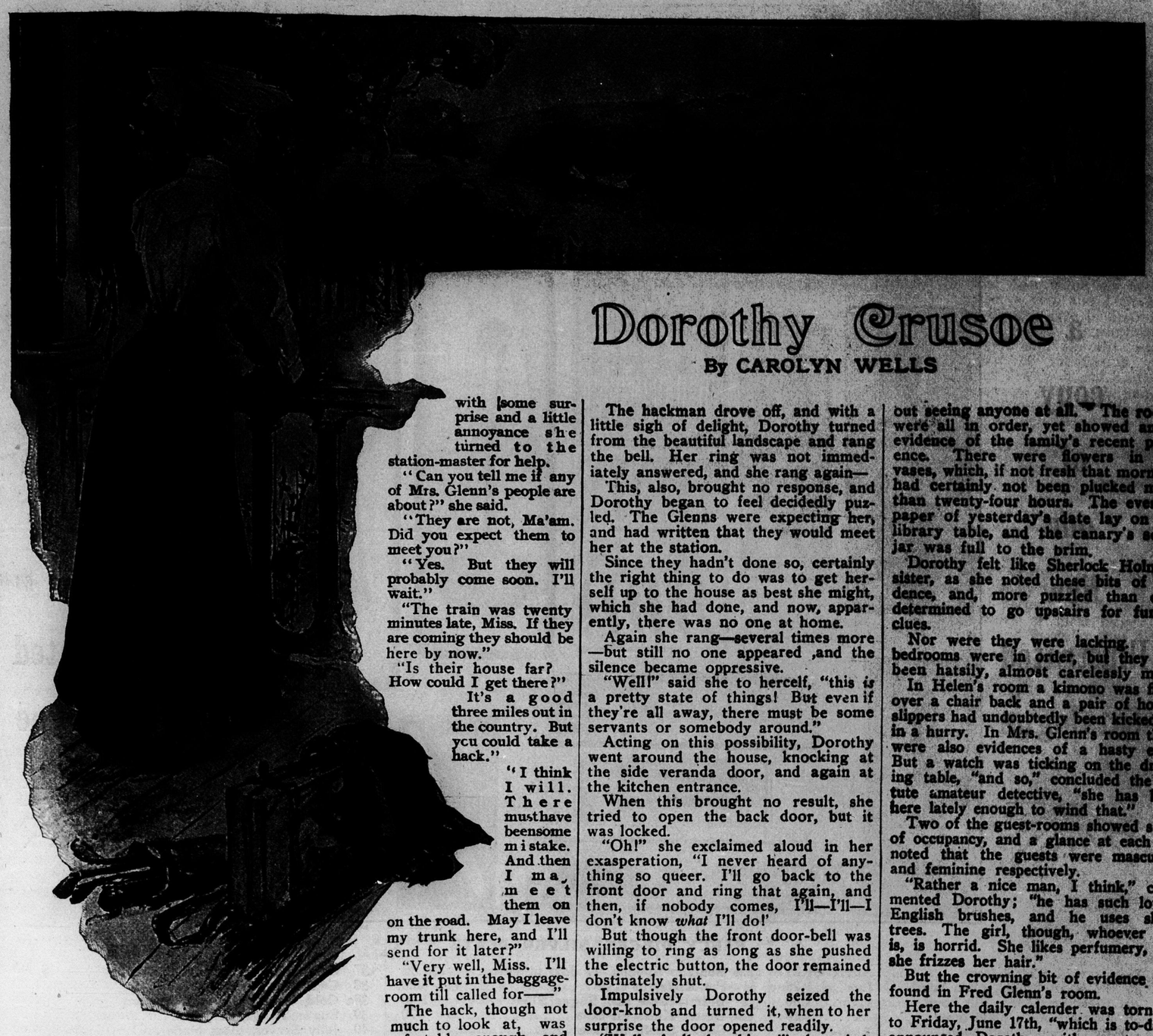

Dorothy Crusoe

By CAROLYN WELLS

THAT her name wasn't really Dorothy Crusoe was proved by the D. L. on the trunk which was tumbled out of the baggage car at the same time that the young lady was ceremoniously assisted down the train steps by an obsequious porter.

She had never been in Maplewood before, but the bustle about the little station seemed to indicate a flourishing and wide-awake, if small community.

There were several traps and automobiles waiting at the platform, and Dorothy looked at them eagerly in search of the friends who were to meet her on her arrival.

But she saw none of the Glenns, and with some surprise and a little annoyance she turned to the station-master for help.

"Can you tell me if any of Mrs. Glenn's people are about?" she said.

"They are not, Ma'am. Did you expect them to meet you?"

"Yes. But they will probably come soon. I'll wait."

"The train was twenty minutes late, Miss. If they are coming they should be here by now."

"Is their house far? How could I get there?"

It's a good three miles out in the country. But you could take a hack."

"I think I will. There must have been some mistake. And then I may meet them on the road. May I leave my trunk here, and I'll send for it later?"

"Very well, Miss. I'll have it put in the baggage-room till called for——"

The hack, though not much to look at, was comfortable enough and Dorothy, after an almost sleepless night on the train, was willing to close her eyes to the three miles of scenery, and only opened them to find herself under the porte-cochère of a large country house.

Jumping out, she paid the driver and dismissed him, and then paused a moment on the veranda before ringing the door-bell.

The view was of the very kind that suited her best. She had an innate love of pure color, and the morning sky was true cobalt, the trees a clear, bright green, and across the smooth gray of the river she could see the distant purple hills.

The hackman drove off, and with a little sigh of delight, Dorothy turned from the beautiful landscape and rang the bell. Her ring was not immediately answered, and she rang again—

This, also, brought no response, and Dorothy began to feel decidedly puzzled. The Glenns were expecting her, and had written that they would meet her at the station.

Since they hadn't done so, certainly the right thing to do was to get herself up to the house as best she might, which she had done, and now, apparently, there was no one at home.

Again she rang—several times more—but still no one appeared ,and the silence became oppressive.

"Well!" said she to hercelf, "this *is* a pretty state of things! But even if they're all away, there must be some servants or somebody around."

Acting on this possibility, Dorothy went around the house, knocking at the side veranda door, and again at the kitchen entrance.

When this brought no result, she tried to open the back door, but it was locked.

"Oh!" she exclaimed aloud in her exasperation, "I never heard of anything so queer. I'll go back to the front door and ring that again, and then, if nobody comes, I'll—I'll—I don't know *what* I'll do!'

But though the front door-bell was willing to ring as long as she pushed the electric button, the door remained obstinately shut.

Impulsively Dorothy seized the door-knob and turned it, when to her surprise the door opened readily.

"Well of all the things!" she cried. "But, at least there must be somebody at home, or the front door would have been locked."

She stood in the hall, listening, but heard no sound of any kind.

"Helen!" she called at last, "Helen, where are you?"

Still no answer, and she was forced to the conclusion that the house was empty of any human beings save herself.

Her curiosity being arounsed, and having, moreover, a practical mind, she concluded to make a systematic search. She closed the front door, and went through the parlors, library, dining-room, and even kitchen, without seeing anyone at all. The rooms were all in order, yet showed ample evidence of the family's recent presence. There were flowers in the vases, which, if not fresh that morning, had certainly not been plucked more than twenty-four hours. The evening paper of yesterday's date lay on the library table, and the canary's seed-jar was full to the brim.

Dorothy felt like Sherlock Holmes's sister, as she noted these bits of evidence, and, more puzzled than ever, determined to go upstairs for further clues.

Nor were they were lacking. The bedrooms were in order, but they had been hatsily, almost carelessly made.

In Helen's room a kimono was flung over a chair back and a pair of house-slippers had undoubtedly been kicked off in a hurry. In Mrs. Glenn's room there were also evidences of a hasty exit. But a watch was ticking on the dressing table, "and so," concluded the astute amateur detective, "she has been here lately enough to wind that."

Two of the guest-rooms showed signs of occupancy, and a glance at each denoted that the guests were masculine and feminine respectively.

"Rather a nice man, I think," commented Dorothy; "he has such lovely English brushes, and he uses shoe-trees. The girl, though, whoever she is, is horrid. She likes perfumery, and she frizzes her hair."

But the crowning bit of evidence was found in Fred Glenn's room.

Here the daily calender was torn off to Friday, June 17th, "which is to-day," announced Dorothy, with great satisfaction, "and which proves conclusively that the whole family decamped this morning. I know Fred Glenn's methodical habits, and he tore off yesterday's calendar slip either this morning or very late last night. Now I've got clues enough, but I can't puzzle the thing out.

"They expected me to-day, and even if any thing occurred to make them fly off suddenly somewhere, I can't see why the servants should go, too. And if they did, I can't see why they didn't look the front door. It's mighty queer any way you look at it. I feel like Robinson Crusoe, stranded on a desert island. I never before appre-

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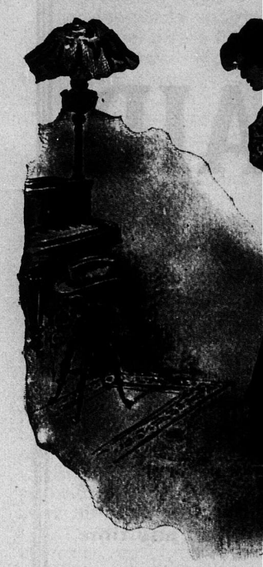

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ciated how lonely he must have felt. It's weird—that's what it is.. And I believe I feel a little bit scared. But that's foolish, in broad daylight and in a house that the family has just stepped out of. Perhaps there was a fire near by, and they all ran off to see it. I believe I'll go downstairs and telephone to some neighbor or somebody. That is, if they have a telephone—I didn't notice any."

Dorothy Crusoe ran downstairs, and looked all about for a telephone, only to be disappointed. She could see none,

"Dorothy walked toward the piano, and then stood suddenly stock-still."

and she even went outdoors to look for the wires, but there weren't any.

And there was no house in sight. Three miles from the Maplewood station, the Glenns place was large and isolated. There were hammocks under the trees; chairs, setees, and even a tea-table made the veranda cozy and attractive, but the entire absence of other humanity made Dorothy shuder with loneliness, and she sat down on the front stairs in despair.

"It's ghastly," she thought. "At first it seemed funny and interesting, but now it's horrid. If it's a practical joke, they're carying it to far, and in any case, they're certainly very rude!"

But after a few minutes her equanimity returned, and she concluded the only thing to do was to make the best of the situation and await developments.

So she went in the house again and went towards the kitchen.

"I'm certainly Dorothy Crusoe," she thought, "and I may as well imitate my prototype, Robinson, and reconnoitre as to my visible means of support Since the Glenns are not here to offer me any hospitable cheer, I'll have to take it myself."

In the pantry was a supply of what was beyond all doubt that morning's milk, and this fact cheered Dorothy, as corroborating her theories that the family would soon return. She helped herself to a glassful, and seating herself at the open piano she began to play. The gay music lightened her spirits, and soon she was laughing at her ridiculous predicament.

"I know what I'll do," she suddenly declared to herself, "I'll go up in Helen's room and take a nap. I hardly slept any last night in that old sleeping-car, and I'm awfuly tired. Then, if Helen comes in and finds me there, it will be like Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

Pleased with this practical plan, Dorothy went up to Helen's room, took off her hat and jacket, and made herself generally at home.

She even slipped off her crisp white shirt-waist, and donned the blue kimono that looked so inviting.

Then, throwing herself on the couch, she drew an afghan over her, and was soon sound asleep.

Later, she awoke. How much later, she did not know, but on going in to look at Mrs. Glenn's watch, she found it was high noon. She went into the hall and hung over the bannister. Not a sound could be heard, and, with a sigh, she realized that the Glenns had not yet appeared.

"And so, Mis Dorothy Crusoe," she said to herself, "you'll have to go down and prepare your own luncheon if you expect to have any. That is, if you can find anything to eat, and I've no doubt you can."

Deciding that there counld be no objection to wearing Helen's kimono down-stairs, since there was no one to see her, Dorothy ran down and went to the dining-room.

She was getting a little used to silence, and tried to look on the day's proceedings as a humorous experience. And she succeeded fairly, especially when she discovered a well-stocked larder, with cold chicken, fresh lettuce and apple-pie in stock.

"I won't cook anything," she concluded, "but I'll make me a cup of tea. And while teh kettle is boiling, I'll play 'Just One Girl,' or something appropriate like that."

Dorothy filled the kettle and put it on the range, where a moderate fire was burning.

"Of course they'll be back soon," she thought, as she did so; "they've left the fire so it won't either burn out or go out before night. But it's a queer picnic where they take the cook and waitress both with them."

Going to the parlor, Dorothy walked towards the piano, and then suddenly stood stock still. Her big brown eyes grew bigger with amazement, her cheeks turned pale and then red, and a shiver of fear was quickly followed by a grin of amusement. For on the piano-stool lay a man's hat.

It *couldn't* have been there when I was playing this morning," she thought, "for, of course, I couldn't have sat on it without noticing it, and even if I had, it would have been flatened out, instead of properly and most correctly creased."

She went to the hall and listened again, but there was only the same silence.

"It's magic," she thought, "how *could* that hat get here all by itself? I'm not scared, because it isn't a burglar's hat I'm sure. No burglar ever wore a swager hat like that."

She picked up the hat and studied it. It was a soft light-gray felt, with a brim rather broader than most men wear, and which to Dorothy's sophisticated judgment betokened a literary man or an artist.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "sometimes I think I have the detective instinct, but here's a chance to exercise it, and I'm all at sea. If Sherlock Holmes looked at this hat, he'd tell at once the man"s age, height and weight, and what his grandmother's name was, and what he'd had for dinner. And I can only deduce a punctilious gentleman of erratic tastes. But I don't care for deductions; I'd rather see the man himself—even if he *is* a burglar.

"It's the queerest thing," her thoughts continued, as she still stood staring at the hat on the piano-stool; "the hat is there, and somebody must have put it there. It's just like when Robinson Crusoe discovered a footprint in the sand.

"Well, I said I was Dorothy Crusoe, and now I've discovered a footprint—or rather a head-print. And I think that it was by means of that footprint that Robinson Crusoe found his man Friday. To-day is Friday, and if there is an owner to that hat anywhere about, I wish he'd appear and be my Man Friday, for I'd like somebody to speak to——"

At that moment Dorothy heard a door opened and closed.

The sound were followed by quick steps down the stairs, and what was unmistakably a man's voice whistling "Hiawatha."

Suddenly conscious of the blue kimono, Dorothy turned a blushing face toward the hall door.

She saw a big, happy-looking young man, whose frank face wore an expression of utter bewilderment.

"What the Dickens!" he began, but after an instant's pause continued, "I beg your pardon; you are a guest of the house?"

"I'm not exactly," said Dorothy, bravely trying to ignore her unconventional, if becoming costume. "That is—I expected to be, but I find I'm only a castaway on a desert island. *Is* your name Friday?"

"It is," said the young man, with quick comprehension. "Have I the pleasure of addresing Miss Crusoe?"

"Yes. Miss Dorothy Crusoe. I saw your footprint on the piano-stool, and—and where are the Glenns?"

But the young man had his own notions of the requirements of a dramatic situation, and replied, with a vague look of enquiry:

"Glenns?"

"Yes,' said Dorothy, a bit impatiently. "Where is all the family, and who are you? Don't you know anything?"

"I'm but a Man Friday, and no self-respecting Man Friday ever knows anything save what his Crusoe teaches him."

"Then," said Dorothy, rising to the occasion, "you are at my orders?"

"Absolutely, Miss Crusoe."

"Then I comand you to sit in that chair, and not to budge for ten minutes."

"Your command shall be obeyed."

The big young man crosed the room with a careless swinging step, and deposited himself in the chair indicated.

Dorothy flew upstairs to Helen's room, and flinging aside the blue kimono, donned her corect white shirt-waist and dainty tie. With a more conventional costume, her courage returned, and she began to appreciate the fun of the situation.

"He must be the man guest," she thought, "the one with the shoe-trees in his room. And now that I've seen the man, I don't wonder at the size of the trees."

Her equilibrium entirely restored, Dorothy went downstairs again, and with an added touch of dignity to her manner, she approached the young man, and holding out her hand with a formal gesture, she said:

"Good morning; now please drop nonsense, and tell me all about it."

He rose quickly, shook hands, and offered her a chair with graceful courtesy.

"I am Hugh Masterton," he said, "and very much at your service. I am a guest of the elusive Glenns."

"And I thought I was to be," interrupted the girl. "I am Dorothy Latimer, and they expected me to-day. Where are they all?"

"Oh," said Masterton, a light breaking upon him, "now I understand. They telegraphed you, Miss Lorimer, not to come till day after to-morrow."

"I didn't get the mesage. Why did they send it?"

"Well, you see, all the servants left at once. The cook, waitress and coachman, who were all of one family, being a man and his wife and daughter, were found wanting in the somewhat necessary virtue of honesty, and Mrs. Glenn was obliged to dismiss the trio. They departed early this morning, and immediately after we all started off in the automobile to bring new servants from the city. I was with the party, but when we stopped at the village post-office for the mail, I found a letter asking me for some sketches as yet unfinished, so I gave up the outing, and dutifully returned to the house to do my work. We had locked up the house before we started, but the Glenns gave me the latchkey, and I let myself in. Then I had to go to the village again for some materials, and I rode Fred's horse down. You must have come during my absence."

"Yes," said Dorothy, "I suppose I did. I arrived, and after ringing a number of times, I tried the front door and found it opened."

"Very careless of me," commented Masterton. "I left it unfastened when I went away, without thinking about it."

"So then I came in," went on Dorothy, "and I went all over the house and I couldn't find anybody, and as I had a wakeful night in the sleeper, I went to Helen's rom and took a nap."

"Ah, that explains it. When I returned, I heard no one, and the house was aparently just as I had left it, so I sat down here for a moment, and looked over the morning paper, then I went directly to my rom, where I've been busily working ever since."

"And you left your hat here," exclaimed Dorothy, "and when I woke up I came down and saw it, and I knew it wasn't a burglar's hat, and I was so mystified! When will the Glenns be back?"

"Not till four or five o'clock this afternoon. You see, they telegraphed you to postpone your coming till the day after to-morrow, and they expect to bring a new force of servants back with them. Or at least a cook, anyway, and let the others come by train."

"Then said Dorothy, looking thoughtful, "you and I will be here alone till late this afternoon."

"That is for you to say," replied Masterton, quickly. "If you wish, I will go away at once."

"No, dont!" cried Dorothy "It was awful to be all alone in this big house. I'd *much* rather have you than nobody. *Much!*"

"Thank you, said Masterton, gravely. "That makes it too formal and serious. the afternoon here, you can decide upon our mutual relations. Will you be the hostess, and considering the Glenn's house your own, allow me to be your favored guest, or shall I, by right of prior occupancy, consider myself the host, and look upon you as a welcome and honored visitor."

"Neither," said Dorothy, promptly. "That makes it to formal and serious. We'll stick to my original idea, and I am Dorotyh Crusoe, this house is my desert island, and you are my Man Friday, entirely under my despot rule."

"So be it, Miss Crusoe. Figuratively speaking, your foot is on my neck; I live but to serve you, and I shall not so much as breathe save in accordance with your expressed instructions."

"That's nice," said Dorothy, with a nonchalant air of satisfaction; "and now, my Man Friday, I will confess to you tht I am most exceedingly hungry."

"So am I," remarked Masterton. "Let us explore our island and forage for food."

"I've already done that, admitted Dorothy. "You see——"

"And you found cold chicken and apple pie," interrupted Masterton. Mrs. Glenn told me they were in the pantry, when she found that I was obliged to come back here and work. She bade me help myself."

"And your work?" said Dorothy, with sudden compunction, "is it finished? Am I keeping you from it?"

"I never work at meal times," replied Hugh, "and in order that I may

"You run along, Man Friday, and attend to your work, and I'll attend to my own department."

get back to my work, let us go and do our foraging at once."

"Let's!" cried the girl, "and, oh, I quite forgot, I put the kettle on to boil. I fear the water wil be overdone."

But it wasn't, it was just at he right stage of puffing steam, and Dorothy gleefuly made the tea.

"I had expected," remarked Hugh,

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"to eat my chicken and pie picnic fashion, or from the sideboard. But somehow, I feel an uncontrollable desire to have the table set properly, and lunch like civilized people."

"So do I," said Dorothy, and if you'll assume the responsibility, and also help some with the details, I'll turn this sav age feast into a social function."

"Done!" cried Hugh; "I even know where Mrs. Glenn keeps her doilies."

Laughing like two children in mischief, they set a dainty, if over-elaborate luncheon table, and Hugh volunteered to forage the desert island for flowers, while Dorothy attended to some culinary matters.

"Don' go near the west coast," she called after him, as he went off with basket and shears, "that's where the cannibals hide, and I don't want you eaten up before the Glenns come home."

"And after that?" he asked.

"After that, I've no jurisdiction over you," she returned saucily. "We're Crusoe and Friday for one day only."

Masterson went off, with an unformulated prayer in his heart that the Glenns' automobile might break down as usual, for the present situation was quite in his mind, and he was in no hurry to have it end.

Dorothy knew her cooking school lore, and when she discovered some cold boiled potatoes, and a kitchen garden, she flew at them and concocted a salad that looked and proved to be worthy of an illustrated description in "Hints to Housewives."

Masterton returned with a quantity of sweet peas and honeysuckle vines, and himself undertook the task of table decoration. So well did he succeed, that Dorothy hastened to display her beautifuly garnished salad as a competitive triumph

The luncheon was a merry feast, indeed.

Dorothy Crusoe and Man Friday became wonderfully well acquainted, and somehow the acquaintance ripened fast into friendship.

Being in the exploring line, they experimented with a complicated coffee-machine, which neither of them understood. They finally succeeded in making it perform properly, and their black coffee was a decided success.

"Now," said Dorothy, with a little sigh, when all was over, "now you must go back to your sketches, and I must clear away these dishes."

"Don't do that," said Masterson. "The Glenns will soon be home, and they'll bring one or more servants with them, and they can attend to all that."

"No," said Dorothy, firmly; "my bump of neatness is too largely developed to admit of such a plan. You run along, Man Friday, and attend to your work, and I'll attend to my own department."

Dorothy rolled up her sleeves, tied on an apron, and set to work vigorously.

"Let me help you, then," pleaded Hugh. "I don't want to go away and play by myself."

"But your work is imperative. You said you must do it to-day."

"I know—but I'd rather stay here."

"Don't be silly. Go on and do your duty, and when these things are all straightened up, I'll call you, and we'll sit on the veranda or go for a stroll."

"All right, then. And be as quick as you can with your ridiculous kitchen-work."

Dorothy must have felt an impetus of some sort, for in an incredibly short space of time, she had her work done, and done in her own punctilious way, and going to the piano she played a ragtime melody that brought Man Friday down-stairs, two steps at a time.

And then those two merry and light-hearted young people went for a walk, and went for a row, and somehow or other their friendship lost its impersonal character and they became deeply interested in each other as especial individuals. Masterson suddenly realized that he was falling over head and ears in love, and Dorothy, without troubling to realize anything, gave herself up to the gayety and happiness of existing conditions.

They discovered that they possessed the same sense of humor and a similar code of ethics, and what is more needful for absolute congeniality?

"I feel as if we were old friends, and had known each other for years," said Dorothy, as they went back to the house.

"So do I," said Masterson, "and what delights me even more is the fact that we will continue to know each other for years to come; for let me tell you, my Dorothy Crusoe, you can't get rid of your Man Friday as suddenly as you found him."

Although it was five o'clock the Glenns had not yet returned, and the castaways proceeded to invent more entertainment for themselves.

They discovered each other's musical capabilities, and sang duets to their mutual delight. They wandered into the libarary and made the astounding discoverey that their tastes in literature were similar, and after Hugh had read aloud certain poems—one of them twice over—Dorothy confided to her own heart that a man who could read poetry like that was the man for whom she could ever really care.

The hours went by faster than they realized, and at seven it had begun to grow dusk, and still the Glenns did not come.

"I wish they would come," said the girl, with a sudden feeling of embarrassment, which she couldn't exactly explain, even to herself.

"Dorothy," said Hugh, taking her hand in his, and speaking rather gravely, "the situation is growing a little bit serious. I have thought so for an hour or more, but I hated to alarm you. You see, the Glenns' automobile has an incurable habit of breaking down, and should it do so to-day, they will not know the absolute necessity of hurrying home, and may delay their return till—till—late. Also, they may not secure the new servants at once, and, thinking I can easily keep bachelor hall here, they may take their own time about returning."

"You don't mean"—and Dorothy's brown eyes grew troubled—"you don't mean they mightn't come back till—till tomorrow!"

"That's about the size of it," said Masterson, with an attempt at gayety.

"But—but, what an impossible state of affairs!" exclaimed the girl, the whole situation suddenly flashing upon her. "We can't stay here till tomorrow. You can't go away and leave me here alone. And I can't go away—I've nowhere to go."

Perhaps the tears that came into the brown eyes at these words precipitated Masterson's next move, but unrepulsed, he took Dorothy in his arms and softly whispered:

"Won't you leave it all to me, dear? Won't you trust me to take care of you now—and always?"

And Dorothy said she would.

After a time—and, as time slipped away faster than ever, it was nearly eight o'clock—they concluded that they must give up all hope of seeing the Glenns that night.

"And so," said Masterson, "Man Friday will find a horse and trap, and will manage some way to harness them together and take Dorothy Crusoe to the village. There, there is a comfortable, if not very elaborate inn, where we can dine, though perhaps frugally, compared to our luncheon of to-day."

"How long ago that luncheon seems," said Dorothy, dreamily.

"Yes, so much has happened since," returned her fiance. "And then," he went on, "you shall stay at the inn over night, and, indeed, until the Glenns do return, and I'll come back here and keep the house safely against their home-coming."

Dorothy agreed to these most practical plans, and they would have been speedily carried out, but just as Masterson started for the stables to act as his own groom, an automobile came chugging up the driveway, and the Glenns had returned.

A Wedding Gift.

By Rita.

The presents lay piled about the large and beautiful room set aside for their arrangement. The long table which ran down its centre helds its share, but still there were jewels and silver and scores of dainty trifles awaiting the attention of the girl, whose business it was to place and ticket them.

The jeweller's assistant, sent by a special Bond Street firm, had just completed his task. He professed himself tired of "the show." Such things were no novelty to him. The girl, who was also an employee of another firm, noted for the artistic presentment of wedding gifts, was just as tired as the assistant. But she knew she must stay on till the last article had been assigned its place—the last card of the donor affixed to the gift.

They made a brave show, those presents. Silver plate—exquisite glass—delicate china; cutlery, jewellery, ornaments; books, cheques; toilet sets in silver and ivory, laces fans; household furniture of Sheraton or Chippendale; Rose du Barri mirrors, Sevres and Saxe China, paintings, engravings, albums and photograph frames; scent cases; glove boxes and satchets—all the hundred and one dainty and expensive trifles that wealth lavishes on wealth, in order to prove that to "her who hath much, much more shall be given!'

Kate Perren stood for a few idle moments, surveying these costly gifts, wondering a little whether the bride cared about them; wondering also a little what that bride was like. If this was a love match or a mere Society marriage. If she were happy or merely passively miserable, as so many brides she had seen. Girls who had looked at their wedding-presents with strange, defiant eyes; girls who had been pale and wistful-eyed; girls whose lips seemed quivering with longing to say a word that should set them free, and yet knew that the word must never be uttered.

Of what sort or condition was this present martyr. This Miss Doris Carisford, of 1001 Princess Gate.

"Well, I'm sure you can finish all right," said the jeweller's assistant. "There's not much more to do. I'm off now."

She bade him good evening, and then resumed her own task. A responsible one—and one for which only accredited and known experts were engaged by the firms who made such work their province.

It seemed odd to Kate Perren that she should be employed in such labor. She—who once had been rich, beloved, honored—and now knew herself friendless, parentless and fortuneless. So runs the world. So sports the wind of Fate!

The door opened quietly, as the girl stood arranging the last row of bewildering uselessness. She was stooping over one of the numberless jewellers' cases. It was still in her hand as she half turned her head. The November dusk had crept on apace, and she had switched on one electric light. Through the open door came a gleam of ruddy firelight, the tinkle of cups and spoons, the chatter and laughter of girlish voices. The man who had left that group, and been ordered to see how the presents looked, stood staring at Kate as if she had been a ghost. She—pale as death, stood staring back at him. Her hand fell to her side, the case dropped to the ground, making but slight noise as it touched the soft carpet.

The door was shut abruptly. The intruder came quickly forward.

"Kate! God in heaven! You . . . and here? What does it mean?"

She caught hold of the table. It seemed to her as if the whole room spun round. As if she were afloat on its giddy circles.

Had the dead returned to life—or what miracle was this?

"Gerald! It can't be! . . . . I—I heard you were dead."

"Was that why I could find no trace of you—hear nothing. I was reported 'missing,' I know. I had been badly wounded, and the Boers got me. I was six months in hospital; then I woke to my senses and to reason. I came home at once. I sought for you immediately. You had disappeared—no one knew where. I advertised, I did everything I could; all no use. Kate, why did you do it—why keep me in ignorance? Unless——"

"Oh, no! Gerald—no! I had not changed. But my father was ruined. The shock brought his death, and my mother's followed it. I had to go out into the world; to earn my own living. I had——"

"Oh, Kate! Kate! My poor, pretty Kate!"

He had his arms about her. For one blissful moment she rested in them; safe, sheltered—happy once again. For one moment. Then she felt their release of her; the eyes to which her own turned in sudden bewildering appeal were eyes in which the old love and the new joy struggled against some invading foe. They were not Gerald's eyes; only the haggard, agonized eyes of a man distraught, perplexed, desperate.

"Kate—" he groaned. "Oh, my God, is it possible you don't know——"

"Know—what?"

He looked from her white face to the table, with its glittering array. He wondered if ever fate had played a crueller trick on any man? How was he to tell her?

"You are not dead—you are alive; you have come back," she faltered. "And—what does anything else matter?"

"For to-day," he said, "nothing else matters seeing you and I stand face to face again. Have you changed, Kate? Do you love me still?"

"God knows I do," she said. "Oh, the miserable, awful months! the cold, empty years—gone now, gone for ever. Only—I forgot, Gerald, I am very poor. Everything has changed, except my heart—"

"Your heart and yourself," he groaned. "Oh, my darling, what am I to do? —How can I tell you?"

She drew back a step. Her voice rang out sharply. "Gerald! What is it? You're not—married?"

"Not—yet," he said.

She felt as if a cold hand clutched her hand. Fear—horror—terror struggled against this new warm stream of love and life and hope regained.

"Not yet . . . that means—"

"It means," he said, with a harsh, dry laugh, "that you stand here to-night arranging the presents for—my wedding day."

"Gerald!" she gasped, and would have fallen, but for his supporting arm. "Oh-No! No! Not yours—not yours, Gerald! This is some horrible jest, or am I dreaming? I have dreamt so often that you returned—but always to me. Oh, my dear, always to me. . . ."

Her voice broke. She looked at him with all her wounded soul in those brimming, anguished eyes, looked for denial—for answer—for anything save what she saw. Shame and despair.

"Oh, why did you come back," she cried suddenly. "Why . . . if only ——"

"I don't love her," he broke in with sudden passion. "I never have nor ever shall love any woman save yourself, my Kate. But—how can I explain? How tell you? It must seem as if I was faithless, and yet, God knows, I was not that. I was hurt—angry. I thought if you had really loved me you would not have left me to this blank silence. I thought perhaps you had ceased to care—had married—and then she—"

"Ah! She . . Who is it, this girl you will marry to-morrow? Does she—love you?"

"Yes," he said bitterly. "That's the worst of it. If she did—not—"

But Kate drew her little head up proudly.

"No—don't say that. There's such a thing as honor. A man's honor. You entered into this contract as a free agent, did you not?"

"I—I suppose so. I don't know how it came about. These things happen every day. A few meetings, a few dances—the routine of the season—a moonlight night; a glass too much of champagne—a flattery of a girl's open preference—one or all of

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these, and a man finds himself fettered to a promise—and—this!"

His hand pointed contemptuously to the crowded table, the splendid gifts. It was odd, Kate thought, that the special gift on which her eyes fell, should be an open case containing a diamond star. On its card was written: "Presented by the bridegroom."

The bridegroom. This man; her lover—her own promised husband three years ago.

She lifted dull, dimmed eyes to his face, and scanned its every line. Noted how worn and thin he was; how brown and tanned. How much older and sterner, and oh—so cried her sore heart, how much dearer and more beloved for every sign of life's warfare and life's pain.

They stood there quite silent; eye seeking eye, and heart speaking dumbly to heart. Between them lay a gulf of suffering that nothing could bridge. Then the girl gave one long quivering sigh. It seemed to her that what had been her heart grew suddenly numb and cold. That all sense of pain, of feeling, of desire, had left her, and gone out of her life for ever.

She stooped and picked up the case that had fallen from her hand.

"I think," she said calmly, "you had better go back to the other room—to her."

"Do you tell me to do—that?" he cried bitterly.

"What else can you do? Your word is pledged. To-morrow is the day, is it not?"

He said nothing. He was looking at her, and from her to that table—and then desperately to the closed door. What could he do? What could he do? Was ever man placed in so hopeless and hateful a predicament.

He came close to her. "Kate, listen. I am like a prisoner seeing before him one last and only chance of escape. You are that chance. Without you—your love—"

But she silenced him with a gesture. "No. No. All that is over. You would not have promised yourself to another woman, you could not have let matters go as far as this—if you had still loved me."

He groaned in spirit, recognizing the truth of her words as a woman, vet knowing himself excusable as a man.

For how should a girl know of the insidious temptings—the subtle flatterings—the hundred and one trifles light as air, that in their turn become as steel and fetter a man's will and enslave his senses? How should she ever guess.

"What is she like—this bride of yours?" asked Kate, suddenly. "I have not seen her. She has not been here once to-day. Perhaps she is too happy—she dies not care for this side of the—the"

"Don't!" he cried, fiercely. "I can't bear the word on your lips now. Oh. Kate—Kate is it too late? Think—all our lives, yours and mine, spoilt for ever. However—"

"It was your own doing, Gerald—" she said gently. "No one forced you into this marriage. There could only have been one reason for it. You cared for this girl. I was no longer in your heart or in your life. Well—so it must remain. From to-morrow i will be no longer in that life or heart she has the sole and only right to possess."

"But, Kate—listen!"

"No!" she cried, fiercely. "I won't listen. Don't force me. I will not snatch another woman's happiness from her hands—I will not spoil her life, as mine has been spoilt."

"This—this farce of to-morrow will spoil many lives, I fancy," he said, bitterly. "Kate, think a moment. I could speak to Doris—I could explain—"

"You said she loved you?"

His color faded, his lips quivered as they gave the fatal admission. "Yes, i know she does."

On the words almost the door was flung open a second time. A gay young voice cried out—

"Why, Jerry, what a time you've been. You could have counted every one of the presents, I should say!"

Kate drew suddenly away, and bent over the cases beneath her shaking fingers. Gerald Fortescue was idly staring at a silver claret jug.

The girl came in. Her pretty dress rustled softly. Her face was flushed, her eyes bright and eager, and full of joy and excitement. She paused midway in the room, and looked critically at the effect of the arrangement. Then she suddenly turned on another light. The result was dazzling. She gave a little cry of delight.

"There! What a show! Oh, how beautifully you've arranged everything, Miss Perrin. Mother said you had such wonderful taste. So it seems—hasn't she, Jerry? Did you ever think all that litter of parcels could turn out into a veritable fairy show like this?

She was not looking at him, or at the downbent head of the girl; neither did she appear to notice their silence. Captain Fortescue suddenly walked to the further end of the room, and stood pretending to examine one of the pieces of Sheraton. But Kate lifted her head bravely, and gave one quick glace at the lovely face of the bride-elect.

"I am glad you are pleased, Miss Carisford," she said.

Her voice sounded cold and strange in her own ears. Her lips were stiff. But the other girl noticed nothing amiss. How should she, when her whole mind was full of the details and importance of the morrow.

"But I must call Edie in," she exclaimed. "My principal bridesmaid," she added softly to Kate. "I'm sure she'd love to see the things, though mother said we were on no account to disturb you, but you're nearly done, are you not?"

"Very nearly," said Kate.

"And you won't mind if I call my friend?"

"Certainly not."

The girl swept off again, all soft silk rustling, and feminine charm. A pretty, dainty, tender, half-spoilt creature. One whose path had been of rose leaves, to whom life had seemed a fairy vision of concurrent joys.

Kate watched her, and all the color and softness died out of her own face. She at least had known another side to life and girlhood. She was facing its bitterness and accepting its renunciations even now. Nervously her hands went on with their work. Doris had left the door ajar. The sound of her voice was clear and distinct as she spoke to her friend.

The silent figure in the corner still stood absorbed and silent. He was nerving himself to face an ordeal. A harder and more terrible one than that of Rorke's Drift or Mafeking—than glint of steel or hiss of bullet. the ordeal which sets a man's soul to fight against the tempting of his own desires, and shows him those desires as foes to honor.

The door opened again; the bride-to-be returned with her friend. Behind her came her mother—half

In the early spring time.

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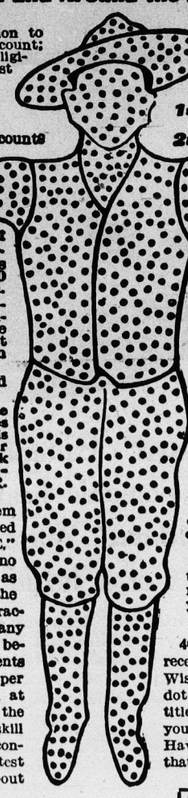

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JUDGES—We have wholly disinterested judges to award prizes. Here is what they say:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: We have been asked by the publishers of SUCCESSFUL AGRICULTURE to act as judges in their contest and see that prizes are all awarded fairly. This we will gladly do guaranteeing each contestant absolute fair treatment. Signed Frank D. Lovering, Asst. U. S. Nat'l Bank Examiner; Henry A. Castle, Ex-Postmaster, St. Paul and Ex-Auditor U. S. Postal Dept., Washington, D. C.; Judge J. R. Blackwell, St. Paul, Minn.

In case of tie we will write each person so tied asking them to make as few words as possible from the letters included in the name of our paper, "SUCCESSFUL AGRICULTURE," using each letter of the name twice and only twice, and no one word more than once, each letter left over counting as one word. To the one tied in the counting who gives us the fewest words as above will be awarded first prize. This practically eliminates all question of tie, but if there should by any possibility be a tie in this the prize will be divided equally between those so tieing. Subscription without counts is 25 cents per year, additional counts after you have three entered as per our terms in paragraph "condition" above may be entered at 25 cents each. This contest is not to be confused with the guessing or estimating contests. Our contest is a test of skill in planning and counting and the best man wins. Nobody connected with our paper will be allowed to compete. Contest closes December 31, but get your counts in at once. See about time prize above.

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[GEO. E. DEAN, Minneapolis, Minn.

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NAME.....

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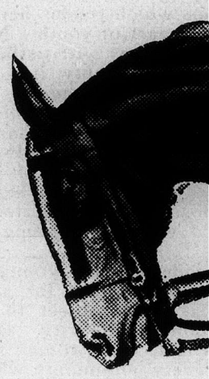

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tearful, wholly proud and adoring. Doris was an ugly child, and both parents idolised her. The morrow's silver cloud wore a heavy lining for that mother-heart. But the child had been denied nothing in all her spoilt and cherished life, and when she had openly and frankly declared in favor of the heroic young soldier, who had seemed so cold and distant an adorer—well, the heroic young soldier had been left in no doubt as to the fact. That he—or any man—could be blind to the charms of this lovely butterfly never entered the heads of her parents or herself. All had gone smoothly. The wedding was fixed for the morrow, and then the young bride was to spend the winter in sunny and more favored climes than this of her native land.

She openly and passionately adored her soldier-lover. She faced the all-important future by his side, fearlessly and gladly. Love and marriage seemed to her but the completion of her life's fairy tale of joys. The one thing wanting—the one thing so soon to be granted.

By some subtle intuition, Kate Perrin recognized these facts. Facts strung on the silver chain of that all encircling love which seemed to clasp this spoilt darling of fortune. Here was no strong nature to buffet with life's adverse winds. Only a tender, graceful, clinging plant; its tendrils twining round every offered support; its roots embedded in the soil of home and protection.

"It would kill her," thought Kate. "She could never face it. The agony of humiliation, the shame, the shock. Oh, no. No! I could not bear it myself in the same position. God forbid that I should give any other woman that fate."

Bravely and calmly she held up her head, and spoke to them all, and listened to their remarks. She heard the girl's tender raillery of her lover, her little innocent jests; marked her pretty ways. How sweet she was, and how lovely. Surely any man could not but grow to care for her once he stood in so close and intricate a relationship as Gerald would stand on the morrow. What madness had been his offer to break it off? To place this sunny, happy child in the sight of her wondering world as a jilted bride, and for no fault of hers. She was sinless, ignorant, happy. Well, so she must remain. It only needed an effort—a little firmness, self-control.

The pretty fairy was speaking to her. "You look so awfully pale and tired, Miss Perrin. How selfish of me not to think of you all this time. Come into the next room, and have some tea. Do!"

But Kate shook her head. She must get the ordeal over. She must leave this place. She must not speak to Gerald again or—

How her hands trembled, and how cold she was. If he would only go—only leave the room. At last he came forward hastily. He made some excuse. His voice was hurried and strained. Lady Carisford and Doris remonstrated. They spoke of final arrangements. Lady Carisford went away with him into the other room. The bridesmaid followed. Doris and Kate were alone.

Breathlessly, suddenly the girl seized the hands of the pretty fairy who was to be her lover's wife.

"Let me wish you happiness and—and all joy," she cried, brokenly. "As—as one girl who will never know such joy may wish it. My work is done now. I must go. You—you don't mind my saying—this?"

"Mind! Why should I? I am so happy myself that I should like every one in the world to love as I love—and to be loved as I am loved."

"God bless you," faltered Kate. "I—I am sure you will be happy. I shall pray for you to-morrow."

How pale you look. Tell me, is there—has there been anyone who cares for you, and you have—lost?"

"Yes," said Kate. "I was to have been married once, but—"

The little bride's face grew awed and solemn. "Is he—dead?"

"To me—yes," said Kate.

And saying it, she laid on that glittering table one wedding gift that bore no giver's name.

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In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

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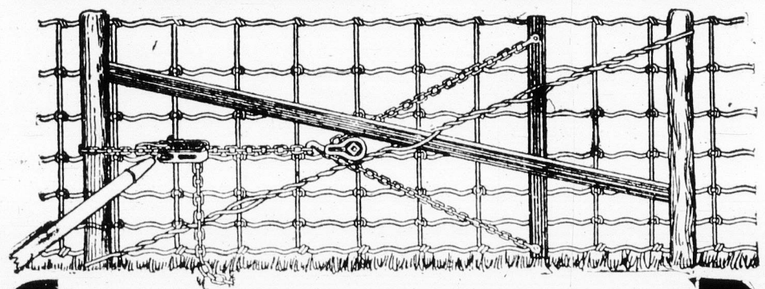

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The Man and the Woman of Fifty.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

When we are children we regard fifty as the end of life.

A man or woman of fifty seems to us but little younger than one of seventy, but as we march along with the years we grow to change our point of view, and we set the old age stake farther and farther away the nearer we approach it.

In country places men and women of fifty are indeed regarded as old people, but in cities and among people of fashion or genius, fifty is considered the prime of life.

There is a certain element of the tragic often about this period of human existence for men and women of imagination and temperament.

The children are grown and married, and occupied with their own affairs. The paternal and maternal cares and pleasures no longer absorb the parent's time and thoughts, and if the wife of fifty has allowed herself to grow commonplace and uninteresting, while the husband of fifty has kept step with progress, he finds more and more leisure to feel lonely and mismated, and to realize that the Vesuvius of his heart is not the extinct volcano he imagined, but is full of smoldering fires, and ready to burst forth in an eruption upon provocation.

Of course, the more he indulges in such thoughts the nearer he brings the provocation, and the daily paper tells the rest of the story, which is frequenty the record of the divorce court.

The woman of fifty, as a rule, waits until death has made her free before she indulges in romantic analysis of her emotional nature. Then she is oftentimes astonished to find that she is as desirous of admiration, attention and devotion from the opposite sex as she was at twenty; and she does not seem to realize, despite her long acquaintance with the sex, that men are not always disinterested in their pursuit of womankind. She is indeed inclined to be more trusting and confiding than she was in her first youth.

The man and woman of fifty have been much in evidence the last year or two as leading characters in amorous adventures. It would be a simple matter to count half a dozen Lotharios of fifty who have occupied much space in newspaper sensations, and the mature Juliets are almost as numerous.

I call to mind the tragic death of a beautiful woman with grown grandchildren a few years ago; a woman who had been living a double life, unknown to her family and church; and whose death, under painful circumstances, first revealed the tragic facts.

In this particular case the Romeo was of her own age; but as a rule, when a woman or man has lived half a century and develops a sentimental or adventurous tendency, it is at the instigation of a young companion. A millionaire whose death brought to light many sentimental entanglements, had put aside at least two mature wives in his desire to enjoy the companionship of younger charmers, and a woman of fifty revealed to the world shortly afterward that she, too, had renewed the emotions of youth, in a romance with a man young enough to be her son.

Many instances have been recorded by the pen of the historian where a man of fifty won the admiration, and love, and loyalty, of a young woman. I have known a girl of twenty to fall deeply in love with a man who had crossed the half-century mark.

A girl of a hero worshipping tendency, would be easily led to place genuine affections upon a man who attained to honorable position and power, and who made her the object of chivalrous attentions.

Perhaps fifteen years later, when she was thirty-five and he sixty-six, or still later when the wife of forty possessed of all the ambition and vitality of her prime, she found her husband an old man, weary of the vanities of life, perhaps then she might think her choice a mistaken one. That would all depend upon the nature of the woman and the type of man.

But the young husband and mature wife is more serious. Position, power and honors are elements which enter into the ideal of an attractive man, with almost any woman of any age; but no man of virile character pictures the lady of his dreams with these worldly gifts to bestow upon him. It is the nature of woman to receive, the nature of man to bestow the external things of life, and the moment a man begins to weigh the benefits he will derive from a marriage with an older woman, that moment he ceases to be manly in the true meaning of the word.

Once in a thousand times, perhaps, a woman of fifty retains the charms and facinations which render her able to capture the heart of youth. Ninon de L'Enclos was as irrisistible at sixty, and even at seventy, it is said, as at twenty-five. But she was wise enough (even if her wisdom did not lead to morality) to avoid marriage with any of her youthful admirers. She retained the privilege of being the one to tire, instead of placing herself in the position of a deserted and neglected old wife of a young husband.

It is rare, indeed, that a young man seeks an elderly woman for a wife unless he has some object to gain other than domestic felicity. But in spite of this fact, such women are to be found in every community who believe in the protestations of love made by designing youths, and resign to their keeping heart, hand and purse without demur or question.

There is a certain pathos in all this which should awaken our pity rather than call forth our ridicule.

It is the maternal and romantic impulse, both awakened after a lethargic slumber to a second Summer in the woman's heart, which leads her on to such follies.

The early romance of her life faded perhaps into a mere memory long before she donned widow's weeds. The husband became engrossed in business or public affairs, or indulged in infidelities which she concealed and condoned for pride's sake; her children grew out of her arms and became men and women, and no longer needed her; she settled into a rut of duty, a mere existence; her affectionate impulses in a sort of apathy, and imagined she had outlived all vivid emotions when suddenly she found herself a rich widow; men were seeking her society; they were paying her compliments, and up from the ashes rose a new emotional nature.

And when the young lover pleaded, she was both woman and mother in affections again, but mingled emotion and vanity made her forget that she was an elderly woman, and that the young man could not, in the nature of things, be sincere in his protestations of love.

Alas, poor woman! May wisdom and common sense guide her to shut the door gently but firmly on the young lover's retreating form, and save the miseries of a neglected old wife of a young man.

When the woman of fifty marries, let her choose a mate of her own age.

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Was It Better?

By S. Annie Frost.

"Better in every way!"

I think if Amy Randolph had whispered these four words to herself once, she had fifty times, as she paced up and down her narrow bedroom, trying to solve the hardest problem her life had offered her.

She was a slender, fair girl of nineteen, with large, dreamy brown eyes and nut-brown hair. Her face was one that would attract little notice from a passerby; but when you knew it well, when the large eyes and sensitive mouth had taken every varying phase of expression, as you touched the girl's poetic mind and tender heart, the pure loveliness of the countenance grew upon you till it became most beautiful.

And to Guy Chester Amy's face had become so. He knew how the little mouth could smile or quiver, how the large eyes could soften or flash, how winning and lovely every change became.

And he loved her—not as she loved him, with every thrill of her heart, every pulse of her being, but in his easy-going, vacillating fashion, as the most perfect little gem of womanhood he had ever met.

And he was Guy Chester, heir to Chester Hill, if ah! that little word makes or mars so many destinies!—if he pleased his mother. And she was Amy Randolph, his third cousin, and his mother's companion. She had been educated at a boarding-school, where she taught younger children in part payment for her own tuition, and had been offered her choice, when she graduated, of going to Chester Hill as Mrs. Chester's companion, or returning to her grandparents who barely supported life upon a miserable little farm in Pennsylvania.

And Mrs. Chester, who was a bad-tempered, exacting woman, had so thoroughly cowed and terrified the timid girl that she seemed to her a pale, uninteresting nonentity, useful in writing letters, reading aloud and sewing, but utterly unattractive. She never saw the exquisite oval of the young face, the delicacy of the features, the dreamy poetry of the eyes.

"What Guy could find to admire in that washed-out girl!" she could not discover. She worshipped her only son, but she was too innately selfish to give him his way when it interfered with her own.

And her own way, at that time, required Guy to marry a wife whose money would support his many extravagances, and leave his mother's purse full for hers. For they were extravagant, living in New York all winter in fashionable circles, and filling their country seat with visitors all summer.

And the very wife Guy wanted, in his mother's opinion, was ready to wed him for his asking. True, she was loud-voiced and vulgar, inclined to be fast, with rather a masculine cast of beauty, a sunflower of a girl, as Amy was a violet. But her father had left her a large fortune, and she had fallen in love with Guy Chester, making no secret of the fact to his keen-eyed mother.

That she had disgusted him at the very outset of his acquaintance with her by her frankly avowed preference for his attention and society, troubled her but little. She had been brought up in the belief that money was the attraction no man could resist, and she had money. If she wore diamond earrings to breakfast, and a velvet riding-dress in the country, was not her wealth so proven? And if her complexion was often as red as the roses in her hair, so decided a brunette could bear a high color.

Altogether she felt herself a prize in the matrimonial circle, and Mrs. Chester encouraged her in her delusion.

And when she had accepted Mrs. Chester's invitation to spend a month at Chester Hill, in the spring, when the house was not full, when Guy had remained at home ever since his return from the city, and everything promised well for the mother's scheme she was coolly asked to accept Amy Randolph for her daughter-in-law.

Had she been a judicious as well as a loving mother, she would have seen that Guy, under Amy's gentle influence, was developing nobler traits of character than he had ever shown in his life before, that he was thinking of higher aims than the possession of the fastest horses and finest wines in his set of friends.

But she was blind to all this, and equally blind to the prospect that Guy, at home, in quiet domestic happiness with a wife so careless of finery and gayety as Amy, could never make the inroads upon her income that Guy, as the most extravagant bachelor of his "set," made annually. She had set her heart upon Guy's marriage with Laura Marcy, and she was furious at the obstacle presented to her.

But Guy Chester was not the man to say "please, mamma," and then submit without protest if mamma did not please.

He had never been crossed from the time he shrieked for tops and candy, and it was scarcely probable he would accept the first opposition after twenty-five years of unchecked pleasure.

"You can do as you like," he said, shrugging his shoulders, as his mother threatened to turn Amy out of doors, "but I shall marry Amy, be sue of that. As for Laura Marcy, I should as soon think of living with a stable-boy—a great, coarse, blouzy woman!"

"With half a million dollars!"

"Ten million dollars would not make her a lady!"

"And pray what is supposed to support you when you marry Amy? Remember, my money bought you this place, though it bears your father's name, and my money supports your extravagances! Your own income would not keep you in gloves and neckties."

"We can live on very little. Amy does not care for gayety, and I mean to take up my law studies in good earnest. I'm going to drop fast horses and bachelor suppers, mammy, and go in for legal honors. When I'm Judge of the Supreme Court, you can thank Amy for rousing my ambition, and making a man of me."

But Mrs. Chester was not inclined to thank Amy for anything that thwarted her own plan. She could not resist Guy's caress, or his pet name of "mammy," and she was shrewd enough to see that active opposition would probably hasten the catastrophe she dreaded. Guy was just the man to walk off with Amy to church and come back bound for life, if he saw any prospect of separation. So the mother smiled and said:

"You headstrong boy! You always have had your own way, and I suppose you always will!"

"That's a dear mammy," was the quick reply. "Tell Amy it's all right. I'll not interfere till you settle it all."

Then he had walked off whistling, and Mrs. Chester had sent for Amy.

There was no anger on her face when she bade the shy, gentle girl sit beside her, only a heavy shadow as if from terrible grief.

"Amy," she began, and her tone had none of its habitual ring of imperious command, "I have just had a long, serious talk with Guy, and made no impression upon him. So I have resolved to make an appeal to your good sense and generosity."

Amy's lips quivered a moment like a grieved child's, but she made no reply.

"You think Guy is wealthy," continued Mrs. Chester, "because the estate bears his name, and I supply his purse from my own, but he has less than a thousand a year! If he mar-

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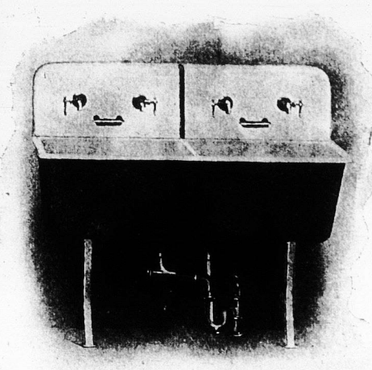

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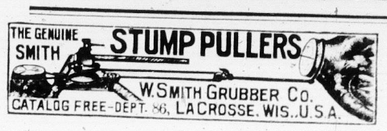

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ried to please me he can still have a home at Chester Hill, but his marriage with a portionless bride will not please me. You imagine love will make poverty easy to bear. You do not know Guy. He is self-willed and impetuous. If you uphold him in opposing me, he will marry you, and take you to New York, to live upon a thousand a year and his hope of being a great lawyer. And I," very slowly and distinctly, "will leave every dollar I own to a charity, for I will never forgive him. In a year or two you will be in debt, Guy will fret for his club, his suppers, his horses, and reproach you for his poverty. He will tire of you, as he has tired of a dozen fair faces before yours attracted him, and you will be the burden and torment of his life."

"But what am I to do?"

"Leave him. Go at once, without farewell, to your grandfather's and I will allow your present salary to continue."

"No!" was the quiet, firm answer. "If I go, it will be for Guy's sake. I do not require a bribe!"

"It will be better in every way for you to go, believe me—better in every way. Guy will forget you in six months, and marry Laura Marcy, who will be able to give him every luxury he now enjoys, and who worships the ground on which he walks."

Amy's sensitive lip curled. Gentle as she was she had sufficient spirit to despise the unmaidenly conduct of her rival. A latent pride, almost hidden in her shy, modest nature, was asserting itself, and spoke presently. "I will tell you tomorrow," she said, "what I will do."

"And Guy will persuade you to marry him."

"I will say nothing of this conversation to Guy. You may trust me!"

But Mrs. Chester did not trust her. She listened for Guy's step, and, meeting him in the hall, said:

"I wish you would go to New York for me Guy."

"Won't tomorrow do?"

"No; you can stay over night, and come down in the morning; I particularly wish—" and then followed the long excuse for the trip.

"Where's Amy?" was the expected question.

"In her own room! Don't call her, Guy; she wants to be alone. We have had a long talk."

"And you were good to her?"

"I said no word of blame. She will tell you herself tomorrow."

"But she can come down just a minute."

"If she does, you will miss the 4.30 train. Do go! You owe me some compliance after this morning!"

And Guy—easy-going Guy—kissed her and strode away from all happiness. It was noon the next day when he returned, and his mother met him at the door again.

"Guy," says she, "Amy is gone!"

"Gone! Where?"

"I cannot imagine, unless she tells you in this."

And a little note in Amy's handwriting was placed in Guy's gloved hand.

"One look showed Guy a little figure half lifted from the bed, arms outstretched, lips smiling, eyes radiant."

He tore it open quickly. No address, no date, no signature. Only these words:

"It is better in every way for me to leave you. I shall not return even if you seek to find me. A penniless wife would become a burden to you, even though you loved her. So it is better to say—farewell."

That was all!

There was a scene, of course. Mrs. Chester expected it, but her fastidious taste was shocked at the quantity of wine Guy drank at dinner. He was a gentleman, and it was against his former refined ideas to confuse his brain with drink, but on that night his ascent of the stairs to his room was not easily accomplished.

But this was not repeated the next night, nor had it been when Laura Marcy came three weeks later. By that time Guy had worked himself into a state of sulky resentment against Amy. He had left no stone unturned to find her, but having troubled himself very little about her antecedents, beyond the fact that his mother and her own were cousins, he had entirely forgotten the existence of her paternal grandparents.

She had never cared for him! She was a sly little flirt! She would have married the heir of Chester Hill, but was afraid to wed a student lawyer with a thousand dollars a year. She was mercenary!

So he rang the changes over the yearning grief he could not smother. And the ambition she had roused, the aims she had encouraged, sank before the reckless quest of pleasures to resist the only really deep love Guy had ever known. Just in this state he met Laura Marcy half way, flirted desperately, rode over the country roads beside her, till it was one of the unexplained problems what saved their necks in their headlong racing; sang with her, and found himself bound by an engagement before he half realized how far he was involved.

The marriage was hurried on, both the mother and willing bride energetically preparing all things for a grand wedding, and within six months Amy, in her dreary home, reading her cousin's letter, said, with a heartbroken sigh:

"She was right! Guy has forgotten me in less than six months. Oh, if I could only forget!"

But she could not, poor little, crushed, faithful heart. She thought she was so far happy, that when her share of the farm drudgery was over she could wander in the woods, and dream her love-dream over, comfort her aching heart with the memory of what had been, and whisper with but a faint, faint hope: "His mother may be wrong. He loved me so dearly, he will be faithful, and when Mrs. Chester sees that, she will relent and send for me."

She drooped visibly in those summer days, working over the unaccustomed routine of housework to help her grandmother, having a tender love from both the grandparents, but no mental excitement to drown her heart's hunger.

Very conscientiously Amy tried to do her duty by the old people who had given her loving welcome, overtasking her strength to aid in the daily routine of work, and careful of many little attentions the young can so gracefully offer the old.

But there was nothing to feed the cravings of brain and heart but memory and that faint hope. And upon the yearning cry of the loving heart for love and life came the letter inclosing Guy's wedding cards.

"She's over quiet for one so young," the country people said, and looks peaked."

But nobody saw the shadow under which the girl drooped and faded, her little feet treading unconsciously in the valley of Death. And Guy, with his energetic and boisterous wife, was plunging into city life with a rush and fervor that rather amazed his old associates.

"By Jove!" Creighton Daily said, twirling his blonde mustache, "I always thought Chester was one of

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"Hush! He is coming

your slow, lazy fellows, who are too indolent to be vicious; but he has awakened up with a vengeance. He will break his neck yet on that brute he rides. I'm a pretty fair whip, but I wouldn't be on her back half an hour for half a million. No, by Jove! And he plays so high that even Grantley whistles over his stakes. Never in my life saw a fellow so changed!"

"Somebody said he was going in for law in earnest," said a second voice.

"Bah!" said a third, "his mother's estate must come to him, and there's all the Marcy money."

But Guy had found "the Marcy" had quite a shrewd commercial head of her own, and meant to keep her purse-strings in her own fingers. Every dollar of Mrs. Laura Chester's fortune was securely settled upon herself, and she gave her husband to understand lainly that if he would gamble and give expensive suppers he must tax his mother for the cost.

And so, in a mad search for forgetfulness, a restless desire to be away from the uncongenial society of his wife, a dread of the self-reproach of thought, Guy Chester was throwing away all the finer instincts of his nature, sinking lower and lower in the scale of true manlinesss.

Spring was coming again, and, worn out in spite of his perfect physique, by late hours and a winter of reckless dissipation, Guy determined to run down to Chester Hill for a week or two.

"If there are any letters for me, you can open them," his mother said, rather carless, now that her point was gained, of Guy's knowledge of the machinery that had been put in operation to accomplish it. "I leave it to you to judge if any are important enough to forward."

There was but one, for most of Mrs. Chester's correspondents were sufficiently intimate to know they must use her city address between November and May.

But that one Guy tore open with trembling fingers, knowing well who penned the address, in faint, wavering lines.

"Dear Cousin (the letter read): I have been very sick all winter, getting a little weaker every day, and now I know that I shall never be better again. I know I ought not to love Guy, since he is married, and I try to remember it is wrong; but when I am dead, will you not tell him I left him because I loved him, and you were so sure it would be better for him to forget me. Give him my love—my love that will not die, notwithstanding I try so hard to kill it.

"Amy."

He never fainted, and he did not even groan as he read the words; but setting his teeth hard over a muttered curse that might have appalled even his mother's selfish heart, he went back to the railway station and took a train that would carry him to Harrisburg, the nearest route to the town from which the letter was posted.

"Will it be today? Oh, doctor, not to-day!" said old Mrs. Randolph, when the doctor turned away from the bed where Amy lay.

He only shook his head and passed from the room, while the sobbing old woman bent over the white, unconscious face upon the pillow. For nearly a week, since writing her pathetic farewell to love and life, Amy had lain just so, without any sign of consciousness. She swallowed obediently all food, medicine or drink put to her lips, but she never spoke, never lifted the drooping lids that half covered her large eyes.

"Passing away peacefully, poor lamb!" the kind-hearted neighbors said, and no one hoped ever so faintly for the return of consciousness. But, as she lay on that still April day, her breath coming with more labored sighs, her face growing ghastly with the touch of the great seal, she suddenly lifted her hand, opened her eyes, and smiled.

"Hush! He is coming!" she said.

"Wandering, poor dear," said one old crone.

"Guy! Guy!" the pale lips whispered, and in answer a quick tread crossed the porch, paused a moment, and came up the staircase.

One look showed Guy a little figure half lifted from the bed, arms outstretched, lips smiling, eyes radiant. Only one look! Before he crossed the room Amy sank back dead.

When April came again, sympathizing friends, deciding which was the most becoming style of mourning for Mrs. Guy Chester, said:

"Very sad, so young. But, my dear, he really was most terribly dissipated. His mother is half ruined paying his debts, and he gambled fearfully; though, of course, one does not want to blame the dead, it really seems providential that that brute of a horse threw him, at last, for his wife is young yet, and so wealthy—and really, you know ——" and significant shrugs finished the sentence.

But Mrs. Chester, the heart-broken mother, alienated from her son by his bitter speeches after Amy died, impoverished, childless, leads the life of a recluse, ever tormented by the haunting question, "Was it better to separate those loving hearts, remove Guy from gentle influences, and dig two early graves for money's sake?

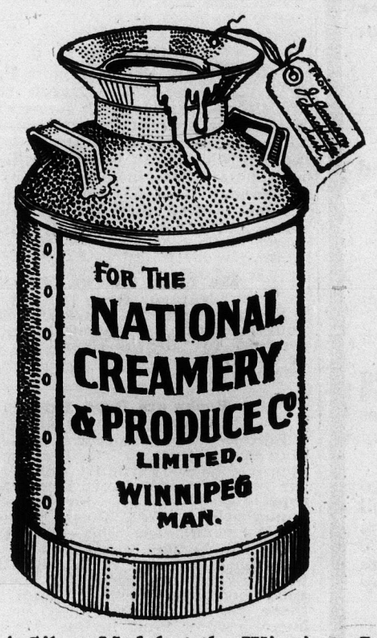
Mr. Carnegie, in his book, "The Empire of Business," says: "The first most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any or all the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up, and, if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to the rule."

Bishop R. S. Foster has said: "The church of today, much more the church of the future, must take to its heart the duty of combining and massing its force against gigantic atrocity of Christian civilization that mothers nine-tenths of the woes and sorrows that blight and curse our modern age—the traffic of intoxicants, which hides its deformity under forms of law. The conflict is now upon us. The church must lead in this reform. This is her most peculiar province. It comes in the line of the great class of moral issues of which she is the recognized guardian. The rum hole must be closed, or the rum hell will engulf Christendom. If ever the pulpit had a right, the duty to flay with unsparing rebuke, it is here."

According to Secretary Halle, of the National Liquor League, the dealers in Indiana are organizing themselves into congressional distlicts, there remaining but one to be formed. "When all are in line, a meeting is to be called to organize a permanent state association, and I have been in correspondence with many of the dealers with that end in view, and have their assurance that before the convening of the next legislature an Indiana State Association will be an accomplished fact."

Official reports to the State Department show that the English people are changing their drinks, and that beer and whiskey are steadily giving way to tea. During the last six years there has been a decline of nearly 2,500,000 barrels in the quantity of beer annually consumed in the United Kingdom. for the fiscal year 1906 the figures were 33,504,000 barrels, or 27.9 gallons per capita. There has also been a decrease from 1.1 proof gallons to nine-tenths of a gallon in the per capita consumption of spirits. Imports of tea for home consumption in the first seven months of 1906 were 155,767,710 pounds, an increase of over 10,000,000 pounds above the same period of 1905.

You Will Obtain the Largest Income From Your Milch Cows, If You Will Ship Your Hand Separator Cream to the National Creamery & Produce Co., Ltd. Winnipeg, Manitoba.



See that your Cream Cans are tagged "National Creamery & Produce Company, Limited," and we will do the rest.

We have the largest Creamery in Western Canada, with a churning capacity of over 25,000 pounds per day, and the way we buy our supplies in large quantities and the amount of Butterfat we handle daily, enables us to reduce the cost of making a pound of butter to a minimum.

This is why we can pay the price we do for Butterfat.

Our average price for Butterfat last year was 22c. per pound. We expect to do as well for our patrons this year, if not better.

We employ the most skilled buttermakers in the West. Our head Buttermaker has secured the following awards for his Butter: A diploma from the Government Dairy School in 1897; A Special Gold Medal donated by the Hon. Thomas Greenway for Butter scoring the highest of any exhibited at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition in 1896; A Silver Medal at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition in 1900; Gold Medal and Diploma at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition in 1901, and many other awards.

We pay by Express Money Order. This insures you against loss or inconvenience in cashing, as is the case when checks are used.

Ship us a few cans of Cream on trial, and we are satisfied that our methods of doing business will so please you that you will become our permanent customer.

THE NATIONAL CREAMERY & PRODUCE CO., LIMITED.

WINNIPEG MANITOBA

The Horseman's Stand-by

The thorough horseman is never without his favorite remedy. He cannot afford to be always at the mercy of the veterinary.

The big stables are always prepared. The bottle is ready on the shelf.

How is it with you?

Are you prepared to treat the **common ailments**—the ones that are liable to come at any time?

If your horse should go lame; should suffer from a cut, a kick, or a sprain; if he should be foundered, or get the colic, or the rheumatism, or distemper; should develop a spavin, a splint or a curb, are you ready to treat him off-hand?

TUTTLE'S ELIXIR

has been for many years the reliance for horsemen for these and many other ailments. Used as well by skilled veterinaries as by farmers, breeders, teamsters and other horse owners.

For external and internal use:

Tuttle's Family Elixir, for ills of men, women and children.

Tuttle's White Star, the best healing and drying liniment.

Tuttle's American Condition Powders, the best blood purifier for horses.

Tuttle's American Worm Powders, absolutely certain in their effect, guaranteed in every case to expel all worms.

Tuttle's Hoof and Healing Ointment, a perfect cure for hard and cracked hoofs and all diseases of the hoof.

Price on Tuttle's Remedies:

On and after this date the price of **Tuttle's Family and Horse Elixir** will be $4.00 per doz.; **Condition Powders,** $2.00 per doz.; **Worm Powders,** $2.00 per doz.; **Hoof Ointment,** $4.00; **White Star Liniment,** $4.00. Bottle sent by mail, $0.75.

Horse Book Free

We publish a book of 100 pages entitled, "Veterinary Experience," which contains the experience of our Dr. S. A. Tuttle, who has for many years been a successful veterinary surgeon. It is a clear illustration and description of the horse and his diseases.

Send for "Veterinary Experience" and other printed matter—**FREE.**

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W. A. SHAW, 1209 West Washington St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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DOES NOT INJURE STOCK.

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The Great West Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,

76 LOMBARD ST., WINNIPEG, CANADA.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Correspondence

During the present month we exchanged over four hundred letters, written in answer to letters which appeared in past issues of this magazine. We are daily in receipt of letters of praise from readers in all parts of Western Canada for our generosity in placing space in our magazine at the disposal of those who desire to get acquainted one with the other. We will continue the good work, and invite those who desire to address any of the writers in these columns to enclose their letter to us and we will forward it on. Please put a two cent stamp on all letters intended for re-mailing from this office. When writing always give us your full name and address, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith.

A Voice From B. C.

Heriot Bay, Valdez Island, B. C., March 19,1907.

Editor.—I am looking for a wife. You will do me a great favor by putting me in correspondence with some good woman who would be willing to change a bachelor's life into the life of a married man. I am a farmer. Any young woman looking for a good home please write and I will answer all letters.

"Fur Fur."

Ike Likes "Brown Eyes."

Nutana, Sas., Feb. 12, 1907.

Editor.—I am a constant reader of your magazine. I enclose letter; please forward to "Brown Eyes," of Portage la Prairie.

"Ike."

Books are Good Friends.

Hanley, Sask., Feb. 25, -907.

Editor.—Kindly forward letter to "A Man from Ontario." Enclose letter; appeared in your August number. I enjoy reading the Western Home Monthly, especially the pages devoted to the young people of the West. I feel sorry for the young men who come West and seek amusement which they would otherwise shun. Of course, they can always have recourse in books, and good books are good friends. What these young bachelors need is a good home, a good, kind, loving wife to make home sweet home.

"Bachelor Girl."

No Old Guyer for Molly!

Murchison, Man., Feb. 21, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your paper for four years, and find it a most interesting magazine. I would like to correspond with some of the young farmers. I am 5 feet, 6 inches, weigh 129 pounds, age 18, dark brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion, can do as some call themselves young at forty. housework to a fare-you-well. I would like to correspond with some young farmer between 20 and 25 years of age,

"Irish Molly."

From a Follower of Cain.

Spruce Grove, Alta., Feb. 27, 1907.

Editor.—Your magazine is all right. I am a blacksmith, also a subscriber, and I read your correspondence with great interest.

It think it so hard for a young man to hammer the anvil and cook his own meals as well. I want to get acquainted with some respectable girl. I am American born, 28, dark blue eyes, dark hair, weight 175 pounds, do not drink.

"Blacksmith."

A Chance for "Livery Boy."

Cypress River, Man., Jan. 14, 1907.

Editor.—I am an interested reader of your correspondence columns and would like very much to be of real use in brightening the gloom of the life of some lonely bachelor by opening a correspondence with some of them. By opening correspondence with some young girl their winter evenings may be brightened. I would like especially to correspond with "Livery Boy" and any others who feel so inclined.

"Nut-Brown Maid."

Daddies on Boozology.

Melita, Man., Jan. 26, 1907.

Editor.—Perhaps I should add a word of commendation to your magazine, The Western Home Monthly. I look forward to the coming each month with a great deal of pleasure. I consider any one well repaid for what the magazine cost them. I have been deeply interested in the different articles which have appeared from time to time during the past years. I read the views of the different "daddies" on boozeology which appear in your correspondence columns. As a judge down in Indiana once said, "that the cause of so many divorces was women's inclination for dry goods and men's for wet goods." Some of those daddies seem to have their craniums filled with a desire for a man of means instead of a mean man, or professional men and city life. Well, I have lived in a few of the large cities and most of them are fille dwith saloons, dead-beats, thieves, grafters, suicides, divorces and automobiles. If I owned some of these cities and the hot place I would rent them and live on the other uroperty. Arthur Rover, a writer in your **magazine,** who claims to have been to **the South** pole, East to Eternal procession of the Esquimaux, north to the Auroro Borealis and out west to sundown, seems to have a peck at "Farmer's Daughter" because she has her sky piece stuffed with "women's rights." Well, I believe in women's rights to a certain degree. A man should never raise his hand to a woman, always take an axe.

"Anti-Booze Canadian."

A Voice from the Far North.

Ft. Saskatchewan, Alta., Dec. 4, 1906.

Editor.—I would like to correspond w'th "Bessie B" in September number. Will you kindly send me her name and address and oblige.

"Big Buck."

One for "Vinca."

Arcola, Sask., April, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward the enclosed letter to the correspondent signing herself "Vinca" in December number.

"Arcola."

Must Address Letter to "Blonde."

Clair, Sask., Feb. 22, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable monthly and find it very interesting, especially the correspondence part. Please send me the address of the young lady who signs herself "Blonde" in the January number.

"Merry Bachelor."

Wanted Young Woman of 20.

Mayville, Alta., March 24, 1907.

Editor.—Your correspondence columns are immense. I am in a part of the country where young ladies are scarce. My trouble, however, is that I am very reserved and am not likely to make many lady friends around here for two reasons: 1, that the girls are either married or are children, 2, I do not care sufficiently for dances. Of course the ladies will say what a selfish fellow. I am not a dancer and am not looking for a feed; and the inducements are not sufficient to tempt me out of a frosty night. I do not live in the wilderness and am not a "batcher" but a "bachelor." If any young womanof my own age (20) cares to correspond with me please give her my address.

"Stub L."

Who Measures Up to this Standard?

Touchwood, Sask., March 22, 1907.

Editor.—It has been both a profit and a pleasure to me to read your valuable magazine for the past two years. I am a subscriber. I would not miss one copy for the world. I take great interest in your correspondence columns of late as I am one of the lonely bachelors of the wide West who is building up a home for himself and in doing so would like to get some good girl as a wife to help me in this important task.

As to myself, I am of fair height. length and size, and in emergency might make a good telephone pole provided I was planted right and properly treated. I am of fair complexion, do not use liquor or tobacco in any shape or form as I have been brought up to shun these things, and more, I don't even know the taste of liquor. I have my faults like other people, am generally considered good looking, am fond of music and art, though I am not gifted in these lines. My literary tastes run in the line of works that are founded on fact, not the kill-me-quick sort. I have one of the finest homesteads in the district and am duly proud of it. Therefore, I want some young lady who is not afraid or ashamed to help a fellow build up a home that will be a credit to any community. As to my wants, I am rather hard to suit in the line of a life partner, as I have an ideal which I would like to have her come up to. I would like to correspond with some young ladies who are musically inclined, who have refined tastes, and are not too fond of this world's pleasures and would give proper attention to the making of a home. I don't want the expensive sort, but just a good everyday respectable sort, with plenty of life and fond of harmless conversation, not gossip or slander. I prefer a fair complexion, with either blue or dark eyes, dark hair, fairly tall and proportionately built, of good figure, and above all, healthy and strong, with a loving disposition and used to farm life. Must be a good cook and housekeeper.

"Lonely Hopeful."

Rosebud Wants to Correspond.

Alameda, Sask., March 12, 1907.

Editor.—Having become interested in your correspondence columns, I beg leave to forward you my impressions. I must say that the individual who gave himself the flashing name of "Devil" must be possessed of a considerable amount of self pride. I wish to ask him how long is that trumpet he speaks about? He thinks that girls are his inferior. I fancy he must either be dreaming or writing when in a fit of jealosuy. He has forgotten his mother or sisters, or has the misfortune of not being intimate enough with them. He asks the girls to criticize him. I

would like to be able to
opinions of him to himself
"Sky Lark's" letter most
He is more modest reg
merits than our worthy fr
mentioned. Well, as every
has given a description of t
al appearance, I will fall in
the same. You know the
"out of fashion, out of the
am the average height, blue
hair. I am a fair cook and
the needle, and have th
farmer girl's education, am
of music and able to play
would like to correspond
young man in Western Can
"Ro

Burnside, Man., Feb.
Editor.—I am a reader of
able paper and like it fine.
ward enclosed letter to "A
Maiden," and oblige.

Hillburn, Feb.
Dear Sir.—Please send enc
to "Carry" in your January

Sidney, Feb.
Dear Sir.—Please forward
closed sealed letter to the
from Miniota, Man., who
name "Romola."

Wants the Address of a S
Sask., Jan.
Editor.—If I may venture
important topic as matrimo
say the boys, or some of
making a mistake in thi
require a wife. No man i
capable of choosing a wife w
the notion that he wants a
chore boy. When the time c
man to fall in love with an
will not think whether she
unable to work, but will th
her and keep her in luxury

ness at perhaps the cost of g
to himself. I would like to
address of some swell lady.
forgot to tell you that I am
dustrious, sober and in goo
stances. Am 5 feet, 8 inches
brown grey eyes, light br
good teeth and a good appetit
"Flunkey

We'll Send it Along, He
Rouleau, Sask., Feb.
Editor.—Please address and
the enclosed letter to "One of
sies," Portage la Prairie.

Leduc, Alta., March
Editor.—Please forward enc
ter to "Blue Bell No. 2" in
issue.

Editor.—Please forward lete
to "Bob," Saskatoon.

Editor.—Please forward l
closed to "Sky lark" in Feb
sue.

Can't Give Her Addre
Red Deer, Alta., March 1
Editor.—Please send me th
of "English Widow" in your
issue.

Red Deer, Alta., Feb.
Editor.—Please forward enc
ter to Peter Walton, Ontario.

Red Deer, Alta., Feb. 2
Editor.—Please forward le
closed to "Adolph" Strome, A
oblige.

Winnipeg, March 21
Editir.—Send enclosed
"Carrie," who wrote in your
number, and oblige.

would like to be able to pen all my opinions of him to himself. I think "Sky Lark's" letter most interesting. He is more modest regarding his merits than our worthy friend aforementioned. Well, as every person else has given a description of their personal appearance, I will fall in line and do the same. You know the old saying, "out of fashion, out of the world." I am the average height, blue eyes, dark hair. I am a fair cook and handy with the needle, and have the average farmer girl's education, am very fond of music and able to play a little. I would like to correspond with some young man in Western Canada.

"Rose Bud."

Burnside, Man., Feb. 21, 1907.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable paper and like it fine. Please forward enclosed letter to "A Dark Eyed Maiden," and oblige. "Shorty."

Hillburn, Feb. 25, 1907.

Dear Sir.—Please send enclosed letter to "Carry" in your January number.

"Jimmy."

Sidney, Feb. 21, 1907.

Dear Sir.—Please forward the enclosed sealed letter to the girl writing from Miniota, Man., who signs her name "Romola." "Sidney."

Wants the Address of a Swell Lady.

Sask., Jan. 24, 1907.

Editor.—If I may venture on such an important topic as matrimony, I would say the boys, or some of them, are making a mistake in thinking they require a wife. No man is ready or capable of choosing a wife while he has the notion that he wants a wife for a chore boy. When the time comes for a man to fall in love with any lady, he will not think whether she is able or unable to work, but will think to win her and keep her in luxury and happiness at perhaps the cost of great labor to himself. I would like to have the address of some swell lady. I almost forgot to tell you that I am honest, industrious, sober and in good circumstances. Am 5 feet, 8 inches high, have brown grey eyes, light brown hair, good teeth and a good appetite.

"Flunkey Frank."

We'll Send it Along, Henry.

Rouleau, Sask., Feb. 27, 1907.

Editor.—Please address and forward the enclosed letter to "One of the Lassies," Portage la Prairie. "Henry."

Leduc, Alta., March 20, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Blue Bell No. 2" in February issue. "August."

Editor.—Please forward leter enclosed to "Bob," Saskatoon. "Nelly."

Editor.—Please forward letter enclosed to "Sky lark" in February issue. "Denny."

Can't Give Her Address.

Red Deer, Alta., March 16, 1907.

Editor.—Please send me the address of "English Widow" in your February issue. "Farmer."

Red Deer, Alta., Feb. 8, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to Peter Walton, Ontario.

"M. A.S."

Red Deer, Alta., Feb. 20, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward letter enclosed to "Adolph" Strome, Alta., and oblige.

Winnipeg, March 21, 1907.

Editir.—Send enclosed letter to "Carrie," who wrote in your January number, and oblige. "Sandy."

Girls Not All the Same.

England, Feb. 6th, 1907.

Dear Editor.—I like your splendid magazine so much that I wish to show my appreciation in a practical way, by enclosing subscription for a year. I do so enjoy reading the correspondence columns. I should think, by the many fierce attacks on "Home Lover's" letter, that that gentleman is beginning to be "sorry he spoke." I thought his letter rather funny myself, there is so much a "There-you-are-girls, you-may-take-me-or-leave-me" kind of flavor about it. Perhaps his bark is worse than his bite, and he painted himself in pretty black colors to scare off the "cripples, lazy girls and Roman Catholics" mentioned by another correspondent. I wonder if he has "got off" yet. I can sympathize with the young man signing himself "Limber Jim," as I have just been served the same way myself, only in this case it is the man that has been cruel, and not the girl. I have been corresponding with a Canadian young man for a long time, have been engaged to him in fact, and have had to put up with a lot of opposition because I would not give him up when things did not go just well with him, and then in just one short week he met a girl he thought he liked better and calmly threw me over for her, and at once acquainted me with the fact without expressing a word of regret at his cruel conduct. So I think "Limber Jim" is wrong when he says girls are all the same. I might just as well think that all Canadian young men are the same as the one I have just mentioned, but I don't because I know some who have always acted on the straight.

"Englishwoman No. 1."

Chance for Good Looking Fellow.

Ladstock, Sask., Feb. 21, 1907.

To the Editor.—I have been reading the letters in the Western Home Monthly and would like to correspond with one of the bachelors. I am a young lady fairly good education and can play the piano. I am Scotch and would like a nice tall fellow, good looking, with blue eyes and in a good position, One who has no bad habits. Trusting that one or two of your bachelor correspondents will write me a line. "Violet."

Daisy Likes Tall Dark Fellow.

Sask., Feb. 1st, 1907.

To the Editor.—I am desirous of becoming acquainted with some Western bachelor who has a comfortable home. I am a farmer's daughter and can do all kinds of housework. I am five feet four inches high, with blue eyes and brown hair. Would like a tall, dark fellow, who has not bad habits. I am 19 years old and quite musical. Hoping to hear from some of the bachelors soon. "Daisy."

Rocanville, Sask.

Dear Sir.—Please forward enclosed letter to "One Fair Maiden of Alta.," in reply to her letter which appeared in February number. "Jim."

"Chatterbox" to "Sloppy Soby."

Brandon, Feb. 1907.

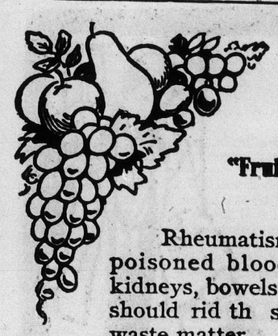
Dear Sir.—In reading your correspondence columns I think you have a great many fine bachelors who would not have any trouble in choosing a good wife if they had the chance to meet them, but away on a farm forty miles from nowhere, I think it must be hard and lonesome for them. I am very much taken with the letter "Sloppy Soby" writes and would like to correspond with him. I am 31 years old, have blue eyes, dark hair, stand 5 feet 3 inches, weigh between 125 and 130 pounds, a very good housekeeper and fond of country life and home.

"Chatterbox."

Basswood, Man., Feb. 25,1907.

Dear Editor.—Please forward the enclosed letter to one who signs himself

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.



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"Fruit-a-tives" remove from the blood the poison which causes Rheumatism.

Rheumatism means poisoned blood. The kidneys, bowels and skin should rid th system of waste matter. If either of these vital organs become weakened or diseased, the body cannot throw off this waste fast enough.

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"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism because they eliminate urea, by increasing the action of bowels, kidneys and skin.

This is the only possible way in which Rheumatism can be cured to stay cured. And "Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy in the world that completely eradicates the disease from the system.

"Fruit-a-tives" will cure almost any case of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the natural medicinal action of fruit is many time increased by the process of combining them.

Then tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into tablets. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa. 111

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(or FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

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For the Summer Bride and Bridesmaids.

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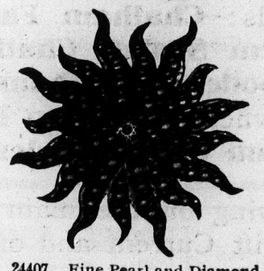
24515. Fine Amethyst and Pearl Heart Pendant, with Necklet $18.00

24295. Pearl Lover's Knot Safety Pin, $4.50

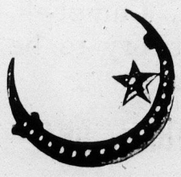
24512. Baroque Pearl Flower Pendant with Necklet, $13.50



24407. Fine Pearl and Diamond Brooch or Pendant, $90.00

24284. Initial Hat Pin, any initial, set with pearls, $6.00

In the making of special Monogram Jewellery. ten days time is required.



24470. Pearl Star and Crescent, $6.30

24283. Monogram Bar Pin, in Pearls, $10.00

24280. Pearl Double Heart Broock, with any two initials, $18.00

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT will serve you to your satisfaction, no matter where you live. "Your money back if desired" is your safeguard. Write for complete Catalogue.

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Gold and Silversmiths, --- WINNIPEG.

Allow me to introduce

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(BRIGHT PLUG)

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Write for Illustrated Catalogue H. and Prices, on our Coil Spring Wire Fence. For strength, durability, ease of construction, lasting qualities, the Anchor Fence has no equal in the market. We manufacture the Majestic Woven Wire Fence also.

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Parties living on the main line between Pense and Swift Current and on the Soo line, send orders to Bunnell & Lindsay, Moose Jaw, distributing agents for that territory. Alberta customers send orders to John I. Campbell, Calgary, and orders for other territory to be sent to Wm. Atwell, Brandon, Man.

The MANSON CAMPBELL CO., CHATHAM, ONT.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

We positively give **both a Solid Gold Laid STEM WIND** American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timekeeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a $50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain, Ladies or Gents style. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 89 Chicago.

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Men's made to measure Clothing of highest merit. Spring stocks of materials are now complete. If we have no agent in your community, write us for samples and quotations. Catalogs and measuring charts on application. Local agents wanted everywhere.

E. R. Bollert & Co. 25 and 27 Wyndham St. GUELPH, ONTARIO.

"Devil" in the February issue of your paper. "Kitten."

Birnie Bachelor Wakes Up.

Birnie, Man., Feb. 18, 1907.

Dear Editor.—I am a bachelor and live 2½ miles from Birnie. I would like to correspond with some girl as I am tired of living alone. I am 24 years old, and stand 5 feet 4 inches. I have 160 acres of land and a good shack to live in and plenty of wood to keep her warm. "Birnie Bachelor."

Fat Lady not Wanted.

Medicine Hat, Alta., Feb. 18, 1907.

The Editor.—I have always been interested in the fair sex and my interest has been augumented by reading the many letters in your valuable magazine. Some men want too much and some too little. So while I am in pressing need, having decided that it is no longer good for me to be alone, and it makes no difference about the nationality or kind; yet I would not be contented with a mere cook. To be sure she must be a good cook, not too bad to look at, not so fat that her tracks are greasy, and she must not be running around the neighborhood gossipping and letting the biscuits burn or take three hours to comb her hair when we want to go somewhere. Such a one would find in me a faithful and affectionate husband. Now, where is she? I mean business. "Overland Shine."

Leduc, Alta., Feb. 20, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward this letter to the lady who signs herself "One Fair Maiden of Alberta," in the February number. "W. A."

Can Play Piano, Paint and Shoot.

Balcarres, Sask., March 10, 1907.

Edtior.—I have read with increasing interest the correspondence in your paper in the matrimonial question. Now, I am a young woman, 19 years old and not too bad for looks. I am about medium height. I would like to get married to some honest young man who does not use liquor, and he must be good looking. He can smoke, if he likes. I am a very good housekeeper, can play the piano and paint, and am a very good shot with the rifle. I do not like tooting my own horn, so if any young man wishes to correspond with me I will answer all letters.

"Fair Fae."

John Bull on the Scent.

Bagot, March 16, 1907.

Editor.—I read in a copy of your magazine which my son-in-law subscribed for, a letter from an English widow in which she states that she wants a husband. I am an Englishman and would like an English lady for a wife. I am a widower, a farmer, age 43. I have a good comfortable home, no outside work, and lots of help in the home. "John Bull."

The Masher is Long-Winded.

Moose Jaw, March 15, 1907.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your magazine and greatly interested in your correspondence columns. It is amusing as well as interesting to read the difference of opinion and the line of thought brought out by some of the writers, also to study and form ideas of the character and personality of the writers, and also the different opinions of the real virtues of an ideal husband or wife. Now, I happen to be in a class called bachelors. I cannot say I am really in love with my lot as such. I have batched at intervals and find it lonesome, and taken together it is not a very desirable life. Some men expect their better half to do all kinds of slavish work. Woman, in my estimation is man's helpmate (not slave, and the type of woman I would say to be a model wife is one that is willing to work in the interest of her husband, to share with him the ups and downs of this life and try to make home comfortable, cheerful and pleasant. Of course, the man should do his part to make home agreeable. They should consult one another upon intended or suggested improvements or purchases. Many a man has gone to the "wall" by keeping his real financial standing from his wife and allowing her to go on in her extravagances, when, if she really knew his financial standing she (if the right kind of wife) would be only too willing to sacrifice to help to elevate him to a more substantial footing, or in other words, live according to their means. Say, Mr. Editor, I think I should have been a preacher. What do you think? It is sometimes easier to talk than to practice what one preaches. Some of the lady writers are very hard on tobacco and strong drink. Well, I used to be myself, but I have seen plenty of life's other side in that respect, especially strong drink.

Ladies, how about chewing gum? I would rather see a man smoke than a lady chew gum. I want none of it in mine, but I suppose she had better chew gum than chew the "rag." I think we all have our little bad habits, our own peculiarities and tempers. One writer objects to red or auburn hair. The color of the hair does not matter much, it does not indicate the kind of cook or housekeeper she would make or the kind of temper she has. For my own part I am rather a little partial to that auburn or blonde colored hair. My choice in this respect may seem peculiar since I have brown hair myself, but if you ever see me you might think me more peculiar. If any young lady in your large circle would like to exchange views with me on matrimony or any other topic of interest, they will find my name and address with the editor. I will not ask her to write first, only merely to intimate her willinness to do so to me and I will answer all letters and questions to the best of my ability. Yes! and I will exchange photos. I am not pretty but will be willing to show myself as I am in the market for a true, loving and affectionate wife and not a slave, and one that does not want a slave for a husband. I am not rich and never will be until I get a wife, and then I will consider myself a rich man. Houses and land I have some, but a wife "none."

"The Masher."

Wanderer Wants a True Home.

Earlville. Alta., March 12, 1907.

Editor.—The discussion of the matrimonial question in these columns is amusing, also instructive. Most of the writers see it only from one point of view, their own. Many do not understand the conditions of the West. Here you find men of all classes, the majority of them wide-awake, clever fellows. Their object to make money and a place for themselves in the coming country. A great many of them will leave as soon as they have a competence, unless they have a home here by that time. The longing for a mate grows on them in this almost womanless West. Most of these young men would love and give a good honest girl a square deal. What the man here in the North-West wants most is the refining influence of woman. Chief of all, that sensible, lovable, sweet natured one, known as the womanly woman, capable and intelligent. What I want is a companion and chum, a girl who will have a smile and a cheerful greeting for me. The wife makes the home and I want a girl who will make a true home. Intelligent? Neat? Yes! but above all, "homey."

"Wanderer."

Lumber Jack Likes Cheerful Bessie.

Fort Saskatchewan, April 9, 1907.

Editor.—I have been a steady reader of your Western Home Monthly for some time, although not a subscriber as yet. I think yours the most perfect all round home magazine in the market and I admire it in every way. The correspondence columns are quite a feature. Some of the letters from both sexes are interesting, in fact really good. I have a farm and intend going to live on it this spring. I notice a letter in your February issue from a young lady who calls herself "Cheerful Bessie" and I think she is just the girl I am hunting for. Kindly forward the enclosed letter to her.

"Lumber Jack."

Frank Sends Letter to Blonde.

Hardisty, Alta., March 21, 1907.

Editor.—I enjoy reading your interesting magazine, especially the correspondence columns. The bachelors are very numerous in this part of the part of the country and as yet the ladies are very scarce, therefore, I would like to get acquainted with some of the young ladies through your columns. I believe that "Woman's Friend" has very high ideals, but nevertheless she has some very good ideas. Will you please address the enclosed letter to "Blonde" whose letter appeared in your January issue and oblige.

"Frank."

Denholm, March 22, 1907.

Editor.—I take great interest in reading the letters in your correspondence columns. I am one of those lonely bachelors and would like to know if there is a woman between the age of 25 and 35 years who would correspond with me. I do not want a slave. I want an agreeable companion and if she can cook Irish lemons as good as I can she will suit. Since I have been batching I have learned that a woman has enough to do in the house without going out to feed pigs and other stock, or pitching hay. I think that sort of work unsuitable for a woman. As for my part, I shall never ask my wife to go in the field and work. I have always fed my pigs and calves and all other stock myself. If I am away they can wait until I come home.

Changing the subject, I agree with "Manitoba Maid" and "Another Interested Reader" that many of the bachelors ask too much of their intended better half. I know a number of bachelors who are one hundred carat fine. I have met a few young ladies in the West who rank well up with the best of our bachelors, but they are few and far apart. I would like to make the acquaintance of one or two by correspondence. I would do all in my power to make a good woman happy. I prefer Protestant correspondents as I am one myself, Scotch at that.

Hoping that I will receive a nice letter or two from those who are sincere. "Scotch Farmer."

Here is Another with the Fever.

Indianford, March 28, 1907.

Editor.—I have taken your Western Home Monthly for the past two years and think it is just fine. I like to read the correspondence columns. I think some of the young bachelors are looking for a slave. I think that when a girl of good character gets married she should have a good home and live comfortably without any hard work being rushed at her. If the wife wants to go to town or anywhere else she should have a horse and buggy ready to take her there. The wife has as much right to drive as has the husband. I am a young man 23 years of age, good looking, fair complexion, stand 5 feet 10 inches in height and weigh 164 pounds. I am a member of the Methodist church and a good Christian young man, brougth up in a Christian home. I was raised on a farm and came from Ontario with my father and mother some 18 years ago. I do wish you would give me the address of a few young ladies. "Lonely Bill."

A Good Sort of Chap.

Rathwell, Man., March 20, 1907.

Editor.—I am a delighted reader of your good magazine. I have read a number of the letters from bachelors and think that it is not a wife they want but a mule team to go and do their work. If the wife does the several household duties, viz., cooking, mending, etc., she should not be expected to do more. One bachelor says that the girls are the cause of some men drinking to excess, but I have seen good women having drunken, good for nothing husbands—who spent their wages in the rum shop—while the wife had to work hard so that the little ones might get bread. I think it a downright shame for any man to treat a woman in that way. I would not want a woman to feed pigs or calves as I know that they have enough to do without doing these things. I am a young man, 19 years old, dark complexion, brown eyes. I attend the Methodist church and Sunday school and am not very anxious to get married, but if I should meet anyone in my correspondence whom I would grow to like I should not hesitate doubling up I should like the address of the young woman who signs herself "Blonde," also "Carrie." I do not use strong drink or tobacco. "Buster Brown."

Address Them Through this Magazine.

Moose Jaw, March 11, 1907.

Editor.—Will you give me the address of "English Widow," "Polly Flinders" and "Marjorie" whose letters appeared in your February number.

"Busy Bachelor."

Would Exchange Photos.

Findlay, Feb. 12, 1907.

Editor.—In looking through your correspondence in the Western Home Monthly I would like to exchange photos with the young man who signs his name "Adolphe of Kentucky." I am twenty years old, light comlexion, have a small fortune of my own of $650 yearly. Am from the East, have been in Manitoba ten months and want a home of my own.

"Winter Sunshine."

Amost Any Sort of Female.

Mandal, Sask., Feb. 7, 1907.

Dear Editor.—Having got hold of your splendid magazine my eye stole a glace at the correspondence column, which I enjoyed very much, and I got the idea I would write and see if any girl would answer—it makes no difference whether it is a girl or not, a young widow would do, and if someone would write to me I would be thankful to the Western Home Monthly for putting me into correspondence. I do not like the novelty of batching and I regret to say that it seems no girls are coming in either, and the few that are here are so "high turned" that it is impossible to get near them. Some of the writers say that the men are so rough in this country, bu I advise them to come up here, and see all the nice young bachelors, and I am one of them. I dare not say that I abstain from liquor and tobacco, but I can take care of myself. "Very Anxious."

Whitewood, Sask., Feb. 15, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to young man signing himself "Young Jim," of Swan River, in January number. "Daisy."

Knocks Out Red Hot Liner.

Arizona, Man., March 24, 1097.

Dear Editor.—I always read with great interest the numerous letters in your correspondence columns each month and enjoy them very much. I am not much of a scribe myself and have refrained from giving my views on different subjects until now.

In last month's issue I noticed a letter from "A Woman's Friend" and I do not think I would be doing the men, and some of the honorable women, justice in letting her letter go unchallenged. In the first place it states that 99 per cent of the men today are degraded, immoral, being not fit for the swine-herds and seeking whom they may devour, and, on the other hand, 99 per cent. of the gentler sex are good and pure, and the remaining one per cent. owe their downfall to the 99 per cent. of the opposite sex. Now, Mr. Editor, I think you will agree with me that the party must have had considerable personal experience with this class of people or she would not be able to picture them so vividly in her "prayer." She also states that 99 per cent. of the women marry for love and love alone. I have travelled over several countries, met all classes of girls of different nationality and I think I can safely say that not more than one per cent. of them marry their "ideal" and not more than fifty per cent. of them marry for love and love only. Could give you several reasons why the other 50 per cent. marry. One is, they may never get another chance and have no particular dislike for the party who asks their hand in marriage, or perhaps he may have a good position, and be in good circumstances and when they weighed the matter up they considered they would prefer being his wife, rather than an old maid. I could name scores of reasons but space will not permit. I have known women who were supposed to be greatly in love with one of the opposite sex, and gave him to understand he was the only one. He had a good position, being a professional man, and when his health failed him and he went farming she recoiled from him as though he were a serpent.

Young men, it would be wise before taking the final step to ascertain which is the chief attraction, yourself or your position. I am not one of the sharks "A Woman's Friend" speaks of, though I use tobacco but am a total abstainer. Of course, we cannot all be perfect like "A Woman's Friend" but I think it would be well for her to memorize these few lines which I have just clipped from a paper.

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly becomes any of us
To speak evil of the rest of us."

Hoping this letter will by chance escape the waste-paper basket and wishing you and all the readers a prosperous New Year. "Fair Play."

Marriage Without Love is a Failure.

Olds, Alta., March 17, 1907.

Editor.—Having read with interest your correspondence columns for some time, I thought I would try my hand. I have lived in the West four years, am a bach, as they call us single men of marriageable age, and have noticed that some bachelors are no good, also that some are good decent fellows. I admire a man who helps his wife with her household duties, and I think a man who wants a woman to do chores should buy some of the latest labor saving machines. I pity the man who gets "Carry," who wrote in the January number, as she seems too imperative in her demands. I like to see a man make his wife as happy and comfortable as possible and a true woman should make it her aim to make her partner happy also. A man who gets drunk and abuses his wife is, in my estimation, a beast of low ideals and inordinate appetite. Let the girls beware and shun the man who likes the flowing bowl, so also let the young man shun the girl who keeps bad company, also the two-faced lass and the girls who think of nothing but dress and pleasure. Let both the young woman and man look well before they marry, for on their foresight and choice depends their future happiness. Marriage without love is a failure as has oft been proved. There is great room for reform in the manners and morals of both sexes, as none of us are perfect. Let not the fair sex get the idea that the bachelors are a bad lot, and the lads should not denounce the fair sex just because they do not happen to love them. "Limber Jim" must be afflicted with bad sight or he would surely see a real lady once in a while. There are lots of them. Jim. Have another look and you may yet be a happy husband. I would be pleased to correspond with some of the fair readers of your paper.

"Hardy Gent."

A Reasonable Sort of Chap.

Banell, Alta., April 11, 1907.

Editor.—Being a reader of your very excellent magazine I take much pleasure in reading the correspondence pages. Some of your male correspondents want a great deal for their money, don't they? I am a farmer, not wealthy, but healthy, heady, and a worker. I am 29 years old, five feet, eleven inches, fair complexion, a Methodist, don't use the weed or liquor and don't swear, am naturally cheerful and like good company. I don't profess to be a model or an ideal young man, but would treat a woman as a woman should be treated, and would not expect her to rustle for the grub. I want a wife, not a hired man working for board and clothes. I don't expect her to be an angel. I would not know how to handle her if she were one, but would like to be able to look to her in all things and have her truly my better half. Please send me the name and address of "Ellen," Carberry, Man., also "Carry," who wants the model husband.

"Faughaballaugh."

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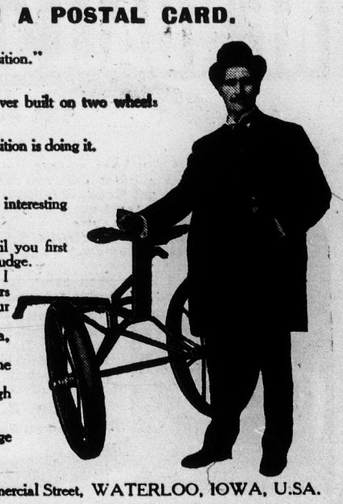

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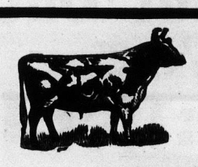

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The Late Dr. Drummond.

By Louis Frechette.

Dr. Drummond, the poet of the habitant, died April 6th at Cobalt, Ont. Drummond was the pathfinder of a new land of song, and, without instituting any invidious comparisons between his art and that of other Canadian poets, it may be said that he is better known outside of Canada, and especially in the United States, as "the Canadian poet" than any of his brilliant contemporaries. Not all his work is in the habitant dialect, and when he drops this vehicle, his lines rings out like Kipling's. In "Home" he makes Britain speak as a mother of her colonial sons.

Though not a native born Canadian, the late Dr. Drummond was educated and brought up in Canada and was in all essentials a son of the soil. Dr. Drummond is best known as interpreter of the Quebec habitant. His inspiration was at first hand from the so-called common people—the people who, like the so-called common sense, are anything but common, and whose lives and interests are thoroughly characteristic of their country and surroundings. Drummond's interpretation of the habitant was as different from the pedantic periods of the "library poet" as the graven image is from the living body. Personally he was a big man with a big heart and wide sympathies, and the poetry and pathos, the demure humor and the quaint courageousness of the French-Canadian touched a responsive chord in his nature. His literary work was a labor of love, a relaxation in the hours of a busy man, consequently he only wrote when he had something worth the telling. There was never any straining after effect—the poems were truth itself with no more embellishment than the lives of the people he wrote about, and who admired and loved him as the first writer who had made their race articulate to the English-reading world. In recent years he had many imitators but his work will live in Canadian literature, and in the wider sphere of English literature, as a poet of true genius and the interpreter of the life of a most interesting and picturesque people. He has made "The Last Portage" but his memory and his works will live among Canadians for all time.

Selections from the Works of Dr. Drummond.

The following selections from some of the best known shorter poems of the late Dr. Drummond will be re-read with mournful interest at the present time. Here are a couple of the typical verses from "De Habitant":

"De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader, too, an' hees fader also;
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't funny,
For it's not easy get everything, you must know.

"All de same, dere is someting they got ev'rybody,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm working away dere, and happy for stay dere,
On farm by de reever, so long as I leev."

WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE.

One of Dr. Drummond's best known poems—and one of the most popular, too—is "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," a legend of Lac St. Pierre:

"On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of the wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scart and run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore."

Then after telling the tale of the wreck, the habitant draws the moral:

"Now, all good wood scow sailor man,
Tak warning by dat storm,
And go an' marry some nice French girl,
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drowned on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stay on shore."

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

"Maxime Labelle" is a Canadian voyageur's account of the Nile expedition. He explains the reason Queen Victoria wanted Canadians to go down the Nile to the relief of Gordon.

"I got de plaintee sojer, me, beeg feller, six foot tall,
Dat's Englishman and Scotch also don't wear no pant at all;
Of course de Irishman's the best, raise all de row he can,
But nobody can pull batteau lak good Canadian man."

Dr. Drummond sketched the innate gallantry of the French-Canadian in his fine poem, "De Nice Leetle Canadienne."

"You can pass on de worl' we'erever you lak,
Tak the steamboat for go Angleterre.
Tak car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—

Ma fren', dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch w'at we say every day—
De nice leetle Canadienne."

Then the poet of the habitant touches lightly on the French-Canadian tendency to large families—

"I marry ma fiancee w'en I'm just twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee,
Dat skip roun' de place lak lettle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see.

"An I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about—
Four boy and six girl, she mak ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
Of de nice leetle Canadienne"

THE JUBILEE ODE.

In the "Habitant's Jubilee Ode" he touches the patriotic chord:

"An onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly,
Wit' deir Englis brother, des Canayens is satisfy leeve an' die.
Dat's de message our fader geev us when dey've fallin' on Chateauguay.
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de wan we will kip alway!"

THE VOYAGEUR.

"Ax heem de nort' win' w'at he see
Of de voyageur long ago,
An' he'll say w'at he say to me,
So lissen hees story well.
"I see de track of hees botte sauvage
On many a hill an' long portage
Far, far away from hees own vil-lage,
An' sound' of de parish bell.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant.'
On de lan' we're de reindeer travel free,
Ringin' out strong an' clear.
Offen de grey wolf sits before
De light is come from hees open door,
An' caribou foller along de shore,
De song of de voyageur.

PRIDE.

Ma fader he spik to me long ago:
"Alphonse, it is better go leetle slow,
Don't put on de style if you can't afford,
But satisfy be wit' your bed an' board.
De bear wit' hees head too high alway
Know not'ing at all till de trap go smash,
An' mooshrat dat's swimmin' so proud to-day
Very often tomorrow is on de hash."

Edward de Seven of Angleterre
An' few oder places beside,
He's got de horse an' de carriage dere
W'enever he want to ride.
Wit' sojer in front to clear de way,
Sojer behin' all dress so gay.
Ev'ry wan makin' de grand salaam,
An' plaintee of ban' playin' all de tam.

An' dere's de boss of United State,
An' w'at dey call Phillipine,
De Yankee t'ink he was somet'ing great,
An' big as de king or queen,
So dey geev' him a house near touch de sky
An' paint it so w'ite it was blin' de eye,
An' long as he's dare beginnin' to en'
Don't cos' heem not'ing for treat hees frien'.

So dere's two feller, Edouard de king
An' Teddy Roos'-vel' also,
No wonder dey're proud for dey got few t'ing
Was helpin' dem make de show,
But, oh, ma Gosh, w'en you talk of pride,
An' w'at dey call style an' puttin' on side,
W'ere is de man can go before
De pig-sticker champion of Ste. Flore?

DIEUDONNE (GOD-GIVEN.)

No, sir, an' I can tole you, if you never know before,
W'y de kettle on de stove mak' such a fuss,
W'y de robin stop hees singin' an' come peekin' t'roo de door
For learn about de nice t'ings come to us;

An' w'en he see de baby lyin' dere upon de bed
Lake leetle Son of Mary on de ole tame long ago,
Wit' de sunshine an' de shadder makin'
No wonder M'sieu Robin wissle low ring aroun' hees head,

An' we can't help feelin' glad, too, so we call him Dieudonne,
An' he never cry, dat baby, w'en he's chrissen by de pries';
All de sam' I bet you dollar he'll waken up some day
An' be as bad as leetle boy Bateese.

THE FAMILY LARAMIE.

Hssh! Look at ba-bee on de leetle blue chair.
W'at you t'ink he's tryin' to do?
Wit' pole on de han' lak' de lumberman,
A-shovin' along canoe,

Dere's pretty strong current behin' de stove,
W'ere it's passin' de chimney stone,
But he'll come roun' yet if he don't upset,
So long he was lef' alone.

Dat's way ev'ry boy on de house begin,
No sooner he's twelve mont' ole,
He'll play canoe up an' down de Soo
An' paddle an' push de pole;

Den haul an' push about de place,
Till dey're fillin' up mos' de room.
An' say it's all right, for de storm las' night
Was carry away de broom.

Misdirected Energy.

Frances, a girl of thirteen, was destined by her mother to be a fine musician. While still a little child she was taught to read the notes and her tiny fingers were placed on the keyboard. Year in and year out the child was obliged to practice, and she acquired a measured amount of skill, but her playing was wooden and spiritless. In despair, her mother said to her, "What do you expect to be when you are grown up?"

The girl sighed. "When I am grown up, mother, if I have a house of my own, the first thing I shall do will be to order the piano chopped up for kindling wood. I want to be a doctor."

As time passed musical studies were dropped, and duly Frances went to the medical college. At last she was allowed liberty to grow in her own proper direction. She is a successful physician, treating nervous disorders with rare sympathy and understanding.

Vice consul general to Paris, A. E. Ingram, describes the French regulations concerning the sale of alcoholic drinks. It seems that the French people, who were formerly large consumers of light wines, are turning to stronger beverages, including absinthe, and the number of suicides caused by alcoholism is increasing in corresponding ratio. The government reserves the right to prohibit the manufacture, circulation and sale of any spirit recognized and declared as dangerous by the academy of medicine. The fines for violation of any of the regulations vary from $96.50 to $965, independent of the confiscation of the apparatus and beverages that might be siezed and of the repayment of the defrauded taxes. In case of repetition the fines are doubled. The same penalties are applicable to all persons convicted of having knowingly aided the fraud. As to the municipal regulations for the sale of beers and light wines in Paris, these beverages are considered as hygienic and relieved of all tax except that of transportation. The retail liquor dealers are allowed to keep open in Paris every day of the year until 2 o'clock in the morning, and in the provinces until 11 p. m. This closing time is readily extended on request, and the alarming feature of this increase in the consumption of alcohol is that less wine is now drunk. In 1873, two hundred liters of wine were drunk per inhabitant in France; in 1885 only seventy-five liters were consumed.

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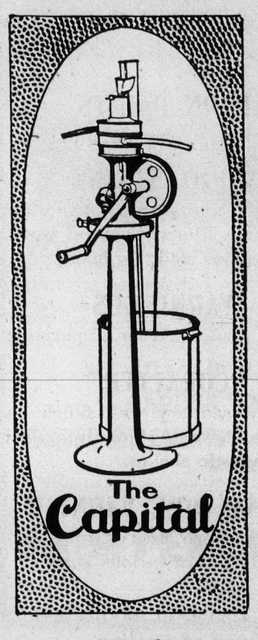
Tell me to show you how to get over thirty dollars a year more out of each cow you keep. Make me prove that four cows AND a Capital Separator will actually earn you —YOU, PERSONALLY —more money in cold cash profits than an EIGHT-cow herd and no Capital Separator. Don't take my say-so for it. Don't wrap yourself up in your own belief that it can't be done. It CAN be done, and I can PROVE it to you, in a practical, hard - sense fashion, with figures and facts that you won't want to dodge. Write to me and see.



Let's get the thing clear to start with. Here is what I say I can show you: That with four good cows and my method of separating, making butter—and selling butter—you can make more money in one year than eight cows will make you without my method.

If I do that,—if I do show you a difference of over thirty dollars profit a year on every cow you keep,—then I want to talk business with you. I don't want a cent of your money until you are satisfied that I have made good every word I say and everything I promise. I don't want to sell you a Capital Separator until you ask me to,—I shan't importune you, nor bother you. All I want to know is your name and address, and how many cows you keep. When I get these facts, I'll tell you some things you haven't heard before. I'll show you not only why you need a Capital Separator, but why you can make more money by my method of selling butter than you'll make any other way. It won't be all separator talk I'll talk to you,—you've read reams of separator argument, but you haven't heard yet about the right way to make butter and the right way to SELL butter. Tell me to tell you about it,—there's nothing to pay.

Why don't I tell you right here in print? Simply because I am not giving "blanket" advice. What might be a good plan for a man in Ontario wouldn't work in Manitoba,—and I propose to advise each dairyman according to his location and other vital details. Naturally, I want to sell Capital Separators. I am no philanthropist. But I will sell them faster because I can tell people how to make them pay,—and that's something new in this business.

I don't care what your experience with dairying has been, nor what with separators. You may have what you think is the best separator there is. Or you may believe, as many do, that there isn't any real profit in dairy-farming. I can show you where you're wrong in either case. Do I get the chance to do that? Will you listen to the mere, sheer, downright facts? Just write to me and say so.

I don't care whether you feel able to buy a Capital Separator or not. It won't be a hard matter, once you get to the buying point, to make terms with me. Some of my friends—I don't consider them merely my customers—take three years' time to pay in. Some of them pay in three months. Doesn't make any difference to me, because I know, and I can prove to you, that my Separator will buy itself the first year you have it. It will save you enough money and trouble, to pay for itself twice over in that time. And I can prove that, too,—just write and ask me to.

I've got a machine here, and a method, that will open your eyes to what there really is in keeping cows for profit. Maybe you are one of the few that know that already. Even if you are, you won't be any the poorer for reading what I'll write you. Let me tell you about the easiest separator to run you ever saw,—the easiest to buy,—the separator that skims cleanest and does it easiest,—the one with the really-low-down can,—and about the method that makes more butter, makes better butter, and gets better prices for it the whole year round. Just write to me—address as follows:

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My Revenge.

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER I.

A DEAD PAST.

They said I was mad when it all happened; that I was not accountable for my actions when I sought the revenge that I should have left to Heaven, and very nearly blighted the rest of my own life and my darling's by one rash act. Perhaps everybody is right, but it does not seem to me that I was mad. I had never been mad; no one belonging to me had ever had anything the matter with his mind. My senses were as clear then as they are now, and my plans as deliberately laid as any I ever made in my life.

I knew what I was about and what I wanted to do, and I never forgot why I wanted it. No, I am sure I was not mad; no maniac could have had such fixity of purpose or such determination to carry out what she had planned. It is many a long year ago now; I am an old woman, white-haired and feeble, spending my last days in peace, and only waiting for the lifting of the veil and the sound of the voices from the other side to summon me to the rest I had well-nigh forfeited by the dream of sin and anger.

I talk to my grandchildren sometimes of the long-ago days when I was young—when there were no railways nor electric telegraphs, nor any of the wonderful things they tell me now are in use. We had to sew with our fingers when I was a girl, and not drive a machine with the feet that sets stitches by the hundred in the time it took us to do a dozen. And there was no talking to people a mile and more away, as they tell me can be done now. I thought little Billy was poking fun at me when he told me, but his father said it was true, and that there was a machine for somehow doing up what people said, so that the same words could be spoken in the same voice thousands of miles away.

My son would never tell me a lie, and he said it was so, or I would not have believed all the newspapers in the world; and Billy read it out of a newspaper to me one winter evening.

But that is all what the boys call twaddle, and I am apt to twaddle, I know—old people are—and it was the story of my own sorrow that I was going to tell. I was a very pretty girl when I was young, and I had a good many lovers. I had no fortune except my face, and the men all seemed to think that would be enough, for they courted me as if I were the richest heiress in the kingdom. My father was only a poor clergyman, very poor indeed, for he gave away a great deal out of his small stipend, and we were often a great deal worse off than the peasants and fishermen around us.

I had no mother, no one but an old nurse to guide me, and she was far too fond of me to be judicious. I don't think I was a bad girl, but I was very vain and silly, and rather pleased with the attentions of the young men around me. Out of my many suitors there were two between whom I could hardly choose. We had all grown up together amongst the rocks and seaweeds of the shore, and it was not until I began to grow to womanhood that I realized that we were not sisters and brothers.

Either of them was a fitting husband for me. I had no aspirations beyond my seaside home, no wish for any society different from that which I found there. We had no kindred; my father had been brought up at a charity school, a nameless orphan, and my mother had been the only child of a farmer in the north of England, who had been earning her living as a nursery governess in a village where he was a poor curate. They had no money, for her father had been unfortunate in his business, and when he died of the worry and trouble of his confused affairs, there was nothing left for his child. They lived very happily, my father and she, notwithstanding their poverty; but she died when I was too young to understand how great my loss was, and the earth held no woman for my father from that hour.

I was a spoiled child; there was no doubt about that; everybody gave me my own way, and even when the question came of my being married, my father would only tell me to please myself. I hardly knew how to do that, for I was as much in love with Edward Bathurst's handsome face and black eyes, as I was with the sterling qualities of my other suitor, Harry Wylde; more, I think, for he flattered me more, and told me oftener how beautiful I was—a fact which I liked to hear of as much as possible.

I think these two were the only ones who really wished to marry me; there were plenty of others ready to flirt with me, and to pay me compliments; but both these wanted me for a wife. My father favored Harry Wylde, of course; he was the steadier of the two, though not quite so well off as Edward Bathurst, who had a boat of his own to Weston-super-Mare, near which place our village was situated. He was the best match, but Harry was the best man. That was what my father used to say, and, after a time of battling with myself, I came to think so too.

I was a very happy girl on the night when I told Harry I would be his wife, and he said that he was the happiest man on the whole earth. It seemed as if Heaven almost was before us, for Harry was prosperous, and our little home was very neat, and everybody congratulated us—everybody but the man I had refused, and he swore he would be revenged on me, on Harry, on everybody concerned for my rejection of him. It had been fair enough; I had told him, without any beating about the bush, that I had resolved to take Harry; but his was one of the ungenerous natures that can brook no rivals.

"I'll have my revenge, Agnes Bartlett," he said, hissing the words into my ear with a look that made me shudder, "if I wait a lifetime for it. I'll have it when you are least thinking of it, when you deem yourself most secure; no one ever wronged me yet, without paying dearly for it, and I have a heavy debt to settle with you."

"You have none," I said proudly; "I have done you no wrong that I know of."

"No wrong!" he said, fiercely. "Is it no wrong to steal a man's heart out of his breast and make him your slave, your bondman? Is it nothing to lead a man on till the whole wide world holds nothing for him but the sight of your false face, and the sound of your witching voice, and then to tell him to his face that you are going to marry another man. Is all this nothing? You shall know what it is to me."

"But I have not done it," I said, horrified and frightened beyond measure, for he seemed in his excitement as if he were going to strike me. "I have never deceived you, not since I knew myself which I liked best."

"Which she liked best!" he echoed, with a sneer. "It is not by fair means that she has liked him, the mean underhand hound. Think of me on your wedding-day, Agnes Bartlett, for as sure as there is a Heaven above us, I will have my revenge, and it shall be sure and sharp."

All the village knew of his madness, for it seemed little else. I had not been very careful, perhaps, but I had not acted dishonorably, and he had no right to threaten and frighten me as he did. My father told me never to mind, and Harry said it was all bluster, and there was no need to take any notice of it. Edward was not a bad fellow at the bottom, and he would soon see how foolish he had been in talking so blusteringly.

"He'll come round before our wedding-day, darling," he said, "and see you married, and laugh at his own

temper." But he did perhaps better than that; he went away altogether, and was not in Cobble End at all on our wedding-day.

"Cobble End was the name of our seaside village; an odd name enough, but not one which suggests a pretty place, but it was very pretty, and it never looked prettier than on my wedding-day; it was bright summer, the birds were singing and the trees waving, and everything seemed so glad that Harry and I were going to be happy. The bells seemed to sound louder and sweeter than I had ever heard them, and there was joy in the sound of the waves, as they dashed on the shore and rippled at our feet as we walked beside them.

There was no going away for our honeymoon; we were going to live in the village close to my father's house. Harry was going to take me to Bristol and Clifton for two days, but that was all, and that could not come off just yet, for it was the busy season. Harry professed to care nothing for Edward Bathurst's threats and wild words, but I think it made him decide to be married sooner than we should have otherwise been. He did not like the idea of my being exposed to the chance of meeting and listening to him.

"He won't interfere with my wife," he said; "he might try annoy my sweetheart."

So we were married right in the midst of the fishing season, when Harry was very busy and could only spare the day. But I was just as happy as if I had taken a holiday then. There was no sign of Edward Bathurst on our wedding day nor and day for a long while, and when he did come home he seemed quite a different man. He shook hands with me and wished us happiness, but there was a look on his face I did not like, and I told Harry I should be glad when he went away again.

Harry laughed at me, but I think he was glad too when it was known that Edward was going to leave Cobble End altogether, that he had only come home to dispose of his property and bid his friends good-bye. It was soon done; the houses were sold and the boat too, and we all understood that he was going to a place on the east coast, somewhere near Yarmouth. It was far enough away for me to feel quite comfortable. He could do me no harm there, and he would forget his anger and jealousy and settle down on his own account, in a quiet, Christian-like fashion.

I heard of him going his rounds of farewell in the village before I saw him; I was sitting alone in our little room with the door open, looking at the moonlight on the sea outside, when he came in suddenly as if he had started up from the earth. I had not been thinking of him, and I was rather frightened till I saw who he was. I said something about wishing him success wherever he was, but he turned upon me with eyes that glittered with evil passions.

"You ought rather to wish that I might never hold up my head amonst my fellow men again, Agnes. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wylde," he said, with a sneer at my new name. "Your wish should be that I might die conveniently soon."

"Why?" I asked, frightened, though I strove to appear at my ease.

"Because I shall keep my oath."

"What oath?"

"The oath to have my revenge on you and him for your treachery. You have sent me into the world a broken, disappointed man, and when you least expect it, my turn shall come, I will have vengeance full and bitter for every pang you have made me suffer."

I was so frightened that I hardly knew when he went away, and Harry found me crying bitterly when he came home presently. He did his best to cheer me up when I told him what had happened, and bade me never mind what Edward Bathurst said. "Revenge had gone out of fashion now," he declared, with a laugh, "and no one went about vowing vengeance like a stage ruffian."

I did not know what that meant; I had never seen a theater or read a play in those days, but I was roused and comforted by what he said, and I tried to think no more about it. Edward Bathurst went away to his new life, and we saw no more of him. I say we, for I did; I met him one night just outside the village, only for a moment, and he looked me full in the face and said:

"I never forget, Agnes Wylde, recollect that!"

No one else had seen him, and Harry always said it was my fancy, that I thought so much about his threat that I had conjured up his image. I knew better. It was his hand that touched me, and his voice that spoke in my ear in the loneliness of Weston Lane. I was sure of it then. I knew it without a doubt afterward.

CHAPTER II.

My married life was as happy and uneventful as most lives are in little villages by the seaside, and we had very little communication with the busy world at Cobble End. We had no lodgings to let to fine people, and Weston itself, such a proud, upstart town now, with its grand visitors and wonderful doings, was no more than a village itself.

My father died when I had been married two years, thanking Heaven that his darling child was so well provided for, and three years after that I was a widow myself. I can't bear to think of it, even now; the pang seems to come all over again that I felt when they brought my darling home to me a corpse. He had left me in the morning with a kiss and a blessing and a promise to our boy—a bright, darling child of four, with his father's eyes and sunny, curly hair—that he would come and give him a ride before I went to bed. It was an accident, caredessness somewhere; Harry was down by the sea, painting a boat, and she lurched over and crushed the life out of him before anyone could lend a hand to save him.

Everyone was very kind, but what kindness can compensate for such a loss as mine; a loss that left me alone in the world without relation or friend. I don't know how I ever roused myself to try and earn a living for my boy and myself, but Heaven was kind to me, and I did it somehow, though with such a sore heart and sinking spirit as I hope have fallen to the lot of few women in this world.

It was my boy that kept me up and spurred me on to do something and for a year I remained in the little village where I had been so happy, and all this time I had never heard of Edward Bathurst. Everybody thought he was dead, and I was glad to think so, too. But I tried to put him out of my thoughts as much as I possibly could, for the very remembrance of him always made me shiver; then I used to laugh at myself for my fears and reason with myself, and say:

"He can have no spite against me now; Harry is dead, and I have suffered enough surely to satisfy even him."

About a year after my great loss we had some sort of news of him. Someone, I don't know who, brought word to Cobble End that he had joined a band of desperados in the Western States of America, and that he was one of the most daring and wicked of the gang, who were said to respect nothing, and to hold life as nothing when they wanted to gain their ends. There was a great deal in the papers about them, but I did not understand nor quite believe all I heard, and went my way, thankful that I was left in peace.

I had to go into Weston one summer evening with some work. There was a clergyman whose wife was very good to me in the way of employment, and it was dark before I could get home. I was anxious on account of my boy, my little Harry. But he was a fearless child, and the neighbors looked after him for me when I was away. Still it was dark, and I hurried as fast as I could to get home while something of daylight still lasted. There was not a vestige of light when I did reach home, and

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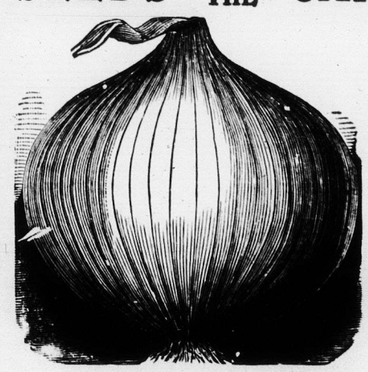

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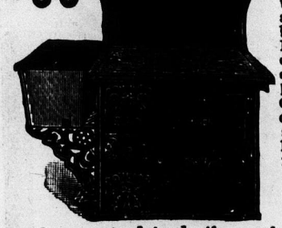

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The Wingold Stove Company, Ltd.

DEPT. H. M.

245 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG

no sign of my little darling.

I went through the village like one distracted; but no one had seen him. Everybody seemed to think that he had been with me to Weston, and would hardly believe me when I cried out that he was lost. All the village turned out to look for him, but it was no use; no one had seen him. There was no trace of him, no dropped toy or lost hat or shoe to tell which way he had strayed. Alas! there was only one solution of the mystery to me; he must have gone to the beach and fallen into the water. The tide had come in since I went to away, and all that I should ever see of my child again would be his corpse, even if the sea spared me that.

The neighbors came to be of my opinion. The child loved the water, as all seaside children do, and was happier playing at the very edge of the waves and paddling in the salt foam than anywhere else. No one in Cobble End ever thought of danger to their little ones in their play on the sands; no one ever thought of watching or restraining them; they took to the water as naturally as ducks, and were as safe beside it.

But it had been treacherous to me and taken away my boy,—and from that hour loathed the sight of it. He was never found. The current had set straight out to sea, no doubt, and I should never see or know him more till he welcomed me on the other side of the golden gate. I wonder I did not go mad then, but Heaven was all wise and left me my reason, doubtless for some good purpose; but the sorrow of that summer night turned me from a young, hearty woman into a broken-down wreck; streaks of white came into my hair, and my strength seemed to go.

My senses were all numbed and I was stupid with my grief, but I worked on mechanically, only longing for one thing—to get away from Cobble End and the memories of the place where I had suffered so much; and the opportunity came; I was offered work in a London house at terms which would keep me. Neat-handed needlewomen were in request in those days, and the money was found for a long, tedious journey—for we did not travel by rail then—and I went.

I did very well, I think. I have rather lost the recollection of what passed while I worked on in that place, the days were so like one another. There was only one feeling at my heart—a dead weight of sadness, a weary waiting for the time when I should lay down my load of life and clasp my dear ones in my arms once more. It was one dull November night, when everything looked blurred and dim in the yellow fog that was closing in over everything, and I was leaving my work more than usually tired and depressed. There was a heavy order to be completed by a certain time, and we were all working nearly double time, and no one can keep that up long without feeling the effects of it pretty strongly.

I was hurrying along with bent head and closely shut mouth, for the fog made me cough, when a man suddenly seemed to rise out of the mist in front of me. I have been told since that it was all a delusion, part of the confusion that was even then creeping over me; but I know better—it was a real man, looking something like a sailor in that he was brown and loosely clad, and certainly like a foreigner in that he had rings in his ears and a strange accent on his tongue.

"Mistress Wylde?" he said; and, startled out of prudence, I answered him

"Yes," I said. "What do you want with me?"

"I was bidden to give you this," he said, and put a paper into my hand.

Before I could speak to him again he was gone, and I was standing alone in the fog, with the paper in my hand I went home to my poor lodging and lit a candle. The paper was roughly folded, and had no envelope, and there were a few words scrawled on it in a hand that I had once known very well indeed; it was Edward Bathurst's handwriting—a curious angular hand, of which I had a specimen still in a book that had once been a favorite of Harry's and which had borne the friendly inscription before the two lads thought of being rivals. It was the same hand, and it was Edward Bathurst, who had scribbled the words that seemed to make my blood turn chill as I read them.

"Agnes Wylde, I swore to have my revenge and it has begun. You will never see your boy again. I have him, and mean to keep him and make him as great a villain as your treacherous heartlessness has made me. When you hear of his being hanged, as you may, remember me."

I suppose I fainted; I don't know; but I came to myself in bed, with the woman who kept the house standing by me. She wasn't a bad sort of woman, but she had her hands full, and she told me that they had sent after me from the place where I had worked and were very angry that I had not gone. I got up and crawled there and told the forewoman my story—all about it, for it did me good to speak, and I thought perhaps someone could help me, suggest something that would give me a clue to where my boy has gone.

She did not speak harshly to me, but she looked puzzled and rather frightened, I thought, and went to the manager. He came and talked to me, and then another gentleman

"He was lying asleep, with the rays of the evening sun slanting across his face."

whom I did not know then, but whom I have since found was a doctor. They questioned men and stared at me, and finally asked me if they might see the letter. I said yes, of course, why should I keep it a secret? But I could not find it—it was gone. How or where I did not know!

They sent me to my lodgings and asked the woman, but she said no, there had been no letter about me that she knew of, and she had not seen one in my hand when I came in. Then they shook their heads, and I knew that they were saying that I was mad, and the thought of it helped to send me so. They told me afterwards that I broke into wild ravings and accused someone of murdering my husband and my child, and was so violent that they had to send for help to hold and secure me.

I don't know anything about it; it might have been all true that they told me. I was in an asylum when I came to myself, with my hair cut off, and pads and straps all over me. They were not so merciful to mad people in those days as they are now, and I saw things in that place to send any sane person mad on the spot.

It seemed a lifetime that I spent there; it was many years. I had no friends to bestir themselves for me and get me released. I was useful and worth my keep; they said I had dangerous fits sometimes—I don't know—I think they lied, for it seemed to me that after the first outburst that sent me there I was a quiet, well-conducted woman, with one fixed purpose in my head, to get away, and seek my boy over the wide earth if necessary. It was my mania, they said, and of course they took every pains to thwart and conquer it. and it seemed to them, I daresay, as if they had done so.

I was a close prisoner, but I had many little indulgences inside, and now and then I caught sight of a newspaper, but very seldom; there were no such indulgences permitted then as are common enough now. We had nothing to read except by chance, and my chance came at last. It was as if Heaven had ordered it. Some Americans came to see the house and went through the wards, and one of them gave me a newspaper he was reading. It was a treat, whatever paper it was, and I hid it for fear it might be taken from me. It had news for me.

It was a Western paper, and spoke of what was going on in Michigan, which was then only half settled. There was a paragraph anent one "Red-handed Ned" and his doings, and I knew when I read it that the ruffian who was spoken of with horror and disgust even in that wild country was my old admirer, Edward Bathurst. He was spoken of as an Englishman, but outdoing in ferocity and cunning the wildest maurauders of the West, and there was something else that made my heart stand still as I read it. The foreign sailor and the letter had not been a dream; it was all true, and I was here unable even to revenge the awful wrong that he had done me. This was what I read:

"Retribution.—Things come round oddly in this world. Red-handed Ned's youngster, as the promising pupil of our old acquaintance is called hereabouts, is to be hanged tomorrow. If he is his son it will give his heart a twitch—if he has one; if only a protege and pupil, as some incline to think, it may only be an interesting study to see how the young one carries himself under the new and interesting circumstances. We incline to think that the lad is no kin to the red-handed one; we believe that he never had a wife or child, and that he has deliberately trained up this boy, an English lad, too, we fancy, to a life of crime. The world is well rid of the young ruffian; theft was nothing to him, murder came easy, and it is for a particularly bungling attempt at both combined that he is to pay the forfeit tomorrow. Plenty of precaution is being taken to prevent a rescue by Red-handed Ned and Co., and we hope that the morning's ceremony will only be a beginning, and that we shall have the pleasure of recording before long that the

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whole gang are in the grip of the law."

I think the shock must have given my weak brain the impetus it needed; that boy who was hanged was my child, my little Harry: and I would have a life for a life—and eye for an eye—they read it us out of the Bible. and if it was right for the men of old time, it was right for me. A plan of escape, for which I had been racking my weary brain for many a long day, seemed to come to me all in a minute, and in a week from the time of my seeing that paragraph, I was outside the asylum and had managed to elude pursuit.

CHAPTER III.

I could not have been mad; no mad woman could ever have carried out so fixed a purpose as mine, and had the patience that was necessary to do what was wanted. I was penniless and friendless, and in danger of being retaken and shut up more closely than before, and yet I managed to elude pursuit and get away across the sea. It was summer time, and I resolved to lose myself for a little amongst the farm-workers and hop-pickers, down in the Kentish valleys, and earn my bread for a time, and some money, too, for future expenses.

I was going across the sea to America, and I was going to kill the man who had robbed me of my son. This was my fixed purpose, that was with me, sleeping and waking, all through the long summer. I was never detected; I was not so mad but that I could hold my tongue, and work with the rest of the people, if not quite so hard, hard enough to pass muster, and earn the money I wanted. I spent nothing except a very few shillings to make some little change in my attire, and I kept to myself, and did not herd with the others when I could possibly avoid it.

When the last hop was gathered, and the season over, I had some money by me, enough to help me on the first stage of my journey. I got to Liverpool, and there I engaged myself as servant to a woman who was going to cross the Atlantic. She was not a good woman, and she could not get any honest servant girl to go with her. I had no character to give, no one to refer anyone to, and no one else would take me; it did not signify much; she was very good to me as far as food and clothes went, and not stingy of money, so that when I landed in New York and bade her good-bye, I had a fresh supply.

Then I had to get West, and that was not so difficult. I made cautious enquiries, but the name of the man I wanted was well enough known. I should have no difficulty in getting to the neighborhood, at least, of Red-handed Ned. He was known; his name was no secret to some people, and I knew without a doubt that it was my old admirer. The story of the boy who had been hanged was not forgotten, and I heard the whole horrible details over and over again till my brain used to reel when I thought of it. My boy! my darling! my Harry's living image! That he should have been stolen from me for such an end as this. I met a man one day who had seen him, and he told me that such a young ruffian and desperado had never been known even in that lawless part of the States.

He was a fair-headed, slight stripling, he said, looking younger than he was, with a face more like an innocent child's than a boy fiend, which he must have been to commit the crimes for which he was executed.

"It must have been born in him," the man said, in speaking of him. "Even Red-handed Ned—and he is about the worst and most desperate man in the world—could not have taught him what he knew of wickedness in the time he had him; he brought him from Europe after one of his trips."

I heard it—I, his mother, and I did not moan or cry. I was stunned, and could not speak. But after awhile I gathered my senses together enough to ask the man how it was that the man he called Red-handed Ned had never been taken.

"That's the puzzler," he said. "He is as wily as a fox, and somehow manages to be out of everything that other people swing for; but his turn will come some day. He will get his deserts as sure as he is alive this day. If he is alive no one has heard of him lately."

I could not have been mad, or I could not have listened as I did and continued steadfast in my purpose without betraying myself, and I made my way steadily on till I got into the country where the man I wanted was heard of last. He seemed to have disappeared. I found out what I wanted to know by accident. It all seemed accident, but I think Providence helped me for a wise purpose. If I had not gone on, then I should never have known—but I am rambling on, and the story will tell itself in due course.

It was through a woman that I found out where Red-handed Ned was—a woman who thought I was seeking him with some other motive than the real one.

"If I thought you wanted to betray him," she said, looking curiously at me, "I wouldn't tell you, for he has been good to me and my children, though he is a ruffian."

"I don't want to tell anyone anything about him," I replied, "I shall not tell a living soul that I have found him. I only want to see him for a minute; I have come many thousand miles for a word with him."

She did not suspect me—no one did—and she told me he was very ill, at death's door, hidden away in a little shanty in a town called Austin, about five miles away to the south. She was a native of Michigan, which I had reached by this time, and had been in the neighborhood of Red-handed Ned and his doings for many years. She told me the story I had heard, till my heart seemed turned to stone, of the fair-haired lad who had been so apt a pupil of the desperado, and I thanked her and went my way.

I found the little town of Austin without any difficulty, and the hut I wanted as well. I looked only a quietly dressed woman of the poor classes; no one would have guessed I carried a dagger, and that my purpose was as deadly as ever Jael's was when she went into the tent of Heber, the hermit. He was alone when I reached the shanty where he was lying asleep, with the rays of the evening sun slanting across his face, which was worn and thin, and evidently not long for this world. I knew him—I should have known him anywhere—the man who had courted me as a girl and persecuted me as a woman; and he was there at my mercy. He had done my boy to death—stolen him from me when he was an innocent child, and trained him to such wickedness that the world rejoiced to be rid of him, and not one voice was raised in pity for his youth or sorrow for his death.

Surely Heaven had given him into my hand to revenge that awful tragedy! My hand was uplifted, and in another moment he would have paid the penalty of his crimes, and I should have stained my soul with murder, when my hand was stayed. Harry, my husband—just as I used to see him when we were boy and girl together; before love stepped in to blight our lives—stood before me and wrested the weapon from my hand. I remember a scuffle and a struggle, and hearing the man on the bed call my name. There was a rush of hurrying feet and a confusion of many voices, and then a blank.

It had been spring-time when I entered that little hut with my fell purpose full on me; I had to wait for the melting of the snow and the opening of the roads to pursue my journey; it was glowing autumn, and the fruit was ripe on the trees when I came once more to myself in a clean, comfortable house, with a woman watching by my side. I would have questioned her, but the form of a man took her place, and a gentle voice called me "mother," and I knew that my boy was alive. I learned the story by degrees; it was all true except the last item: Edward Bathurst was dead before I recover-

ed my senses. He had stolen my boy with the intent of doing what he set down in that cruel note which a comrade of his had brought me. But the child had won upon him by some chance touch or some hidden chord of memory or feeling, and he had held his hand and stopped in his awful purpose. For some time he had kept him by him, and then he had sent him to such schools as he could, getting him a rambling kind of education and bringing him up in the belief that his mother was dead. He managed to keep from the lad for some time that he and his associates were only a gang of thieves, and Harry's was one to those natures to which evil does not cling as it does to some; he remarkably free from vice, considering his association with lawless men.

The young man who had been hanged was one of them—a son of the man who had been Edward Bathurst's messenger to me in London; beyond the fact that he was fair, like Harry, and about the same build, there was no resemblance between them. But they thought it was the child that Red-handed Ned was known to have brought from Europe, and reported accordingly.

I was a long time struggling back to life and health, and Harry and I were sadly put to it now and then for the means of living; there was a lot of property in the hut where Edward Bathurst died, but to me it all seemed blood-stained, and except a little money that my boy had when his protecter had died, he had nothing; but we found friends, and Harry was willing to work and so was I, and we toiled and strove early and late till we made ourselves a place in the world somehow, and came back to England, where we were at home. And presently my boy married a good, industrious girl, and I had pretty grandchildren about me, for their home was mine, and everything that Harry did seemed to prosper and turn to money in his hands.

I am very glad—now that he is a great man, and there is a chance of him being Lord Mayor of London, and dining with the Prince of Wales and all that sort of thing—that he and Mary have no relations; they stand quite alone except for me and their children, and no one can shame them by any allusion to an uncomfortable past, or tell my Harry that he was once the adopted son of a desperate thief and murderer. No one knows it except me, and though I am talkative enough amongst the children and to him and Mary, there is not much fear of my telling it out of doors, though he does laugh at me and say that his old mother can't keep a secret, because I was so proud of the satin gown he gave me the other day that I told all about it, and what it cost, to the people next door. Old people will talk, and I am eighty years old and more.

The Wedding Trousseau.

By Wilhelmina Logan.

We often hear the question asked: How much should a family of ordinary income expend on the daughter's trousseau?

Now, it is always taken for granted that a trousseau is an absolute necessity, and such a thing as a wedding without a trousseau, one does not imagine possible; but in my opinion, in many, many cases there should be no wedding trousseau.

The ostentatious display at weddings and extravagant expenditure connected with them, is one of the great and crying evils of the day; and the whole gravity of the situation in which a bride and bridegroom stand, is lost sight of, in the concentration of the attention on clothes, presents, decoration of rooms and entertainment of company and such things.

More often than not, a wedding is the signal for lavish expenditure, in no wise justified by the means of the family of the bride; and the consequent laying up of debts which can never be paid, or if paid in the long run, done so through such stress, strain, struggle and worry that one would think any girl might be ashamed to feel she had had a hand in bringing it about. It looks like heartless selfishness and want of consideration.

The girl who would step out and say, "I will have no wedding trousseau, because my family are not in a position to make any extra expenditure on my personal outfit. I am in the habit of wearing clothes that are neatly and nice made, and perfectly befitting my walk in life, and I always seek to dress becomingly, as every woman should. I do not see why I am to make the preparation of clothes the main object of my coming marriage, as if I had never known what it was to be the wearer of good, tasteful, serviceable clothing before. What I am myself is of the first importance, and not what my clothes are."

Such a girl would surely be an admirable and sensible one, and worthy the regard of all right-minded persons, and the love and esteem of her family.

It is certainly right and fitting for a woman to look her best at her wedding, but then, is it not equally so, that she should at all times and all occasions?

When a babe is born, we swathe it in garments that destroy the symmetry of its limbs. When a bride goes to the altar, we weight her with dress and jewelry until she becomes a walking show for the public. Why is the dress of the bride of the first importance, and the well-being of the bride of only secondary, or none at all? Why does she have to go to the altar overwrought, overdone, tired out, jaded, irritable, demagnetised; at her worst physically and mentally, instead of at her best?

The consultation over clothes, the planning, fixing, arranging, shopping, sewing, the hurry, bustle, stir and excitement, the worry and work to get everything all ready and complete by a certain date, leave her more of a mental and physical wreck by the wedding day than anything else.

She is completely worn out, and only keeps up, as one does under undue strain, in some wonderful way. Why do we think so much more of a woman's dress and the appearance she makes than we do of the woman herself? Why lo we centre our attention on what she wears, instead of on what she is? Surely the chief object of concern at the time of marriage ought not to be dress, parade, pomp and show, but the real good of the couple themselves.

To see to it that they are in the best of health and spirits; that they go fresh and fit to the ceremony that opens the door to married life; not tired and worn out and done to death. That the purpose which marriage conserves and the bearing it will have upon the persons undertaking it is not lost sight of; that it be a joining together of two persons so truly mated by similarity of tastes and tendencies, and one in heart and mind, that the mere legal ceremony is not the binding tie, but only the outside symbol of the inward binding that is free, untrammeled and unrestrained, which no divorce court shall ever, or could ever be appealed to, to sever.

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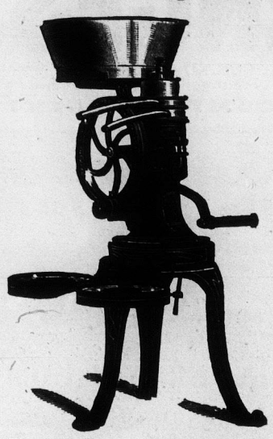

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THE AFTERGLOW

By Roy Rolfe Gilson

Author of "In the Morning Glow," "When Love is Young," etc.

Smell the new-mown hay!

Ah, there's fragrance for you eh? Yes, yes—sweeter than all your roses. Take a summer's morning like this, with the birds singing, and the sun warm on the stubble, and a little gamesome wind coaxing and wheedling you with whiffs of the harvest—why, boy, I can smell the hay I forked fifty years ago! I can feel the sun rising hotter in the sky, and the meadow simmering, and away off—away off by the apple orchard behind the house—I can see a little pink blur. First it bobs up and stops a minute—I rather think its on the wall; and then drops down a bit, and comes meandering through the pasture ,and stops again, and bends down—I rather think it is picking flowers now, one of those pink wild roses to match itself; and then comes wandering through the bars. Boy, I rather think that was your grandmother, fifty years ago, coming out to us with the noon jug in her hands, all cool and dripping from the well. Lord Harry, but it was good; and did you ever notice—ever notice how pretty pink looks in a meadow? Ever notice pink flowers growing anywhere? Didn't you want to—kind of pick 'em, somehow? Eh?

Fifty years ago that was—fifty years, yet I remember. I remember other things—things that I thought I had forgotten. When you're an old man like me you may remember this very morning, and if you do like as not you'll recollect some little thing—that empty flower-pot, or the way the rose-bush bends toward the pear tree, or how the sun's all yellow speckles on the garden path.

Why, things come back to me—now, there's your grandmother. Dark, your grandmother was, dark-haired and dark-eyed—big brown eyes—and there was always something very taking about her face even when she was a girl—I don't know—a kind of shining as though she was pleased about something. I guess she was most of the time. If it wasn't a lovely day, or a lovely flower, something was lovely. But she had a spirit—yes, yes—and she could get her own way, too, your grandmother could. I'll never forget as long as I live the time I took her buggy riding. Before we were married—that was fifty years ago—yet I remember just as though it was yesterday.

* * * *

"We'd better have the top up, Bertram," says she as I helped her in.

"Oh, no," says I. "It's too fine to have the top up."

"Well," says she, "I think it would be better up."

"On such a fine day as his?" says I. "On such a cool, lovely afternoon—the top up?" says I

"Well——" says she.

"Oh," says I, "let's have the fresh air and the sun all about us," says I.

"Very well, Bertram," says she." It is lovely isn't it " says she .

"Yes, yes," says I; "much too fine for the top up," says I, gathering the reins in my hand.

Well——

We drove off leisurely down the country road. It was beautiful, just beautiful around where we lived—all meadows and apple trees.

"Did you ever see so many blossoms?"says she.

"No,"says I; "not since last spring," says I.

And she laughed and put back her hair, and then I noticed—— "Why do you squint so?" says I

"Do I squint?" says she innocent as you please.

"The sun now—is it too bright?" says I

"It is pretty bright, Bertram," says she.

"Whoa, Peggy!" says I.

"What are you going to do?" says she.

"You take the reins, Kate," says I. "I'll just put the top up to shade your eyes," says I.

"Oh, never mind," says she.

"It's no trouble at all," says I.

"Bu it's so cool and lovely," says she; "oh, much too fine for the top up," says she.

"I know, but your eyes," says I raising the top.

"Thank you, Bertram," says she, sweet as honey.

"Don't mention it. Get up, Peggy," says I.

And then, when we'd driven on a bit:

"The top," says I, looking at her out of the corners of my eyes—for, mind you, she'd never been known to squint in the sun before, and her hat was brimmed—"the top's up, Katie, dear," says I.

And nice and shady it is, too; isn't it Bertram?" says she, a-looking away off at the apple blossoms.

"Sure," says I.

Dear, dear—why, I can hear your grandmother now, her little mouth all puckered up and her eyes shining.

"And nice and shady it is, too; isn't it, Bertram?" says she, just like that.

"Sure," says I. . . .

Strange—strangest thing, now, but your grandmother never seems to remember that buggy ride, or anything about it at all!

That was a great year, boy, more

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ways than one—that year before we were married. That was the year so many flowers grew. There are such years—more birds and flowers than other times. Birds! Why, boy, the woods were speckled with thrushes; and sing—Lord Harry, of all the piping, and trilling, and whirring, and carrying on, and calling sweet names you you ever heard, morning and evening, and all like a lot of fairies playing flutes.

That was the year I first read Shakespeare's plays, and mouthed soliloquies. Boys like that sort of a thing. Dear, dear—once I did Hamlet for a lot of saplings by a brook, in the middle of the woods, and not a leaf stirred! For a solid week I was all for being an actor—a great actor. you understand—except that I d made up my mind to be something else long ago. That was what troubled me—that something else. I didn't see how I could be a poet and marry your grandmother.

Sounds strange, but it isn't. I'd been writing verses for the "Beacon County Register." I didn't sign them. They kind of laugh when you write poetry. Only your grandmother knew, and it was she made me take all my best verses and make a bundle of them and send them to a great man. He was a poet himself, and as long as he lived he was kind to the young ones. He wrote back a long letter to me. I've got it still, put away up stairs, and some day maybe you'll read what he said about your grandfather. My, I remember when that letter came. I didn't walk for a week afterward. I just winged my way. I made up my mind right then and there I would be a poet: thought it all out while I worked in the fields and drove home the cows, and nights before I went to sleep. I was going to write about common things. I was going to make up verses about ordinary men, and how they felt when they worked and married and brought up little children; and how they came home nights tired and played with them, and how they were sad when they lost them, but went on working and smiling just the same. And I was going to write how they grew old and came to sit like me, here on the sunny side of a garden, talking to their grandsons, or pottering around the flower-beds.

* * * *

All those things I was going to write about because men would know what I meant, and maybe it would help them to bear their burdens and go their ways. And I was going to put it all down in plain old English words without much Latin in them—words people used every day and would feel at home with, but all set down so sweetlylike, one after the other, in even lines, that men would stop and look about them and wonder they'd never noticed how beautiful the simple things were before. Oh, I got quite foolish over those plans of mine. I even dreamed people might cry a little, more or less, over my verses, and cut them out and read them to each other, and paste them in scrapbooks.

Well, I talked it all over with your grandmother, and she said I was right; that only now and then some one like Burns came along and saw the beauty in common things; and that when a man did people loved him and went on loving him, because what he said was as true to-day as yesterday, and tomorrow as to-day.

But your grandmother said this:

"Bertram," she said, "you ought not to marry for a long time. You ought to just keep your life simple and read and think. You ought to have time to talk to men and watch them, and then wander around where everything's quiet, just making out what it all means. You ought to have time, Bertram—time to do these things without worrying about how you are going to support me and the children.

"We should be awfully poor, Bertram," said she, "and I shouldn't mind that, but you would," said she. "Seeing me pinching and saving, Bertram would make you suffer—a thousand times more than other men, because you have a poet's heart. Look at Burns," said she, "and see how he struggled all his life long with poetry.

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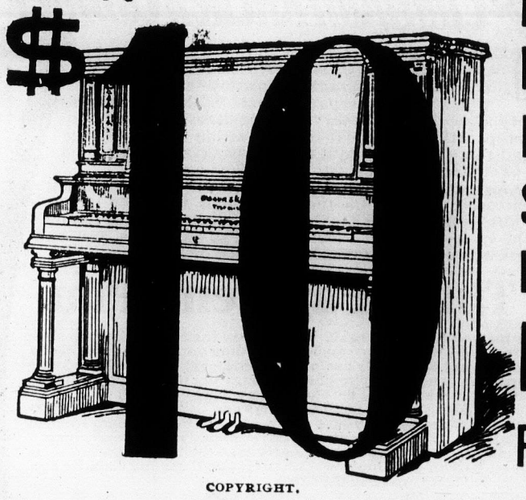
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I tell you they don't pay men to be poets, Bertram. No, they just let you pour out your soul like water, all free and sparkling as the brook's, and when they're thirsty they'll lap it up, and when they're filled they'll forget you. Why Bertram," said she—and I can see now her eyes filling and her voice getting braver and braver—"I'd wait years, years for you, Bertram, if I ever knew I was helping your poetry."

And she would have waited, boy. She would have waited, but Lord Harry, I wouldn't have it that way.

* * * *

"No, Kate," said I, "my little girl. You are wrong, Kate. You can help me most by marrying me. Then you'll always be near to cheer me. Why, Katie," said I, "with you for a wife every day will be a poem, and all I'll have to do will be to write it down to keep the wolf away."

Well, she put her arms around my neck, your grandmother did, and hid her face in my shoulder, and cried and cried. Oh, she would have waited, boy—yes, yes—for she meant every word she said. But she was glad I wouldn't have it so—glad that I loved her better than my poetry. For she was a woman, boy, and now and then they talk philosophy as true as any ever spoken, but it's too cold a thing for their warm hearts, and sooner or later it melts there and runs away in the red blood you see in their cheeks and feel throbbing in their bosoms when you hold them in your arms.

So we were married.

You fix up your little library—all the books you loved when a boy, the poor ones with the good—all the books they gave you for Christmas and birthdays, with "To Bertram from His Loving Parents," and "To Bertram from Kate," on the fly-leaves; fix them all up and say, "Now I'll be a poet."

And some morning you come downstairs, and the sunlight falls through the windows, and the berries look red and beautiful on the breakfast-table, and the coffee smells like—well, good as tobacco does when you've run out of it and haven't smoked for an age. You come down like that, and you say, "Lord, Kate—"

Well, no; you don't say that, or you try not to, because she doesn't like that sort of thing. But you say: "What a glorious old morning!"

Or something Christian like that. And after breakfast you sit down, and there's something warm breaking in your heart, and the words drip sweet as honey from your pen till, by the Lord Harry, before you know it, boy, it's there—something you'd never dreamed was in you when you sat down to write, and something that makes people cry and write to you and tell you how they've wanted to say the same thing all along, but couldn't, because they didn't know how. And it all comes so easy to you, like a little, trickling rill, that you think you can do it every day. But you can't, boy!

Day after day may be as sunny, and the breakfast berries may be as red, and Kate as sweet, but somehow or other never a singing line comes to you. It's your soul that's wrong, boy—it's not the weather; and the soul's a powerfully curious thing—just an ordinary soul, let alone a poet's, which is the strangest, most unreliable, will-o'-the-wispest soul of all.

And so you sit there, day by day, and the well in your heart get lower and lower, and you start up nights in your sleep and turn on your pillow, this way and that, and visions come to you of Kate hungry, of her gown tattered, of cold faces turned to her in the village street. And there in the dark of night, like snowballs little boys roll to build their forts with, your troubles grow, and you sink into anxious dreams. In the morning you're cross to her. You sit savagely at your desk. Life all seems out of kilter, and the gloom of it settles upon you, black as a funeral pall.

But the days are slipping by. The purse—you must write somehow; and if you do—your fingers tense, your soul cold as stone—they send things back to you.

But if you're a genius you'll not mind her so much. You'll mind your lines, and love the goddess in your soul better even than the woman by your side.

"Choose!" says the goddess, somewhere from her awful throne.

"Choose!" echo those cherub moods of yours. You can hear the whirring, you can catch the gleam of their wings. They are there—no, here!—they are gone!

"Choose!" says the goddess, and her voice is icy now, and you feel upon you the jealous glitter of your eyes; but you remember what music that voice can be; you remember how meltingly she can beam upon you when she will, and how you have loved and wooed her with all your youth, and how you have dreamed of her kindness and her smiles.

"Choose!" she says. "Choose, Bertram Gleam!"

* * * *

And the woman beside you says nothing at all!

Well, boy, I chose! I chose my Kate. I chose your grandmother. What is she now? A little bit of an old woman with faded hair. She's bent. She's feeble. Her voice is but a quaver of that fresh, full-throated song I used to hear—I hear still when she speaks to me.

The goddess, boy, is still young and fair!

But I chose my love, and I'm not sorry; and every day the goddess has called to me, and every day I have chosen my love again.

Many's the time I have thought of the verses I was to write, and the hearts that were to beat with mine; and there were years there in my life's prime when I suffered pangs, and said to myself, over and over in my bitterness: "You are a failure, Bertram Gleam."

Over and over my heart has leaped when the goddess called to me, and I would have seized my pen again—but toil had wearied me.

Over and over I heard another voice: "What hast thou done with the talents I gave thee, Bertram Gleam?"

What could I say to that?

Why, I said this, grandson. I just cleared my throat and said "Lord," said I, "Lord, Thou knowest I set out to do great things; that it was there in my young heart to do them for Thy glory and my fellowmen—but some one had to help Kate. And the great things—the great things, Lord, smouldering in my bosom—somehow they never seemed to have much to do with getting bread for her and the children. Amen."

That's what I said—oh, not at first, but after a while, when I had thought it all out and was kind of reconciled. And the Lord—I guess He took the same view of it, for my conscience hasn't troubled me any more.

I chose my love, and she's given her life to me, just given it without a murmur—and thrice she's risked it for me, to bring a chirping to our nest.

I get to thinking sometimes, here in the sun, these last mornings, how there's always been something in Kate's face I could never quite make out—something I never just liked to ask about—a kind of innerness that doesn't seem to belong to me. I wonder if it can be possible she, too, has given up something—some dream or other, some kind of lost love like mine. Maybe that's what love is, mostly down here—just giving up for somebody, something you've kind of hugged and cherished in your heart when you're young.

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The Winnipeg-Cobalt Prospecting and Development Company, Limited

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Capital Subscribed $260,000 — **Authorized Capital, $500,000** — **Treasury Stock $240,000**

Par Value of Shares, $1.00. - - - - - Shares Non-Assessable. - - - - - No Personal Liability.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT:
C. A. Millican, Esq., Civil Engineer, Winnipeg, Man.
VICE-PRESIDENT:
T. A. Irvine, Esq., Pres. Standard Plumbing & Heating Co., Winnipeg, Man.
MANAGING DIRECTOR:
W. W. Fryer, Esq., of Fryer & Co., Stockbroker, Winnipeg, Man.
SECRETARY-TREASURER:
R. H. Hayward, Esq., Chartered Accountant, Winnipeg, Man.

DIRECTORS

C. A. MILLICAN, Esq., Civil Engineer, Winnipeg, Man.
T. A. IRVINE, Esq., President Standard Plumbing and Heating Co., Winnipeg, Man.
W. A. BISHOP, Esq., Manufacturing Stationer, Winnipeg, Man.
R. H. HAYWARD, Esq., Chartered Accountant, Winnipeg, Man.
DR. T. H. CROTTY, Real Estate Dealer, Winnipeg, Man.
G. A. HENSON, Esq., Accountant Winnipeg, Man.
H. B. CHIPMAN, Esq., Manufacturer's Agent, Winnipeg, Man.
JOHN O'REILLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Selkirk, Man.
W. W. FRYER, Esq., Stock Broker, Selkirk, Man.

SOLICITOR: W. A. T. SWEATMAN, Esq., Winnipeg, Man.
BANKERS: The Traders Bank of Canada.

GENERAL OBJECTS OF COMPANY

The Winnipeg-Cobalt Prospecting & Development Company, Limited, has been organized to open up and develop certain mining properties hereinafter described; and to explore and prospect for silver and other valuable minerals in the Cobalt region and other parts of the Province of Ontario; to stake out, purchase or otherwise acquire mining claims and properties; develop and dispose of the same for cash, or part cash and part stock: and to form subsidiary Companies to mine such properties, taking as payment stock in such subsidiary mining companies.

PROSPECTING.

It is not intended to confine the operations to any one particular district. New and rich discoveries are being made in widely separated localities. Important finds of silver have been made up the Montreal River and on the Temagami Forest Reserve, as well as copper, mispickel, gold and iron, and the Larder Lake Country has become famous for its gold lodes. A wide and promising field is open for this department of the Company's operations.

It is the intention to employ experienced Prospectors who will be sent to explore and stake out claims for the Company in any new mining fields which from time to time may be discovered.

DEVELOPMENT:

Competent mining Engineers and Managers will be employed to report upon the properties and superintend their development. Not every property will prove to be rich, but large profits will be made if but one in five or six turns out to be a good mine. Developing properties to the point where they can be sold as mines, gives opportunity to secure large profits on a moderate outlay.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES:

In the formation of subsidiary companies to work such properties as may, on development, be found suitable to mine, it is anticipated that the Company will reap rich rewards and make their largest profits while avoiding the risks attendant upon actual mining. A controlling interest will, of course, be retained by the "Winnipeg-Cobalt" on the stock of any subsidiary Company. Treasury stock of the subsidiary Company will be sold to provide funds to further develop and work the mine. The success of the mine will give value to the promotion stock, which will either be held by the "Winnipeg-Cobalt," or be distributed amongst its shareholders. Every shareholder in the "Winnipeg-Cobalt" is therefore a PROMOTER, and will reap Promoters' profits.

PROPERTY:

The Company now controls the following properties:—2 mining claims, 80 acres in the township of Teefy, on the Abitibi River, twenty-five miles west of Abitibi Lake, on which is a strong fissure vein of calcite, showing silver values, eight feet in width, and several well mineralized quartz veins near contacts of diabase and huronian rocks. 5 mining claims containing 200 acres in the Temagami Forest Reserve, about three miles from Temagami Station, on the Temiscaming and Northern Ontario Railroad. On these properties there are a number of quartz veins—one very strong fissure vein of blue quartz is sixteen feet in width, very heavily mineralized with iron sulphides, with indications of copper and mispickel. The ore contains surface values in gold, silver, and arsenic. All the claims are in Northern Ontario. A more extended description of these properties is appended to the Company's prospectus.

Financial

For the purpose of developing the foregoing mining properties, in prospecting and securing which considerable money has already been expended, and for the further undertakings of the Company, there are now offered for public subscription

100,000 Shares Fully Paid Up and Non-Assessable at Twenty-Five Cents Per Share

THE RIGHT IS RESERVED TO ADVANCE THE PRICE AT ANY TIME OR TO WITHDRAW STOCK FROM SALE WITHOUT NOTICE

This is an excellent opportunity to obtain a share in the great Mineral Riches of Cobalt District and Northern Ontario at Ground Floor price. The Directors are well-known substantial business men of Winnipeg and Selkirk. All are heavy stock-holders in the Company. It is intended to make the Company distinctively Western, directed by Western men, with Western energy and ability. Fortunes have been made in the Cobalt field by prospecting, developing and disposing of mining claims. The Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Mining Company's stock has advanced from 40c. to $186 00 per share, after having paid $92.00 per share in dividends on a par value of $1.00. The Winnipeg-Cobalt Prospecting and Development Company has an equally good chance to make large profits with judicious foresight and management. Will you join in their venture?

The low price of shares (25c.) places this investment within reach of all. $10.00 will buy forty shares; $15.00 sixty shares; $25.00 one hundred shares; $100.00 four hundred shares; $250.00 one thousand shares It is by combining many small amounts that capital is obtained to carry on large enterprises. The low capitalization (only $500,000) is of great advantage as it insures a higher rate of dividends.

Write or call upon us for Prospectus and further information.

If desired, we can arrange for payment of stock on the instalment plan. Write us with your proposal.

APPLICATION FOR STOCK.

.....190..

To Messrs. Fryer & Co.,
Financial Agents, Winnipeg-Cobalt Prospecting & Developing Company, Limited, Suite 315 Kennedy Building, Winnipeg.

I hereby make application for.....shares of fully paid up and non-assessable stock in the Winnipeg-Cobalt Prospecting & Developing Company, Limited, at the special price of 25 cents per share for which I enclose $....., Certificate to be issued in the name of.....

Signature.....

Address.....

Applicants will please write the name of the party to whom stock is to be issued plainly and in full.

WE BUY AND SELL ALL GOOD

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We have a few Shares of good Coal Stocks for sale. Write for particulars—FRYER & CO.

Write, phone or wire your order, or cut out this application form, fill in the blanks and mail with cheque or money order to

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Financial Agents for the Company

Suite 315, Kennedy Building, Opposite Eaton's, Portage Avenue

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It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes, and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

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Notice to Subscribers!

The Subscription price to the Western Home Monthly is 50 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is One Dollar a year, while subscribers who reside within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States, are requested to send 25 cents extra to defray delivery charges.

Remittances of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter, P.O. Money Order or Express 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. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses 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. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

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.

Address all letters to—

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

[*To be cut out on the dotted lines.*]

Special Subscription Order Blank.

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Herein find (50/100) cents to pay for (one/three) years' subscription to Western Home Monthly, (check amount sent and term subscribed for). Send magazine until forbidden to

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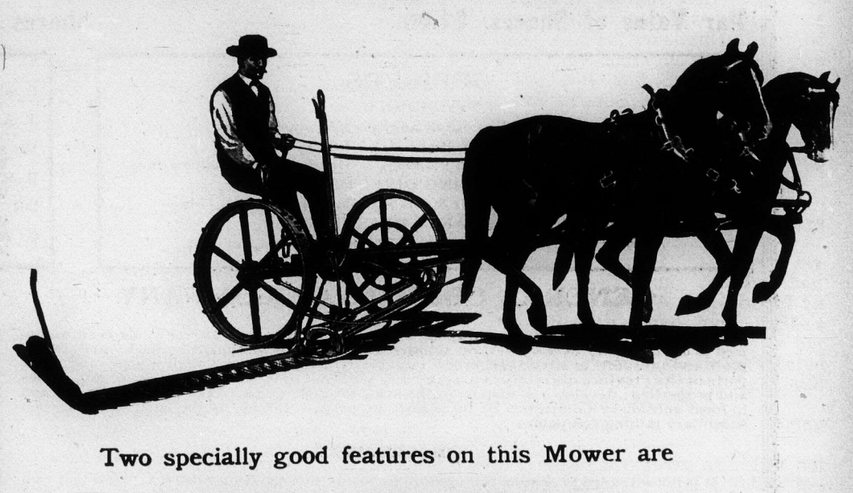
CUT YOUR HEAVY HAY CROP

WITH A

New Massey-Harris Mower

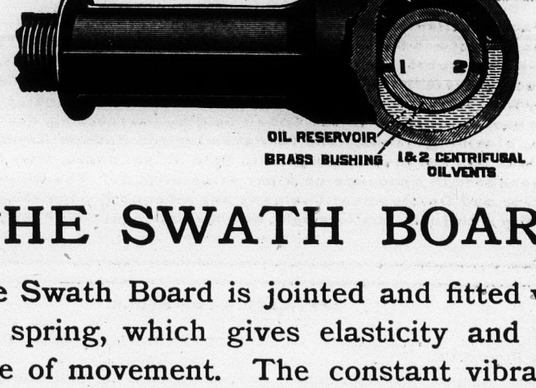
IT WILL DO IT RIGHT



Two specially good features on this Mower are

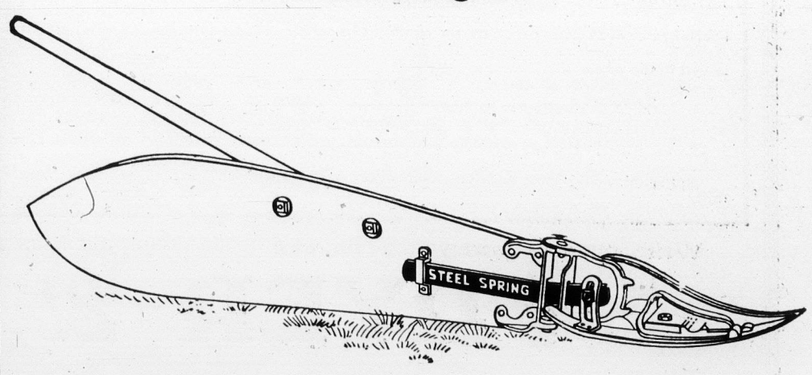
THE PITMAN

The constant supply of oil from the oil reservoir prevents heating, and frequent stops to oil the machine are unnecessary.



THE SWATH BOARD

The Swath Board is jointed and fitted with flat spring, which gives elasticity and latitude of movement. The constant vibration effectually prevents bunching in tough, wiry or old bottom grass.



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AGENTS EVERYWHERE

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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

STANDING ALONE. When Lord Roberts was about to leave the city of London to superintend the war in South Africa, a great reception was tendered to him at the railroad station. The Prince of Wales was there. There were also representatives of the aristocracy—lords, dukes, earls and nobles. Statesmen were not wanting and ministers of the state were in evidence. And so the train moved out of the station and the form of Lord Roberts finally disappeared from view. How they cheered the departing general. "God bless you, Bobs!" cried the Prince of Wales. Cheer followed cheer—but as the train turned the curve, Lord Roberts found himself alone—alone with the responsibility of the war upon his shoulders. In a few hours London and England were behind him and he found himself alone with the problem of war and the struggle for empire. Cheers are good, but can you stand in the hour of loneliness?

POOR PENMANSHIP. I suppose you think that it makes little or no difference what the style of your penmanship may be. Horace Greeley wrote such a poor hand that a week after he had written an article he was not sure of its authorship. Great men have been poor artists in handling the pen, and therefore you conclude that penmanship is not a vital matter in the achievement of success. Let me tell you, however, that nothing in life is insignificant or of small importance. A student at Rugby once said to his instructor, "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do; it is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean war. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops and cost many brave fellows their lives.

ROOSEVELT NOT AN ACCIDENT. On the morning after the last presidential election in the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, taking his seat at the breakfast table in the White House looked into the face of his wife and said, "My dear, I am happy to state that your husband is no longer an accident." That must have been a moment of real genuine satisfaction to the president. To realize that you are in the right place. To realize that Providence, the people and your own conscience are agreed as to your "call" and appointment is indeed a triumph worth battling for. This sense of satisfaction comes to one with first great success or achievement of life. To have reached the first mountain top. To have proved yourself indispensible for any special work or position in life—this is worth ten years of toil and effort.

LIGHT A MATCH. Light a match and fling it upon the barren rock and it will burn itself to a cinder and then flicker out. Light a match and fling it upon the bosom of the sea and it will shed a faint gleam just for a moment and surrender to the first baptism of spray. Light a match and fling it into a tank of oil, and you must needs call out the entire fire department in order to protect the city. The burning match and the rich petroleum have an affinity one for the other. So truth dies out upon the old unmoved conscience of one man, but sets on fire the soul of the man who is responsive to the truth. One man goes to sleep under the sermon while another individual is lifted into the third heaven of rapture and contemplation. One man finds mental food in the writings of Emerson while another finds companionship in a third rate novel. A man's choice of friends, books, and amusements is his own judgment on his own character.

ARISTOCRACY OF CHARACTER. Character is the diamond which scratches every other stone. In the throne room of Napoleon, in the palace of Fontainebleau, every piece of furniture bears the initial letter "N"—So does a man stamp himself upon every deed and action of his life. Nebuchadnezzar caused the letter "N" to be inscribed on every brick placed in the great wall which surrounded the mighty city of Babylon. So are our very thoughts, words and actions inwrought into the very fibre and texture of our being. Josiah Wedgwood, though risen from a workman, was never satisfied until he had done his best. He would not permit or tolerate inferior work of any sort in his establishment. If a vase did not come up to his idea, he would smash it in pieces. Flinging the rejected article aside he would say, "That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood." The most brilliant reputation is a poor thing unless it rests upon the foundation of character.

WHICH WAY. When Coleridge met Southey in Edinburgh in 1803, he remarked to his friend, "What a wonderful city Edinburgh is—wonderful in height and wonderful in depths." In this respect the queen city of Scotland stands as an illustration of life. Life has tremendous possibilities in two directions—upward and downward. Moody could not read at eighteen, at thirty-seven he was preaching to audiences of twenty thousand. Jonathan Edwards was in some respects the greatest preacher New England ever produced. His grandson, Aaron Burr, turned traitor and because of his immoral practices became a social outcast. Harry Thaw, born in a Pittsburg palace, stands before a New York jury charged with the sacrifice of a life, without even a good reputation or a clean record to sustain him, while Gypsy Smith, born in a gypsy's tent, without the advantages of culture or education, holds thousands spellbound by his eloquence and can command an audience of 5,000 at any time of the day or night.

THE BUSINESS VALUE OF POLITENESS. "It's his way of doing it" has often been remarked concerning a certain individual, who seems to enjoy an enviable success in any enterprise to which he may apply his hand. He "captures" the audience during the first five minutes of his speech. It is his way. He makes a sale where another clerk would only have made "an impression." It is his way. He avoids a difficulty where another would have had things hopelessly entangled. It is his way. He is a miracle worker at the point where man touches man. He knows the science of getting along with people. During a sudden outbreak among the students of Harvard College, at Cambridge, the final appeal was made to Henry W. Longfellow: "We will listen to Mr. Longfellow," said the students, "he is the only one that treats us as if we were genetlemen."

THE INSPIRATION OF A DIFFICULTY. Luxury is not a hero producer. To be favored with many advantages has often turned out a disadvantage. The youth born in the valley very often climbs to the apex of the mountain, but the young man born amid the sunny peaks of comfort does not always remain there. Byron was born a cripple and gave himself to poetry. Sir Walter Scott lost the use of one of his feet through the carelessness of a nurse and found himself shut in to literature. Beecher struggled with some defect in his vocal apparatus which caused him to stutter and stammer and in conquering the difficulty became the greatest pulpit orator of his day. The Scotch Covenanter preached his best sermon when the danger of an attack was greatest. The strongest men are always inspired by a difficulty. They seem noblest when leading a forlorn hope.

HAVE A CONVICTION! A conviction is a ripe mental conclusion with reference to a vital subject. A man's convictions always touch the fundamentals. It is the decision of a man's soul concerning that which has touched the very core of his being. We have "notions" concerning things which are trifles, and "opinions" concerning things which are of minor importance, but we have "convictions" touching only those things which we regard as of vital importance. Lincoln said concerning the question of slavery, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." It's a great conviction nobly expressed which sets the world on fire. Every vital problem is worthy of a conviction. Think your way through. Make up your mind in one direction and then speak out!

ONE DAY AT A TIME. One day of twenty-four hours seems to be a divine allotment of time. Nature has marked this period of exact measurement in a most emphatic manner. Its dawning is announced by the quiet glories of the daybreak and the completion signaled by the golden splendors of sunset. It is nature's first suggestion of an exact measurement of a period or duration. Emerson's suggestion, "Live one day at a time," is a wise one and worthy to be regarded as a maxim. Another philosopher has said "Live each day as though it were the whole of life," which is is the same thought expressed in another way. Regard each morning as a fresh beginning and each evening as a vital conclusion. Crowd into each day all that belongs to it. Let your motto be—"One day at a time."

A HINT FOR SOCIETY PEOPLE. Society is the realm of social contact, where man touches man and woman meets woman—this is the social realm. The social realm has as distinct an existence as the commercial or religious. When society leaders are pure and noble their influence is felt down to the lowest strata; when they are immoral and ignoble, the entire community is tainted and poisoned. Society and its claims, as a rule, are safe when regarded as a recreation. When, however, society becomes the main business of life and the mainspring of all our thoughts and actions, it is apt to be dangerous to our moral well being. Tolstoi says, in his confessions, that for ten years he went from banquet to banquet, drinking rich wines and feasting and flattering, sleeping during the day and dancing during the night. "No galley slave in the days of ancient Rome ever worked so hard for so little satisfaction."

"I AM MASTER OF MY FATE." Every man is the architect of his own fate. Self-made or self-ruined, every man writes his own life or signs his own death warrent. Robert Burns at one time in his career enjoyed a reception at the hands of the aristocracy of Edinburgh. They paid him every possible attention and rejoiced in his genius. Such favoring approval might have lasted for years, but wrecklessness, dissipation and low companionship robbed him of the society of the cultured people of Scotland. Passing through Dumfries one evening, a friend noticed that Burns was permitted to pass through a group of the best people unrecognized, and speaking to the poet about the matter, Robert Burns remarked, "That's all over now!" He had sinned away his day of social grace. The aristocracy refused to do business with him. There are certain opportunities which come to a man only once in a life time and when gone—are gone forever.

BE SURE OF YOURSELF. A man may have a proper conception of himself without being conceited. To be proud of that which is worthy of pride is not unchristian. To develop certain God-like characteristics and then to be humbly conscious of the attainment is not an unpardonable sin. There is a certain dignity of soul which a man may possess even though he be a grave-digger or a hod-carrier. Sheridan, the English statesman, had splendid gifts but lacked dignity of soul. He dazzled and amused but lacked weight and influence. Had he possessed principle he might have ruled the world. As it was, his own servants did not respect him. When Delpini one day made a just request, Sheridan said to him, "You have forgotten your station, sir!" Delpini replied, "I have not forgotten my station, sir—I know the difference between you and me. In birth and parentage and education, you are my superior, but in life and character and behavior, I am your superior." Noble answer. Here was a man who was sure of himself.

HYPOCRISY IN MODERN LIFE. The modern hypocrite is not always to be found within church circles. We have always been of the opinion that for every hypocrite inside of the church you might possibly find four or five outside the sanctuary. We have just come across the following pointed paragraph in a sermon by Dr. T. DeWit Talmage:

Nothing but sheer falsehood can represent as perfection boots that rip, silks that speedily lose their luster, calicoes that immediately wash out, stoves that crack under the first hot fire, books insecurely bound, carpets that unravel, old furniture rejuvenated with putty and glue, and sold as having been recently manufactured, gold watches made out of brass, barrels of fruit, the biggest apples on the top, wine adulterated with strychnine, hosiery poorly woven, cloths of domestic manufacture shining with foreign labels, imported goods represented as rare and hard to get because foreign exchange is so high, rolled out on the counter with matchless display—imported indeed! but from the factory in the next street.

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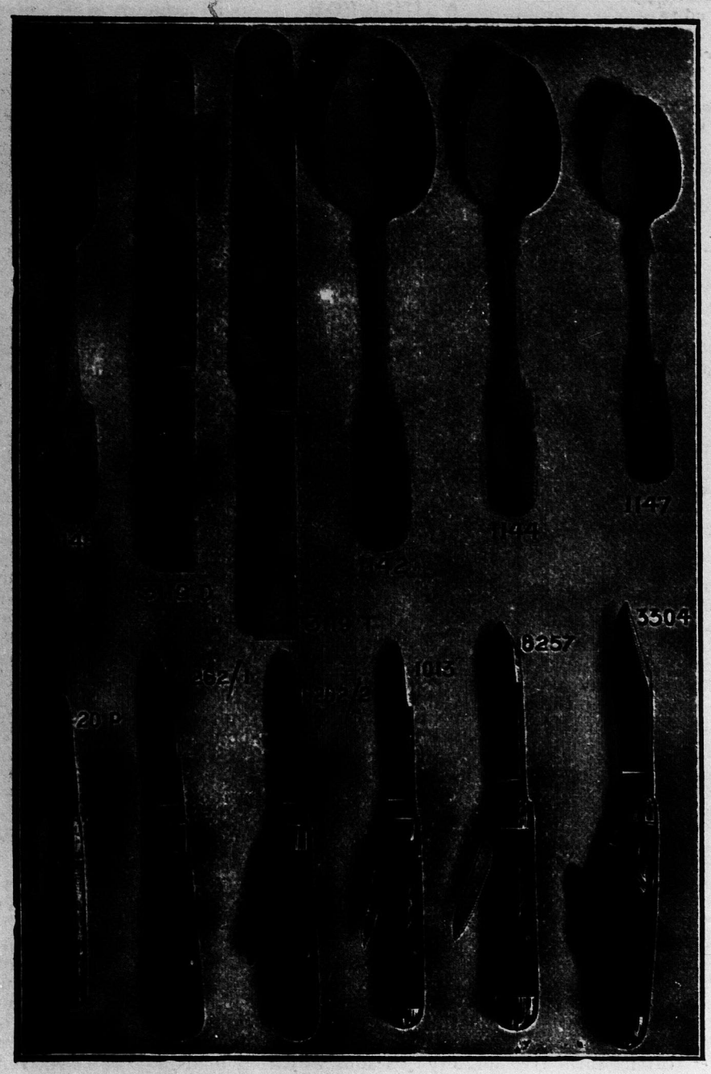

No. 1147, Chilian Silver Tea Spoons (Per doz.) free for 200 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 65c. and 25 wrappers. Add 15c. for delivery.

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Chilian Silver Spoons and Forks are celebrated for their high quality and finish. They are much harder than sterling silver, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. They are easily cleaned with any good metal polish.

No. 3119, T. Celluloid Handle Steel Table Knives made by Frederick Reynolds, Sheffield, Eng. Fully Warranted. Half dozen free for 300 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or $1.00 and 25 wrappers. Add 20c. for delivery.

No. 3119, D. Celluloid Handle Steel Dessert Knives, same quality as above described table knives. Half dozen free for 275 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 90c. and 25 wrappers. Add 20c. for delivery.

No. 20, P. Two Bladed Pen Knife engraved pearl handle, heavy nickel tipped, brass lined, small blade has nail file. Length of Knife 3 in. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 25c. and 25 wrappers. Add 5c. for delivery.

No. 6262/1, One Bladed Jack Knife, ebony handle, brass lined, full polished blade, free for 75 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 15c. and 25 wrappers. Add 5c. for delivery.

No. 6262/2, Two Bladed Jack Knife, ebony handle, brass lined, length of knife 3½ in., free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 25c. and 25 wrappers. Add 5c. for delivery.

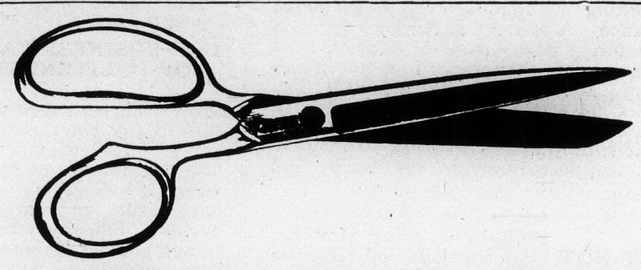
No. 1013, Two Bladed Pocket Knife, either ebony or rosewood handle, brass lined, etched blade length 3¾ in., free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 25c. and 25 wrappers. State whether ebony or rosewood handles are wanted. Add 5c. for delivery.

No. 6257, Two Bladed Pocket Knife, ebony or rosewood handle, brass lined, shield on side, steel riveted. Length of knife 3¼ in. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 25c and 25 wrappers. Add 5c. for delivery. State whether ebony or rosewood handles are wanted.

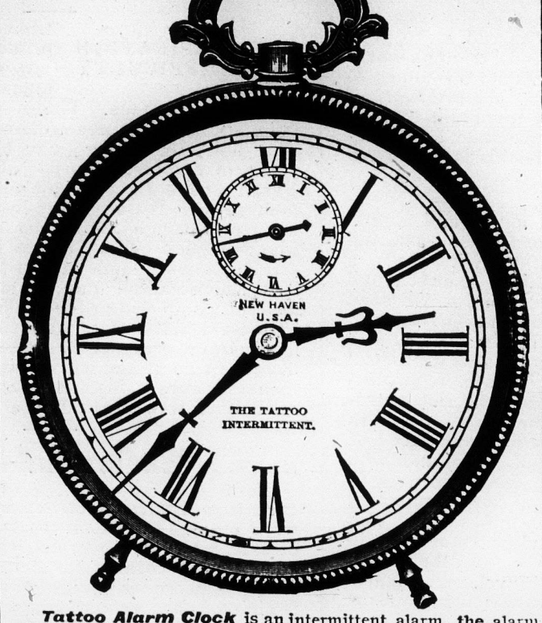
No. 3304, Three Bladed Jack Knife, stag's horn handle. Largest blade etched "N.W.T. Cattle Knife." All three blades are of different shapes. The lance point for flesh will be found very serviceable. The best knife for cattle men that has ever been made, length of knife 4 inches, free for 200 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 65c. and 25 wrappers. Add 5c. for delivery.

Carpathian Silver Waiter, No 3300. These are made of heavy base metal, plated with Carpathian Silver, fancy patterns. Free for 125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 35c. and 25 wrappers. Add 15c. for Delivery.

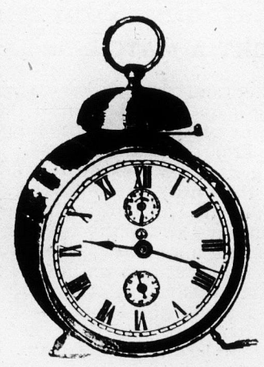
Marvel Trays, full polished back and front, in nickeled tin, 13 in. diameter. The popular size for all round purposes. Free for 25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers. Add 15c. for delivery.



Sunset Shears, 8 in long, heavy pattern, full nickel plated. Guaranteed to have perfect cutting edges. Brass nut and bolt. Free for 75 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 15c. and 25 wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg add 5c. for delivery.



Tattoo Alarm Clock is an intermittent alarm, the alarm ringing for several seconds, then pausing, and after a period of silence again ringing, and so on for ten minutes. For 400 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or $1.25 and 25 wrappers. Express 25c. additional.



Alarm Clock, 301. Best quality of German Nickel Alarm Clock, with second hand, and stopper to shut off the alarm. For 150 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers or 50c. and 25 wrappers. Express 20c. Additional.

Address: Premium Department

The Royal Crown Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

The Influen

Nothing would have the ideals of Burns if h thing like cant would ev name. In Scotland, in when we were creeping period of poverty to a Church in Scotland lay what were called Mod meant a certain spiritua enormous wealth of ou came in the midst of th his immortal action, by disassociated religion fr which it was envelo brought it back as a liv the Scottish nation.—Lo

Canada an

The Canadian census a Jewish population in of 16,432. This was a years before, which m form some idea of what lation of the country is claim that these figure the mark, and it is quite must in part be allowe some, at least, of the fo old practice of return family. Since 1901 Can the immigration of Eu Since that date, also, la ian refugees have come the west. In all prob crease in the Jewish p much more rapid durin in the previous six. It if we had in Canada to of about twenty-five th dian.

Reorganizing

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Canada and th

One thing that strike is no regular avenue the British or French i my own observations

What the World is Saying

The Influence of Burns.

Nothing would have been more revolting to the ideals of Burns if he had thought that anything like cant would ever be associated with his name. In Scotland, in the eighteenth century, when we were creeping slowly onward from a period of poverty to a period of opulence, the Church in Scotland lay under, or existed under, what were called Moderate conditions, which meant a certain spiritual deadness, coupled with enormous wealth of outward observance. Burns came in the midst of that state of things, and by his immortal action, by his scathing sarcasm, he disassociated religion from the outward husk in which it was enveloped and withered, and brought it back as a living thing to the heart of the Scottish nation.—Lord Rosebery.

Canada and the Jew.

The Canadian census returns for 1901 report a Jewish population in the Dominion of Canada of 16,432. This was an increase from 6,414 ten years before, which may, perhaps, help us to form some idea of what the present Jewish population of the country is. The Jews themselves claim that these figures were altogether below the mark, and it is quite possible that their claim must in part be allowed, as it is known that some, at least, of the foreign Jews followed their old practice of returning only a part of their family. Since 1901 Canada has shared largely in the immigration of European Jews to America. Since that date, also, large numbers of Roumanian refugees have come to Canada and settled in the west. In all probability, therefore, the increase in the Jewish population has been very much more rapid during the last six years than in the previous six. It would not be surprising if we had in Canada to-day a Jewish population of about twenty-five thousand.—Christian Guardian.

Reorganizing Britain's Army.

In Parliament a number of highly important national and international problems are receiving consideration. Secretary of War Haldane s scheme for a reorganization of the British army is being discussed with great heat. Mr. Haldane's idea, in brief, is to convert those divisions of the British forces which are known as the militia, the yeomanry, and the volunteers into a territorial army of 300,000 men. The field force, or regular army, would be 160,000 strong. It is not necessary to go into other details of the scheme further than to say that the plan would result in a slight reduction in the number of men, probably a considerable increase in the efficiency of the army, and a reduction in expenses of from five to six million dollars annually. What Parliament will do with Secretary Haldane's scheme remains to be seen. Meanwhile, although lending a willing ear to the advocates of army reduction, the British admiralty goes on building warships. The building item of the navy estimate for 1907-8 alone is $40,000,000.—American Review of Reviews.

The Aim of the High School.

It is the first business of the high school to establish habits of concentration, application and power of tackling intellectual work—qualities which sooner or later all must have if they are to succeed in life. In the matter of discipline a sharp line ought to be drawn between ordinary offenses and persistent loafing; what Prof. Shaler calls "miscellaneous worthlessness." It is this lack of training in so many junior high school students that makes their evolution into energetic, intelligent manhood and womanhood discouragingly slow, or in many cases completely wrecks their scholastic career.—Principal W. N. Fonlay.

Canada and the French Investor.

One thing that strikes me is the fact that there is no regular avenue of communication between the British or French investor and Canada. From my own observations in Paris and London, I find that no steps are being taken to bring about a feeling of confidence in the new fields of investment, which are being opened up so rapidly here. For instance, in Paris, there is unlimited capital available there, which, through motives of sentiment, might be diverted in this direction, but which has been blocked through the action of certain men or corporations. French investors have been put to the expense of looking over the field, and when a bid was made for bonds, they have been overbid by English capitalists, who were willing to take the risk simply because the French company had made an offer. I know of two instances where this has taken place, and the natural result is that the Frenchmen have almost ceased to take an active interest, when they have met with treatment which they consider unfair. —Alfred Hawes.

The Over-Education of Girls.

What do we see as the result of fostering this system of higher education for women? We see large numbers of our young girls who are blossoming into womanhood and who, in the course of time, will become the wives and mothers of the American people, suffering from more or less impairment of the general health. These girls instead of being strong and robust, as they should be at this period of their lives, are often threatened with a physical breakdown. They frequently suffer from anemia and digestive disorders and may develop symptoms of nervous disorders and even mental disease. The nervous system has been developed at the expense of other bodily organs and structures. The delicate organism and sensitive and highly developed nervous system of our girls were never intended by the Creator to undergo the stress and strain of the modern system of higher education, and the baneful results are becoming more and more apparent as the years go by.—R. W. Parsons, M. D.

Upton Sinclair's Co-operative Home.

What we have here is a large and exceptionally beautiful hotel, which is owned by its guests, and run by them to their own taste and for their own profit, instead of being owned by a business man and run by him for his profit. We are living in what I think the most beautiful suburban town near New York, We have nine and a half acres of land, sloping down from the western brow of the Palisades, and commanding a view of fifty miles, and we have only a mile to walk to come out upon the Hudson, where there is scenery which tourists would travel many miles to look at, if they only knew about it. The hall itself has about eight thousand square feet of floor space on the ground floor alone, devoted to rooms for social purposes; there is a central court filled with palms and rubber trees, which have grown to the very top of the three-storey building. We have a large pipe organ, a swimming-pool and bowling-alley, a theatre, a billiard room and a studio. We have thirty-five bedrooms, ranged in galleries about the court, so that we can look out of our windows in the morning and see the sun rise, and then look out of our door and see the tropics. We have the finest heating system in the world; we pump fresh air in from outside, heat it in a three-thousand-foot steam coil, and then distribute it to all the rooms, with the result that we feel as well all the time as other people feel when they take a trip to Arizona or the Adirondacks.—Word's Work.

The Italian in America.

The Italian is much in evidence in these days. He has come, is coming, and will come to America, and despite all statements to the contrary, he is coming to stay. Not more than five per cent return to Italy and remain there permanently. In round numbers, 200,000 yearly crowd to the shores of the United States. It is a motley group and the appalling thing is that the majority are illiterates; but they are not so undesirable an element as some think. They are naturally intelligent, and when they are given an opportunity, make a splendid record.

An orator, of considerable reputation, was recently heard to remark: "The Italians?—degenerate sons of illustrious sires!" That is a prejudiced generalization which cannot commend itself to an intelligent public. Emil Reich, in the Contemporary Review, expressed the opinion that Italy is to-day the most gifted nation of Europe. It was only thirty-six years ago that Italy became a nation and her short career has been a brilliant one. No other European nation has advanced so rapidly, for her progress is phenomenal.—Fred'k. H. Wright.

American Women Shop Crazy.

The average American woman is in a state of mental unbalance which promises to play havoc with the next generation of Americans. The same business mania which makes the American man a nervous, worried, quick-stepping creature, gives the American woman her shopping madness. Kleptomania is a common manifestation. In many cases the patient is only seized with it when in a shop. As a guest in a friend's house she would not be tempted. Her mania requires the stimulus of counters and the sight of large arrays of goods, with attendant salesmen or saleswomen. At the present moment I know a lady who suffers from intense melancholy unless she is either in a shop or gazing into a shop window. After the recent big sales her condition became serious, and she is now a patient in a nursing home. It must be clear to everyone that the vast majority of the women who crowd round shop windows are not intending buyers, but are simply gloating over the fine things and coveting them. I would advise every American husband to limit his wife to just one afternoon of shopping per week. Of course, this does not include marketing, and visiting the corner 'drug store' in which an American woman will be found oftener than her husband will visit a saloon. What she does with all the medicines, soaps and appliances from the 'drug store' is an enigma. Looking from another point of view, it may be for the best that America's women should break down in this way. If the female sex is destined to earn its living it must go through the painful process of survival of the fittest from which in time the descendants of the survivors would emerge with nerves and energies equal to man's. Those who fall victim to the shopping mania would be below the standard which competition with man would require.—Dr. Thornhill.

The Poet Laureate on Literature and Politics.

I hold the view that mere contemplation, no matter how lofty or profound, will not make a supreme man of letters or a supreme artist of any kind. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Milton, and others may be instanced as examples of great poets who have been prominently identified with the political life of their day. All the greater men of letters of the eighteenth century are largely indebted for the literary successes they obtain to the vivid interest they display in public affairs. Wordsworth would have been a yet greater poet if he had mixed more freely with his fellow men. The poet forfeits his power when he loses himself in the blue ether. It is well for the literary man that he should concern himself with politics and the affairs of the world.—Alfred Austin.

Government Free Employment Bureau.

The question of providing facilities whereby employers can secure workmen, and workmen out of work can secure suitable employment, is one that is of considerable importance. Any man who has gone from place to place looking for work, only to find that he was too late, or that he would not suit; and any employer who has sorely needed men, and while sure that men were to be had, could not get into communication with them, would welcome an effective employment bureau. Fifteen of the States of the Union have now State free employment offices, where service is given absolutely free, and as sympathetically and wisely as possible. Massachusetts is the latest to establish one of these agencies, and in ten weeks 12,000 men and 4,000 women applied for work, and 4,300 vacancies were reportel by employers. Of these 2,300 have been filled satisfactorily. The bulk of the applicants came from the ranks of unskilled labor, and this is the class that in Canada, possibly for years to come, will be most in need of the help the Government employment agency can provide. Ontario last year established two of these bureaus, one in Ottawa and one in Hamilton, and the two have succeeded in placing some scores of unemployed; but it would seem advisable that such bureaus should be placed at the large centres throughout Canada. Massachusetts is so well satisfied with its new experiment that it has increased its grant from $5,000 to $25,000. With our rapidly increasing immigration it is certain that something of this kind in each of the provinces would be of great value.—Christian Guardian.

SUNBURST

Early Dividends for Stockholders—Machinery now being installed for rapid development of underground workings of famous Lead and Zinc property—Stockholders enthused over new strike of rich ore—Steam Drills and Hoists operated by great power plant will bring riches from earth—On behalf of the public, The Kansas City Post investigates the mine and prints magnificent endorsement of this mighty co-operative enterprise—Big advance in price of stock coming

Powerful Machinery Installed.

The Directors of the Sunburst Mining Company authorize the announcement that the machinery for the underground workings is now being installed. This consists of the latest type of powerful steam boiler, steam hoists and steam drills. The contract for the hoister house for Shaft No. 3 has been let, and this will be erected immediately. The steam drills will give immense impetus to the work. Drifting is being rushed to connect Shafts No. 2 and 3, and in this work a great body of rich ore has been struck, that has created wide excitement in the camp. As this goes to press, tons of rich ore are being piled up on the dump, spelling sure dividends.

Dividends of 120 Per Cent. Are Paid.

The Baxter Mining Company, operating in the same district and with the same officers as the Sunburst Company, has declared dividends of 10 per cent. per month; the first payment made was February 1st.

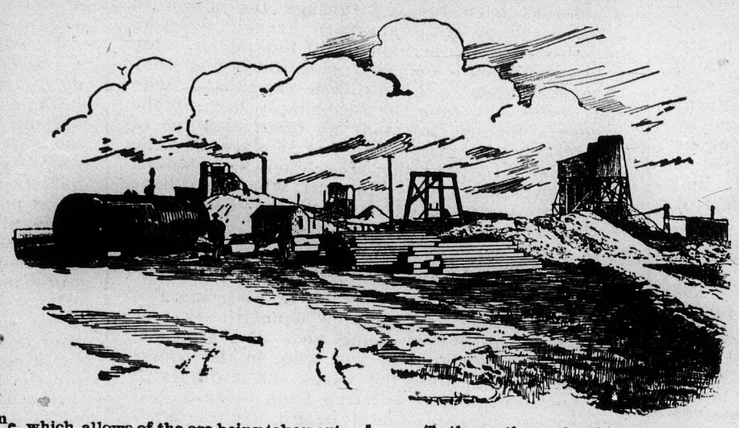
Read the following from the Omaha Bee of February 3rd, 1907:

DIVIDENDS ON BAXTER MINING STOCK.

"A 10 per cent. Monthly Dividend has been declared and paid to the fortunate owners of Baxter Mining Company stock. This dividend, we are informed, will be regularly paid on the first of each month. Owners of this stock are to be congratulated. The property of this company lies in the new wonderful lead and zinc district known as the Baxter Spring Camp. The officers are E. T. McCarthy, president, and R. W. Bailey, secretary and treasurer. A number of other Omaha citizens are interested."

This immensely rich property lies four miles from Baxter Springs, Kas., and is just across the State line in the Quapaw Reservation, Indian Territory. All around and immediately adjoining this property are good producing mines with fine mills, which are making their owners rich. Just southwest is the mill owned by the Whitneys of New York. On every side we are surrounded by producing mines, operating in ore bodies that run into and through our section, and, from the reports of experts and engineers, are actually richer and nearer the surface than at any other place in the district. The formation consists of a blanket deposit of mineral of the richest quality, from 15 to 30 feet in thickness, lying at a depth of from 57 to 74 feet, thus making it very easy and inexpensive to mine.

Thousands of dollars were expended in drilling holes and sinking shafts to prove not only the existence in paying quantities of lead and zinc, but also the unusual richness of the ore. The drilling and shaft sinking have demonstrated a uniform bed of ore over the entire acreage of 15 to 30 feet in thickness and found only 57 feet under the surface. The water is only sufficient to wash the ore while milling. This is an important point, as in many lead and zinc mines the superabundance of water is a very dangerous factor. The ore is found between well-defined flat beds of limestone, which allows of the ore being taken out without the sure of any timbers whatever, pillars of ore being allowed to support the roof, which is thus permanently safe.



The Same Ore Body That Makes Others Rich

No other district can produce so many rich mines in so small an area as this portion of the Baxter Springs Camp. Look at the map, and you will see how the Sunburst holdings are the very heart of this section. To the north are the Dark Horse, Isley, Tipton, Magaska, all well-known properties. To the west are the Sunnyside (the oldest mill in camp), White Eagle, Indiana, Ayers and Sloan. To the south the famous Hobo (the richest mine ever opened in the district, which has drifted to the south line of the Sunburst in extremely high-grade ore). The ore milled last week by the Hobo ran 10 per cent. In three months 500,000 pounds of rich ore were taken out by the Hobo. This mine is 135 feet from our property and is in the same ore bed. Shaft No. 3 is only 70 feet from the Hobo north drift, with the same bed of ore. The drilling shows this bed to run across the entire Sunburst property. Shaft No. 2 is 400 feet from the northeast drift of the Hobo, and is into the same ore bed.

To the south are also the Omaha Mines and Mill and the Good Luck Mine, where the lead has proved to be so heavy. On these properties mills are erected and extremely rich ore extracted, making great returns for the owners.

K. C. POST REPORT

Great public interest has been excited in the Sunburst property.

In response to this demand for exact and truthful information the Kansas City Post, a great metropolitan newspaper, sent a special correspondent to the district to report what he actually found. The article is too long to be reproduced here, but a copy will be sent to all interested.

Here are a few extracts:

"The point made is that Baxter lead and zinc district is like every other place of great natural advantages—it must have capital to be properly developed. But there is no doubt of the sure and immense rewards.

"'You can't sink a drill anywhere around here,' said my friend of the above, 'without hitting pay ore.'

"And that's true.

"I believe, from close personal observation, that the highest grade lead and zinc ore known is here in practically unlimited quantity. The bigger the mill, the better the machinery, the more money will be made.

"All this district is underlaid by a solid table of lead and zinc ore. To get it into marketable shape you need a mill. Multiply your mills and you multiply your profits."

READ THIS LETTER

Omaha, Neb., March 25th, '07.

Mr. W. A. Fisher, Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Fisher: I have just returned from a two days' visit to the Baxter camp, and while down there took in nearly all of the properties of the camp, and I want to say to you that I never saw such ore taken out of the ground as they are taking out of the Sunburst mine. The stockholders of this company are certainly to be congratulated for getting in before this stock goes to a higher price, which I am confident it is sure to do. You need have no hesitancy in making your statements strong relative to the possibilities of the Sunburst mines.

I saw ore taken out of the ground there last Saturday that, in my judgment, will run 50 per cent. zinc; not one piece, but a great many large blocks that I could hardly lift.

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I note what you wrote me relative to stock going so rapidly, and it is only an indication of how quickly the public appreciates a good thing when it has an opportunity.

With best wishes, I am, Yours very truly, R. W. BAILEY.

Why Stock is Sold at 10 Cts. a Share

This issue of fully paid, non-assessable stock is for the purpose of procuring immediate funds to build a concentrating mill, equip the plant with hoisting machinery, and continue development work and put day and night shifts to work—in a word, to apply to this immensely rich property the same development that is resulting everywhere around us in paying great dividends, and enormously enhancing the value of the property. Have you ever heard of a failure in a true lead and zinc mine? Have you not heard, on the contrary, of the fortunes taken out right in this district, by practically all mining plants, in the last few years? Have you ever had opportunity to get in on the ground floor of such an investment? At this price the immense profits depend on this: Are the facts such as we have stated? Now, this we prove in detail—we will even arrange to take you to the mine—we refer you to any of the reports on this property—to banks—to engineers—to the evidence of surrounding properties; we lay the proposition before your business judgment, with the full appreciation that you owe it to yourself to investigate this simply as an investment in a commercial enterprise.

Buy Stock Now at 10 Cts. a Share, Par Value $1

Only a limited number of shares offered at this price. This stock positively advances to 15 cents a share on May 22nd, and this may be your last opportunity before it is withdrawn from the market. Buy before the advance, and if you are not satisfied with your investment at any time within thirty days of your first payment every cent will be refunded you.

Buy on Easy Payment Plan.

A rise in the price of these shares to par means 1,000 per cent. for every $1.00 invested, besides the dividends.

Subscriptions will be accepted for 200 shares and upward, either cash in full, with reservation, or by 10 per cent. down and 10 per cent. monthly for nine months.

The cost is the same either way, but by the instalment plan you can reserve a much larger block of stock, and when the price advances, as it will immediately on disposal of this block of stock, you can reap the immediate profit.

Your whole reservation will receive the benefit of every advance in price, even while you are paying for it.

Upon completion of your payments, certificate will be issued for stock purchased. If unable to finish the payments, you will receive, upon request, certificate for the amount paid for. Stock now 10 cents per share; par value $1.00.

$ 20 buys	200 shares stock,	$ 2 down,	$ 2 a month.
$ 40 buys	400 shares stock,	$ 4 down,	$ 4 a month.
$ 50 buys	500 shares stock,	$ 5 down,	$ 5 a month.
$ 100 buys	1,000 shares stock,	$ 10 down,	$ 10 a month.
$ 200 buys	2,000 shares stock,	$ 20 down,	$ 20 a month.
$ 300 buys	3,000 shares stock,	$ 30 down,	$ 30 a month.
$ 500 buys	5,000 shares stock,	$ 50 down,	$ 50 a month.
$1,000 buys	10,000 shares stock,	$100 down,	$100 a month.

This is a business proposition. Here are business men conducting it. They invite your investigation.

OFFICERS.

Wm. M. Law, President, Omaha, Neb.
C. M. Craney, Vice President, Baxter Springs, Kan.
R. W. Bailey, Secretary, Omaha, Neb
E. T. McCarthy, Treasurer, Omaha, Neb.

DIRECTORS,

T. J. Foley, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
H. H. Craney, Baxter Springs, Kan.
C. W. Craney, Baxter Springs, Kan.
Wm. H. Law, Omaha, Neb.
Helen Craney, Baxter Springs, Kan.
R. S. Green, Omaha, Neb.
R. W. Bailey, Omaha, Neb.
E. T. McCarthy, Omaha, Neb.
L. H. Watts, Baxter Springs, Kan.

Address all communications to W. A. Fisher, Fiscal Agent, Bank of Commerce Building, Kansas City, Mo.

BANK REFERENCES.

Baxter National, Baxter Springs, Kan.
Bankers' Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.

DEPOSITORY.

Bankers' Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.

LET US SEND YOU FREE ORE SAMPLES.

We will send to anyone interested, absolutely without charge, all expenses prepaid, a box of the crude ore as taken from the Sunburst Mines. This sample will be of interest to the student or investor alike, and would be of value in any curio collection.

Send to-day for these free samples and our profusely illustrated prospectus, with photographic reproductions of the property, a large half-tone map of the lead and zinc field, and list of bank and business references.

INFORMATION COUPON.

Clip and Mail To-Day.

W. A. FISHER, Financial Agent,
743 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir—Please send me your illustrated prospectus with half-tone map of the Southwest Lead and Zinc Field, special payment plan for stock subscription and full information.

Please also include, postage prepaid, free samples of Crude Ore from the Sunburst Mining Company's property.

Name.....

Address.....

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S. W. BEATTY, Western Representative, 53 Aikins Building, Winnipeg. Phone 4539

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THE PHILOSOPHER

There is a good deal of discussion among leading educationalists these days as to the standing of Manitoba University. According to some of these learned gentlemen, the unsophisticated voter points with pardonable, though mistaken pride to what he thinks is the provincial university. Principal McDermid, of Brandon College, in a recent informing and illuminating speech, brought the whole matter not only before the legislature, but the public generally. He said:

MANITOBA, NOT A STATE UNIVERSITY.

"The Board of Studies (of Manitoba University), is composed as follows: Two elected by each of the four affiliated denominational colleges, two by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and one by Manitoba Medical College, and one by the University Council. Eight out of the thirteen are appointed directly by the four religious denominations, and these eight are the ones especially concerned with the arts curriculum and examinations. One only is appointed by the University Council. I would like to ask, Mr. Chairman, how much State University have we got. The Council is composed of 58 members, eight of whom are appointed by the State. That Council of 58 elects one man (only one man), on the Board of Studies, the body that has the superintendence of the functions of the University. Now, I would like some mathematician to figure out how much State there is in it by the time you get the Board of Studies' eight members on the Council represent the State that is, eight out of fifty-eight, that is (1-7) one-seventh, and then that Council elects only one man out of 13, and you have 1-7 of 1-13 or 1-91. That is the amount of State control you have and the rest is church. And yet we are told that this is a State University."

If these figures are correct, and they have not been gainsaid, we have reason to congratulate Saskatchewan in not making its University a hybrid institution, but now, in the beginning of its history, freeing it from all church interference and control. Canon Murray recently compared Manitoba University to a mule, which had "neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity."

Tailors of New York have decided that it would be impossible to revert to knee-breeches. It is all the fault of the average city man. His legs have so deteriorated in grace and strength, he is so commonly spindle-shanked and knock-kneed that it is really a very fortunate thing for him that modern dress conceals these unfortunate members. What is true of the American leg is doubtless true of British. Of how many could it be said, as his great admirer said of Sir Willoughby Pattern, "He has a leg!" Of very few. Much exercise on golf-links has given to m y a man a leg sufficiently developed to carry knickerbockers without exciting the cruel wit of the small boy; but even in such cases it is seldom th e sort of leg that would look well in silken hose and buckled shoe. Apart from the sedentary life that the city man is compelled to lead, his physique has suffered because deportment is no longer one of the graces in which a gentleman is schooled. Dignified carriage has gone out with ruffles and rapiers. Round shoulders and knock-knees do well enough for the waltz; they would have been out of place and impossible for the stately minuet. One wonders what the Canadian leg will eventually become. At present there are many varieties. In perhaps no country in the world are there so many nationalities as are to be found in the Dominion. With all our getting, shall we get a good leg? We are developing all kinds of industries, are we forgetting legs? Is not a leg more than an orchid, an agricultural college or a provincial university? If Solomon, the Wise, were here again his advice to the young Canadian would be "With all thy getting, get legs."

THE LEGS OF A MAN.

Although the genial spring has come, the fuel famine has not departed with its advent. The situation is acute, and the end is not yet. What with the present strike in Alberta and the present shortage the outlook does not wear a rosy hue. What shall we do for next winter's supply? This is a question asked by the thoughtful. Another winter like the last will give the prosperity of the West such a set-back as we shall not soon recover from. Many railways have been censured, and dealers blamed, but railway companies and coal dealers have the clever knack of making plausible excuses for their many shortcomings. Abuse of present machinery, however, nor gratuitous condemnation will serve the perpose. You cannot fill the coal-bin by abuse, or the fire box by condemnation. Gas we have had galore, but it is a gas that will generate heat that we particularly need at the present time. And yet, we cannot refrain from adding another suggestion to the many that have been so generously offered. It is the erection of civic coal yards, owned and operated by the city. For large cities like Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Edmonton, the plan would be feasible. The popularity of any city council is assured that will try the experiment. It is a possible scheme. It would alleviate much suffering and rescue the poor citizen from the tyranny of the coal-dealer. If the coal-dealer will not lay in sufficient fuel in the summer time to carry his customers over the winter, he should be given the go-by, and the city should have the custom which he has so lightly esteemed. In two or three years, by this plan every city would have large supplies husbanded, which would put all fear of fuel shortage to the winds.

CIVIC FUEL YARDS.

In order to save itself from contagious and infectious diseases, in 1897 New York City appointed a corps of medical inspectors. The duties of these inspectors were to visit schools every morning and examine children suspected of disease. The results of the good work done by these medical experts has been marvellous. Of 99,240 children examined in the schools of the Borough of Manhattan from March 27, 1905, to September 29, 1906, 65,741,—or about 65 per cent.,—needed some form of medical treatment. Of these 99,240 children, about 30 per cent. (30,958) required correction of defects of sight, in most cases by eyeglasses. A still larger percentage (39,778) needed attention to their teeth. There were 38,273 children with swollen glands in the neck, indicating some present or past trouble in the throat, nose, ear, or some abnormal constitutional condition. Enlarged tonsils, with their baneful effects, including liability to tonsilitis and diphtheria, were found in 18,131 children. About 10 per cent. of all the children examined (9,850 were found to have adenoid growths in their throats,—a condition which predisposes to affections of the ears, the nose, and the lungs, and which interferes most seriously with the child's general health and mental development. Heart disease was found in ',659 children; disease of the lungs in 1,039, and deformities of the body or limbs in 2,347. With the great influx of foreign and poor people to the West, comes the need of some such medical inspection. The conditions in Winnipeg and the larger cities are different only in degree from those of New York.

MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS.

One of the most perplexing of problems in our western country is that of amusement. Our fathers had to work so hard that they gave little time to fun and frolic; and rather scouted the idea that it was necessary to the all-round development of their sons and daughters. They had the country fair and the Annual Church Social; these were enough to supply the entertainment demands of one year. The Church Social meant chicken and pumpkin pie galore, and pickles of every size, shape, brand, quality and flavor. The supper was followed by a lecture given by some town or city preacher whose express business was to start the chicken-gorged sides of his auditors moving. By the aid of his wit, "the good things provided by the ladies" were to become assimilated by the capacious paunches before him. In other words, he was to aid digestion, and took the place of those more recent but less potent remedies which have since flooded the market. He was Celery Compound; he was Pink Pills; he was a pepsin tablet. Our fathers were economical and did not waste their money on patent medicines when they paid a preacher to do the work. Times have changed. Amusements, clean, sweet and wholesome must be provided for all classes of our complex society. The cities and towns should look upon it as an important part of their duty to provide recreation for their citizens.

"THE CHICKEN SUPPER SOCIAL."

In the general hue and cry for more railroads we are forgetting that the companies are not properly equipping those that are now being operated. It has ever been the policy of great contractors like Mackenzie and Mann to advocate road-bed extension rather than rolling stock. The reason is obvious. The company gets the land grant when the road-bed is laid. The sums of money obtained in this way have been enormous. The quality of the road is of less interest to railway companies than its mileage. What is the result? We have thousands of miles of rails with inadequate rolling stock and motive power. The C. N. R. has furnished many object lessons during the past winter. The provincial governments and all others interested should grant no new charter until the lines now laid are properly equipped with rolling stock. But even the road-beds are of little use in some instances. They are not ballasted as they should be, and the consequence is that a long and heavy trains of cars cannot be hauled over the fragile roads. "Car shortage" is becoming a very familiar word to Western business men—too familiar for the good of the country. Unless something is done in this matter soon the confidence of investors in this great Western land will be forfeited.

ROAD-BEDS AND ROLLING STOCK.

A considerable portion of the land should always belong to the Government, forest reserves, public parks, and in fact all land not suitable for agriculture, except the sites required for residence, manufacturing and commerce. Much of the latter should be owned by the public. Docks on the shores of navigable waters should be public property in order to open opportunities for commenrce to all persons equally. A strip of land at least the width of the ordinary street should have been reserved on the entire coast line of the United States and Canada and on the entire shore of all lakes and rivers. It is easy to permit such land to be used for commercial purposes. It is a grievous wrong to allow a man to buy a few acres of land on the shore and shut the world off from the sea. Here the few acres of land is nothing and the sea is everything; and we have often sold the sea for the price of a few rods of land. Much mischief has been done, but it is not too late to save much of the Western country and Alaska. The homestead should be the only means of acquiring title, and this should be given to one man only once, and only after five years' continuous residence. The title should be to only the surface of the land, the Government reserving all coal and minerals. The Government can safely grant limited leases for stock grazing in such a way that it will not interefere with the farmers who desire to settle.

THE COAST LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.

A recent statement made by Mr. F. T. Gates, one of the multi-millionaire's financial agents, relative to the wealth and commercial interests of John D. Rockefeller is causing some of his accusers to see things in a new light. There are those who have never believed the stories told of his enormous wealth, acquired by over-reaching and fraudulent transactions, especially in connection with the Standard Oil Company. But there was a public outcry which it was worth a life to contend against. But now the public is likely to learn the truth, and the name so much abused is likely to be vindicated. Mr. Gates tells us that the wealth of Mr. Rockefeller is probably between $250,000,000 and $300,000,000. He has never owned more than thirty per cent. of the stock of the Standard Oil Company, and now owns not more than twenty per cent. of it. He has not been responsible for the doings of the company for many years, and has not been in the office of the company, 26 Broadway, New York, for more than ten years past. His income, instead being $100,000,000 a year, it is not more than 15,000,000 to $20,000,000. For many years past he has been living a quiet, semi-retired life, seeking and finding objects upon which he may bestow money which he knows, as well as does any other man, he cannot take with him into the eternal world. There were those who knew all this before. But it was useless to say it, because of popular clamor. We are glad to hear all this, and publish it. Public men get few bouquets, and we are pleased if we can show another and more gracious side of one who for many years has received little else than abuse from the public.

ROCKEFELLER IN A NEW LIGHT.

Look for the Signature—White on label—Black on wrapper. 126 J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., (Est'd. 1857) Montreal, Canadian Agents.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

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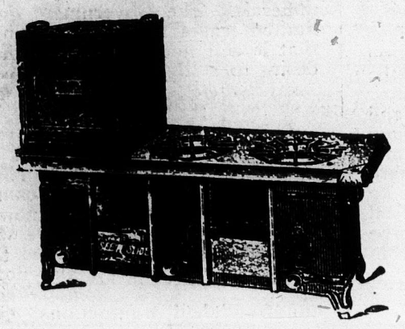
BURNS BARRELS OF AIR

The Most Wonderful Stove Ever Invented

GOOD BAKERS GOOD COOKERS

Causing great excitement wherever exhibited. Fuel drawn principally from atmosphere. Uses 395 barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil. Wood, coal and oil cost money. Only free fuel is air. Supply is unlimited. No trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike.

Not Like Those Sold in Stores. Positively Non-Explosive.



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Automatically generates gas from Coal Oil, mixes it with air. Burns like gas. Intense hot fire. Combustion perfect. To operate turn knob, oil runs into burner, touch a match, it generates gas, which passes through air mixed, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. It is self regulating. No more attention. Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat simply turn knob. To put fire out simply turn knob. As near perfection as anything in this world. Not like those sold in stores. No leaks, nothing to clog up. No wick, not even a valve; yet heat is unde. perfect control. Cheapest fuel on earth, The only stove absolutely guaranteed to be safe from explosions. No hot fiery kitchens. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable, lasts for years. Prices: 1 burner, **$3.75**; two burners, **$7.50**; three burners, **$11.50**. Write to-day. All orders receive prompt attention.

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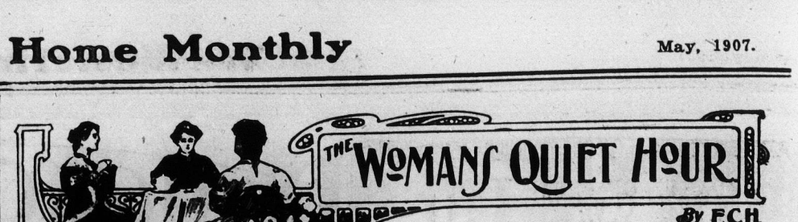

House Cleaning. That is the dread word, and the still more dread deed, that is occupying the attention of ninety per cent. of the readers of the page this month.

There is not, I imagine, much that is new to say on the subject. A bundle of American exchanges came to me the other day, and I noted that every column or page devoted to women had something to say on this important topic, but careful reading failed to disclose any suggestions or hints that had not been given a hundred times before.

I would like to repeat the warning to the new beginners at least, against the folly of turning the whole house out at once and trying to do in a day what ought to take a week. The temptation to rush the disagreeable task through and return to the ordinary routine of the household is great, but for that very reason it should be resisted. This spring finds people, and more especially women, with vitality very much reduced after a long and peculiarly trying winter, and there is no reserve of strength on which to draw. The warm days that are suitable for house cleaning are also trying to the system from the very completeness of the change and the feeling of lassitude is not a sign of laziness to be fought off, but a sign that a tonic is needed and that care should be taken not to further exhaust your already sorely depleted vitality.

One room at a time should be the motto of every housewife in spring cleaning and if, as will happen among many of the new settlers, there is but one, or at most two rooms, then take two or even three days for the necessary turning out.

Allow me also to promulgate a heresy,—don't wash your blankets until June. There will be plenty of soft water then; even if June is hot, there will be cool hours in the early morning. The advantage of doing this is, that you are pretty certain, once June is in, that winter coverings will not be required again until fall, you have had time to recover from the fatigues of house cleaning, and the man of the house has his farm work so forward that he can spare an hour or two for shaking blankets; and here let me emphasize the fact that no woman, however strong or able she may be, should attempt the shaking of heavy blankets. If she is an expectant mother, it is not only foolish, but it is absolutely sinful for her to do any such thing. Two men will shake a blanket better in five minutes than two women, of average strength, will in half an hour, and, suggested to them at the right moment, will be regarded as rather good fun than otherwise; and on proper shaking depends the softness and fluffiness of the blankets.

Naptha soap, made by the Royal Crown Co., Limited, Winnipeg, if you can get it, is one of the best and easiest soaps with which to wash blankets, and I hope there are not many homes in our great Canadian West without a wringer. With these two things, blanket washing is greatly simplified.

A man should be almost as much ashamed to have his wife go without a wringer and washing machine as he would be to have her go without shoes.

Winnipeg Industrial. I expect a good many women have put in some of the long winter evenings on fancy work of one kind or another for exhibition either at Winnipeg or their local fair. The prize list of the Winnipeg Industrial will probably be out before this reaches my readers, but in case it should not be, let me say that a committee of the Woman's Art Association of Canada spent a long morning with the manager of the exhibition, Dr. A. W. Bell, revising the list of prizes for women's work, and it is now thoroughly up-to-date. Many of the prizes have been increased and altogether it is a very satisfactory list and one well worth competing in, as all lines for which prizes are offered are of value to the exhibitor afterwards.

Very many of the local fairs might model their lists on Winnipeg with advantage to both the fairs and the exhibitors thereat.

Women and Poultry. I had a visit this week from Miss Hall, of the Hermitage, Headingly, one of the most successful raisers of poultry in the Province. She took up poultry raising seven years ago as a hobby to keep her more in the open air, and soon became an enthusiast. She has had great success with both chickens and turkeys, her yearly percentage of loss being exceptionally small. She has a splendid market for all she can raise, and eggs from her poultry yard command fancy prices all the year round. She has never gone in much for show birds, but has confined her attention to a flock that would be commercially profitable and has succeeded far beyond her expectations and is strong in her advocacy of poultry raising as a pleasant and profitable avocation for women.

The fact that she has been almost uniformly successful with turkeys is a great feather in her cap, for everyone knows how tiresome they are to raise, and what an enormous demand there is for them on the Winnipeg market, in fact, on every market in the West.

It would be a splendid guide to beginners if Miss Hall could only be induced to write her experiences in pamphlet form. There is an intimation abroad that the Government of Manitoba is about to make a greater effort to encourage the raising of poultry and it would be a capital thing if they would get Miss Hall to prepare a pamphlet on this subject for general distribution. Indeed, the two Governments of Manitoba and Saskatchewan might combine on this work for it would be suitable and useful for both provinces.

Stray Verses.

A Rain Song.

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils!
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers upon the hills!
A cloud of gray engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town—
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining roses down!

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to the happy,
A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining violets!"

Two Pictures.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

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March 1907.

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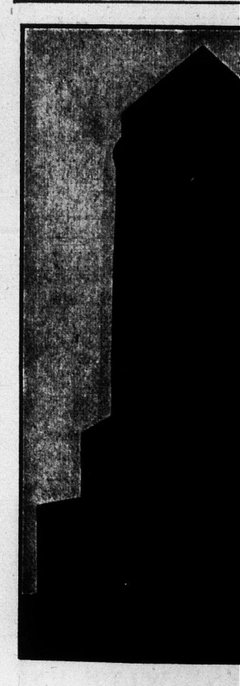

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ADVERTISED ARTICLES ARE ARTICLES OF EXCEPTIONAL MERIT.

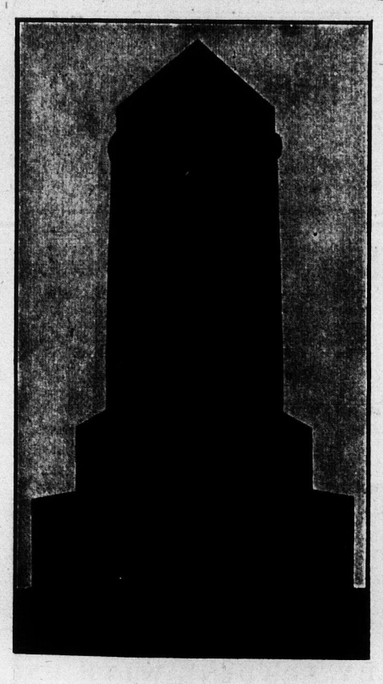
So says Current Literature for March 1907.

"When you see a brand of goods advertised with us, it generally means that this brand has been on the market some time, that the goods are made with all the economies possible to the large producer, that they are already more or less established in public favor, and that a responsible firm is willing to back *their merit* with its money. In fact such articles, you have every reason to believe, have exceptional merit."

"BABY'S OWN SOAP" has been used by Canadians for the last 30 years—it is made with the latest improved machinery and all the economies possible—it is sold as low as the high quality of the materials will permit, it is well established in the public favor, and The Albert Soaps Limited put their name and money behind it because they believe it is an article *of exceptional merit and unrivalled quality.*

Don't allow any dealer to persuade you to accept any of the many imitations that are made up like "Baby's Own" for fraudulent purposes. Insist on getting "Baby's Own"—they are sold more cheaply, give a bigger profit to the dealer and therefore must be made more cheaply 10-07

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.



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Steam Marble and Granite Works
ROSSER AVE., BRANDON

SCOTCH GRANITE MONUMENTS

We have about two carloads on exhibition in our yard here, and expect an 80,000 lb. car about May 1. We buy at wholesale prices and direct from the Quarries in Aberdeen, Scotland. This means that we can sell to you for 25 per cent. less than any other dealer in the West.

EVERY KIND OF GRANITE AND MARBLE IN STOCK

Write us or give us a call.

IT'S MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

WILD and IMPROVED LANDS
In the Famous
HANLEY PLAINS
Saskatchewan

For pamphlet giving complete information write
T. O. HAMRE
P. O. Box 45 HANLEY, SASK.

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more,
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

A Rose Rent. English people are familiar with the old custom of paying "A Peppercorn Rent," the idea of the builders of cottages for the poor, being to give them rent free but still retain their invested right in the property. There is a case on record where a certain nobleman had erected a number of cottages for old people on his estate, who were past work, and had stipulated that yearly they should pay "a peppercorn" to show that they were tenants and not owners.

His son, on coming to the property, found that it was increasing rapidly in value, owing to the discovery o coal. He had no wish to dispossess the pensioners of his father, but he was not sure that "a peppercorn" rental was sufficient to hold the title. He consulted counsel learned in the law and was advised that there was a doubt and that he had better make the rent one penny a year, as that would be legal tender.

The raising of the rent caused a series of indignant meetings among the tenants, and they complained bitterly of his extortion.

I was reminded of the peppercorn rents by the following pretty tale of a rose as a rental:—

"Miss Martha M. Horning, of Newport, Rhode Island, has the distinction of being legal heir each June to a red rose, this same pretty rental being given for the site of the Zion Evangelical Lutheran church at Maiheim, Pennsylvania. And thereby hangs a tale that is full of romance and sentiment. Many years ago—it was 1750—Baron Henry William Stiegal came to Pennsylvania from Germany, bringing $200,000, which he invested in iron and glass works. He had several hundred workmen gathered around him, and for their convenience founded the little town of Manheim. He built himself a palatial home among their cottages, the brick being brought from England by ship, and then hauled by wagon from Philadelphia, seventy miles away.

"In this house he set apart a chapel, where he preached to his people in their own language for twelve years. Then, on December 4, 1772, he deeded to the congregation a piece of land on which to build a church, and a unique clause in the deed read, "and yielding and paying therefor to the said Henry William Stiegel, heirs and assigns, at Manheim, in the month of June, yearly forever hereafter, the rent of one red rose, if the same shall be lawfully demanded."

"Twice in the good old Baron's lifetime the rose was paid with all formality. Then came the Revolution, which diverted the attention of the congregation to other things, and the custom was forgotten. In 1891, when a new church was being built, the pastor discovered the poetic provision in the old deed. His suggestion to revive the custom met with great approval, and a search was made for the oldest legal heir. This was found to be Mrs. Elizabeth Luther, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and with a quaint and pretty ceremony, the rose was presented to her.

"The payment of the odd rent has since been continued, the second Sunday in June being set aside for the ceremony, and from 8,000 to 12,000 people come each year to witness the all-day service. Not only is the stipulated rose given, but all the congregation marches by the altar and each places a red rose there in memory of the old Baron and his philanthropy. In 1905, the rose was received in due form by Miss Martha M. Horning, of Newport, Rhode Island, but last year she was too infirm to appear, and the next heir in line, Mrs. C. C. Hoover, of Boradway, Virginia, a great-great-grand-daughter of the baron, received the rental."

Palmer's Hair Goods

WE import the finest cut hair in the world and make it up in our own workrooms under the eyes of the most skilful European experts.

Our products in **Natural Hair Switches, Pompadours, Transformations, Toupees** and **Wigs** are equal to those of the famous makers on the Continent.

If you want the best to be procured in America, write to us.

Illustrated Catalogue Free on Request.

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105 NOTRE DAME STREET WEST
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CROMPTON'S CORSETS

All leading merchants have them.

These perfect-fitting and beautiful Corsets hold the premier position in the world of fashion for elegance, durability and comfort. They not only delight the eye but engender in the mind of the wearer that consciousness of ease, comfort and grace which a perfectly made article alone ensures.

Sterling Quality
Reasonable Price
Great Durability

No. 389 *Manufactured by* No. 411

CROMPTON CORSET CO., LIMITED
78 York St., Toronto 234 McGill St., Montreal

EASY TO PUT ON

So simple is it to handle, any woman can decorate her own home with **Alabastine.** Write to-day for our book "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful." It explains how **Alabastine** is the cheapest, most healthful and most luxurious wall-covering.

Send ten cents for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents.

Ask your dealer for tint card. NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

THE AlabastineCo. LTD
174 WILLOW STREET. PARIS. ONT.

BEST ENGLISH Hammer and Hammerless guns with all modern improvements at manufacturers' prices. Superior far-killing 12 bore Double Breechloaders, **Entirely English Made,** from $15.75 each. Also cheap quality Doubles from $9.75. Rifles etc. Illustrated Price List, free. W. James & Reynolds, George St., Minories, London, E. C. England.

FRUIT TREES.

We have the largest stock of Fruit Trees and Small Fruit Plants ever grown in Western Canada. Probably more than all the other Western nurseries combined. We will send the following collection of fruit plants, express prepaid, on receipt of $5, 12 gooseberries of three varieties, 6 white, 6 red and 6 black currants, 12 red and 12 yellow raspberries, 12 bush cherries. Every plant guaranteed home grown, and the very best varieties for this country. BUCHANAN NURSERY Co., St. Charles, Man. Write us for seed potatoes, 10 choice varieties.

A Man of Strength

Must Be A Healthy Man

No man who has lost his vitality can be strong or healthy—Vitality means Electrical Energy. When Electrical Energy is deficient, man becomes a weakling—not a MAN, as nature intended him to be. He has pains in his back, is drowsy, lacks ambition, work is a burden—sleep not restful—sexual system weakened—not the "get-up-and-at-it" MEN have. You need not suffer this way. You can be made strong and vigorous. The Electrical Energy you can get back, and feel stronger and better than before you lost your strength and ambition. You can become a MAN among MEN. How can it be done?

Dr. Adie's Electric Body Appliance is the honest way to give you that "vim and snap" that makes life worth living. Do you want it?

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

It will make your blood tingle with the Electric fluid—in a way that nothing else can. It cures where Electric Belts fail. Over 60,000 quick and lasting cures to its record. Think of this.

FREE BOOK

Call or Write To-day

This book should be in every home in Canada It tells (honest facts—no exaggeration) how wonderful are the Cures performed in such ailments as Rheumatism, Nervousness, Debility, Weakness, Lame Back, Back Pains, Sciatica Lumbago, Stomach Troubles, Loss of Memory, and all wasting or breaking-down diseases. Headaches, Kidney and Liver Troubles, etc.—in men and women.

YOU should have this Book. Fill out coupon and send it at once. Ask for Book No. 13.

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Please sent me your Free Book No. 13.

Name .....

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My ailment is .....

Office Hours: 9 to 5. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9 o'clock.

GILSON MFG. CO., LTD. Dept. M Guelph, Ontario.

The Weather. It would seem that under the heading of this column the only appropriate suggestion would be fur coats and overshoes. If ever "winter lingering chilled the lap of spring" it is this year of grace, 1907. The women and girls who bought Easter hats have not yet had half a dozen days when it was fit to wear them. As for spring suits and lingerie waists, the very thought of them makes one cold.

Still we have faith that "The good old summer-time" will come, and the chances are it will come with a rush and fervidly, when it does arrive. It is just as well to have all the wash gowns ready to put on, for the thermometer may jump any day to 80 in the shade. It is a season of the unexpected and it is just as well to be able to enjoy the warm weather when it comes, without having to worry about clothes.

White Dresses. In spite of the late spring and the fact that, as yet there has been no opportunity to wear them in the Canadian West, white dresses are the order of the day for summer wear. Every grade of white goods is in vogue, from the heavy linens of coarse weave clear through to the sheerest of India mulls, lawns and organdies.

Skirts of heavy linen, either plain or kilted, and waists of sheer muslin, decorated with shadow embroidery or lace, will be very popular; then there are the entire gowns of linen heavily embroidered. Eyelet embroidery is good, but is not so popular as last year. There is more of the combinations of Mount Mellick and Hardanger. Many of these linen gowns are skirts and Eton coats, under which is worn the very lightest and thinnest lingerie waists.

Thin white gowns worn over flowered slips is another fad of the hour and a very pretty one, too.

Big and rather brightly flowered muslins are used for this purpose and the effect is altogether charming. Embroideries with touches of color are worn on white dresses, but they are a doubtful experiment as I find from inquiry that, though advertised fast colors, they do not always wash as well as they should. The chief joy of a white wash gown is the fact that it always looks new when washed. but if you are to have dabs of faded color on it, it is Ichabod the first time it is washed.

For older women, the black muslins and grenadines over black and white striped slips are popular and very pretty. The effect is quite novel.

Parasols. With the wash gowns there are an endless variety of fancy parasols, but those of pure white, embroidered in eyelet or Mount Mellick lead; they have plain unvarnished wood handles and the tops can easily be removed and washed. Then there are parasols with shadow patterns of flowers in colors and full ruffles of lace round the edges. The black parasol, except when a mass of chiffon ruffles is practically a thing of the past.

Silk Coats. I have already said something this spring about the popularity of silk coats in both black and colors, but it will do no harm to mention them again. The coats of Rajah silk in pure white and self colors are gaining ground all the time, and as they are easy to clean, they will be worn more than the white coats of serge that were so popular last year. Nearly all of them have touches of color and little hints of gold in the decoration, but these are put on so that they can be removed when the coat is sent to the cleaners. The black coats are three-quarter and are nearly all decorated with applique embroidery and very heavy lace. The bottoms of the coats are plain, the decorations being all about the neck and shoulders and down the front. Seven-eighth coats of plain black, navy or green taffeta are having quite a vogue and they are usually decorated with collars of heavy Irish crochet in butter or putty shades. Some of these coats have linings of thin silk in shades of blue, cornflower or pink, which gives an added touch of smartness.

Shoes. Colored shoes in canvas will be popular for the hot months, and there are many shades of pretty grey and tan, but white canvas shoes with all light gowns are the most satisfactory as they are the most readily cleaned. The high heels that were in vogue last year are considerably modified, and the "Mannish last" shoes and boots are more popular than ever. The boots are cut high on the leg this season and are not only smarter but more comfortable.

Belts. Elastic belts are growing more popular every day, and they are so very pretty. Among the smartest are the white belts studded with cut steel; black and steel are also good, and then there are the colors, pinks, blues, greens, etc., but always the cut steel beading.

4040—A Practical Frock for the Boy or Girl.

Some of the simplest of the small frocks are the smartest and for every-day wear they are by far the most practical. A dress in checked Madras is picture having a pointed yoke and

three broad box pleats stitched to waist depth. It requires very little labor for the making, and may be of any seasonable material. As a tub dress it launders easily and will endure a great deal of wear and tear because of its freedom from frills. The belt may be of leather or the material. For the medium size 2⅞ yards of 36-inch goods are needed for the dress.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

This Late Spring

May hinder the Farmer in the wheat belt, as he must struggle on to get his crops sowed in season or he cannot reap. In the beautiful

KOOTENAY

he has no chance of missing the season, and the crop is always assured. The soil is always in shape to work, and no hard labor is needed in breaking, being a very rich deep sandy loam.

Write us for full particulars, also get our beautiful illustrated book. It's free.

DEPT: R,

Fisher Hamilton Co.

P. O. Box 374

615 Ashdown Bldg. Winnipeg

ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM

Will relieve and cure chapped hands, lips, rash, sunburn, chafed or rough skin from any cause. Prevents tendency to wrinkles or ageing of the skin. Keeps the face and hands soft, smooth, firm and white. IT HAS NO EQUAL. Ask for it and take no substitute.

Package of Espey's Sachet Powders

Sent FREE on receipt of 2c. to pay postage.

P. B. KEYS, Agt., 111 S. Centre Ave., Chicago

MONEY SAVED

Do you wish to save from 25 to 45 cents on every dollar you spend for household expenses ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? You can positively save it

BY TRADING WITH US

We appeal to your pocket book. Write at once for our complete price list, it is FREE. Investigate and be convinced.

NORTHWESTERN SUPPLY HOUSE

259 and 261 Stanley Street, Winnipeg, Man.

"Canadian Skirt Co."

Women's highly tailored Suits, Skirts, Waists, Raincoats, etc., to special measure. Immense range of new materials Elegant catalogue of designs, measuring charts, sent on application where we have no Agents. Lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed. Local Agents wanted everywhere

E. R. Bollert & Co. 25 & 27 Wyndham St GUELPH, ONT.

RHEUMATISM.

DR. CLARKE'S Rheumatism Cure. A marvellous safe sure, cure for muscular, inflammatory and chronic Rheumatism and Gouty conditions. Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct charges prepaid, on receipt of One Dollar

J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe. Ont.

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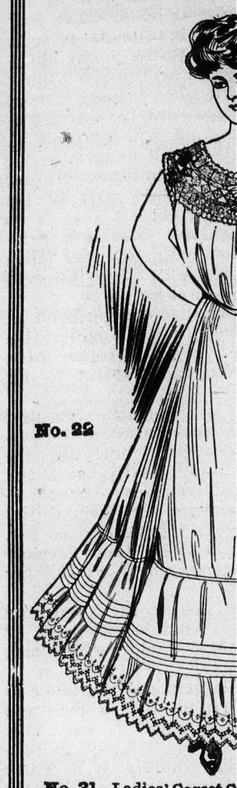


No. 22

No. 31—Ladies' Corset C
Marguerite style, front tri
insertion, and six cluster
finished with lace and rib
to match, sizes 32 to 38 bus

No. 12.—Lad
good strong co
clusters of narro
one row of emb
front finished wi
stitched braid, s
broidery, length
price .....

Write for our Spe

Catalogue—it

MAY VALUES IN WOMEN'S WHITEWEAR

DURING the month of May, we propose to give some decidedly universal values in **Women's Whitewear.** Our reason for doing so is that this is the month of the whole year when the greatest quantity of this class of goods is sold, when the heavy woollen clothing gives place to muslin and kindred materials.

The goods described and illustrated here demonstrate the great saving that is effected in the first place by our manufacturing the goods in our own workrooms, and, in the second place, by buying the goods direct from the mills for cash, and in such quantities that we get the very lowest prices quoted.

The saving on this occasion is even greater than usual, for knowing long in advance that an increase was going to take place in cotton prices, we placed enormous contracts before the advance, and, from the materials bought at the old price, we had made up the garments that are advertised on this page.

We find another advantage in making up the goods we sell. They are made under our inspection during every stage of their making. We know that they are honestly made, and that they will stand the closest scrutiny, and will give entire satisfaction.

Many other lines are advertised in our 1907 Spring and Summer Catalogue, and it is sent free to all who wish for it and who cannot personally visit our big store.

Bear in mind, too, that these goods are in stock, so that we can fill orders promptly. While the whole country has suffered from the serious blockade in freights, we have suffered less than most because we anticipated the trouble and placed our orders much earlier than we would have otherwise done, and this applies to all the lines of goods in the catalogue.

No. 22

No. 31—Ladies' Corset Cover, made of good cotton. Marguerite style, front trimmed with six rows lace insertion, and six clusters of narrow tucks, neck finished with lace and ribbon draw, arms trimmed to match, sizes 32 to 38 bust, May sale price....**25c.**

No. 21.—Ladies' Skirt, made of good cotton, finished with deep lawn flounce trimmed with two one-inch tucks and ruffle of Val lace, lengths 38 to 40 inches May sale price .....**53c.**

No. 22.—Ladies' Skirt, made of good cotton, French bands, trimmed with deep lawn flounce, three ¼-inch tucks, wide ruffle of embroidery. May sale price.....**73c.**

No. 23.—Ladies' Skirts, made of good cotton, deep flounce of lawn trimmed with three ¼-inch tucks, two rows of hemstitched wide ruffle of Val lace, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. May sale price .....**73c.**

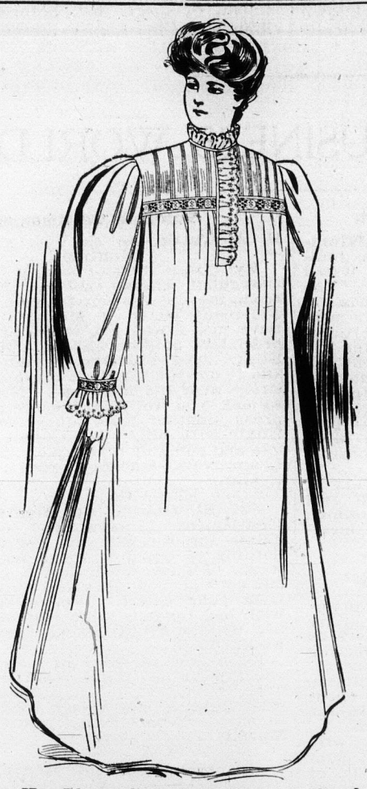
No. 24.—Ladies' Skirt made of good cotton, umbrella flounce of fine lawn, trimmed with five ¼-inch tucks, deep flounce of embroidery, lengths 38 to 42 inches. May sale price .....**98c.**

No. 32.—Ladies' Corset Cover, Empire style, made of all over embroidery, silk ribbon draw at top, shoulder straps of lace insertion and lace, finished with skirt and pearl buttons. This corset cover makes an extremely pretty garment to be worn with sheer blouses, sizes 32 to 40 bust. May sale price.....**53c.**

No. 33.—Ladies' Corset Cover, made of fine Nainsook, low round neck, finished with lace, arms to match, front with three rows wide Val insertion running around, full front style, sizes 32 to 38 bust. May sale price .....**49c.**

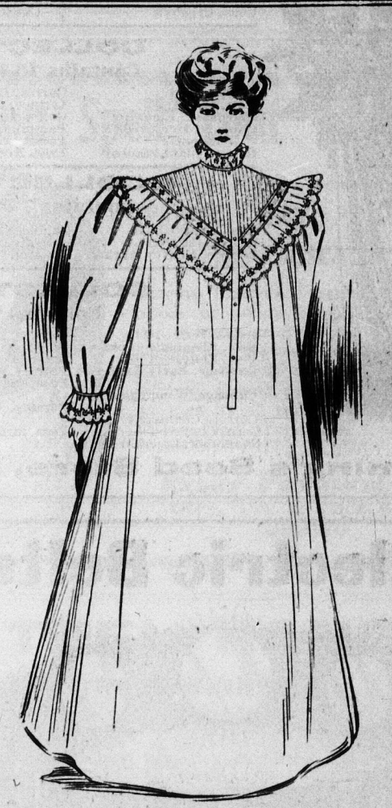
No. 21

No. 34—Ladies' Corset Cover, made of good cotton, round yoke, one row lace insertion with lace ruffle below, two rows beading and ribbons, neck and arms finished with lace ruffle, back with row of insertion, sizes 32 to 38 bust. May sale price..**28c.**



No. 12.—Ladies' Night Gown, made of good strong cotton, Mother Hubbard yoke, clusters of narrow tucks, finished below with one row of embroidery insertion, neck and front finished with frill of embroidery feather stitched braid, sleeve with insertion and embroidery, lengths 56, 58 and 60. May sale price .....**83c.**

No. 13.—Ladies' Night Gown, cotton, Mother Hubbard yoke of four cluster tucks, four rows lace insertion, frill of lawn on neck, front and sleeves with lace edge, lengths 56, 58, 60. May sale price .....**73c.**



No. 14.—Ladies' Night Gown, made of good cotton, pointed yoke of solid hemstitched tucks, finished with row of embroidery insertion and deep ruffle of embroidery, neck and sleeves finished with embroidery frill, lengths 56, 58 and 60. May sale price, **$1.23**

Write for our Special Grocery Catalogue—it's free.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Write for particulars about our Binder Twine offer.

The Gerhard Heintzman Piano

is made by a man who is master of his art, who makes his pianos as the old masters made violins--Every instrument is given individual attention, not rushed through on a factory system like machines, but treated as a work of art and finished as such.

A piano made like this will cost more but is worth double the price of the ordinary trade instrument.

It pays to buy the best. Write for full particulars.

Lindsay's

284 PORTAGE AVE WINNIPEG

FLEMING'S
VEGETABLE SEED COLLECTIONS

These Collections gave unbounded satisfaction last season—Try them

Assorted to suit different sized gardens. Full sized packets of the best quality. Note the great reduction from Catalogue prices. Send cash with order and I will mail post paid. You have no trouble in making a selection, and you get your spring supply of seeds as easily as if you had a seed store at your door.

Garden, Flower and Field Seeds of all kinds.

COLLECTION A $1.00
Contains 32 Packets

Beans, Pole
Beans, Wax
Beet, Fleming's Half-long
Beet, Detroit Round Red
Cabbage, Etampes
Cabbage, Fottler's
Carrot, Guerande
Carrot, Chantenay
Celery, Golden Yellow
Celery, White Plume
Corn, Cory
Corn, Crosby's
Cucumber, White Spine
Lettuce, Fleming's Selected
Lettuce, Curled Simpson
Onion, Yellow Globe
Onion, Yellow Globe
Onion, Large Red Wethersfield
Parsley, Moss Curled
Parsnip, Hollow Crown
Peas, Horsford's Market Garden
Pumpkin, Cheese
Radish, Scarlet Turnip white tipped
Radish, Chartier's Long
Salsify
Squash, Essex Hybrid
Squash, Hubbard
Squash, Hubbard
Tomato, Manitoba King
Turnip, White Milan
Swede Turnip, Fleming's
Sage

COLLECTION B 50c.
Contains 15 Packets, 1 each of

Beans, Wax
Beet, Fleming's
Cucumber, Emerald
Cabbage, Henderson's Summer
Celery, Giant Paschal
Carrot, Danvers
Lettuce, Fleming's
Onion, Large Red
Parsnip, Hollow Crown
Parsley, Moss Curled
Peas, Nott's Excelsior
Radish, Fleming's Selected
Squash, Essex Hybrid
Tomato, Manitoba King
Summer Savory

COLLECTION C 25c.
Contains 7 Packets, 1 each of

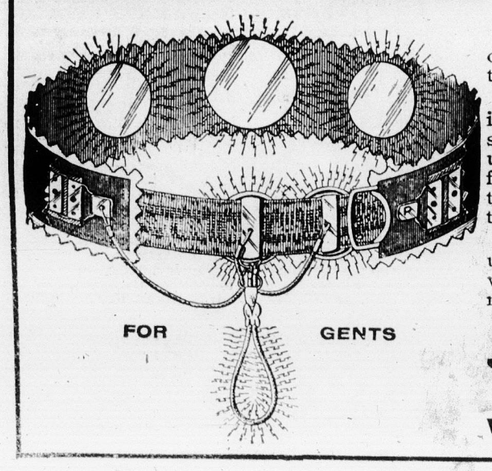
Beet, Long Blood
Carrot, Danvers
Lettuce, Denver Market
Onion, Yellow Globe
Parsnip, Cooper's Champion
Radish, Fleming's Selected
Swede Turnip, Fleming's

COLLECTION D $1.00
Contains the following:

Beans, Wax—1-2 lb.
Beet, Fleming's—1 pkt.
Beet, Eclipse—1 pkt.
Cabbage, Early Express—1 pkt.
Cabbage, Winningstadt—1 pkt.
Carrot, Chantenay—1 oz.
Corn, Cory—1-2 lb.
Cucumber, Emerald—1 pkt
Lettuce, Fleming's—1 pkt
Onion, Large Red—1 oz.
Onion, Yellow Globe—1 oz.
Parsley, Moss Curled—1 pkt
Peas American Wonder—1-2 lb.
Parsnip, Cooper's Champion—1 oz.
Peas, Stratagem—1-2 lb.
Radish, French Breakfast —1 oz.
Squash, Vegetable Marrow—1 pkt.
Squash, Hubbard—1 pkt.
Sage—1 pkt.
Tomato, Manitoba King—1 pkt.
Turnip, Fleming's Swede —1 oz.

Fleming's Seed Store, Brandon, Man.

Electric Belts $5 each



We have a limited number of celebrated Electric Belts that we can recommend.

They are giving entire satisfaction and cannot be beat, so the wearers of them tell us. We are only asking $5 for this belt and it will do the work of a belt costing three or four times that sum.

Write us for full particulars. When ordering state whether for a lady or gentleman.

J. H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, - MAN.

Where Should the Blame Lie.

By Juanita Gay.

To my mind, such a grievous thing has befallen our community. Rumor says an unfortunate young girl of foreign parentage visited a lady a few miles away. One morning a plowman who was breaking a small plot of ground near that, house, found a new-born baby lying there, undressed and unprotected. Think of it!

The news spread like wild-fire—as such news will. The girl was arrested and, the local press says, confessed the charge and acknowledges that unfortunate, helpless bit of humanity.

If the girl will meet any further punishment at the hands of the law, we do not know—can only hope she will not, for it seems to me she has suffered sufficiently and the end is not yet—nor will it ever be! The law of nature punishes man for his "inhumanity to man," and in nothing greater than a case like this.

On account of society, or public sentiment, she disowned her own offspring.

Similar cases appear among our great news items daily, almost. Now, the question is, who is to blame? The girl-mother, the infant's father (who holds his head high, but is surely accessory to the deed without persuasion), society, man's law, or the law of God? How does public sentiment run? You know too well.

The mother an outcast—take in the full meaning of the word;—the father, very likely, "a splendid business man," with a host of friends among his sex and the "fair" as well; society, gay, indifferent, even scornful, and with a conscience clear (or none at all), while anyone with a heart and soul born of God, can bow his head and shed oceans of tears at the injustice of such conditions.

Think of it, the cause and remedy! Women are not wholly perfect, none of them. God does not permit such on earth, no matter how much man expects them to be. If they are not weak in one way they are in another, but faults are surely there. Man does not claim to be perfect, but we have ever known them as the "strongest sex," physically and mentally, and this strength of mind and body has had many a thoughtless, unsuspecting, unprotected woman or girl finish her life in sorrow, with bowed head and broken heart.

We know such strength cannot be forced to do wrong, and how in the name of heaven can it be so easily led? I say, how can it be lead to cause such destruction, not only to the young mother and her family connections, but think of the helpless life just begun, without its consent, in the world of ostracism. If a boy, we say he will outgrow it, especially if he does well financially, for finances will cover a multitude of sins, or he can go to another part of the country and be all right.

But if a girl, alas! She is a helpless outcast. The "stain that has fallen on the snow of her fame" will last even longer than her own life.

It seems to me, that the husband of a wife, the father of a daughter, the son of a mother, or the brother of a sister, would take this subject to his heart seriously.

If "woman is woman's greatest enemy," if she is weak in mind or body, or both, why does man not use the strength of his mind, body, heart and soul for her protection, for her elevation, for the grandeur of her spirit? They have a great influence over her, and why not use it to aid their development in all things in which we call her deficient?

Parents should talk to their sons and daughters alike. "God knows none of the nice distinctions under which men repose."

"Purity is not a gem to flash alone in woman's crown, it glorifies a man and makes him a king," and it may take several generations of "talking" to reap great good, but, surely, it is worth while. Time is here to be used, and the man or woman who does not use it to the best of his or her knowledge and ability, sins in the sight of God.

And, again, society must be more lenient, or more just, before we can claim any Christianity therein.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Western Soap for the East.

The Royal Crown Soap Co., of Winnipeg, a few days ago shipped one hundred boxes of their celebrated Witch Hazel toilet soap to Montreal. The fame of Witch Hazel toilet soap has extended east, where it is sold on its merits in competition with all other toilet soap. Following immediately after the aforementioned shipment to Montreal, was a contract from the management of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. for a season's supply of toilet soap for use on their fleet of palatial passenger steamers plying between Montreal and Toronto and intermediate points.

The Royal Crown Soap Co., Ltd., of Winnipeg, have every reason to feel gratified over the popular favor which their Witch Hazel toilet soap is meeting with in Eastern Canada.

How to Build a Good Fence.

On page eight of this issue the advertisement of the Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., of Hamilton, Ont., offers to send free their new folder on erecting fences. We desire to call attention particularly to this, as this folder contains some very valuable information about fence building, which should be in the hands of every farmer and stockman.

It tells how to erect woven wire fencing in the quickest and most substantial manner, and why this type of fence is the most economical and the best for the purpose. It also has a very interesting description of the manufacture of fence wire. Persons who have never had the privilege of visiting a wire mill will find this article very interesting. It also takes np the subject of the matter of concrete fence posts. Fence posts made of this material are rapidly gaining favor with fence users on account of their resistence to decay. They are proving to be much more serviceable than the old wooden posts.

Let none of our readers fail to send for this valuable little folder. Copies will be sent free by addressing the Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., mentioning this paper.

Valuable Testimonials.

H. A. Tuttle, M. D. V.,
Montreal.

My Dear Sir:—Possibly you have thought it strange that you did not hear from me in answer to your kind and courteous letter of May 26th, but, believe me, I was not ungrateful or unappreciative of your advice, and I had the Elixir used exactly as you instructed and it did the trick, as my horse got entirely over his lameness. Now, I write to ask you to please send me by express another half dozen of Tuttle's Elixir with bill, I want some of this to use and some of it to give to my friends. I am, very sincerely yours, Thos. J. Foster.

Tuttle's Elixir Co.,
32 St. Gabriel St., Montreal.

Gentlemen:—I have been using your Elixir for the last ten years and find nothing to equal it for a leg and body wash. I have never had a horse come out sore or tied up after a race when I used your Elixir. I have kept horses with bad tendons going sound by a free use of the Elixir when nothing else would do it.

I am now foreman of a large stable and always use Tuttle's Elixir and your other remedies in preference to any other and cannot speak too highly of them. Respectfully yours, J. P. Murphy.

Something for the Housekepeer.

A handsomely illustrated catalogue was issued recently by the Manson-Campbell Co, of Chatham, Ont., showing the various styles of combination kitchen cabinets made by their firm. The halftones are good, the type used is of a clear face and easily read, and the paper used is of a close hard surface. The kitchen cabinet is now regarded by good housekeepers as almost indispensible and are in the same class in the home with the washing machine and sewing machine.

These kitchen cabinets, manufactured by the Manson-Campbell Co., are most ingeniously constructed, and it is astonishing all the supplies and kitchen utensils that can be stowed away in

one of them. A kitchen cabinet will save hours of time and miles of walking every day to the housekeeper. It means relief from kitchen drudgery. It does away with bending over a flour bin and straining to reach things high on pantry shelves. There should be a kitchen cabinet in every home, at least so the manufacturers advise.

Manson-Campbell Co. sell direct to the consumer, therefore you can buy these goods at manufacturers' prices, saving the wholesalers' and retailers' profits. Write them direct for a copy of their illustrated catalogue, giving you their selling plan, etc. When writing them please mention this magazine.

Growth of a Great Horse Remedy.

No better illustration can be given of great things coming from small beginnings than Kendall's Spavin Cure. It was compounded and used in a small way about 30 years ago by Doctor B. J. Kendall, in the then obscure village of Enosburg Falls, Vt. Since then the name of "Kendall's Spavin Cure" has gone to all parts of the world. The merits, and the merits alone, of the remedy have done it.

While Dr. Kendall was practicing he wrote a little book entitled "A Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases." It is safe to say that no more popular work on this subject has ever been produced down to the present day. It was originally handed out to the horsemen with whom he came in personal contact. It is said that now upwards of 12,000,000 of these little books have been published and gratuitously distributed.

The cures of spavin, curb, ring-bone, splint, wire cuts, sores, etc., and the expense and labor saved to horse owners by Kendall's Spavin Cure are beyond comprehension. For the greater part of these 30 years Kendall's Spavin Cure has been the chief, and with thousands of horsemen, the only remedy used. It must be remembered that it is not confined to North America. It is decidedly a world remedy. With the little book mentioned above to guide, and with Kendall's Spavin Cure at hand to treat promptly, any case of sprain, wound, lameness, incipient bone growth, etc., the ordinary horse owner is well fortified against all the common ailments to which horse flesh is liable. It is unquestionably a more efficient remedy, and adapted to the cure of more of the ailments to which the horse is liable than any other now on the market.

Pays to Serve Public Well.—If the "Salada" Tea Co.'s trade increases in the next nine years in the same proportion as it has in the last fourteen years, they will have acquired the entire tea trade of the Dominion of Canada. Last year their increase amounted to 23 per cent. and for the first three months of this year their increase was 25½ per cent. It evidently pays to serve the public well.

Alexander Day Goes to Brownsburgh, Quebec.

The many friends of Mr. Alexander Day, of the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, will be pleased to know that he has been appointed to take charge of the Dominion Cartridge Co.'s shot shell loading department and is now living in Brownsburgh, where the company's factory is located. The Dominion Cartridge Company are also to be congratulated in securing the services of such experienced a man for this department, and we do not doubt but that trap-shots throughout Canada and sportsmen generally will feel, if possible, increased confidence in the Dominion ammunition, knowing that Mr. Day has had "a finger in the pie."

The Canada Paint Company.

This company, whose manufactures are so well and favorably known throughout the Dominion, has erected a large factory in Winnipeg. This factory is situated alongside the main line of the C. P. R., a little east of the station, and extends from Point Douglas avenue to Sutherland avenue, covering many acres of land.

In 1905, the company purchased the Elevator and Linseed Oil mill formerly operated by L. A. Body & Co., and known as the Winnipeg Linseed Oil Mills. This was operated by them simply as an oil mill, and in the summer of 1906 plans and specifications were got out for the enlargement and remodelling of the oil mill and also for the erection of an up-to-date paint and varnish factory. Operations were commenced in the early fall, a second elevator was built for the storage of flax seed, which is purchased solely in the Northwest. This part is of great interest to the many farmers who raise flax, as it gives them a ready market for their produce, where they can sell all they bring or send in at any time for cash.

The oil mill was all remodelled and large commodious buildings were erected for the manufacture and shipping of varnishes and japans, white lead, putty, paints ground in japan for carriage builders, paints ground in oil, liquid carriage and wagon paints, shingle stains, oil and varnish stains, enamels, semi-paste paints, and in fact all and everything required by the painting trade. Another feature is the equipment for the manufacture of ready-mixed paints, their brands of which are so largely in demand.

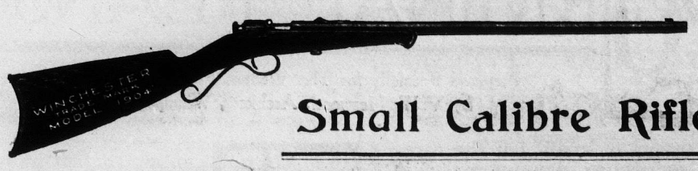
A Chance to Invest.

The lots adjacent to the new Grand Trunk shops are very much in the public eye at present. Huge investments have been made in that quarter on the strength of the vast expenditure the Grand Trunk will be put to to equip shops suitable to meet the needs of a transcontinental railway. Grand Trunk Entrance, a block of lots in front of the shops' site, is being sold at $125 a lot. The terms offered are: $25 down and $25 every **six months, or $10 down and $15 a** month. The Standbridge Realty Co. are selling Grand Trunk Entrance.

This firm of real estate dealers put on the market two years ago a block of lots adjacent to the new C. P. R. shops then being built. They then advised the public, through this magazine, to buy lots, and those who took their advice on that occasion more than doubled their money.

The Standbridge Realty Company claim that Grand Trunk Entrance lots will show as large profits to investors as did the lots sold by them near the C. P. R. shops.

Important Notice to Subscribers.—Owing to new post-office regulations, it will be impossible for us to offer our subscribers the same low clubbing rates with other magazines as heretofore. The combination offers with all Canadian magazines still holds good, but for every clubbing offer sent us which includes a magazine published in the United States, an additional 50c. must be remitted to cover extra postage on every such magazine.



Small Calibre Rifles

These are the ideal rifles for shooting Gophers and small game. Ammunition for these rifles costs from 30 cents per 100. A few of these rifles are:

Hamilton No. 15, 22 calibre, shoots 22, long or short,	each	$2.00
Winchester Thumb Trigger, 22 calibre, shoots 22, long or short	"	4.00
Steven's Crackshot, 22 or 32 calibre, short	"	4.50
Steven's Favorite, 22, 25 or 32 calibre, short	"	7.00
Savage Junior, will take all sizes of 22 calibre cartridges	"	5.00
Winchester Model, 1902, 22 calibre, short, long, and long rifle	"	5.00

We have all kinds of 22 Repeaters, and also the Winchester 22 Calibre Automatic.

The HINGSTON SMITH ARMS CO., Limited

Firearms Department WINNIPEG

Children's Frocks Like New

—and all the faded curtains, cushion-covers and other things—come out fresh and glowing—when you use the new soap-dye—

Maypole Soap

Fast shades, rich and even. Goes further—does better work with less trouble than the old-fashioned powder dyes.

Try it—and save money, time and worry.

Colours, 10c. Black, 15c. All dealers'—or from F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal. Full-size cake (mention colour) and booklet on Home Dyeing, sent for 10c. (black, 15c.) 82

How Do You Spell Your Name?

It matters NOT where you live

IF YOU HAVE PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS

Eczema, Blotches, Freckles, a sallow, muddy or greasy complexion, or any skin diseases, send us your name and address and we will send you FREE a full 2 weeks' treatment of SKIN TONE; a quick, positive and permanant cure for all skin diseases—a marvellous Flesh Tonic and Complexion Beautifier. WRITE TO-DAY. Address

Richter Pharmacal Co.
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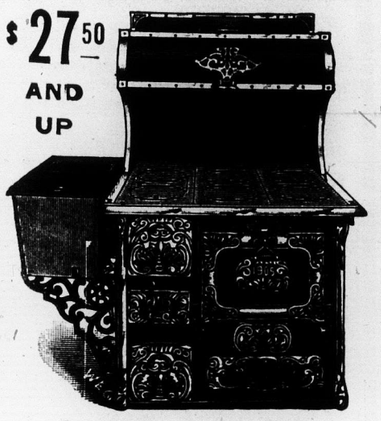

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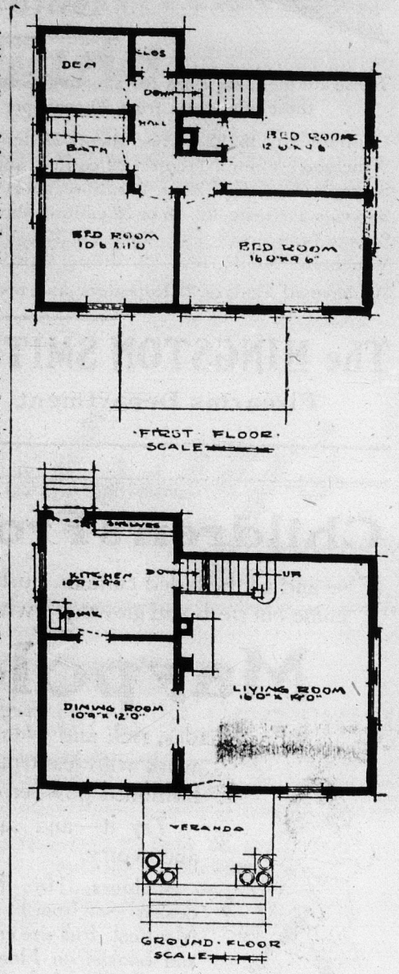
THE MACDONALD MAIL ORDER LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA Dept. MI.

ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This cottage is small, but the careful and convenient day-out make it very desirable as a country home. Special care has been given to make it substantial, while it is not costly. The intention is to build of shingles, with stucco above and stone foundation. The large white verandah opens into an old-fashioned and cheerful living room, with open joist ceiling and brick fireplace, with narrow shelf above. The stairs go up from living room and are colonial design. A seat and book shelves can be put between the fireplace and stairs, making the room look as if to be lived in. Draperies of denim hung full and straight look best in this style of room. A more furnished and comfortable look will be had with plenty of useful cushions. The dining room opens from the living room with sliding doors, and has a window facing the front. The kitchen is at back of dining room and has a window on the side. Pan closets and drawers beneath the dresser, and cupboards above do away with the necessity of a pantry and is much more convenient in every respect. The basement stairs are under the main staircase. Upstairs are three bedrooms, well lighted. One contains a closet, and there is a linen closet in the hall. The bathroom is fitted with all conveniences. At the head of the stairs is a den, which could be made very cozy finished with panelling and burlap painted dull blue or red. The bedrooms are most effective in white or cream finish. If one has not to consider expense, hard wood floors of maple should be used entirely, with a few small rugs. They are healthy and easier kept clean than carpeted floors.—V. W. Horwood, for Western Home Monthly.



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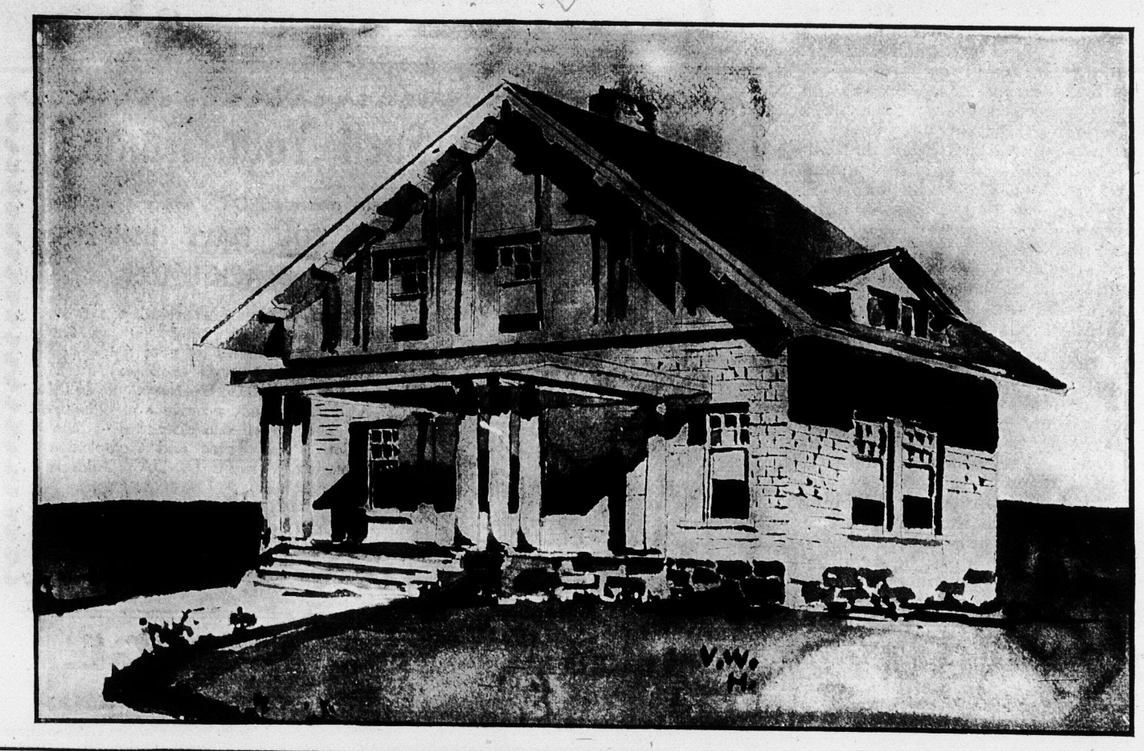

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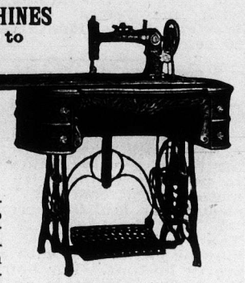

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The NEW YORK Hair Store

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Marriage Misery if Wife Holds Purse.

By HELEN OLDFIELD.

My little old wife and I fell out.
What do you think it was all about?
She had money and I had none:
That was how the trouble begun.

It needs no seer nor Solon to tell us that matrimonial infelicity is frequently, as the threadbare conundrum has it, "a matter of money." Nor is there vexation of spirit, not to say open disagreement, only when the wife holds the purse strings, and holds them tight. The misery of many a marriage is owing primarily, if not "first, last and all the time," to the fact that the wife, instead of being an equal partner in the community of two, is, in point of fact, merely a pensioner upon her husband's bounty. Nor is this, excepting in cases which are the rare exception, the result of malice aforethought upon the part of the husband; it is simply one of the many instances in which:

"Evil is wrought for want of thought,
And not for want of heart."

The husband does not think, and the wife does not remind him. Wherein it is greatly her own fault that she receives less than her due. In this world "Them that asks gits," and the women who, because of oversensitiveness, or because they are too proud to ask as a favor for that which they feel is theirs by right, to exact of love what should be spontaneous, fail to claim their own, will usually find that their husbands take it for granted that they have what they want, and thus do not concern themselves with what lies below the surface. The woman who understands the art "de se faire valoir," who can assert herself not aggressively, but prettily, coaxingly and affectionately, is the wife whom her husband appreciates most highly. Everywhere, and under all conditions of life, people are generally accepted at their own estimate, provided that they can make a fair showing of their pretensions. Moreover, there are few emergencies of mutual intercourse whereunto the doctrine of the New Thought: "We invite what we expect," applies so fully as to this. When a wife sweetly takes it for granted that her husband's first object in all that he says and does is to insure her future comfort and present happiness, and when she also endeavors with all her might to repay his love by making him happy in return, no man, worthy of a name, but will rejoice to spend and be spent to the utmost in order that her fond trust shall not be disappointed. Only it is fatally easy to overdo the thing.

During the first year of married life people ought to settle the scale of domestic economy upon which they propose to live. It is better to set this scale below rather than above the mark, since it can be more easily raised than lowered. From the first the wife should be careful to pay her bills every week, without fail; for, in spite of the common custom, it is only wealthy people who can afford to run up bills. When a wife is not given the money for this, it is sometimes, not always, however, because she has mismanaged her husband, and perhaps his money at the beginning. The first few months of married life are the heyday of a wife's power. Let her use it not merely to get concessions, present, or any immediate advantage, but to make her husband the sort of man and husband he would like himself afterwards to be.

Every couple who marry should know exactly what they are marrying on. It is only fools who marry upon little or nothing and expect a Providence, not their own, to provide for them. Common sense and ordinary prudence require that there should be money enough in hand, and in plain sight, to defray the necessary and reasonable expenses of the young menage. Neither should any woman who marries a poor man expect to live as though he were rich. Having married upon a small income, she is in duty bound to economize, and also to do so cheerfully. A man must provide for his wife, but he can do so only according to his ability.

It would be a hard case for women of wealth if none of them might marry poor men, but the man who is willing to be entirely dependent upon his wife for a living is poor in other respects than in that of pocket. Not the least of the many counts to the credit of Prince Albert, that "prince of gentlemen," is the unwillingness which he manifested to receive an allowance from parliament as husband to the queen. None the less, a woman who truly loves rejoices to give not only all that she is but all that she has to her beloved. Whether she is wise in such liberality depends wholly upon the man. It has been well said that the man who is good for nothing else sometimes makes a good husband, and this is only when he has a good wife, who is too capable to mind his inefficiency in other directions.

Prominent among new doctrines in this era of strange gospels is that which holds that the woman is bound to contribute to the support of the family by earning money as the man does. Which is, on the face of it, contrary to nature. It is the province of the woman to make the home, of the man to furnish the materials wherewith it is made. The care of a house and family fitly kept, the proper conduct of a household, exacts an amount of work, mental and physical, which, if exercised in any other vocation, would enable one to earn a living, perhaps to amass wealth. The wife who does her whole duty within the walls of her own home is a true helpmeet, and, while her loving service can be repaid only in love, she is also financially well worthy of her hire.

Nevertheless, it is often a mistake for a woman to think that if she marries she must give up all work which is not strictly domestic or to imagine that she will be the happier for doing so. If she has the talent and ability to do other work at home, she will find it far more pleasant as well as profitable than the ordinary labor of "killing time," which occupies so many married women who have little or nothing to do. A physician, who addressed the recent health congress in Europe, declared that "A home pursuit for women would work miracles in thousands of cases of nervous disease."

But such occupatio nor pursuit should be only for hours which would be else idle. Neither husband children, nor house should be neglected because of it. For example, children have a right which should be unalienable to be "mothered" by their own mother, and no amount of money which she can make by turning over the care of them to hirelings can compensate them for the loss of her personal attention. It is only when the father is dead or helpless and the mother is thus forced to earn a living for herself and for them that she must choose the less of two evils.

Strange Decoration.

n the ceilingo of one of the rooms in Sans Souci, the world-renowned palace of Frederick the Great, is painted a great spider with its web. The origin of this strange decoration is as follows: This apartment was the great king's breakfast room, and adjoined his bedchamber. Every morning when his Majesty entered the room he was accustomed to find a cup of chocolate, but on one occasion just as he was about to drink he thought of something he had forgotten, and returned to his bedroom. When he again entered the breakfast-room his Majesty discovered that a great spider had dropped from the ceiling into the cup, and he naturally cried out for fresh chocolate to be prepared. The next moment the king was startled by the report of a pistol. No sooner had the cook received the order than he blew out his brains. Not because the king had refused the chocolate did he do this, but because he had poisoned the cup and thought himself discovered. It was in remembrance of this narrow escape that his Majesty ordered the spider with its web to be painted on the ceiling.

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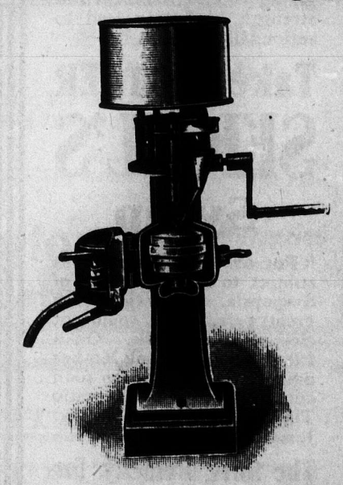

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THREE MONTHS FREE TRIAL
The head is designed on beautiful symmetrical lines, high arm and full length, made of best materials, and all wearing parts Case Hardened. Supplied with a complete set of the Latest Improved Steel Attachments, a full set of accessories and a comprehensive Instruction Book. Cabinet is of selected oak with high gloss polish, exactly as illustrated.
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AGENTS WANTED Something new--Sells on sight. Samples (worth 50 cts) and terms 10cts. Yale Ink Tablet Co., Box 151B, New Haven, Conn.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

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

4156—A Russian Blouse Suit for the Lad.

Never was there a mode more becoming and practical for the small boy than the Russian suit with its long blouse loosely belted at the waist and generous knickers, which give him plenty of room for sport of all sorts. The suit sketched is especially pleasing for its tucks in panel effect, front and back, and the tucks which retain the fulness of the sleeve instead of the usual cuff. A standing collar, which is not too high for comfort and closes at

the side, finishes the neck and does away with the Eton collar of linen which needs such frequent changing. The knickerbockers are without a fly and very easily made. Serge, or the usual tub fabrics, may serve, of which 2⅛ yards of 54 inches wide are needed in the medium size.

4156—sizes, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 years.
The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4172—A Charming Little Frock of.. Much Simplicity.

For little maids there is no prettier style of dress than that of one piece, and a pleasing example is shown in the accompanying sketch. Two box pleats in front and back relieve any tendency

to plainness and prove more attractive than gathers or tucks. The tucks near the hem assist the flare and are quite in keeping with the fashion of the day. A square yoke and standing collar may finish the neck or it may be in Dutch square outline as shown. Sleeves in full or short puff length are provided for so that a dressy or plain frock may be realized with this pattern. A tub fabric or light weight cloth may serve as material, of which 2⅛ yards 36 inches wide are needed for the medium size.

4172—sizes, ½, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 years.
The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4129—A Small Apron of Good Style.

Aprons, as well as frocks, differ in smartness, and while they are primarily useful, their general appearance should also be considered inasmuch as the activities of youth demand that they form so important a part of the wardrobe. A pleasing little apron, which is simply made and most practical, is sketched in hope that it will give a sug-

gestion to mothers who fashion such garments. The yoke-band forms the shoulder straps and may be of 2-inch wide embroidery if desired. The waist portion is full so as to blouse a bit, while the skirt is short in the style of the French dress. Cross-barred muslin, dimity and lawn are the favorite materials for these aprons intended for everyday. In the medium size 3 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

4129—sizes, 4 to 12 years.
The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4187—A Little Empire Gown for Miss Baby.

The wee one of the household must have new summer gowns as well as the mother, and surely Dame Fashion can find no more lovely wearer for her dainty creations. The small dress shown is Empire in style and very pleasing. The front of the skirt and waist are prettily full and joined by a narrow band of insertion. Tiny tucks appear at either side of the center front and back, which, with some dainty insertion added, will prove most fetching. Baby's dresses are always the most exquisite things imaginable, and this one will find favor with mothers who fashion such little clothes. A French nainsook, mull or Persian lawn may serve, of which 3⅜ yards 27 inches wide are needed.

4187—one size.
The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6815—A Summertime Comfort.

The heat of summer days is often rendered less oppressive by the donning of some light and dainty negligee and every woman and girl provides herself with several before this time arrives. A very dainty one is shown in flowered dimity with collar of plain material for contrast. The sack and sleeves are laid in narrow tucks at the top and the result is most pleasing. The closing is effected in front and may be elaborated with ribbon bows or pretty buttons. For home making, this is excellent in style as it is a bit unusual and therefore more valued. The

thin silks and washing fabrics may any of them be used successfully in its realization. For the medium size 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6815—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6809—A Gown for the Hour of Ease.

Gowns intended for comfort wear are taking on the most restful lines and contours and are withal most pleasing to wear and look upon. Here is shown an unusually pretty gown built somewhat on the lines of the princess. Tiny tucks give form to the waist and are wonderfully neat and graceful, while the broad collar frames the face becomingly and adds breadth to the shoulders. The front may be closed with the ribbon girdle alone or by several bows down the front, while a pretty buckle at the waistline may take the place of all other ornamentation. The materials for such a gown are of wide variety and one may choose from the silks, challis, cashmeres or from the filmy washing fabrics which may be had for a few cents a yard. The collar is pretty trimmed with the narrow insertion as shown, or with narrow pleated silk or ribbon. The gown is not difficult to fashion and may serve for afternoon as well as morning, if developed daintily. For the medium size 8¼ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6809—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6869-70—A Dainty Corset Cover and Drawers.

In the fashioning of dainty lingerie, the average woman takes real delight and a suggestion for corset cover and drawers of late design is given. The corset cover is a bit unique for its yoke band which forms the shoulder straps and supports the full portion. This may be of a plain material and trimmed with

lace or embroidery or it may be of fine tucking such as our grandmothers bridal undergarments were beautified with. The full body portion is finished at the waist with a narrow band or beading. The drawers are made on a yoke and fit the hips very smoothly. These are easily full and may be finished in regulation or garter length. The latter style are popular and finished with a deep ruffle as shown. 1¼ yards of 36-inch material are needed for the corset cover in the medium size and 2½ yards for the drawers in the regulation length.

Two patterns—6869—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6870—sizes, 20, 24, 28, 32 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c. but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.

6867—68—A Smart Get up for Summer Outings.

The shirt blouse and walking skirt have yet to find their peers for general knockabout wear, and the woman who desires an outfit for use during the coming weeks will find the accompanying models both chic and practical. The shirt blouse is double-breasted and laid in small box pleats which, lend shapliness and style. The removable shield may be worn or not as desired, while a choice of long or short sleeves is provided for. The washable waistings are excellent for such a waist, while pongee or silk might also serve. The skirt is unusually attractive with its trimness over the hips and bountiful ripple at the lower edge. It may be of the material of the waist or of any cloth or seasonable worsted. The waist calls for 3¾ yards of 36-inch material in the medium size and the skirt 5½ yards of 44 inches wide.

6867—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

6868—7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c. but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.

Cancer Cure

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

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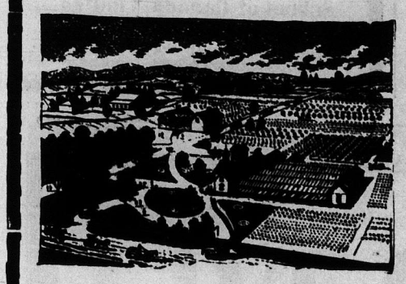

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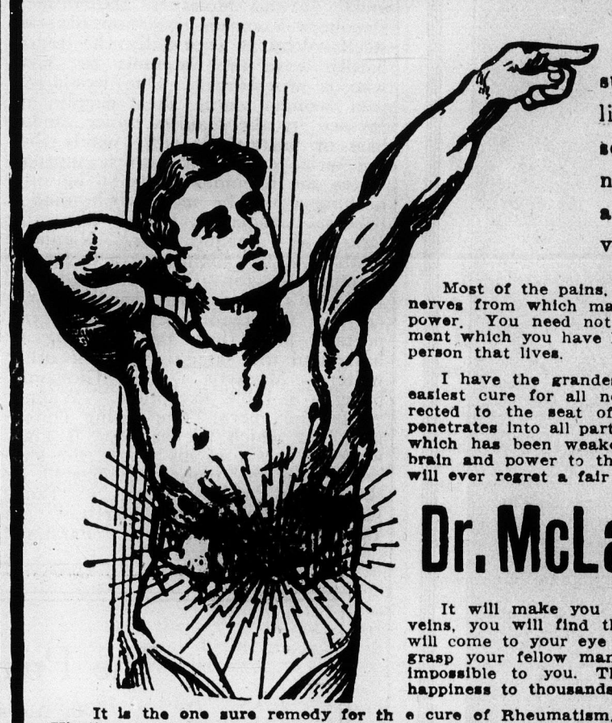
WEAK MEN HERE IS STRENGTH



No one should be weak, no one should suffer the loss of that vitality which renders life worth living. You should not allow yourself to become less than Nature intended; no one should suffer when there is at hand a certain cure for their weakness and lost vitality.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which many suffer are due to an early loss of Nature's reserve power. You need not suffer from this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any person that lives.

I have the grandest invention of the age for weak men: the surest and easiest cure for all nervous and chronic diseases. Its wonderful power is directed to the seat of the nervous system, through which its vitalized strength penetrates into all parts of the body, carrying new life into every organ or part which has been weakened by disease or dissipation, restoring energy to the brain and power to the system. No weak, sickly or delicate man or woman will ever regret a fair trial of

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It will make you strong. It will send the life blood dancing through your veins, you will find the exhilarating spark warm your frame, the bright flush will come to your eye and a firm grip to your hand, and you will be able to grasp your fellow man and feel that what others are capable of doing is not impossible to you. This grand appliance has brought strength, ambition and happiness to thousands in the past year.

It is the one sure remedy for the cure of Rheumatism, Weak Back, Weak Kidneys, Weak Stomach, Loss of Vitality in young or old, and similar ailments, as well as Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. How can any one remain in doubt as to the value of this grand remedy when you see so many cures by it?

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Dear Sir,—I am fully satisfied with my Belt; it is a good cure. I am stronger in every way and I thank you very much for your Belt. It is well worth the money I gave for it. Yours truly, **WILLIAM J. PEARSON, Fleming, Sask.**

Dear Sir,—I received the Belt a month ago, and am well pleased with it as it helped me wonderfully. I am stronger than I have been for a long time. I remain, yours truly, **MRS. MAGGIE HANSEN, Raymond, Alta.**

Dear Sir, I write to say that I do not find anything so good as your Belt for lame back. Yours very truly, **DAVID WHITEHEAD, Carnduff, Sask.**

Dear Sir, Regarding your Belt must say that after three or four applications, the pain entirely left me and I am completely well again. **E. L. JOHNSON, 546 Manitoba Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.**

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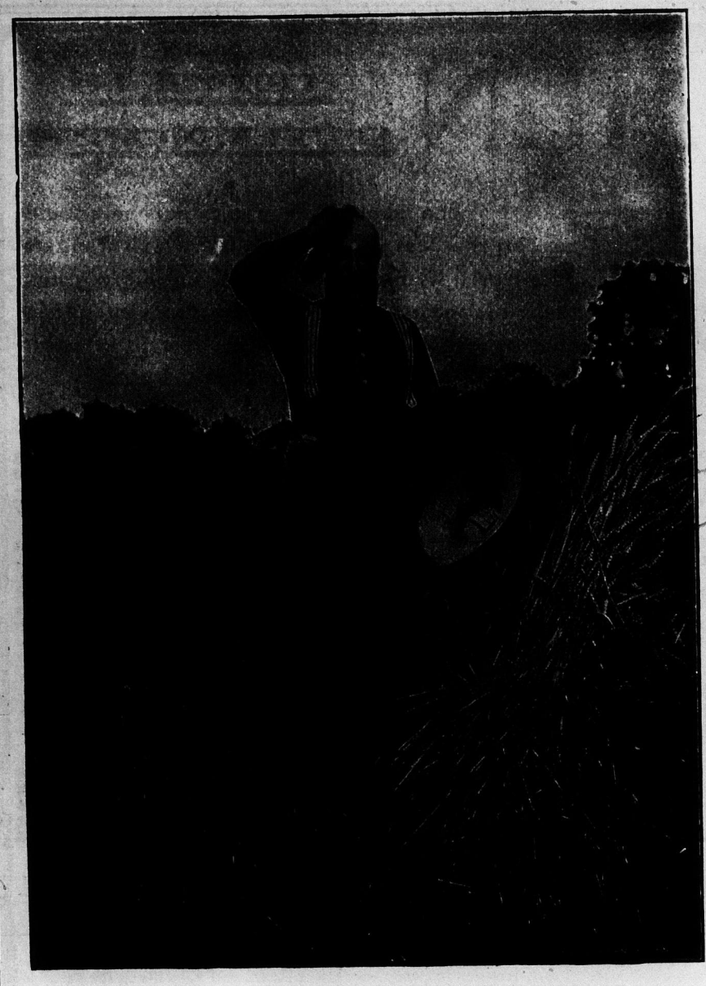

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JOSEPH STRATFORD, General Manager

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

In the World of Music.

Madame Adelina Patti has just celebrated her 64th birthday. She was born at Madrid in 1843.

The sudden collapse of the German opera season in London is a fresh illustration of the difficulty of establishing the opera as a British institution. On the Continent quite small towns—Brussels and Geneva are examples—support permanent opera-houses; and permanence is, in this case, one of the conditions of artistic perfection. A scratch performance is generally a bad performance, made ridiculous by half-trained supers; and English opera is almost invariably of that character, even when the brightest stars in the operatic firmament take part in it. That, indeed, is the price which we pay for making the opera a fashionable instead of an artistic function. Our oratorios, which do not depend upon fashion, are better done, though our foreign critics tell us that they are the most tedious of all kinds of musical composition, intolerable to any nation which regards music as an art, and not merely as a devotional exercise.

Popular crazes over sopranos have existed but they have seldom reached the frenzied pitch of tenor-worship. This may be due to the fact that great tenors are much scarcer than great sopranos. One might also attribute the greater ardor of the worship of the Jean de Reszkes, the Carusos, the Alvarys, to the fact that most of the idolators are women. But here a curious question presents itself: Why is it usually the tenor, hardly ever the baritone or bass, who is worshipped? One would expect women to be most deeply impressed by the manliest voice, and a bass or baritone is more manly than the lyric tenor voice which approximates the feminine alto. To be sure, nothing could be more virile than a robust, dramatic tenor like De Reszke, Tamagno, or Niemann. Probably the composers are largely responsible for the tenor-worship. In Verdi's operas, with hardly an exception, the tenor plays a more important part than the baritone or bass, and the same is true of other writers, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" being a notable exception. Wagner wrote one opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in which the baritone is king, whereas in six of his works the supremacy of the tenor is indicated by the very titles—"Reinzi," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde." "Siegfried," "Parsifal." This being so, we shall probably continue to be subject to the tyranny of one tenor or another, unless it is true, as was maintained at a recent conclave of French savants, that the tenor voice is a relic of barbarism, destined to become extinct.

Out of the "Salome" mess, that offended the powers that be in the Metropolitan Opera House to such an extent that Mr. J. Peirpont Morgan remarked that he would rather pay the entire loss to the Metropolitan Realty and Opera House Company than have the Strauss-Wilde opera continued, emerged at least one triumphant figure: no less a person than Miss Olive Fremstad, who played the title role.

It was some years ago that the singer, a young girl, began to attract attention as the contralto soloist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, and in concert work. She was beginning to enjoy a considerable reputation along these lines when she departed for further study in Europe, under that famous artist, Lilli Lehmann.

Then came the engagement in this country, which is proud to claim Miss Fremstad, for although born in Sweden, her childhood was spent in America, and it is here that her greatest successes have come to her. Her first notable success was her "Carmen." Since Calve charmed New York with her wonderful impersonation, no other had succeeded in winning more than mild approval, with inevitable and unjust comparison to the great Frenchwoman. But Miss Fremstad proved the exception. Her impersonation was judged on its own merits, and pronounced a remarkable piece of work. The opera again drew. When it was decided to produce Richard Strauss's "Salome," the title role fell to her and proved the greatest opportunity yet accorded her. Although the interruption of the performances of this opera has prevented many from witnessing Miss Fremstad's triumph in the amazingly difficult role, those fortunate enough to be present at the rehearsal or first performance are not likely soon to forget it.

She formed a beautiful picture as the depraved daughter of the vicious Herodias, while her acting alone would have established her reputation as a dramatic artist of great ability. Gruesome as the role is, and Miss Fremstad fully brought out this side of it, no one could fail to admire her work.

The Prima Donna.

By Alovsius Coll.

A hand above the stage of pink and green
Raises the thin-worn curtain-cloth of snow;
A lime-light flares, and flashes on the scene—
The dawn of April sets the wood aglow!

A sea of upturned faces fills the pit—
Cowslip and violet budding in the fen,
A host of hushed and eager folk that sit
And crowd the auditorium of the glen.

A whisper thrills the silence and the hush—
She comes! She comes! From flower to nodding flower
Scatters the glad announcement of the thrush,
And breaks the mad impatience of the hour!

Into the light, a maid of joy serene,
She trips, as one afloat upon the air,
Her gown a witching mystery of green—
A trembling rosebud blossoms in her hair!

A glance, a smile, a curtsey to the throng;
And then, the singer's magic opening
Of throat and lips; the torrent-gates of song;
The lyric of the Prima Donna—Spring!

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The Month's Bright Sayings.

N. T. McMillan: In San Francisco I think the people are land crazy. There was some propetry on Market street that sold for $10,000 per foot.

Dr. Chas. Aked: All night my bedroom windows are wide open, and have not been closed nor partly closed once since I have been at home since the house was built. The storms rage through the room. The rain comes in. The west wind beats the rain upon my bed. My head is as wet as if I had come out of a shower bath, and the pillows are wet through after a March or November gale. But I am warm and comfortable, and I have never taken a cold.

Rt. Hon. Ex-Premier Balfour: It is not our desire that the Colonies should lose their individuality. We are glad that the Canadians should remember they are Canadians, and the Australians that they are Australians.

Lord Meath: It is not too much to say that the British character has of late shown some signs of softening: that British grit is not what it used to be. Is the nation losing its fibre? Life, certainly, is taken more easily—less thought is given to duty, and more to the attainment of pleasure and luxury.

Hon. Senator Davis (Prince Albert): That in the public interest the government should appoint an expert officer in connection with the board of railway commissioners of Canada to be called a telephone and telegraph commissioner, whose duties shall be to have full control, as regards construction, location, maintenance and operation of all telegraph and telephone lines in Canada.

Sir Wilfred Laurier: Let me say that a new leaf has been turned and it has been turned by our right honorable friend, Mr. Bryce. Mr. Bryce has done something new—something new in connection with British diplomacy in America. He has visited Canada. (Laughter and cheers.) This is the first time, as far as we know, that His Majesty's ambassador at Washington has visited Canadian soil.

Prof. Osler: As it can be maintained that all the great advances have come from men under forty, so the history of the world shows that a very large proportion of the evils may be traced to the sexagenarians—nearly all of the great mistakes, political and social, all the worst poems, most of the bad pictures, a majority of the bad novels, not a few of the sermons and speeches.

King Edward: The barbarous penal code which was deemed necessary 100 years ago has gradually been replaced in the progress towards a higher civilization by laws breathing a more humane spirit and aiming at a nobler purpose. It is well that crime should be punished, but it is better that the criminal should be reformed.

Magistrate Daly: The question of juvenile crime was a great one in both Canada and the United States. Judge Lindsay of Colorado, had been most successful in dealing with its most serious phases and had arrived at the logical conclusion that correction was more necessary than treating the offenders as criminals.

Robert Redford: The distance between Halifax, Quebec and Montreal is some 836 miles, but this could be shortened, by a straightening of the line, by 100 miles. With trains running 60 miles an hour—and Canadian trains should have this speed for such a purpose—Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and many points in the West, would be brought as close to Halifax as to New York. I mention this point as the long railway journey and delays occurring between Halifax and Quebec and Montreal have been cited as arguments against the fast line with a terminus at Halifax.

Dr. Albert Shaw: The bigger element of railroad men—it is often now asserted—instead of attending to the practical business for which the stockholders are supposed to be paying them their salaries, are to be found in Wall Street and in the large New York hotels, building up their private fortunes by day, and pursuing their pleasures by night. The smaller fry of railroad officials have been the holders of stocks in coal companies, grain elevator companies, and other enterprises along the line, and it would be absurd to deny that as the prevailing rule such companies and enterprises have been favored with a supply of freight cars and other facilities for doing business, when their competitors and the general public have been denied.

Dr. Wiley: Gelatin factories are the dirtiest in the world; that the hides used are treated with alkali, which is rubbed into them before shipment. The hides are scraped and trimmed and are then put into the tanners' vats and the residue used for gelatin. This gelatin is sometimes made in glue factories, and that which is not fit for glue is made into gelatin.

Principal W. A. McIntyre: There are always some who attend normal school who will ever lack power, because of some inherent weakness. It may be physical or it may be mental; It may be native inability or it may be the result of early association. We cannot help but feel that these incompetents should have been advised by the teachers in the secondary schools to enter upon some other calling. Where the mother-spirit is lacking, where there is no marked sense of sociability, where there is no genius for leadership, where there is no power of expression, it is impossible that there should be good teaching.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick: The pictures that are made in our eyes, and that are always being translated into nerve currents and reported to the brain, form the foundation of our thinking. They consitute a far larger factor of the brain than the mere size of the muscles involved would indicate,—that is, a vision is a fundamental activity, and, by interfering with it, many of the other organisms are disturbed. Constant exhaustion and strain of these visual centres will frequently cause disturbances of the most extensive character.

Admiral Dewey: Life is a school. Ths world is a house of instruction. It is not a prison nor a penitentiary, nor a palace of ease, nor an amphitheatre for games and spectacles; it is a school. And this view of life is the only one that answers the great question, solves the great problem of life. For what is life given?

Rev. R. I. Campbell: The new theology watches with sympathy the development of modern science, for it believes itself to be in harmony therewith. It is the religious articulation of the scientific method. It therefore follows that it is in sympathy with scientific criticism of the important religious literature known as the Bible. While recognizing the value of the Bible as a unique record of religious experience, it handles it as freely and as critically as it would any other book. It believes that the seat of religious authority is within (not without) the human soul. Individual man is so constituted as to be able to recognize, ray by ray, the truth that helps him upward, no matter from what source it comes.

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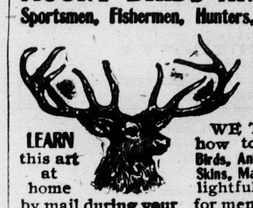

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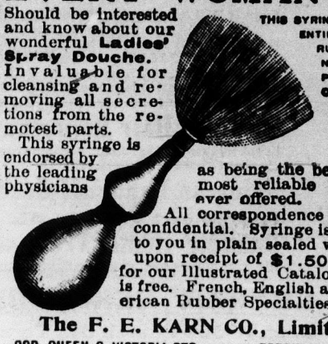

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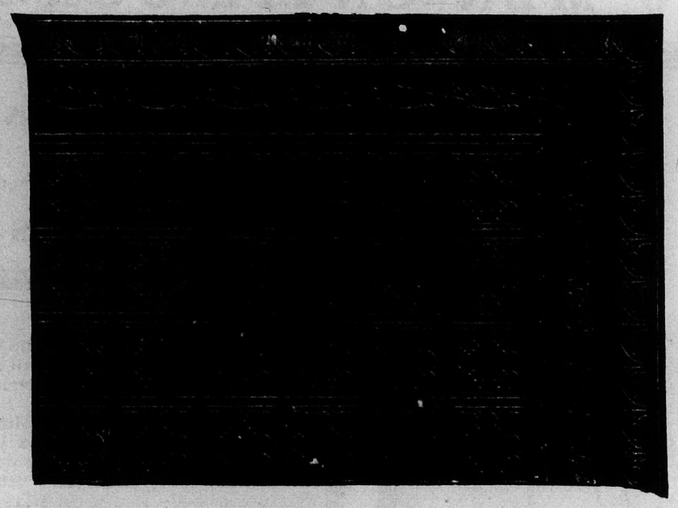

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Mr. Dwyer concludes by saying we may use his name and testimony.

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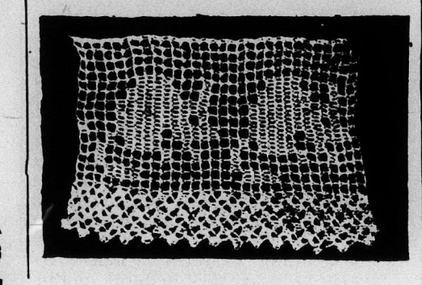
Work for Busy Fingers.

Mouse Pattern in Lace.

Make a chain of 36 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, a treble in next stitch, (chain 2, miss 2, a treble in next) 14 times, making 14 spaces in all, (miss 2, 3 trebles in next stitch, chain 2, a treble in same stitch) 3 times, turn,

2. * (chain 3, 3 trebles under 2 chain, chain 2, a treble in same place) 3 times, a treble in treble which was made before the 1st 3 trebles in last row, * 5 spaces (made always as described in 1st row, that is, chain 2, miss



Mouse Pattern, in Lace.

2, treble in treble), 4 trebles, counting all, 8 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

3. Chain 3, treble in treble, 4 spaces, 15 trebles, 5 spaces, * after last treble of space (3 trebles under 2 chain, chain 2, 1 treble in same place) 3 times, turn.

4. Like 2d row to *; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 6 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

5. Chain 3, 1 treble, 6 spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces; like 3d from *.

6. Like 2d to *; 5 spaces, 13 trebles, 5 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

7. Chain 3, 1 treble, 4 spaces, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; like 3d from *.

8. Like 2d to *; 4 spaces. 19 trebles, 4 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

9. Chain 3, 1 treble, 4 spaces, 19 trebles, 4 spaces; like 3d from *.

10. Like 2d to *; 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 19 trebles, 4 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

11. Chain 3, 1 treble, 5 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space; like 3d from *.

12. Like 2d to *; 1 space, 3 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 6 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

13. Chain 3, 1 treble, 9 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space; like 3d from *.

14. Like 2d to *; 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 10 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

15. Chain 3, 1 treble, 14 spaces; like 3d from *.

Repeat from 2d row.

This is a very popular design for trimming pillow-slips, aprons, etc., and at least one little girl is greatly delighted to have the scarf for her bureau finished with the insertion and lace. If desired, the border in crazy shells may be as much wider as you like; simply repeat the directions in parenthesis as many times as wanted, making the chain proportionately longer.

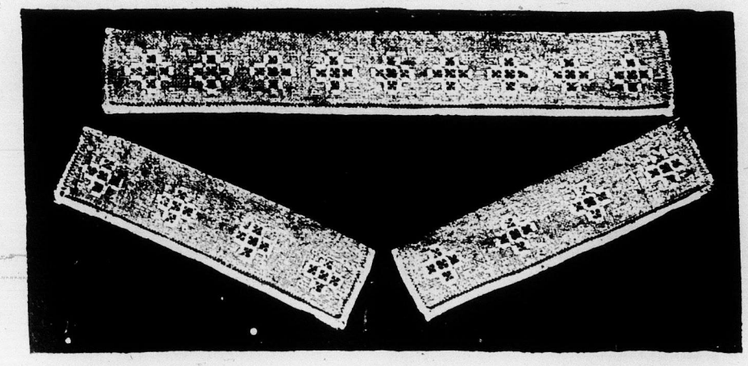
A Lesson in Hardanger Embroidery.

Hardanger embroidery, proper, is in reality a variety of drawn work, called—when it was brought out in this country a few years ago by a Danish lady—Norwegian or Swedish drawnwork, sometimes Scandinavian drawnwork. It is a combination of simple stitches and open spaces formed by drawing out the threads, leaving bars to be worked over. The distinctive feature of Hardanger work—thus called from the little town of Hardanger, in Norway, where a great deal of it is done, even though the claim of its origination by the women of Hardanger is disputed—is the flat-stitch, in blocks, outlining the design with the little drawn squares, either plain or picoted, filled with a simple stitch or left open. The work is done on an open weave fabric, the threads of which should be alike, warp and woof, and very evenly woven, in order to secure the best results. The best quality of linen scrim answers admirably for many purposes. The madras cloth, so popular for shirt-waists, is perfectly adapted to this work, as is any of the fine cloth in basket-weave; and the work itself is suited to every class of decoration, for personal and household use, collar and cuff sets, sofa-pillows, medallions for dress garniture, burea and sideboard scarfs, table-covers, bedspreads, etc.

Having made the simplest piece of Hardanger neatly and so succeeded in getting the correct idea of how it is done, designs are readily copied from samples or engravings, just as with any variety of drawn-thread work. This is less tedious or, rather, not so "wearing on the eyes" as the Mexican or other kinds of drawnwork done on fine linen fabric. For ordinary work the writer prefers to use white rope linen for the embroidery, with a finer floss or spool thread for weaving the bars. The linen washes admirably and never loses its luster, does not become yellow, as if often the case with silk, and is far richer in appearance than work done with cotton.

There are a few points it is well to remember—in fact, that must be remembered by the needle-worker who desires to secure creditable results. All two-thread or more—weave being used for others, work must be outlined by the block-stitches before any space is cut out. Cut only the edges which are surrounded by the stitches, never the side to which the stitch lies parallel. Be sure that your work is accurately started. Most designs are best begun at a corner, working both ways, although many prefer to start at the exact center. Having found this, run a thread to the edge, each side, thus dividing the square in fourths, then begin at the center to work, counting out each way. In working a border it is always best to begin at the edge. The block stitches differ in size, usually covering 4 to 6 threads, and either threads or "holes" may be counted; most workers prefer the latter method, thinking it less tiresome; and this is true, if the fabric is evenly woven and the spaces between the threads well-defined. The 1st stitch of a block starts from the same hole with the last stitch of the preceding block, when working around a tiny square.

To begin with, choose a rather simple pattern. It is a good plan to work a number of samples, choosing coarse fabric and floss, and thus becoming familiar with the easiest methods and different stitches. If you wish, however, as the lady asking for this lesson suggested, to "do something that will be worth while when done," try the pretty collar-and-cuff set illustrated. Take a strip of scrim 2½ inches in width, draw 2 or 3 threads ½ inch from the edge, and hemstitch. Make the strip the required length for collar or cuff. Beginning at one end, count 7 threads up from the edge and the same number in front from the end. Thread your needle with floss and bring it up through the hole designated (7 threads in and up), and work over 2 threads all around, from the center out, to form a tiny square eyelet. Count in 7 threads from this (starting at the edge of eyelet, not from center) and up from edge of collar or hemstitched row, 7 threads, and work a block of 5 stitches, as described, horizontally; work a block perpendicularly, another block like 1st,



Collar and Cuff set, in Hardanger Embroidery.

then a block like 2d. side of the outlined sq Continue all around, e block where the 1st be bric along the laid st threads between, draw the little bars as direc space with a festoon- simply a buttonhole center of each bar, fr across corners.

Between each outlin two of the little eyel is very simple, yet eff sure will please all.

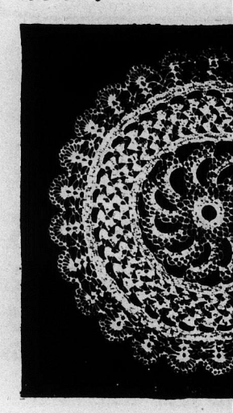
Handsome Plate Doily

Wind thread around times and slip off.

1. Make 60 double join.

2. * chain 5, miss fasten with 1 double from * 19 times.

3. Work to 3d stitch chain 21, turn; miss 3, 3 stitches, 24 trebles of chain, fasten in nex turn; * (chain 5, miss in next) 9 times, turn; in center of 5 chain times, chain 5, fasten chain around center w 17, miss 2 loops of 6 next, turn; chain 3 f trebles under chain, fa of 5 chain around cen from * until you have joining last spoke to the 7th loop of 6 chain a wheel, which may be tidies, pillow-covers, et bler doily.



A Handsome Plate Doi

5. Fasten in loop o of spoke, * chain 7, mi in next, chain 15, fast next spoke; repeat fro

6. A double in each row.

7. Chain 3 for 1st t each double of last ro 3 chain.

8. Like 6th row.

9. Chain 7, 5 double stitch, * miss 5 double in next, chain 3, 5 doub stitch, repeat from * to 4th of 7 chain.

10. A single under 4 double trebles und chain 3, 1 double tre chain, * 5 double treb chain, chain 3, 1 dou same chain, repeat joining to top of 4 ch

11. Work with sing 4 double trebles to 3 double trebles under s double treble under ne 3, 5 double trebles und repeat from * around, chain.

12. A single under 6 double trebles unde chain 3, 1 double treb 7 double trebles under chain 3, 1 double trebl peat from * around, a 4 chain.

13. Work along w to 3 chain, chain 3 trebles under same 3 3 trebles under next from * around, join to

14, 15, 16. Like 6t rows.

17. Chain 5, miss in next; repeat.

18. A single under chain 3, 2 trebles un chain 3, 3 trebles und * chain 5, miss 1 loop, chain 5, shell of 3 tre 3 trebles in next, repea joining last 5 chain to

19. Work along to chain 3, 2 trebles in trebles in same shell, under 5 chain, chain next 5 chain, chain 5, s

then a block like 2d. This forms one side of the outlined square of 5 spaces. Continue all around, ending the last block where the 1st began, cut the fabric along the laid stitches, leaving 4 threads between, draw threads, weave the little bars as directed, and fill each space with a festoon-stitch, which is simply a buttonhole loop caught in center of each bar, from side to side, across corners.

Between each outlined square work two of the little eyelets. The design is very simple, yet effective, and I am sure will please all.

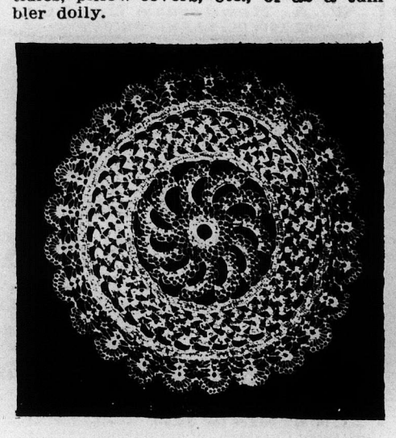
Handsome Plate Doily or Table Mat.

Wind thread around 1st finger 15 times and slip off.

1. Make 60 double trebles in ring, join.

2. * chain 5, miss 2 double trebles, fasten with 1 double in next; repeat from * 19 times.

3. Work to 3d stitch of 1st 5 chain, chain 21, turn; miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, 24 trebles under remainder of chain, fasten in next loop of 5 caihn, turn; * (chain 5, miss 2 trebles, fasten in next) 9 times, turn; (chain 6, fasten in center of 5 chain of last row) 9 times, chain 5, fasten in next loop of 5 chain around center wheel, turn; chain 17, miss 2 loops of 6 chain, fasten in next, turn; chain 3 for 1st treble, 27 trebles under chain, fasten in next loop of 5 chain around center, turn; repeat from * until you have 11 spokes in all, joining last spoke to 1st when making the 7th loop of 6 chain. This completes a wheel, which may be used in making tidies, pillow-covers, etc., or as a tumbler doily.



A Handsome Plate Doily or Table Mat.

5. Fasten in loop of 6 chain at end of spoke, * chain 7, miss 1 loop, fasten in next, chain 15, fasten in 1st loop of next spoke; repeat from * all around.

6. A double in each stitch of last row.

7. Chain 3 for 1st treble, a treble in each double of last row, join to top of 3 chain.

8. Like 6th row.

9. Chain 7, 5 double trebles in same stitch, * miss 5 doubles, a double treble in next, chain 3, 5 double trebles in same stitch, repeat from * around, joining to 4th of 7 chain.

10. A single under 3 chain, chain 4, 4 double trebles under same chain, chain 3, 1 double treble under same chain, * 5 double trebles under next 3 chain, chain 3, 1 double treble under same chain, repeat from * around, joining to top of 4 chain.

11. Work with single crochet over 4 double trebles to 3 chain, chain 7, 5 double trebles under same 3 chain, * a double treble under next 3 chain, chain 3, 5 double trebles under same 3 chain, repeat from * around, join to 4th of 7 chain.

12. A single under 3 chain, chain 4, 6 double trebles under same 3 chain, chain 3, 1 double treble under same, * 7 double trebles under next 3 chain, chain 3, 1 double treble under same, repeat from * around, and join to top of 4 chain.

13. Work along with sing crochet to 3 chain, chain 3 for a treble, 2 trebles under same 3 chain, * chain 7, 3 trebles under next 3 chain, repeat from * around, join to top of 3 chain.

14, 15, 16. Like 6th, 7th and 8th rows.

17. Chain 5, miss 2 doubles, fasten in next; repeat.

18. A single under next 5 chain, chain 3. 2 trebles under same chain. chain 3. 3 trebles under same 5 chain. * chain 5, miss 1 loop, a double in next. chain 5, shell of 3 trebles, 3 chain and 3 trebles in next, repeat from * around, joining last 5 chain to top of 3 chain.

19. Work along to center of shell, chain 3, 2 trebles in shell, chain 3. 3 trebles in same shell, * chain 5, fasten under 5 chain, chain 4, fasten under next 5 chain, chain 5, shell of 3 trebles, 3 chain and 3 trebles in next shell, repeat from * around, joining last 5 chain to top of 3 chain at beginning.

20. Work to center of shell, chain 8, * (a triple-treble in shell, chain 2), 9 times, a triple-treble in shell, chain 3, a double treble under 4 chain, chain 3, a triple-treble in next shell, chain 2, repeat from * around, joining last 3 chain to 6th of 8 chain.

21. * a double under 2 chain, (chain 4, a double under next two chain) 9 times, chain 3, a double in top of double treble, chain 3, repeat from * around.

Made in No. 60 linen thread, this doily is 9 inches in diameter, the work being done rather snugly; in No. 25 linen thread it is a firm, heavy table-mat, rich in appearance and suitable for use under hot dishes. For this purpose, if preferred, the center may be plain, either of trebles, or of doubles in rib-stitch.

"Liberty Bell" Lace.

Cast on 40 stitches, knit across twice plain.

1. Knit 2, narrow, (over twice, knit 3 together) 10 times, knit 4, over, knit 2.

2. Knit plain, purling 1 loop where the "over twice" occurs. All even rows the same.

3. Knit 38, over. knit 2.

5. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 25.

7. Knit 40, over. knit 2.

9. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 22, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 4, over, knit 2.

11. Knit 25, (over, narrow) 8 times, knit 11, over, knit 2.

13. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 14, (over, narrow) 6 times,

Liberty Bell Lace.

knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 4, over, knit 2.

15. Knit 17, (over, narrow) 8 times, knit 11, over, knit 2.

17. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 8, (over, narrow) 10 times, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 4, over, knit 2.

19. Knit 11, (over, narrow) 12 times, knit 11, over, knit 2.

21. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, (over, narrow) 15 times, knit 3, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 4, over, knit 2.

23. Knit 10, (narrow, over) 12 times, knit 11, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

25. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 7, (narrow, over) 10 times, knit 4, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

27. Knit 16, (narrow, over) 8 times. knit 11, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

29. Knit 2, narrow, over tiwce, narrow, knit 13, (narrow, over) 6 times, knit 4, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

31. Knit 24, (narrow, over) 3 times, knit 11, narrow, over. narrow, knit 1.

33. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 21, narrow, over. knit 1, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow. knit 1.

35. Knit 39, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

37. Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 25, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

39. Knit 37, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

40. Knit 3, narrow, knit 36.

Repeat from 1st row.

In thread this is a very pretty trimming for many purposes, aprons, skirts, pillow-slips, etc., using thread in sizes which correspond to the material knitted in fine saxony or other wool it will be found especially pretty for trimming a baby's blanket or carriage-robe, narrow ribbon being run in and out the spaces which outline the panels, and across the top.

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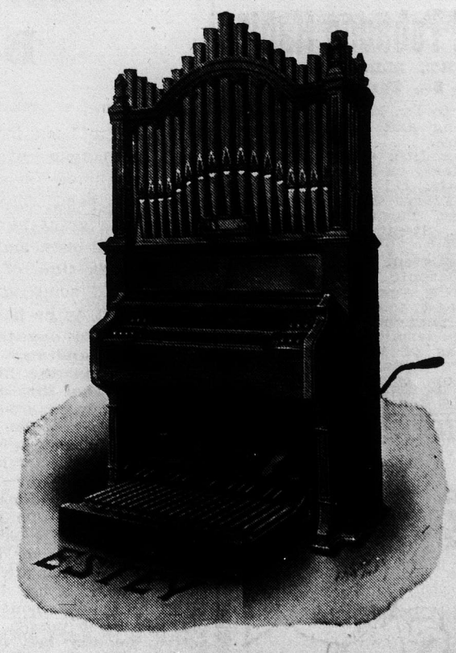

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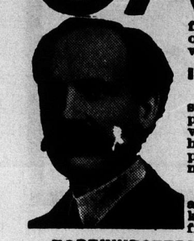

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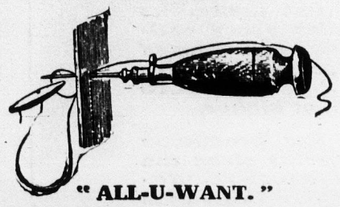

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Bees and Honey.

Don't buy bees in cold weather, or until all danger of their dying from starvation, or many other spring trouble, is past. The beginner is generally in a great hurry to possess his first hive of bees, and if he looks about him at this time of the year he can usually find somebody who is just as keen to sell as he is to buy. He may go on a mild day to a man who has bees to sell, and may see the bees flying strongly from the hive. At least, he may think that they are flying strongly, whereas, they may be only flying, and there is a whole lot of difference between flying and flying strongly. The beginner, who has had no experience with bees, may not be able to distinguish the difference, but it is there all the same. To the beginner, any number of bees look like "a lot," because he may never have seen a real lot to know what they looked like. To the beginner, a bee is a bee, and that is all he knows about it. It may be an old bee or a young, a strong, bright, active, healthy bee, a weak, worn out no good bee, a black bee, a hybrid bee or an Italian bee, but the beginner doesn't know how to distinguish one of these characteristics from another. The beginner is apt to get the idea that, by the middle of March, the bees' troubles are ended. On the contrary, they are often just beginning, and I think it no exaggeration to say that more colonies of bees die between the middle of March and the middle of April, in this climate, than in any other month of the year.

The causes are many, and would require many pages to go into fully. Three of the principal ones are starvation, poor queens and what is known as "spring dwindling." The first is the worst stumbling block to the new beginner. He has an idea, most likely, that the bees are safe from starvation as soon as they begin working on willows, elms, soft maples and other early flowers. But they are not unless they have honey left over from last year, and one of the first things for the beginner to learn is that, except in specially favored localities and seasons (and the chances are his locality is not specially favored) bees are not sure of enough new honey to keep them going until the clover blooms. The second cause of spring loss mentioned above—poor queens—is something that has to be attended to late in the summer, for a colony that starts the season with a poor queen, even with an expert in charge to detect the trouble and substitute a good young queen, is a handicap that will put it out of the running as a very good colony when the honey harvest comes.

The trouble known as "spring dwindling" may be caused by any one of a number of things or by a combination of them. A failing queen, a shortage of food (without actual starvation), unfavorable weather, or poor wintering conditions are all fruitful causes. Bees that live through the winter nearly all die very soon after active work begins in the spring, the length of time they live depending on the conditions under which they wintered. If everything was right and the bees came out strong, bright and healthy, with little loss of vitality during their confinement, they will live longer in the spring than bees which have had a "hard racket" during the winter and come out weakened in vitality, even there may be approximately the same number of bees in each hive when they have their first flight is the spring. The dwindling plies will not be so large—no extractor, is the result of the old bees dying off faster than the young ones are hatched, and anything which causes the old bees to die off faster than they would under normal circumstances, or which retards the raising of brood in the hive, is conducive to this trouble. Taken altogether, April is a risky month for the bees if they belong to a person who knows nothing about bees in general and his own bees in particular. If you think of buying young bees in March or April, take my advice and wait until May 15th or thereabouts. You won't miss any of the season by doing so.

Comb or Extracted Honey?

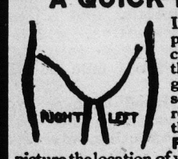
A question that presents itself to every beginner is whether he shall run his bees for the production of comb honey or extracted honey. He often decides in favor of comb honey because he figures that the outlay for supuncapping knife, tin cans or anything of that kind to buy. The productions of first-class comb honey at a profit is a thing, however, that can only be accomplished by a person who thoroughly understands the handling of bees, and the money spent for sections, foundations, cases, crates, etc., and the time required to put these things together (breaking probably half the sections the first time it is tried) will come to nearly as much as would start in the plant necessary for the securing of extracted honey. Another thing: when you have a stock of extracting combs and a good extractor, you have them for all time, if properly cared for; and if you ever want to sell out, these combs are worth money—a lot of it. In the production of comb honey, everything except the supers must be bought and put together every year and is sold with the honey. It is also much more difficult to control swarming when running for comb honey, and without control of swarming comb honey cannot be produced successfully. There are plenty of other reasons, too, but these will suffice for the present. After you have been running the bees a year or two and have become acquainted with them and with your locality, if you feel like having a try at comb honey, by all means have it. You will be far more likely to succeed than if you tried it first go off.

About Supplies.

A word with regard to supplies. Do not "skimp." Better have more than you need than not have enough. For every colony you start the season with you will need a hive to put a swarm in if it comes. You will need a super for the old hive and one—perhaps two—for the swarm. These hives and supers must, of course, have frames in them, and the frames should be wired and filled with full sheets of foundation. If you have never seen a hive complete, it will pay you to have one nailed up at the factory, so you can see just how the whole thing goes together. A queen excluder will be required for each hive, to keep the queen in her proper place. Then you will need a smoker, a good veil and a pair of gloves. You will throw the gloves away after a while but will consider them an absolute necessity at first. A small extractor and a honey knife will complete your outfit at the start. And order your supplies now, so that they will be ready for the bees when needed. What size of hive? For extracted honey production the ten-frame Langstroth hive will make you fairly happy.

In the Spring time.

FREE to the RUPTURED
A QUICK NEW CURE



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture, and for the next thirty days will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this **remarkable home cure. FREE.** Mark on the picture the location of your Rupture, answer the questions, and mail this to DR. W. S. RICE, 95 CHURCH ST., BLOCK 308, TORONTO, ONT.

Age..... Time Ruptured.....
Does Rupture pain?.....
Do you wear a Truss?.....
Name.....
Address.....

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Send us 25c in silver or stamps and we will send you, all charges prepaid, one full sized $1.00 box of **OX BLOOD TABLETS** for thin people. They cure Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervousness. **A Great Flesh Producer.** Thin people gain 10 pounds a month. $1.00 box at your druggist. Pleasant to take. If you are a sufferer or wish to gain flesh, try them. First box only sent at 25c rate.

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NEW CENTURY WASHING MACHINE.

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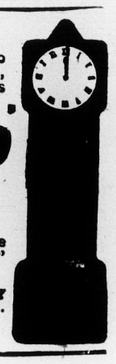
is about enough time in which to make a cup of "CAMP" Coffee, the best of all Coffees. There is no waste with



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Suggestions for House cleaning.

How to Enjoy House Cleaning.

No system and too much strength expended make house cleaning a bugbear, ruining the dispositions of the whole family, and making the housewife a bundle of over-worked muscles, bones and nerves.

Tear up but one room at a time and finish it, leaving the rest of the house a peaceful abode. One or two rooms make a good day's work combined with the routine duties necessary, leaving a woman ample time to refresh herself by changing her dress before tea. Have plenty of good cleaning cloths, soap, etc. A good workman has good tools. Start with the attic and work downward, and from the front to the back rooms. If possible have enough dresser covers, doilies, etc., so that it will be unnecessary to leave bare places until others are laundered. This gives a change. Change the positions of the furniture. Changes act as a tonic.

Start after breakfast with needed utensils. Enjoy the fresh morning air circulating through the room. Enjoy the clean odor of soap and water. Stop when the allotted work is done before you are tired and cross.

Then will house cleaning be a pleasure.

E. W. D., Winnipeg.

Wait Until the Weather is Warm and Settled.

Do not begin to clean house until the weather is settled and warm enough to clean without taking cold, thereby caring for your health and saving doctors' bills. Clean only on sunshiny days, as the sunshine is as powerful an agent in cleaning as are soap and water. Do not stir the house all up at once, but plan to clean **one** room or **one** place a day. Begin with the attic or one closet. Remove all the clothing, bedding, stoves, etc. Shake and clean well and sort well. Give the "cast offs" to the needy before they are spoiled by moths. Do the same with old magazines and papers. Brush down the walls and ceilings with a broom over which has been tied a cloth. Paint the shelves and floor, if practicable; otherwise, wash with plenty of soap. Remove everything from the summer kitchen. Brush the walls. Paint or wash. Move out the cook stove to save dust from front of house later.

Give one day to each, pantry, china closet or cupboard. Next take the bedrooms. Then the parlor, sitting room, and so on. Remove the furniture from each to the porch on the day they are cleaned. Beat, dust and air well. A cheap polish to brighten is made of one third camphor to two thirds sweet oil. If rooms need papering, engage the hanger now, before his dates are filled.

Clean the cellar when the weather will permit the outside door being open. Wash all the windows on a warm day.

If you clean as slowly and methodically as this, you will come out with good health, good temper and a good-natured family.

A. W. T. N., Winnipeg.

No Confusion and Plenty of Disinfectants.

When nature, with the rain clouds for her buckets and the winds for her brooms, begins her spring house cleaning, then every house-keeper has a feeling akin, and begins to plan the spring campaign against dust and cobwebs. Often repairs are needed about the house, and we have this done before beginning our work. We have a supply of needed articles—soap, borax, lime, ammonia, brooms, brushes, carpet tacks, cloths and dusters ready for use. When work begins we take one room at a time, and do not tear up the whole house, making the family cross and uncomfortable.

We begin at the cellar, thoroughly cleaning every part and whitewashing the walls. Next the attic. Then the bedrooms. We move the furniture into the hall, clean pictures and ornaments and put them away from the dust. We clean the walls and carpets, wash and polish the windows. The room is now ready to have the furniture, which has been well cleaned, replaced. We pursue much the same plan with all the rooms, leaving the halls to the last.

Great care is taken to disinfect all sinks and drains with copperas. As we work we try to use good judgment and self-control, so that all may be well and happy when house cleaning is done.

M. J. L., Brandon.

A Sanitary House Cleaning.

Remembering that I am cleaning for sanitary reasons, not for appearance's sake, I disinfect as well as scrub, putting carbolized or camphor preparations among the stored-away clothing, flushing drain pipes and sinks with lye or borax, and liberally adding germicides to every pailful of scrub water. Any druggist will recommend a harmless but efficient liquid for this purpose.

First, I have the furnace cleaned and the stovepipes and chimneys well stuffed with newspapers; then the pantries and closets are made immaculate, boxes are sorted and repacked, cubby holes turned inside out, and the attic washed to spotlessness, letting in all the air and sunlight possible. I courageously throw away much, realizing that hoarding is ofttimes more extravagant than destruction.

When my purse permits, I send rugs and draperies to be cleaned; when not, I beat them well, sun them, then renovate by a thorough going over with cloths wrung out of hot water and ammonia.

Any fool can clean house, but it takes a wise woman to care for a cellar. To establish purity there, I am willing to fight, bleed and die. Dryness is the whole secret.

House cleaning which upsets family peace is criminal. One room at a time is the rule royal.

A. J., Moose Jaw.

An Ordeal Turned Into a Pleasure.

There is an old saying, "Begin at the bottom and climb up," but when it comes to house cleaning I do the opposite.

I always commence to clean house about the middle of April, and have completed the cleaning by the middle of May. Some look with disgust to house cleaning, but to me it is a real pleasure.

I begin with the garret and clean it thoroughly, always burning all truck, etc., that may have accumulated during the year. After everything has been cleaned out, and it has been swept, it is scrubbed thoroughly, and after it is perfectly clean, I disinfect it by burning common sulphur.

Next I clean the bedrooms and all halls, closets, etc., on the second floor, but mind you, only one room is torn up at a time, and before I commence at the room I intend to clean, the rest of the house is in perfect order, and I have made plans for the noon-day meal so that the other members of the family need not complain during housecleaning time.

After cleaning the upstairs, I give my attention to the first floor, the parlor being the first room cleaned. Last, but not least, I clean the cellar, and this must be given great attention, as it needs a thorough cleaning after the long winter. Fruit shelves, vegetable bins, etc., must be swept and scrubbed, and the cellar must be aired thoroughly.

By following this simple method one does not become so easily tired as by the old way of tearing all the rooms up at the same time, and house cleaning, instead of being a time of the year to be dreaded by many, becomes a real pleasure to many housewives of the land.

M. W., Edmonton.

Using Energy and "Elbow Grease."

When the house-cleaning fever first seizes me it is usually too cold and damp to tear up bedrooms or living rooms, so I begin by sorting "piece bags" and "old clothes bags" in the attic. The best of these pieces go into comfort tops and rag rugs, and the remainder are used for cleaning cloths, or sold to the ragman. By the time this is done the weather is settled, so I begin on the closets, then the bedrooms, taking one room at a time. In the rainy days that intervene I clean china closets, cupboards and pantry, as it is easy to keep the dust from the other rooms out of them. Now that there are no carpets to stretch and tack down half the horrors of house cleaning are gone, for while the man is beating the rugs I am cleaning paper, moldings, windows, pictures, etc., and by night the room has assumed its normal look, although possibly sweeter and fresher for the renovating.

I strive through the year to avoid having an accumulation of rubbish to clean away from any room or place, such as bottles, cans, newspapers, etc. There is no use saving truck, to be finally carried from the kitchen cupboard or cellar, so when I get to this part of the house, paint and whitewash, soap and water soon make them clean. Thus, with "elbow grease" and energy, and plenty of forethought, the deed is done.

N. R. A., Vancouver.

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Why not buy the best?

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ROBSON is one of the very few districts in the Kootenay where you have Rail and Steamer transportation, Telephone and Telegraph, Post Office, with daily mail service. Saw Mill and Brick Yard. Plans are now under way for the erection of a church and school house.

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At this season of the year we are offering a $1.00 bottle of our valuable remedy.

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for 50c. Avail yourself now of this special offer. Rheumaticfoe is the only medicine that is purely and simply a Rheumatism Cure. It cures Rheumatism by cleansing the Blood of those impurities that cause Rheumatism.

Write to us also for particulars of our "Guaranteed Cure."

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If you are not cured it will cost you nothing. We take all the risk because we are so confident of the value of our medicine.

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Round the Evening Lamp.

Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, &c.

No. 1.—ANAGRAM PUZZLE.

Fill the blanks in each of the following sentences with a word of four letters and its transpositions.

1. I request that you will find a ——, while our good friend from the—— tries these ——, and —— some dinner.

2. I made a——, that while I stood in the vicinity he might not ring so loud a ——, as it made my heart —— ——, and my face grow ——.

3. —— told me not to handle that dog, but its —— was more ——, and if I stood by the——— and coaxed it a little it would eat —— from my hand.

4. ——, if you would ——— be an honorable and respected man, avoid —— ways and ——— company.

No. 2.—PROBLEM.

A boy starts to school with a certain number of marbles. On the way he loses one-third of them. He then meets his playmate, James, who gives him one-fourth of the number he lost. He subsequently finds one-half as many as he had at first; then he gives games 15, and has as many as he had at first. How many had he when he started for school?

No. 3.—PYRAMID.

Crosswords:

1. A consonant.
2. Before.
3. A retinue.
4. A division.
5. A mineral resin.
6. One who exhibits.

Left slope, to confine.
Central, occupations.
Right slope, delicate.

No. 4.—FLOWER PUZZLE.

What ten flowers or vines are represented in the above picture?

No. 5.—STEPS.

The following steps consist of words of four letters each, the last two letters of each word forming the first half of the word immediately succeeding it. The last words of the steps is the same as the first word.

1. At a distance.
2. A bow-like structure.
3. Part of the face.
4. A preposition.
5. Sound.
6. Want.
7. A whirlpool.
8. A levee.
9. A game of chance.
10. Part of the face.
11. A sea animal.
12. The "Dovekie."
13. A sheet of paper.
14. Same as the first.

No. 6.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

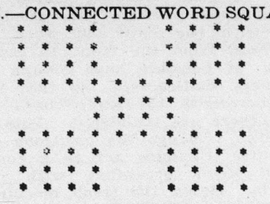
No. 7.—BEHEADED RHYMES.

In each verse fill the first blank with the missing word, and the remaining blanks with the same word successively beheaded.

Three merry boys they built a ——
That looked a little like a ——
They manned it well, both fore and——
Then started for a sail.
There came just then an evil ——
Near and more near the boat, when——
He, splashing round their little ——
Upset it with his tail!

So he these merry boys did ——
Which was to them a bitter ——
Indeed they took it very ——
And thus at him did rail:
"O, wicked one, who gave the ——
That laid our hopes and pleasures ——
A grudge to you we surely ——
But t' is of so avail.
"For spread around you is a ——
That holds you safe from every ——
You have no fear of mortal ——
And so we make our wail."

No. 8.—CONNECTED WORD SQUARES.



Upper Left-Hand Square: summon, an eastern land, prevarications, maid.

Upper Right-Hand Square. An undressed hide, an American lake, exactly corresponding, to be prolific.

Central Square: bullets, habitation of a swarm of bees, elliptical, disclose.

Lower Left-Hand Square: a blemish, partly open, not frequently, to dive to a tree.

Lower Right-Hand Square: a delicate tissue of thread, at another time, a small rope, terminations.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the June number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in April Number.

No. 1. Double Beheadings.—1, Accost, 2, cost. 2. Shout, out. 3. Scrip, rip. 4. Scour, our. 5. Denote, note. 6. Start, art. 7. Detail, tail. 8. Shire, ire. 9. Scowl, owl. 10. Manor, nor.

The initial letters of the remaining words spell the word Coronation.

No. 2. Illustrated Rebus.—In (inn) at one ear, and out at the other.

No. 3. Ladder.—

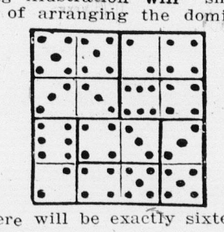
D O
E G I S
M T
O O Z E
S N
T E N T
H A
E M I T
N I
E C H O
S N

No. 4. Word Square.—

D A V I D
A R I S E
V I O L A
I S L E T
D E A T H

No. 5. Beheaded Riddle.—Star. Beheaded—tar.

No. 6. Magic Domino Puzzle. — The following illustration will show one method of arranging the dominoes, so



that there will be exactly sixteen spots in each row:

No. 7. Problem.—He worked 39 lays, and was idle 90 days.

No. 8 Substitutions.—1. Refute, refuse. 2. Foe, fop. 3. Plow, pow. 4. Mars, mart. 5. Perpetrate, perpetuate.

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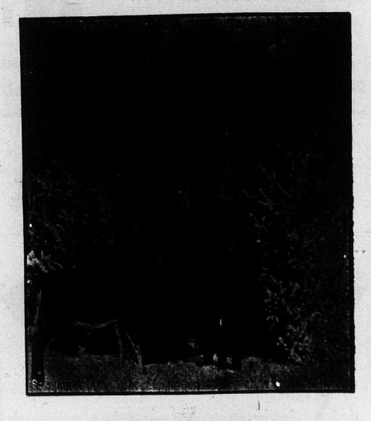

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I have by far the largest stock in the west of these hardy fast growing Russian poplars and willows; I send everything by express, prepaid, so as to arrive in good order. Trees may be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. No agents, no commissions, selling cheap. A postal card will bring you my price list and printed directions.

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If you suffer from ... blind or protruding P... address, and I will ... cure yourself at ho... absorption treatment ... send some of this ho... for trial, with refer... own locality if requ... relief and permanen... Send no money, but ... offer. Write to-day to ... Box P. 86, Windsor, O...

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is prescribed by the leading physicians throughout the country in all cases of General Debility and Convalescence.

Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS.

PILES Cured at Home

BY

NEW ABSORPTION TREATMENT

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 86, Windsor, Ont.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

SO THE FOLKS SAY.

The curse of the rumshop no mortal can tell,
It robs men of Heaven and sends them to hell;
And yet there are many, O can it be, pray,
Who vote it to license, so the folks say?
What, license the grogshop! do the folks say?

It lightens their taxes, so some of them think,
To license this business of selling strong drink;
So, along with the barkeeper multitudes stray,
Taking bread from the hungry, so the folks say.
What true hearted, good men! can the folks say?

'Tis a fell institution they each one confess,
Cruel wrong in the wine-cup and sorry distress;
And yet 'mid their praying for peace day by day,
There are those who vote whisky, so the folks say.
What, vote with the brewer! do the folks say?

To save men by statute is wrong, some declare,
Who'll vote to make legal the work of repair;
As though law to save men were worse than to slay,
And yet they are good men, so the folks say.
What, ture-hearted, good men! can the folks say?

There's a time in the future and soon 'twill be here,
When the voter and seller and victim of beer
Will have finished life's journey, have spent its brief day,
And must stand up together, so the folks say,
Face to face with the Master! What will He say?

"Inasmuch as ye did it," what e'er it may be,
"To the least of my brethren, ye did it to me";
And by this will He reckon on that judgment day,
And not by our praying, so the folks say;
By doing and praying! so will all say.

The Knights of Pythias, by a vote of two to one, have decided that hereafter no one engaged in the liquor business shall be eligible to membership in that order. The new statute reads: "He must not be a professional gambler, saloon-keeper, bartender, or dealer in spirituous, vinous or malt liquors."

A good deal has been said of the horrible passion-inflaming pictures of nude white women and nude negro men found in the abominable liquor dives of Atlanta, Ga. The indignation of the community has been justly aroused to know that these things have been going on in the negro dives of Atlanta and of other cities.

Dr. M. H. Parmelee, physician and surgeon for twelve years in Toledo, says: "Beer drinkers are peculiarly liable to die of pneumonia. Their vital power, their power of resistance, their 'vis medicatrix nature,' is so lowered that they are liable to drop off from any form of acute disease, such as fevers, pneumonia, etc. As a rule, when a beer drinker takes pneumonia, he dies."

The American Anti-Saloon League is urging the passing of the Littlefield bill through the national Congress. This is an act by which the inter-state character of all shipments of intoxicating liquors, including ale, wine and beer, from one state or territory into another shall terminate immediately upon their arrival within the boundary of the state or territory in which the place of destination is situated.

Says a writer in the Medical Record: "It has been proved more or less conclusively that pulmonary tuberculosis is spread by the agency of public houses in Great Britain, and this is probably also the case to a lesser extent in regard to saloons in America. Although through the saloons here are far cleaner and better ventilated than are those of Great Britain, there are many in which diseased and unwashed loafers spend a great part of their time."

A sufficient number of saloons have been closed in Ohio through the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League to make a street nearly three miles long, built up solidly on both sides, allowing thirty feet frontage to each saloon. Four-fifths of this notable work was accomplished in the year 1904. Territorially, seventy-five per cent. of the state of Ohio is "dry." Nearly a thousand townships are without saloons out of a total of thirteen hundred and seventy-one.

While some of our army officers are urging Congress to restore liquor-selling to the canteen, it might enlighten them to study the report of Surgeon-General Evart, stating that there are 44,000 teetotalers in the British army. The testimony of Sir Frederick Treves, an eminent medical authority, goes to show that the army canteen is not only unnecessary but positively enervating when the troops are in active service, and large demands are made upon their endurance.—Home Herald.

There were $1,538,000,000 worth of whiskey, wines, beer, tea and coffee drunk in the year 1905. Estimating whiskey at $2.00, wines, $2.00, beer, $1.00, and tea and coffee at twenty-five cents per gallon, there would be 1,903,500,000 gallons, or enough, if all run together, to make a stream 5 feet deep, 30 feet wide, and 378 miles long, with enough people at its mouth to drink a little over a mile a day. This is for America alone. Think of the great host of drinkers it takes to consume this intoxicating stream of mixtures that steadily flows from the distilleries of this country.

Dr. Lorenz, the great Austrian surgeon, was at a banquet in his honor. Many of the guests drank. The principal guest, however, pushed his wine aside, untasted. Someone asked him if he were a teetotaler. "I cannot say that I am a great temperance agitator," said Dr. Lorenz, "but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquor without blunting these physical powers which must be kept on edge. As a surgeon, I must not drink."

After a most spectacular fight for the preservation of his pet state saloon monstrosity, Tillman's state has repudiated his friends, and by an overwhelming majority buried dispensary apologists and their plans for the resuscitation of the whole system. In the canvass Tillman violently attacked prohibition, and denounced its advocates, and urged his friends to once more grant a reprieve to the infamous scheme which he foisted on the state more than a decade ago, when prohibition had already secured a majority in the state elections.

A Frenchman in South America, a maker of wine, became a seeker of religion at the mission services. He could find no light. He could not even pray for it. Something kept saying to him, "What about your wine? What about your wine?" "My wine is all right," he would reply. "It is good, pure wine; there is nothing the matter with it." But he could not gain the peace he sought until he took an ax, knocked in the heads of his wine casks and let the wine run out. The moment he did this, his tongue was loosened; he began to pray, and quiet took possession of his soul.—Exchange.

Bishop Jos. F. Berry is an optimist of the truest quality. In a recent address he made the following eloquent prophecy:

"We have preached against the saloon, and we have preached well. We have prayed against the saloon, and we have prayed with fervor. We have written against the saloon, and there has been logic in our sentences.. We have wept in the presence of the desolations of the saloon, and our tears have been sincere. But the day is coming when we shall do more—a day when our sermons and prayers, and arguments and agitations, and heartaches and tears will crystallize into ballots, and when, by the iron hand of prohibitive law, this red-lipped monster shall be throttled and choked and hurled back into the hell from which he came."

I Can Cure Your Rupture

Just READ THIS and You Will Know Why.

15 DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT FREE

To cure your rupture you need a truss which will hold your rupture securely, and a good treatment that will close the rupture opening, while the rupture is being held back.

Now, is your truss good? Does it always hold the rupture back?

If it does not, why not?

Just because the pad is not the proper one to retain the rupture.

Now, you know, you can hold it back with your fingers, because they will cover and fill the opening

My Inflatable Truss does exactly the same thing. It possesses a small, finger-shaped pad, filled with air to the size of the rupture opening; it covers the opening and fills it. My Inflatable Pad works just like your finger does.

Therefore it is a good truss, the one that holds rupture securely, the one that you need. You cannot obtain this truss from any one else, because it is my patent. It was patented in Canada on Dec. 1, 1903, and in the U. S. A on June 23, 1903. I employ no agents or drug stores. Trusses for my Canadian patrons are manufactured in Canada and no duty to be paid by my patients.

When used in connection with my Fibro Plastic treatment, which creates new tissue across the rupture opening, it will close the opening and cure your rupture.

Yes, my patented Inflatable Truss and Fibro Plastic treatment accomplish this. I have done so in hundreds of cases. I can do so in yours. I know I can.

Write me today for my 64-page booklet giving further details, and my 15 days' trial treatment which will be sent you absolutely free of charge. Address

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or Drawer 117 (C), Windsor, Ont.

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A CURE—OR MONEY BACK

We don't ask you to buy GIN PILLS—but to try them. We simply want you to see for yourself what GIN PILLS will do for you. A cent for a post card is the only expense. Simply write us, mentioning this paper, and saying you want a free sample of GIN PILLS. If you are satisfied that GIN PILLS are doing you good, get a box at your dealer's, on our guarantee that they will continue to help you. Take GIN PILLS regularly and faithfully, and they will cure you of Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and every trace of Kidney and Bladder Trouble. If you are not perfectly satisfied—you have only to return the empty box and your dealer will promptly refund the money.

We know that we have, in GIN PILLS, the greatest cure in the world for Kidney and Bladder Troubles, and Rheumatism. No other medicine in the world is so widely known and so highly praised.

Starrat, Ont., Feb. 16, 1906.

Inclosed please find $1.00 for two boxes of your "Gin Pills" as I am nearly out. The drug store at Burks Falls, where I got my supply, was burned down a couple of weeks ago, and I do not know where to get them except by writing to you. Hoping you will please send them by return mail as I am nearly out and can't do without them.

Yours truly,
JOHN BLACKMORE, Postmaster.

Don't put it off. Write us to-day and let us send you the free sample of GIN PILLS to try. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 50c box—6 for $2.50. 85

DR. WOOD'S

NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption.

Mrs. Norma Swanston, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and bad pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."

Price 25 cents a bottle.

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Parisian Hair Renewer

restores gray hair to its youthful natural color and beauty. Cures Dandruff and makes the hair grow strong and healthy.

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WINNIPEG.

Among the Flowers.

ADVENT OF SUMMER.

How do we know that sweet summer is coming?
How do we know that sweet summer is near?
Springtime is here, with its bird-songs and beauty,
Summer is coming, for springtime is here.

Winter so cold, with its chill winds so dreary,
Bade us adieu at the advent of spring;
Welcome sweet springtime, with all thy fresh beauty,
With hearts full of rapture, the happy birds sing.

Purity's emblem, the bright sparkling water,
Gleefully rushes through valley and glen,
Foams down the mountain side, swells the glad river,
Murmuring a welcome to springtime again.

Bright pearly clouds, through the azure-hued heaven
Restfully float to the beautiful west,
Not idle nor useless, but yielding to duty
Nature's sweet emblem of fitness and rest.

Thus, do we know that sweet summer is coming;
Thus do we know sweet summer is near;
Springtime is here with its bird-songs and beauty,
Summer is coming, for springtime is here.

Japanese Morning Glories.

If you want a wealth of beauty, be sure to plant Japanese morning glories. Many people soak the seeds in tepid water before planting; some leave them in a box after soaking with a wet cloth spread over them till the next day. Plant in good soil. The seeds should not be planted until all danger from frost is past. Any support will do, but wire trellises are best. A hedge may be made by using wide wire netting fastened to strong supports. They will also cover a dead tree beautifully.

Nicotiana Affinis.

Of the several varieties of nicotiana cultivated for the fragrance of their flowers this is one of the best. It is a tender annual, growing about three feet in height, and during the evening or early morning hour is covered with deliciously scented, large, pure white flowers. The seeds can be started in the house if desired, but when sown in the open ground the plants commence to bloom early in July. Give the plants sufficient space in which to properly develop themselves, a deep, rich soil and an open, sunny situation.

Alyssum for Graves.

My attention was attracted to a low mound last summer during one of my visits to the silent city. It was not that a costly monument with an epitaph more beautiful than truthful was erected there, but because the mound was hidden from sight by a coveing at once simple and beautiful. Single alyssum alone was the flower chosen, and its dainty white blossoms and fine foliage surpassed in beauty and tastefulness the gorgeous beds of various colored flowers near by. This flower stands drought well and is at its best in the fall. It is of a spreading habit, so that but half a dozen plants will be required; and owing to its extreme hardiness it may be planted out very early in the spring. It may be started in the hotbed for this purpose.

Cannas From Seed.

Few plants are more popular for bedding, and it is not strange when we consider the splendid foliage and brilliant blossoms. They are of very easy culture. A deep, rich soil and plenty of water in dry weather. And every seed should be rubbed with a file and soaked in hot water until swelled and soaked to double its size. Plant in a box and keep the soil moist and warm. A place near the kitchen stove where they will get both heat and moisture is good for them. When well started place in a sunny window and transplant into good soil when their growth demands. Do not plant in the ground until fear of frost is over, and then give them a rich, mellow soil and plenty of room. Some of the flowers will be self-colored, vivid scarlets, deep velvet, crimson, pale straw or deep rich gold, some exquisitely splashed, spotted and bordered. The blossoms are very large and the heads of bloom immense. One superb sparkle following another for months at a time, until cut down by frost.

Strawberry Culture.

It is best to set quite late in spring on fall plowing, as this lessens injury from cutworms. Set in rows four feet apart and the plants about eighteen inches apart in the rows, and form matted rows about eighteen inches wide, as early in the season as possible, by good culture. In setting out plants there is no gain in pottering to spread the roots in natural position; wet the roots, press them together with points downward, and plant very tightly with spade or dibble, as you would a cabbage plant. The roots projected downward answer the purpose until new roots are grown in proper position. To secure fertilization in weather not not wholly favorable it is best to plant alternate rows of the staminate and pistillate varieties. It does not pay to gather more than two crops from one planting. Have a new plantation coming on, and never hesitate to plow up the old one after gathering the second crop.

Good Garden Tools.

The gardener's work depends more upon skill than upon strength. The grub hoe, the pick and the breaking up plow for new land need to be strong, but in the garden a light tool in good condition will make the work easier and accomplish more than the heavy tool. Keep the hoes sharp and the teeth of the cultivator and horse hoe down to a cutting edge, and good points on the plows, and keep everything clean and bright, so that dirt will not adhere to them to double their weight and lessen their efficiency. The light tool may not last as long as the heavy one, and if it seems to be using up the hoe very fast to grind it every day, at least it is better to wear out several hoes than one man or boy. Many a boy has become disgusted with farm work and with the farm itself, simply because he was given worn out tool to work with, which had been condemned as unfit for a good workman to use. Put such tools into the junk heap, or lay them away to be used only in cases of extreme emergency, and give the boys good tools and teach them how to use them and take care of them, and even if they do spoil them by not knowing how to use them, it will be better than spoiling the boys. We remember when our father bought us a new hoe, small and slight, suitable for a boy, and in showing us how to use it he found it worked so well and easily that it was not long before he had a new one himself.

Rose for Western Exposure.

The hardy prairie rose, Baltimore Belle, is suitable for training upon the west side of the house. It is a vigorous climber, and a free summer bloomer. Prune it vigorously after the flowers fade, leaving only the strong lower shoots, and a glorious display of bloom can be depended upon the following season.

Scale.—When an asparagus is troubled with scale rub the stems to loosen the pest, then wash with hot suds. If badly infested cut off the tops and burn them, and see that the stems remaining are free from the pest. If the tops are infested it is almost impossible to clean them.

To have beautiful, perfect, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. Then, next morning, notice carefully the effect. Dry, cracked, or colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill appearing. Dr. Shoop's Green Salve will quickly correct any skin blemish or ailment. Get a free trial box at our store and be convinced. Large, Glass Jars, 25c.

Many Women Suffer

UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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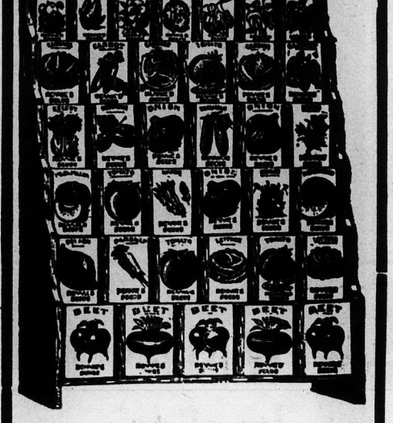

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¶ Each year the "Rennie Seed Cabinet" in every dealer's store is replenished with new-crop seeds—fresh and full of vitality. No old stocks are carried over.

¶ In this way users of "Rennie's Seeds" are protected from the disapointment that invariably results from sowing old seeds lacking germination,

¶ Bear this fact in mind and make positive that your garden seeds bear the imprint "Rennie's Seeds" on the packet. If your dealer is without them don't risk disappointment by taking other kinds—send your order direct—we pay the postage.

WM. RENNIE CO., Limited

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A Marvellous and Tri... of Victory Ove...

No medicine has ever ... a number of wonderful ... vellous cures as Psychin... continuous record of vic... es of the throat, chest, l... Where doctors have ... incurable from consum... wasting diseases Psychi... rescues numberless peop... very verge of the grave. ... Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chi... La Grippe, Pneumonia, ... troubles, all of which ar... Consumption, yield quic... tive powers of Psychine.

Mrs. Campbell, one of ... makes the following sta...

I cannot refrain from te... of my remarkable recovery ... April, 1902, I caught a heav... on my lungs and gradually ... I could not sleep, was subj... my lungs were so diseased, m... me incurable. Rev. Mr. M... Presbyterian Church, recomm... Psychine to me, when I wa... After using Psychine for a sh... slept well, the night sweats a... Months ago I stopped takin... perfectly restored to health ... felt better in my life. Psych... send to me. MRS. AN...

PSYCHINE never dis... PSYCHINE has no su... There is no other m... good."

At all dealers, 50c, and ... If not writ...

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 179 ...

Dr. Root's Kidney ... and permanent cure fo... Bright's Disease, Pain ... all forms of Kidney Tr... box, at all dealers.

SYNOPSIS OF ...

NORTH-W...

HOMESTEAD RE...

ANY even numbered se... Lands in Manitoba, Saskatc... excepting 8 and 26 not reserv... steaded by any person who is ... family or any male over 18 ... extent of one-quarter sectio... or less.

Entry may be made pers... land office for the district in ... situate.

The homesteader is requi... conditions connected therew... the following plans:

(1) At least six months' r... cultivation of the land in ... years.

(2) If the father (or mothe... deceased) of the homestea... farm in the vicinity of the ... requirements as to residenc... by such person residing w... mother.

(3) If the settler has his p... upon farming land owned by ... ity of his homestead, the r... residence may be satisfied ... the said land.

Six months' notice in writi... to the Commissioner of D... Ottawa, of intention to appl...

W. W. ...

Deputy of the Minis...

N. B. — Unauthorized publ... vertisement will not be paid f...

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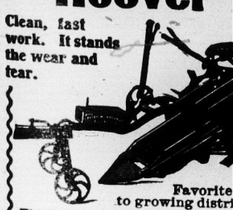
Clean, fast work. It stands the wear and tear.



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(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

A Marvellous and Triumphant Record of Victory Over Disease.

No medicine has ever effected as large a number of wonderful and almost marvellous cures as Psychine. It has had one continuous record of victories over diseases of the throat, chest, lungs and stomach. Where doctors have pronounced cases incurable from consumption and other wasting diseases Psychine steps in and rescues numberless people even from the very verge of the grave. Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chills, Night Sweats, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and other like troubles, all of which are forerunners of Consumption, yield quickly to the curative powers of Psychine.

Mrs. Campbell, one of the many cured, makes the following statement:

I cannot refrain from telling all who suffer of my remarkable recovery with Psychine. In April, 1902, I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. I could not sleep, was subject to night sweats, my lungs were so diseased, my doctor considered me incurable. Rev. Mr. Mahaffy, Port Elgin Presbyterian Church, recommended Dr. Slocum's Psychine to me, when I was living in Ontario. After using Psychine for a short time I ate and slept well, the night sweats and cough ceased.

Months ago I stopped taking Psychine, as I was perfectly restored to health and to-day I never felt better in my life. Psychine has been a godsend to me.

MRS. ANDREW CAMPBELL,
Cottonwood, N.W.T.

PSYCHINE never disappoints.
PSYCHINE has no substitute.
There is no other medicine "Just as good."

At all dealers, 50c, and $1.00 per bottle. If not write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 179 King St. W., TORONTO

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominon Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE Hoover Digger

Clean, fast work. It stands the wear and tear.

Favorite in every great potato growing district. Get free catalog.

The Hoover-Prout Co., Lock Box 67, Avery, O.

The Home Doctor.

Insect Bites.—For stings or bites from any kind of insect apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure very quickly.

Gumboil.—To relieve a gumboil, a homely remedy is to take a thin strip of fried fig, dip it in milk, toast it, and then apply hot to the swollen gum. Relief is speedy.

How to Cure Sore Throat.—Take a lump of resin as large as a walnut, put it in an old tea-pot, pour boiling water on it, put the lid on, put the spout to your mouth, and the steam will cure the inflammation.

To Stop Bleeding.—In the case if a severe cut, try the immediate use of finely powdered rice or flour to the wound. This has been proved a great success in almost stopping the flow of blood from a severe cut.

Headache.—The first thing that ought to be prescribed for a headache sufferer is fresh air. Avoid sitting in closed rooms as much as possible. Walk the streets and lounge in the parks, if you can't do better, but keep out of doors. Headache sufferers should never sleep with closed windows winter or summer. Opening the window in the next room won't do. You must have fresh air from first hand.

Poisons.—When poison has been accidentally swallowed no emetic is better than mustard. Mix three teaspoonfuls with a cupful of warm water and swallow. At once the stimulative action upon the stomach causes that organ to reject all its contents, the poisonous ingredients with the rest. The emetic of mustard leaves no ill effect behind it, but instead, a feeling of pleasant warmth and stimulus. It is one of the quickest of all emetics and the most harmless.

To Treat Bruises.—To prevent a bruise from being discolored, apply to it a cloth which has been wrung out of water as hot is can be borne, comfortably, and change it as it becomes cold. Supposing hot water cannot be procured, the next best thing is to moisten some dry starch with cold water and to cover the bruised part with it.

Earache.—In case of earache do not put anything into the ear except by direction of a physician. The best way to relieve earache is to heat an iron or brick, wrap it in two or three thicknesses of flannel, pour warm water on the top, when steam will at once rise. If the ear is placed close to the flannel the steam will permeate every part of it.

Lemons may often be used as a good household medicine. They are undoubtedly very excellent for biliousness. Lemons, however, should not be taken in their pure state, as their acidity will injure the teeth and the lining of the stomach. The proper way is to take the juice of one lemon in a cup of water without sugar. The best time to take such a dose is before breakfast or just before retiring.

Boracic Ointment.—An invaluable cure for sore eyes is a little boracic powder dissolved in warm water. When cold, bathe the eyes two or three times a day. Boracic ointment is a sure cure for gathered fingers, etc.

Old medicines should not be preserved. Many medicines deteriorate, and what is good at one time may not be so at another. The fewer medicine bottles lying about the less risk of the wrong medicine being administered.

A Simple Aperient for Children.—Muscatels stoned and soaked in salad oil for a few hours make an excellent aperient for children, and one they are generally willing to take. One in the morning half an hour before breakfast is usually enough, though it is sometimes necessary to give two.

Lotion for Hives.—While hives are usually a disorder of the warm weather, some persons suffer from their effects at different seasons of the year. A good lotion which can be applied to the affected parts several times every day is made of one-quarter ounce of powdered borax, one-half ounce spirits of camphor, three ounces of glycerine.

Suggestions.

A hot salt bath will be found to quiet nervousness, if taken just before retiring.

Bathe the eyes in warm salt water when they are tired or strained and they will be rested.

Peroxide of hydrogen used as a bleach will whiten the skin when it has been stained by dress material or furs which have been dyed.

A glass of hot, not boiled, milk sipped slowly is most refreshing in cases of over fatigue. It supplies all the nourishment needed until the body is rested.

Brush the teeth occasionally with a little borax or baking soda to prevent tartar from accumulating on them.

The use of sulphur is said to preserve the whiteness of the teeth. A few drops of listerine or myrrh in the water will act as an antiseptic and sweeten the breath.

The mind is so influenced by the condition of the body that when you are sick or weak physically, you are apt to be irritable or depressed. Remember this, when the whole household has caught teh contagion, and be the first to recover.

So many diseases may follow in the train of what we term an ordinary cold, that we need to avoid this beginning of evil, if we would save ourselves from the pain and distress of bronchitis, catarrh, pneumonia, neuralgia and other diseases equally undesirable.

This is the season of the year when colds are taken most easily, due to carelessness more often than any other cause. When one must be out on stormy days, or when is is slushy, it is "too much trouble" to put on rubbers and extra wraps. Isn't it better to take the extra trouble than to suffer from neglect of such precaution?

Take yourself in hand—see that your clothing is sufficiently warm and comfortable, not too heavy nor too light, that your feet are properly shod. Take plenty of exercise in the fresh air, you need not be afraid of catching cold if properly protected. A lack of ventilation in living rooms will more often induce a cold than too much fresh air. Lung and throat troubles may be contracted by living in unventilated rooms.

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

Skin Protection

For skin comfort, skin health, skin beauty and for protection against hard water, strong sun and wind use

"Baby's Own" Soap.

It is the best for every toilet purpose for babies, women and men.

Its daily use keeps the skin smooth and the complexion beautifully clear and fresh.

Albert Soaps Ltd. Mirs., - Montreal.

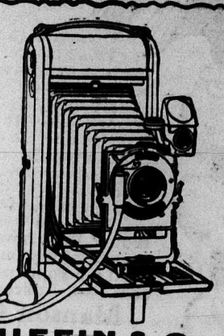
Beware of imitations and substitutes.

Get Top Prices For Your Butter.

The use of a little care, and WINDSOR SALT, will improve your butter 100%.

Windsor SALT

is absolutely pure—dissolves quickly—and is easiest to work. It makes the most delicious butter that readily brings the highest market price.



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Importers and Dealers in

PHOTO SUPPLIES

Both Professional and Amateur

208 Bannatyne Ave. Cor. Main Street

WINNIPEG.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.

Mention Western Home Monthly.

LADIES wanted to take orders for our Tailored Skirts. Write to-day for full particulars. Central Skirt Co., Room 5 F, Coote Bldg., London, Ont.

Type-talk never does half justice to high-grade goods. The test of Seal Brand Coffee is in the cup.

CHASE AND SANBORN

ALL GROCERS 76

Health is more important than business, yet it gets far less attention.

COWAN'S

PERFECTION

COCOA

(Maple Leaf label, our trade mark).

Is healthful and nutritious, and very digestible. It is good for old and young.

The Cowan Co. Ltd., Toronto.

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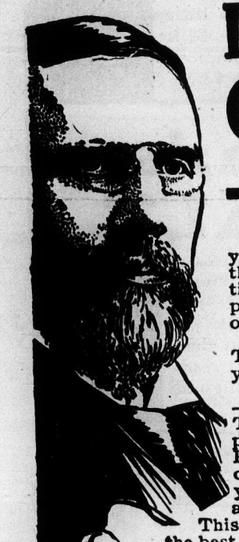

Let Me Sell You a Chatham Incubator —On Time

Do you know there is big money in raising poultry? Do you know there is more money in running a good incubator than in almost anything else you can do for the amount of time and trouble it takes? Do you know my incubator will pay you a bigger profit than any other thing you can have on your place?

Well, all these things are true, and I can prove it. Thousands of people all over Canada have proved it every year for the last five years.

I want to quote you a price on my Chatham Incubator, —sold ON TIME. I want to send you my Chatham book. This incubator book is *free*— I'll send it to you for just a postal card. It tells you a lot you ought to know about the Poultry business—it tells you how to make *money* out of chickens—it tells you how my Chatham Incubator will make you *more* money than you can make with hens—far more, and with less trouble.

This book tells you how my Incubators are made—why they are the best ever invented—and why I sell them ON TIME and on a 5-Year Guarantee.

My Company has been in business in Canada for over 50 years. We are one of the largest wood-working factories in the country. We also operate a large factory at Detroit, Mich. We have the Incubator and Brooder business down to a science.

Chatham Incubators and Brooders will make you money, for a Chatham Incubator will hatch a live, healthy chicken out of every fertile egg put into it, in 21 days.

Will you write for my book today? Do it now while you think of it. Just say on a postal "Please send me your Incubator Book"—that's all. Address me personally.

Manson Campbell
President
The Manson Campbell Co., Ltd.
Dept. F 7, Chatham, Ont.

NOTE—I carry large stocks and ship promptly from branch houses at Calgary, Alta., Montreal, Que.; Brandon, Man.; Halifax, N. S., Victoria, B. C., and factory at Chatham.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Hints for the Housewife.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We, rating others honestly, are prone
To wonder how they, in their littleness,
Can pride themselves on merits of their own
And be blind to those that we possess.

We see wherein they lack; we measure all
The faults which they serenely think they hide;
We weigh our worth and see how far they fall
Below the things on which they stake their pride.

We wonder why they do not stop to show
Due deference to us who loom so high;
They pass us, merely nodding as they go,
Or overlook us as they hurry by.

Perhaps when they consider you and me
They, too, discover blemishes that mar;
Perhaps it is our present selves they see,
Not what we might be—and suppose we are.

Miscellaneous.

Three and a half cups of cornmeal make one pound.

One large coffee-cup of granulated sugar makes one-half pound.

One large coffee-cup of dry brown sugar makes one-half pound.

One and a half cups of firm butter pressed down make one pound.

One cup of raisins makes one-half pound.

Ten eggs make one pound.

One white of an egg makes one ounce.

One yolk of an egg makes one ounce.

Sixteen ounces make one pound.

Four teaspoons make one tablespoon.

Four gills make one pint.

Two pints make one quart.

Four quarts make one gallon.

Eight quarts make one peck.

It is only necessary to boil a cork for five minutes to make it fit any bottle.

Soiled ribbons washed in gasoline look as fresh as new after being ironed on the wrong side.

In blowing out a candle hold it aloft and blow upwards. This will prevent scattering of the grease.

Dry salt, applied with a flannel, will clean an enameled bath which has become stained. Wash well afterward.

Use a small piece of softened white soap with whiting or silver polish to greatly expedite the process of cleaning silver or paint.

To prevent tinware rusting rub over with fresh lard and place in a hot oven for a few minutes. If new tins are treated like this they will seldom rust

To whiten a doorstep wash the steps clean and let them dry. Then mix a little quicklime with some milk and wipe the steps over with it. They will be beautifully white.

Carpets and rugs can be thoroughly cleaned by being hung over a clothesline and having the garden hose turned upon them. This will do no harm to any carpet. Dry in a shady place.

Windows, mirror or picture glass may be easily polished by using a muslin bag filled with whiting. dampen the glass slightly, then rub with the bag and polish with newspapers.

To keep moth and buffalo bugs from rugs or carpets sprinkle well with salt, then wipe with a cloth dampened with warm water having spirits of turpentine added in the proportion of a spoonful to every quart of water.

To prevent shoes from making holes in the heels of stockings sew a piece of wash-leather inside the heels of the shoes.

Varnished wall paper may be washed with tepid water and any good soap. It will stand the usual treatment given to paint.

Instead of brushing a silk skirt or petticoat, use a pad made of a bit of velvet, which will remove the dust quickly without injuring the silk.

Not many mothers know that if stockings are washed before they are worn the threads will be tightened and they will last much longer in consequence.

A good floor-stain that goes right into the wood, and is very durable, is made of linseed oil colored with ground burnt umber. Rub thoroughly into the boards with a flannel pad, and next day polish with beeswax and turpentine.

To prevent brass tarnishing try a preparation made by dissolving an ounce of shellac in a pint of methylated spirits. Cork the bottle tightly and leave it till next day; then pour off the clear liquid. Heat the brass slightly, and paint the solution over it with a camel's hair brush.

Brass pans that have stood for some time should be rubbed with vinegar and salt to remove verdigris. Clean with polishing paste or with bath-brick dust and water; then rinse out well with hot water and polish with soft cloths. Treated like this your brass pans will be perfectly safe for any kind of cookery.

Kitchen paints will soon acquire a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room. The use of soap only increases the difficulty, especially if the paints are varnished. A good plan is to boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with this bran water, and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy.

To clean papered walls, make a dough of flour and cold water and knead, as you would bread, until it is free from stickiness and becomes perfectly smooth. A piece of this rubbed over the paper will make it appear as fresh as new. One piece may be used for a large surface, though it should be changed for a clean piece before it is too much soiled. If you have plain paper on your walls and it is faded or spotted, mix some wall finish, of a desired color, rather thick, and apply it swiftly over the wall. If done carefully, and with dispatch, the paper will not became wet enough to come off, and will dry quickly, when it will look like new.

Bread Puffs.

When dough is light for bread, catch up between thumb and finger and pull dough out rather thin, cut off and fry in deep fat; use same as biscuit.

Rice as a Vegetable.

The correct way to cook rice is to have each kernel dry and separate from the rest; this is done by boiling a cupful in five or six cupfuls of water. After washing the rice thoroughly pour it into the boiling water, salt to taste. Let it boil twenty minutes. If necessary, pour more boiling water into the pan, but do not stir with a spoon. Mash a kernel of rice between your fingers, and if soft, pour all into a collander, allowing it to drain into a pan. Serve as soon as drained. It is often eaten with a curried meat stew. The rice water may be used for soup.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Bo

A MODERN MIR

Once, w'en I'm sick, th' do
An' en I put my tongue
An' he says, "H-m-m! N
Warm water, please."
A minute, w'y, she did, ar
He put a glass thing in
An' en he wiped it off a
An' put it in my mouth

'En after w'ile re took it
An' held it up w'ere he
An' 'en he says, "H-m-m!
Too high a half of a d
An' 'en ma asked him if
An' he says, "Nope!"
cross
An' says "W'y, you can't
An' if you do it ain't m

An' 'en she's mad an' he
Out laughin' an' he say
He's goin' to be all right
W'y he ain't even half d
An' 'en he feels my puls
An' patted me up on m
An' says, "There ain't no
'Cuz one of th' trustees

An' my, I'm awful sorry
I'm awful sick a while a
He told me that. An'
"He'll be all right by n
He went away. An' m
How do you feel?" An'
Since doctor told me th
But, my! I'm almost w

Fire Pictures

This is a very pretty tr
if it is performed in a d
To show your friends a
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of the match. A spark tr
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and finally goes out. T
the shutters or turn up t
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burnt picture or design, w
traced by the spark.

The secret of the tric
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really had the picture dr
forehand. It is not drawn
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pen or a pointed stick dipp
solution of saltpeter. The
not be glazed. The w
paper is a good kind.

The solution is colorles
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spark catches.

And then don't throw th
carelessly, for it might
on fire, even without sal
cannot be too careful in
The saltpeter solution s
strong—as strong as you

The Amusing Ma

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are correctly marked, for
to be of French make the
S. mean just the opposite
mean to us.

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and that will be the nort
magnet, which you should
N and it should repel the
the compass.

Mark the other end of
with an S which will be
of your magnet, and it sh
south pole of the compas
tricity like repels like.

Get a package of long

Boys and Girls.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Once, w'en I'm sick, th' doctor come
  An' en I put my tongue 'way out,
An' he says, "H-m-m! Nurse get some
  Warm water, please." An' in about
A minute, w'y, she did, an' 'en
  He put a glass thing inti it
An' 'en he wiped it off again
  An' put it in my mouth a bit.

'En after w'ile re took it out
  An' held it up w'ere he could see,
An' 'en he says, "H-m-m! 'Ist about
  Too high a half of a degree."
An' 'en ma asked him if I'm bad
  An' he says, "Nope!" 'ist gruff and cross
An' says "W'y, you can't kill a lad,
  An' if you do it ain't much loss!"

An' 'en she's mad an' he 'ist b..t
  Out laughin' an' he says "Don't fret,
He's goin' to be all right, I trust.
  W'y he ain't even half dead yet."
An' 'en he feels my pulse, 'at way,
  An' patted me up on my head
An' says, "There ain't no school to-day,
  'Cuz one of th' trustees is dead!"

An' my, I'm awful sorry w'en
I'm awful sick a while ago,
  He told me that. An' 'en he said
"He'll be all right by noon, an' 'en
  He went away. An' ma says "Ned,
How do you feel?" An' 'en, you know,
  Since doctor told me that, somehow,
  But, my! I'm almost well right now!

Fire Pictures.

This is a very pretty trick, especially if it is performed in a darkened room. To show your friends a blank sheet of paper (the room must be light enough to let them see that it is blank). Then you strike a match, blow it out, and touch the paper with the glowing top of the match. A spark travels over the paper, following a very crooked course, and finally goes out. Then you open the shutters or turn up the lights, and, behold, you see on the sheet of paper a burnt picture or design, which has been traced by the spark.

The secret of the trick is that the paper, though it appears blank, has really had the picture drawn on it beforehand. It is not drawn with pencil pen and ink, but with a fine brush, a pen or a pointed stick dipped in a strong solution of saltpeter. The paper should not be glazed. The white wrapping paper is a good kind.

The solution is colorless, and leaves no stain, though the picture is really there, drawn in saltpeter. Now, saltpeter, which is also called niter, and potassium nitrate, is, as you may know, one of the ingredients of gunpowder, and it is used in making powder for the same reason for which we use it in this trick—because it contains a great deal of oxygen and is easily decomposed. When gunpowder explodes the oxygen from the saltpeter combines with, or burns, the sulphur and charcoal, so that no air is needed from outside. Just so the saltpeter makes the paper easier to light and burn along the lines of the drawing. These lines should all be connected together. If a part of the picture is entirely separate from the rest, it will be "left out in the cold." Of course, you must apply the match to one of the lines, which you can do easily enough by moving it across the paper near where you know there are some lines, until the spark catches.

And then don't throw the match down carelessly, for it might set something on fire, even without saltpeter. You cannot be too careful in handling fire. The saltpeter solution should be very strong—as strong as you can make it.

The Amusing Magnet.

Some interesting experiments may be made with an ordinary horseshoe magnet, which boys can buy at any toy shop. The first thing to do is to test the magnet to see whether the poles are correctly marked, for if it happens to be of French make the marks N. and S. mean just the opposite of what they mean to us.

See which end of the horseshoe attracts the south pole of the compass, and that will be the north pole of your magnet, which you should mark with an N and it should repel the north pole of the compass.

Mark the other end of the horseshoe with an S which will be the south pole of your magnet, and it should repel the south pole of the compass, for in electricity like repels like.

Get a package of long-eyed needles, all of the same size, and placing them on a table, one at a time, draw the north pole of your magnet several times over each needle, always in the same direction, from point to eye. This will magnetize the needles, making all the points north poles.

Now cut up some cork and stick the eye of each needle in the smallest bit of cork that will support it in water, with the eye projecting above the cork. Place them upright in a vessel of water and you will have a miniature fleet.

Now call in the commander, your magnet, and by holding the north pole of it above the needles you may make them move, arranging themselves into set figures, according to the number of needles used. Two needles will probably make a straight line; three, a triangle; four, a square, and five, a pentagon, or a square with one needle in the middle.

When they have taken a set form, jar the vessel slightly and the figure will sometimes be broken up, forming two different designs, or changing from one design to another. The more needles you have floating the more interesting will the exeprinent prove, as with a good many needles the designs formed when the vessel is shaken will be various and the movements of the needles under the sway of the magnet will be intensely fascinating.

Another interesting experiment is to magnetize soft iron—nails for instance. They will become magnetized as soon as the magnet touches them, and you may have a long string of nails hanging one from the other, only one in contact with a magnet.

Now beat one of the nails red hot, and all your efforts to attract it to the magnet will be in vain; but as it cools it will be more and more attracted, until when cold it will be as before, strongly magnetized when in contact with the horseshoe.

Funny Game For Rainy Day.

"Never mind if it does rain. Mamma always thinks of something extra nice for rainy days," said Harold.

"I have thought of something now," said mamma. "Get some pieces of smooth brown paper for Frankie and little Helen, and some of that pretty green cardboard for Esther and Mabel, and you and Leon may use your scrapbooks. I will pick out some old magazines and Leon may get some paste. Esther, you may take the cloth off the dining table and spread out some newspapers. I am going to show you how to make crazy pictures."

The children ran to collect the things and mamma sent Harold for both pairs of scissors and the shears, and Esther for some empty boxes and covers to lay the parts of pictures in.

"Now," said mamma, giving the things around to the different ones as she spoke, "you may cut the brown paper into sheets about 6x8 inches; you may cut the cardboard the same size.

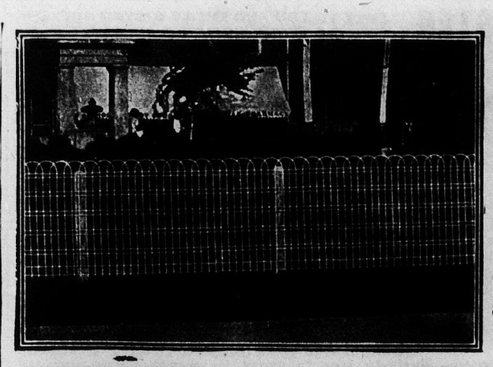
"Now all you little ones may cut out the pictures of everything in the advertisement pages that is alive, but don't try to cut them close to the picture; let the older ones do that. Harold may punch the sheets on one end, so they can be tied together to make a book at first, but if you spoil a page it looks badly to cut it out, so I like sheets best."

Then mamma cut out several pictures quickly, and cut off their heads and arms and legs, putting the heads into one box, the arms into another, the legs into a third, and the bodies into a fourth. Sometimes she left the arms with the body, as it would spoil some of the bodies to have them cut off.

As soon as all the children had pictures enough cut so there were quite a munber in each box, mamma gave a body to each child, and then while one was picking out a pair of legs another was choosing arms and another a head. As soon as any one had a picture ready he pasted it on his sheet or book, and a crazy-looking set of pictures they were

The little children's were the funniest, for sometimes they placed feet where hands should be, and they made the body turn one way and the head another. Sometimes a girl had a dog's head, or a man had the body of a child and the skirts of a woman. One boy drawing a sled had the legs of an ostrich.

They were all surprised when Maggie came to set the table for luncheon. "Let's send these pictures to the children's hospital," said Mabel, "and they will make the children there laugh, too."



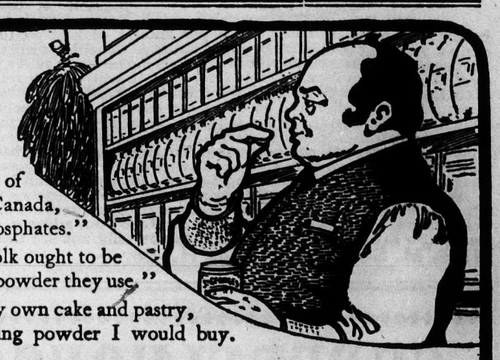
PAGE ACME White Fences

Any height to 8 ft. Any length you say. From 16 cents a foot. Gates to match, from $2.25. Last longer. Easy to put up. Get booklet.

PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., Limited

Walkerville - Toronto - Montreal
St. John - Winnipeg 212

"No Alum or Acid there"



"I saw, in an official report, that 70% (over ⅔) of the baking powders sold in Canada, contain alum and acid phosphates."

"It seems to me that folk ought to be mighty careful what baking powder they use."

"I know, if I baked my own cake and pastry, that there is only one baking powder I would buy. That's

St. George's Baking Powder

It is a genuine Cream of Tartar Baking Powder—free of alum, acids, lime, ammonia and phosphates.

ST. GEORGE'S is healthful—and makes Biscuits, Cake, Pies, etc., that are not only deliciously light and inviting, but wholesome as well.

Our Cook Book tells how to prepare a number of novel dishes—and to present old favorites in new guises. Write for a free copy to the NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, Limited, Montreal. 10

SATISFACTION

DEAR SIRS,— Oak Lake, Jan. 30th, 1907.

I must say that I am more than pleased with the Creamery system—so much pleased that if I had to make butter and sell it in the stores I would go out of business. I am a living advertisement for you whenever I speak with any of my Dairy Farmer friends, at home or on the street. I received a letter from the ——— Creamery and they want cream, but I will stick to "The Old Reliable" as long as I receive the satisfaction I have had in the past.

Wishing you every success, I remain, Your hearty patron,

E. R. RONBERG.

The above unsolicited letter is one of many on file in our office. What further proof do you want? Don't you think it would pay you to send us your cream at once? We have no favorites. All are used alike. Write to Dept. A.

The Brandon Creamery and Supply Co., Ltd.

BRANDON, MAN.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
I will mail, free of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—**you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know** that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar** to our sex.
I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the **treatment a complete trial**; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. **It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use
Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the **book.** Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:
MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

MOLES, Warts, Small Birth Marks, etc. skilfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis.
Electrical treatment and massage given for removal of Wrinkles, Pimples, Blackheads, etc.
Static Electricity and High Frequency currents for all forms of nervous diseases.
A Call is Solicited.
Consultation Free. Phone 996.
Mrs. E. Coates Coleman 4 Avenue Block WINNIPEG

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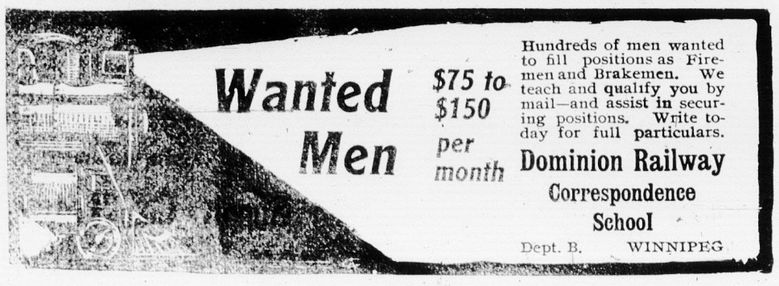

Woman and the Home.

Early Marriages.

A sweet young girl of only nineteen writes of her engagement to a young man who is but little her senior, not yet twenty-one, and says that though he is one of whom her parents cannot but approve, a member of the same church as herself, industrious, thrifty, honest and upright, her mother wishes the marriage postponed because they are too young, and because "all men are alike," and she dreads to see her daughter repeating her own experience, which, the daughter writes, "has been a baby every year or two since her marriage."

And, under the circumstances, it is hard to advise. The mother has her daughter's best interests at heart and should be her best counsellor. But—though I was once greatly opposed to early marriages, I have known from observation that very many marriages made when both parties were young have resulted very happily. And, as a dear woman who has had some heart-rending experiences in her own girlhood once said to me: "I think it is wisest that some of our boys and girls should marry young. It steadies them and some are particularly subject to temptations that might overcome them and ruin their lives."

And so, dear girl, I do not know. I can only say, talk over the matter again with your mother, weigh her objections very carefully, and she should also talk with the young man, as you cannot, and be sure that he understands the full nature of the responsibilities he would assume. Though he is so very young, perhaps observation has given him some lessons, too, and led him to the determination to prove, as it has to others, that all men are not alike in their marriages and home relations. Some there are whose love is stronger than desire, whose higher natures rule the lower, the spiritual the physical, and to whom the vow to love, honor and cherish is not a mere meaningless repetition of words in the marriage ceremony, but the most solemn vow a man can make in this life, who know that if they and the sweet young girls they have won for their wives are to know true happiness together each must practice self control in all things, after marriage as well as before.

As to the baby every year or two, while the majority of women welcome maternity and rejoice in the blessings of motherhood, and perform its duties cheerfully, yet—there is a limit to the mother's powers, and when she must be also nurse, cook, laundress, seamstress, and housekeeper, and there is not means to comfortably provide for a large family, she should place a limit upon the number of offspring.

Superior Women.

I so often hear some one say: "Is not that a very superior woman." and I come to wonder or think about these superior women and ask myself what constitutes an ideal woman. Is it one of those women who go about seeking to do their duty by showing other people where they are remiss? By giving advice to everyone, whether asked or not? And who are far too good and pure to come in contact with sin or suffering? Is it that woman who is always talking about some special mission and neglects all those duties which lie nearest while she looks for something higher? No, not her. My ideal superior woman has a mission—always has a mission. And it is to make life brighter and happier for those around her; she makes the best of her surroundings, pleasant or otherwise. She is sure to have the love and respect of everyone. And the fallen or afflicted know her by the helping hand she extends, and the kind, helpful words which fall from her lips. Some way, by intuition, she knows how to bring out the best qualities of those about her, and believes in the goodness of her fellow men. I have seen her when "the world" held up its hands in horror and condemned some "poor unfortunate." She would be so sweetly charitable, willing to allow repentance and present good conduct to atone for mistakes and wrong-doing in the past, believing with Longfellow, "Let the dead past bury its dead."

But she does demand the same code of morals for both sexes, and thinks that equal purity and co-education of the sexes is best possible and desirable, and hopes and prays for the day when the unwritten law of equal morals for both sexes will govern society. In her work as wife, mother and home-maker she is doing a noble work. Love reigns there, and truth, justice and charity are some of the lessons taught. She knows she cannot change the world and its ways, but she tries to so educate her boys and girls that they may not yield to its many temptations. She knows that a broad, generous education is what is most needed—educated, deep-thinking, cultured men and women who bravely proclaim their ideas for the mental and moral advancement of the world and the progress of true civilization. I believe these are some of the characteristics of a superior woman, although she may never realize the fact herself. In every sense of the word she is a noble, true-hearted, honest woman who tries to live and to be just what she wishes her children to be, and although the true beauty and unselfishness of her character is not fully understood at the time by them, it is afterwards, and strengthens them for the trials and temptations which come in after years to one and all. The world is full of these mothers, wise, great-hearted and true, whose moral bravery fits them to adorn the highest station in life; whose happy homes are their reward for doing their daily duty, and whose influence will be far-reaching and powerful.

Is it Worth While?

The question is often asked if the higher education is worth while—if enough is gained to compensate for the means, the time and strength expended. To one who has attained the heights and looks back to the mediocre condition from whence he has climbed, such a question seems preposterous.

He has found that education has not only trained the mind and revealed unknown mental powers, but it has opened up new and rare fields of enjoyment and opportunity. So much of nature that was before but a closed book is now an unfailing and constant source of enjoyment. The hidden courses of things, elementary forces and their work through countless ages, have been revealed to him; the secret of the stars has been told and the scroll of the universe unrolled; the best and greatest men of all ages have become through the printed page his instructors and friends; the echoes of the past are in his ears, presaging yet greater things and greater hope for the future; his nature has been deepened, enriched and broadened in every way, enlarging by many fold his capacity not only of enjoyment, but of usefulness to his fellow men; he is like a king that has come to his inheritance, who finds his life so rich and full and joyous that he cannot imagine how one can question if it were worth while to seek it.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

HOUSEK
SUPERVISED BY

Apple Sherbert.—Cook apples in one quart of to taste with sugar when tender, rub through and freeze; when partly stiffly beaten whites Serve in chilled apple

Fig Cream.—Cook one of figs in a cupful of water; chop fine. Beat the eggs and a pinch of c until dry; then add fi spoonfuls of sugar and constantly. Bake in about half an hour; ser figs, stuffed nuts, and pa

German Apple Cake. flour, one and one-half salt, mixed and sifte tablespoonfuls of butter, egg, and milk to make Spread one inch deep in tins, have ready severa and quartered apples. with dough, sprinkled sugar mixed with a li Bake in a hot oven.

Fried Bananas.—Cut half, lengthwise, roll the macaroons, then in flour fat until lightly colored paper. Serve with a syr cupful of sugar and boiled together for five mixed with one-half cu jelly. When the jelly i tablespoonful of lemon an entree.

Creamed Chicken.—Coo pan two tablespoonfuls one of flour, and when well blended add a littl a cupful of roast chicke to small dice, onion juic per to taste. Cook for te ring steadily, then add boiled egg and a cup of r with a pinch of soda st in paper cases if you w

Omelette with Sausage morning there is no than one made savory which should be partly ned, if the sausage link minced fine. Then br beat to six eggs. Have spoonful of butter hot i the eggs, shake gently i When set, add the minc the omelette and serve

Rice and Raisin Pudd one cupful of rice, one butter the size of an eg of raisins. Simmer the milk until tender; rem stove to cool. Well wh the eggs, and add to th rest of the milk, sugar well beat the whites of the raisins and add to gredients. Grate nutmeg bake one hour.

Steamed Golden ounces of flour, two o four ounces of finely sh eggs, half a lemon, two crumbs, two tablespoon syrup. Mix the dry gether, then beat up th in the syrup, also the juice of half a lemon. tered mould, tie down steam one and one-hal with a little hot golde round.

Eggs and Mushroo whites of six hard-bo chop them rather fine rooms. Into a frying-p spoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour smooth. Pour in half and stirr the mixture u a dash of pepper, a lit good pinch of curry pow liked, then add the eg rooms and cook for al utes. Serve hot. Thi to either dinner, luncheo

Veal Soup.—Take joint of veal weighin pounds, and cover with cold water; boil gently f then add one-quarter previously cooked tende boiled rice, season to and pepper, boil up onc

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Apple Sherbert.—Cook the pulp of six apples in one quart of cider, seasoned to taste with sugar and cinnamon. when tender, rub through a sieve, cool and freeze; when partly frozen add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Serve in chilled apple shells.

Fig Cream.—Cook one-quarter pound of figs in a cupful of water until tender; chop fine. Beat the whites of five eggs and a pinch of cream of tartar until dry; then add five level tablespoonfuls of sugar and the figs, beating constantly. Bake in a border mould about half an hour; serve with stewed figs, stuffed nuts, and pass plain cream.

German Apple Cake.—One pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, mixed and sifted. Put in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one beaten egg, and milk to make a thick batter. Spread one inch deep in greased shallow tins, have ready several pared, cored and quartered apples. Press points with dough, sprinkled thickly with sugar mixed with a little cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven.

Fried Bananas.—Cut the bananas in half, lengthwise, roll them in pulverized macaroons, then in flour and fry in deep fat until lightly colored. Drain on soft paper. Serve with a syrup made of one cupful of sugar and one of water boiled together for five minutes and mixed with one-half cupful of currant jelly. When the jelly is melted add a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Serve as an entree.

Creamed Chicken.—Cook in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour, and when this mixture is well blended add a little chicken stock, a cupful of roast chicken meat, cut into small dice, onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Cook for ten minutes, stirring steadily, then add a minced hard boiled egg and a cup of rich milk, heated with a pinch of soda stirred in. Serve in paper cases if you wish.

Omelette with Sausage.—For a winter morning there is no better omelette than one made savory with sausage, which should be partly cooked, skinned, if the sausage links are used, and minced fine. Then break and lightly beat to six eggs. Have a small tablespoonful of butter hot in a pan, slip in the eggs, shake gently in one direction. When set, add the minced sausage; fold the omelette and serve without delay.

Rice and Raisin Pudding.—Five eggs, one cupful of rice, one cupful of sugar, butter the size of an egg, two handfuls of raisins. Simmer the rice in a quart of milk until tender; remove from the stove to cool. Well whisk the yolks of the eggs, and add to the rice, also the rest of the milk, sugar and butter; then well beat the whites of the egg, stone the raisins and add to the other ingredients. Grate nutmeg on the top and bake one hour.

Steamed Golden Pudding.—Four ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, four ounces of finely shredded suet, two eggs, half a lemon, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup. Mix the dry ingredients together, then beat up the eggs and stir in the syrup, also the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Pour into a buttered mould, tie down with paper, and steam one and one-half hours. Serve with a little hot golden syrup poured round.

Eggs and Mushrooms.—Take the whites of six hard-boiled eggs and chop them rather fine with six mushrooms. Into a frying-pan put a tablespoonful of butter and when melted add a tablespoonful of flour and mix until smooth. Pour in half a pint of cream and stirr the mixture until it boils. Add a dash of pepper, a little salt and a good pinch of curry powder, if curry is liked, then add the eggs and mushrooms and cook for about three minutes. Serve hot. This dish is suited to either dinner, luncheon or supper.

Veal Soup.—Take a well-broken joint of veal weighing about three pounds and cover with four quarts of cold water; boil gently for several hours, then add one-quarter pound macaroni, previously cooked tender, or a cupful of boiled rice, season to taste with salt and pepper, boil up once and serve.

Rock Cake.—Rub one-half pound of butter or good sweet dripping into one pound of flour. Stir in two heaping teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, add a pinch of salt, a little finely minced lemon peel, two or three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, and one-half pound of dried currants. Moisten the whole with two eggs, well beaten, and a little milk. Make up into a stiff dough, and bake on a greased tin, setting the rock cakes well apart from each other in little stiff "knobs." Fifteen to twenty minutes is a sufficient time to allow for the baking of these old-fashioned favorites.

Indian Slapjacks.—Pour over a pint of Indian meal enough scalded milk to moisten it and set aside to cool. Then stir in a level teaspoonful of salt, two eggs beaten very light, and enough cold milk to make a batter of the desired consistency. If you are where you can get clean, newly fallen snow, you can save the eggs and have delicious cakes by substituting a tablespoonful of snow for each egg. The batter must be well beaten and the snow added just before beginning to bake. Keep the batter away from the fire as much as possible. The snow may be used in a plain batter also.

Pudding Sauce.—Cream one cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar, add the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and beat lightly until thoroughly blended. Divide into three parts, one with vanilla, one with chocolate, the other with extract of strawberry. Also add a little pink sugar to make it pink if you wish. Grease a mould or bowl with butter, put in the chocolate mixture, then the vanilla, and lastly the strawberry, and set away to cool. When ready to serve dip the mould in hot water a moment, and then turn contents out on a plate. Cut through it in slices and lay on your pudding.

Sand Tarts.—Beat one-half pound of butter to a cream and add one-half pound of granulated sugar; then add the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two, beaten together; add one teaspoonful of vanilla and just a little grated nutmeg. Mix in sufficient flour to make a dough. Dust your baking board thickly with granulated sugar. Take out a piece of dough, roll it into a thin sheet, cut with round cutters and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. Dust the top of the sheet with sugar instead of flour, to prevent the roller from sticking. By adding one-half pound of cleaned currants to the above recipe you will have Shrewsbury currant cakes.

Marbled Cookies. — For delicious marbled cookies, cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar. Add four well beaten eggs, then three scant cupfuls of flour sifted with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Divide the batter in half. To one-half add either one-half cupful or a cupful of grated chocolate, according to the preference, some people liking more and others less of this flavoring. To the other half add the juice and grated rind of an orange. After flavoring both parts, combine them in one streaked lump of dough and roll it very thin. Cut the dough into fancy cookies with diamond, heart-shaped and triangular cutters. Bake them in a rather hot oven. If the butter is fresh add a pinch of salt.

Shad Roe Salad.—After the parboiled roes are chilled cut into slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper and marinate with a little lemon juice. Keep in a cold place several hours. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, mix a little watercress or parsley with the prepared roes and lay in the center of the leaves. Cover with mayonnaise or a French dressing.

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Winnipeg.

About the Farm.

A REASON FOR SONG.

Somehow the great Creator
Gave unto everything
Some good gift to be glad for,
Some sort of voice to sing;
And if you love sweet music,
Just go out in the morn,
And feed a flock of chickens
A basket-full of corn;
Then lean up in the corner,
Or crawl up on the fence,
And watch the air grow vocal
With song's own eloquence.

There are a hundred voices,
Each in a different key,
And still they blend together
In perfect harmony;
One feeling seems to move them,
From lordy Plymouth Rock,
Down to the little Bantam,
The dandy of the flock.
And, oh! this is the reason
All do so well their parts:—
Not that they wear fine feathers,
But that they have glad hearts.

Yes, something to be glad for,
Some sort of voice to sing,
That's what the great Creator
Gave every living thing;
Why, even the moulting mongrels,
Without a plume for show,
Sing with the Golden Spangles,
As 'round and 'round they go.
Ah, they have learned the secret
That once the bright stars had:—
There's something to be glad for,
And so they are just glad.

Dairy Notes.

More people should live in homes instead of houses.

Cultivating the soil is Nature's own favored occupation.

Is your creamery equipped for pasteurizing the skim milk?

No one ever heard of a creamery patron kicking about his test—when it went up.

"As good as the wheat" is out of date. "As good as the cow" suits us better.

The most of us are compelled to deal with the money power in a very passive form.

The worst of us have our "good points," although it is hard to find them sometimes.

Our hopes and actual realizations generally need an introduction in order to know each other.

It doesn't pay to tie to the man who agrees with your every view. The world wants thinkers.

The man who can't treat his dumb animals kindly will not make the right kind of a husband.

Sentiment in favor of better methods on the part of both operator and patrons is fast gaining ground.

An old dairyman says clover is worth as much, pound for pound, for feeding calves as whole milk.

What would some of our dairymen do if the good cows did not pay the losses incurred by keeping scrubs?

The man who makes up his mind quickly often "strikes it rich," and then again gets into all kinds of trouble.

It makes no difference whether it is called "oleo," "oleomargarine," "butterine" or "margarine," it is the same old fraud and we all know his history.

It is not necessary to buy a whole lot of high priced cows in order for a farmer to make a success in the dairy business. The common cow with common sense treatment will do her part.

Sometimes when a buttermaker gets too persistent in his demand for new things in the creamery the board finally decides on getting one new article and that one to be a new buttermaker.

Do not let the cows get hungry and uneasy. Give them their ensilage and grain and plenty of hay.

It is a very poor cow that will not respond to good care, generous feeding and comfortable surroundings.

A man may be wise and not know it, and again he may think he is wise and still be awfully mistaken.

In producing milk we get no returns from the food consumed unless the question of support is first satisfied. Therefore keep the cows that do not use the food nutriments for making beef, and then feed them all they will eat.

How about the co-operative creamery company which sends out a cream gathering wagon into another's territory, and then howls about the central plant invading its territory? Reminds us of the old story about living in a glass house.

How about that rusty can problem, its it troubling you? There are thousands of cans being used in the older districts which ought to receive the hatchet treatment. Wouldn't it be a good plan for our inspectors to devote more attention to condemning rusty cans?

Some day when you feel blue and discouraged just pause and compare your lot in life with the thousands of those in different lands who barely have enough to eat to sustain life, with perhaps no place to lay their weary heads. Then thank God that you are one of his favored family who enjoy such privileges as are really your own. Haven't we a whole lot to be thankful for, after all?

Dangers in Milk.

Milk is one of the most nutritious and healthful of foods and it may be one of the most dangerous of foods. Many contagious diseases are spread by milk. Germs or bacteria find in milk the best place possible for them to grow. After they get into milk the only way to check or stop their growth is to cool it to near 50 degrees of F. or heat it to at least 150 degrees F.; the latter treatment will destroy nearly all the germs.

Many astonishing statements and sentences with long words in them can easily be reeled off on the subject of bacteria in milk, but it is sufficient here to say that the dust and air of most cow stables is loaded with bacteria, and when they get into the milk they multiply at the rate of millions per minute. This ought to be a sufficiently startling statement to cause the milker who has never heard of it before to pause and consider his ways. His duty to his family and to humanity in general when he is milking is a serious matter. Is the air of the stable pure and free from dust during milking? Would he be willing and glad to eat a plate of soup while he is milking a cow? If not, why not? Isn't milk a human food and isn't the milk pail that is under the cow being filled with food for his table? Are you proud of the place where your cows are kept and would you be beaming with smiles if the persons who buy your milk should call on you in the stables at milking time?

Many cases are on record which prove conclusively that milk has been the means of spreading such contagious diseases as tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever and scarlet fever. Such a responsibility as this certainly ought to convince a milker that his work is a serious business, and while he cannot see the germs that fill the air around the milk pail, he can at least take every precaution possible to keep the milk free from dust and dirt of every description while he is milking.

People who handle our milk supply may be divided into two classes, first, those who know how to take proper care of it but fail to do so, and second, those who really do not know just what things ought to be done in order to keep milk in the purest condition possible until it reaches the consumer or factory.

"Chicken-Little" Don'ts.

Don't make a mistake of giving the chicks free run too early, but, on the other hand, give them access to the warm run and green grass shoots as early as possible.

Don't allow the floors of the brood coops to become dirty, and above all things, avoid dampness, as this is certain to be fatal to young chicks.

Don't forget that green stuff is good for the little fellows. Finely chopped onions—or better still, lettuce, where it can be had—will help a whole lot.

Don't fail to provide a brood coop large enough for the hen to move about in. Then she will not be so apt to maim chicks by stepping on them.

Don't forget to remove all surplus food after the chicks are through with their meal. Never leave a portion to be trampled and mussed over.

Don't forget that it isn't the earliest hatched, but the best cared for

chicks that are going
profitable ones.

Don't think that you a
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that are themselves inf
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Fowls are like people
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varied ration is best ad
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tables make a good food
cut up raw, or cooked.
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Starting a Poultry

The question is ofte
much capital is needed
poultry business large
cupy a man's time and f
for him and his family?

This is a question th
swered only by the pers
the business, for no two
the same idea of a living
might live on $250 a yea
want at least four time
before they could say th
living from poultry.

It is not uncommon fo
ities to advise starting
than $5,000 or $6,000.
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no experience with poult
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backyard in which to rais
people who think that the
to learn about the busine
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This, however, has been
times and almost alway
astrously, that we do
sensible man would
any more than he wou
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worked at the carpenter'
trade.

Let us see what are
of a practical comme
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hatching and raising chic
cubators and brooders a
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journals, should give a
idea of the best methods
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good income.

Horses.

A few potatoes are rel
horses this time of the ye
be used in a moderate
other better roots are n

A feed of steamed barle
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mares. Too much barley
upsets the digestion an
harm than good.

If you have not been fe
rots to the horses this w
to put a few in the gard
season. Carrots are like
horses, as they promote t
digestive apparatus in go
save feed.

chicks that are going to prove the profitable ones.

Don't think that you are going to get healthy and thrifty chicks from stock that are themselves inferior and lacking in vigor and vitality.

Don't forget that an ounce of foresight and care in the spring is worth a ton of regret and retrospection in the fall.

Vary the Food.

Fowls are like people in their desire for an occasional change of food, and a varied ration is best adapted to rapid growth and development in young stock as well as to the keeping of the old birds in good health and condition. With the variety of grains, such as corn, wheat, oats, barley, the many varieties of vegetables, ground green bone, table scraps, etc., one may make up a bill of fare that will keep the appetite of any fowl, old or young, in the best of condition. Nearly all kinds of vegetables make a good food for fowls when cut up raw, or cooked. A good vegetable cutter will be found a very useful article where many birds are kept. Don't expect fowls to do well on any one article of food to the exclusion of all others. Give them a variety.

Starting a Poultry Business.

The question is often asked, how much capital is needed to establish a poultry business large enough to occupy a man's time and furnish a living for him and his family?

This is a question that can be answered only by the person engaged in the business, for no two persons have the same idea of a living. While some might live on $250 a year, others would want at least four times that amount before they could say they had made a living from poultry.

It is not uncommon for good authorities to advise starting with not less than $5,000 or $6.000. When this advice is given to people who have had no experience with poultry except perhaps to set a hen and loan her the backyard in which to raise the chickens, people who think that there is but little to learn about the business to make it a success and who believe the inflated newspaper stories about enormous profits with but little labor, this capital will be small enough and additional capital will very likely be needed before the dreams of the promotor will be realized.

This, however, has been tried so many times and almost always ending disastrously, that we do not think a sensible man would undertake it any more than he would take a contract for building a house before he had worked at the carpenter's or builder's trade.

Let us see what are the essentials of a practical commercial poultry plant. First, a person should have a thorough knowledge of the business, gained by actual experience with poultry on a commercial scale. It must be understood that there is just as much difference between hatching and raising chickens by the natural method and hatching and raising chickens with incubators and brooders as there is between making butter by setting the milk in small pans and using the centrifugal separator. While a person may know one method very well, the other method may prove a failure until experience has been acquired. The best way to gain knowledge of the business is to work for a year, at least, on a large, successful poultry plant. This, with a careful study of the leading poultry journals, should give a person a fair idea of the best methods to pursue. We would not advise any one to start with all borrowed capital, but with some money, more knowledge and ability and inclinations to work, a poultry business can be built up that will produce a good income.

Horses.

A few potatoes are relished by the horses this time of the year. They can be used in a moderate way where other better roots are not available.

A feed of steamed barley occasionally makes variety of feed and helps out the condition of the horses. We would not, however, feed barley to pregnant mares. Too much barley fed regularly upsets the digestion and does more harm than good.

If you have not been feeding any carrots to the horses this winter. be sure to put a few in the garden the coming season. Carrots are like medicine to horses, as they promote thrift, keep the digestive apparatus in good shape and save feed.

ALL ABOARD!

Every Government experimental station, every successful creamery, model dairy, and prominent authority on dairying, and dairying machinery are so many finger posts pointing the way

To the Goal of Dairy Success Via the De Laval Route

It's the only direct route, and there are no petty annoyances by the way. Every name prominent among good dairymen is on the passenger list. It's luxury and profit contrasted with drudgery and wastefulness.

ASK FOR TERMS AND FREE CATALOGUE.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

WINNIPEG.

REPRESENTATIVES EVERYWHERE.

Feeding the Young Calf.

What is the proper temperature to feed skim milk to young calves and how much and how often should they be fed? What is the best substitute for butter fat? I have a cream separator and sell the cream, so must replace it with sometihng.—J. L. G., Rock county.

The calf should be given its mother's milk for ten days or two weeks, beginning with small quantities, feeding three times a day and always at blood heat, which is 98 to 100 degrees. This should be determined by using a thermometer, because it is very important. Nature made the calf's stomach to use milk at this temperature and it can no more thrive upon cold milk or half warmed milk than could a baby. Guessing at the temperature means scours and often death.

In a few days a little skim milk may be added, gradually increasing the proportion of skim milk and decreasing the whole milk until the ration is all skim milk. It will not do, however, to deprive the calf of the butter fat altogether and a substitute must be provided. This can be done in several ways, but the best substitute we know of and one that is much cheaper than butter fat, is calf meal. A little of this meal added to the skim milk will make thrifty calves. The meal is already cooked and only needs to be dissolved in a little water and added to the warm milk. Calves thrive on this feed because it is nourishing and they don't have the scours. The amount of skim milk and meal should be increased very gradually as the calf grows and demands it.

Producing Food Quality.

Much poor milk, cream and butter is produced because of dirty utensils. Careful methods in drawing the milk and in properly cooling it are set at naught if the milk is strained into an unclean can and allowed to remain there. It is not necessary that the dirt be present in sufficient quantities to be seen by the naked eye in order to render the can unfit for use. After it has been cleaned and dried the tin should have a clean, dry appearance and should not be greasy to the touch. A greasy coating on the interior of a milk can will spoil milk or cream in a very few hours. It doesn't cost any more to keep the utensils clean and the results obtained are more satisfactory.

City milk inspectors report that the demand for pasteurized milk is increasing.

Poor cows in the herd rarely pay a profit. It is good business policy to weed them out.

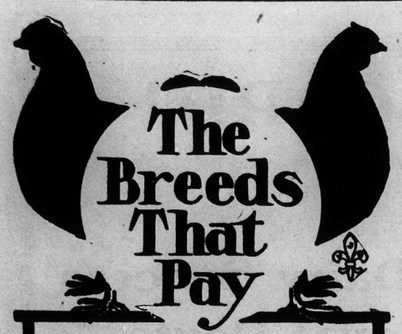
Generally it is a safe rule to allow a heifer to drop her first calf when two years old.

The cows should be so fed and cared for as to keep them in full milk as long as possible.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by it use. Try it and see!

RED CROSS GIN

assists digestion.



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These are the breeds these the strains, that make money for us, on Canada's BIGGEST MODERN POULTRY FARM. We'll sell you vigorous birds, or hatching eggs, at prices you can afford to pay. Every bird guaranteed clear strain thoroughbred; every egg from STANDARD-BRED, perfectly mated pens of these breeds:—

White, Buff and Barred Plymouth Rocks.
Buff, White, Silver-Laced and Golden Wyandottes.
White and Brown Leghorns.
Rhode Island Reds.
Buff Orpingtons.

Ask About Prices
Send for FREE Booklet

6

POULTRY YARDS OF CANADA, LIMITED
Dept. 8, Pembroke, Ont.
Breeders of and Dealers in Fine Poultry

WANTED AT ONCE on salary and expenses one good man in each locality with rig, or capable of handling horses, to advertise and introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry specifics. No experience necessary; we lay out your work for you. $25 a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write, W. A. Jenkins Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

Somerville Steam Marble and Granite Works

The Largest and Most Reliable Firm Dealing in Monuments, Headstones, etc.

WRITE US FOR PRICES

BRANDON, MANITOBA

AGENTS WANTED

In Lighter Vein.

RAININ' IN THE COHN.

Kin you smell de sweet, wahm odah in
de breeze fum o'ah de fiel's?
Does you ketch a whiff o' perfume dat
de noddin' cohnstalks yiel's?
Fum de mois' thick richness of it you
kin tell as sho's yo' born
Dat de long dry spell am broken an' it's
rainin' in de cohn.

Oh, de rustle and de patter of de rain
dat hits de leaves!
An' de welcome of the cool south win'
dat o'ah de cohnfield's breaves.
Yo' heart fills up with gladness an' you
quits dem thoughts fohlohn,
Foh you feels the Lawd is with you,
sence it's rainin' in de cohn.

De tassel-plumes seems censers swingin'
incense thu de air;
You kin close yo' eyes an' listen an'
dey's music everywhere.
De heaven's sweetness comin' down, all
earthly troubles gone
Foh, glory hallelujah, it's a-rainin' in
de cohn!

Polished and Vigorous.

Observing a passenger with the unlighted butt of a cigar in his fingers, the street car conductor requested him to put it out.

"It is out, you chump," responded the passenger.

"Pardon me," resumed the conductor, "if I have failed to make myself clear. The condition to which I had reference was not one of mere temporary non-combustion, but of elimination, the eradication, I might say of the physical presence of your nicotine laden remnant, this process followed necessarily by cessation of the odor now permeating an atmosphere already somewhat deficient, I fear, in the essential element of ozone. I'm a humble conductor, and my aim is to please; but, you big porcupine stiff, you throw that cigar through the door or I'll throw you and it both. See?"

"Excuse me, professor," replied the passenger, meekly, and the incident was closed.

Made a Difference Where it was Put.

Lawley (expert shorthand reporter)—"I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?"

James (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is."

Lawley—"Oh, just put in 'great applause' and let it go."

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great applause.)"

What Surprised Him.

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

Doubts.

There was a darky in southern Tennessee named Eph. Friday, who died a short time ago. Eph. was neither a member of a church nor of a lodge, and thus had no one to deliver an address or a prayer at his burial. At last an old uncle consented to say a few remarks for the departed soul. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave the old uncle said to the assembled mourners:

"Eph. Friday, we trusts you hab gone to de place whar we 'spects you ain't."

Sorry for the Queen.

An English professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:

"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to her majesty, Queen Alexandra."

In the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that some student-wag had added to the announcement the words:

"God save the Queen."

Definite.

The schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited," which had occurred in the course of the reading lesson. "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal o' latin, for instance, or that my personal appearance was—that I was very good looking, y'know—what would you say I was?"

Straightforward Boy—"Sure, sir, I'd say you was a liar, sir!"

The Wisdom of Solomon.

Abraham—"You vell be baptize nex' veek, I understan'? Dat ees de repord."

Solomon—"Ya-es, dat ees chust so."

Abraham—"Ah, me! de poon parents of you veel turn in der grabes ven dey 'ear such a ding."

Solomon—"Oh, I veex dat all right, Abraham. You know, mine broder, he's get baptize de veek after, an' den, doan you see, dey veel turn back aga-ain."

Safe.

A New York man was stopping for a month at an inland town in Florida. This man is exceedingly fond of swimming, but has a horror of snakes, and this fear kept him from indulging in his favorite sport in the nearby river. He was fishing one day, and mentioned his desire and the barrier to its enjoyment to his guide, a lanky and sorrowful "cracker."

"Oh, I kin fix yo' all up all right," the guide drawled, and led the way to a beautiful little lake some distance back from the river. "Ain't nary a snake in hyah," he said.

The Northerner enjoyed a half hour's sport in the clear water, and then coming back to the white sand beach began to dress. He then observed that what he had taken to be several logs floating upon the water were in motion.

"Wonder what causes those logs to move?" he said.

"Them ain't logs," his guide calmly replied, chewing on a straw, "them's 'gators. That's howcome there ain't no snakes in hyah—'gators keeps 'em et up."

Love's Young Dream.

Father: "Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper, how on earth are you going to live?"

Sweet Girl: "Oh, we have figured that all oua. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?"

"Well, I have been reading a poultry circular, and I find that a good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, th next season there will be twenty-one hens; and each wi.. raise twenty more chicks, that will be four hundred and twenty. The next year there will be 8,400, the following year 168,000, and the next 3,360,000! Just think! At only fifty cents a piece we will then have $1,680,000. Then, you dear old papa, we'll lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."

A Scotchman's Answer.

On board one of the Scotch steamers, which have to be built with exceeding light draft to get over the frequent shallows of one of the rivers in Scotland, a Yankee tourist remarked to the captain, a shrewd old Scotchman: "I guess, skipper, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow when there has been a heavy fall of dew."

"That's so," replied the captain, though occasionally we ha'e tae send a man ahead wi' a watering-can."

Christmas Dinner Afoot.

Michael had been doing his Christmas shopping and was returning to his home, several blocks from the terminus of the street car line. He was burdened with numerous parcels and packages, which were continually slipping from his grasp. The one that caused him the most annoyance was the Christmas turkey, which, stuffed head-downard in a large paper bag, had penetrated the bottom of its dampened envelope and seemed all legs and neck, and simply would not adjust itself to the other bundles. Finally it burst through the bag and dropped to the ground, and Michael, after several ineffectual efforts to arrange it conveniently, sat down on a door step, and wiping his perspiring brow, observed with feeling, "Begorra, if I'd 'a' knowed this tur-rkey was goin' to be such a thrubble I'd 'a' bought a live one an' made the dom bur-rd walk!"

Animal Ignorance.

Frederick and Felix, brothers of four and six years respectively, but of the same size, were asked by a stranger if they were twins. "No," replied Frederick, indignantly, "I should think you'd know by our looks that we're boys!"

An Appeal to History.

Frances is the four-year-old daughter of a great architect. One bright spring morning she was possessed with a wild desire to lean far out of the nursery window. Her mother told her several times what a dangerous proceeding this was, but Frances paid little heed. Finally she added:

"Frances, it isn't considered proper to lean out of the window. No one who is at all nice ever does it."

"Why, mother!" said Frances with marked disapproval and astonishment, "Barbara Frietchie did!"

Depths Lead to Heights.

A Washington guide directed the attention of a party of sightseers to a small, gray-haired man, and said effectionately:

"There goes one of the greatest men in the country. "That's Chief-Justice Fuller."

"Why, he has no stature whatever," whispered one of the ladies.

"Nor weight," hastily rejoined another.

"And I can't understand," observed a man in the group, "how he has managed to attain to so great a height."

The guide answered him significantly and tersely, "Because of his great depth."

The Professor's

Not long ago a frien
at the laboratory of a y
professor and found
over a spirit lamp, on w
pot bubbled.
"What is it tonight?"
visitor.
"Guess," returned the
vitingly.
"Micrococci?"
"No."
"Sonacocci "
"No."
"Spirochaeta?"
"No."
The visitor ran the sc
organism as far as he
then said:
"Well, I give up! W
pot."
"Sausages," replied th
blandly."

The Young Id

A young woman wh
class in a Jersey C
school was recently ta
pupils relative to the d
increasing its member
she invited the co-opera
end of the several m
youngster nearest her sh
dubiously.
"I might git one boy
borhood to come," he ex
all the others can lick

Very "Neat."

The English "smart s
hold of another neat
"You must pull your soc
latest form of saying "
or "Pull yourself toge
other day, at a bridge d
amusing and a sign of
hear a certain youthfu
recommend a Dowager
seventy to "pull her soc

A Lot of We

Hobbs (with the cigar
a fiver? That's all ve
dear fellow. But why d
something by for a rainy
Dobbs—Han git, man,
look what a deuce of a
weather we've had lately

A Regular Birdie

"In the first place,"
girl, "it is an ornitho
affair."
"Ah, indeed!" replied
"how so?"
"Well, they felt like do
ing."
"Oh, I see."
"Then they got marrie
"How clever! What
come?"
"Why, now they feel
of jays."

Not Dazzled

Electric lights had r
established in the little
Ethel lives, and Ethel
impress her little vis
neighboring village with
tance of this improvemen
"We have 'lectric
church," she exclaimed
pride.
"That's nothing," pro
the little visitor, " we
in our church, and my
is one of them."

Cholera morbus, cran
dred complaints annuall
appearance at the same
hot weather, green frui
melons, etc., and many
debarred from eating th
things, but they need n
they have Dr. J. D. K
sentery Cordial and take
in water. It cures the
cholera in a remarkable
is sure to check every d
the bowels.

The Professor's Pot.

Not long ago a friend dropped in at the laboratory of a young London professor and found him bending over a spirit lamp, on which a small pot bubbled.

"What is it tonight?" asked the visitor.

"Guess," returned the professor, invitingly.

"Micrococci?"

"No."

"Sonacocci "

"No."

"Spirochaeta?"

"No."

The visitor ran the scale of micro-organism as far as he knew it, and then said:

"Well, I give up! What is in the pot."

"Sausages," replied the professor, blandly."

The Young Idea.

A young woman who teaches a class in a Jersey City Sunday-school was recently talking to her pupils relative to the desirability of increasing its membership. When she invited the co-operation to that end of the several members, the youngster nearest her shook his head dubiously.

"I might git one boy in our neighborhood to come," he explained, "but all the others can lick me."

Very "Neat."

The English "smart set" have got hold of another neat expression. "You must pull your socks up" is the latest form of saying "Never mind," or "Pull yourself together." The other day, at a bridge dinner, it was amusing and a sign of the times to hear a certain youthful eldest son recommend a Dowager Countess of seventy to "pull her socks up."

A Lot of Wet.

Hobbs (with the cigar)—Lend you a fiver? That's all very well, my dear fellow. But why don't you put something by for a rainy day?

Dobbs—Han git, man, so I do. But look what a deuce of a lot of wet weather we've had lately!

A Regular Birdie Affair.

"In the first place," said the tall girl, "it is an ornithological love affair."

"Ah, indeed!" replied her chum, "how so?"

"Well, they felt like doves in courting."

"Oh, I see."

"Then they got married for a lark!"

"How clever! What was the outcome?"

"Why, now they feel like a couple of jays."

Not Dazzled.

Electric lights had recently been established in the little town where Ethel lives, and Ethel was eager to impress her little visitor from a neighboring village with the importance of this improvement.

"We have 'lectric lights in our church," she exclaimed with boastful pride.

"That's nothing," proudly retorted the little visitor, " we have acolytes in our church, and my little brother is one of them."

Cholera morbus, cramps, and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

puts the whole system in the best possible condition to resist the enervating effects of **"spring fever."**

It is the only tonic needed to purify and enrich the blood—regulate bowels, liver and kidneys—sweeten the stomach—and strengthen digestion. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water every morning. 25c and 60c.

Here's a Spanking Good Thing

Cow and Horse Hides Tanned for Robes.

You need one of our Good Robes or a pair of our **$3.00 GAUNTLETS.**

The Best Value in the Market.

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MAKES YOUR **CAKES** LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR **BISCUITS** LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR **BUNS** LIGHT.
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Order from your Grocer.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

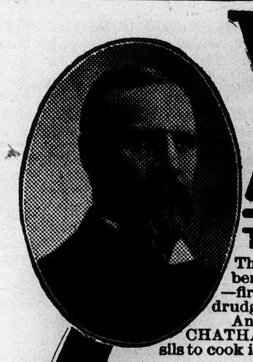
MONEY SAVED

By Trading with us.

A few of our prices: Sugar, 20 lbs. for $1. best Santos Roasted Coffee, 20c. per lb; Bacon, 16c. per lb.; Lard, 10-pail for $1.40. We pay the freight to any railway station in Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Western Ontario. Write us for complete price list—it is FREE. Try us, and be convinced that dealing with us is money in your pocket.

NORTHWESTERN SUPPLY HOUSE.
259-261 STANLEY STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Why Not Own A CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET?



The Greatest Kitchen Labor Saver Ever Invented!

The preparation of even the simplest meal is a task of no small size when you think of the number of steps you take from kitchen to pantry—the number of trips you make after things forgotten—first the salt—then the spice—then the flavoring, and so on. COOKING would be robbed of all its drudgery if you could keep your supplies and cooking utensils close at hand—and within arm's reach. And that is just what you CAN do if you have a CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET—for the CHATHAM is the Cabinet that has a place not only for every ingredient needed for a meal, but for the utensils to cook it with as well. Now, I will sell you a CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET on'

My Liberal Time Payment Plan

a plan that I want to explain to you in detail. I want to send you my catalog of CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINETS—it's free for your name on a postal—and it will give you full descriptions of my Cabinets and quote prices that will interest you. The **Chatham Kitchen Cabinet** is the most complete Kitchen Cabinet in the market. It is equipped with Flour and Sugar bins—with compartments for supplies of all sorts—with racks for the display of your pretty china—with a complete set of handsomely japanned cans for small groceries, as well as a full set of Spice Cans and many other conveniences that we haven't room to describe here.

The arrangement of the CHATHAM is such that you may sit at ease while preparing a meal—and have every ingredient *within reach of your hand.* Not a step to take till you're ready to put the meal upon the stove! Think of the saving to your strength—and the saving in your time — time that you may have for fancy-work—or music—or reading.

And the CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET not only saves your steps and your time, but lessens your labor in many other ways as well. You have no cluttered-up sink—no disordered kitchen, when you have a CHATHAM—for you keep all the clutter right in one place—the zinc-covered table of your Cabinet—which takes but the rub of a damp cloth to clean! No continual scrubbing of the sink-side when you have a Chatham. Just a simple rub-off with a damp cloth—and your table is spic and span and ready for use again.

Now, there are many other special features of the CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET that I haven't room to tell you about here. I want to send you my big Free catalogue—it will quote prices and give you detailed descriptions—and I'll send it to you, FREE, for your name and address on a postal.

If you want to simplify your housework—if you want to do away with needless toil and drudgery—if you want always to have a neat, attractive kitchen, you should own a CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET. Write for my catalogue today—it will tell you how to save time and strength—and quote prices that I know will interest you. Just send your name and address on a postal, and **DO IT NOW.**

Address me personally,

Manson Campbell,
President
Manson Campbell Co.
Dept 7A
Chatham, Ont.

Stocks Carried at
Montreal
Brandon
Calgary

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and langour. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz.: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since."

Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

Hercules Spring Beds

Save Money

They last 5 times as long as the ordinary bed. And are 5 times more comfortable.

The principle on which they are built—and the patent interlocking steel wire—gives five times more strength—just that much more comfort. They remain taut and springy to the last.

Look for the name on the frame—"Hercules."

Try a "Hercules" 30 nights—your money back, if you're not satisfied. 90

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Limited,

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

Teething Babies

are saved suffering—and mothers given rest—when one uses

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

Quickly relieves—regulates the bowels — prevents convulsions. Used 50 years. Absolutely safe.

At drug-stores, 25c. 6bottles, $1.25. National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Sole Proprietors, Montreal. 41

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

"Dear heart, come closer, while the light
Dies slowly in the darkening sky.
And, marshalled at the call of night,
The twilight shades troop softly by.

"I would not have you sorrow so
Because it must be, soon or late,
That one of us alone will go
From out the light thro' Death's dark gate.

"For life at best is all too short
When measured by a love like ours,
And death is but an open port
To broader fields and fairer flowers.

"So while the twilight shades troop past
And night and darkness come apace,
We know the dawn will break at last—
And always there is light some place."

Items of Interest.

The parrot appreciates music more than any other of the lower animals.

There are no newsboys in Spain. Women sell newspapers in the street.

Sixty thousand elephants are annually slaughtered in Africa to secure ivory.

Eggs are sold in Denmark by the score more commonly than by the dozen.

In Queen Elizabeth's time a woman would eat a pound of beefsteak for breakfast.

Many travellers in Eastern Siberia carry solidified soup in small leather receptacles.

In Norway he who cuts down a tree must always plant three young trees in its place.

In Tokio every workman wears on his back an inscription telling his trade and his employer.

Some of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in thirty hours.

The boa constrictor, Buckland, the naturalist, declares, tastes like veal, only finer and sweeter.

Horses, giraffes and ostriches have in proportion to their size larger eyes than any other creatures.

Intoxicating liquors have been made from the sap of the birch, the willow, the poplar and the sycamore.

Among the Dyaks of Borneo a youth may not marry till he can show the skull of an enemy slain in battle.

Old maids are unknown in Turkey, and the word "spinster" has no equivalent in the language of the country.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, turns red every two or three years, owing to the presence of a peculiar aquatic plant.

There are no paupers in the Gold Coast Colony, and there is neither lunatic asylum, reformatory nor poorhouse.

Yellow is by far the most permanent of any color in flowers. It is the only one not affected by sulphurous acid fumes.

It Italy you can tell where the peasant women come from by the size of their earrings. The southerners wear the longest.

The soil in China is so rich that a square mile is said to be capable of supporting a population of nearly four thousand people.

Neither in France nor in Austria are children ever permitted to be received into work-houses. They are boarded out with peasant families.

Caterpillars have been found to be greatly agitated by musical vibrations, descending from a tree in a shower at the sound of a cornet.

One of the choicest delicacies in Jamaica is a huge, white worm found in the heart of the cabbage palm. It tastes, when cooked, like almonds.

Diamonds, pearls and turquoises are the precious stones best imitated. False rubies and sapphires, on the other hand, may be detected with ease.

Cannes, the perfume-making town of Southern France, smells so powerfully of flowers in the busy season that visitors are often afflicted with a flower headache.

Well trained Spanish women learn to handle the sword from their earliest year, and as a result they have admirable figures and an easy walk.

In Norway they hold balls on the ice, and the young men and women have reached a point of skill where on the ice they can go through the most complicated figures of the dance.

The newspaper files of the British Museum have been moved to a special depository at Hendon, seven miles from London, where they occupy six miles and a half of shelving.

In the Gulf of Mexico, ten miles southwest of Sabine pass, is a calm stretch of water two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is known as the oil spot, and is always placid.

The tolling of a bell at a funeral is a purely pagan custom. The idea was to drive away evil spirits. Funeral bells are known to have been used by the church in the sixth century, A. D.

Modeling in crumbs, which are soaked in liquids of various colors and are made elastic and almost unbreakable by a special process, is the curious new art of Suzanne Meyer, a French woman.

The highest clouds reach ten miles above our heads. They are the white, feathery forms which we seen on a clear day. Although apparently motionless, they travel from seventy-five to ninety miles an hour.

A piece of leather, with the assistance of the latest machines, can be transformed into a pair of shoes in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three people and through fifteen machines.

The English Duke of Rutland has the walls of one of his castles adorned with thousands of horseshoes, the collection having been begun centuries ago. Among them is a shoe given by Queen Elizabeth and another by Queen Victoria.

Eighteen miles is said to be the longest distance at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canyon of Colorado, where one man shouted the name "Bob" at one end and was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away.

Remarkable gold beetles are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a lustre as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the appearance of that metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region looks like solid sliver, freshly burnished.

From time immemorial the rose has been regarded as an emblem of silence, having been dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence. Presenting or holding a rose to a person was regarded as a signal to hold his tongue, and in rooms it was usual to place a rose above the table to signify that what was there spoken should be kept a secret.

Artificial silk is made from wood pulp in Sweden. The imitation is excellent, but it is found that many dresses made from it have been discarded because the creases made when the wearer sits down do not come out. It is scarcely possible to distinguish the real from the artificial silk, but this defect has proved fatal for the use as dress pieces.

Every cat owner now in Berlin has to pay a tax, which is equivalent to a license, and each cat has to wear a metal disk round its neck as evidence that the tax has been paid. Any cat found on the streets without this metal disk is taken off to the municipal lethal chamber by the police. This method has already considerably lessened the number of cats in Berlin. The Emperor—who has a hatred of cats almost amounting to a mania—is said to have induced the Berlin municipality to take action.

A bridge built entirely of mahogany, said to be the only one of the kind in in the world is in the State of Chianas, Mexico. The bridge spans the Rio Michol, and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is 15 feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians, and, though somewhat rude and primitive in construction, is substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were sawed, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewed and split.

The most productive sulphur mine in the world is in Calcasieu parish, in the southwestern part of Louisiana, a few miles from the Sabine River. The sulphur is 98.8 per cent. pure. The daily output is from 750 to 800 tons throughout the year. The cost of production is only $2.50 a ton, while the selling price is $28.50 per ton.

In Belgium all cattle over three months old are to be seen wearing earrings. Breeders are obliged to keep a record of all cattle raised by them, and each animal has a registered trade number, which is engraved on the ring fastened to its ear.

The South Sea Island fisherman throws into the water a poison extracted from a certain bark. The fish, stupefied, at once come to the surface, and are gathered in by hand. Their flesh is quite as wholesome as though they had been netted.

A bank note that passed through the Chicago fire is one of the curios preserved in the Bank of England. The paper was consumed, but the ashes held together, and the printing is quite legible, and is kept under glass. The bank paid the note.

They do things on a wholesale scale out in California. The traveler down the coast from San Francisco to Los Angeles rides through 35 miles of growing beans. A tract of 3,000 acres is owned by one man. A "bean ranch" may sound rather odd, but that is what it amounts to.

What is said to be the smallest book ever printed has just been published at Padua, Italy, by Salmin Brothers. It is ten by six millimeters in size, and consists of 80 pages, each page containing nine lines of 95 to 100 letters that, despite their diminutive size, are perfectly visible. The book reproduces a hitherto unpublished letter, Galilei's to Christina of Lorena (1615).

A singular birth custom prevailing in Yorkshire is mentioned by a contributor. In parts of the West Riding, he says, it is quite common for visitors to a house in which a new baby has appeared to carry with them as an offering to the infant a new laid egg, some salt, a piece of bread, and in some cases a peny.

By his will, a rich land owner, named Bielau, who has died in Leonnewitz, Saxony, leaves a large property to the military authorities, whch, in case of war, is to be sold, and two-thirds of the money given to the soldiers who capture the first standard from the enemy, and the third part to the first soldier who captures a gun.

Some rather remarkable fancy work was recently exhibited in London, the work of a woman living in Cape Town, South Africa. Several screens and some exquisite panels were decorated with flowers and figures made entirely of fish scales. The scales were threaded on silver wire and dyed just the right tints, and the results were quite wonderful in both color and general effect.

The feat of moving a lighthouse without taking it apart or dismantling it in any way has recently been accomplished at Ashtabula. The range light, weighing 65 tons, and standing 65 feet high, was placed on a lighter and towed along the river, a distance of 750 feet, and then successfully placed on a new site. It was raised by the use of jacks and moved on rollers to and from the lighter. Guy ropes held it in position while moving.

It will cost the American government in round numbers of $300,000 just to secure the blank paper necessary on which to print the supply of paper currency for 1907. This will prove a good investment, however, because Uncle Sam will manufacture the paper into notes and bills with a face value of $765,000. The biggest item in this total is the $5 denomination, of which there will be $184,000,000. There will be worth 93,000,000 $1 bills and $140,000,000 of $5 gold certificates.

The candle nut is a native of the Pacific Islands, and the name is derived from the fact that the kernels are so full of oil that, when dried, they can be stuck on reeds and used as candles. The people of Hawaii, after having roasted these nuts and removed the shells, reduce the kernels to a paste, which, when flavored with pepper and salt, is said to be a most appetizing dish. The husk of the nut and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell is used to make an indelible ink, with which tattooing is done.

Certain butterflies have marked odors, some good, some bad. Dr. F. A. Dixey, a British entomologist, mentions a white butterfly of England that has the fragrant scent of lemon verbena, and has noted many species in Africa with such odors as those of chocolate, vanilla and various flowers. The agreeable

odors belong to males, to attract females. The shared by both sexes, repelling enemies.

Every Frenchman is of $150 on his shoulder.

River Jordan water regularly for baptismal

It is said that a fly m per second with its wi been proved by the us phone that you can hea

A royal decree just Italian king approves th Marconi wireless teleg from Italy to America cents a word.

In 1885 there were or 000 Jews in Jerusalem the city they numbered In all, about 150,000 ar in Palestine.

Among civilized natio of the men and 1 per men are color blind. the only people free fr ness.

The Russian law, wh Jews to live in the ghe not modified even in valids, who might save change of air.

The king of Denma valuable collection of bi includes specimens of kind in existence. The c sidered to be worth ab thousand dollars.

The poisonous nicotin removed by steeping t solution of tannic acid. method adopted by a G To improve the flavor o is then treated with majoram.

When the war broke o had already engaged tr number of 110, with a ing 400,000. These were belonging to the Nippin or smaller Japanese panies. Since then nu steamships have been right and most of the the far east have seized to weed out the older fleets, greatly to the their shareholders.

In some parts of form a regular article peasants eat them with oftentimes been rubbe The hygienic effects good, replacing meat to These nuts are also use It is much cheaper and taste to that pressed fro employed to adulterate prisoners in certain prisc in cracking walnuts a the kernels, which are

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odors belong to males, being a charm to attract females. The offensive odors, shared by both sexes, are protective, repelling enemies.

Every Frenchman is born with a debt of $150 on his shoulders.

River Jordan water is now exported regularly for baptismal purposes.

It is said that a fly makes 400 strokes per second with its wings, and it has been proved by the use of the microphone that you can hear a fly walk.

A royal decree just signed by the Italian king approves the new tariff for Marconi wireless telegrams. The cost from Italy to America is fixed at 12½ cents a word.

In 1885 there were only 16,000 to 17,000 Jews in Jerusalem. Last year in the city they numbered at least 41,000. In all, about 150,000 are actually living in Palestine.

Among civilized nations 4 per cent. of the men and 1 per cent. of the women are color blind. The Chinese are the only people free from color blindness.

The Russian law, which compels all Jews to live in the ghettos of cities, is not modified even in the case of invalids, who might save their lives by a change of air.

The king of Denmark has a very valuable collection of birds' eggs, which includes specimens of nearly every kind in existence. The collection is considered to be worth about seventy-five thousand dollars.

The poisonous nicotine in tobacco is removed by steeping the leaves in a solution of tannic acid. This is the method adopted by a German chemist. To improve the flavor of the tobacco it is then treated with a decotion of majoram.

When the war broke out the Japanese had already engaged transports to the number of 110, with a tonnage exceeding 400,000. These were mostly vessels belonging to the Nippin Yusen Kaisha, or smaller Japanese shipping companies. Since then numerous foreign steamships have been purchased outright and most of the lines trading to the far east have seized the opportunity to weed out the older boats in their fleets, greatly to the advantage of their shareholders.

In some parts of France walnuts form a regular article of diet. The peasants eat them with bread that has oftentimes been rubbed with garlic. The hygienic effects are considered good, replacing meat to a large extent. These nuts are also used to make oil. It is much cheaper and much similar in taste to that pressed from olives, and is employed to adulterate the latter. The prisoners in certain prisons are engaged in cracking walnuts and picking out the kernels, which are pressed into oil.

So peculiar is the formation of their feet that night and day the Tonquinese can run with perfect security over the most dangerously rough and smooth places. From a narrow heel the feet broaden remarkably toward the toes, of which the great one is so separated from the others as to form with them a wide angle. And from the toes grow nails that can be fixed in the ground like hooks. This peculiarity in the feet of the natives of Tonquin has obtained for them among the Chinese the name of Coa-Ci—the people with the crooked toes.

Facts and Figures.

The world's annual production of India rubber is at present 57,000,000 pounds. Of this nearly half is used up in the United States.

Fifty-one carrier pigeons were sold at Antwerp recently for $2,250, constituting a record price, the highest amount paid for one bird being $105.

The German Emperor has more servants in his employ than any other monarch. Altogether they number over 3,000, about two-thirds of them being women.

In the Vatican at Rome is the largest topaz in the world. It weighs seven pounds and has carvings upon it that occupied three Neapolitan lapidaries 61 years.

There is a training school for elephants in Api, in the Congo State, where 28 elephants are taking lessons. The training operations have produced encouraging results.

If taken at the "Sneeze Stage," Preventics—a toothsome candy Tablet—will surely and quickly check an approaching cold or Lagrippe. When you first catch cold—or feel it coming on—take Dr. Shoop's Preventics, and the prompt effect will certainly surprise and please you. Preventics surely supply the proverbial "ounce of prevention." Sold in 5c. and 25c. boxes.

Get Your Roofs Shingled Right

It's Less Money And Less Work

Tools A-Plenty

You can put on a roof that will last a hundred years and be the right kind of a roof every minute. Or you can put on a ten-year roof that will probably leak after the first rain hits it, and keep leaking till it is rotted away.

Either roof will cost you about the same in money at the start.

But the "Oshawa"-shingled roof will be FIRE-PROOF—literally; and wind-proof—actually; and lightning-proof—positively. That's the hundred-year roof!

And that "Oshawa"-shingled roof will be weather-proof for a century. We'll GUARANTEE in every way for a quarter-century—from now till Nineteen-Thirty-Two.

Guaranteed in writing for 25 years—and you needn't ever paint it, even! That's saying something, isn't it?

What would your mill-man say if you asked him to guarantee cedar shingles for even ten years? He certainly would make remarks!

And even the best cedar-shingled roof will be leaking badly inside of ten years. Seven out of ten of them leak the first time it rains. No wood-shingled roof is fire-proof for a minute, and the first high wind that catches a loose shingle—whoosh! goes half your shingled roof over into the next township.

"Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles are GUARANTEED in every way for Twenty-Five Years Ought to Last a Century

Yet cedar shingles cost you just about the price of these guaranteed "Oshawa" Shingles—28-guage toughened steel, double galvanized—good for a century, guaranteed in writing till 1932,—fire-and-wind-and-weather-proof and lightning-proof.

Four-dollars-and-a-half a square buys "Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles—ten feet by ten feet. Compare that with the present price of cedar shingles—how does it strike you?

And you can put on these "Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles yourself, easily,—with no tools but a claw-hammer and snips. Simplest thing you know—can't get 'em on wrong.

"Oshawa" Shingles lock on all four sides—whole roof is practically one sheet of double-galvanized steel, that never needs painting.

And GUARANTEED—don't overlook that. Guaranteed in writing, over the seal of a company with a quarter-million capital,—guaranteed in plain English, without any ifs or buts, for 25 long years.

That's the argument in a nutshell—cost the same as wood-shingles; fire-proof, water-proof, rust-proof, lightning-proof; easier to put on; and GUARANTEED. That's the "Oshawa" proposition! Tell us the measurement of any roof, and we'll tell you exactly what it will cost to roof it with less work and for less money.

Plenty of facts that concern your pocket-book come to you as soon as you ask for our free book, "Roofing Right." A post card will do to ask on.

Why don't you ask now?

104

The Pedlar People Of Oshawa

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Are a True Heart Tonic,

Nerve Food and Blood Enricher. They build up and renew all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body, and restore perfect health and vigor to the entire system.

Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Brain Fag, Lack of Vitality, After Effects of La Grippe, Anæmia, Weak and Dizzy Spells, Loss of Memory, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Energy, Shortness of Breath, etc., can all be cured by using

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Price 50c. a box or 3 for $1.25. All dealers or THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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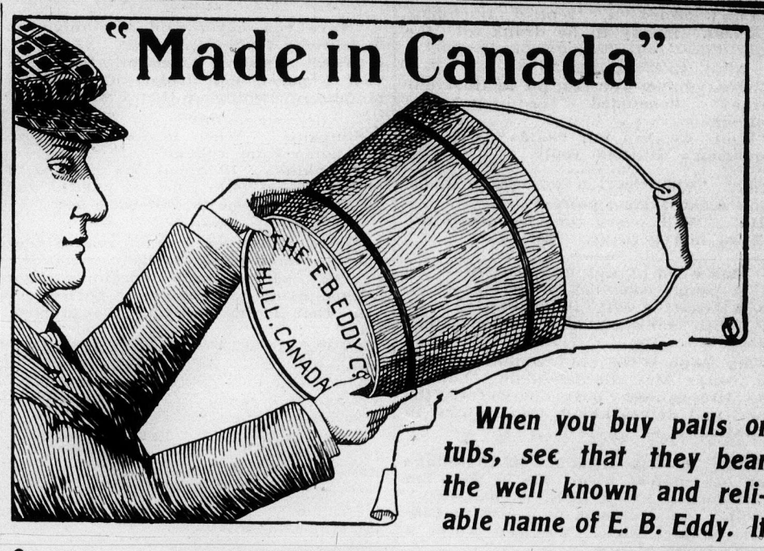

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DON'T BUY GASOLINE ENGINES UNTIL YOU INVESTIGATE "THE MASTER WORKMAN," a two-cylinder gasoline, kerosene or alcohol engine, superior to any one-cylinder engine; revolutionizing power. Its weight and bulk are half that of single cylinder engines, with greater durability. Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run. Quickly, easily started. Vibration practically overcome. Cheaply mounted on any wagon. It is a combination portable, stationary or traction engine. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Mfrs., Meagher and 15th Sts., Chicago. THIS IS OUR FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

POSTCARDS, fifty, sixty, and dollar a hundred views—comic, birthday and other fancy postcards.

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$12 Woman's Suits $5 Also suits up to $15. Waists $1.50 up. Skirts $2.50 up. Send for free samples cloths and New Suit Catalog. Send to-day.

Southcott Suit Co., London Ont.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

"Does your sister Bessie still talk about her affinity and communion of souls?"

"No; she's married now."

Anxious Mother: What did you do with the medicine the doctor left for you, dear?

Tommy: A poor little sick boy round the corner didn't have any, so I gave it to him.

Sharpe: Did your aunt remember you in her will?

Wise: She remembered me all right. That was why she didn't mention me in the will.

Teacher: "Tommy, what is 'nutritious' food?"

Tommy: "Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it."

"A man told me the other day that I looked like you."

"Where is he? I would like to punch him."

"I killed him."

"Now, John," said the teacher, addressing the new pupil, "what is 'don't' the abbreviation of?"

"Doughnut," was the prompt, but rather unexpected reply.

Zoological Specialist (gazing at solitary sea lion in the Dublin Zoo)—Where is his mate?

Irish Keeper—He has no mate, sorr. We just fade him on fish.

Amateur Sport: "I say, I've been asked to go shooting next week. What ought I to give the keeper?"

His Friend: "Oh, well, it depends where you hit him, you know."

Office Boy: I'll bet de boss is goin' to marry de typewriter.

Bookkeeper: What makes you think so?

Office Boy: Because he's beginning to kick about havin' to pay her a salary.

She: So these are the china bargains you advertised?

Dealer: Yes, ma'am, and they're going for little or nothing.

She: All right. I'll take that blue dish for nothing.

"Shame on you" cried the good man, "your're drunk half the time. Why don't you do better?"

"Can't afford it," replied Lushman. It costs money to be drunk all the time."

"What have you to pit against our Burns?" demanded the combative Scotchman.

"Well, we had our skalds," was the Norseman's cautious reply.

She: "What makes you think Jones won't make a good golfer?"

He: "Well, every time he misses the ball he merely says, 'Tut, tut.'"

One word of well-directed wit—
A pebble-jest—has often hit
A boastful evil, and prevailed
When many a nobler weapon failed.

"My nephew is not content with a gig," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, "but he gets two horses, puts one before the other, and drives about the country in a tantrum."

Nell: "George says one of the things that he admires about me is that I'm so clever."

Belle: Of course, a man always considers a girl clever who can worm a proposal out of him."

"Neil Anderson met with a painful accident last week, a fish-hook becoming entangled in his eye. Neil is being attended by Dr. Phil Morton, who says his eye will come out all right," is the ambiguous statement of the country editor.

The Vicar's Wife: "I'm sorry to see you're not paying into our coal club this year, Goodenough."

Goodenough: "Well, mum, you see—well, it's like this 'ere. I lives right be'ind the coal yard now!"

"Willie, I'll have to have my own glasses; I can't see through your father's, they make me dizzy."

"I'll bet," said Willie, running to get his mother's glasses, "that the reason that dad came home so dizzy the other night was because he had been looking through different glasses."

Gyer: "Huggins is a remarkable man."

Myer: "In what way?"

Gyer: "Why, he can't wait at the telephone without making pencil marks on the desk pad."

A smart young fellow called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field. "Well done, old fellow; you sow, I reap the fruits."

"Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."

"Well, doctor, what do you recommend?"

"I think you need mud baths."

"Mud baths? Man, I've just come through a bitter political campaign!"

First Physician: "Has he got any hereditary trouble?"

Second Physician: "Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son."

The joke is going the rounds of the press as to the boy's definition of a deficit. "It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you hadn't nothin'."

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher. "Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."

Jones (who has missed his golf-ball for the tenth time) to caddy: "What shall I do now?"

Caddy: "Give it a swipe with the bag, mister."

Mrs. Brown: "It be very kind of you doctor, coming so far to see me husband."

Doctor: "Not at all. I have a patient on the way, so I can kill two birds with one stone."

Tommy: "Does your ma hit your foot under the table when you've had enough?"

Johnny: "No; that's when I haven't had enough. When I have she sends for the doctor."

She: "Would you rather walk or ride there?"

He: "Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change."

"Have you never said anything you were sorry for?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "but I never yet made the political blunder of owning up that I was sorry."

Simpkins: "When is your son coming home from college?"

Tompkins: "In about six months, I guess; he has been gone six months and he writes that he is half-back now."

"Your constituents must realize that you are working for them."

"Yes," said Senator Sorghum; "but a good many of them have gotten the idea that I am omitting the preposition."

Agent: "This is the automobile you want. You never have to crawl under it to fix it."

Sparker: "You don't?"

Agent: "No. If the slightest thing goes wrong with the mechanism, it instantly turns bottom-side up."

Teacher: "Name a group of islands on the coast of Scotland."

Willie: "The Bridegrooms."

Teacher: "The Bridegrooms?"

Willie: "Well, the He-brides. That's the same thing, ain't it?"

It is said that Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, being held up by a foot-pad, said, indignantly, "Sir, I am the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota!" "You don't say so!" exclaimed the robber; "Why, that's my church, too!"

"Preventics will promptly check a cold or the Grippe when taken early or at the "sneeze stage." Preventics cures seated colds as well. Preventics are little candy cold cure tablets, and Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., will gladly mail you samples and a book on Colds free, if you will write him. The samples prove their merit. Check early Colds with Preventics and stop Pneumonia. Sold in 5c. and 25c. boxes by druggists.

How to Wash Clothes in Six Minutes

HERE'S a Washing Machine that almost works itself.

The tub spins half way around, like a top.

There's a pivot in center of Tub bottom.

And there is a groove, around the pivot.

In this groove, or track, there are ball bearings, like in a Bicycle wheel.

These Bicycle Bearings are little steel balls the size of small marbles. They roll in the track when the tub spins around on top of them.

All the weight of the Tub, and of the Clothes rests on these rolling balls.

That's why the Tub spins as easily when full of Clothes and water, as when it is empty.

So that a whole tub full of Clothes can be washed almost as easily and as quickly, with this machine, as a single garment could be washed.

"How does it wash Clothes, you ask.

• • •

See the two Springs under the Tub?

When you swing the Tub to the right (with handle at top) you stretch both these Springs, till the Tub goes half way around.

Then, the stretched Springs pull the Tub back from right with a bounce, and carry it almost half way around on the left side. Then the springs bounce it back to the right side again.

A little help is needed from you each time. But the Springs, and the Ball Bearings, do nearly all of the hard work.

• • •

Now, if you look inside the Tub you'll see slat paddles fastened to its bottom.

Fill the Tub half full of hot soapy water. Then spin it to the right. The slat paddles make the water turn around with the Tub till the Springs stop the Tub from turning further to the right and bounce it back suddenly to the left.

But the water keeps on running to the right, though the Tub, and the clothes in it, are now turning to the left.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the clothes, at each half turn, washes the dirt out of the threads without any rubbing.

Mind you, without rubbing,—which means without wearing, the clothes.

It's the rubbing on washboards, and on other Washing Machines, that wears out clothes quicker than hard use at hard labor.

That costs money for clothes, doesn't it?

And the everlasting rubbing is the hardest work in Washing, isn't it? Rubbing dirty clothes on a metal washboard with one's knuckles, over a tub of steaming hot water, is harder work, and more dangerous to health, than digging Coal deep down in a mine.

• • •

Well, the "1900 Junior" Washer cuts out all the slavery of Washing, and half the expense.

It will wash a whole tub full of dirty clothes in Six Minutes. It will wash them cleaner in Six Minutes than they could be washed by hand in Twenty minutes. And it won't wear the clothes, nor break a button, nor fray even a thread of lace.

Because Running Water can't wear the clothes, nor break buttons, nor tear buttonholes.

And, it is the hot, soapy water swiftly running through the clothes that takes all the dirt out of them in Six little minutes.

A child can wash a tub full of dirty clothes in half the time you could do it yourself—with half the work.

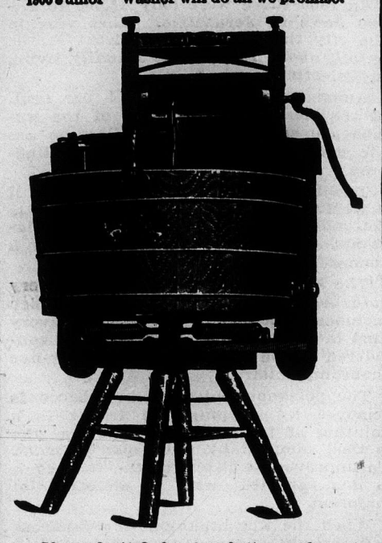
Think what that half-time is worth to you every week for Ten years!

It is worth 50 cents a week to you. That is $25.00 a year, or $250.00 saved in 10 years.

And, a "1900 Junior" Washer lasts 10 years.

Well—pay us the 50 cents a week our "1900 Junior" Washer will save you, for a few months only.

Then you will own a "1900 Junior" Washer that will last 10 years, without any cost to you. But don't pay us a cent till you have tested the "1900 Junior" Washer for a full month, at our expense. We will ship it to any reliable person free, on a month's trial, and leave the test to you. And we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. That shows how sure we are that the "1900 Junior" Washer will do all we promise.



If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on clothes, send it back to us.

If you don't find it washes clothes as easily as you could rock a cradle, or run a sewing machine, send it back to us. If it won't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.

• • •

Remember, we will pay the freight both ways out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer, between strangers?

How could we profit by that offer unless our "1900 Junior" Washer would do all we say it will?

Don't slave over the wash-tub any more.

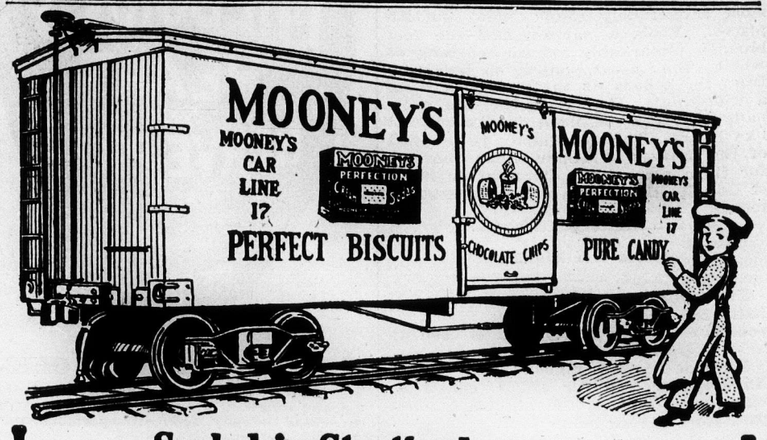
Don't pay a washerwoman for eight hours a week when she can do the work far better, with less Wear on the clothes, in four hours, with a "1900 Junior" Washer.

The 4 hours a week less labor thus saves you 60 cents a week for Washerwomans' Wages.

Pay us 50 cents a week out of that 60 cents our Washer saves you, if you decide to keep it, after a month's trial. Then you own the Washer.

Write us today, if you want a month's free use of the quickest "Washer" in the world.

Address W H G. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 655 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Sealed in Stratford— Opened in Western Canada.

Mooney's private cars bring Stratford to Western Canada, and give folk here the most delicious biscuits in Canada, just as they come from the ovens.

These cars are built after the most approved type—and are so scientifically constructed that the temperature inside is equalized. This insures the biscuits being kept in faultless condition, winter and summer. There is a treat in biscuits in every box of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas.

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PRISCILL... CHANCE

By Louise Forss...

Author of "The Story of S... "The Ship of Dreams."

Old Billy Blom sa... pipe of contentment, h... striped stocking feet ... table instead of the st... might look out of the ... baymen trudging hor... end of the day's work: ... busied herself about th... table with preparatio... Priscilla sat watching ... dream-light in her ey... tenderness, while her ... with the unmistakabl... sweet secret struggling ...

"Ve been married ... coom this May," Billy ... suddenly, and Priscill... ting her mouth in sw... her secret.

"Priscilly," went on ... old Dutchman, "you ... a goldting veddin' yit.

The young spinster ... as if in sorrow, while ... wise with his heavy D...

"Too badt—Priscilly ... vhadt de mens vas ... Didn't you neffer haff ... dear?"

Priscilla's secret cam... ing her that she gurg... child; but Mrs. Billy's ... out all over.

"Vall, dhot's joost ... snapped the old lady. ... no chances, eh? You ... andt hundt from here ... Star andt you von't ... vhadt neffer hadt no... cilly, you tell him ... your chances."

Priscilla, looking at ... light steadily growin... Billy's face, as it alw... ever he succeeded in ... lady, laughed as she an...

"Well, let me see. ... half-witted son of th... everybody knew about ... He used to bring me ... for good luck. He ... know, 'S-s-s-*say*, Pri... to ask, 'wh-wh-wh-w... love me?'

"'B-b-b-b-because!' ... answer. Now, you k... take him."

There was an anxio...