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The WESTERN PROVINCIAL LIBRARY MANITOBA
HOME MONTHLY



Winnipeg, Man.

April, 1919



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"Styles for Every Room in the House"

THAT individuality which you wish to express in your home decorations can be had by asking your decorator to use

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The Western Home Monthly

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can. No. 4

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

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

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

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

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

A Chat With Our Readers

TO-DAY Canadians from coast to coast face problems of reconstruction and re-adjustment on a larger scale and more imperative manner than ever before. Everyone among us will be called up to do many things that we did not anticipate, many things that would seem irksome and burdensome in the days gone by. We will be called to make many sacrifices to suffer perhaps and labor as we never labored before. But after all it will be a labor of love, a labor for the common good, for this good Canada of ours, that stands to-day greater and more glorious than ever because of the heroic achievements of her sons. The burdens of war will continue to be felt for many a day, but will be borne cheerfully by a people, who are conscious of having contributed in no small way to the cause that has saved civilization. In varying degrees the burden will fall upon us, whether our interests be great or small. In one matter, however, the interests of every reader of The Western Home Monthly, and its Publishers, are identical. The problem of the readers is to meet new conditions with increased efficiency, to find means of providing life necessities or the comforts to which one has been accustomed. The aim of the Publishers of this magazine is to provide for you a monthly periodical containing such a wealth of the world's best literature as will satisfy your desire and gratify your inclination to read only wholesome, helpful and inspiring stories, and interesting and informative articles. And all this will be Canadian made and Western Canadian at that. Many readers tell us that they could not do without a single copy of the periodical—and if that were true of the past it will be more so of the future. Not only will stories and articles be of the best, but every issue will be so interestingly and beautifully illustrated that its cheery aspect will appeal to all.

The production of such a magazine is not at present an easy undertaking, but with an ever increasing family of readers it is possible this family is already large but should by the end of 1919 be increased by many thousands.

The cost of paper to-day is more than double the cost before the war. Labor costs for printing, binding &c., have also soared, while printing inks and machinery have fully kept pace. Anyone of the individual instances mentioned above would be sufficient ground for an advance in the yearly subscription of the Monthly—but in order to keep the magazine within the reach of all and to give the largest possible number the advantages that it conveys from month to month we are continuing for the time being the \$1.00 per year rate. It is not unreasonable however that we ask every reader who enjoys the magazine (and evidently all do) to send us a new subscriber.

TO ADVERTISERS

The Western Home Monthly is a favorite with discriminating advertisers all over and many of the most progressive and reliable merchants and manufacturers use its columns regularly. Our readers would do well to consult the advertising columns in connection with their household requirements.

It is the aim of the Publishers to admit of no advertisement that is not entirely reliable and should anyone have reason of complaint in this respect we hope they will communicate with us.

MANY NEW FRIENDS

The April issue will go into the mails with many hundreds of new subscriptions added. We will repeat the operation for the May issue, likewise June and July. Right now we are in the midst of a most successful circulation campaign and the incoming new subscriptions are at a gratifying rate. Let us again impress upon you that the Western Home Monthly is worth many times its subscription price. At \$1.00 a year it is the best magazine value on the continent. Everybody likes it and we expect all its friends to boost it and widen its sphere.

QUITE RIGHT

2265 Hamilton St., Regina, Sask., Jan. 23rd, 1919.
Dear Sirs,—The Western Home Monthly is the best magazine in Canada.
Yours truly, D. M. Woodhams.

A GOOD IDEA

Portage la Prairie, Man., Jan. 7th, 1919.
Dear Sirs,—You ask me so kindly to continue your valuable journal. After I read those splendid articles in it I send it on to my friend. Mrs. E. E. Snider.

WE BLUSH

Lyleton, Man., Jan. 17th, 1919.
Dear Sir,—I consider The Western Home Monthly better than ever; most certainly it is the best Canadian magazine published. Miss J. R. McCallum.

MAY SHE LIVE LONG

St. George, N.B., January 13th, 1919.
Dear Sirs,—We enjoy your magazine very much and can say truthfully that we see an improvement in each number. I hope to have it in the home as long as I live.
Miss R. Crossman.

R. R. 1, Elora, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a subscriber to your Western Home Monthly for a number of years. I like its cheery pages very much. It is bright, clean and interesting from the first to the last page. The Philosopher, Correspondence and short stories are quite entertaining and informative. It can safely be classed as Canada's best monthly. I am sending in my renewal also renewal for an English friend. With best wishes, I remain, John Strangways.

ALADDIN

Hi Readi-Cut Homes

An Important Message to Home Builders

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100 Homes to Choose From

In the beautifully illustrated book, "Aladdin Homes," there are designs to suit every taste. Not only are there descriptions and pictures of 100 houses, but floor plans also are given. You know the appearance of every nook and corner inside and out.

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Aladdin Homes save you \$16 on every \$100 spent. They cut the waste of lumber from the average 18% to less than 2%. You buy direct from the manufacturer—no dealers' profits. Your complete house is shipped in one car, by the shortest route, direct to you. Have the complete story of "Aladdin Homes" before you. Send stamps to-day for the beautiful book, "Aladdin Homes" No. 180. Send stamps to-day for Catalogue W14.

CANADIAN ALADDIN CO. Limited
C. P. E. Building Toronto, Ont.



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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

for a victorious and delightful toilet, for a refreshing bath, and for a thorough cleansing of the home.

The carbolic odour in Lifebuoy is the sign of its protective qualities—quickly vanishing after use.



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

15c. postage.

All toilet articles carried.

ELITE HAIR PARLORS
283 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man.

A Bird House

for a

THRIFT STAMP

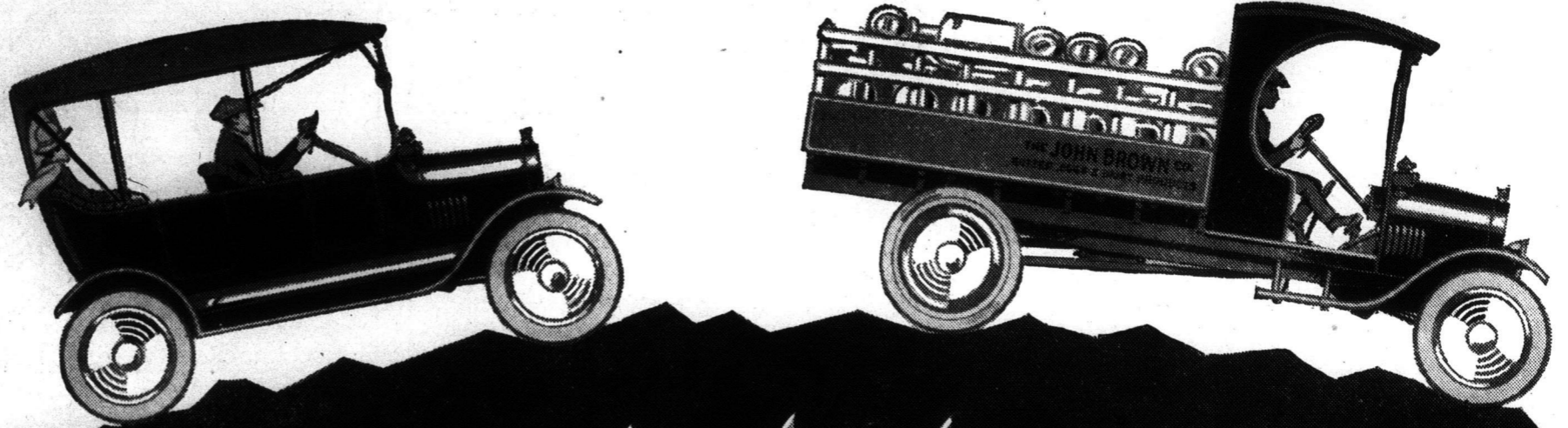
The Birds save your crops—save the Birds.

We offer this artistic Ru-Ber-Oid Bird House—made of genuine long-wearing Ru-Ber-Oid Fabric. Send a 25c Thrift Stamp or its equivalent, this notice, and your name and address—or four Stamps or four. Start a bird colony.

This Bird House is endorsed by the Audubon Society. Your speedy response is urged. We have many requests to fill.



RU-BER-OID BIRD HOUSE
52 Victoria Square
MONTREAL, Que.



Like the teeth of a buzz saw!

YOU'VE stood in awe before a buzz saw and watched it literally tear its way through a piece of material. Being driven at such a terrific speed, it produces results that are almost startling. But if you were to run the buzz saw at a much slower speed, and take some of the keenness off of the teeth, then you would have an action very similar to that of road bumps, ruts and rough places as they rack, strain and wear out your Ford Car or Ford One Ton Truck.

The thousands of sudden, heavy impacts, while not sufficient to cause instant breakage, yet cause great and unnecessary wear on all parts, particularly the power unit and the tires.

It has been proved by nearly a million Ford owners that by properly cushioning their machines against road shocks and vibrations with Hassler Shock Absorbers, that you save at least 30% of the ordinary tire and repair

expense, and that your Ford's depreciation is decreased a like amount. You also obtain considerable increase in gasoline mileage, due to the smoother running. Hasslers prevent squeaks, rattles and deterioration, for the spiral, conical springs of chrome-vanadium steel compress on either upward or downward movements.

In addition to all these savings you have such greatly increased comfort that your Ford Car or Truck rides and drives as well as the highest priced heavy models. It steers easily, holds the road, travels safely at high speed, and the general and good satisfaction you derive from its use is increased astonishingly by Hassler Shock Absorbers.

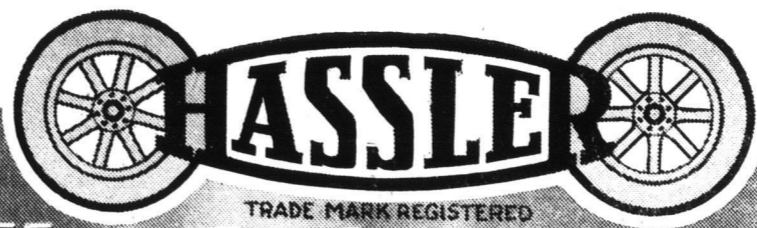
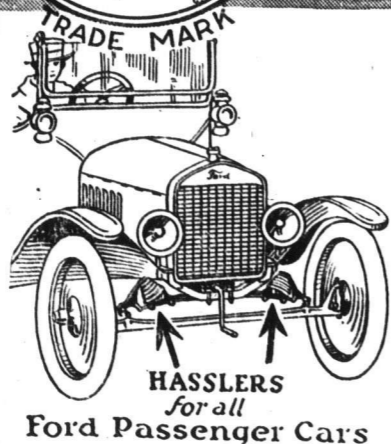
Hassler Shock Absorbers can be put on in a very few minutes, either by you or your garageman. There are two types, one for all Ford Passenger Cars, the other "Double or Twins" for the rear of the Ford One Ton Truck.

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't ride without Hasslers because some one tries to discourage you. They are a quality product—worth their price. The Hassler dealer in your vicinity will put them on for 10 days' trial. Your money refunded if you say so. Write for name of dealer and Trial Blank.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, LTD.

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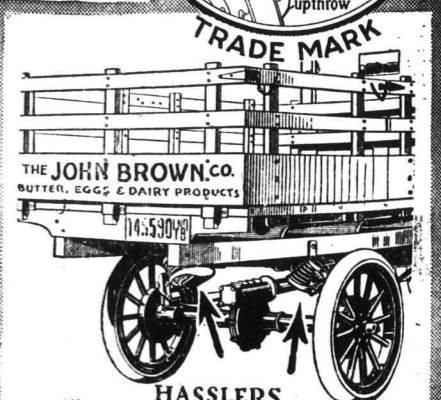
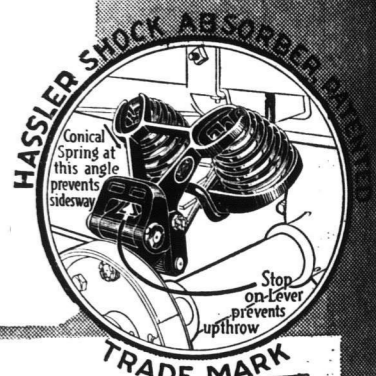


Shock Absorber

PATENTED

MADE IN CANADA

The conical springs set at the angle shown prevent sidesway and allow for the most resilient downward action. The springs compress on either upward or downward movements—do not stretch out of shape—do not allow up-throw. Hasslers last as long as the Ford, and make it last.



HASSLERS
"DOUBLE or TWINS"
for the Ford One Ton Truck

Editorial

ALL THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR

A SMALL serving of oatmeal porridge, four quarter-slices of toast, and a pot of tea! That is not a very heavy breakfast for a hungry man. If he eats at all he must eat that much. Yet the cost of this meal on the dining-car of a train is sixty-five cents, to which must be added ten cents for the porter, though why he should be rewarded for doing so simple a duty—for which he is already supposed to be paid—is not quite clear to the average intellect. Now this seventy-five cents is about the least price for which anyone can get a meal on the dining cars. The average cost runs to one dollar and a quarter or perhaps one dollar and a half. This makes eating in the diner prohibitive to most travellers, and those who are lucky enough to be able to go in for one or two meals a day invariably come out with the feeling that they have been robbed—even though the meal in itself is perfectly satisfactory.

Now, it is absurd to pay, even on a dining car, twenty-five cents for a cup of tea, and twenty-five cents for a helping of potatoes. Robbery is not by any means too harsh a term. The only justification is that the companies stand to make more by charging a high price to a few people, than by charging a much lower price to three times the number of people. Yet it is a grave question if the policy adopted is not from every point of view a mistaken one.

People resent injustice, and in the coming days, when the common people insist upon dictating how things will be arranged, it may be that the costly dining car will have to give place to something less pretentious, even if it is only a common lunch counter. And why not a lunch counter? Are travellers any better than men and women who stay at home?

Apart from this, is it not possible that the companies will find out before long that exorbitant prices do not pay? A few years ago a street railway in Chicago was losing money. It reduced the rate to ten or twelve tickets for a quarter, and grew rich. There is in this a good lesson not only for the dining cars, but for such organizations as the Winnipeg Street Railway. By high prices it has driven men to the use of motor-cars. By higher prices it is now going to make travelling prohibitive. If it were to reduce the price to ten tickets for a quarter, everybody would travel on the cars, and would use the cars even when going a few blocks. It is a question if the cheaper rate would not pay. And in deciding such matters people should look a few years ahead.

THE SPRING FASHIONS

THE cases cited are only typical. Among others that might be mentioned are changing fashions, price of meat and eggs, prices for shaving, cost of meats at restaurants, prices for theatre tickets, room rent at hotels, cost of surgical operations, lawyers' fees and plumbers' bills. Not a day passes that does not register some complaint with regard to these and kindred items.

The case of fashions is perhaps the most aggravating at the present time. A few people in the great centres, probably costumeers and manufacturers of dress goods acting in collusion, decide upon certain styles of dress from season to season. They go just as far as they can to make it impossible for people to use the same clothes two seasons in succession. They do it all, of course, in the name of taste, but every one knows that the real purpose is increased sale of materials. It is gratifying to note that women's clubs east and west are up in arms against the imposition, but it is doubtful if they will have courage to back up protest by definite action. Prevailing fashions in certain styles of dress are thoroughly immodest, and it is to the credit of Canadian women that they are entering a protest.

There is a financial side to this whole question, which is of no little importance. It may matter little in one way how the well-to-do expend their money, but the poorer people feel the pinch every day, and groan under the necessity of discarding old gowns for new. Censorship is now common enough. Perhaps it might with profit be extended to more than war news and picture shows.

LAWYERS' FEES

AN interesting case of what some consider to be gross overcharging is found in the bills of costs of lawyers who are doing service for governments. No one objects to paying a man of outstanding ability a remuneration many times greater than that of the average man. Men differ in quality and value just in the same way as ordinary commodities. The steel in a cart wheel is not as valuable as the steel in a watch spring. It is not one-thousandth part as valuable. When a lawyer of very ordinary ability suddenly finds himself entrusted with an investigation of a public question, there is no reason why he should immediately adopt the airs and charge the fees of a really good practitioner.

They tell of a man who entered a drug store asking that a prescription be made up. The druggist asked

seventy-five cents, and the man, who was deaf, handed him five cents. The druggist repeated, "Seventy-five cents," and the customer responded, "I paid you five cents," and so it continued for several minutes. At last the druggist gave up in despair, and consoled himself by saying, "Well, take it, I made three cents on it anyway." Now this may be a joke as far as drugs go, and it may hint at a real condition of things. In the grocery and meat lines, however, the prices charged are just about as absurd as prices could be. A man came to this city the other day with a carload of good cattle. The highest price he could receive was six and one-half cents. He reshipped his cattle home. What are the readers of this journal paying for their meat?

We say the war has tested us. So it has. Forget not that it is testing common honesty, and some are not able to stand the test. A thief is as unpatriotic as a man who speaks treason. Both are working against public welfare. The great art of life is the art of living together.

RAILWAYS AND RAILWAY RATES

NOW, the original application of the phrase, "All the traffic will bear," was to railroad rates. The fixing of these has always been a troublesome problem. There never was a time when the rates were satisfactory to everybody. Probably this time will never come. The events of the last few weeks, however, indicate that in future the tariffs will be arranged in a different way. When the people operate a road, they will see to it that prices are no greater and no less than they should be. They will always be greater than they should have been because of the unfortunate handling of the railway problems by our governments.

The taking over of the Grand Trunk Pacific by the government causes one to wonder how much less the railway systems of Canada would have cost the people if they had undertaken to build and operate them as public enterprises right from the beginning. There is no doubt that owing to the collusion between the big interests and influential members of Federal and Provincial Administrations, the general public have paid millions upon millions in cash and lands for which they have received no adequate returns. And the people say little, because the tax they pay is indirect, and an indirect tax is never felt in the same way as a direct tax. For this very reason direct taxation is to be encouraged. Were the system in force to-day, our governments wouldn't be so extravagant in some matters. A man who pays fifty dollars for a forty-dollar suit, does not feel the ten dollars which he pays as duty, but if he has to pay to the government the ten dollars out of his own pocket he will make pretty careful inquiry how it is being spent.

PATRIOTS ALL

A WRITER of distinction said that a dozen years ago one-eighth of the people in the United States owned seven-eighths of the wealth, and that less than one per cent. of the people owned more than 50 per cent. of the wealth. The figures to-day are even more impressive. It is probable that Canada can outdo the United States in this particular.

It is not jealousy nor ugliness which prompts one to protest against this. The great wrong in the system is that it undermines true patriotism. A man ceases to have love for a country when he feels that it is not his country, and it does not seem to be his country if he has not a stake in it, in the form of lands or home or business or national bonds.

The movements that are in operation to-day to increase the number of property owners and decrease the number of tenants, to establish co-operative industrial establishments of all kinds, to encourage the purchase of small homes in cities and towns, are all to be welcomed. If anything in our financial and industrial methods prevents the movement in this direction it will be most unfortunate. True democracy has as its foundation the idea of common possession. The only autocrats are not the crowned head, and indeed these are no longer to be feared. The real danger is in autocrats of industry, finance, religion and politics.

THE PRICE OF COAL

THERE was one little speech at Calgary that has passed almost unnoticed. One of the delegates, so it is said, gave what is claimed to be an authoritative statement that the cost of coal at the mouth of the pit in Alberta is \$2.35, and the cost to the consumer in Winnipeg is \$12. If these facts are true is it any wonder that there is rebellion? If they are true could there be any language too severe to apply to the men who are res-

ponsible for the spread in price—the owners, the railway companies and the coal companies? But if the report is not true, is there any punishment too severe for a man who would give it out as truth? Is it not the duty of the government of Canada to make known the facts? There is nothing that will clear up wrong like a plain statement of facts. It is hardly necessary to say that the man to investigate conditions and make a statement of facts is not a dependent upon the coal companies nor the railroads. We have had too many findings by men who had every reason for expressing biased opinions.

ARRANGING FOR THE FUTURE

THE attention that is being given these days to the education of children is a hopeful sign. Any nation is wise that in shaping its policies considers the future. It is possible that the war has taught us how valuable the school may be when properly organized and supported. It was the schools that built up wrong ideals in the German mind, and produced the decisions that ended a war. So, too, it can be the schools of Canada which will promote right ideals, and incline the people to those decisions that make for happiness and permanent peace.

But if the schools are to do this they must be reconstructed. They must get a new type of teacher, a new course of instruction, and a new motive. There is no permanency in the service to-day. No matter how capable teachers may be they cannot reach the maximum of service in less than three years. We are informed that most of them do not teach this long. The studies in school are in some cases shot through with mediaevalism. The arithmetics, grammars and histories should be rewritten, and there should be intelligent teaching of composition and civil duty, while the whole activities of the school should be related more closely to the activities of daily life.

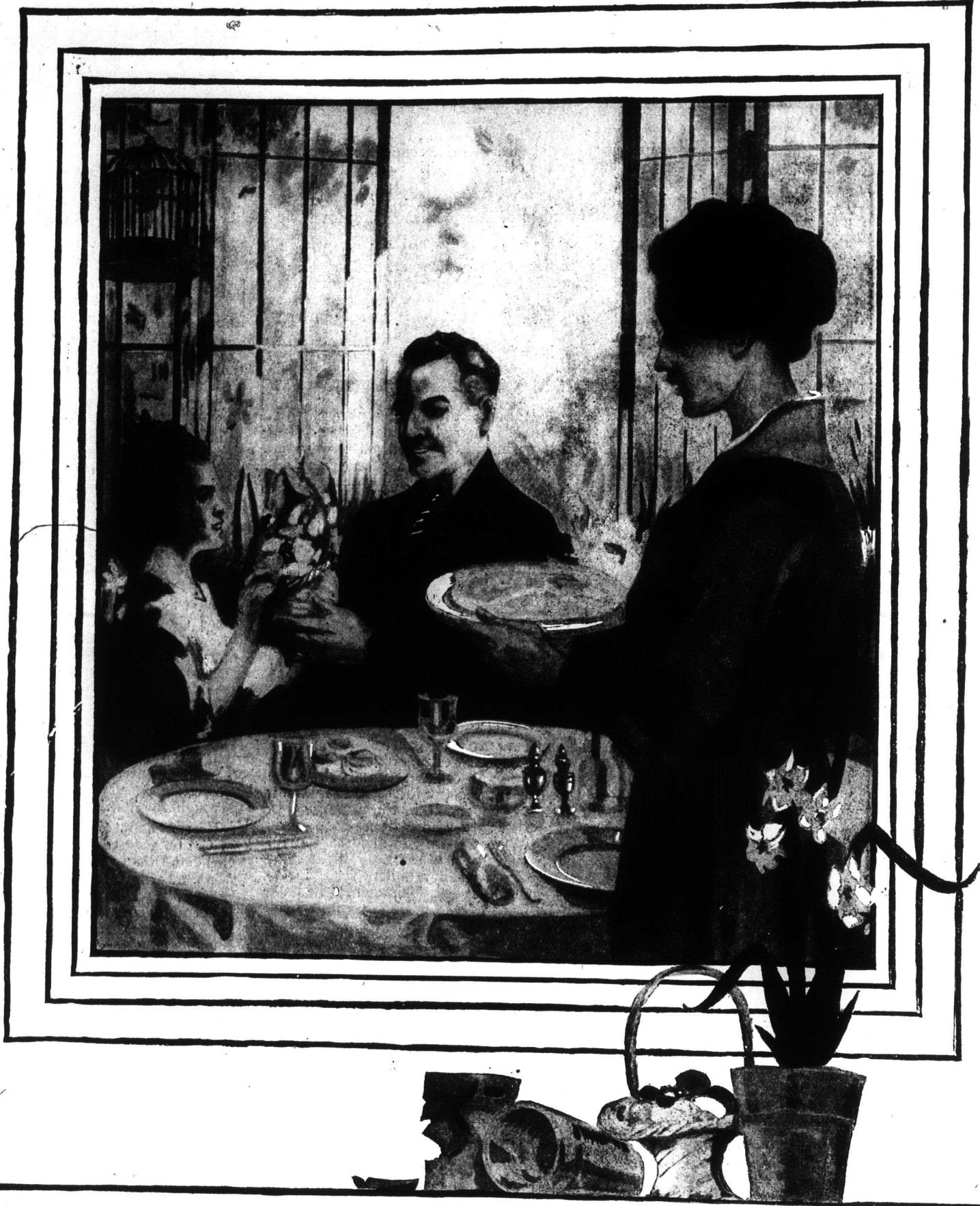
The changes cannot be effected without re-organization and without money. The money now spent will keep the present style of schools going, but what is wanted is a new type, as foreshadowed in the consolidated schools which are springing up all through the West.

Recent happenings, such as the pronouncements of the Calgary convention, and the discussions on the tariff at Ottawa, show the necessity of conference at joint meetings of all interested parties. No sane body of workmen if meeting with representatives of the employers, the consumers and the State, could possibly have reached such decisions as were embodied in the Calgary resolutions, unless indeed, the misinterpreted by the press. No one can imagine that a tariff decision, accepted even as a temporary solution, could have been reached, unless in a caucus both sides met to match arguments.

The world has grown tired of this continual strife between capital and labor. Unless it ceases our country is doomed. The only way to get along is to work together, each party respecting the rights and the sacrifices of the other. This "skin game" has had its day. "Heartless capitalism" may have been bad, but Canada prefers even that to red-handed Bolshevism. But Canada should have neither. The general public, and particularly the purchasing public, are interested in every enterprise in the country, and must more and more be consulted in all matters of dispute. This is another way of saying that antagonism should give way to friendly co-operation, and that this co-operation can best be secured through conference not only of employers and workers, but of the general public and the body of consumers as well. My business is in a sense every man's business, and every man's business is mine. That is the principle of national reconstruction.

THE INCOME TAX

ON this account, an income tax is not altogether a bad thing, even if the principle may not be accepted as perfectly sound in all cases. There is no problem more difficult of solution than that of taxation. If one man puts his capital into real estate, where it lies dormant, yet growing quietly as the years go by, and another man puts his capital in stocks or bonds which yield him annually a certain income, why should one be taxed and the other exempt? A good system of taxation must run every dollar to earth and tax it as may be necessary. It is not an easy thing to trace every dollar in this way, because there are so many ways of hiding wealth. And then it is not definitely settled whether people should be taxed according to their ability to pay, or according to the benefits received from the state or community.



FOR EASTER BREAKFAST—

This ham of finest flavor

On Easter morning how briskly everyone comes down to breakfast, with eager appetite!

And how perfect, then, is a savory breakfast of Swift's Premium Ham! For the texture of this ham is delicately tender, and its especially long, slow cure has given it an unusual sweetness of flavor.

When you see the Swift's Premium wrapper and brand you are sure of getting this delicious, skillfully-cured ham.

Swift Canadian Co.

Limited

Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

(Canada Food Board License Nos. 171, 172)

Swift's Premium Ham

IT was mid-December when a woman and a man broke camp at Tete Jaune Cache en route for Black Arrow City. They had no cash, no dogs, and precious little grub to speak of, but behind them, ploughing doggedly through the snow, they towed a roughly made hand sled. The spirit of the man was broken. The cold, slowly but surely, was crushing him under, and he coughed every few paces. The woman, too, was broken and spent, but steadfastly she kept her face southwards—southwards, where was sunshine and life, and the music of human laughter. Bitter disappointment, hunger, weariness, and the pinch of the north country were prematurely stamped upon her countenance, yet never once had her courage wavered. For on that sled, carefully wrapped in her own spare garments, lay an infant boy.

At Fishtail Fork the man gave out, and the woman raised a cairn of stones and a rough wooden cross over his resting place. They stand to-day as a pathetic reminder that true women—one of the few, God knows!—have stepped within the boundaries of the north. Then she went on alone.

At Tete Jaune Cache the old squaws had shaken their heads wisely. "She is spent and beaten," they had told each other, "more so than the man, but her motherhood buoys her up. It would have been well had they rested here till the spring came, for the white race cannot stand the hunger and cold as we can."

A month later one of the squaws came up with the woman and the child on the trail for Black Arrow City. It was she who had nursed the white infant at Tete Jaune while its mother rested, and, being a childless woman, her heart had become soft within her. Alone, shouldering what things she required, she had set out to overtake and help them, and this was what she found.

The white woman lay in the snow, and about her the wind sang a quiet lullaby and the flakes fell with feathery softness. There was no food in the pack, yet the infant was strong and well, though its mother was wasted with hunger. The little boy sat on his mother's shoulder crying and looking about him, till the red woman took him in her arms and muttered soft sounds to him.

"Have courage, have courage, my little one, for I will be your mother," she crooned. "For us the birds will sing and the sun will shine and the flowers will bloom on the hillside."

Then she took the silk scarf from about her neck and laid it upon the peaceful face of the dead woman. It was her only possession of value, but more than this she gave. She gave her mission station medal, bearing her own name and the image of the great Catharine,—and closed the stark fingers of the child's mother upon it, that she might rest in peace and security. Then, the child in her arms, the savage woman turned away, shedding silent tears of pity and joy.

Thus it was that little Kiatsee came to live with the Indians, under the roof of the childless woman Na-Nara. Being childless, Na-Nara's husband had deserted her long ago, but now for her at last the sun had begun to shine and the birds to sing in the valleys.

(Often during periods of forest fire, bear and wolf cubs become separated from their parents and attach themselves to Indian camps for succor. Such a lost orphan is called, by the Blackfeet Indians, "Kiatsee.")

Kiatsee's real mother had taken great care of him, guarding against wet feet, and seeing that always he wore wool next to his skin, but now the little boy ran wild with other children of the teepees. Beaded moccasins, more often wet than dry, guarded his feet. He wore a buckskin shirt like the other children, or, if it was really hot, he wore nothing but the moccasins. All day long they were in and out of the creek, with or without their clothing. There were days of cold rain and driving mists; days when the tribe were en route for some new hunting ground, and when each child was given a tiny paddle and compelled to work like their elders. No matter how the muscles ached, there was no resting on the trail. The boy or girl who shipped the paddle or made an idle stroke was quickly reprimanded by its elders. Then there were the hunts in the woods with bows and arrows after black squirrel and grouse; the joy of hauling up the fish net or pulling in the night lines; the quiet little games that all Indian children play about the

From Out The Snowdrifts

Written for The Western Home Monthly By H. Mortimer Batten

camp fires. Kiatsee became as strong and sinuous as his red-skin brothers and sisters. He was never still till sleep fell upon him, when it fell like a thunderclap, and similarly wakefulness in the morning.

It was early autumn when Maskol, the trader, arrived at the camp. He looked at the white-skin boy, judged him to be of gentle breeding, and wondered. Then suddenly it occurred to him that he was childless, and likely to remain so. He had amassed a good fortune, and built up a wide business, but in twelve years' time he would be past his prime, and in need of intelligent help.

Maskol was a man of sudden decisions. He offered the chief fifty dollars, ten blankets, and a rifle for the boy, with three bottles of rum by way of a gift—not trade, be it noted, it is not legal to trade liquor with the Indians. The old chief was short of blankets and a rifle, and always he was short of rum. He accepted.

Na-Nara wept at the Chief's feet and created a scene, at which the chief kicked her in the ribs. She begged that, if the boy was to go, she might at least be permitted to go as his servant, at which Maskol kicked her in the ribs. Then Kiatsee all but made his small white teeth meet in Maskol's hand, which pleased that

was the sunshine, and the singing of birds, and the scent of the flowers. There was laughter, and music, and youth in the air; and here, at his very door, was the natural embodiment of these things. In the boy's laughter was the song of the birds, in his face was the sun shine, and in his hands were the flowers God had given to make the world brighter and more beautiful for man. Why turn one's face away from these things? Why close one's soul to all romance, one's eyes to the beautiful, one's ears to the music of life?

Into the priest's lonely soul flooded little fragment, half forgotten memories of his own childhood. Had not life been brighter and better for them? Why, then, should he cramp and fetter the child within his keeping?

The priest put away his books that golden afternoon and turned his key upon them. A new light was in his tired eyes as he trod out into the sunshine. The boy took him by the hand and led him away through scented groves, where the chipmunk scuttled through the heather, and the red squirrel chattered from the branches. He led him by talkative brooks, where the scent of the spray hung in the air; by breeze-swept lake margins; and away over the pine ridge to view the vast panorama. To the priest none of

Sleep, Blessed Sleep

The Rev. J. W. Walden, D.D.

Sleep, blessed sleep, that falls with night-time calm
On all the weary world, a healing balm.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when each day's work is done,
And resting eyes await returning sun.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when carking care takes flight,
And leaves us peaceful, through the soothing night.

Sleep, blessed sleep, that brings us sweet relief
From pressing weight of day-time crushing grief.

Sleep, blessed sleep, when Life sinks in the West,
And weary, careworn, troubled souls find rest.

Sleep, blessed sleep, till trump of God shall sound,
And risen saints with endless life are crowned.

gentleman immensely, for it showed the boy possessed pluck. In the end the little whiteman was borne away by canoe while he slept, and when he awoke, he was alone with Maskol, far out on a windswept lake miles from all the simple folk he loved.

To Maskol it was purely a business transaction. He had his plans cut and dried. The boy must be educated, and it was within the common order of civilized society that he should be taught the fear of God. The priest at White Cross Mission Station was a learned and conscientious man, accustomed to the handling of the young, and at White Cross Kiatsee would be in constant contact with the Indians, and thus could learn much regarding their temperaments that would prove of value in later life.

So Maskol took Kiatsee to the priest, and laid down a sum of money for his education and keep that was to be supplemented at regular intervals. To the priest, too, it was merely a business transaction, and he accepted the responsibility as such. Kiatsee, therefore, became attached to the sacred atmosphere of the forest-marooned mission station.

For a time the wild boy's soul rebelled within him, at which the priest would talk to him gravely and gently of ideals far beyond the realization of healthy boyhood. But Kiatsee did not change—instead, it was his guardian and master who found new vistas opening up. For years the priest had shut himself up with his rusty books, brooding over the grim and sordid, but now, with the ringing laughter of the boy at his own threshold, something new began to stir within him, with the stirring of the spring. Outside

these things were new, yet never since his half-forgotten childhood had they been to him what they were to-day. For he inhaled the air the boy himself was breathing; fairy spirits whispered in the breezes; there was magic and newness everywhere.

That night, as the priest lay awake, listening to the steady breathing of the child in the adjoining room, he knew that something great had happened.

"Little boy, little boy," his soul cried out, "I have learned the wisdom of books, but you have taught me to-day the greatest wisdom of all. I know now the folly of casting childish things aside, for those who are wisest of all are always children. For them the wind never loses its music; the flowers are always wonderful; the stars speak of the mystery and greatness of heaven. Henceforth I cast sordid things aside and become a child once more. I have learned the greatest of all wisdom. I am changed."

Yes, it was the man who changed, not the boy. Little Kiatsee remained wild and a shade unmanageable, quick to anger, and quick to shed tears of forgiveness or remorse, overwhelmingly eager to do the right thing, but generally doing the wrong,—rather a trying companion for an elderly bachelor. But the priest had learned wisdom. When he punished he did so with a heavy hand, not because he was angry but because the boy had done wrong, and thereby he won Kiatsee by a boy's high sense of justice.

Winter was far spent when a wretched, bedraggled, Indian woman dragged herself to the doors of the mission station, and flung herself, trembling and muttering, at

the boy's feet. The priest drew her aside, none too gently, and, regarding her wretched clothing, demanded why she had fallen thus.

"I have not fallen, my master," she answered. "I have risen."

Kiatsee looked into his guardian's eyes—She is my mother," said the boy.

Then it was that a sudden fierce jealousy rose up within the soul of the priest. It had never before occurred to him that anyone might challenge his right of possession,—far less a savage, ragged woman. He demanded the truth, and, in a trembling voice, kneeling at his feet, the woman told him. She told him how little Kiatsee had first come to the teepees, how she, prompted by a tender sense of motherhood, had faced the blizzard and the wolves, had rescued the white child from the frozen bosom of his mother, and borne him back triumphantly to her own childless teepee. For a while the birds had sung, and the sun had shone, and the flowers had bloomed upon the hillside. She told how little Kiatsee had been stolen from her, how for many weeks she had toiled southwards to find the boy or die, and, finally, she prayed that she might remain at the mission station and serve him.

"See, I am old," she said. "I am a Christian Indian, but I gave my medal to the paleface woman. O my master—"

The priest raised his hand. "Enough" he said. He told them to bring her food and clothing, then, with his hands clenched behind him, he went out into the whiteness. She too—this childless woman—had learned to live! For her too the birds had sung, the sun had shone, and flowers had sprung up upon the hillside! Well, she had saved the boy, and God had given her certain sacred rights towards him. It was not for a servant of the Most High to take away what God had given.

So it came about that Na-Nara was taken in at the mission school. She made the boy's clothing and served him in such ways as she thought fit, only between her and the priest was one tacit understanding—that Na-Nara defaced herself when she saw the priest in the distance.

Maskol had so arranged matters that there was no necessity for him to visit the mission station at all, but he made it a point of business, when in that locality, to call there. He would shake hands gravely with Kiatsee, look him up and down, then proceed to ignore the boy and talk business with the priest. Kiatsee had no particular liking for this big, bearded, individual, and went to no special pains to hide his feelings. Once a year, to test the boy's education, Maskol would put sundry questions to him, but in due course even this practice ceased, owing to the fact that Kiatsee had imbibed more knowledge than his foster-parent possessed. It was when this stage was reached that Maskol ceased to pay his visits, and Kiatsee proceeded to forget him.

The face of the priest was becoming grave. Even when he looked into the eyes of his gay little companion a fit of deep thoughtfulness would fall upon him. He had heard certain whisperings amongst the Indians, the whisperings became open rumors, the rumors acknowledged facts. These facts concerned a well-known trader, who, living a reasonably straight life till well over forty, had suddenly taken the downward plunge at that hopelessly belated period. Was it not the mission station Indians who had themselves found him asleep on the trail by a half empty keg, his dogs well-nigh frozen, and the man himself quickly lapsing into that sleep from which men do not waken? There were rumors concerning big nights at the card tables in those rotten quarters which exist in every new camp. This was not an entirely new order of things, but Maskol had now made his pile, and need do no more than keep his business together. In short, he was out to enjoy himself, but a knowledge of the truth struck horror to the soul of the priest. In a little while now the boy he had trained with such infinite care must be handed over to this world of filth, to be dragged into the sancing halls and gambling hells, to trade—by fair means if convenient, and, if not, by foul. No, no, it could never be!

At the mission station a new order of things set in. There was no cloth for clothes that year. The old canoe was repaired instead of a new one bought. The cow, the priest's best beloved luxury, was sold, in fact all the little luxuries they

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Total Cash Assets.....	41,895.13	159,317.15	334,035.32	109%
Total Investments.....	32,947.12	134,588.95	297,325.27	121%
Paid-up Capital.....	33,773.00	44,302.65	54,933.50	24%
Premium Income.....	2,932.28	30,282.04	65,157.71	115%
Business in Force.....	104,000.00	535,350.00	1,212,300.00	126%
Reserves.....	1,637.27	23,935.13	72,350.50	20%
Total Revenue for 1918.....			82,545.68	
Total Expenditure for 1918 (including death claims).....			38,527.99	

Excess of Revenue over Expenditure..... \$44,017.69

Death claims amounted to only \$6,500 despite the war and influenza epidemic.

Surplus to Policyholders..... \$125,748.90

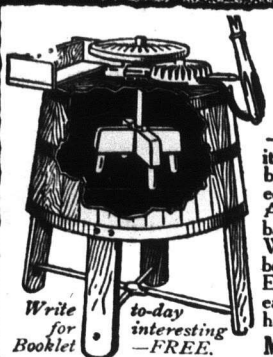
Total Resources for Protection of Policyholders..... 775,371.48

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had allowed themselves were cut down to the minimum of necessity.

It was a spring evening when, in response to the priest's request, Maskol next blew in. The priest noticed the florid countenance of the man, and the betraying coarseness that had taken possession of his features since last they met. He came straight to the point.

"Maskol," he said, "the boy is now thirteen. I have trained and educated him with infinite care. He is more to me than a son,—to you he is nothing. I desire to keep him."

Maskol opened his eyes very wide. He knew what was in the priest's mind, and the knowledge angered him. He said nothing.

"Come," the priest went on, "it is merely a business transaction. You have handed certain sums of money over to me for the boy's keep and education, and I desire to purchase him from you,—with all my heart and soul I desire it. Here is a cheque for what you have paid with compound interest added. I cannot offer more as the boy will require support."

Maskol glanced at the cheque that lay on the table between them. He thrust his hands deep in his pockets. "You will make a priest of him, I suppose?" he asked.

The other shook his head. "No," answered he, "there is too much sunshine and brightness in the boy for his life to be darkened by the sorrows of others. He shall go to Winnipeg or Toronto to finish

But Muskol, the man of quick decisions could stand it no longer. His fist shot out, and the priest staggered back, his hands to his forehead.

The priest had thought they were alone, but behind the closed door, listening breathlessly, her hands to her bosom, had crouched an Indian woman. Now the door was flung open, and she stood between them, facing Maskol, eyes flaming, breast heaving, and a small, sharp dagger in her hand.

At the sight of her the priest rallied. "If I can not dispute your claim she can," he cried, pointing frenziedly. "The boy is her's, since she took him from the bosom of his dead mother. You stole him from her by a bribery of liquor, and we can prove it to any tribunal of just men on God's earth."

Again Maskol's mocking laugh rang out. "You shall do so then," he answered coolly. "The boy leaves here with me to-morrow. If you want him back you will have to fight for it, and I will drag you through the courts till I smash you and reduce you to chopping firewood for the steamers. So long."

He snatched up his cap and was gone. The woman stood watching the departing canoe, then she too went her way. But the priest sat very still in the sunshine, and through the window fell the shadow of the great white cross, one arm of it across his shoulders, like the hand of strength and shelter.

A few hours later the woman stole into



Prairie wolves and hounds used in running them down.

his education, and by then he will be old enough to choose. But, be sure of this, he will live straight and clean, doing a man's work in a country of men."

At this Maskol broke into a mocking laugh. He snatched up the cheque and tore it into a hundred fragments.

"So that's the lie of the land is it," he cried with sudden fierceness. "It's about the choicest piece of impudence I've come across. That boy is mine. You are nothing more than his guardian. The agreement between us is a business contract, and you can't go back on that."

The priest drew himself up, and mockery and hatred blazed in his eyes. "The boy is yours," he sneered, "and I am nothing more than his guardian. You reckon to have bought him for thirty pieces of silver, but I have given my life, my soul, all I possess, to make a man of him. Can money pay for these things? Bah—"

He flung out his arms in a wild gesture. "There are men who have sold their souls for thirty pieces of silver," he went on wildly, "but none who have bought them. You cannot pay me with your filthy money for what I have done and, in the light of heaven, that boy is mine. I know you, Carol Maskol," the priest raved. "We priests weary out our lives trying to save the Indians. Men like you undo in a single year what it takes us a lifetime to accomplish, and now you want to drag the boy into your own filthy business. Bah—"

the boy's room and placed scented flowers upon his pillow. Then she took his sleeping hand in the tender grasp of motherhood, and breathed softly, as though in a prayer, "Little man, little man, I shall never look upon your face again, but to the end I will serve you; and therefore to the end the sun will shine, and the birds will sing, and a great happiness will be at my heart. The God of the white man serve thee, little one. Farewell, farewell!"

When the first scented breath of dawn stirred the forest leaves, Maskol, stabbed to the heart, lay between his blankets in his solitary camping ground, his eyes open to the stars.

On the ridge above stood a rugged figure, a solitary Indian woman, who wore the garments of her tribe, long since discarded. To the north there, under the pale springtime beams of the aurora, lay the home of her people, to the south lay the whiteman's world, where the whiteman's justice awaited her. For a time she paused, then fearlessly, smilingly, she turned her steps southwards. But for her the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed upon the hillside.

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The Young Mink Trapper

Written and Illustrated by Bonnycastle Dale

WE were paddling home from putting the Mowich, our little bundle of troubles called a motor boat, away. We were skirting the north side of the Island of the Beaver, when Laddie Jr., called from the bow, "Look at the big muskrat!"

"It's a mink!" I called. We had just arrived in time to interrupt a tragedy, for up out of the weeds ahead leaped our old lone grouse and whirred away. Mr. Mink just missing a fine November dinner.



Look at those now.

"Run ashore," the boy pleaded. I grounded the canoe and we leaped out in chase of the long lithe dark brown member of the Marten family. It was impossible to have dug the beast out, as it ran into a bank burrow under a shore growing cedar.

"I'll stay here and you hustle to camp and get half a dozen traps. Off up the steep island's bank scrambled Laddie Jr., while I remained on guard.

We most carefully examined each path in and out of the burrow and set the traps in each likely spot, and covered them with leaves and dry cedar spines; but that bright eyed rascal stepped cautiously out of there that night without springing a trap. Now Laddie Jr. built nice little fish baited pockets in the bank, made very attractive sets along the shore edge with whole wild ducks as bait. The clever mink just reached out and lifted the duck clear over the trap, and carried it to the bank edge, and pushed it far back into a hole. Just in front of the hidden duck the lad set a trap; but the fur bearer was too clever. Each morning, after we had sat behind the decoys for an hour the boy would run off and examine his traps, returning with a face plainly marked, "No mink."

By this time twelve traps were out on the Beaver and he had also set three on Sugar, the neighboring island, on which he had permission to trap. (Just a word here, boys, if you will ask the owners of the various places you will usually get permission to trap. The sneak along and drop your trap, the owner ain't home style is getting played out, and trapping grounds are being shut up.)

About two weeks later I saw the boy returning from his mink traps with a wholly different expression written all over his face. It said, as plain as if it was printed there, "I've got him," and, indeed, he had, a fine old dark brown adult, 22 inches from head to tail, and the very next visit he made to Sugar he came back with a 20-inch one.

There are more mink and foxes too, than I have ever known. While our boys were smoking the Big Skunk out of Europe the fur bearers had a chance to multiply, and if it had not been for the terrific winter of 1917-18 they would have been in still greater numbers. Still a great number were caught, as the last St. Louis fur sales had one hundred thousand mink, and almost as many Japanese mink.

It is wonderful how the traps cover the earth, and how the tiny dribbles of fur form the mighty stream that centers in St. Louis from the northern

Aleutians to Terra-del-feuge, and right across the wide earth is some trapping ground. And the total value of one day's sales goes away over a million dollars, and the sale continues for nine days. The mink are the most numerous of the Marten family. I must tell you of the last Marten I saw in B.C. There are quantities of them out there, but if they live below the foothills they are very pale and yellow. You have to go up into the central Rockies to get the fine darkish pelts. Near my shore built bungalow there was a sandpit piled high with old ocean's debris. Often while seated shooting at the flight of wild fowl over the spit have I seen the dark yellow head and bright eyes of a Marten watching me. And only once did I kill one, as the pelt is so light colored. But I always wanted to picture one, so one day, as I was seated in the bow of the treacherous old log canoe with the lad paddling ever so gently in the stern. I saw a commotion in the water ahead. "Stop," I whispered. A rapidly darting brown figure had driven a sunfish into a tiny cove and promptly grabbed it with its sharp teeth, and was just about to emerge and eat it when it spied us. The red granite boulders of the shore line were smooth and steep and he nosed that fish viciously ahead, watching us all the while, pushing, bunting and swimming, he finally got the fish up on the rock and scrambled out himself, seized it and scampered up the sunny slope like a long lithe shadow.

"Got a good picture of him?" questioned the boy.

I was ashamed to answer. There I had been for two full minutes with a set camera in my hand, all too interested to snap the action, and although we often saw the Marten we never did get a picture of one. They are much more plump than a Mink; there is a Marten which is a tree climber, but you all know it as the Fisher. It is bigger than the common Marten.

There is no limit save exhaustion to the killing powers of a Mink. Hornaday tells of one in the Beaver pond in the big New York park that killed six wild geese in one night, and of another that slaughtered ten herring gulls. I have seen a pile of dead frogs, with the hearts torn out, just a neat slit in the neck of each; fully fifty titbit hearts had this epicure demanded.

The shy mother and the nimble tripping tumbling youngsters are a sight of wonder if you happen across them on some summer dry creek. They all copy the head of the family—the Otter—in their fishing and hunting. Do not get this small Land Otter mixed up with the big three-foot Sea Otter. The land one is only a bit bigger than the Fisher, who is a bit bigger than the Marten, who just overtops the Mink. But the Sea Otter is a magnificent animal. What do you think of the captain of a sea-going sealing schooner, with a large crew of hunters aboard reporting "a good catch" to a passing sealer, when he had but ten skins in skin room? Yea! but they were then lawful prey and



Proud of his aim.

worth five hundred a piece. Now none but Indians may kill them, and they are worth three times the figure I mentioned.

It used to instil a feeling of awe in our land born bodies to see two or three coast Indians start off with the tide for the migrating pelagic seal. These by law cannot be killed off the Inibilloffs and breeding islands with firearms; but

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it is all fair game if you get them with a spear. Now every sealskin hunter carries a spear in his canoe, as well as a rifle, the latter evidently for defence in case the seal steps into the canoe and attacks him, and it is really a work of art the way one of these innocent children of the coast can make a spear thrust completely obliterate the passing of a bullet. I know whenever I met any of the men returning with seal-skims, and asked for a picture, the spear was very much in evidence, and no matter how much I praised the rifle laying in the bottom it never got into the picture. Ah! the good old days, when a two thousand dollar sloop, with a crew of native hunters and a few canoes, could make a swift trip up into the Behring Sea and fill the skin room, and sometimes fill the skins of the Russian guards at the breeding islands. The only time I ever ate of the Alki Mackerel was in a beach comber's shack on the northern coast. These fish were then, and are now, running in millions through the passes of the Aleutians, uncaught, uninjured, save for the few the natives take. I should estimate that a million cases could most easily be taken each year without at all affecting the "run." It has been tried by the barreling and salting method, but the long steamer trip gobbles up all the profit for freight rates, and the fish are only about a thousand miles from our nearest port. Maybe, some enterprising men are alive to the chance, they were not in 1912.

Now, I am a long way from Laddie Jr. and his Mink; but, as you no doubt know, distant pastures are always the greenest, and our Pacific Coast work overshadows all else. One thing I had to laugh at. The lad, after killing the two Mink and stripping off their coats, bought himself a hunting coat with the

proceeds. Why is it that we sons of men must always covet the coat the other chap wears?

As I write this the mild glorious winter of 1919 is drawing to a close. We are again preparing for our trip over the ice to our Spring Camp on the good old Migration Island. Now let me hold myself up as an object lesson. It is not wise to let the growing youngsters have full swing in this Natural History field; its appeal is too strong, and they are apt to want to follow it. They must



His bag of ducks.

follow the true course of the animal man, get intensive education suitable for the vital struggles of the Twentieth Century. True, the camera and the notebook, the rod and gun and trap, are very alluring, but they will find, as we do, that the strangle hold they obtain prevents us accepting very flattering offers to return to the cities and enter in the race. These most excellent Natural History studies are fitted only for the naturalist, and for the annual holiday time.

As the foxes have been running past our camp the lad has spattered the snow with his traps, and set out many

wonderful baits of fish and wild fowl, but the canny fox would have none of them. He has anxiously sniffed the swinging wild duck and gone swiftly by with alarmed feet. He has made close detours near the fish bait, but you can't skin a detour now, can you? Then the rain came and froze and the traps were solid masses. Laddie fixed them up

oh! so nicely; then along came the snow and buried them just a trifle over two feet deep. Even then, with the traps so deeply covered, and all trails and human marks gone, that wily fox passed on and did not even sniff the duck. I took a snap of the patient young trapper digging up his deeply buried traps, but he still has hopes.

Canada's Khaki University

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Miriam Elston

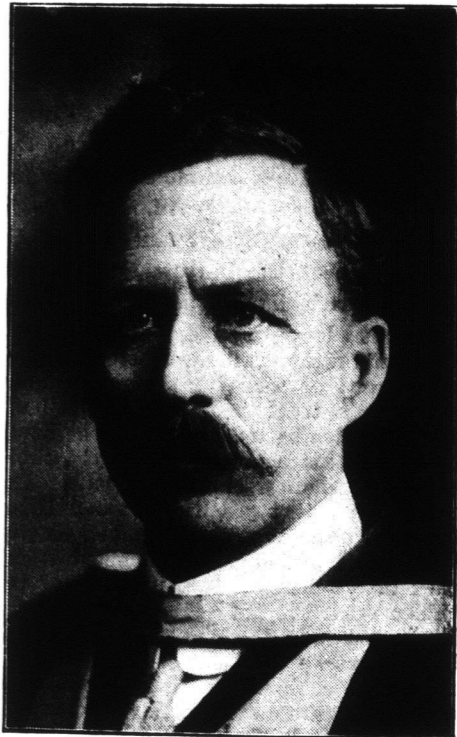
CONSPICUOUS amongst Canada's public benefactors of the present day are the men who refused to accept the commonly called "after the war problems" as such, and who sought, amidst the strain and stress of war times, to stem the tides that threatened an overwhelming accumulation of such problems. "No after the war problem," said they, "must be allowed to develop because we neglect to grasp a present opportunity. The fact that there is a present opportunity makes it essentially a present-day problem."

So said Dr. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, as he watched hundreds of Canada's young sons lay aside their books and don the khaki. How many of them would return to finish their interrupted course at the end of the war, he wondered. Loss of time and a period of absolute neglect of study would be sure to lead many a promising student to forego additional training on his return to Canada, and to accept a lower standard for himself than the one which he had previously set up.

And there was not only the soldiers' side of the matter to be considered. The intellectual resources of Canada, in the

form of high school, college, and university students was indeed a valuable asset, and Dr. Tory felt that every effort should be made to conserve the same.

But while it was the case of the student that first led Dr. Tory to an earnest consideration of one problem that confronted the soldier, his interest did not end with the case of the student. The condition that confronted the student confronted every soldier in differing degrees. The soldier had been removed, root and branch, as it were, from the place he had made for himself in society. It would at least be months, perhaps many months indeed, before he could return. Was it possible to make those months a stepping-stone, to something better for his future, instead of counting as lost time so far as his place in civilian life was concerned? This question repeated itself so persistently to Dr. Tory that it must be answered, and it was to find the answer that Dr. Tory visited England and France in the early summer of 1917. His visit was made possible through an invitation from the Y.M.C.A., and was given the cordial consent of the Canadian Army authorities.



Dr. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, the man who formulated the plans for Canada's Khaki University.

While Dr. Tory's cherished plan for educational work amongst the soldiers overseas had already taken a somewhat definite shape in his mind, he realized that before plans were formulated it was necessary to sound the feeling of the soldiers on the subject in question. Only with the soldiers strongly desiring the benefit of such a scheme could it be carried out with any degree of success.

And from the soldier, whether private or officer, he obtained a rather definite answer. The men at work in study groups in the Y.M.C.A. huts looked up with a keen interest at the mention of a wider scheme for improvement which might possibly be put into action for their benefit, and there was no reason for doubt concerning their attitude towards the scheme.

Nor was it only the men who were trying to wrest an educational opportunity from somewhat difficult circumstances who showed a keen interest in the proposed scheme. The excitement consequent with their invitation into army service was a thing of the past with the rank and file of the soldiers, and social and civil instincts were again coming to the top. Wholeheartedly engaged in their present business as they were, they, nevertheless, were Canadian



Good Cow's Milk on the prairie

BACK in Ontario where they haven't the room to sow a thousand square miles of wheat, or turn a hundred thousand head of cattle loose on the range, they do breed wonderful milch cows. If you spent your childhood on an Ontario farm, you know how wonderfully sweet and rich was fresh milk from high-grade cows well cared for.

That's the kind of milk we use for Carnation Milk. Just as it comes from the dairy farms we evaporate it to the consistency of cream, taking away most of the water, but nothing else. Then we seal it in air-tight tins and sterilize it so that it keeps fresh for several months.

Wherever you buy groceries, you can buy Carnation Milk and enjoy its goodness and

richness. You can use it in every way you use ordinary milk and cream. As it comes from the can, it is like cream. Add water and it is rich fresh milk.

Order Carnation Milk by the case—48 tall cans (16 oz. size). It will keep for several months in a cool dry place—and will keep for several days when opened. Directions are on every can.

If you send your name and address to us at Aylmer we'll mail you free illustrated booklet containing 100 splendid recipes.

Carnation Milk Products Co., Ltd.
Aylmer, Ont. Seattle and Chicago, U.S.A.

CONDENSED at Aylmer Canada Food Board
and Springfield, Ont. Licenses 14-96 and 14-97

Remember—your grocer can supply

Carnation Milk

"from Contented Cows"

"MADE IN CANADA"

citizens, with a strong desire to make the most of themselves as such, recognizing the years of their young manhood as the psychological years for advancement, and regretting the day when a possible chance for self-improvement slipped by them. Such young men, and there are thousands of them in the Canadian army, expressed keen interest in the scheme in question. Dr. Tory found them in every camp in England, and at all the divisional centres in France, he found them serving the Empire as officers in command, and as privates. And it was after two months spent in investigation that Dr. Tory made his recommendation concerning the character of the work which he thought might be undertaken.

It was on the strength of this recommendation that Canada's Khaki University was organized.

In considering a definite programme, Dr. Tory kept ever in mind the fact that the present needs of the men ought to be met in such a way as to lay the best possible foundation for a more intensive educational scheme to be carried out during the period of demobilization.

The scheme for meeting present needs it was decided could best be met by organizing a course of popular lectures of an educational character, by the promotion of small study groups, the promotion of study groups in billets and tents, and the formation of an adequate library system.

The proposed course for studies covered a wide range of historical and scientific subjects, and problems connected with the British Empire in general, and Canada in particular, were given due attention. A considerable amount of splendid material had already been produced relating to social science, and to the problems which will face Canadian citizens during the period of reconstruction, and this material was incorporated in the reading courses. In this way it was hoped to foster an interest in educational and intellectual efforts, thus laying a broad and stable foundation for the more constructive work in this line to be undertaken during the period of demobilization.

The lecture course suggested by Dr. Tory covered studies in the following subjects:

- (1) Historical sketches of the nations at war.
- (2) The campaigns of the war.
- (3) A Trip around the British Empire.
- (4) Canada, its present-day problems and activities.
- (5) A fairly wide range of scientific subjects.

The aim of these lectures being to combine entertainment with general improvement, the lectures are illustrated by lantern slides and moving pictures.

The proposed library scheme has provided for a reading library, covering definite courses, to be kept in the study rooms provided in the huts, each library to comprise the following:

- (1) A set of books covering the topics prescribed for lectures.
- (2) Additional works on current history.
- (3) Books dealing with the political problems which have grown out of the war.
- (4) A good encyclopaedia.
- (5) The Home University Library.
- (6) Such additional books as may be in demand.

It was also proposed to keep on hand in the reading rooms a number of the best magazines, in order that the men might keep in touch with world events.

Officers were appointed to each division in France, and to each army area in England to organize classes, and to secure from the army the chaplain's service and the Y.M.C.A. secretaries the necessary teaching force.

Almost immediately educational work was organized at London, Witley, Shorncliffe, Seaford, Bramshott, Basingstoke and Bexhill. In each of these areas the college has been known by the name of its particular camp. Representatives from each of these colleges, together with officers from the London headquarters of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., Canadian Chaplains' Service, and the Military Force of Canada, constitute the senate of the University and the governing body of all the colleges. The senate plans the

A
Diagram
Picture



Note the
Pointed
Corn

Why Corns Hurt

Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves.

Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt pad (A) in the picture below. We apply no anesthetic. The pad gives bare-foot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But that is temporary. One should not continue a pad. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B&B wax in the center of the pad does that (as noted in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Only rare corns need a second application.

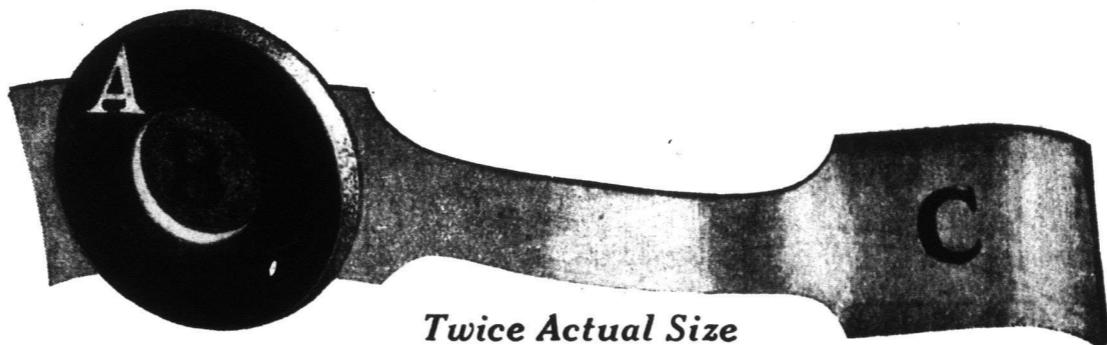
That's the great reason for Blue-jay. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so the action is undisturbed.

Then the action of the B&B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

These facts cannot be true of liquid applications.

Those are the reasons why millions of people have adopted the Blue-jay method. It is scientific, quick, comfortable and certain. Keeping corns is folly, when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.



Twice Actual Size

B&B Blue-jay Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
The Scientific Corn Ender. 25c—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, Chicago, Toronto, New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



Economy

The difference in cost between an ordinary baking powder and the pure, strong, *double-acting*

EGG-O Baking Powder

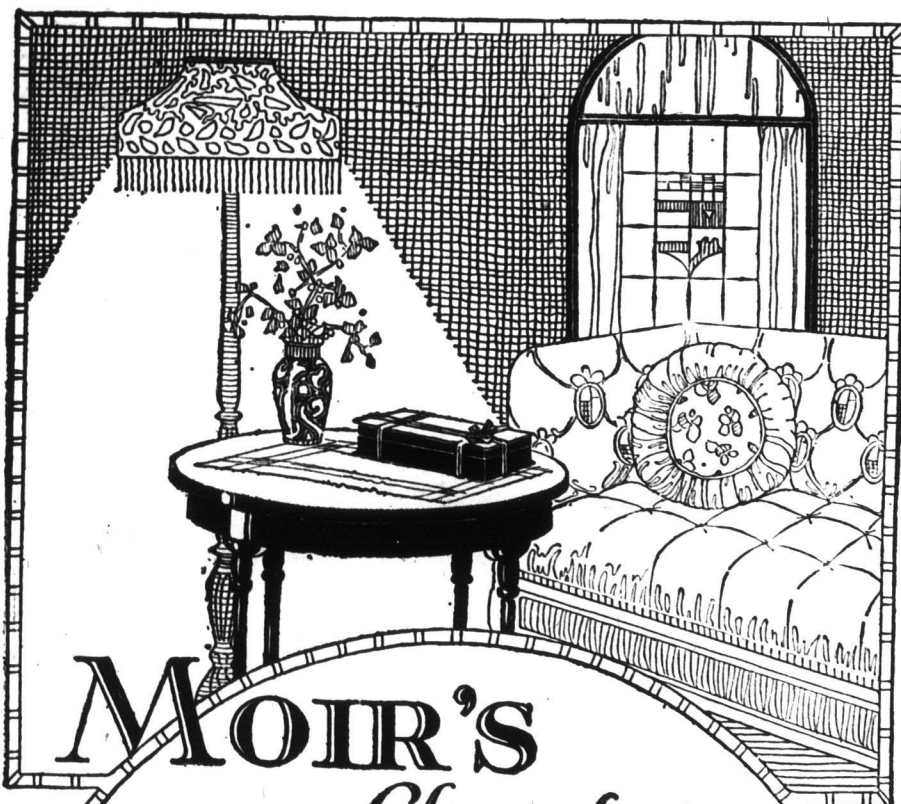
is trivial. It amounts to only a fraction of a cent on each cake you bake. Against this you risk your high-priced flour, butter, sugar, eggs and milk, and your reputation as a cook.

Spoiled bakings not only cost you money, but they waste food. With the heavy Government Standard flours in use to-day, the selection of a strong baking powder is absolutely necessary.

The double-acting strength of Egg-O is needed to make a baking of a light cake from a heavy flour. Try a can and watch your bakings improve. You can use sweet milk, sour milk, buttermilk or water with Egg-O—a different and better baking powder.

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited
Hamilton, Canada

22



MOIR'S Chocolates

The guest will know that you appreciate her call when she sees the box of Moir's Chocolates. The name "Moir's" is known to stand for the highest achievement in chocolate coatings and distinctive fillings.

100

Moir's Limited, Halifax

courses, fixes standards, and awards credits which will be recognized by the Universities of Canada.

Soon after its organization, about 1,500 students were taking classes in Canada's Khaki University, this number, of course, being subject to great fluctuations, dependent on the movements of the troops. The most popular courses have proved to be Business, Agriculture, and Elementary Engineering, particularly Motor Mechanics. At each local college there is a reference library for the use of students, and there is also a plentiful supply of motor engines, and near some of the camps there are stock farms, with high grade live stock that is used for instruction in practical agriculture.

There is no doubt in the minds of those engaged in the work as to whether the Khaki University has justified its existence. There has been no mistaking the eagerness with which many of the soldiers have grasped the opportunities offered. The young man who has interrupted a college course, or stepped out of business life to serve his country overseas, is openly glad of the opportunity that saves him from rusting along those lines, and it is pathetic to see the eagerness of the men, who have for some time been denied access to libraries, to renew their acquaintance with books, and many a Tommy has confessed the fact that somehow Canada seems so much nearer and his future there so much more real because of the fact that he is able to-day to continue in definite preparation for that future. In a word, the gulf fixed between his past and his future is being bridged.

To carry out such a scheme it is apparent that a very large staff of teachers would be necessary, but since all the Canadian universities have former members of their staffs in the army, as have also the high schools, business colleges, and agricultural colleges, and as it is hoped that the military authorities will be able to place at the disposal of the Khaki University all such men who are willing to act as teachers, it is felt that a large staff could be raised. If the staff thus assembled proved insufficient, it is proposed to apply to the Canadian universities to help out in the matter by sharing its teaching staff with the Khaki University.

But if anyone has perchance been inclined to doubt concerning the possibilities of securing the necessary teaching staff to carry on during the demobilization period, such doubts must surely be dispelled by a consideration of the magnificent staff of unpaid soldier instructors who have handled the work during the progress of the war. Amongst them are several Rhodes' scholars who have held high office in some Canadian university; presidents, deans and professors from universities and colleges from one end of Canada to the other, men holding degrees from the leading universities of Canada, America and the British Isles.

And surely there never was a group of instructors more enthusiastic in imparting to students the knowledge which they possessed. Very soon examination results began to indicate that the student enthusiasm in the institution was quite equal to that of the staff. It has been manifested in the lower as well as in the

Romance

By Grace G. Bostwick

'Twas just a little leaf that drifted down,
From out the myriad of other leaves;
Patterned the same, as faintly tinged with brown.
As when, first touched with frost, the verdure grieves.
But at its center, scarlet-splashed and gay,
A tiny heart, like blood, was plain to see,
And as I gazed, there, on the common way,
The poignancy of life came home to me.

They stir and move a-rustling in the wind,
Of daily life, the myriad of those—
The human leaves from out of the sordid grind,
That bear no hint of scarlet or of rose;
But in the heart of each, thank God, there gleams,
A tiny, never-dying fire of dreams!

Extensive plans have been formulated to cover the needs of the demobilization period. The most expert judgment puts the length of this period as sufficiently long to accomplish something very definitely helpful for the men, and it has been planned to have a highly organized university, offering widely diversified courses of study. It has been planned that all men from the Canadian forces, desirous of improving their educational equipment, will be concentrated in one centre for this intensive instruction. It has been confidently expected that at least ten thousand students would enroll in this great institution. In connection with this central university a department of extension is operated, which organizes and conducts lectures, either singly or in short series, of a popular character, but of a distinct educational tone.

In the central university courses are offered to cover:

- (1) An agricultural course, equivalent to one year's work in a Canadian agricultural college.
- (2) Business college course.
- (3) Matriculation course.
- (4) College grade work.
- (5) Engineering course, covering the first two years in an engineering school.
- (6) Normal training course.
- (7) Medical course for practitioners who have served in the war zone.
- (8) Legal studies.
- (9) An extension department.
- (10) Department of religious work.
- (11) Department of physical education.

higher branches taught. The occasional man who, probably through pioneering conditions, had missed even the rudiments of an education, has flushed with a sense of triumph as he has solved a simple sum in mathematics, or written his first letter. It is hard indeed to tell where such a beginning may lead him. Just how great a service Canada's Khaki University will render to the Dominion we will never know, but to-day it looms large as one of the important movements on foot to help solve some of the problems of the reconstruction period. Great Britain has recognized it as an important movement, and the British educational organizations have given it most valuable assistance. Through the kindness of the Universities College Authorities, magnificent class rooms in London have been given entirely free of charge, except for incidental expenses.

A Huge Dinner Can

"What's that?" asked the visitor, indicating a gasometer.
"Dinna ken," replied the Scot.
"Some can, too!" was the astonished rejoinder. "You must have communal dinners in this town."

The Bowels Must Act Healthily.—In most ailments the first care of the medical man is to see that the bowels are open and fully performing their functions. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded that certain ingredients in them act on the bowels solely and they are the very best medicine available to produce healthy action of the bowels. Indeed, there is no other specific so serviceable in keeping the digestive organs in healthful action.

Rural Reconstruction

By Irene Parlyb, President of the United Farm Women of Alberta

DO you ever think how different our rural life might have been if we had had sane building from the first gradual carefully selected settlement radiating out from the trunk lines of communication, constructing its branch lines, and its roads as it slowly spread out, taking its well built schools and hospitals with it, educating its people as they came in to the highest ideals of honest and efficient local self government, using the vast sums spent on immigration machinery in consolidating and preserving the lives of those settlers who came to us of their own free will, knowing the worth of the country, its conditions and how to meet them, not



Mrs. W. H. Parlyb, President of the United Farm Women of Alberta.

needing the enticements of immigration agents and their highly colored propaganda? Do you ever think over the sins of commission and omission of our various governments in the past? How badly they erred in allowing those men away in the market places of the world to grab with their greedy hands vast areas of our best lines of communication, and so driving settlement into land lying along the far off regions of the province, where no help could reach its people, where doctors, and nurses and teachers did not want to go? How with senseless folly they allowed competing railway systems to build in some districts closely parallel lines, and left other large tracts of country entirely non-served. As you travel much around the country does it not strike you in a forcible way, how these great public utilities, the railways, might have been made to serve the people, to a far greater extent, if they had been mapped out with a single eye to the best interests of the people who wanted channels of transportation and distribution by the government of that people, instead of by various corporations with increasing dividends as their prime object.

Then again the stupidity of allowing people to settle in waterless wastes, of saying to them, "You have Canadian air to breathe, Canadian soil at your feet, Canadian skies above your heads, go to and make a living as best you can!" Can people exist, let alone live on some kind of a crop once in every few years?

Some of the rural people have been puzzling over these things for some years; while they plowed their deep furrows, their minds were busy. Some went on working in a dull unintelligent kind of way, but some began to study their environment, to enquire in to conditions political and economic. The trail was a difficult one, camouflage, and every kind of deception baffled them in their search for truth, but like good hounds the scent once found these people went forward in the chase.

In days of old men wrote pen pictures of the utopias they saw in their dreams, our thinking rural people saw that here in these Western provinces not many decades ago men had the opportunity to build a modern utopia in very reality had the governments chosen the better way. A new country with fertile soil for hundreds of square miles, vast resources of timber and minerals, wonderful water power, seemingly inexhaustible supplies of coal—all this lying like a clean slate to be written on as the government of the country willed.

That we had no genius to write the story on that clean page, is our misfortune, that it should have been written by what the literary world calls "pot boilers" is perhaps partly our own fault—we were too supine, too careless into what hands we allowed this power to drift and on our own heads lies the burden. To-day some among us realise

to the full that all these bad things have been done, that it is difficult almost impossible to undo them, and that the question which lies before us at the present time is how to reconstruct a really worth while rural life on the top of this badly built foundation.

Before we can reconstruct, we must however clear away, we must take to pieces the old building, putting aside for future use such parts as are sound and good, but discarding all that is rotten or unsound. Then we must gather together our best builders, and each individual of us with patient endeavour must co-operate with those builders, carrying the stone, placing the mortar, carefully, unselfishly giving of our best to construct an edifice that will stand four square to the buffeting of time.

We need spiritual building as well as material; when you gaze at the exquisite workmanship of the ancient churches and cathedrals of the old world, you see the soul of the craftsman shining through his handiwork. Material thought and hands alone could not have designed and wrought those wonderful temples for an age old faith.

What we need to do to-day is to survey the whole field of our rural life, discover what is wrong, what is good, what should be retained in our reconstruction scheme, what discarded.

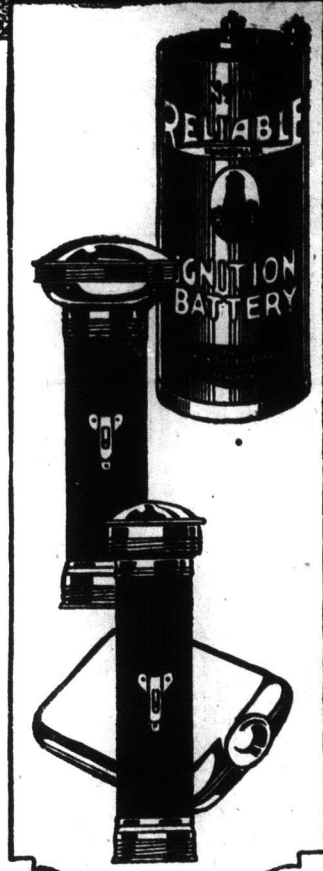
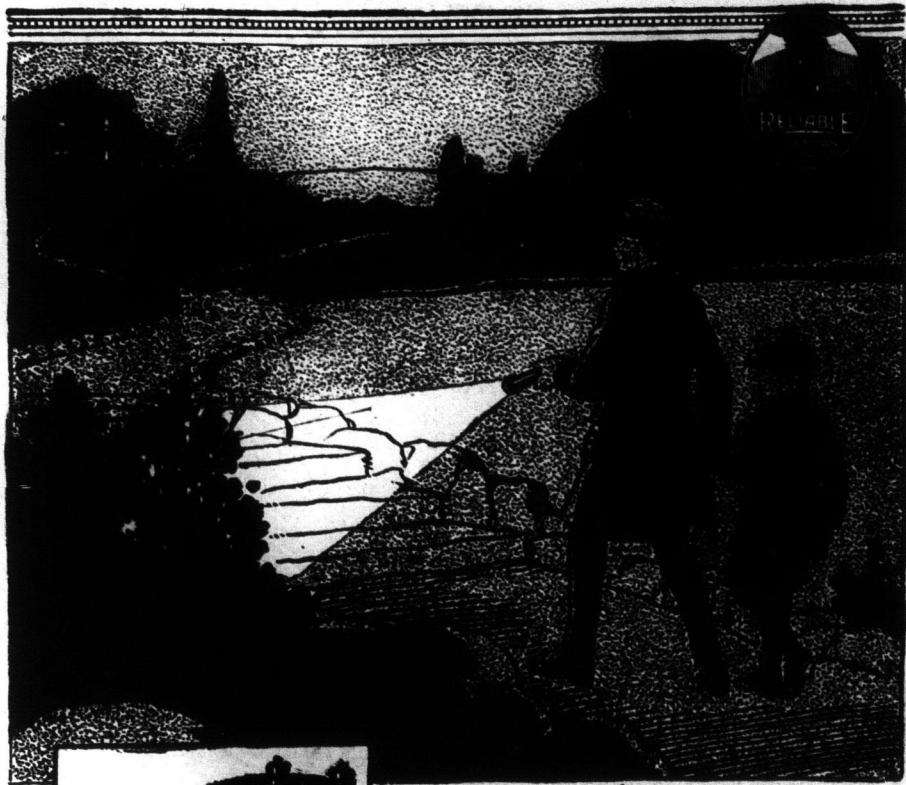
We have to endeavour to educate the public to the real conditions on the farms; to remove the feeling one meets so often in the cities of almost jealousy of the supposed extraordinary wealth and prosperity of the farm people.

Our daily press it seems is almost past praying for, it is the property of various propagandists and truth no longer shines from its pages; part of this propaganda seems to have been instituted to show the farmer to the world as a heartless profiteer, as rolling in the laps of luxury, spending his summers touring the country in luxurious automobiles, and his winters in sunny climes far from the rigours of our western prairies. A certain amount of this propaganda has been driven home so well that it has stuck in the minds of those ignorant of real conditions.

The other side of the picture is hidden; the war was not necessary to teach us the value of camouflage. But those of us who know see that other picture, whole districts where people have been hard put to it to buy food and clothes to get through this last winter, who must have seed given them to put into the ground next spring or starve; people whose condition is so desperate in their waterless waste that neither banks nor loan companies dare help them. Their condition of course if described in the press would be a poor advertisement for our country, it might do something to retard another boom period which our monied interests are looking to, and being an efficient business people we all join hands with the governments and the Canadian Manufacturers Association in propagating a "Campaign of Optimism."

One of the foundation stones of our reconstruction work must be the substitution of truth for propaganda. Those of us who know reality, who look truth squarely in the face, who have battled with conditions, fought against the elemental forces of Nature, hail and drought, frost and tempest, who have seen the hard penurious days, the unpaid slave labour of so many farm women and children, cry "Halt!" to a policy which proposes to place our soldiers on the soil with a millstone of debt around their necks, and a ton weight of taxation for the purpose of bonusing our manufacturing industries on their heads; a policy which gives these men this load to carry with a paternal government blessing as disguise, and tells them to "go to, quit themselves like men and make a living!"

If our rural life cannot be reconstructed these men have no bright prospect before them, for the future does not look too rosy for even the unnumbered agricultural people.



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Bruce's Choice Mixed. A good mixture. 10 for 50c., 25 for 90c., 100 for \$3.00, postpaid.

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Separate Colors. Whites, Yellows, Pinks, Scarlets. 10 for 75c., 25 for \$1.50, 100 for \$5.50, postpaid.

Named Varieties. Each separate and distinct. 12 for \$1.12, postpaid.

DAHLIAS

Very handsome flowers. Plant in May, bloom in September. Easily grown and tubers good for several seasons.

Named, Show, Decorative, Cactus, Collarette, and Single Varieties. 30c. each, \$2.70 dozen, postpaid. **Mixed Varieties,** 20c. each, \$2.00 dozen, postpaid. Also Galls and other Lilies, Tuberoses, etc.

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Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 200, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

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Lasting
Sweet meat
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All three kinds sealed
in air-tight, impurity-
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The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3, 1919.

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KILL - EM - QUICK
ad on page 46 of this issue

If we are to be forced by higher and yet higher tariff walls to buy made in Canada highly priced goods, that we may continue our plant for turning out millionaires; if against these high prices for the tools of our labour, and the soaring cost of necessities which this system produces we are to compete with the world in rapidly decreasing markets for our agricultural products, there seems nothing but a future of selfdom before the Western Canadian farmer.

At the present time we see a large and powerful organization using its vast resources of wealth in an effort to fasten for ever an unjust system on the backs of the people. We know for a fact that before war, the farms were coming more and more into the hands of the loan companies, that the farmers were in fact becoming tenants on the land which they had once owned, with the possibility of forceful eviction should at any time the element prove fatal to their

source of income. We saw a steady and increasing drift of farm people to the cities, of farm people back to the countries from which they came. War stopped the drift for the time, as it stopped the unemployment in the cities for a time. But what does the near future hold?

This question is growing daily more insistent, it is bringing the farm men and women by the hundred in to the ranks of the farmers' organizations, it is setting them to work studying political methods, economics, national questions as they never have before.

It is driving them to demand political action on the part of their organizations, it is making them realize how futile is the power of the electorate under our present system, making them realise the fact that if they wish for reconstruction along rural or national lines the people must prepare themselves by thought education, co-operation to become both architects and builders.

The Great Oil Boom

By Gordon Redmond

MR. POTTER had a pasture and a cow. He had other property, of course, but this is all that concerns us just now.

The cow got the itch or something one summer, and was treated by a travelling veterinary surgeon whom Providence threw in Mr Potter's way. The V.S. annointed the cow with a mixture of kerosene, turpentine and tar, and left for parts unknown.

As soon as his back was turned, the cow licked off the kerosene and the other ingredients, and then went and drank up part of a slough to get the taste out of her mouth; at the same time leaving an oily scum on the surface of the slough.

A few days later Mr. Potter noticed the scum. It was shortly after the oil boom in Calgary, and Mr. Potter was primed for oil, you might say. He went speeding home to break the joyful news.

Stalking solemnly into the house, Mr. Potter said to his wife:

"I hope you will try to bear up, my dear, under the strain of what I am going to tell you."

Mrs. Potter's heart stopped beating, and she groped blindly for a chair. The last time he had called her "my dear" was when the eldest boy had died.

"Is it the children, Si? One of them has —"

"No, no; nothing of the sort. Good news, Martha; the kind that's harder to bear than the other kind."

"Si, you can't mean that you've found the white hen!"

"My goodness, woman! do you talk of hens at a time like this? Martha, I've struck oil!"

"Oh, is that all?"

"All! Ain't it enough? Do you realize the part oil plays in the affairs of the nation? Coal oil, hair oil, cod liver oil—it don't matter what kind of oil it is, the man that strikes oil has struck a fortune."

"And we've struck it, Martha—struck it rich—barrels of it, tons of it, oceans of it! right in our own pasture. Yesterday that pasture was nothing but a pasture. I would have sold it for forty dollars an acre, and given time on it; to-day it is worth millions. I'll be able to develop that perpetual motion machine."

Mrs. Potter's face had brightened as the recital went on, but it clouded again at mention of the perpetual motion machine. She thought:

"What's the use? What he makes one way he loses another. He's already sunk enough money in that perpetual motion machine to keep us in comfort the rest of our days if we had it. The experts say that perpetual motion is impossible, but does that discourage him? He only says, 'Look at Columbus, what encouragement did he have? All the world against him, and he won out.' And he says it in a way that makes you believe that if there is any such thing as perpetual motion, he's the one to land it. I wonder what's given him this new start."

Aloud she said:

"How did you find the oil, Si?"
"Stumbled on it. It always happens that way. Some of my greatest discoveries have come to me in that fashion. Edison says the same thing, and Marconi and Graham Bell. Bless you, we inventors can't tell when an original idea is going to come plumping out of nowhere in particular and catch us in the solar plexus. We just keep working away, and hoping for an idea, and when it does come along we're ready to grab it."

"I was just walking through the pasture this morning—brain perfectly at rest; don't know but what I was whistling—seems to me I was whistling—and all of a sudden, here is this oil floating on a slough."

"To a man of ordinary mind, even if he had observed it, it would have meant nothing. What is a little oil floating on a slough? But your keen scientific

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They may be hurting you. Nervousness, headache, heart or stomach trouble are pretty sure indications.

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"There's a Reason"

observer overlooks nothing, neglects nothing. The smallest detail may speak volumes to his trained senses. Even a scratch, even a pimple, on the face of Nature has its significance.

"What did I do? Filled a bottle with that oily scum, and here it is. It goes forward to the Patent Office by express train to-day."

"The Patent Office?"
"Yes. They don't know anything about oil there, but they know me. That's what counts. Suppose I send this oil to the Department of Oleology, where it properly belongs. It means endless delay and confusion. Fourth Assistant Clerk says to his assistant:

"Who sent this oil?"
"Assistant doesn't know; asks his assistant. He doesn't know, but passes it on down the line. Finally the Fourteenth Sub-Assistant Office Boy takes that oil and cleans his boots with it; and all the time I'm writing letters and tracers, and wiring and phoning, and hiring detectives to follow that oil through the Department of Oleology."

"But I send it to the Patent Office, where they know me —"

"And well they might, with all the correspondence they get from you."

"— where they know me, and what is the result? Minister of Patents says to the Chief Clerk:

"Where's this oil from?"
"Which? Oh 'that. Potter sent that."

"Well, why don't you hunt up the information he wants, and wire it to him? You ought to know enough to do that, without being told. That is one man which must not be kept waiting."

"The result is, I get my information inside of a week, instead of having to wait goodness knows how long for it."

Mr. Potter's next step was to consult his banker; a young man who affected gaudy flowing ties, button boots, and loud shouting perfumes; the kind of young man who falls an easy prey to the practice of using the first initial and signing the second name in full. E. Leonidas Smith was the signature of this king of finance. He warmed up to Mr. Potter's proposition at once.

"What we want," he said, "is a merger."

Mr. Potter agreed that a merger was the very thing. He had been trying to think of that word all along.

"What capital would we need?" Mr. Smith asked.

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"Why, I'm not particular. What do you think?"

"Say, fifteen or sixteen million."

"Well, which? Fifteen or sixteen?"

"Make it sixteen."

"Very well. I'll make a note of it—capital, sixteen million. Paid up cap—"

"Omit that for the present."

"Assets?"

"Whatever you like. You can't make it too high."

"Say a billion?"

"Make it two."

"Assets, two billions. I tell you this is going to be a big thing. We'll make that Standard Oil bunch hump themselves."

"Hump; well I should say. In time we'll absorb them."

The whole merger was constructed along the same generous lines. It took all afternoon, but it was worth it.

The next morning found Mr. Potter busy "setting the stakes" for the oil wells. He had plenty of stakes, so he set them out freely and promiscuously. The lower end of the pasture fairly bristled with stakes.

Then he imported a gang of surveyors from Winnipeg to lay out the rest of the pasture according to a diagram he had prepared; a diagram labelled "Petroleum Heights: A Subdivision of the City of Dutton, Man.," a fearful and wonderful diagram, showing acres and acres of forty-foot lots, fronting on wide paved streets—streets that were boulevarded, treed and cement sidewalked on top, and sewer and gas mained underneath—with provision for church, school, theatre, fire-hall, burying ground, parks, slums—everything that the heart of the most ardent subdivisionist could desire.

By this time Dutton was waking up. The news had spread, and real estate

was climbing steadily. Every vacant lot in town was grabbed up by speculators—local speculators—of course—and every tract of vacant land for miles around was laid off in town lots and put on the market at fabulous figures.

Those surveyors made a good thing out of it. They elected to camp in Dutton for the summer.

The printing office staff was working overtime, turning out stock certificates, prospectuses, circulars, listing blanks, by the ream. The columns of the Courier were flooded with advertisements to the exclusion of all reading matter, unless you call editorials reading matter. Jim Haines wouldn't sacrifice his editorials for all the advertisements between here and Jericho. To do that would give him the feeling that he had betrayed a trust. He would sacrifice the advertisements first.

I don't know but what he did sacrifice a few, for a while there, while the boom was at its height. It hurt him

to do it, but he couldn't see any other way. They were paid for, I don't mean that; it was the principle of the thing that bothered him. A newspaper man just naturally hates to pass up good fill-up.

Another man that reaped a harvest was old Bill Henderson. Old Bill had a well-boring outfit, and was consequently in constant demand for sinking test-pits.

The pits never revealed any traces of oil, but that is not the purpose of a test-pit. The aim of the people who sank these pits was merely to get some kind of backing for the statement appearing on their "literature," that "Such and such a well—the fancier the name, the better—is not a wildcat proposition, but a bona fide oil well; drilling operations having already commenced." They spoke of old Bill's humble efforts as "drilling operations."

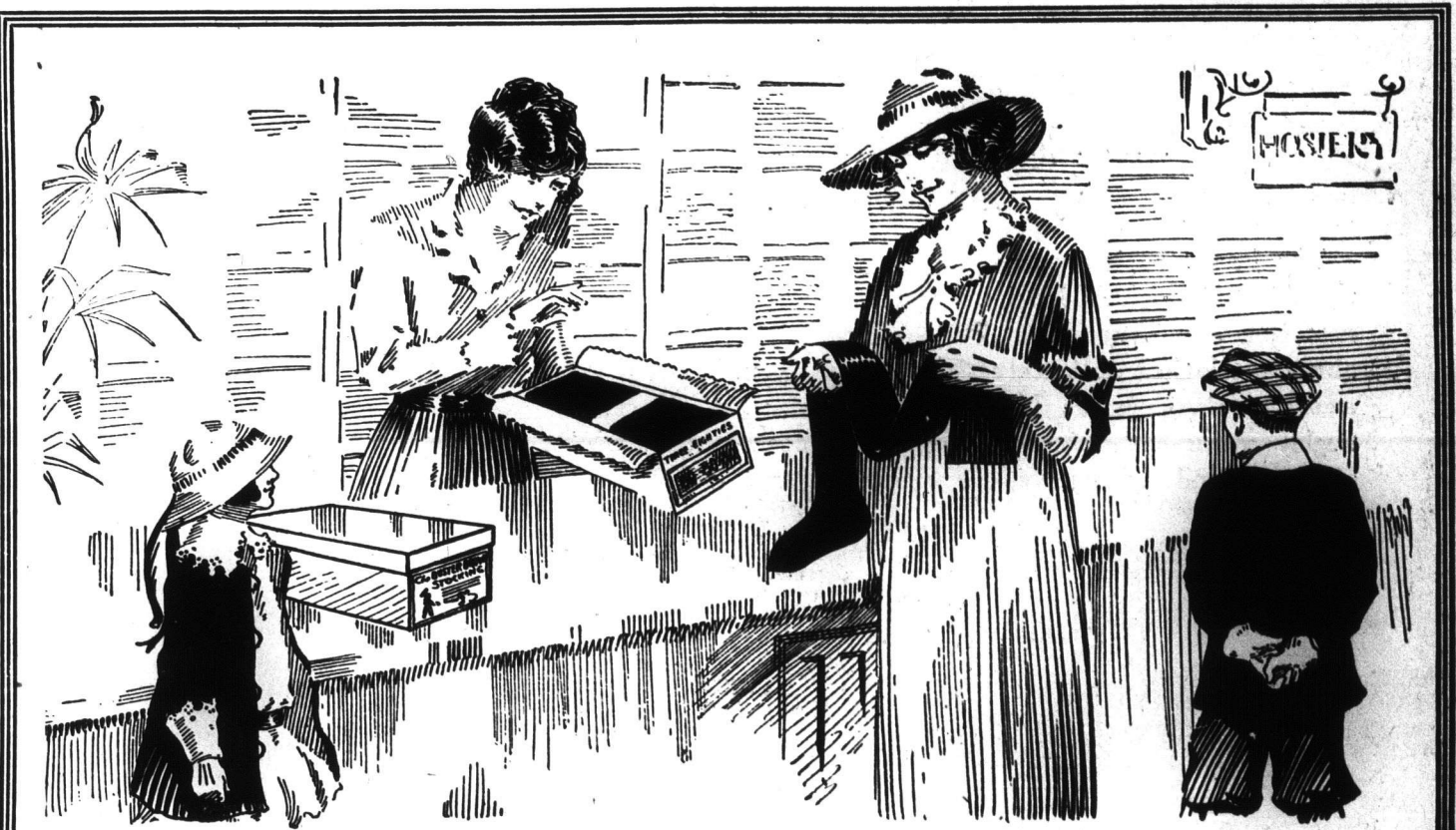
Mr. Potter contracted for the largest auger old Bill had in stock, a three-

foot weapon, for the use of the old original company, of which he was now president and managing director, Mr. Smith being secretary and treasurer. He said he figured it was up to them, as the oldest and largest company, to put in the largest plant.

When the report on that scum came from Ottawa, it set the town by the ears. The Patent Office had handed Mr. Potter's sample to the Government Analyst, and he had discovered—by proxy, of course—that the main ingredient of that oily scum was just ordinary kerosene, with slight traces of turpentine and tar.

Not crude petroleum, mind you! but the refined article—kerosene—common coal oil, the kind you burn in lamps. No expensive refining machinery necessary; just pump it out like water, and barrel it up. I tell you that was a lucky find. It's probably the only case of its kind on record.

The night the report came there was



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You have appreciated the qualities of comfort, durability and economy contained in "Three Eighties," the special "Sunshine" hosiery for women.

It will interest you, then, to know that "The Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada" have a brand similar in quality for each member of the family.

"Buster Brown," "Rock Rib" and "Hercules"—for boys

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These special lines of "Sunshine Hosiery" are carried by all up-to-date stores,

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POWDERS

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a torchlight procession in Dutton, with Mr. Potter occupying the position of honor at its head. The torches were brooms dipped in coal oil. The Duttonians felt they could afford to splash it around, now that they had so much of it, right under their feet. There wasn't a drop of coal oil left in Dutton that night.

The procession wended its way to The King's Hotel, and ordered up an impromptu banquet; the guest of the evening—and, later on, of the morning—being Silas Benjamin Potter, discoverer of refined coal oil in Dutton.

The lights failed, from lack of oil, about two o'clock; but nobody minded that. They kept up the eating and drinking and speechmaking in the dark, and not until the sun was peeping above the Eastern horizon did they think of going home.

Celebration? That was a celebration. For the first time in his life, Mr. Potter went home smelling of intoxicants. The boys had persuaded him that such a peculiarly special and altogether unique occasion demanding moistening of some kind, and had loaded him up with cock-tails.

He did not go to bed with his boots on, the way a drunk man should, if he cares anything about the traditions of the thing; rather he displayed an exaggerated carefulness in the removing and subsequent bestowal of his garments, inasmuch that there was not an article of furniture in the room but received some part of Mr. Potter's wearing apparel.

When he awoke, late in the afternoon, his trousers hung gracefully over the mirror, while two of the bedposts carried a sock apiece. He awoke with a raging headache, and his first thought was one of anger against whomever had taken the liberty of tossing his garments around in that incoherent way. Then he remembered, and lifted his head for shame. He expected Mrs. Potter would be scandalized.

If she was, she never let on. She knew he didn't do it on purpose, so what was the use of making a fuss? A wife like that is a great comfort to a man.

It takes a while to sink a three-foot hole to any depth. By the time old Bill had wormed that auger ten feet into the bowels of the earth—as Mr. Potter spoke of the operation—the company decided that an auger of a smaller caliber would answer the purpose just as well and it should get down faster to where the oil was. That was the main thing. So a two-foot auger was substituted, and the boring went on apace.

Still the company was not satisfied; they changed to a twelve-inch bore, abandoned that for an eight-inch, and gave up the eight for a six.

Then they encountered a difficulty; old Bill's limit, in the way of depth, was a hundred and four feet, although his contract called for a thousand.

A hurried meeting of the company was held, and after long and earnest consultation, it was decided to let Bill go ahead, as he offered to do, and make hundred feet each. The "operations" were resumed on that basis.

One morning it was noticed that the scum had disappeared from the surface of the slough, and Mr. Potter ordered that drilling operations be suspended at once. The disappearance of the oil was proof, he said, that they had tapped the parent vein.

They were drilling at the time in Well No. 3. Mr. Potter tied a small can to a string, weighted it with stones, and dropped it down the well.

It came up brimming with water, clear cold water—not the slightest trace of oil in it.

For a moment Mr. Potter looked puzzled. Then a great light burst forth upon his countenance. He said:

"Boys, this is the most stupendous discovery of this or any century, a discovery that makes the Law of Gravitation look pale and weak, and lays the Conservation of Energy away in the shade. It has remained for us to wrest from Nature her last and greatest secret—soluble oil!"

"You have been taught, and perhaps you have believed, that oil and water will not mix. I have always doubted

it. And here we have the proof that it is not so.

"Look at this can of ostensible water. Can you detect any trace of oil there? Not the slightest. Yet it is there in abundance; but so subtly concealed, so perfectly blended, by the alchemy of Nature, that not even the most experienced eye can detect it."

Mr. Potter, overcome by emotion, retired to write a pamphlet on "The Soluble, Dissoluble, and Indissoluble Distillates of Petrolatum"—a title suggested by Mr. Todd, the schoolmaster—leaving the crowd to gape in open-mouthed wonder at the can of ostensible water. Privately Mr. Potter hoped that the pamphlet would gain him a membership in the Royal Zoological Society of London.

This discovery gave a fresh impetus to frenzied speculation in oil wells. The boom was at its height, and booming serenely along, when that veterinary came back to town.

Of course he had to listen to the story of the great oil strike—every newcomer was accorded that privilege—and as a clincher they showed him the Government report.

That veterinary left town hurriedly during the night, but a few days later a letter came for Mr. Potter from a remote part of British Columbia. It had been posted on the train, in order to conceal, as far as possible, the whereabouts of the sender; but it was from that miserable veterinary, and it put forth the absurd theory that the Dutton oil wells had been "salted" by a cow, or some such nonsense. Why, the man must be mentally deficient to write such a ridiculous letter as that. Mr. Potter took no stock in it whatever.

He tried distilling the oil out of that ostensible water, but it wouldn't distill; he tried using the water as an illuminant, with no better success; then he gave it up. Said he had done his part in discovering the oil; if the rest of the world couldn't find a way of utilizing it it was their loss.

Deserted by their leader, the citizens of Dutton were helpless. Not knowing what to do, they did nothing, and let the boom go by default.

I have said they did nothing. That is not strictly true; they did one thing. They protested the valuation of every parcel of land on the village assessment roll the following year.

Starting a Crowd off on a Song

Nobody feels more like thirty cents than the person who is out in a crowd and when "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" or "God Save the King" is called for, not one ventures to act as starter. Sometimes a faltering voice pipes out the first couple of notes starting the tune off about half an octave too high. Then the singers must watch sharp or the whole thing will fall flat.

Why should not everybody be equipped to start such familiar and standard pieces as those above mentioned? It is easy enough to do. And often it helps proceedings very much. Take for example this incident related by one of the nurses returned from overseas. One of the Red Cross nurses in France was passing down a ward in her charge on Christmas Eve. The soldiers were unusually quiet and there were traces of tears on several of the faces. "I guess we're homesick," one of the men volunteered, "don't you think it would be a good plan to sing something, nurse?" The nurse thought it would. "Well, you start us," returned the first speaker, "we can all sing if someone will only just start the songs." The nurse never felt her inability to do anything so much in her life. She sadly confessed she could not lead them in the singing.

This is hardly a typical case, for so often it is only among a few in some small meeting. But one's inability applies just the same in measure. Would it not be a good thing for everyone to resolve that he or she will prepare so as to be able to start a group off on any of these familiar songs?

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

The Marble Staircase

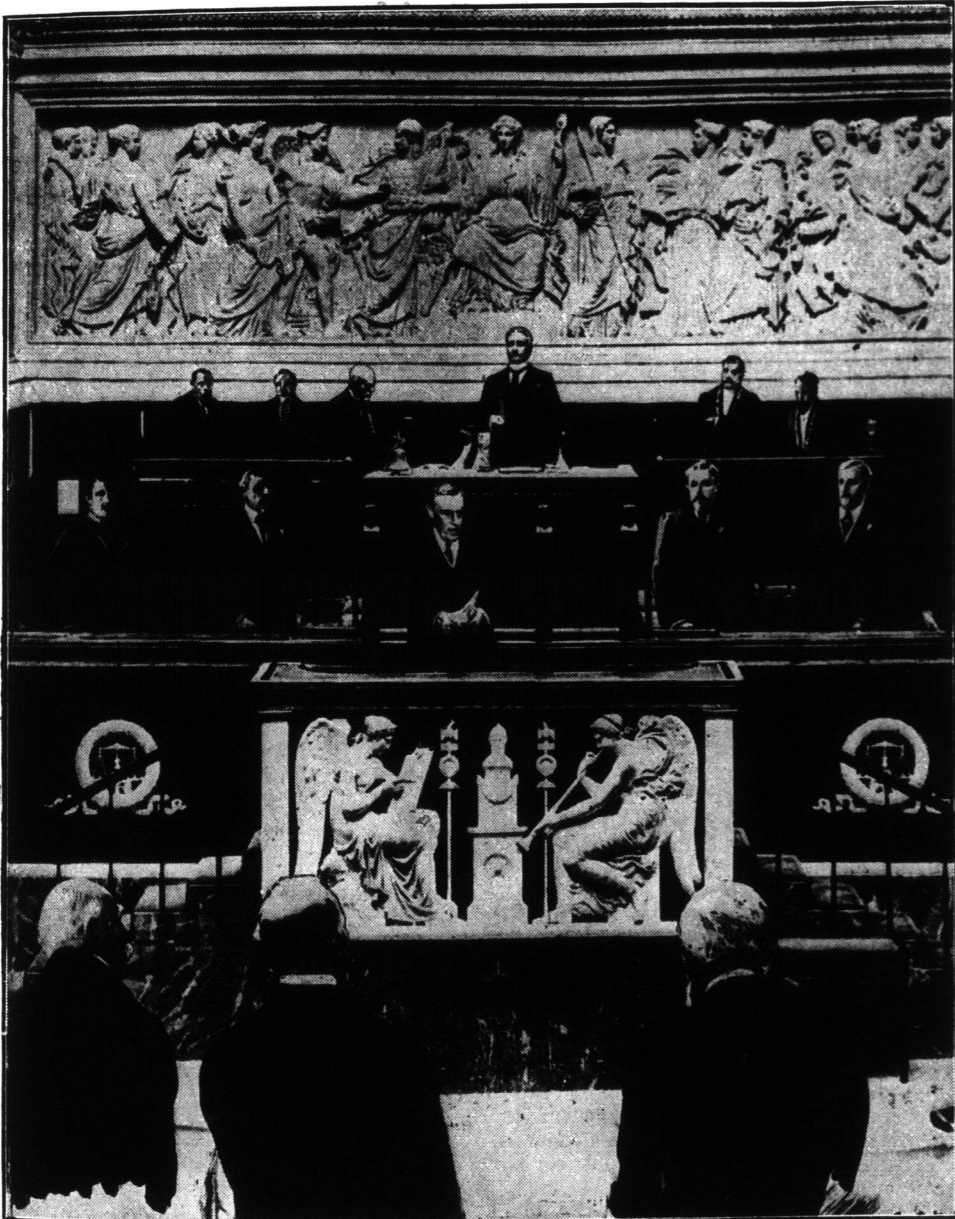
Written for The Western Home Monthly by A. T. Horton

MIRANDA sat on the broad window sill of her bedroom gazing out on the moonlit fields that lay in front of her. She should have been in bed an hour ago, and perhaps this fact added to her enjoyment as she sat there, the cool night air gently waving the fair hair that hung round her shoulders. All that day she had been in more or less of a rebellious mood. She had planned to escape into the woods early in the morning and spend this first day of her holidays in lazy enjoyment of their shady depths, but her mother had been obliged to go to town, and nurse had been busy all day with baby who was cutting his teeth. So much to her disgust Miranda had been told to keep an eye on her younger brothers and sisters, which meant that she had had very little leisure all day long.

Miranda was fifteen years old, and the eldest girl of a family of five. She should have been a great help to her rather delicate mother, but unfortunately

it gracefully, but became cross and ill-tempered, and considered herself very much ill used. Her mother had constantly to complain of her neglected duties, and just now she was particularly trying as she had taken up with the idea that a person of such literary importance as she was about to become could not waste any time on such trifles as her personal appearance, and she went about dishevelled and untidy, with her fingers covered with ink stains and her hair unbrushed.

"I wish mother would not worry so," she said to herself as she gazed out of the window. "Whatever does it matter how I look when my mind is engrossed with high and noble thoughts? And oh, those children how bothersome they were to-day! They seem to think I have nothing better to do than to wait on them and play with them. When I am a great author they will be proud of me and sorry that they did not give me more encouragement. Oh, dear, I wish it wasn't such slow work and that I could



President Wilson, explaining to the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies the meaning of the League of Nations.

for her own peace of mind she had wonderful ideas of some day becoming very great and famous, and those ideas took such possession of her mind and thoughts that she rebelled at being asked to do what she called the hum-drum things of life, and even her teachers at school had to complain of work shirked and badly done.

Her ideas of greatness and fame varied according to the subject that happened at the time to interest her most. Sometimes she would plan for herself great fame as an artist. Then all her spare time was devoted to painting and drawing. All her brothers and sisters would be persuaded in to acting as models, and everything would be neglected for the craze while it lasted. Just now she was determined to become a famous author, the last cent of her pocket money had been spent in manuscript paper, and she went about with a notebook and pencil always jotting down anything she considered might prove useful to her in her literary career. She had, of course, quite a lot of teasing from the various members of her family, and I am sorry to say that she had not yet learnt to bear

suddenly find myself famous." "You won't do that," said a gruff little voice at her elbow, "You can't jump into greatness in that fashion."

Miranda turned quickly and saw standing near her a little man of rather stern appearance who was looking her up and down with disapproving eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked, "and what do you know of greatness and fame?"

"A good deal more than you, my dear," the little creature answered. "But if you are willing to be taught I can help you."

"Help me to become great and famous?" asked Miranda, eagerly.

"Well, that depends on yourself a good deal," answered the little man, "but I can show you the way all right, my name is Duty."

"Then do, oh, please do show me," cried Miranda impatiently.

"Well, you had better come with me then," answered the little man, and before Miranda had time to ask when or how she found herself floating gently out of the window and across the moonlit fields by the side of her strange com-



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The calorie is the energy unit by which we measure food.

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Here is what they cost, at this writing, in some necessary foods:

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In Round Steak	1.23
In Veal Cutlets	1.71
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In Canned Peas	1.63
In Hen's Eggs	2.10
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That means that meats, eggs and fish on the average, cost ten times Quaker Oats for the same energy units.

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But there is every reason why Quaker Oats should be the basic breakfast.

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We flake queen grains only for Quaker Oats—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

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panion. She did not feel frightened, only excited and curious, and before she could ask any questions they found themselves in a hall of white marble at the far end of which was a white marble staircase the top of which she could not see. Small figures were mounting the staircase, some near the bottom, others half way up, while others again had gone so far they were disappearing from view.

"Now," said her companion, "there you are, that is the way you must go."

"Up those stairs," questioned Miranda, "why how easy?"

"Not quite so easy as you think," answered her little guide. "But perhaps you would like to go nearer where you can see better."

A closer view of the staircase revealed to Miranda that the figures mounting its gleaming steps were in reality not small at all but ordinary sized men and women. It was only the great distance that had made them appear so small, and now that she was close to the stairs they seemed gigantic. Perhaps after all the climbing was not so easy as it had first appeared.

Miranda, however, was all anxiety to begin. "Can I go and try at once," she asked eagerly.

"Yes, the sooner you climb the first step the better for you," answered her companion. "Now, look," he continued as they drew still nearer, "I believe you are close enough to read the names on the stairs."

"Names on the stairs?" questioned Miranda, puckering up her forehead in her endeavor to see more clearly.

"Yes, every step has a name, now can you not read those golden letters on the first step?"

"H," began Miranda, "No, I cannot make it out yet, let us hurry, I am so anxious to begin."

At last she was near enough to see plainly. How immense the first step was to be sure towering away above her head, and how strangely small and easy it had appeared when viewed from a distance. Now at last she could read the golden letters, "Humility." What a strange name, thought Miranda, for the first step in the climb to greatness, and how much greater the step was than she had ever imagined. She could not even see over the top now that she stood immediately below it. She would never be able to get up it, there seemed no foothold on its polished surface.

"It is so very much more difficult than I thought," sighed poor Miranda. "I do not think that I am tall enough to climb it."

"That has nothing to do with it whatever," said her little friend. "No one is too small to climb that step."

"Well, I suppose I must try and make a spring, I think if I could get my hands on the top I could pull myself up."

But no, she found she could not spring nearly high enough, and she had several bad falls during her attempts, at last she sat down below it disappointed and exhausted.

"You are too heavily laden," said the little man, "whatever have you got in that knapsack on your shoulder?"

"Oh, that is one of my most precious possessions, I cannot possibly part with that, it is most valuable."

She unstrapped the knapsack as she spoke and drew out a large piece of glittering rock. "That is gold," she said, "pure gold. I must not lose that whatever I do."

"Nonsense," said the little man, looking closely at it. "You are quite mistaken, that is quartz, there may be a little gold in it, but it is precious little, and to think that you have been carrying that about everywhere with you, thinking it is valuable," he went on.

Poor Miranda looked very crestfallen. "Are you sure about it," she asked.

"Well," said her friend, "let us take it along to our refining works and we shall soon find out what it is worth."

Not very long after Miranda was gazing ruefully at the minute piece of gold that was all that was left of her treasure. "And I thought it was all valuable," she said.

"Do you know," asked the little man, "what is the name of that particular kind of quartz, it is called Self-confidence, and as a rule it contains very little pure gold, and quite a lot of other baser metals, such as Pride, Self-will, etc. We do quite a lot of this sort of thing at our refining works, and that old man whom you saw so busy there is Mr. Experience,

he is very, very old, no one quite knows his age, but he is always busy at work and ready to help people whether they ask him or not."

"And can I take this little bit of gold with me?" asked Miranda.

"Oh, yes, it is valuable to you, and you must not lose it. Now come and try again to mount that first step."

Once again she stood looking up at the polished step in front of her. Had she grown since she last stood there? Certainly it did not look so formidable, and now she noticed that the golden letters were so deeply engraved in the marble that they would afford her a foothold to help her in her climb. After one or two more failures she found herself at last on the first of the marble steps. Now she had time to look about her and found the step to be a vast expanse of white marble stretching away in front and on either side of her. It was only by walking from one end to the other that she was able to spell out the name on the next step of this wonderful staircase.

"Perseverance," she exclaimed as she arrived at the last letter, "I wonder if it will be as difficult to climb as the last."

It seemed an almost endless business the mounting of this second step, but her little friend urged her on, until reaching the top of it she lay down for a while quite exhausted and sighing to herself, "I shall never, never see the top of the staircase."

"Come, you must not despair," said the little man kindly, every step you take is bringing you nearer to your goal. You will feel better about it all when you have climbed the next step."

Miranda roused herself and toiled across the weary expanse of the step she had just climbed until she stood below the next one. She was tired, and the step looked very formidable as she stood there below it. The sun had ceased to shine and the letters looked hard and dull as she slowly spelled out the name Patience.

"Dear me!" sighed poor Miranda, "Is it possible that all the great men and women have had to toil up this staircase?"

"Yes," said her little guide, "they have all had to climb it sometime or other, and very often when some of them have been nearing the top they have slipped and had to begin all over again."

How long and weary the climbing of this step proved. Again and again when she thought that she had succeeded she missed her footing and fell back; and when at last she did reach the top it was only to be confronted with a step that appeared harder and higher than any of the others.

"This is the great step of Knowledge," said her guide, "it will take you years to climb it."

"Oh, how glad I shall be to know I am at the top," sighed Miranda.

"Perhaps you will never know it if you get there," replied her little friend. "Many people never find it out; but come it is getting late."

The little man's voice seemed to have changed, she felt a hand on her shoulder and looked round. The marble staircase and her little guide had disappeared, it was her mother's hand that lay on her shoulder, and her mother's voice repeating, "It is very late, and quite time you were in bed."

Miranda rubbed her eyes sleepily, "Why, mother," she cried, "I believe I've been dreaming," and she began to tell her mother the story of her strange dream adventures. When she had finished her mother kissed her fondly. "If my daughter really climbs that staircase," she said, "she will be truly great, for the truest greatness is in going where duty leads you, and learning the lessons of humility, patience and perseverance, and the knowledge of all that is useful and good."

\$200,000 in a Waste-Basket

Sophia Holmes was a free colored woman, the wife of a slave owned by Colonel Seaton, who lived in Washington at the beginning of the Civil War. The husband was with the army, and lost his life at the Battle of Manassas; so his widow, who had ten children to care for, applied to General Spinner, then Treasurer of the United States, for work. She was given the task of sweeping, dusting, and emptying waste-baskets at a salary of \$15 a month.

One day, after the clerks had all left the rooms, she discovered that one of the

boxes in which waste paper was thrown was almost full of big bundles of crisp, new money! Some of the bills were as high in denomination as \$1,000. They were all neatly packed, and enough litter to hide them was spread over them.

Sophia hastily covered up the treasure, and continued her work as if nothing had happened. The watchman, making his last rounds, asked her why she lingered so late. She pretended to be busy, and the man kept on, and left her undisturbed. Sophia feared to tell the watchman what she had found. "He mought er tuck the money hisself, and then laid it on me," she afterward said.

Now Sophia knew that it was the habit of General Spinner to spend the night in his office. So great was his anxiety at this time that he slept in a little room that adjoined his main office. In a jacket and slippers, he would rest most of the night, although he would get up frequently to make a tour of the building, and satisfy himself that everything was in perfect order.

So Sophia waited. She sat on the box of money and nodded. The hours slipped by, and still she failed to hear the tap! tap! of the old slippers coming down the stone halls. But at last she heard the familiar footsteps approach her door. As General Spinner was about to pass, he stepped forward.

"Jest step in here and see what I done find!" exclaimed Sophia, in a mysterious voice. Then she took the litter from the top of a big box, and showed to the startled man the bundles of new money within.

General Spinner sent at once for some of the Treasury officials; the money was counted, and found to amount to over \$200,000. Meanwhile he sent Sophia home in a carriage to her waiting little ones.

No one ever found out who put almost a quarter of a million dollars of newly printed money into a trash-box. The mystery remains unsolved to this day. As a reward for her honesty, Sophia Holmes was appointed to a position that paid her more than fifty dollars a month. She died thirteen years ago at the ripe age of seventy-nine years.



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Humors of the Air Service

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

ONE of the peculiarities of all wars is that one hears quite as much of the humorous side as of the tragic. Presumably this is one sort of compensation, because nobody could go through a war with his eye only on the tragic side and retain his reason. However, the fact remains that if you talk to any soldier who has been through a big campaign he will tell you any amount of stories of the comic things that have happened, and very little of the unpleasantness.

Much of the same thing is happening in this war, and I find that our flying men are not only very light-hearted in the way they go about their work, but are quite amusing in their accounts of what they have actually done. A good many of their stories have come my way, as several relatives are serving in the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Air Force, and their yarns struck me as worth jotting down.

One of the most amusing things that has happened to any aviator as yet occurred at the very beginning of the war. The hero is an English officer who has since distinguished himself very highly, but who in this particular instance must not be indicated any more definitely.

Before the war the Air Department of the British Admiralty, always keen on giving a fair trial to anybody who showed signs of originality, bought a big German bi-plane, built at Leipzig, familiarly known as the D.F.W. It is a heavy, large, and stately machine, and with its swept-back wings, it simply shouted "German" to anybody who had any knowledge of aeroplanes at all. Nevertheless, it is quite a good flier if

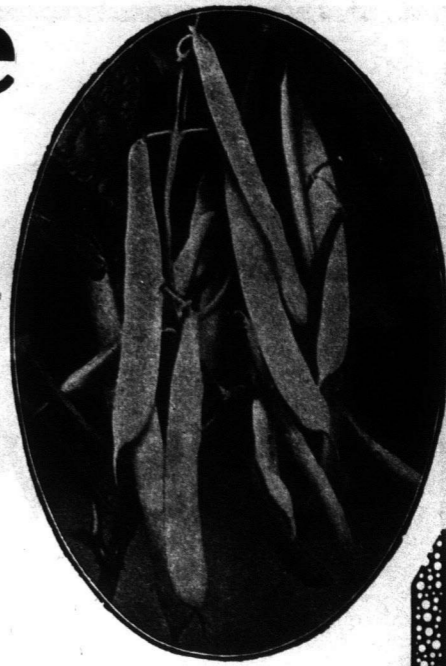
one gives it time to get off the ground, and has done a number of very good, long-distance flights. Since after the declaration of war, the officer who was flying this machine was ordered up to the North of England, and on his way he came down to lunch on the race-course of a certain town.

It so happened that a civilian aviator who knew him and the machine rather well happened to be staying in that particular town, and hearing the noise of an engine, looked up and saw the D.F.W. majestically descending. Thereupon he hurried up to the race-course as being the only place where it was likely to land, and on arriving there found that a company of Regular infantry stationed near had rushed to the course to look at the aeroplane, and seeing the German name on the machine promptly arrested the pilot as a German service aviator. Of course, he protested that he was a British officer, but one can hardly expect the average mud-crusher of the line to recognize as a British uniform a kit which begins at the top with a leather helmet, proceeding downwards through a Naval Air Service jacket with brass buttons, which is precisely the same as this ordinary naval jacket, and finish up with the riding breeches, puttees, and hob-nailed boots. Consequently, the pilot was hauled off promptly to the police station and shoved in the cells.

On arriving, the civilian aviator, who was well known in the town, managed to persuade the officer in command of the troops, that his friend was really a Naval aviator, and further evidence was produced in the form of a mess bill, which the pilot had in his pocket from one of the Naval Air stations. When

(Continued on Page 29)

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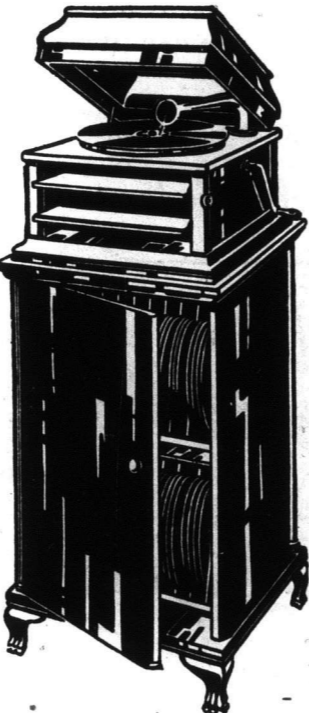
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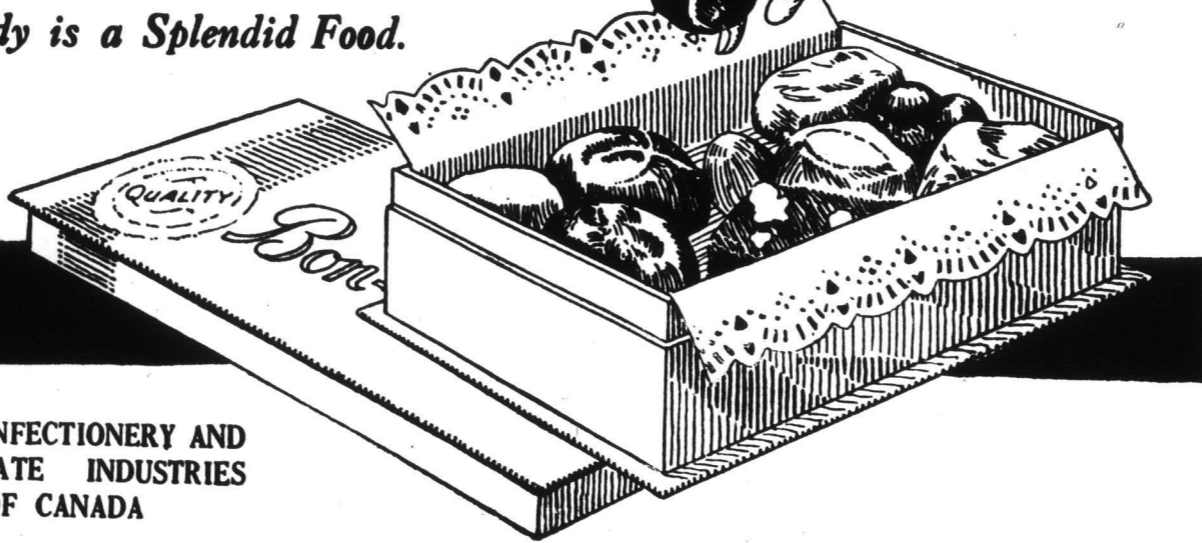
This war experience is supported by scientific opinion, and some misconceptions are set right in the following extract from the *Canada Lancet*:—

"Candy and Chocolate are nutritious, stimulating foods. There is not the least scientific foundation for the opinion that eating candy is injurious to the teeth. The lack of sugar is much more likely to injure the teeth through impaired nutrition than even its excessive use is liable to do by any digestive troubles which might result from overuse.

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A story of the absolute imperturbability of an English officer deserves to be told. This particular officer who is a Squadron Commander, and a splendid flyer, was starting out one day from a Royal Air Force camp towards the German lines, and as he was passing over friendly country instead of circling round and round to get his proper cross-country altitude of 4,000 to 6,000 feet to be out of range, he went straight off climbing steadily, with the result that a mile or so from the camp he was only about 1,000 feet up, and then he passed over some French troops going up to the fighting line.

Now, one of the things that worried the aviators most is that French and British troops insisted in those early days on firing on every aeroplane they saw, regardless of its nationality. Apparently it was impossible to teach them the difference between the various types of machines, and the troops themselves took no chances of letting a German machine off by mistaking it for a British one. Consequently, as soon as they saw this particular machine, the Frenchmen started firing at it, and as it was well within range the machine was hit in several places.

This so annoyed the pilot that instead of climbing faster to get out of the way he shut off his engine and glided down straight at the French troops, and landed close alongside the road. The Frenchmen rushed forward to make a prisoner of the supposed German aviator, but to their surprise a British officer climbed out of the machine. Brushing aside the men who had come to arrest him, he walked straight up to the commanding officer, and started with, "I say, damn it all, this isn't good enough," and proceeded to deliver a lecture on the evil effects which might accrue from firing at a British aeroplane, and further explained to him the difference between French, British and German machines.

Then he got a few of the French soldiers to hold the tail of his machine while he started his engine, and then set off again. About a mile further on he passed over some more French soldiers, and, of course, this lot did exactly the same thing as the first. Thereupon, he gave up for that day, at least, the idea of being an aviation missionary to the French army, and got well up into the sky as quickly as he could.

Another incident which caused considerable joy to the Royal Air Force, because it allowed them to score off the Staff, befell a young officer who is an uncommonly good pilot. He was told off one day to take up one of those highly intellectual Staff officers, who know their own particular jobs to perfection, and have had no time in their lives in which to pick up general knowledge. They started off from their own landing ground quite comfortably, and were well over the German lines when a shell from an anti-aircraft gun smashed one of the ailerons of the machine. Naturally the smashing of an aileron means the removal of nearly all the lateral control of the machine, though a certain amount of control may be maintained by skilful use of the rudder, always providing the machine does not get too far on the damaged side. Seeing what had happened the pilot got the machine safely round, headed back for his own lines, and eventually by some very clever rudder work, landed exactly where he had started without smashing a thing.

Immediately the machine came to a stop, the Staff officer scrambled out and rushed off to Headquarters to report how the pilot to whom he had been entrusted lost his nerve immediately a German shell burst over the aeroplane, and had come back to the landing ground in abject fear. He wished him to be court-martialled forthwith for cowardice in face of the enemy. It was only when the Staff came to investigate a little further that it was discovered that the passenger owed the pilot not only an apology, but very sincere thanks for getting him back alive under circumstances in which many pilots would probably have lost control of the machine altogether, and have finished up with the machine, pilot and passenger all one mangled heap on the ground.

The Middle Trail

Written for The Western Home Monthly By C. Lewis Rotherham

WHEN Jack Benson was ten years old his father moved West. He said the farming was better that way, but the truth was he was possessed with the spirit of unrest. This was largely accounted for by the fact that his wife had died six months before. It had broken up his world, and he had not been able to piece it together again, and never would, as it had been. So he sought relief in change. He would take up a farm in the West. Perhaps if he worked hard, in new surroundings, he would not feel the ache so much. But in this he was mistaken. Everything to do with farming seemed in some way connected with his loss. He had been in the habit of talking over farm matters with his wife, and her keen interest in all that was going on had, more than he knew, stimulated him to effort. He missed all that, as well as her presence in the house. He had everything to do for himself, except such things as Jack could assist in, and his very food tasted different. So after a while he threw up the farm, sold his implements and horses, and struck out further west and north, taking Jack with him for he was fond of the boy. From this time on he led a wandering life. When funds were low he would work in logging camps, or join prospecting parties, or hunt and trap as opportunity occurred. Then suddenly the end came. He was working with a logging crew skidding logs out from the bush to the skidway by the trail. His team, which was young and none too well broken, shied at an imaginary something in the undergrowth, and swerved sharply, and the butt end of the big log he was hauling struck one of the standing poplars, interspersed with the spruce, just above the roots. Although apparently sound it was at this point thoroughly rotten, with the action of the thawing of successive snows, and with the force of the impact it snapped as a man might snap a match between his fingers. It fell with lightning rapidity, and Benson, whose whole attention was centered on his team, was struck to the ground. The crash attracted the notice of a teamster at the skidway, who ran to his assistance, but when he had prized up the fallen tree and extricated the unfortunate man he found him unconscious, with a terrible wound on his head. Hastily he brought his sleigh as near as possible, laid some poles across the bunks and some spruce branches and his coat upon it, and half dragging, half carrying the helpless man lifted him on to this rough stretcher. Then he struck out for the camp, two miles distant, but barely had willing hands laid their burden on the blankets in the bunk house than the life so sorely troubled had ebbed away.

So, at fourteen, Jack was left an orphan, but in this calamity he found an unexpected friend. This was Rob MacDonald, the man who had brought his father into camp. Rob was a Scotchman, and an inveterate smoker. Seldom was he seen without his old black pipe in the corner of his mouth, often upside down. When twitted on one occasion on its being destitute of tobacco, he replied naively: "Eh! mon, it hae still the flavor," which, judging by its color, was no doubt true. He was for the most part reserved and taciturn, but under a rugged exterior was hidden a heart of gold. From the first he assumed the guardianship of Jack as a matter of course, and the boy was only too ready to look to him for assistance. So time went on. The logging camps broke up before the thaw, and Rob who had heard of a good trapping ground further north suggested that they try their luck with the traps. Jack was nothing loth, and together they journeyed by forest trails and across broad lakes in search of game, pushing always further and further away from civilization, for the further they went the better the trapping became. At last they found themselves in a country inhabited solely by Indians and a few half-breeds, but abounding in game. And here commenced a long sojourn, extending to months and years, till Jack was turned twenty. During this latter time he had hardly seen a white man. Occasionally, indeed, they had gone back to the Hudson's Bay Post to dispose of their furs, but more often they had dispatched them by a half-breed who brought back their

value in provisions. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that Jack grew up quiet and reserved. Rob, though the best of friends, had little to say, and there was not much conversing with the few Indians or half-breeds they met. And Nature herself, in this vast wilderness of wood and water, seemed to impart her silence to those who dwelt with her. But whatever the elder may have felt, there was in the heart of the younger man a yearning for the society of his kind, and for a more intimate knowledge of the world they had left behind them. But his loyalty to Rob who had been so good to him, kept him from speech on the matter. Rob he felt was wedded to the woods, and he could not leave him. But at this juncture an unexpected thing happened. The "boss" of the logging camp had, at the time of his father's death, written to the only relative of whom Jack knew, an uncle in England, but whether because the letter had miscarried, or the address was incorrect, no answer had been received.

As time went on Jack ceased to think of the matter, but now, to his surprise, there came a much redirected letter, sent on from the Hudson's Bay Post, by the Half-breed who brought their supplies. On being opened it was found to contain two missives. One, on a sheet with the printed heading of a firm of solicitors in London, England, ran as follows:

"Sir.—We have the honor to inform you that under the provisions of the will of your late Uncle, Henry F. Benson, Esq., you are entitled to a legacy of one thousand pounds. Should you so desire we can transmit this amount to you through the London branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and await your instructions in the matter.

"We also enclose a letter found among the papers of your late uncle, and addressed to you. It would appear to have been gathered up with some documents and placed in the drawer where it was found. The deceased gentleman was doubtless under the impression that it had been posted to you.

"We are, your obedient servants,
"Jones & Jenkins."

The other letter was one of condolence written to Jack on receipt of the news of his father's death and expressing his uncle's desire to assist him. It concluded with the following sentence:

"Should you be without funds I would advise that you go to an old neighbor of mine, Richard Prentiss, who is farming at Barton, northwest of Edmonton, who, I am sure will be pleased to see you as he also knew your father.

When Jack had read the letters over a second time he passed them without comment to Rob. He felt as if a door had been opened, and he had but to step out into another and larger world, that now it would be necessary to return once more. Should he not also see these friends of his father and uncle to whom he had at least this introduction, and who would doubtless have heard of him. But at this point Rob broke in:

"A' weel, laddie, and so you're a rich mon th' nco. You'll be wantin' to gang to the bank I ken, and mebbe to see they freens o' ye fayther. Weel I hae bin thinkin' I maun gang back sometime mesel'. I hae a marrit sister wi' husband and daughter i' Edmonton as'll be glad to see me, I dinna doot."

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The unvarying quality assured by such organization and equipment has resulted in the winning by Waltham of every gold medal awarded since 1854 by the great World's Fairs for supreme watch merit.

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Jack sprang up from his seat. Here was the one thing removed that could keep him longer in the wilds. Rob would go back, too, and the sooner they started the better. As for these relations of Rob's he had never so much as heard of their existence. But at that he was not surprised. Rob was so silent on many things.

So back they went. Back o'er the widespread lakes, back through the dark dense forest, back to the hum of life, and the busy throb of the city. To Jack the change seemed almost overpowering, and yet he was fascinated by it. But he was as one apart, an onlooker merely, and those who spoke to him found him strangely silent, as one who had all but forgotten the use of his mother tongue.

They went to the bank and Jack made his arrangements and wrote to the solicitors, and then they sought for Rob's relations, but they found they were not at the old address and learned they had gone to the country and taken a farm. So they decided to stay where they were for the time. They had money from the sale of choice furs they had brought back with them. There was no hurry till the business with England was through. They would see the sights. So they stayed, and gradually Jack grew more accustomed to the noise and traffic, the ebb and flow of the human tide that flooded the great city. It was new and strange, and at times bewildering but

"Laddie," he said, "do ye mind how we tracked that bear last fall, tracked him, bit by bit, and laid oor trap at the lang end o't i' the richt place. Weel, this fine freend o' oors is layin' a trap for yersel as sure as sure. I kenned as much so I speered yon bank manager, who I tak' to be an honest mon, and he telt me. Hae nithin' to do wi' him nor yon company nithir, as is naught but hissel' under anither name. And noo, me lad, ye coom wi me the day and oot o' this we gang."

And Jack, who had never done other than defer to Rob's judgment, found himself later leaving the city bound for the country beyond.

The farm at Birchwood Creek stood on an eminence. Sloping away from the garden, bright with flowers, that surrounded the house, was field upon field of growing grain, away to the stream with the struggling bluff of birch trees that gave the place its name. A light breeze stirred the sea of green that murmured now with soft and pleasant cadence, the song of coming harvest, and over all the meadow lark swelled his joyous notes heedless of any listener. Stretched before the door a fine collie dog was sunning himself in the warm glow with his nose between his paws. Suddenly he raised his head and emitted a low growl, then slowly rose. At the same moment the figure of a girl appeared in the doorway.

The Snows of May

By Annie L. Jack

The bare trees slept through the winter cold,
Nor minded the frost severe,
But sunshine and dew made the buds unfold,
And now the blossoms are here,
Wafting their fragrance along the way,
So white, we call them "The Snows of May."

The birds looked up at the wondrous sight
From their nests, with a mild surprise,
For the trees were garlanded pink and white,
And the mother-bird seemed very wise
As she said, "No doubt they are pretty and sweet
But not so useful as something to eat."

So the "Snows of May" in a fragrant shower
Fell softly to earth again;
And the trees were green, but no fairy bower
As they stood in the sun and the rain,
Till autumn discovered the apples red,
Nature's fruition—when flowers are dead.

O fair were the days while the birdlings' home
Was the crotch of an apple bough,
With plenty of food and not far to roam
(It was larva and bugs, I trow).
But before the ripening, south they flew,
And left the apples for me and for you.



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instinct with life, which by very contrast stirred the heart of this child of the wilderness. By slow degrees he became acquainted with one and another of those who came in his way. One man in particular who frequented the boarding house at which they stayed, claimed his attention. He was a stout, florid man with a genial smile and a general air of prosperity, and represented, he said, a financial firm in Winnipeg seeking to establish a connection in Edmonton. He was very open and unreserved in speaking of his business, and by reason of this confidence disarmed suspicion, so that after a time Jack was led to talk of his own affairs and his reason for staying so long in the city. And then, with diplomatic skill, his new acquaintance offered him any assistance he could render should he desire to make an investment or require business advice. This paved the way for the suggestion that a certain financial company, then forming, was worthy of attention, a company with which he himself had no connection, but which, undoubtedly, would do great things. All this time Rob had said little but thought much. He refused to part with his pipe though offered cigars and cigarettes, but smoked assiduously, and his deep set eyes scanned the face of their new acquaintance with deepening understanding. At last, when the business with the bank was through and Jack in possession of his money, and at the invitation of Oswald Grigson, about to pay a visit to the office of the new company, he drew him aside.

"Down! Bruce, down! Surely you know it is only Jock, our Jock."

She lingered over the last two words as though they pleased her, and the dark eyes lit with a sparkle like the glint of the sun on the stream below.

"Of course, it's Uncle Rob he wants to see," she continued still speaking to the dog, now wagging his tail. "And, of course, being such old friends he comes often, Barton is not far. But sometimes he is out, and father and mother gone to town, and the garden a pleasant place to sit in a day like this, eh! old doggie."

But the dog had dashed away ere she had ceased speaking, and was gamboling round the rider dismounting from his horse.

Yes, the garden was indeed fair that morning, and Rob MacDonald in no haste to return. He had seen the horseman approach from where he sat smoking his inevitable pipe, on the old fence away back of the barn, and nodding his head wisely had said to himself: "Rob, gie the laddie a chance, and mebbe the lassie as weel, sma' blame t' her, if she favor the lad."

So they sat on the bench at the back of the house, unmolested, at first in silence, for even now, after months had passed while Jack had been working for Richard Prentiss, and learning to farm, he sometimes found it hard to find his tongue. But the girl soon broke the silence. She knew Jock's ways by now, he was Jock to her as to her uncle, and chatted away of the crops and the weather and items of local news.

"And they say Dick Radway's going to leave, and the place is up for sale."

"Where's he going?" Jack enquired.

The girl laughed. "He says he doesn't know."

Then Jack laughed, too, and their laughter seemed to mingle on the summer air.

"He says," said Janet, "he'll go as far as where the three trails meet at Bolton's Crossing, and then he'll make his choice. Where do they go to, Jock, and which would you choose if you were there?"

Jack looked sharply at the demure face beside him. He thought she must surely know the going of those three trails. Then a light sprang into his eyes and a smile began to play about his mouth.

"The one to the left," he said, "goes to the great city, where all is noise and bustle and much scheming. The one to the right, if you go far enough, away—away—away—right to the heart of the bush that your uncle and I have known so well. There all is vast and silent and unspeakably lonely."

"And the middle trail," said the girl, shyly.

"The middle trail," said Jack, "comes straight on here."

"And which would you choose if you were there?"

"I would choose," said Jack, "the middle trail that leads to—you, and love, and life, and home."

And when Rob had finished his pipe and sauntered back, he found no dinner ready for the two were still in the garden hand in hand.

A month later the Radway place was sold.

Question Drawer

So many questions are asked the Editor from week to week that it has been decided to open a column for subscribers. As far as possible answers will be given to every reasonable question that is proposed. Because of the great variety in the questions proposed no attempt is made to classify them. They are answered just in the order in which they arrived.

1. Q.—Name the best medical school in Western United States, also the best hospital.

A.—Probably the most complete is Rush College, Chicago, and the finest hospital, at least, the most noted, is that of the Mayo Brothers at Rochester, Minn.

2. Q.—How can I overcome shyness? I am eighteen, fairly intelligent as girls go, and fond of company. Yet when I meet young people I cannot find a word to say. I am afraid I shall do something wrong or say something to give offence.

A.—Bless you, dear girl, the woods are full of just such people as you. It is quite true, too, that empty vessels make most sound. So don't try to become chief entertainer. Be content for a time to be an interested listener. There is nobody so popular as one who can listen to the empty chattering of other people. Then, if you do speak don't think about it afterwards. Probably you may say something in an awkward fashion, but others are doing the same all the time. They never notice your errors. The best remedy of all is that you should decide right at once to be as useful as possible wherever you have an opportunity. Always be on the look out for someone to help, and then you will forget all about yourself. That is the sure cure for self-consciousness and bashfulness. And if you have a feeling that you are awkward just endeavor to overcome the fault by taking exercises in walking, dancing, singing and speaking every day until you feel you are as free and unconstrained as any of your companions.

3. Q.—How do you work this question. The head of a fish is 4 inches long, the body is as long as the head and tail, and the tail as long as the head and half the body. Find the length of the fish.

A.—Body—Head + tail = head + head and half body = eight inches + half body. Therefore, half the body is eight inches and the whole body is sixteen

inches, and, of course, the whole fish is twice this, or thirty-two inches.

4. Q.—What is the meaning of Bolshevik?

A.—It means the majority, or the greater body, a name chosen by the Russian agitators to denote the great mass of workers.

5. Q.—What is meant by lichens?

A.—They look like mosses, but there is an absence of anything like leaves arranged around a stem, and of the bright green foliage. The general color is gray or very pale green. Some species are brown; some are flat, disk-shaped; some hang from trees. The "reindeer moss," "red-tipped moss," and "beard moss," all common enough here, are lichens.

6. Q.—Name a good English dictionary.

A.—Try the Concise Oxford. The pronunciation is a little awkward, but otherwise the book is very satisfactory.

7. Q.—How do you detect chicken pox?

A.—The symptoms are fever and usually vomiting. Rash appears first

on the body. It consists of blisters rather than hard pimples. These begin to dry on fifth or sixth day.

8. Q.—How do you tan the hide of a beaver?

A.—Mix borax half ounce, glauber salts half ounce, and water to make a paste. Remove or scrape the fatty matter from the skin, and then spread the paste over it. Fold skin inward and put in cool place for 24 hours. Then wash skin, clean and rub on a paste, consisting of sal soda one ounce, borax half ounce, white soap two ounces. Put in a warm place for 24 hours. Then wash and apply the following:—Alum four ounces, salt eight ounces, saleratus two ounces, hot rain water to make a bath. Place the skin in it for 12 hours. Then dry. Repeat two or three times. Then smooth the inside with sandpaper.

9. Q.—Give a receipt for angel cake?

A.—Sift together one tumbler flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, beat stiff the whole of eleven eggs and stir in carefully one tumbler sifted powdered sugar; add three teaspoonfuls vanilla extract. Add the flour, stirring

quickly and lightly. Bake in an unbuttered tin for forty minutes in a moderate oven. When done invert the cake tin, resting the edge on two saucers to insure easy removal.

10. Q.—Where can one get a collection of iron or wooden puzzles?

A.—Write to Johnson-Smith and Co., West Lake Street, Chicago. Most of them are kept in such stores as Mobius, Winnipeg.

Ever Hear These

Why should it offend an owl to mistake him for a pheasant? It would be making game of him.

What makes a nice, cheap and pleasant breakfast? A roll on the grass.

What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world. Ink?

What is the pain of which everyone makes light? Window pane.

What are the most difficult ships to conquer? Hardships.

When is the ocean treacherous? When it is full of craft.

What tune makes everybody glad? Fortune.

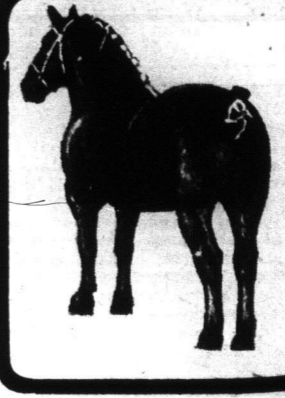
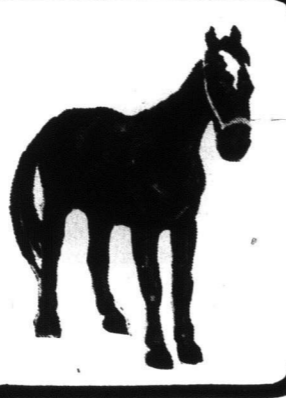
Why ought Ireland to be rich? Because it's capital is Dublin.

"MASTER MECHANIC"

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OVERALLS

Excel the Ordinary Kind as a Registered Horse Excels a "Scrub"



MASTER MECHANICS are pedigreed stock, sturdy, well shaped and possessing every fine point known to working clothes. Each piece is plainly branded and guaranteed; if it doesn't give you reasonable satisfaction you receive a new garment or your money back.

They are made of good, heavy cloth, blue and white striped, black and light and dark blue. They are tailored to retain their form, and are reinforced where extra strain comes. All seams are double stitched; fly and side openings are faced to prevent tearing; button holes are whip-stitched.

They have many exclusive features: Seven large, handy pockets in overalls and six in coat; two of these are combination watch and pencil pockets; cinderproof collar; detachable brass buttons on coat; four-piece sliding web suspender, with no-slip brass snap fastener; high back, high bib and extra roomy seat.

Our Guarantee

is one of the most liberal ever devised. It says: "If after purchasing any brand of overalls bearing our Registered Label you find any defects in material or workmanship, or have any other reason for dissatisfaction, return the garment to your dealer who will gladly replace it without charge."

With such an assurance in your hip pocket you are justified in feeling that you have bought the best overalls it is possible to buy in the West.

Look for this Label on all our goods—



Western King Manufacturing Company, Limited
WINNIPEG



temperature up as usual and do not fuss glass front with a blanket, and when many chicks are out and seem to be crowding, open the door. In a second or so the dry lively specimens can be put into the nursery without any harm to them or the unhatched eggs. Close the machine and leave them alone for another 12 hours, when all should be hatched.

A complaint has come in of hens dying out and not laying all winter. No doubt, these hens have damp quarters and have been fed too much soft food. Boiled potatoes or barley have been freely used and liver troubles have set in. Mash should be cut out and a dose of salts given and dry feed.

One little mother, who anticipated a new arrival, landed with two children. She was put into a hospital and local organizations cared for the children until the mother was fit to travel again. It was six weeks before the little party were re-united. In the meantime all had been cared for voluntarily by the organizations at this port. At the end of the time the mother of the bonny new-born babe and her other children were put safely on the train and in the care of other workers departed for their new home.

The National Red Cross Society has a trained nurse at this port to give advice and assistance, and her work has been particularly valuable in the case of young mothers travelling with infants.

Immigration and railway officials have all contributed their share to make the work and reception and entraining pleasant and smooth.

The kindly sympathetic women, who meet their stranger sisters from overseas, look after their baggage, help them through customs, see that the little parties get sufficient rest, post and write letters, exchange money and in every possible way, even to providing warmer clothing for the children, help the newcomers to feel that they have come to a land of friends.

Nor does the good work cease when the parties leave the port. They are escorted to the train by the same willing helpers and placed in charge of trained nurses, who travel with them.

One such train, a few weeks since, carried 400 women and children in ten

Repatriation Work at the Halifax Port

Imagine, if you can, an organization that has handled the reception of such a party as 600 women and children or 130 babies under the age of twelve months, asking, like Oliver Twist, for more, and you have an idea of the attitude of Halifax women's organizations at the present time.

The above number, 180 infants in arms, arrived on the Megantic's last trip. On another occasion the total number of women and children arriving was 1,000. Yet the workers state that they would be glad to welcome more at the port.



Travelling representatives of the Y.W.C.A. at the port of St. John, N.B.

Since the first boatload of soldiers' dependents arrived, Halifax has achieved wonders, 100 voluntary workers, representing all branches of women's organizations, hold themselves in readiness to assist at the port any hour of the day or night.

Reception rooms for the mothers and children are splendidly adapted with good light and heat. There is a large nursery containing 20 beds, a rest room for the mothers with cosy chairs and couches, and a tea-room adjoining, where light refreshments are served at a very small cost. For instance, two sandwiches and tea or coffee, can be obtained for ten cents, or refreshments are free for those who are short of money. Milk is distributed free of charge to the children and babies.

One of the best patronized departments is the babies' washroom. This is stocked with all kinds of necessities for the little ones.

Frequently the rooms are kept open all night to accommodate travellers of small means who have to wait over, and on these occasions some entertainment, either in the form of a concert or pleasant social evening, is given. In this respect the Y.M.C.A. have given splendid co-operation.

Special attention is given to the needs of the sick people. They are taken to the hospital, visited frequently and the military authorities have loaned an ambulance for such cases.

cars. The entire party was in charge of a medical officer and a trained nurse. The first day away a number of the children developed colds and minor ailments, and the doctor established a clinic in the smoking room of one car, where the patients came in daily for dressings and medicine. Those who were too sick to walk to the little clinic were attended to by the nurse in their berths.

The women who are the objects of so much care and forethought are not slow to express their gratitude and appreciation.

The old saying that "first impressions are everything" is being worked to death in Halifax, for the women of that city are evidently determined that no impression but the best and kindest shall be carried away by the parties whose initial entry into Canada will probably color their whole aspect of life in this country for future days.

"I have seen a bad leader give the most popular music imaginable to a crowd and awaken no response whatever; while a good leader would give a wholly unknown composition to the same people and you would see them strongly responsive. So one can put it down as an axiom, that we cannot know, it is impossible to know, whether people will like a given composition until it is given to them by a thoroughly competent conductor." This was the observation of the supervisor of municipal concerts in New York City.

SIMPLICITY INCUBATORS

Have No Cold Corners

"It's So Easy To Operate"

—said one customer—"that I can start it and then go to sleep or leave home, knowing it will stay on the job just the same."
Every hatchable egg will hatch because of absolutely uniform heat—and "no-cold-corners." It is surely—

The World's Greatest Hatcher

It's so simple, so compact, so practical—you can set it on the pantry shelf or anywhere. Entirely of metal—fire-proof, sanitary. Large, circular hot water radiator heats from all angles towards center of egg chamber. Means bigger hatches, bigger profits. Sold on a positive guarantee. Ask for handsome, descriptive booklet.

A. E. MCKENZIE CO. Ltd.
Seedsmen
Brandon Man. Calgary Alta.



Little Brown Hen Incubator and Brooder Combined

\$9.95



Order Direct To-day

4 inches deep. A cage or yard of galvanized wire screen, with galvanized bottom 10x12 inches attaches to side of machine and gives the chicks opportunity for exercise and fresh air. Many thousands of this type of machine have been marketed with satisfactory results.

No. WHEM 20. LITTLE BROWN HEN INCUBATOR AND BROODER. Weight 20 lbs. Price.....

A Wonderful Hatcher Easily Understood

A SUCCESS—Not an EXPERIMENT Wonderful Value At This Price

The incubator is 18 inches in diameter, stands 15 inches high, and holds about 50 average size hen eggs. It is made entirely of metal with double-walled nest and top lined with insulating felt. Heat radiates above and around nest and is uniformly distributed, the fumes being carried off through side openings. Regulator is of the expansion disk type with brass disk. Thermometer is guaranteed high grade, and can be easily read through glass window in top. Lamp has heavy one-piece bowl and burner and chimney of improved safety design. Complete instructions for operating furnished. The brooder part is 4 inches deep. A cage or yard of galvanized wire screen, with galvanized bottom 10x12 inches attaches to side of machine and gives the chicks opportunity for exercise and fresh air. Many thousands of this type of machine have been marketed with satisfactory results.

No. WHEM 20. LITTLE BROWN HEN INCUBATOR AND BROODER. Weight 20 lbs. Price..... **\$9.95**

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The Philosopher

The Future of Canada

The Philosopher has pleasure in quoting from a speech made by Lieutenant J. A. Stevenson, formerly a well known Winnipeg barrister and later editor of the Great War Veteran Magazine. Speaking about Canada's future, he says:

"What will be the future of this new Canada, and what will be its relations to its nearest and dearest friends, Great Britain and the United States?"

"For the last century the most permanent and troublesome factor in Canadian politics has been the inveterate prejudice against the United States, inherited by many Canadians from United Empire Loyalist ancestors. Time and again it has been skilfully traded on by interested protectionist groups to defeat all efforts for closer trade relations; the 1911 reciprocity election was the last and worst example. Toryism and reaction in Canada have always fattened on the anti-American sentiment. Of the two historic parties at Ottawa, the Conservatives have always laid special stress on the Imperial tie and British connection, with the strong reservation of local protection, while the Liberals have been the North American party, insisting at all times on Canadian autonomy and consistently advocating closer trade relations with the United States. To-day, the common sacrifices on the battlefields of Europe have forged new ties between the two North American democracies, which bid fair to endure and to repair the stupid blunders and bickerings of the past. Never has there been such free and wholesome intercourse between the two countries.

"All these bonds of communion and intercourse cannot fail to modify appreciably and to exercise an excellent influence upon the future relations of the two countries. Exactly what, however, those relations will be is an interesting speculation. If the League of Nations comes to fruition, it is safe to assume that Canada will insist upon having separate representation at its board and will decline to enter as a fractional subdivision of a unified British Imperial sovereignty. The continuance of Prussia as an autocratic military despotism was the only force that could have welded the British Commonwealth into an organic union, and now that the German menace may be assumed to have vanished, the case for Imperial centralization loses all its force. The reasons which will impel Canada to a fuller assertion of her national individuality are various but clear. There is an underlying sense that she has too often in the war and during the past been treated by the Mother Country more as a vassal than as a sister state; there is a feeling of new pride and self-dependence generated by her soldiers' valor; there is a recognition that the internal cohesion which Sir Wilfrid Laurier strove for and which Premier Borden has needlessly impaired, and which is to-day Canada's most serious need, can best be secured in an intensification of Canadian nationality and a more completely authoritative Canadian Parliament. We may, therefore, expect to see Canada emerge in the next decade as a full-fledged sovereign state, subject to the limitations imposed by the League of Nations if that comes to pass."

The Men Back from Service Overseas

In an inspiring message from General Sir Arthur Currie, the commander of Canada's field army, which is published by the Canadian Repatriation Committee, there is an appeal for co-operation by all Canadians in the work of reabsorbing back into civil occupations the men returned from service overseas, which must find a response in every true Canadian heart. "The dangers, sufferings and losses shared in common," writes General Currie in regard to the returned soldiers "have lowered the barriers between the classes, broadened the outlook on life, and created an atmosphere of tolerance, mutual respect, understanding and sympathy. The citizen soldiers have learned the value of individual initiative backed by sound judgment, and they have learned also that organization and discipline, by measuring the task to the strength and capacity of the individual, by preventing waste and assuring mutual support, yield much greater results than scattered efforts. The qualities which made the Canadians such good soldiers at the front are the qualities essential to good and progressive citizenship in a free country. It is for every Canadian to do his part in helping to turn them to the best account.

Unrepentant Germany

From the very moment Germany began the War, confident that German might would achieve world dominion and make itself master of human destinies, all the journalists and professors and other exponents of Kultur in Germany justified everything that Germany did on land and on sea. The intellectual leaders of Germany are now busy explaining away Germany's defeat, and attributing it to defects in the political and military leadership, while at the same time proclaiming as boastfully as ever the superiority of the German people to all others, and predicting that the future will see that superiority demonstrated! There

is no evidence of any change of heart in the German people, or of any realization by them of the fact that the victory of the Allies is the victory of right and freedom and justice over outrage and ruthlessness in violation of all right and justice. There is no proof that they are repentant, or ashamed, and would not again ravage other lands and spread outrage and destruction ruthlessly, if they could. On the contrary, there is every indication that they are still as convinced as ever that Germany had a perfect right to begin the War as it did, and to carry on the War as it did. That is the problem which confronts the Allies in dealing with the defeated, but still self-vaunting, German people.

Misjudging France

Before the War, there was altogether too general an opinion abroad throughout the world that the French were a frivolous people, occupied chiefly with pleasure and immorality. That misjudgment did a grave injustice to a great and noble people, who are not long-faced and solemn, it is true, but who have a profound devotion to the family life, and who have seriousness, for all their outward gaiety, and fortitude and industry and self-denial and many other virtues. No people not morally sound could have done what the French people have done in the War. All the world knows the truth about the French people now. But there seems to be some little danger of a wrong opinion getting abroad now in regard to their attitude towards some of the soldiers of their Allies. In some newspapers in the United States there are stories of American soldiers being overcharged in France and not treated cordially. It is worthy of note that such stories are calling forth denials in great numbers from men back from France. To blame the people of France because of some instances of individual overcharging would be to misjudge them grossly and inexcusably. The Philosopher has talked with many Canadians back from France, and this is most emphatically the testimony of them all.

To Protect the Public Health

There is a growing urgency of realization in the minds of all thinking people that there should be an adequate state system of medical and nursing aid which will provide a force of highly trained men and women filled with the enthusiasm for service, and guaranteed adequate remuneration for their service, who will be a fighting force always ready to be sent where they may be needed. The principle that the care of the public health is the duty of the State is one which no longer needs any argument in its support. During the past half year a visitation of the epidemic of influenza has shown in a sufficiently tragic manner the total inadequacy of medical and nursing aid in the rural districts, to say nothing of the centres of population. Too high praise could not possibly be given to the noble efforts of doctors and nurses to save life during this epidemic often at the cost of their own. Innumerable men and women outside the ranks of doctors and nurses have in like manner proven themselves Good Samaritans indeed. The decision to establish a Dominion department of public health is a wise one. That department should be co-related with the health work of the different provinces. Provincial governments have shown great service in striving to cope with the needs of medical and nursing aids in the rural districts, but more needs to be done. For medical men work in regions which are but sparsely settled and where the distances to be travelled are great and so hard, and the pecuniary results are small and uncertain; the absence of hospitals, too, where greater experience can be gained, is the effect of the tiring medical man from settling in such districts. The same holds true with regard to graduate nurses, for whom there is a vast difference between working in a town, or city, with modern conveniences around her and working in a homesteader's shack in a remote and sparsely settled district where she can have neither comforts nor privacy.

Another Book on Eugenics

From Boston there comes to The Philosopher's table a book entitled Applied Eugenics. As a rule, writings on subjects of that kind are visionary and uninteresting. This book, however, has some interesting pages, notably in the chapter in which is discussed the question of "social contacts for young people." It is set forth that seventy-five married couples, taken at random, were asked where they first met, and that their answers were as follows:

At church.....	32
At school.....	16
At college.....	3
In private homes.....	17
At dances.....	7

The average of marriages among college graduates says this book, is "lamentably low". Among the things advocated by the book are taxation of bachelors, abolition of child labor, compulsory education, vocational guidance and training, mothers' pensions and sex hygiene laws. It also advocates somewhat elaborate legislative restrictions in regard to marriage, many of

which are admirable, but of some of which it is to be said that they would be found difficult of enforcement. Would any young man of spirit consent to parting forever from the girl of his choice because her great-aunt died in a lunatic asylum?

A Tale of a Scotch Bull

When The Philosopher was at the Brandon Winter Fair a couple of weeks ago he was fortunate in having for a companion The Professor, who as they strolled about viewing the animals on exhibition, told him many interesting things about the development of the different breeds of domesticated cattle. One curious thing which The Professor mentioned was in connection with the bulls bred for use in the brutal national "sport" of Spain. That breed of Spanish cattle, he said, resembles in many respects the Channel Island breeds in which the cows are so famed as milk-producers, such as the Jerseys and Guernseys. It appears, however, that the Spanish bulls that are used in the bull-ring are of a special breed, which has a special peculiarity. Only the bulls of this special breed can be played with and dazzled and made to run hither and thither by the waving of the matador's red cloak and by red streamers. A Scotch bull was once taken by sea to Seville, and introduced into the arena during a "bull-fighting" festival, at which there was a great assemblage of spectators, to witness the achievements of some of the most celebrated toreadors of the day. The Scotch bull paid no attention whatever to cloaks, red or otherwise, or to streamers, or to any of the other distractions used to make the Spanish bulls tire themselves in futile charges and rushes. The Scotch bull, with a businesslike disregard of all these things, went straight for his man every time, and soon had the arena all to himself.

To Protect the Unwary

The newspapers in the United States are telling with increasing frequency of the activity of swindlers who are busy with schemes to get hold of the war bonds of unwary people whom they can gull with their glowing, fraudulent representations. Many of these cheaters' schemes are extraordinarily ingenious. Some of them are so skilfully designed by lawyers who thus devote their cunning and craftiness to criminal purposes, as to be within the letter of the law. The victims of such schemes are left without practical recourse. Agents of the United States Treasury Department on the trail of these swindlers in the northwestern States have come upon evidence of their plans to extend their operations into this country. They put their "salesmen" through courses of training to make them expert in their work. There is need of repeated warnings to holders of Victory Bonds to be on their guard against glib talkers who try to persuade them to turn over those valuable Dominion securities, whose value is rising, as part, or the whole, of an "investment" from which the glib talkers promise glitteringly high returns. Especially is it necessary to be wary when such plausible individuals are strangers. There are many men abroad on the face of this continent who have the qualities of the fox and of the wolf highly developed, and are on the prowl, looking for victims. They figure that the unprecedented developments of thrift throughout this country and the United States on the part of millions of investors in war bonds should furnish them unprecedented opportunities for their swindling operations. The Dominion Government and the Provincial Governments might well do some publicity work for the protection of the unwary against these confidence men.

A Marriage Question

In 1882 the Parliament of Canada passed the Deceased Wife's Sister Act making it legal for a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife. A question of interest in this connection recently came up before the Court of King's Bench in the province of Quebec, and curiously enough, was left undecided in the judgment given. The question is this: Is it lawful for a widow to marry the brother of her deceased husband? The validity of such a marriage was challenged in the case referred to, but in the course of the trial before the court of first instance it was established that, at the same time the woman married her second husband she had no certain knowledge that he was the brother of the first. The Court of Appeals took into consideration this lack of knowledge and decided that the marriage having been made in good faith, on the part of the woman, is valid and binding. But suppose the woman had known that her second choice was the brother of her first husband, then what would have been the standing in law of her second marriage? This question stands unanswered. It suggests another one. When parliament, twenty-seven years ago, was passing the Deceased Wife's Sister Act, why did it not give a widow as wide a choice in taking a second husband as it did a widower in taking a second wife? When Parliament declared it lawful for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister, why did it not also declare it lawful for a woman to marry her deceased husband's brother? Was the omission an oversight, or was it intentional?

PLANT THIS GOOD SEED

EPICURE POTATO



EPICURE

EARLY SECOND-EARLY—Good form, color very light tint of rose, flesh white, robust grower, big cropper, superb quality.

We consider the Epicure Potato to be one of the best varieties we have ever offered to our customers.

We have tested it for several years in the West, and it has proven to be eminently suited to our seasons and soils. We have not had a crop failure in this variety.

The vines are erect, robust and vigorous in growth with white flower. It is a remarkably heavy, reliable yielder and very profitable to grow as a main crop. The tubers are even in size and of good form, the flesh white and of the finest flavor imaginable—in fact, Epicure is almost in a class by itself when quality is considered.

Epicure is an absolutely distinct beautiful appearing Potato of fine texture and will satisfy every grower.

LOT A—"LION" BRAND, selected with the utmost care—practically every tuber perfect—will delight everyone who knows and appreciates a good Potato. Price, bushel \$3.00; 5 bushels \$14.50; 10 lbs. 80c, bags included.

SPRING RYE—It Never Fails

Always sure for pasture or hay. The surest crop known for light and thin soils. May be sown early or late. Matures earlier than barley or any other crop. It makes early and good hay, or it may be matured for grain. Yields well.

GROW SPRING RYE

You will always have something, even in driest seasons, when other crops fail. Price per bushel, \$2.30; bags extra at 50 cents each.

OATS

The wise farmer wants seed of strong vitality—he wants a test of 90 per cent, or over, in six days. Our stocks are all of this class. They start quick and grow even and strong. Worth more than the difference in cost.

LOT E.—REGENERATED BANNER—Specially grown, very fine sample, re-cleaned over our own mills pure and free from all noxious weeds. Our germination test gave 94 per cent in six days. Price, three bushels, \$4.75; 25 bushels, \$38.75; 100 bushels at \$1.50 per bushel. Bags extra at 30 cents each.

LOT A.—AMERICAN BANNER REGISTERED, per bag of 100 pounds, \$8.25, bag included.

LOT B.—AMERICAN BANNER, grown from Registered Seed. Per bushel, \$1.80; 24 bushels, \$42.00; 100 bushels at \$1.70 per bushel, bags included.

LEADER OATS—Lately introduced as a distinct new variety, and claimed to produce five grains in a spikelet. Appears to be well suited to the West. The grain is of the Banner type. Some good yields have been reported. Price, 1 bushel \$2.00. Bags included.

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Our stocks are characterized by Purity, Freedom from Weeds and Strong Vitality.

SELECTED COMMON. Price one bushel, \$4.35; ten bushels at \$4.25.

WILT-RESISTANT No. 52. Price, one bushel, \$5.00; ten bushels and over, at \$4.90.

PREMOST FLAX PEDIGREE No. 25. Price, one bushel, \$4.75; ten bushels and over, at \$4.65. Bags extra at 65 cents each.

FODDER CORN

Our northerly-grown stocks are the best for this country. Germination from 90 per cent to 98 per cent in six days.

NORTH WESTERN DENT, per bushel, \$4.00; 5 bushels, \$19.50.

MINNESOTA 13 DENT, per bushel, \$4.00; 5 bushels, \$19.50.

EARLY DENT, per bushel, \$3.50; 5 bushels, \$17.00. Bags extra at 65 cents each.

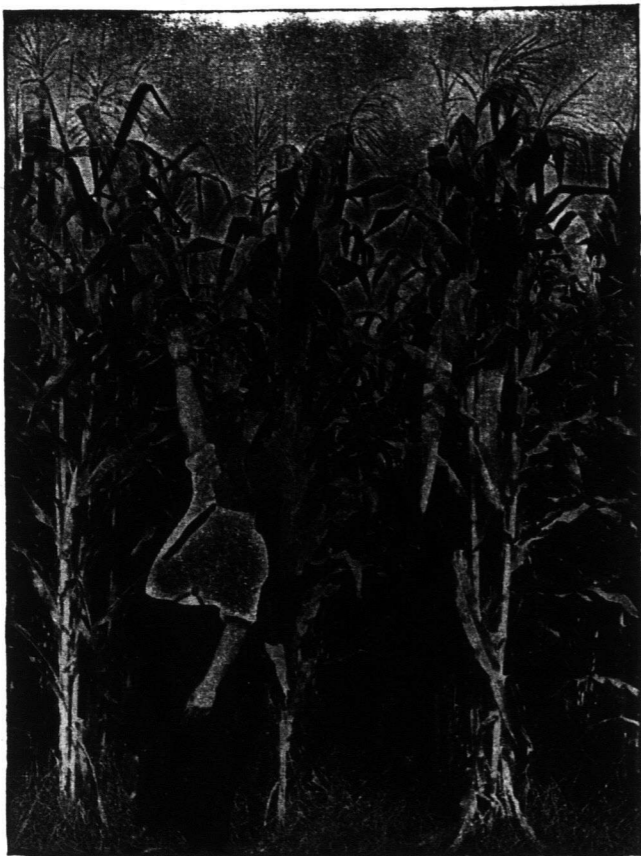


PHOTO OF GOOD CROP OF FODDER CORN

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Rapidly coming to be recognized not only as one of the most extraordinary fertilizing plants in America, but as the most wonderful pasture plant we have.

Stock when pastured upon Sweet Clover make gains which compare very favorably with those obtained from either Alfalfa or Red Clover.

SWEET CLOVER, WHITE BLOSSOM, 10 lbs., \$3.40; 25 lbs., \$8.25; 100 lbs., \$32.00; (1 lb. 60c postpaid.)

SWEET CLOVER, YELLOW BLOSSOM, 10 lbs., \$3.60; 25 lbs., \$8.75; 100 lbs., \$34.00; (1 lb. 60c postpaid.)

Remit extra for Cotton Bags, 65c each.

SPELTZ

Sow 1½ to 2 bushels per acre

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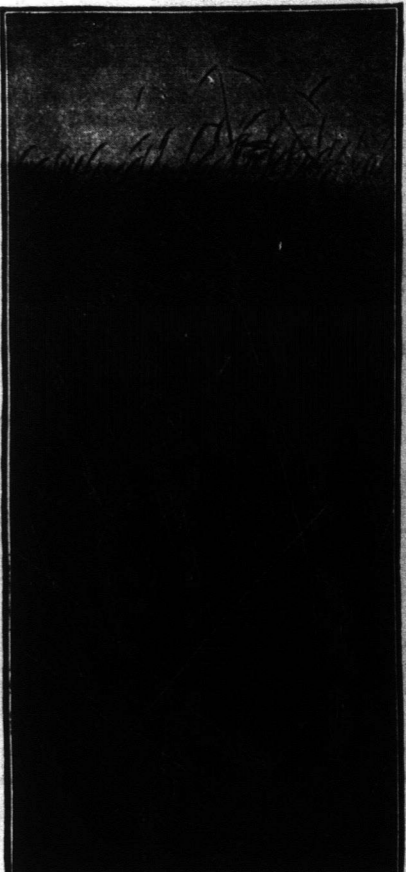
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That Bateful Music Committee

The general attitude of the young musician toward the field of church music may be summed up in the word "organ." For a position he is selected by a music committee, which always judges a choir-master upon his ability as an organist. And music committees, it is regretted, are generally composed of men who have no appreciation of church music ecclesiastical style.

The First Two Notes

What would otherwise be good choir singing is frequently spoiled by the failure of some of the singers to attack the first note or two promptly. In the average choir there are from one-fifth to one-half of the members who seem to lack the necessary confidence to come in exactly on time. These parties take the "three days of grace" principle that operates in the business world and apply it to music. About the time the third or fourth note is reached, they fall in and proceed in splendid form to the final chord. Their weakness is in the start.

One of the great choral conductors said that there is nothing in music more thrilling than the confident and unanimous attack of a chord by a body of well-trained singers and there is, he says, nothing more seldom heard. Every choir singer having heard the chord, knows what note he or she is expected to sing. Every member should watch for the signal

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The greatest factors that exist at the present time in the spreading of music and the inducement of a love for it, are the music reproducing machines of all kinds. What these have done to promote general musical knowledge cannot be over estimated. Why, you meet people who, a few years ago, would not have known the name of one great musical composition, who now are familiar not only with the composers, but with their foremost interpreters and the ways in which these interpretations have been conceived. These people know every note of works they hadn't even heard a few years ago. It is not enough for a composition to be great to help the world, apparently; it must be known to be great. With a man it is a different matter. Do your work well, and you will be judged by it. There are always those who can judge if one's work is good; let them judge.

Should Study Minutely

In taking up the study of a rather intricate piano piece, a student must study it minutely, first away from the piano. He should think much about it and study its thematic and harmonic structure. One need not consciously memorize it at first, but if it is studied well, one will suddenly find that he can play it from memory. Each style of

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A late photograph of the family of Lloyd George, premier of England, made while the premier and his family were in Paris. The ladies accompanied Premier Lloyd George upon his trip to Paris, to confer upon important peace questions. Left to right our photo shows Mrs. Carey Evans, Mrs. Lloyd George and Miss Lloyd George. Mrs. Evans and her sister have been ardent war-workers, while Mrs. Lloyd George has devoted much time to the study for the betterment of conditions of the women of England.

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as keenly as if running a 100-yard dash. Watch the leader. Take breath. Think of the note and the word to be sung and on the signal "light right into it" as one enthusiastic leader tells his choir. The attack is a pretty accurate barometer of a choir's ability.

The Community Chorus

To judge the worth of the community chorus from a strictly musical standpoint is to mistake its mission and purpose. The true lover of art in life may come face to face with it as he watches a great throng singing "God Save the King" or the "Marseillaise." He will not recognize it if he is one of the superstitious formalists who try to convert the search of principle into the accumulation of fixed tenets. But it will be there just the same. And the real lover of art in life will see it, for he will not be concerned so much with tenets as with a process which has a fine distinct end in view, and which is moulding and carrying our everyday life out of things base and hurried into things which are more worthy and imbued with greater serenity. If the principle of beauty is something on which we can all lay hold if we wish, then in the movement for chorus singing which we have seen spring up in this country we have been privileged in seeing that great principle at work

composition requires a slightly differing mode of study. There is no one mould which will fit all needs. As to interpretation, the old classic works with many traditions are comparatively limited, but in the newer things there is considerable range for varied treatment. A player must, however, follow the composer's expression marks. No piece should be played in public immediately after it is first learned, for one often sees many new beauties in it later, particularly after it is laid aside for a time and then taken up again.

His Way of Putting It

"I do not pose as any musical adjudicator," remarked a gentleman walking down town with a friend who attended the same church, "and I have for long opposed capital punishment on principle; but, if there is one crime for which I would allow beheading to remain as the penalty, it would be for the choir singers who show no sense of the fitness of things." "Explain," commanded his companion laconically. "Well, I was out of town for a week end," proceeded the first speaker, "and one of the choirs I heard in the course of their morning anthem sang in the meekest, most lifeless, apologetic manner the words 'I fear no foe' as if they were all

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scared stiff. Then at night they attempted a very fine arrangement of 'Abide with me,' but at the pianissimo passage 'Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes' the sopranos and basses bellowed it out so loudly that an old gentleman in the pew in front of me, who was almost off in a good snooze, gave a start as if his wife had pinched him. No, sir, people like that are out of their element in a choir. If they are allowed to roam at large they should be taken in hand, taught to read properly, and have the meaning of plain English words explained to them. Am I wrong?"

Who is the Judge

On more than one occasion lately at the weekly practice an observant choir member has heard her neighbor remark quietly to somebody in the next seat that the basses are anticipating a certain note, or that the sopranos are a trifle flat, or that two of the voices in a quartette are not blending as they should. Of course, this is a free country. There is no law against such criticism. But the point is that the person giving expression to these judgments was sitting behind or at the other side of the choir from those deemed to be at fault.

The passing of such remarks is apt to become a bad habit. No one can judge with precision, pitch or time or tone when seated behind the singers, in a large empty auditorium. Nor can one distinguish exactly such qualities if located away off to one side from those upon whom judgment is to be passed. The only person to pronounce upon these matters is the leader out in front. The decision must rest with him. Each member and each section must accept his verdict and act accordingly. If a man were to set his watch afresh every time he ran across someone who had different time, he would be in a poor way to keep appointments. There is only one time standard for watches and that is the sun. When a choir is practicing, there is only one standard to accept and that is the leader's judgment.

Alma Mater of Music

Art is man's contact with the divine. It lifts him away from the merely material, or rather, it discloses to him the spirit which is diffused throughout the material world. This explains why art, music especially, has always been an attendant phenomenon of religion. The epochal styles in music have sprung of religions which have not yet become merely creeds, but were still young and vital expressions of the general religious spirit. Great misfortunes have always led to a rebirth of that spirit, for as wars consume the surplus wealth of a nation, or, as at present, of the entire world, and make inroads into that which is essential also, they rouse in the human soul a reverence toward the commonest things of life. Reverence is the wakener of the religious spirit, and the religious spirit is the alma mater of music.

Value of Reproducing Instruments in our Public Schools

In many of the leading school centres in the United States educationists have learned how to get the school children in touch with music in a vital way. A scheme has been worked out by which the reproducing machine is used in the rural schools not only as a means of developing an appreciation of music by listening to music, but by active participation in the performance of it. The children sing with the instrument alternate phrases of beautiful little songs, thus developing in them the habit of listening as well as singing. Sometimes the phrase is divided and the simplest part of the simple phrase is given to the children while the machine takes the more difficult part. In this way the children are lured into singing even though the teacher may be quite limited in her musical equipment. Later the children sing the more difficult parts and still later sing the entire song with the instrument. All this time they are developing a habit of singing (1) in good time, (2) in correct pitch, and (3) in light tones. This scheme is almost proof against coarse heavy tones, as it is possible only for the child singing the light tone to hear the instrument continuously. This much of the talking machine course is included in the recreation music course and it is the aim to

have the students go out well prepared to use the talking machine effectively in the schools.

Little Lilts

Music is man's greatest pleasure from cradle to grave.

The tremulo that some young ladies affect when singing is called by one gentleman "the cinematographic vocal wobble."

The metronome shows no favoritism. The click of its pendulum is the command for strict time. Every piano student should have one.

"O God of Bethel by whose Hand" was King Edward VII's favorite hymn. It was sung over the grave of the great David Livingstone in Westminster Abbey.

When the renowned William Ewart Gladstone expressed his judgment on any question the world listened. Mr. Gladstone said that music is one of the most forcible instruments for training, for arousing, for governing the mind and spirit of man.

Some children taking piano lessons are naturally timid. To the parents of such a well-known musician says: "Keep music as an individual delight for the children and do not pester them with the terrifying thought of playing for others."

There are some people who would not think of asking a guest to sit down for a meal served on a badly soiled table cloth; and yet they would ask a guest to play on a piano with sticky and dirty keys.

At the age of 21, Pergolesi composed an opera that established his reputation. It was "La Serva Padrona." It occupied about an hour in performance, and employed but two actors who rarely left the stage. The orchestral part simply consisted of a string quartette.

Do you want to rid your mind of the day's petty down-town worries and enjoy an evening at home? Then give yourself over to the "Barcarolle" from Tales of "Hoffman" and see in your mind's eye the canals of Venice viewed from a palace window. Moonlight tinges the scene and young people sing to the rhythm of the rocking gondola.

Just Gossip

Music in the home means children off the street.

Remember piano playing is a matter of brains, not muscle.

The Czecho-Slovak races became our allies. The Czech National Anthem is "Kde domov møy?" or "where is our Home?"

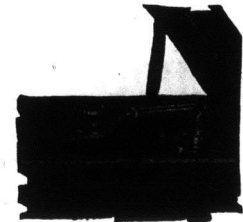
Paolo Tosti, whose song "Good-bye" everyone is familiar with, was appointed singing master to the British Royal Family in 1880.

"Music study, that begins with mechanics instead of music, puts the cart before the horse," said a piano teacher, "and the only time it is safe to do that is when you want to go back."

It is said that in no other country is dancing so interwoven with folk music as in Spain. Many Spanish songs are used solely as accompaniments for dancing. One who became enthused with Spanish music said that our ignorance of the music of Spain is pathetic.

A Y.M.C.A. song leader at a military camp says: "The elements in the choice of a good song, include a simple melody with good rhythm, within the compass of an octave, repetition of melody, not too many varied phrases, repetition of words, but preferably not starting and ending the chorus with the same expression."

No Other Phonograph Possesses These Wonderful New Inventions



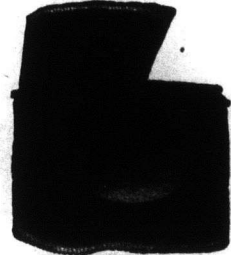
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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Who is She?

Who is the most useful woman in Canada at the present time, and why? What woman is doing most for Canada? There are on my desk many articles on women's work. Pictures and pictures and more pictures of women are in our periodicals. I ask myself as I look at each one—How far will her influence reach? Into the next generation? A prize of one dollar will be sent to the reader who sends in the best reply. We are anxious to secure the opinion of our readers. All letters will be published without the name if the writer requests. Who is the Ideal Canadian Woman?

A Message to All

A grand old man of Canada celebrated his one hundredth birthday last Sunday, and he gave out a message that should be recorded on our pages of history that every one of us may learn. Rev. Father Dandurand, of St. Boniface, is the oldest Catholic priest in the world. He came to St. Boniface in 1876, and helped Canadian history in the making. It is said of him that his voice is silver and his heart is gold. This is his message on his one hundredth birthday.

"I have had a great deal of experience, travelled much and seen many people. A small group of these strove for honors, but they were not happy; another larger group strove for riches, but they were not satisfied and wanted more and more; a still larger far larger, group strove for pleasure and they were neither satisfied nor happy. There were still other groups scattered here and there that were not intent on these things, but loved God and strove to do their duty; these were the only ones that felt happy and looked well."

Accidental Days

Is it fair to judge a woman from her accidental days? Do we?

When we study a painting, do we not first view the whole picture and perhaps think of the details later, although the details are the least important features of expression from the artist's soul. In fact, some artists express only the great theme in a few strokes and omit the details.

Some men and women spend their entire lives on detail and miss the important work they might do.

I have in mind a man who kept a diary. He recorded the work of every half-hour of the day. When he died he was poor in mind and accomplishment. He had never gotten beyond a two dollar a day salary and the discussion of his neighbors and everything else that seeped into his small brain.

Accidental days are variations in the air of the time of life. It is not fair to judge a woman whose entire personality radiates strength from a few accidental days—a few variations. We must think of the deep sea beneath the waves. What is that quality in the mind of Sarah which lies below all other qualities, and which exists when others change? What is her character as a whole?

I am trying to forget that adage about a chain being no stronger than its weakest link. It may be true, but some of us spend so much time looking for the weak link that we do not see the strength of the rest of the chain.

Anyway, weak links can be mended
"As wider skies broke on his view,
And greatness in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
And left his older God behind.
He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
In star and blossom, sky and clod;
And as the universe grew great,
He dreamed for it a greater God."

The Silence of Sincerity

She has nursed overseas four years. Her duties have taken her to Malta and very near the trenches. We have wondered why her services were not recognized among the many noble

nurses who have been honored. She wrote regularly to her friends and relations, always extremely anxious about her brave soldier patients, but she said very little about herself. Every time I read of a nurse receiving a medal for exceptional service I have felt disappointed that Miss ——— was omitted. This morning I learned that she was among the first Canadian nurses who received the very highest honors awarded, yet not one word did she write about it during the long years of her service. And I reflect on the silence of sincerity.

One of the most prominent social service workers in Winnipeg said one day to me: "Do you know I have learned as I go in my work about the city that the men and women who are doing the best work are those whose names are not known?"

One time an acquaintance asked an important man of affairs not to mention her part in a particular kind of a work, because she explained, "You know publicity robs work of its sincerity."

Did it ever occur to you that some women who agitate so violently for certain work to be performed entirely by women are not working for the good of the cause, but for positions, with generous salaries for themselves? Who says women do not know how to play politics? There are interesting dramas taking place.

I believe this department was the first Winnipeg reference to the very splendid work of Mrs. Charles Robson. I remember I had difficulty in persuading her to let me have her picture, and it was only when I convinced her that it would help our girls that she consented. She resented publicity. I believe I have never known anyone in this city whose work among girls was so helpful. All through one winter she invited a group of factory girls to her house two evenings every week. At Easter time these girls wore dresses and hats they had learned to make in her

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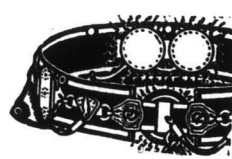
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home—a true Canadian home. These girls, most of whom were foreigners, learned to love her, and they were Canadianized in her home under her influence. Yet few knew of this phase of her work. Whenever I have talked with her she has been most enthusiastic over community service, but the pronoun "I" has little place in her vocabulary. Mrs. Robson was silent whenever a personal reference was made. One time a lonely clerk in a store told me that she did not know what she would do without the inspiration of Mrs. Robson's lessons. It is a great blessing to the wives and children of our returning soldiers that she has been selected by the government to look after their interests. In her life of helpful service she has become great in the courage and ability necessary for national reconstruction. Let us women do everything in our power to assist and support her, for she well deserves the encouragement of every patriotic woman.

HUMORS OF THE AIR SERVICE
(Continued from Page 17)

The argument was finished, the two aviators went off to lunch, and subsequently proceeded back to the race-course to set the engine alight and start the navy man on his way.

As soon as they approached the machine there was a loud shout, and they found themselves surrounded by excited Territorials, who stood with their rifles pointed direct at them, as it appears that the Regulars had left the machine unguarded, and that a company of Territorials happening along had discovered the suspected thing, and seeing the German name on it, had jumped at the same conclusion as the Regulars, with the result that they lay in ambush for the return of the supposed German spy. This time there did not happen to be anyone in the crowd who knew the civilian aviator, who was also arrested, and who was told that he was in much greater danger than the pilot, because he was in civilian clothes, and therefore a spy, whereas the other, at any rate, was in uniform.

The Territorial officer appropriated the Naval pilot's revolver, and went through the prisoners' pockets, despite their protests, and their statement that the pilot had already been arrested once. However, after some further discussion, the two of them were set up against the body of the machine with a half a dozen muzzles within a foot of their stomachs, their captors meanwhile putting about a four-pound pull on a five-pound trigger.

Meanwhile a messenger was sent to the town, and eventually the Regular officer who had previously investigated the case came up and vouched for the respectability of the two prisoners. It was not till the rifle muzzles were safely out of the line of his anatomy that the Naval aviator was able to breathe freely, and he says that that half-hour of suspense was quite the most unpleasant time he had spent in his life.

Another little incident that occurred to one of the Naval Air Service pilots is worth telling, because it shows what an enormous lot luck plays on service. This particular pilot with a non-commissioned officer as passenger had started off on a seaplane patrol in the North Sea. It was quite a nice day for flying, though there was a fair amount of sea running. Low down there was a nasty surface fog, though a few hundred feet up it was perfectly clear, and between the patches of fog it would have been quite possible to have seen ships if they had been about in any quantity. In any case, it was quite worth while starting out on patrol service; there was always the prospect of the fog clearing at any moment.

After flying for an hour or so straight out to sea and covering fifty to sixty miles, the engine of the machine, as is the habit of engines, began to suffer from internal troubles, and retired from business. The pilot alighted perfectly, without even raising enough splash to wet himself or passenger. Then they set to work to try and put the engine right, only to find that it was quite impossible to induce it to start. After several futile attempts, they gave it up as a bad job, and reconciled themselves to sitting

there and hoping for the best. The machine rolled heavily in what sea there was, dipping first one wing in and then the other, while the waves broke from time to time over the floats and tail. In the hopes of steadying the machine the officer and man got out of its body and sat on the floats, so as to get the weights as low down as possible. Still the machine went on rolling, and as wave after wave hit her, the woodwork and fabric of the wings and tail began to break up, and as they broke the waves got more and more hold, till finally the machine began to show signs of disintegrating altogether. It is no discredit to the machine that it did so,

and only points to the need of such huge seaplanes that they will stand a heavy sea as well as a ship does, and some day we are going to have them.

However, in this case things looked very black indeed, and after an hour of sitting in the wet on the floats it looked blacker from the fact that, instead of lifting, the fog closed down until the extreme range of vision from the seaplane was about fifty yards. Just when they had made up their minds that their state was quite hopeless, there was the welcome sound of engines, and a British destroyer nosed her way up through the fog and nearly ran the seaplane down. The destroyer had not the slightest

idea that a seaplane was missing, and had simply happened on their three hundred feet diameter of sea by pure luck. The engine and more valuable parts of the seaplane were hauled on board, and the crew were delivered at headquarters shortly after they were due to return in the ordinary course of events.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write to-day enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. Mahler, 654-X, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Buying Pianos by Mail

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"The piano arrived to-day, and has opened up to our entire satisfaction, just as good as if the whole family had gone to your store to make a selection, and better."

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"It affords me much pleasure to thank you for the satisfaction of dealing with the Winnipeg Piano Co., and the pleasure we enjoy with your piano and Edison Phonograph. It will be a pleasure to me to recommend the Winnipeg Piano Co. to any of my friends and neighbours."

"If you will sell me the same kind of Piano on the same terms as you sold Joe Hermanson I will buy one right away. He showed me where he bought that piano from you for \$345.00, paid \$50.00 down and spread the balance over three fall payments."

"I know two more parties who will also buy a piano like this on the same terms."

"I write to say that the piano has arrived safely and is in perfect condition. We are well pleased with it. The tone is all one could desire. Nothing has more pleased us than to have received such a beautiful instrument both in tone action, construction and finish. I do not hesitate to say that the rich quality of the tone is practically impossible to surpass."

"My husband, who is a first-class tenor and has sung practically all over the British Empire, also endorses my statement and you certainly have a satisfied customer in us."

This brief letter from a satisfied customer speaks volumes for our system of selling pianos by mail. No other piano house in Western Canada has the wide list of makes from which you may make your selection—pianos at every price—of every style and design—and on terms of payment to suit everyone. You buy from us at rock-bottom prices and we pay freight to your nearest station. Our enormous out-put, and consequent low overhead expense, enables you to effect real saving on your piano purchase.

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Immediately on receipt of an inquiry we forward you a large envelope full of beautifully illustrated folders and booklets, giving all possible information regarding the 90 different styles of pianos we have for your consideration. In the quiet of your own home you may look these over, ascertain from the minute descriptions and illustrations just which one suits you best. We will ship any piano to you on receipt of a cash payment as small as \$50, the balance you may pay off in monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or fall payments, whichever suits you best.

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Doherty	375
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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES



For Walls and Ceilings

The Problem today is how to live more economically, without robbing home of its comforts, and without piling up future expense as a result of present economy. The increasing sales of **SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS and VARNISHES** point to the answer.

You will not only save money now by giving your walls a coat of **S-W FLAT-TONE**, but you will afterwards be able to keep the walls fresh and clean with soap and water. Besides, **FLAT-TONE** will genuinely preserve the walls.

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The shades in which you can buy **FLAT-TONE** give you a wide range for the expression of your individual choice. You will find **FLAT-TONE** on the walls and ceilings of the most sumptuous mansions on this continent. It gives the finishing touch to the home.

Color schemes and suggestions by expert decorators are furnished free upon application and without obligation, for any part of your building.

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BLUE RIBBON TEA

By an overwhelming majority the people of Western Canada have decided that Blue Ribbon "Mountain Grown" Tea is the best. Ask for it.

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Madame Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for twenty years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Letters sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

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SELDOM SEE

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions, and Book \$ R free. **ABSORBINE, JR.**, the anti-septic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; allays Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 136 Lomas Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

Fashions and Patterns

A Smart Gown with New Style Features. 2788—This attractive model may be developed without the tunic portions. The waist has a fitted lining to which skirt and tunic are joined. Taffeta, duvetyn, voile, gabardine, tricotine, serge, satin, and linen could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5½ yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards, with plaits extended. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style, Girls' Over-Blouse Dress. 2792—This season shows many pretty styles in over-blouse effects and sleeveless smocks. The pattern here portrayed will be nice for cloth, silk, or wash fabric combinations. The over-blouse may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material for the dress, and 1¾ yards for the overblouse. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. 2398—This dress is easy to develop, and nice for all sorts of materials. You may have it with the sleeve in wrist length or with a short, elbow sleeve. Gingham, percale, chambray, gabardine, serge, linen or pique will be nice. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

An Attractive House Dress. Waist 2793, Skirt 2796. This model may be developed in serge, satin, taffeta in shantung, linen, or gingham. It is nice also in separate skirt and waist style. The waist pattern 2793 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes:

22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require 2¾ yards of 44 inch material for the waist and 3 yards for the skirt for a medium size. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards, with plaits extended. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for the Growing Girl. 2795—Here is a splendid model for lawn, organdie, dimity, nainsook, taffeta, or satin. The tucks on the sleeve may be omitted, and the skirt may be finished without the tunic. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4½ yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Easily Made Apron. 2642—Seersucker, chambray, gingham, lawn, percale, drill, linen and alpaca are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Style for the Little Miss. 2637—Gingham, chambray, galatea, repp, poplin, gabardine, voile, plaid and checked suiting, all these are nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 4¾ yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Suit for the Small Boy. 2637—This style may be developed in gingham, drill, khaki, linen, flannel, galatea, or serge. The blouse may be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will require 1¾ yards of 27-inch



"Odd Furniture will Fit in"

Says Mrs. Goodwife:—

"The prized heirloom, that odd but dainty design of former days, can be renewed and made to fit in any modern home with a coat to match of

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"The Finish that Endures"

Enamels Lac-Shades

Floglaze finishes and renews Furniture, Woodwork, Floors, Wickerwork, Verandah Furniture, Wagons, Buggies or Automobiles. Write us for color card, and send 10c in stamps for sample tin of any color Lac-Shade.

THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER
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material for the blouse and 1 1/2 yards for the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Work Dress. 2774—This style may be developed with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The closing is reversible,—a practical feature of this model. Gingham, seersucker, lawn, drill, khaki, flannelette, galatea and percale are good materials for this design. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Frock with Youthful Lines. 2790—This model may be finished without the tunic. The skirt is a two-piece style. The sleeve is close-fitting below the elbow. Figured voile or silk, with satin or crepe would be good for this design. It is also nice for gabardine, gingham, batiste, lawn and organdie. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, but Pretty Frock. 2791—This makes a good, comfortable school dress, nice for gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, repp, poplin, gabardine, voile, or serge. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl. 2771 This style is nice for batiste, lawn, voile, silk, Swiss, or lawn. The bolero may be omitted, and one may have the sleeve in wrist length, or short and flowing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1 1/4 yards for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 2781—This model is good for satin, linen, serge, shantung, taffeta, and for combinations of material. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1 1/4 yards for the jumper. The skirt measures about 1 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Outfit. 2789—Here is a choice combination for a set of short clothes. It comprises a pretty dress that is excellent for lawn, batiste, voile, nainsook and crepe, a petticoat which is comfortable and easy to develop, and simple drawers. The undergarments may be of lawn, cambric, or nainsook. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 mos., 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 2 will require for drawers, 1 yard; for petticoat, 1 1/2 yards; for dress, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl. 2776—This is just the style for wash fabrics, and for serge, voile, repp and poplin. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Work Dress. 2474—Galatea, khaki, seersucker, percale, gingham and chambray are nice and serviceable for this style. The front closing is a practical feature of this one-piece garment. The belt confines the fulness at the waistline. This is a good model for a "food conservation" or canning costume.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Apron. 2770—This style is a good "cover all" model, and suitable for gingham, percale, seersucker, lawn, sateen and alpaca. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable, Practical Undergarment. 2783—This style is good for lawn,

cambric, nainsook, batiste, washable satin, crepe and silk. The closing is effected at the sides. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

What Music in the Home Means

A well-known educator, in discussing the subject of music, especially singing, in the home, said "We have made music too much of a secluded art. It has been something to be performed, not used. We have associated it with the piano teacher and arduous practice, with the trained soloist and quartet in church, and with the

occasional, high-priced concert. We listen too much and we sing too little.

"The thing to do is to give song a regular and definite place in the home life. Let the little ones imitate our own lullabies and carols. Teach them very early fingerplays and motion songs. Turn their games into song.

"Disdain not the toy musical instruments; whistles, kazoos, jew's-harps, tiny pianos. When you use canned music, don't merely listen to it, sing with it.

"Revive the old custom of a regular singing period. Try to have it daily, between the dark and the daylight. Always have it on Sunday.

"You may be proud if you can help develop a musical artist in your home. It is better if you can encourage a singing heart."



"If I Could Only Be Strong and Healthy Like Other Girls."

THIS is the longing of the girl who is pale, weak and anaemic.

She is lacking in energy and strength, and is so easily tired out that she does not feel like taking outdoor exercise or joining others in social gatherings.

The healthy, happy outdoor girls get in the way of leaving her to herself, and she gets lonely, discouraged and despondent.

The source of trouble is in the condition of the blood, which has become thin and watery, and utterly lacking in nutritive qualities.

The anaemic condition is shown in the pallor of the lips, the gums and the eyelids, as well as in the pale face and angular form.

Nature has provided for the purifying of the blood by having it sent to the lungs periodically to come in contact with the fresh air and take up new oxygen.

Unfortunately this plan of nature has been defeated by human beings living too much indoors and breathing over and over again the vitiated air of ill-ventilated rooms. This is the usual cause of anaemia, as well as a reason for its continuation.

The blood gets ever thinner and more watery, until the human system is literally starved.

The digestive system has failed, and your health must go naturally downhill until you can find some means of restoration.

Fortunately, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food furnishes the vital substances needed for regenerating the entire organism when in a run-down condition.

Gradually and certainly the building-up process is established, and the pure, rich blood created in the system carries health and strength to every part of the body.

Weakness and disease, the cause of discouragement, failure and unhappiness, give place to new hopes, new confidence and stronger determination to succeed.

The appetite is sharpened, digestion improves, and you find yourself enjoying your meals and taking a new interest in life. As you gain in strength and energy you feel encouraged to keep up the use of this restorative treatment until thoroughly restored to health.

The rosy cheeks and healthful appearance of people who have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is its strongest recommendation, and accounts for its ever-increasing popularity.

It is for sale by all dealers, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, or by mail from Edman-son, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy.

Strong Words of a Guelph Veteran

He Says Dodd's Kidney Pills Saved His Life.

James Black at the Age of Eighty-Five is Shouting the Praises of the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Guelph, Ont. (Special)

"I would have had to undergo an operation, or be dead only for Dodd's Kidney Pills." These are strong words. But Mr. James Black, an old gentleman who moved here recently from Maidstone, makes the statement without hesitation.

"I suffered from kidney trouble and pain in my back," Mr. Black goes on to relate, "and a friend told me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. When I had used half a box I began to pass sand and gravel. I have half a pound of it in a bottle to show people.

"I also had cramps in my legs so that I could not sleep at night. I used 14 or 15 boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am cured of all these ailments."

Mr. Black who is in his eighty-fifth year, is confident that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and never tires of singing their praises. "They are worth twice their weight in gold," he says.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have long ago earned the name of "The Old Folks' Friend." For the kidneys are the first to feel the strain of advancing years. Acting directly on the kidneys, and strengthening those organs, they have made many an old person shout "I feel young again."

Ladies! Better Than Powder



Costs less than one cent a day to make and keep your face white and smooth. Has the effect of the finest powder, covers and removes blemishes, tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads and all skin diseases. A fine finish for the toilet. Price, postpaid, \$1.00. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont. Sold by

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

"Orange Lily Saved My Life"

These words, or expressions having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of the womb;



others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c, sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, \$1.30 per box, containing one month's treatment. Address with 3 stamps—

MRS. LYDIA W. LADD Windsor, Ont.
Sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Household Suggestions

Bless the Letter

In the pleasant quiet of evening, when the cheery lamp is lit, and the busy day is over (though Mother's sure to knit) Then I feel about my pockets in an absent sort of way, A-looking for the letter from our soldier boy to-day. Bless that letter!

Well! here at last I've found it, "Dear Home Folks," he starts to say, "Bet I know just how your looking, in your chummy evening way, In the sitting-room so cozy, while I'm here, and lonesome too, Scribbling letters in a 'Y' hut. Gee! I wish I was with you." Bless his letter!

Guess you know how boys grow restless, chafing at familiar things; I suppose it's only Nature urging them to try their wings. Leastways that was how, with my lad— anxious for this chance to roam. But it seems from what he writes us, he still thinks a sight of home. Bless the letter!

Must be lots of folks, as we are, learning now the lad's away, Many things quite easy written, that are mighty hard to say— How he's glad of mother's prayers—thinks it helps a fellow through— Like to talk things out with father, as a kid, he used to do. Bless the letter!

Shut my eyes and dream I see them— letters, letters, swept like foam, From the lads on fields of honor, scurrying clouds of them, from home; Holding them to hearts home keeping, linking us to souls who dare— Seeing this, I feel I ought to say it over like a prayer. Bless the letter!

Margaret Minaker.

Useful Hints

By Mrs. Wm. P. Metcalfe

To remove white spots left by hot dishes on the dining table use either wood alcohol or camphorated oil, rubbing it well in.

Coarse salt and water makes a splendid cleanser for wicker furniture and summer matting. Use a strong brush and dry thoroughly afterwards.

Hang a five cent slate on the inside of the pantry door on which to jot down items liable to be forgotten.

A piece of wire screen placed in the bottom of the oven will prevent things from burning on the bottom.

Before putting fat in the frying pan, sprinkle the pan with a little salt. This will prevent the stove being spattered.

Save the fat of the goose; it is an excellent substitute for butter when making a cake.

If sweet potatoes are greased before being put in the oven, they will bake in half the time.

Before boiling a ham, rub brown sugar over it and pierce it with whole cloves. This will give it a delicious flavor.

When pouring boiling milk or water into a tumbler or glass dish, place the tumbler or dish on a knife and the glass will neither break nor crack.

A much brighter effect will be maintained by adding a few drops of vinegar to the stove polish in preference to water.

During winter while eggs are scarce use a dessertspoonful of vinegar in a little milk added to one egg; this will equal three eggs for cake making.

A nail red hot when driven into plaster will not split it.

Ventilate your house well; you will find it heats to a better advantage.

To each quart of soft water used, add a teaspoon of salt and a teaspoon of baking soda. Heat it to boiling point and then place in it your tarnished silverware. When the silverware becomes bright remove from the water and rub with a soft cloth.

All articles to be fried should be warmed and thoroughly dry.

There is nothing better for broiling than a double wire broiler.

In winter the flour should be warmed before mixing the bread.

Flour, meal, sugar, salt and spices should be sifted before measuring.

There is more starch in wheat than in any other food that we eat.

A pair of scissors will be found an endless convenience in the kitchen.

If fish is very thick it should be partly cooked in the oven before broiling.

Selected Recipes

By Mrs. Wm. P. Metcalfe

Cream Puffs—1 cup water, ½ cup butter, 1 cup flour, 3 eggs. Place the water and butter on the fire till it comes to a boil. Stir in the flour and beat briskly. Allow it to cool and then stir in the unbeaten eggs. Drop from a spoon into a greased pan and bake twenty minutes.

Belgian Cake—1/3 cup lard, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 cup cold water, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour.

Crumb Cake—2 tablespoons butter, 1 2/3 cups flour, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ grated nutmeg, 1 cup raisins.

Soft Gingerbread—½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup sour milk, ½ cup molasses, 1 egg, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 tablespoons shortening.

Soups

Soup Stock is made from cheap, tough cuts. The meat should be cut in small pieces and soaked in cold water for half an hour to draw out the juice. Bone is added for the sake of gelatine, which it contains, and which will give body to the soup. A good proportion is 1 pound each of meat and bone to each quart of water. Use a kettle with a tight cover and simmer slowly for a number of hours. Stock is better when made the day before it is used.

A Good Soup Stock—1 lb. lean beef, 1 lb. bone, 1 qt. cold water, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 cloves, 2 allspice berries, 1 sprig parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 tablespoon each kind chopped vegetables. Prepare meat as above, soak in water half an hour, heat slowly and simmer 3 hours, add vegetables and seasonings, simmer 1 hour longer, and strain. Next day remove the fat.

To Clear Stock—Beat the white of one egg till frothy, add with broken shell to above stock when cold (after fat is removed) heat slowly and stir constantly. Boil 10 minutes without stirring, set aside 10 minutes; strain through cheesecloth dipped in cold water.

Family Soup—Time 6 hours. 3 or 4 quarts pot liquor, i.e., the water in which mutton or salt beef has been boiled. Any bones from dressed meat, trimmings of poultry, scraps of meat, or 1 lb. beef gravy, 2 large onions, 1 turnip, 2 carrots, a little celeryseed tied in a piece of muslin, bunch of savory herbs, 1 sprig of parsley, 5 cloves, 2 blades mace, a few pepper corns, pepper and salt to taste. Put all the meat, bones, etc., into a stew pan. Stick onions with cloves and add them with other vegetables to meat; pour over all the pot liquor, set over a slow fire and let simmer gently, removing all scum as it rises. Strain through fine hair sieve.

Tomato Soup—Put 1 quart tomatoes in 1 quart boiling water and let them cook thoroughly; set 1 quart milk, in a pitcher or tin, into a pan of hot water to scald. When the tomatoes are done, add a teaspoon of soda, and when foaming ceases add the hot milk with a generous lump of butter; salt and pepper to taste. Cream may be added instead of butter, and more milk and less water used if desired. Brown a few crackers, roll fine, and add to the soup. Serve with small pieces of dry toast without butter. Time 30 to 40 minutes.

Potato Soup—Slice 6 large potatoes and boil until tender, mash fine and run through a colander into the soup kettle; add 2 quarts sweet milk. When it comes to boiling point, add noodles already boiled in salt water. Season the soup to taste and serve.

Corn Soup—Grate sweet corn from 6 ears and boil the cobs in sufficient water to cover them; remove them after ten minutes boiling and use the water in which they are boiled to stew the grated corn. Just before serving add 1 quart sweet milk, letting it boil a few minutes. Season with pepper and salt.

Bean Soup—Soak 1 quart white beans over night. In morning pour off the water, add fresh, and set over fire until skins will easily slip off. Throw them into cold water, rub well, and skins will rise to top, where they may be removed. Boil beans until perfectly soft, allowing 2 quarts water to 1 quart beans; mash beans; add flour and butter rubbed together, also salt and pepper. Cut cold bread into small pieces, toast and drop on soup when serving.

Scotch Broth—Soak ½ cup pearl barley over night. Cut 2 lbs. neck of mutton in bits, add 2 quarts water and soak 1 hour. Heat slowly, skim, add barley; skim again; simmer 1 hour, add ½ cup each sliced onion, carrot, turnip, celery fried for 5 minutes in 1 tablespoon dripping. Simmer 3 hours. Season well; thicken a little with flour, add 1 tablespoon chopped barley and serve.

Consomme—3 quarts water, 1 carrot, 1 leek, 2 lbs. lean beef, 1 turnip, small bunch herbs, 1 old fowl, 1 onion. Let simmer slowly for 8 hours, or till it is reduced to 1 quart. Season, skim and strain as usual.

Barley Soup—Scald 10 tablespoons pearly barley; drain, cover with fresh boiling water and boil 3 hours. Scald 1 quart rich, sweet milk, and add to the barley when done. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and let simmer 10 minutes, stirring often.

Asparagus Soup—Break off all that is tender from a bundle of fresh, green asparagus, and put this in a pan with a handful of freshly gathered spinach, one of parsley, and the same of spring onions. Wash in 2 waters and drain in a sieve; then boil in 2 quarts water with a bit of butter and a little salt. As soon as the asparagus is done, rub all through a fine colander, and return to the pot; then add a piece of butter the size of an egg (cut in bits and roll in flour) a teaspoon sugar, and a sprinkle of white pepper. Time ½ hour. Serve with croutons.

Celery Soup—Take 3 lbs. veal, and let it simmer slowly in 2 quarts water till reduced one-half; when cold it will make a jelly-like white stock. Take some celery, cut the best parts small, and cook it until tender in this stock. Then put through a sieve and return to the saucepan, add 2 pints cream, season with pepper and salt, and let simmer 10 minutes, stirring often.

The River

By Katharine Tynan

The river lingers, loth to go,
Singing her country song, and slow
She winds amid the fields and clover,
Hither and thither, to and fro.

She knows that far in mist and mirk
Lies the great sea with many a bark,
But would not the sweet day were over
Under this heaven of thrush and lark.

In the flowered field she lies at play
Half the length of a summer's day,
Like a long silver ribbon curving
To and fro in her wild, sweet way

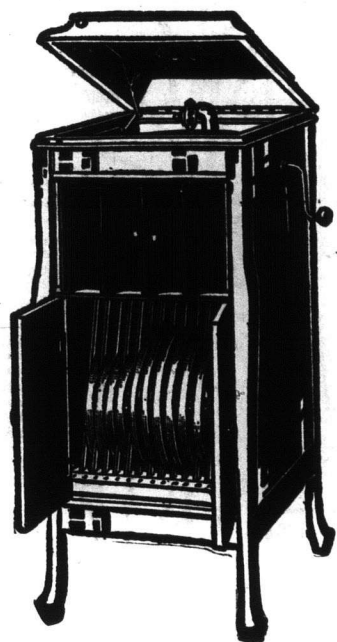
Alas! thou little river, dost fear
What lieth past the alders sere—
Past the long channel, curving, swerving
Bearing thy waters far from here?

Dost know this day is sweet and good,
Here in earth's meadows saffron-hued
Where the birds sing and sing for ever,
And the lark soareth o'er his brood?

But the deep calleth—even so
Calleth, and there is far to go.
Yet we would stay, I and the river,
Sweet is the meadowed place we know.



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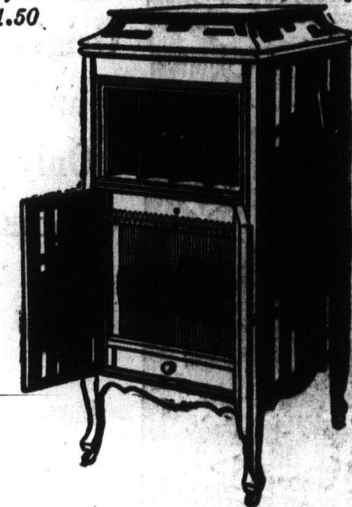
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Woman and The Home

Choosing Friends

Annie H. Quill

The girl who has been carefully guarded all her life up to the time of her "coming out"—that wonderful time when she puts her hair up and her dress down and starts out to take a hand in the game of life—the girl who has been guarded by loving parents up to that time, will have no difficulty in choosing friends, for each and every one will have to come up to the standard that a wise mother has taught her how to raise. She will not measure possible friends by their surroundings, but will judge them for themselves. True worth is all that will appeal to her. She has been taught that a loving heart is worth more than all the wealth of the world. That there is more honor in being the wife of a poor man if he is honest, upright and broad-minded, than in being the wife of a millionaire if he is dishonorable.

Everything turns naturally to the sunlight and the wise girl will choose her friends from among sunny people. Smiles are as cheap as the sunlight itself, and the cheerful person will help to raise her out of the slough of despond into which she may have fallen, while the friend who groans will only push her deeper into the mire. All the people who smile are not happy. The smile is the pretty curtain that they hang before the windows of their soul that the curious

"Getting Even"

Thyrza V. Hawley

Four-year-old Dickie had gotten out of bed distinctly on the wrong side one morning. His clothes were perverse; the stairs held a grudge against him; and, to cap the climax, the door wilfully flew back and bumped his small nose. He came into the kitchen where mother and auntie were getting breakfast, whining and scuffling the edges of the linoleum.

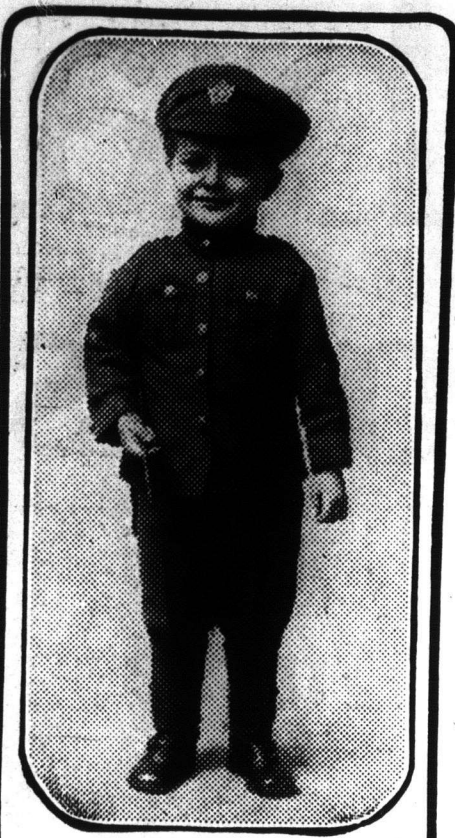
"Well, Dickie-bird!" cried his aunt pleasantly, "What's the matter now?" "Nashy ole door hit boy," he grumbled, swinging on her crisp skirts.

"It did, did it? Hateful old thing—you just run over and kick the horrid old door, then you'll feel lots better."

He trotted across the room and kicked the door savagely again and again, in as real a fit of passion as the man shows who kills a fellow-being. At last he came back to us with a satisfied face, the clouds all gone. "I'll teach the ole door, won't I, Auntie?" he gloated. She patted his head and smiled.

Now, the auntie was a teacher in the public schools and a sensible and thoughtful young woman besides, yet apparently it had never occurred to her that there was anything out of the way in the incident. She was thoroughly surprised when I remonstrated with her.

Have you mothers ever looked at the matter in this light? No one can deny



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He started to improve in health and strength, and to-day I am a thankful mother, thanks to Virol for saving his life. Now I shall always recommend Virol to mothers who have sick and delicate babies.

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person may not see. All that the world sees is the smile.

The sarcastic person, the one who wastes time criticising and sneering at all the little things of life, must not be chosen for a friend. There is so much of beauty and worth in this grand old world of ours that it is only the foolish person who never finds anything to admire, or to promote their happiness. Therefore, avoid the person who sneers at everything.

Girls excuse too much these days. The average girl overlooks slang, familiarity, and smoking. And some of them even excuse drinking. It cheapens a girl to appear in company with the young man who is slangy, familiar, who smokes in the presence of ladies, or who so far forgets his manhood as to use intoxicating liquors. No matter how you are placed, whether you are the daughter of wealth, or just a poor working girl, you can not afford to count young men of this sort among your friends.

An honorable young man will gladly climb to the standard set by the girl he loves, but she must place it high and hold it firmly. It is almost equally as important to choose well your girl friends. Remember that smut rubs off, and that if you touch a smutty character or include such among your friends, you will blacken your own. Raise your standard for girls very high, too, but remember to raise your own standard.

that this is a very common occurrence, yet if you stop to think, you will see as she did, that it is exactly the same principle which makes the bullying schoolboy say to a companion: "I'll get even with you yet—you just wait and see!" and which will lead him to kick a horse or a dog of his own when he gets to be a man. People will unhesitatingly term him, "brute!" then, but he will only be practising the childish lesson which mother or auntie innocently enough doubtless, taught him.

If his temper is naturally fiery he may develop this tendency beyond the bounds society has set and become what we call "criminal," but which after all is generally merely an exaggerated form of this "getting even" habit; revenge for a wrong, mental or physical, real or fancied. It seems a dreadful thing to realize, when we read of a man sentenced to be hung or electrocuted, that he was once a dear little child, much like the one that I love, or you perhaps, with the same amusing, pretty baby tempers, which he was encouraged to "kick out" on some door, instead of being gently trained to repress.

If such false teaching could only be restricted to inanimate things during childhood it would still be bad enough in its tendency, but sometimes we don't remember that young children can not discriminate. The woman who would be

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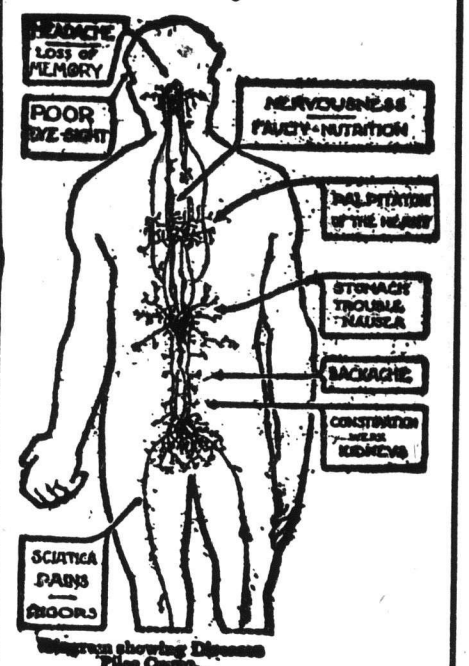
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horrified to see her child strike an offending playmate, thinks there is no harm in telling him to "beat the naughty chair that rocked on his tootsies so hard." She would probably punish him if he deliberately pounded a weak little kitten which had scratched him, but says carelessly if you call her attention to the deeper significance:

"Oh well, we don't keep animals just for that reason, but Baby can't hurt our old furniture." Some day, however, when her child who has been allowed to "get even" with old furniture in this way, strikes the new baby sister and possibly puts out one of her eyes, as I have known an angry child to actually do—what can the mother do then?

We have to be so very careful to think of the hidden meaning in every act, in relation to a growing child during this period when impressions, both good and evil, are indelibly imprinted on the sensitive brain. And if you will try, you will find that this is one case in which it is no more difficult to found a right habit than a wrong.

I like to think of a mother I know, who has taught her baby boy nothing but kindness and gentleness through all his short life. If he bumped his head on the shelf it was always:

"Let's see if you have hurt the poor shelf, dear, that was a hard bump." Or if he pinched his wee fingers in the door: "Don't you suppose the door is sorry it hurt the boy? Pet the nice door, son—I'm sure it won't do so again. Doors and things never try to hurt little folks—it's always just an accident, so my boy must be patient and gentle with them." Until finally, if he was hurt or if he accidentally injured something else, he learned of his own accord to say:

"Pet poor lil' chair, Mudder," or: "So sorry, kitty—Boy kish kitty now."

Could a child trained in this way ever by any possibility, think you, grow up to be a murderer? Could he be anything less than the splendid gentleman that his mother is destining him for; is holding ever before her mind's eye? And this is one of those big, seemingly little things that every mother can do to make the world a better, happier abiding place for the future generations. Believe me, "getting even" has never yet done anything but harm.

A Matter of Personality

"You look like a garden of sweet peas," Miss Staunton said, and she smiled at Hilda, who stood in the doorway prettily dressed in white and violet.

The quick color flashed into Hilda's face. Miss Staunton—"your famous Miss Staunton," as Geraldine Gates called her—was her ideal.

"Oh, would you care to see my room?" she asked, eagerly. "It's just a girl's room, you know, but it's in violet, too—if it wouldn't bother you."

"I'd love to," said Miss Staunton. "Now?"

"I can if you can," Hilda said, happily. They went upstairs together. Joan's room, sunny, homely, full of used and shabby things, faced them first. Miss Staunton had been there the night before. Hilda threw open the opposite door, and then stood waiting, while the color came and went in her face. She did not have to wait long.

"It's exquisite!" Miss Staunton cried. "Did you plan it all yourself?"

"Every bit," Hilda replied, "and I worked it out, too. I did the stencilling for the curtains and all the embroidery. I thought a little of having a violet on my linen, but I liked the white monogram better. I designed it. I put it on my shirt-waists, too, sometimes in white, and sometimes in lavender and white; I have it on my stationery—and look in here." She opened her upper drawer. Inside were handkerchiefs and gloves and ribbon cases of crash, all embroidered with the pretty monogram.

"I thought I'd make them of silk at first," Hilda explained, "you can get such lovely silks; but after they're soiled that's the end of them. The crash washes. I—I love to have things individual. Don't you think it's a duty to be yourself in every way you can, Miss Staunton?"

Miss Staunton smiled into the pretty, wistful face. "I certainly do," she answered, "although I never saw it worked out in exactly this way. Not many people have the taste, even if they have the time. But every strong person is 'individual,' nevertheless. I think your sister Joan

has the strongest individuality of any girl of her age I know."

"Joan!" Hilda exclaimed. Instinctively her glance went to the room across the hall.

Miss Staunton smiled again. "I don't mean in monograms, but she stamps herself on life none the less. I'll venture to guess that her room is lived in by all the younger children, isn't it? I could see that they all came to her with every interest of their lives—Jack especially; and it isn't easy to hold the confidence of a boy of fourteen. I can see 'Joan Emerson, her mark' on every one of those children as plainly as I can see the monogram on your pretty linen. It stands for honesty and unselfishness, fair play and sympathy. It's a wonderful thing for a girl of her age to have achieved."

"I—why—I never thought—" Hilda stammered.

Miss Staunton's eyes met hers with warm friendliness.

"There are so many kinds of personal marks, little girl," she said.

The Best Exercise

The doctor looked gravely at the patient says the Dundee Advertiser. "You must take exercise," he said, at last.

"The motor car, in a case like yours," continued the doctor, "gives the best exercise that—"

"But I cannot afford to buy a car," protested the patient.

"Don't buy one," said the doctor. "Just dodge them."

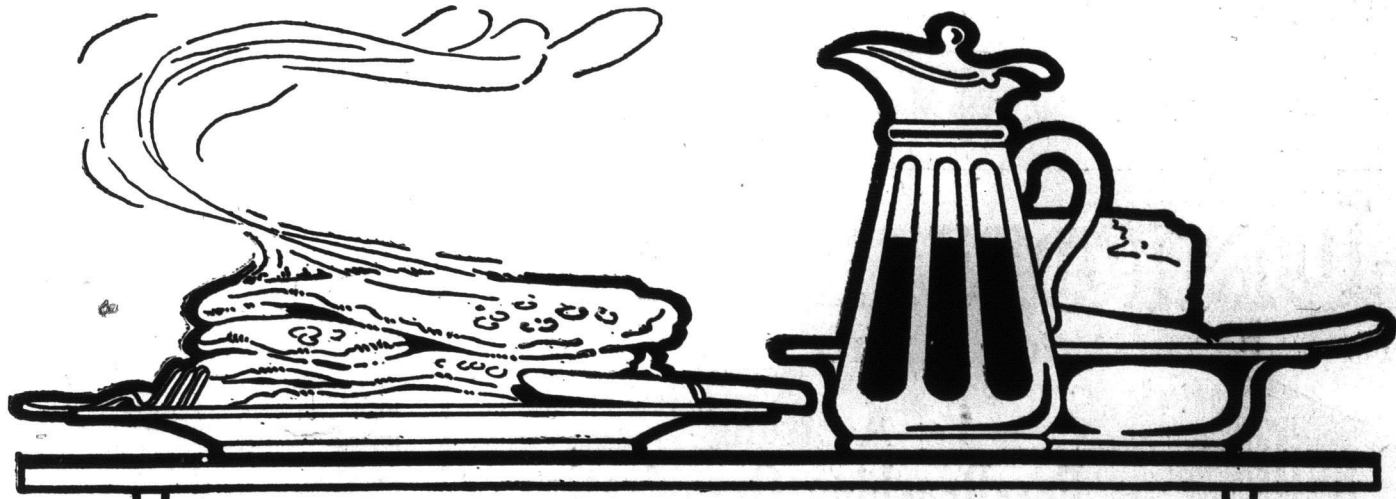
An Explanation

"Why is Freshers always boasting that he has lost money on the Exchange?"

"Because it's the only way he can get anybody to believe that he ever had any."

Write or Right

Learned Counsel to client in Court, the case at issue being a breach of promise suit for damages, based on letters written by the defendant. Counsel had given a lesson on morals to his client, when the latter remarked dejectedly, "Oh, I know all about it. Do right and fear nothing." "No, no; that is not correct at all," said the irate Counsel. "Don't write and fear nothing."



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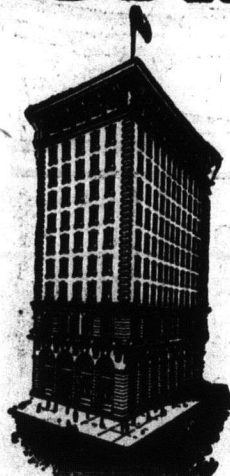
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Sunday Reading

Echoes of Memory

In th' dimness of th' gloamin' tender memories come a-roamin'
 With th' fragrance of th' roses, bringin' old-time joys to mind;
 I kin hear th' cattle lowin' an' th' sound of distant mowin',
 An' the' odor of th' new-mown hay is wafted on th' wind.

I kin hear th' whip-wills tunin' an' th' sorter plaintive croonin'
 Of th' broodin' mother robin as she twitters soft an' low;
 I kin see th' nests a-hangin', in th' trees an' hear th' twangin'
 Of th' cricket's tiny fiddle as he rosins up his bow.

I kin see th' bridal bloomin' of th' apple trees, perfumin'
 All th' air, until it thrills me with a happy, kinder pain;
 An' th' settin' sun a-sinkin', sorter thirsty like a-drinkin'
 All th' moisture from th' lowlands, storin' up th' clouds with rain.

wonder on our way to school just what her mood would be. Of course if she did speak we knew that meant she must be leader in the plays that day. Not one child dared question her authority. If we did—why she simply would not speak. A child's disposition—we say—and she will outgrow it.

The other day a grown woman whose age flirts around the shady side of forty, was on her way to the church. As she is a prominent member of the aid society of that particular church she is as busy as a bee when teas and programmes and receptions and ticket-begging are on the docket.

On this particular day she met another sister coming out of the church as she went in and she did not speak. No—she threw up her head, and pressed her lips very firmly together, and sailed past the sister, absolutely refusing to recognize her. Of course she is busy now writing the minutes of the previous meeting and serving tea and making speeches and selling concert tickets for a dollar and a half each to people who throw them into



Boys' and Girls' Club, Gladstone, Man. Hats and dresses shown in picture were made by those little girls.

An' th' dear, old-fashioned flowers, shed-din' petals in gay showers,
 When th' breezes come a-singin' an' a-dancin' down th' day;
 An' I hear a drowsy hummin'—'tis th' bumblebees a-bummin'
 All about th' honeyed blossoms in their fumblin', awk'ard way.

An' th' twilight softly stealin', brings a peaceful sorter feelin'—
 'Tis th' touch of Mother Nater, with her tender, lovin' hand;
 An' I listen, idly dreamin', while th' moonlight comes a-streamin',
 To her voice 'at's sweet with music for th' ones 'at understand.

An' I think of all th' sorrers of th' earth, an' th' to-morrers,
 When th' sunshine sorter pierces through th' dim an' dreary gray;
 An' th' sadness turns to sweetness with a sorter calm completeness,
 As th' old delights come thrillin' back in memory's gracious way.
 Grace G. Bostwick.

She Does Not Speak

Once upon a time when I was a very little girl one of my playmates did not speak at times. I never knew in the morning whether she would be friendly that day or mute. Our little group would

the waste basket—but some day she will "grow up," when real spirituality stirs her soul and then she will speak.

The Alcohol Fiend

By E. Hall

Stalking over our fair land with giant strides; establishing his emissaries in every street of our beautiful cities and lovely villages, north, south, east and west; leaving disgrace, despair, devastation, and ruin in his track; exulting over his wretched victims; growing stronger as they grow weaker, richer as they grow poorer, building palatial residences while they remove step by step from luxurious or comfortable homes, until at last that wretched shelter of human misery is reached, the overcrowded tenement house of the great city, or the miserable hovel on the outskirts of the village; leaving a track of fire in his wake—goes the Alcohol Fiend.

A great leveller is he! The ignorant and uncouth, the laborer, the mechanic, the man of brilliant intellect and high social position, the lawyer, the statesman, the artist, the poet, all meet on common ground wher' the brain is in the possession of the Alcohol Fiend.

See that noble-looking, well-dressed man emerging from the portals of a certain store on one of the public avenues,

which from the absence of any sign or display of wares of any kind, and a general air of haziness and mystery about its entrance, makes the passer-by aware that it is an alcohol dispensary. Look at the leering eyes, the red, bloated face, the distorted lips, the uncertain gait of the man whom you have perchance called friend, and who in his right mind is a dignified, intelligent gentleman. Look at the smiling, sleek, fawning dispenser of destruction to soul and body follow the man who is or was your friend to the door, with a last friendly word on his Judas tongue. Do you not feel the indignant blood flying to your finger-tips, until you can scarce restrain yourself from throttling him on the spot. Turn into a meaner street, a stone's-throw from the fashionable avenue; here you find shops of a different stamp and customers of a lower rank, but you observe the same wild or imbecile expression, the same leering eyes and bloated face, the same uncertain gait, that you noticed in the high-bred educated gentleman. Yes, the Alcohol Fiend is a great leveller. The boor goes home and beats his hard-working long-suffering wife and trembling, freightened children; the gentleman has not quite reached that point yet, but presently the Fiend will grip him closer and tighter, his blood will become more inflamed and flow like liquid fire in his veins, his sensibilities will become more blunted, his thirst will become more insatiable; his course is steadily and rapidly downward.

The emissary of the Fiend grows more people, when the office door opened, and

wonderful age. This is a beautiful world. Everywhere men and women are working for others."

"Why this city is full of evil people," she demonstrated.

"No, this city has many more good people than evil ones," I answered.

"There is so much that is splendid all about us," I continued.

"You do not see the seamy side," she shouted indignantly.

"Oh—yes, I do," I said, "but that gives one a very narrow view of the city at large."

"Why," she exclaimed, "I know of an eighteen-year-old girl who told her mother she wished she had never been born."

"That may be true of a few but I know of scores of girls who bless their mothers and are radiant with the pure joy of being alive," I argued.

Oh—we are so apt to draw conclusions from our own little narrow viewpoint. The lens of our soul needs cleaning till we can see the wonderful beauty all about us. We can hold a little object so near our eyes that we see nothing else.

"Is there not a joy in the waste windy places?"

Is there not a song by the long dusty way? Is there not a glory in the sudden hour of struggle?"

Is there not a peace in the long quiet day?"

As Others See Us

The genial professor stood on the hotel veranda, the centre of a group of young smiling, more unctuous, more wealthy,



Manitoba Boys' and Girls' Club. Summer sewing class out on the lawn on a warm summer day.

more respected; he lives in a freestone front, he keeps his carriage and coachman in livery, his wife wears diamonds and a camel's hair shawl that once belonged to the wife of the gentleman.

The gentleman is no longer a gentleman; he has lost all control of himself; he strikes his wife; his children no longer run to meet him; they shrink and hide when they hear his step; his fine intellect is gone; he dies in what should have been the prime of his manhood; his family are left paupers. Let us draw the veil of charity over his memory; he was our friend. But for the emissary of the Fiend—let us heap scorn and contempt and loathing upon his head; let us refuse to recognize him, though he rears a palace and fills it with works of art; though he dispenses his wealth freely, and subscribes generously to public charities. Let us remember that he has made widows and orphans; let us remember that he has sent men into dishonored graves; let us remember that he has built up his own house by tearing down the houses of others; let us remember that he has robbed us of our friend. Let us scorn and loathe and abhor him as we would a thief and a murderer.

Her Vision

She came into the room a personification of gloom. At the sight of her drooping mouth I was prepared for a tale of tragedy.

"You know the world is awful that we are living in!" she exclaimed.

"Oh no," I replied, "we are living in a

the business man from Boston hurried down the steps for his usual morning walk.

"Ah, good morning," beamed the professor. "Glorious morning for a walk, isn't it?"

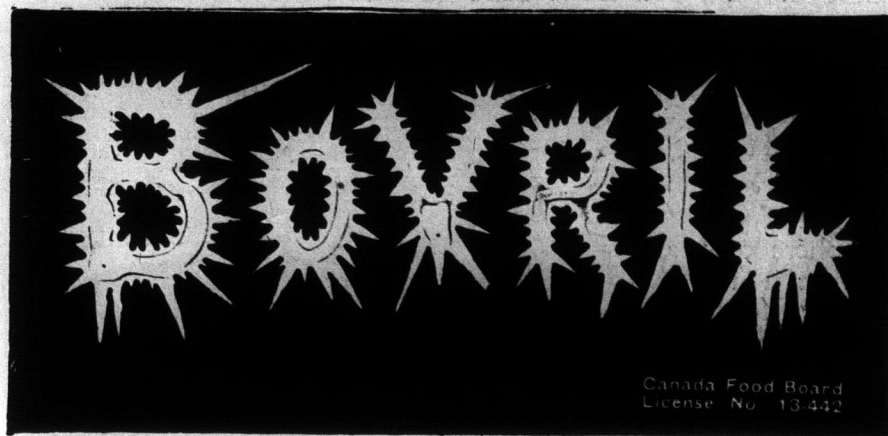
"Oh, yes, certainly—very nice, yes, indeed," replied the other, absently. Then, stopping suddenly, as if arrested by the compelling warmth of the greeting, he called out, "Oh, by the way, professor, here's my Transcript—thought you might like to look at it, you know! Never mind returning it when you're through, for I've finished it. Oh, that's all right. You're quite welcome, I'm sure. Say, read that editorial on the tariff! It's got the whole situation in a nutshell. Well, good morning! It is a nice day, isn't it?"

The spectators watched with amusement as the professor carefully folded the paper, and put it in his pocket beside its exact counterpart.

"I couldn't explain to him that I already had one," he remarked, thoughtfully. "It would have deprived him of so much pleasure, and," he added, as if to himself, "he has so little."

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



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My great complexion beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. You can try it without risk and prove all I say—all that thousands of others say who know the results. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in your life used or heard of anything like it. Will make muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic.

No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots; peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of the wild admiration of all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health.

So, this minute, send me your name and address on the free coupon, or postal or letter, and by return mail I will write you full details in plain sealed envelope free. Decide now and do it for your own greater happiness.

All Methods Now Known are Cast Aside by Pearl La Sage

former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known—Nothing to Wear Nothing to Take Internally—Absolutely Harmless and Pleasant to Use. Your Complexion Can Look Like Hers if You Will Send Me Your Name.

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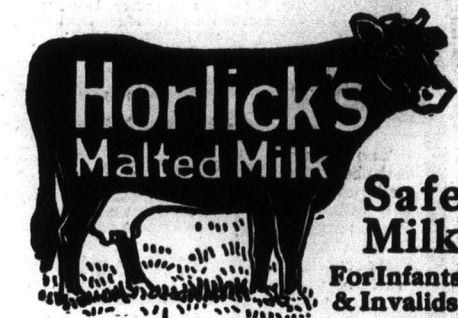
Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living necessary. Few minutes every day does it.

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Rheumatic Pains

Are relieved in a few days by taking 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup after meals and on retiring. It dissolves the lime and acid accumulation in the muscles and joints so these deposits can be expelled, thus relieving pain and soreness. Seigel's Syrup, also known as "Extract of Roots," contains no opium or other strong drugs to kill or mask the pain of rheumatism or lumbago, it removes the cause. 50c. a bottle at druggists.



A Nutritious Diet for All Ages. Keep Horlick's Always on Hand Quick Lunch; Home or Office. Canada Food Board License No. 14-385.

WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN TO SEE YOU, you will be proud to show them the Mahogany-Finished Serving Tray which is being given for only three new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

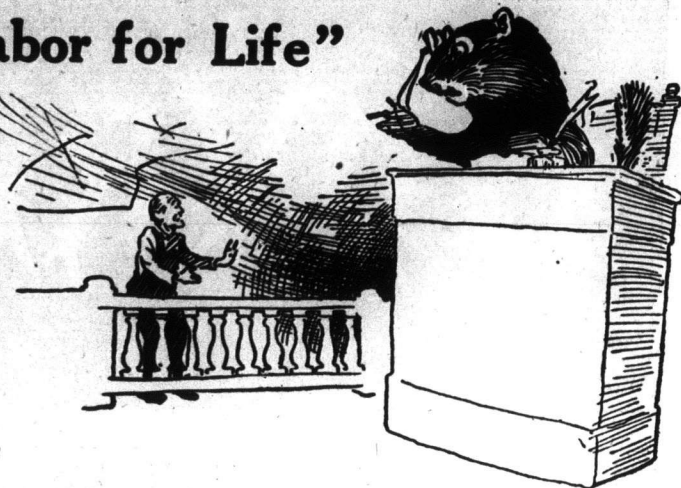
"Hard Labor for Life"

Have the gophers imposed that sentence on you?

They will if you let gophers keep on running things. You'll do nothing but fatten gophers.

There's no profit in that.

Kill 'Em! Quick!!



Increase Your Crops!

We tell you, as will thousands of Canadian farmers, that Kill-Em-Quick will increase your crops from 1 to 5 bushels per acre—and we guarantee Kill-Em-Quick.

The only way to get this increase in your crops is for you to use

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

We are talking about your crops of grain—your crops of gophers will increase if you simply let them alone.

Kill-Em-Quick has an odor so attractive to gophers that they find it rots away and always eat it. It is so strong,—Government analysis shows it to be much the strongest sold in Canada—that it kills instantly any gopher that picks it up.

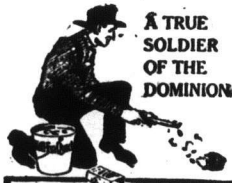
Kill-Em-Quick is easy to use, merely stir into thoroly moistened oats or ground feed and drop near the holes. It is safe, deadly sure, used by more Canadian farmers than any other poison. Recommended by Agricultural Colleges as the most effective gopher poison.



It's much the cheapest poison per gopher killed. Don't confuse it or be misled by unsupported claims. Get Kill-Em-Quick. Be safe—not sorry. Increase your crops.

20 acre size, 60c; 100 acre size, \$1.20 At dealers, or post paid upon receipt of the price.

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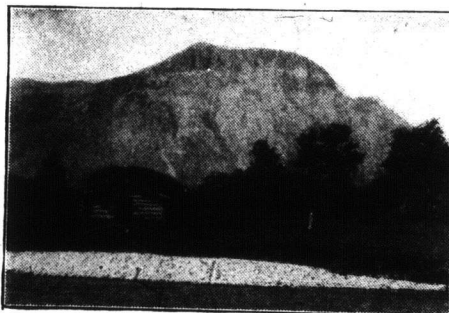
Every farmer who continually poisons Gophers Spring, Summer and Fall serves his country well for he increases crops.

FIRST HOMESTEAD BUILDING IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA

By Max McD.

In 1865, a placer miner from Wild Horse Creek (now Fort Steele, named after Col. Sam Steele) in British Columbia, saddled his horse, and packing three others, made his way through the South Kootenai Pass to the plains east of the Rockies. He was going to "diggings" on the Saskatchewan, so he thought, but as he had no one to direct him, he found himself in the vicinity of Medicine Hat. Continuing his journey along the river he soon came to Fort Garry, and from there pushed into Uncle Sam's domain and worked for a year or so as scout and despatch carrier.

To get from Wild Horse Creek to the prairies of the West, brought the pioneer prospector around the shores of Waterton Lakes, in what is now the south west corner of Alberta. The more than ordinary grandeur of the scenery and the rich abundance of prairie grass on the plains adjacent to the water made the traveller wish for a home on the shores of the lake. Returning from the United States, where he had taken a wife, John George Brown "squatted" on what the surveyors afterwards marked as Section 31, in Township 1, and range 29, west of the 4th meridian. He was John George Brown then and is yet, but having come from the Kootenai country in B.C. he was afterwards dubbed "Kootenai Brown," to distinguish him from "Poker Brown," "Jug-handle Brown," and several other Browns who came in shortly after. Out of logs cut in the mountains, a house and barn was built and the first homesteader in the southern district of the Western Canada plains began ranching and farming.



First household building in Southern Alberta on first homestead of Kootenai Brown.

True the farming was on a small scale for there was no one to buy the product, but green feed was grown and a garden planted.

Not many homesteads in the West have as interesting history attached to them as the S.W. 1/4 of 31-1-29. It was taken before anyone thought of surveys and all the improvements were made long before it was filed on. On it a store was built and trade with the Indians of British Columbia and the Flathead country in Montana was carried on for many years. When the oil boom struck the South Kootenai Pass district fifteen years ago, buildings were built on this homestead and preparations made to drill for oil. The homestead was afterwards sold to an oil company for a neat sum of money, and, worse luck, a bunch of oil stock. The quarter is now a part of Waterton Lakes National Park, and is one of the interesting attractions for visitors. The old house has fallen into the Waterton River on the shores of which it was built, and Kootenai has long ago moved to a second homestead to which he was entitled because of long residence, near the old one.

Since the old days of homesteading "Kootenai Brown" has been Game and Fish Guardian, and a Warden in Waterton Lakes National Park. He died in the summer of 1916, and his body lies beside that of his first wife, a half-breed woman, on his first homestead, by the shores of Lower Waterton Lake.

Drives Asthma Like Magic.—The immediate help from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy seems like magic. Nevertheless it is only a natural remedy used in a natural way. The smoke or vapor, reaching the most remote passage of the affected tubes, brushes aside the trouble and opens a way for fresh air to enter. It is sold by dealers throughout the country.

A PERFECT FARM

By John Jackson

If your farm is not one hundred per cent productive can you tell the reason why? You are not asked to make a guess about it, but to state clearly and truthfully for your own benefit why you are letting the profits slip by you. For instance, there is no reason in the world why the average farm should not produce at least fifty-five bushels of oats per acre. Why is yours producing but thirty-five to forty bushels per acre, during the years of good yield and a great deal below that for the poorer years? Surely it is time to stop up that hole in the pocket.

Let me tell you what I found out when I went at my farm in dead earnest in this respect.

First of all I found out that my crop in one field was below the average. Through this fifteen acre field there ran a spring and fall creek. This creek did not take shape till late in October and it generally dried up by the middle of May or the first of June. Moreover, it was not straight by any means, but it managed by its wandering course to cut out of my field a space about three rods wide. The creek-bed was about a rod wide and on each side of it there was about another rod that was not up to much because of the creek's wandering course. I made up my mind that the creek had to be straightened. There was some work ahead but finally the job was done and now a fine ditch that carries off all the surface water that runs through the field during the spring and fall. Being as straight as a line it is but four feet wide and we can crop the land to a foot on each side of it. In this way we have added a strip to that field about forty-four feet wide and thirty rods long. Not only has there been a gain in the land under cultivation, but the land lying adjacent to the ditch is so much improved in drainage that the crop production on more than an acre of the field is increased by fully thirty per cent.

I noticed, too, that the knolls on the field were not up to much in the way of production. The soil on those high places was stripped of its humus and the grain that grew there was in consequence spindly in the straw and poor in the kernel. But while there was little humus on the knolls, there was an over supply in the hollow where the rain had carried what was washed from the hills. Further the knolls rarely gave us anything more than the merest excuse for a crop of clover. The method we adopted was to plow the knolls as well as we could as soon as the harvest was off. The next step was to place a few wagon loads of the soil from the hollows on the earth thus loosened. This was followed by the plowing of the entire field at its regular after harvest plowing. By the time the last deep fall plowing was done the knolls were well supplied with humus that was thoroughly mixed with the ordinary stiff clay. Not only so but the shape of the knoll was so altered and the texture of the soil so changed that the rain instead of running off the knolls sank into the soil. By this treatment we secured the first year a very considerable addition to the productiveness of the field. The crop was even and good. Half a day's hustle made the difference. One has only to add that clover now grows on those knolls as well as it grows on the rest of the field. The new soil from the hollows brought with it the inoculation and the other things the knolls lacked for this growth. Each field on the farm had some limitation that kept us back from ten to twenty per cent. The limitation was not in evidence till we looked for it. What astonished us was our folly in working under the handicap when it was so easily removed.—(From the Farmers' Magazine).

A Painless War Cure for Burns

Readers who have suffered severe burns will be particularly interested in the new cure that a French physician has discovered, and is using successfully to save the lives of soldiers in the great war.

A soldier from the Somme, says the American World's Work, was brought into St. Nicholas Hospital, near Paris, so badly burned that he was hardly recognizable as a human being. Just six weeks later he was up and walking about, and the only indication that he showed of having ever been burned was here and there a discoloration of the skin. The new skin that had grown over two-thirds

Try This One-Man Stump Puller 30 Days FREE

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If you have useless stump land, I want to PROVE to you on your own stump—30 days before you pay me a penny—that ONE MAN with my famous Kirstin Stump Puller can pull big, little, green, rotten, low-cut, sap-rooted stumps, hogues, trees or brush. I want to convince you that this is the easiest, quickest and cheapest way to pull stumps.

The Kirstin is the best stump puller ever shipped into South Fort George and it is the best that ever will be. I have seen a lot of pullers work but none could compare with mine.

A. B. Campbell, Hullat, B.C. Yesterday I pulled a willow bunch 20 feet in circumference in 20 minutes.

H. Ericson, Dry Forks, Alta.

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Weights less—costs less—yet has greater speed, strength, power and lasts longer! Clears one acre from one anchor! Easily moved around field! A few pounds pull or push on handle exerts force on stump—due to wonderful leverage principle. 8-year guarantee against breakage!

Get My Big New Book NOW!

Tells how one man pulls stubborn stumps in few minutes at low cost. Explains all about different species. Also patented quick "take up" for slack cable. Describes Kirstin one man Clutch Model, Kirstin One Man Drum Model, and Kirstin Horse Power Model. Get the book and Special Agents' Offer. Payment from nearest distributor.

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of his body was just like the skin that was there before, except for a few smudges of dark coloring; but in the course of a few months even that will have as even a pigment as the rest of his skin. There are no drawn places and no reddened tissue. No less remarkable is the fact that the soldier suffered no pain after the first day.

St. Nicholas Hospital is full of similar or even worse cases. In the last year it has cured four hundred and fifty cases of extensive burns. It is designated the "hospital for the badly burned," and a glance any morning into one of its dressing rooms shows how thoroughly its name is justified.

The cure is simple and easy to understand. A young soldier with his hands and forearms bandaged is led in by an orderly and seated on a stool. A nurse removes the bandages and the burned skin. She washes off the pus with a small rubber hose, and dries the flesh with an electric hot-air drier. Then she brings an atomizer filled with a hot liquid. This she sprays carefully over the hands and forearms, until they are entirely covered with a soft, white, waxlike film. While that film is still hot, she lays strips of tain cotton batting over it and paints them with the same liquid until the whole wound is sealed in under the drying liquid. Then she wraps it up in thicker cotton batting. A week later the hands are covered with a new, supple skin.

It is not quite so simple a matter when the burns are deeper, but the process is always the same and does not vary with the degree of the burn. The liquid is a combination of paraffin and resin. Laid on with a brush, it would be painful, but as it drops in tiny globules, the patient does not even feel the fall of the spray on the flesh. The temperature of this liquid, when applied, is 158 F. It would cause considerable pain if applied to healthy skin, but on raw flesh it creates no feeling of discomfort.

The Modern Treatment of Wounds

Since the days of Lister, the famous English surgeon who taught the world the antiseptic treatment of wounds, such injuries have become far less dangerous to life. Formerly it was to be expected that wounds, whether produced by accident or by the knife of the surgeon, would suppurate and give trouble before the healing process could begin. Then came Lister with his theory that absolute antiseptics were possible, and his discovery that the formation of pus in a wound was always the result of infection and might be prevented.

In former times infection was often the result of carelessness on the part of the surgeon or the nurses, but no one realized that fact because no other result was considered as possible. But the medical profession long ago recognized the absolute truth of Lister's words, "Clean wounds heal up; unclean wounds suppurate and refuse to heal."

The awful war that was raging in Europe has brought benefits to humanity as well as loss, and one of those benefits is the tremendous advance in surgery—an advance that in ordinary times would have taken many years. The wounds in modern warfare are so frightful, so destructive and so disfiguring that the surgeons have been stimulated to devise extraordinary methods of remedy. Many of the worst wounds are of the head and face, and the results of the remedial surgery in such cases are almost miraculous.

The antiseptic treatment of wounds has also taken great strides. Physicians have found that they can bring about healing in wounds that formerly they would have thought to be hopeless. The improved treatment is largely the work of a French surgeon, formerly resident in New York, Dr. Carrel, who not only makes a wound clean but keeps it so by subjecting it to a constant stream of some suitable antiseptic fluid, which bathes the entire wounded surface for days at a time. The treatment has not only saved much disfigurement but it has actually preserved many lives that in previous wars would have been lost.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Overland



"Apple Blossom Time in an Overland"

There is nothing more contagious than enthusiasm. The keen appreciation and deep respect that thousands of Overland owners so freely express, is an Overland asset of priceless value. This enthusiasm of Overland owners is our inspiration and obligation to produce cars that will perpetuate and enhance Overland prestige. The Model 90 Overland is completely fulfilling this obligation to old and new friends. Where road conditions are poor, its easy riding qualities inspire appreciation. Everywhere its operation, sturdiness, low upkeep and dependable performance constantly widen the circle of Overland friends. This enthusiasm of the spreading, contagious, inspiring kind is your safest buying guide.

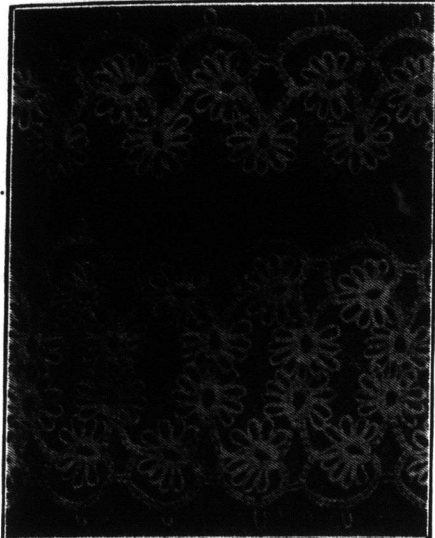
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Model 90 Touring, \$1360; Model 85-4 Touring, \$1405; Model 88-4 Touring, \$2575;
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(4 d, picot of 5 ch, 3 d) in each 5-ch loop. Insertion.—Like first 3 rows of lace, then ch 5, d in 1st loop on narrow side, * ch 5, d in next loop; repeat from *.

FAN EDGE AND BEADING

Edge.—Chain 17, t in 9th st from hook, (ch 2, skip 2, t in next) 3 times, ch 5, turn. 2nd row—7 t in 2d space, ch 2, t in t, ch 2, t in 3d st of 5 ch, ch 5, turn. 3d row—s 1 st back over two spaces, ch 5, t in 3d t of group, (ch 2, skip 1, t in next) twice, ch 2, t in 5 ch, ch 5, turn; re-



peat from beginning of 2d row for desired length. 4th row—Fill each space with d to make work lie flat. Insertion.—Make one strip complete as directed for edge, then another strip to the 4th row. When making 4th row of second strip, * having reached the point of a scallop, connect to corresponding strip with a t, turn and work back over this t with 3 d, then continue filling spaces with d as before. Repeat from *.

The Voice of the Sea

By Joe Lincoln

The April breeze at my window knocks,
At my city window so dull and gray,
And it brings a breath from the crowded docks,
And the winged ships dotting the busy bay.
And round my table it whispers low,
Till it seems a voice that is calling me,
A tender voice that I love and know,
The mother voice of the great blue sea.

"Come back," she whispers, "O child of mine!
The beach-grass tassels the wrinkled sand,
The wet wind sings to the plunging pine
The murmured music of surf and strand.
Come back and dream where the sunset's gold
Lies molten red on the breaker's swell,
And I will whisper the tales I told
The barefoot laddie who loved me well.

"The wild, charmed tales of the palm-fringed isles,
And the golden galleons high and brave,
Of the blue lagoons where the hot sun smiles,
And the pearls lie heaped in the corsair's cave.
The wondrous tales of the realms of joy
Beyond the curve of the sky-line clear,
The long day-dreams of a happy boy,
With the ocean's song in his eager ear.

"The white sails come and the white sails go,
The fluttering shore-bird whirls and dips,
The night fog creeps from the east to throw
His filmy veil o'er the distant ships.
The old house waits with its open door,
Its panes aflash from the evening sky.
Come back, O truant, and know once more
The sleep that comes with my lullaby."

O mighty mother! your voice is sweet,
And I musing sit, with an idle pen,
And feel your spray on my sunburned feet,
And sniff the salt of your breath again.
For the spring wind scatters the harbor foam,
And the curlew nests on the outer key,
And thy children hark as you call them home,
O mystic, wonderfu' mother sea!

A Chinese Bamboo Organ

There are in China two organs constructed with bamboo pipes. The location of one is uncertain but the other is known to be in a church in Shanghai, and now after fifty years' service, its bamboo pipes are being replaced by metal ones. In the course of a description of this historic bamboo organ's tone, the North China Daily News said: "It would be better if it were completely in tune, for a long wave beat, similar to the short one which gives the beauty of the tremulous vox caelestis betrays the fact that it is not. Possibly it never was, for bamboo does not seem refractory stuff for organ building. Despite this, however, the tone is sweet, is somewhat

"woolly" and the tone speaks volumes for the skill of those men who, using the only materials immediately at hand, were able to devise an organ pleasing to the ear and able to defy the severest test—that of time.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

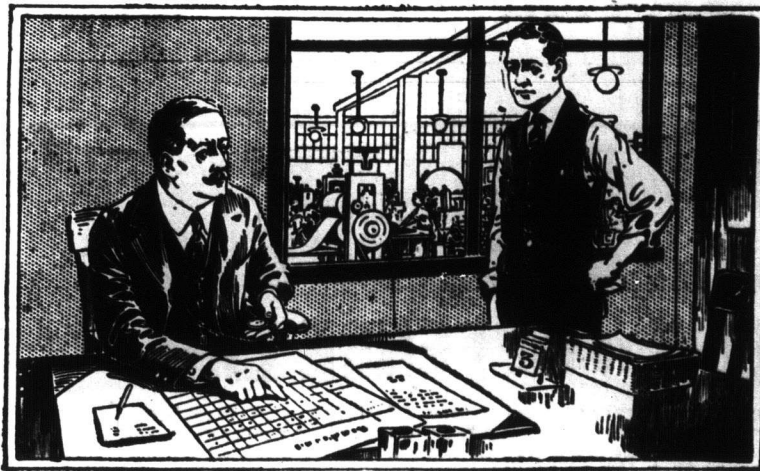
"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. One draught from the intoxicating cup has often led to a life of drunkenness. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes the one little step at a time.

Look Out for the Rocks

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship; but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

Elgin—
"The Spirit of Reconstruction"



On Schedule



THE time has come when this business—and every other business, to be a success—must run on schedule. Our armies couldn't win on any other plan—how can we?"

They knew the value of Time "over there."

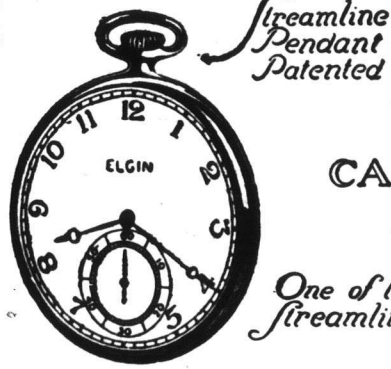
As they waited in blackest night, eager, alert for zero hour, every tick of the Elgin was fraught with grim significance.

For they learned—in those breathless rushes as the barrage lifted—that victory and destruction and eternity were separated only by seconds.

For magnitude of operations and for stupendous outcome the Allied war machine threw into insignificance any previous effort of man. Yet its mighty machinery worked as smoothly and accurately as an Elgin—because everything was planned and carried out on schedule time.

Shall wartime efficiency be lost in time of peace? Working to schedule is absolutely essential to profitable production in factory, office, mine and field alike.

Elgin plays its accurate part in these days of reconstruction—just as unerringly as it upheld the Service on land, on sea and in the air.



CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.
Toronto

One of the famous
Streamline models

THE BEST LINIMENT

OR PAIN KILLER FOR THE HUMAN BODY

Gombault's Caustic Balsam
IT HAS NO EQUAL

For the Human Body—It is penetrating, soothing and healing, and for all Old Sores, Bruises, or Wounds, Felons, Extensor Cancors, Boils, Corns and Bunions, CAUSTIC BALSAM has no equal as a Liniment.

Perfectly Safe and Reliable Remedy for:
Sore Throat
Chest Cold
Backache
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Sprains
Strains
Lumbago
Diphtheria
Sore Lungs
Rheumatism
and all Stiff Joints

We would say to all who buy it that it does not contain a particle of poisonous substance and therefore no harm can result from its external use. Persistent, thorough use will cure many old or chronic ailments and it can be used on any case that requires an outward application with perfect safety.

REMOVES THE SORENESS—STRENGTHENS MUSCLES
"Ornhill, Tex.—"One bottle Caustic Balsam did my rheumatism more good than \$120.00 paid in doctor's bills."
OTTO A. BEYER.
Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by us express prepaid. Write for Booklet B.
The LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.

FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring
Set with rose bud or Rex wonder. Your size for 12c, both for 25c. Wax-filled and Gold-filled.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 7, Battle Creek, Mich.

About the Farm

Corn as a Manitoba Crop

By Allan Campbell

Perhaps it is somewhat harder to talk corn to the Manitoba farmers to-day than it was a few years ago, as the past two or three years have not been, what might be called, corn years. However, we must give this crop its due and look into the facts of the case before we pass judgment upon it. In the Brandon district for instance, last year the rainfall was only 5.85 inches, the driest period for over twenty-five years, and of course the growth was poor generally. The year before that, the frost came and caught the corn in August, and to cut it then and there became a necessity, and a fifty

per cent (or thereabouts) crop was the result. The above conditions are not normal, but abnormal, and cannot be looked upon as the rule by which to set our farming operations. It is unfortunate that these bad years came successively, as any pessimism that the first failure created, was strengthened by the next; this would be specially so in the case of farmers who had built silos. Nevertheless, there have been some fine crops of fodder corn harvested in Manitoba especially in the successive years of 1911, 1912, 1913, and 1914. In the latter year we had an exceptionally hot July with a mean temperature of 70. F. According to the law of averages, it is likely that the owners of the silos of Manitoba will look

upon them as a very good investment in future years, and with the increase of the milk flow subsequent to the use of corn will become advocates of corn as an ideal winter feed.

Among the best varieties of fodder corn are Northwestern Dent, Longfellow and Minnesota No. 13. The effect of corn coupled with the method of cultivation between the rows is most beneficial to the land and the following crop on the corn land will help to advocate its adoption. To get the cleanest effect on the land the corn should be sown in hills; this will give the necessary room for cultivating at right angles and thus the weeds that escape the cultivator will be reduced to a minimum.

A corn harvester could be used as a community concern for a limited area, and those who have no silo can leave it in the stook and draw it in as required for feed. The dry corn stalks, though not as luscious as the real silage, still exercise a great fascination over cattle and are eaten with considerable relish.

Another great point to be considered is this; the cultivation given the crop during the summer constitutes part of next year's work of preparing the land, for the field of corn stubble may be looked upon as a summerfallow, given a stroke of the harrows and the grain drill put to work right away without any further preparation.

Protect Fowls from Cold Winds

Fowls will endure quite low temperatures without especial discomfort, but exposure to cold, raw winds will cause much suffering, even though the actual temperature, as indicated by the thermometer, may be comparatively mild. Protection from wind is a really important detail in securing fowl comfort. In exposed locations it is worth while to put up windbreaks of loose boards, burlap, corn stalks, or any convenient and inexpensive material at hand. Either do this, or keep the fowls indoors. There is little advantage at best in letting them run out after cold weather sets in, and none at all if they are exposed to uncomfortable conditions. Better supply plenty of floor litter to promote exercise and keep them in all the time unless they can be well protected when outside. If they can have access to barn, shed, straw stack or something similar, however, it may prove desirable to let them out.



Even the calf does his bit.

The Science of Breeding

In spite of the great advances that have been made by breeders of late years in the science of breeding, there are still many things either but little understood by them or totally beyond their comprehension. It requires years of experience in order to learn even what may be called the minor points, and it is little wonder that so many novices, who lack the determination to persevere and succeed, fall out of the ranks from time to time, because they find the breeding problems too hard to solve, so far as bringing success to themselves is concerned. It is an exceedingly discouraging matter to the breeder who has, apparently, taken every precaution to ensure success, by providing himself with the best animals and best care available, to find that, owing to his ignorance of some subtle law of nature, the young stock from his so carefully selected animals do not come up to his high ideal of what they should be. And what baffles him most is that these laws do not seem to work uniformly year after year.

For instance, a cow bred to a bull one season throws a calf that is, in all respects, perfect. The next season, when bred to the same bull, her produce is only second-rate, showing, perhaps, one or more particularly weak points. Where the animal has been badly fed the second year, of course, the explanation would be simple,



Fine specimen from a Manitoba herd.

FARMERS FRIEND FENCING
FROM FACTORY TO FARM

PLOW TO THE FENCE LINE

Because of the present high price of living and farming, every farm owner should utilize every available foot of ground to the best possible advantage. You cannot do this with the old rail fence. The best are bound to have a lot of waste land in the fence corners, growing obnoxious weeds, infesting the whole farm and making an unnecessary expense and a waste that should be obviated. You are interested in making money—not wasting it. A farm to bring a return for the money invested and the labor expended must be farmed thoroughly—all of it farmed thoroughly. There must be no waste fence corners and no weeds to contaminate the land. A farm to be profitable must be clean.

When you plow to the fence line, as is shown in this illustration, you reach a maximum efficiency. A full hundred per cent fence satisfaction is realized. These are all important considerations. A good fence must be well made. Not only must the material—the wire that is used—be of the best, but the knot that ties the stays and lateral wires together must be of the best. Then you have a fence that stays where you put it. Same even tension winter or summer—strong—durable. There is great satisfaction in constructing a good fence like the

SARNIA

Fence for these reasons. The strong line wires have a wave or crimp which gives elasticity and spring to the fence and also provides for expansion and contraction caused by heat and cold. Great care is given to a uniform tension on each wire, so that there will be no long wires to make the fence sag, nor any short wires to take up all the strain and break. The strain is evenly distributed on each wire. The Sarnia Knot fastens the stay wires to the line wires in such a manner that they cannot be slipped in any direction. At the same time permits easy erection over rough or uneven ground without kinking or bending either the lines or the upright wires.

We sell direct; prepay freight on all shipments in Old Ontario, New Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces, 4 cents per rod extra. Our office at Winnipeg takes care of all Western Canada business, quoting F. O. B. Winnipeg, thus effecting a splendid saving in that part of the Dominion. Sarnia Fence is made in Canada for Canadian farmers. Sold direct on our "save-you-money" plan. Order now. Have your fencing on hand when you need it and at our exceedingly low prices. Send for descriptive literature, price list and order blank.

Sarnia Fence Company, Ltd.
Winnipeg, Manitoba Sarnia, Ontario

A Clean Field

investment in
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but when the feed has been equally good during both seasons what reason can be assigned? It may be due to failing potency in the sire in some cases, but not in all.

Some families of cattle, it is true, are noted for the long line of prize winners that they turn out generation after generation; but this is not always the case. Many breeders who exhibit largely will tell you that they do not depend on any particular family for their exhibits of young stock, as one year the calves from certain cows may be the best, while the next year the prize winners may be of a totally different family.

The influence of the male on his offspring is evidently, therefore, a movable quantity. This rule holds good, too, in the human race. One who has investigated the subject says that it will be generally found that the firstborn resembles the father most, and this is especially noticeable when there is great affection existing between the parents. He says that where the father is dark-haired and the mother a blonde, the first-born will oftentimes be the darkest haired of the children, the color of the hair getting lighter in each successive child as the influence of the mother begins to assert itself.

OUR "OLD TIMERS"
An Appreciation

The lonely lives of early Pioneers,
Have oft been told in story and in song;
The hardships they endured in bygone years,
The trail they blazed when Canada was young
And wild, with all her cruel untamed fears,
When, stout of heart, they ever battled on;
Fired with a glorious hope that yet wou'd come
The day, when they would hew for us, a Home!

Do we appreciate just what it meant,
To bravely dare the unknown with a smile;
With toiling ox-cart, cross a continent,
And leave the old home many a hundred mile.
To sever boyhood's ties where they had spent,
Bright days "Down East" or far in Britain's Isle,
And face a lonely fate in wilds unproved
Far from the loving care of all they loved.

To rear a rude log shack upon the waste
In loneliness for months, for years to stay;
To face "King Blizzard's" might, a whirl through space,
To stagger helpless through his blinding spray.
Without a human voice—a kindly face,
To welcome them, and cheer a closing day!
To battle Winter's frosts and Summer's heat,
Paving the pathway for an Empire's feet.

His little home beneath the Heaven's blue,
Became to him more dear than stately hall;
His table beckoned to the wandering few,
His luxuries were dreams—or none at all
He'd work "Old Buck" the long, long summer through,
(And then he'd kill and eat him in the fall!)
Glad when the year's monotony would end,
He hailed the wandering Red man as a friend.

Then came, at last, the happiest of hours,
When from afar he brought his fair young bride;
Adding new beauty to the prairie flowers,
To rough and tough it with him, side by side;
To cheer him through the shadows and the showers,
And rule his little home with wifely pride.
To share his hardy toil with sweet content,
The honored "mother" to the settlement.

Then would the bachelor boys come dropping in,
Drawn by the magnet of a woman's smile;

Enjoy a good square meal—a yarn to spin
About the latest tenderfoot—and so beguile;
The many weary hours, and still within,
That bitter, homesick longing for a while.
Then mount the pony—bareback—ride away,
Vowing they'd never "batch" another day.

No petty malice his broad nature knows,
Hope crowded from his heart all selfish spite;
The wild ravine for him still nursed the rose,
The darkest days shone forth some ray of light;
He conquered Self in conquering other foes,
Rough sod will make the dusty share gleam bright.
And life's hard knocks the gold in him refined,
Repaid in sturdy limbs, contented mind.

And kindly memory through the mist of years,
Has increased all his joys an hundred-fold;
Has smoothed the ruffled places, dried the tears
Of sorrow, shed in those dim days of old;
Their mark is left; a majesty he wears,
In simple dignity; a heart of gold.
Known only to the Child of Nature, who
Has lived her life, the simple and the true.

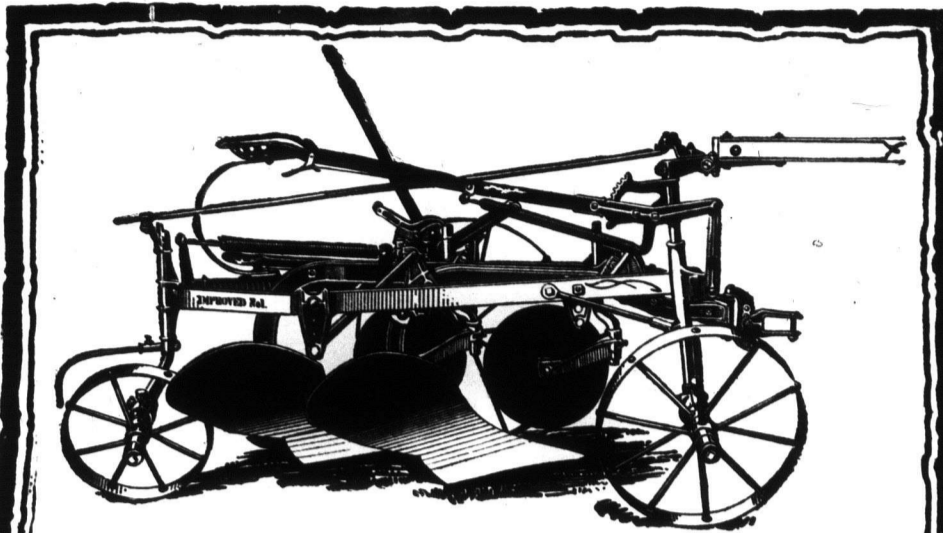
Oh! Let us not forget how much we owe,
To those rough hands, those sturdy work-worn backs;
Who gave their buoyant youth, their manhood's glow,
To rear us mansions from their tiny shacks;
Who made the wilds, the golden fields we know,
True veterans of the Plowshare and the Axe!
Who far and wide the Union Jack unfurled,
And made our land "The Granary of the World."

And now, for him, War's long gray shadows fall,
The home he toiled for in the balance swings;
His Motherland for Freedom stakes her all,
And spreads abroad her wide protecting wings;
And we, her children, hear the Trumpet's call,
With all the dread anxiety it brings.
He bows his head to hide his bitter woe,
Then stands erect and bravely bids us "Go!"

Once more his back is bent behind the plow,
Once more that brave old countenance is lit;
With Faith's high hope (ne'er higher than 'tis now),
Tho' seared with sorrow, as he does "his bit";
To shield his country from the Tyrant's blow,
To feed the hungry; keep her fighters fit.
The furrow's length is dimmed with unshed tears,
For loved ones called to War's unending fears.

"Old Father Time" is calling one by one,
Our grand "Old Timers" to their last long rest;
Their noble task for Canada is done,
They've opened to her sons her last best West;
A million homes reflect the dying sun,
Sinking in glory o'er the Rockies' crest,
And our "Old Timers" slowly one by one,
File their Eternal Homesteads with the Blest.

—A. O. B.



The Plow it Pays to Use

SEE the Oliver Improved No. 1 Gang Plow.
It is a model of strong construction, light draft, close adjustment, ease of operation—the result of 59 years of good plow building.

Getting down to details, compare the heavy one-piece bar steel frame, the bracing, the bail hangers, the wheel connections, wheel bracket bearings and control rod adjustment, with those of any other plow sold in Western Canada. The Oliver No. 1 leads them all. The plow beams with their rigid bracing; the long, strong frog that makes the foundation of the plow bottom; the longer, stronger, sharper point of the Oliver share; every feature that means good work and long life for the tool, is found in this Oliver plow. Look it over carefully; compare it point by point with any other gang plow offered.

In this same good Oliver plow line are tractor plows, sulkies, disk gangs, prairie and brush breakers, and walking plows to meet every possible plowing condition. See the local dealer for full information about any plow in the Oliver line, or write the nearest branch house below.

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**Six
Rose-Bushes
For You!**

A garden of roses! How enchanting it is to loiter between the green-leaved bushes and to pick just the blossoms whose delicate color and perfume appeal to you! The Western Home Monthly offer you your own rose-garden of six hardy everblooming roses of the choicest varieties.

The rose-bushes you will receive are strong, healthy, one-year-old pot-grown plants which will thrive in any good garden soil and bloom the first year if given ordinary care.

WELL have the poets written so much about roses! The brilliant scarlet rose of infinite charm and grace—the Maman with its double blooms of brilliant pink—the Cochet so large, so appealingly white! Then there is the Etoile de Lyon with its rich yellow blossoms and full form—the Maiden's Blush—and Helen Good, than so hardy a flower never bloomed—and the La France, whose thick clusters never lose their color.

Our Offer

We will send you the 6 rose-bushes— if when sending your own subscription to The Western Home Monthly, you also send the subscription of one of your friends. If your subscription does not expire for some time, you may send your renewal in advance. We will send you the roses and extend your subscription for a year from its present expiration date.

The roses will be mailed to arrive at the proper time for planting.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg

I accept your offer and enclose \$2.00. Send the roses and The Western Home Monthly for 1 year to

My Name
Address
Send The Western Home Monthly for 1 year to
My Friend's Name
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ECZEMA SPREAD OVER ENTIRE BODY.

No rest night or day for those afflicted with that terrible skin disease, eczema, or, as it is often called, salt rheum. With its unbearable burning, itching, torturing day and night, relief is gladly welcomed.

It is a blessing that there is such a reliable remedy as Burdock Blood Bitters to relieve the sufferer from the continual torture and who can get no relief from their misery.

Apply it externally and it takes out the fire and itch and aids in the healing process. Take it internally and it purifies the blood of all those poisons which are the source of skin eruptions.

Mr. Andrew Bowen, Highland Grove, Ont., writes:—"I must say that Burdock Blood Bitters is a wonderful preparation. I had a very bad case of eczema which spread almost over my entire body. I tried doctors, home treatments and many other patent medicines, but with no results. A friend advised me to try B.B.B., and after taking five bottles, I am thankful to say they cured me completely."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

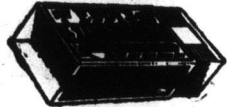
SAFE!

BEFORE & AFTER

Quiet 'till you want them—a quick, clear, odorless flame—then out to stay out. No accidents.

EDDY'S SILENT 5 MATCHES

represent the last word in a general-purpose match for household use. They will light anywhere, and a chemical solution extinguishes them instantly when blown out. No odors, no afterglow. See that you get SILENT 5's, and look for Eddy's name on the box.



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Don't Throw It Away
Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS**
A RUBBER MATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them, fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., inc. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. W Collingwood, Ont.

Young People

THE FRENCH BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS

Across the English Channel the name of Colbert, the French statesman, is justly regarded with national pride; but in this country, especially among our young men, it is not so widely known as it should be; for British youths may learn some very valuable lessons from it.

Jean Baptiste Colbert was born in 1619 at Rheims, but the incident that may be called the turning point in his life occurred when he was fourteen or fifteen years of age. He was then an apprentice with his godfather, M. Guillaume Certain, a woolen draper, at Rheims. His master was a thin, withered, old, and, as we shall see, not over-scrupulous man of business. It would seem that the Colbert family was of noble descent; but it had become reduced in circumstances, and because his father was poor, young Baptiste had to learn a trade.

The young apprentice knew something of the history of his own family and of his country, for he had always been very fond of books.

"What book is that you are reading?" asked his master one day. "It seems to interest you very much."

"Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency; he was beheaded, you know, poor fellow, by the order of the Duke of Richelieu. Ministers are too harsh, too arbitrary, too despotic,"

parcels aside saying, "I like this best: what is its price?"

"Fifteen crowns a yard," answered Baptiste.

Moline made a grimace. "There are thirty yards, sir, in this piece," continued the youth.

"Four hundred and fifty crowns! Here they are," said the banker, as he handed Baptiste the money.

A receipt was given, and the apprentice and the porter returned to their master's shop.

"I think Baptiste has made a mistake," said Moline, with a smothered laugh, as he threw the other bales of cloth on the "Golden Fleece" counter.

"Do you think so, Moline?" asked M. Certain, trembling from head to foot.

"Let me see; No. 3 is wanting, at eight crowns a yard. I'll warrant the young rascal has sold it for six crowns a yard—he shall pay the difference out of his wages."

"How stupid I have been!" said Baptiste. "I have sold the cloth for fifteen crowns a yard."

"Indeed! Happy day!" exclaimed the old draper. "You are a fine boy, Baptiste—I am proud of you. Thirty yards: six hundred and thirty francs more profit than I expected."

"Surely you would not take such a mean advantage, godfather," Baptiste remonstrated, drawing back towards the street-door of the shop.

The Purpose

By Grace G. Bostwick

I am what God has made me—God alone,
Hush brother, hear the message of the stone
That waits in patience for His word to move,
"Lo, I am here infinity to prove!"

I am what God intended—God the wise,
Hark sister, as the lark lifts to the skies;
And soaring sings unto the throne of grace,
"Tis God through me is winging into space!"

I am what God has made me—God the just,
See child, the blooming tree with arms outthrust;
The blossoms into fruit must surely grow,
For God is there His fruitfulness to show.

I am what God has made me—God alone,
In very truth I rise to heights unknown;
For all of life and life's eternity,
Is just to know He lives and moves through me!

replied Baptiste with animation; "and, if ever I am prime minister—"

A roar of laughter from the old woolen draper cut short the ardent boy's speech, and made the blood mount to his temples. At length, in the greatest amazement, M. Certain queried, "if what?"

"Pardon me, sir; I spoke foolishly, on the spur of the moment," replied the young apprentice.

"Bah!" said the old man; "let me hear no more of such nonsense. Remember, that here, at my shop, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, your duty is to sell cloth; and you ought to be thankful for having got into so respectable a way of earning a livelihood."

"I will obey you, and attend to business," answered the boy.

"Very well, then," said his master, "put aside your book and listen to me. M. Cenani, the Paris banker, is staying at a certain hotel in our town. He wants to buy some of our best cloth, and you must take these four parcels to him for his inspection. No. 1 is marked three crowns a yard; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns a yard. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony. Set off now to the banker, mind, and make no mistake—charge the full price, and bring back ready money. Moline, the porter, will carry the parcels."

Arriving at the hotel, and telling what their business was, both of them were ushered into the banker's presence.

The banker came forward, and after just touching each piece of cloth with the tips of his fingers, he laid one of the

"Oh! perhaps you want to go shares?" said the dishonest old man. "Certainly, I agree to give you something."

"I cannot agree to any such arrangement," said the young apprentice.

"Bravo! my boy! Well, then, give it all to me," cried M. Certain, rubbing his hands with hopeful glee.

A single bound, and Baptiste had cleared the shop-door threshold into the street, and was running back to the hotel with breathless speed.

"Can I see M. Cenani?" he asked of his valet.

"Not just now," replied that worthy. "My master is dressing; but I will inquire when you can see him."

The valet went to his master's room, and told him who wanted to see him; the boy following closely.

"No," was the answer; "he cannot see me now."

Stepping forward, Baptiste pleaded: "One word, sir—only one word. I have unintentionally imposed upon you, sir. The cloth was only eight crowns a yard, instead of fifteen. Here are the two hundred and ten crowns which you paid me too much. I wish your honor good morning."

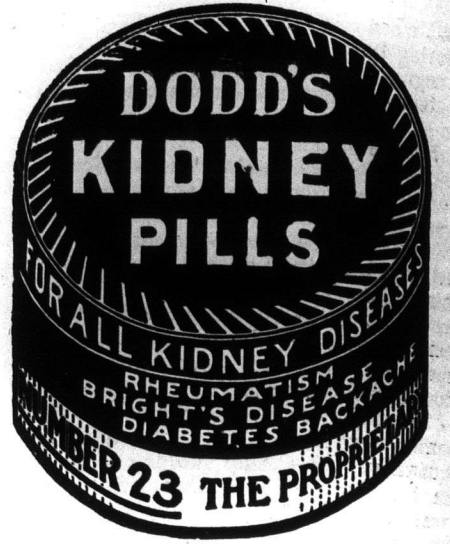
"Stay a moment," cried the banker. "I am no judge of cloth, and I see that you might easily have kept this money for yourself."

"I never thought of that, sir."

"Suppose I were to make you a present of this money?" queried the banker.

"I would not take it, sir," answered Baptiste.

Taking him by the hand, M. Cenani



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said, "You are a noble boy. What is your name?"

"Jean Baptiste Colbert, sir."

"Colbert, Colbert," repeated the banker. "It is possible you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?"

"The barons of Castlehill are the ancestors of both the Scotch and French Colberts, sir," replied Baptiste.

"Then how is it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?"

"My father is very poor, and it was to relieve him of the burden of my support that I became an apprentice to my godfather, M. Guillaume Certain."

"Your carriage is ready, sir," said the valet, reappearing.

The banker let the boy's hand go with regret; but as he did so, he said, "Good morning, Baptiste; perhaps you and I may meet again."

At length, released by M. Cenani, Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when somebody seized him by the collar and shook him roughly. It was his enraged master, who had followed him, and who now abused him in the most frantic manner for having returned the money.

All remonstrances from the poor apprentice were in vain. M. Certain was

At the first glance of the visitor, as he entered, Baptiste colored deeply.

"Sir," said the stranger, bowing low to Madame Colbert before addressing her husband, "I beg a thousand pardons for having thus, as it were, forced an entrance upon you; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me here would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm of Cenani and Mazaerani, bankers, Paris. I was delighted with your son's noble conduct to me this morning. I have been to the woollen-draper's shop and have learnt that in consequence of his honesty, Baptiste has been dismissed by M. Certain from his employment. I have come to ask if his parents will allow their son to enter our banking-house in Paris? This is my business."

No member of M. Colbert's family relished the idea of Baptiste's going away; nevertheless M. Cenani's proposition was ultimately accepted; young Colbert, as a clerk, entered the great banking-house in the French capital. This proved to be to him the first rung on the ladder of fame; and step by step, the woollen-draper's apprentice, who had been dismissed for his integrity, climbed to some of the highest offices in the state under Louis the Fourteenth.

Jean Baptiste Colbert, afterwards Marquis de Croissy, became one of the ablest statesmen of France and of his age.

Sir Sam Steele---A few Reminiscences

By James S. Bond

THE death of this celebrated soldier was a shock to his legion of friends. A strong, hearty man, it was never dreamt that death by disease would claim him so soon.

He came of good stock. His father Capt. Elmes Steele, R.N., served his country well for many years during the Napoleonic wars. Two uncles were killed at Waterloo, two others met death in other battles of that stirring time. Now, after serving faithfully in this awful war, he has gone to join them on the other side.

Sam Steele and his three brothers and two sisters—both sisters are dead—went to school in Orillia, Ontario, and at No. 5 School Section, Township of Oro, Co. Simcoe.

The vast majority of the pupils going to the latter school were Highland Scotch and extremely clanish in those early days. The Steeles couldn't "spoke the Gaelic," and, as a consequence, were hated "Saxons" to the others. This caused ill-feeling, and innumerable fights. All the Steele boys were forced to fight for their rights, but Sam had to bear the brunt of these encounters. I may say I never knew him to come out second best. In later years he took lessons in boxing, and being a powerful man, was feared and respected, not only as man and officer, but on account of his ability with his fists.

During his young days he put in a strenuous life at farm and other work. In the part of Oro where he lived with his half-brother John—for many years reeve of Oro—he was noted as a plow-boy. No one in the neighborhood could plow as straight a furrow in a piece of sod. It was the same in everything he did; he put his conscience into his work.

He loved Canada and the British Empire. His loyalty to his king and the grand old Union Jack was almost a religion with him.

He was always a strict disciplinarian, and desperately opposed to law-breakers. But he was always just, so that amongst the tough class, he made few enemies. They took the medicine served out to them, but bore no ill-will. It was all right, for it was "Old Sam" who did it. That was why they flocked to join the Scouts of the Alberta Field Force, who were commanded by him during the Northwest Rebellion.

His three brothers served during this rebellion as scouts and despatch-bearers. He was the strongest of the four, and yet the first to go. Well, his life was well rounded out; he did his duty at all times, and his memory will long survive; in fact will never die, for it is woven into the very warp and woof of the history of the great Northwest.



The late Major-General Sir Sam B. Steele, K.C.B.

not only greedy of gain, but he also had a hasty temper. "Give me the money," he shouted. Baptiste handed him the amount, two hundred and forty crowns, which the cloth came to at eight crowns a yard. "Now, then," said he, "get out of my sight, you young rascal; never enter my shop again, and never more come within reach of either my arm or my tongue."

Monsieur and Madame Colbert were astonished when they heard of their boy's dismissal.

"You have been about some folly then, sir," said his father sternly. "I will tell you how it happened, father," replied Baptiste, modestly, "and leave you to decide whether I have done right or wrong."

When Baptiste had told his story, M. Colbert, extending his arms to receive him, said, "Come and embrace me, my son; you have behaved well, and you have my full approbation."

"Sir," said the one solitary servant of the house to M. Colbert, quietly opening the parlor door, "a gentleman in a post-chaise wants to see you."

"His name, Janon?"

"He said it was useless to give it, sir, as you did not know him."

"Then, ask the gentleman to walk in, Janon," said M. Colbert.

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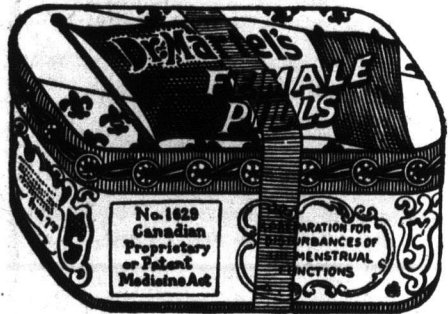
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Correspondence

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Dear Editor: I never miss reading your paper and have found much valuable material in it. I enjoy reading "The Young Woman and Her Problem" best of all, I think. Many an inspiration I have got from it. I enjoy reading the Correspondence also. I liked "Hay Seed's" letter in the last issue, but I wonder if he does not misjudge country girls or does he mean "country" girls. I know that too little reading is done by many, but yet I know the country girl does more reading than the large majority of girls in the city. I think the girls in the country do wonderfully well considering the enormous amount of work they have to do. As far as I have been able to see they work from morning till night at their household duties and in the summer time milking and gardening are added to their list. I hope the time will come when the farmers can afford to install such modern conveniences in the home that their wives and daughters will be able to find a little spare time to cultivate the mind. The country girl as a rule is a girl of a pure mind and considerable education although she may not show it. She may have had little chance to mingle with people, she may lack polish, but she has the greatest of all gifts "purity of mind and body." How can she help being otherwise when she has mother nature for her teacher. Do not let us lose the value of God's gifts because they are common. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fields and this and many other blessings we enjoy daily. You may say she is alone, is solitary. Listen to Epictetus, "When a man has such things to think on and sees the sun, the moon and stars, and enjoys earth and sea he is not solitary or even helpless." We must not judge by appearance. I have met many country boys who were pure gold at heart, although at a quick glance one could never know. I hope the time will come when every country boy and girl will be able to spend a few months each winter at the Agricultural College. Their education must lead to, not away from, the farm. Surely there can be no nobler work.

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you're here.

Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
At last when you die, let this be your cry;
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

I wonder if "Kentish Hop" or "Tom, Dick or Harry" have read Robert Burns' address to the Unco Guid or Rigidly Righteous. I will quote it.

O, ye wha are sae guid yoursel;
Sae pious, and sae holy,
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
Your neeb's faults and folly.

Ye see your state with theirs compared,
And shudder at the differ,
But cast a moment's fair regard
What makes the mighty differ?

Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way,
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee way.

I hope I have not made this letter too long. Best wishes to the editor and readers.

Contented with His Lot

Dear Editor:—For several years past I have read with great pleasure the Correspondence Column in The Western Home Monthly. It is very amusing at times to read the various topics that are produced for discussion. I never have been conceited enough to believe that a letter I might write would be considered worthy of anything better than the W. P. B. but, nevertheless, I will try. So poor little "Cheerio" thinks the naughty men should keep the larger portion of their love for the after years of married life, and then she goes on to say that a large portion of the separations are caused from the lack of love that a man should lavish upon his wife. It seems very strange to me, however,

it still remains a fact that the fair sex expect and usually get all their good times in social life at the expense of the boys and never try to offer anything in return. They deem it a great favor for a boy to be blessed with their company, and when they tire of him they will calmly remark to their bosom friend, "I ditched so and so last week." Possibly Cheerio's friend who went through the mill was not careful enough in selecting her mate. Was she an old maid, Cheerio, or did she take the only one she could get? Take my advice and profit by her loss. I notice several of the readers very severely criticise, while others uphold, public dancing as a method of raising funds for the Red Cross, etc. I shall give my opinion upon the dancing subject. I do not think the young women of the present age are as consistent as they ought to be. Everyone knows or should know that in a public dance hall a person is obliged to associate with a very degrading class of people both of men and women, and yet the girls will tolerate such like to get their so called good time. Surely the rising generation can find some means of recreation other than dancing. No doubt, Mr. Editor, I have already taken up too much of your valuable space, but if this is printed I may come again and will now conclude. Contented Bach.

Misses Old Time Bachelors

Dear Editor and Readers:—Have you room in your jolly circle for another would-be member? I have often thought of writing but felt rather shy about it. To tell the truth I was afraid my efforts would land in the W.P.B. I do hope this misses such a fate. It would be hard to number the hearts which are relieved now that the boys are on their way home from France. The boys themselves all seem heartily sick of adventure and are anxious to join the home circle once more. We took The Western Home Monthly for years before I was old enough to take any interest in the Correspondence Page, but being a book-worm I think I must have read the stories. I was looking over the earlier editions and I had many a hearty laugh at the letters of some of the boys. Where have all the "old time" bachelors gone to I wonder? We seldom meet them on the page. I suppose the most of them are overseas and the rest too busy to write. They certainly were a lonely lot in former days of bliss. The most amusing item to me was the descriptions they gave of themselves. That habit, or custom, it might better be called, has somewhat disappeared. The page has more common sense gossip and fewer proposals of marriage. I believe it is improving. How many of the readers skate? I try but I usually land on my head a few times before I get started. Skating and dancing are the usual winter sports around here. I am much better at the latter than the former. As this is my first letter to the page I will not take up any more of your valuable space. Anyone who cares to correspond with me will find my address with the Editor. Normalite.

Greeted By His Favorite Magazine

Dear Editor: On my recent arrival back in Canada, after four years in France the first old friend and acquaintance to greet me was our beloved Western Home Monthly. It was handed to me by an aged gentleman, who by the way looked decidedly "western," when I boarded the westbound train at Montreal. I cannot express in words my pleasure at being thus greeted by my favorite magazine right after stepping back upon Canadian soil. And the look of assurance, that it would afford me pleasure to read it, with which this gentleman handed me your magazine serves as another proof as to how popular among the people of western Canada The Western Home Monthly has become. Batches of old and worn copies of The Western Home Monthly that we at times received in the trenches, sent by friends, I feel safe to say afforded us more hours of pure delight than any other paper that we received.

Even our friends and allies, the French,

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although unable to read English were immensely interested by the scenes of Canadian life depicted within its pages.

In reading this particular copy of The Western Home Monthly through on the train I found one or two of the different departments under new editorship but the same true Canadian spirit prevails throughout, and I felt decidedly "at home" in it. The correspondence column too is still there and in this, the February issue they are all "argueifying" the old worth out topic, dancing. Is that all they've been doing while we were in France Mr. Editor?

If so I think they need a good spanking. Nevertheless it fills me with pride to know how the people of our Canadian west stood behind us during the time we were "over there." Even dances I'm sure did their share to help swell the different funds for patriotic purposes.

I am only just back from overseas where I went with the first Canadian contingent and as papers were scarce over there and I am quite unacquainted with what you folks at home here have done during that time I will refrain from any discussion of any of your subjects for the time being.

I would like to make this the means of finding some of my old comrades from over there who more or less fortunate went home before me and of whom I have lost all trace. I shall be pleased also if some of you young people of the correspondence column, friends of our Western Home Monthly from East or West or from overseas too, will write to "Capt. G."

Of the old 8th O.S. Battalion "Little Black Devils."

Replies Were Many

Dear Editor and Readers: I wish to thank all those readers who wrote to me. I attempted to answer each letter individually but found this impossible, so am writing this to acknowledge each and every one I have missed. I agree with "Valley Farmer" that farming is a good life but from experience I have found out that when a person gets lonesome or blue we don't take much interest in sunsets or birds. It is only too true that the majority of us fail to appreciate these small, yet wonderful parts of nature. "Tom, Dick or Harry" certainly gave dancing a hard rub. I have attended only two dances in my life and will say that this is two too many. Go ahead, "Tom, Dick or Harry" I believe you are right that better amusement could and will be provided. I will close now with good wishes to all. Cheerio.

Loves the Last Best West

Dear Editor: I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for three years and just think it is the best paper going. I always turn to the Correspondence page first. I enjoy reading the stories which are always good and help cheer one up. Though I have spent all my life near the city, I just love this "Last Best West." One seems more free to do as they wish. I live in a western city which is growing year by year, but would much prefer the country. The air seems so much better compared with that of a hot, stuffy factory. Good for you "Tom, Dick or Harry." I do not agree with dancing. When I need recreation I find a quiet walk is a good tonic or if I stay home nights and employ my spare time, reading, sewing or crocheting. Yes, "Valley Farmer" you folks in the country certainly enjoy the beauties of nature more than we living in cities. It is good to know this terrible war has ceased. I have one brother in England waiting his departure for Canada and one who has paid the supreme sacrifice. I think we should do all we can to help our returning soldiers who have been and fought our battles and done what we could not do. I am not going to describe myself as I don't believe in it. As this is my first letter I will now close. Wishing The Western Home Monthly continued success. A Lover of the West.

Why Bachelors?

Dear Editor: I know you will turn my letter down as I see you only paint good ones, still, I write to let you know a few of the subjects that I would like to see discussed by your Correspondents. Why is it that there are so many bachelors in Canada while there is too a number of old maids looking in vain for a mate? Who has the best chance of getting

married, girls or boys? I am one who has had no chance yet although I am of age (36). Are the women grain growers aiming at growing grain without male help? If so I would like to sell my farm to one of them and cook for her. Don't all speak at once ladies. I would also like your Correspondents to tell more about the parts of the country they reside in. It would make the page so interesting and would be a cheap way of getting acquainted with this big country. I live in southwestern Saskatchewan, Shaunavon district. It is practically all prairie. We get the biggest crops in Canada here only they are a little uncertain. We have had so far the finest winter I have seen in Canada. Now, dear editor, you can light your pipe with this or publish it. I send you and all the readers my best wishes. Poilu.

Many Accomplishments

Dear Sir: I thought I would write to tell you how much I enjoy your most admirable magazine. The articles, stories and even the advertisements are all interesting but best of all I enjoy the Correspondence section. I enjoy reading the different views held by the various contributors, and if there is room for one more I would like to join the happy band and send in a letter occasionally. I live on a farm but spend most of my time in the city where I am finishing my education. I am about 5 ft. 7 ins. in height, have grey eyes and last but not least six brown curls. I am 19 years old. I skate, dance, play the piano, drive our car, ride horseback and speak French. I do hope that my letter will be printed and that some of the members will take pity on my loneliness and write a line or two to while away the time. A farm life is not a wild life certainly, but sometimes a city life can be lonely. As this is my first letter to your corner, I will not draw it out any longer. A Real Canuck.

A Musical Aspirant

Dear Editor: After being silent for so long I have decided to come and have my say too, provided, of course, the kind Editor will allow me. I was much interested in seeing music and musicians in general discussed. I think it will be real amusing and also worth while for it will give us a better and more extensive view of that superb art. By the way I talk some might think I was "Paderewski" in disguise, but I shall inform you that I am an obscure female bank ledgerkeeper of seventeen years and real saucy sometimes. I mean, in playing tricks. I could skate all day I love it so much, but I must tell you I was almost forced to enter our Bonspiel (curling) during Christmas tide and consequently yielded though I hadn't the slightest idea what it was like. I curled but behold my bones ached for five days as the result. If any young person would like to write on some nice topic I will endeavor to search encyclopedias for a lovely answer. Till then I shall sign myself, Frenchy.

A Bit Shy

Dear Editor: Hello readers! I am glad to be able to send in another letter to our splendid magazine. I am out in New Westminster at college again. Mother sent me the January and February numbers of The Western Home Monthly. I guess she knew how anxiously I was waiting to get it. I liked "A Lonely Lieut's" letter but I haven't courage enough to write to him. He wouldn't have enough courage either if he were a girl. I do wish some of the correspondents would write to me. I will be sure to answer all letters immediately. I must say there were some really good stories and poems in the last two issues. I am very much interested in poetry and have a large collection of newspaper clippings, etc. If anyone knows of a place to get them bound into a book I do hope they would give me a little information. Well, time is precious and so is The Western Home Monthly Correspondence column, so with good luck to all. Red Cross Rose.

The Stovel Company or any of the other large printing establishments of Winnipeg can do the work you refer to.

Requisite on the Farm.—Every farmer and stock-raiser should keep a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, not only as a ready remedy for ills in the family, but because it is a horse and cattle medicine of great potency. As a substitute for sweet oil for horses and cattle affected by colic it far surpasses anything that can be administered.

WIFE'S COLD Husband's Bronchitis CURED BY DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Mrs. James Mack, Trenton, Ont., writes:—"I suffered for several months with a bad cold. Some friends told me about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and of the benefit it was to them. Before I had used two bottles I could get some rest, which I could not do before. I had tried everything, but "Dr. Wood's" was the only thing that gave me any relief.

My husband suffered terribly from bronchitis, and did not know whether he was going to recover or not. At my druggist's, Mr. J. H. Dickey, I was advised to try your syrup, which I did, and am so thankful that I cannot recommend it highly enough."

Many people on the first sign of the slight cold or cough neglect it, thinking, perhaps, it will disappear in a day or two, but the longer it is let run the worse it gets until it settles on the lungs and serious results ensue.

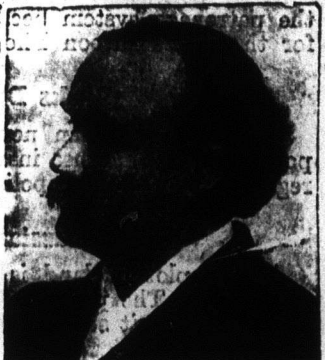
On the first sign of a cough or cold, get rid of it before it gets settled. Take a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and see how quickly it will disappear.

This sterling remedy has been on the market for the past 30 years, and stands head and shoulders over all other cough remedies.

Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

AVOID COUGHS and COUGHERS! Coughing Spreads Disease SINCE 1870 SHILOH 30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS HALF THIS FOR CHILDREN

Memorial Cards

Cards showing portrait of deceased. Particularly suitable for soldiers who have fallen in the great war. Our cards are of highest quality. Their cost is reasonable. We would be pleased to furnish particulars on request.

STOVEL COMPANY Ltd. Printers, Engravers, Lithographers BANNATYNE AVENUE WINNIPEG

FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring. Ring set with Rose Bud. Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 37, Battle Creek, Mich.

What the World is Saying

A National Need

What the country now requires are political healers, not political heelers.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Brace of Evils

The liquor traffic and the patronage system are two evils which should never "come back."—Winnipeg Telegram.

Might Promote Raising Cane

The addition of Jamaica to the Dominion ought to put some ginger in Canadian political life.—Turner's Weekly, Saskatoon.

Pau and Mah

Now that General Pau has come and gone China may send General Mah along on a special mission to balance up.—Toronto Telegram.

A Friendship Unbreakable

The mightiest forces that make for peace between the British Empire and the American Republic are silent forces.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Better Use for Mahogany

Several bars will be added to the music of the world when our mahogany of the tap-rooms is sawed into piano legs.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Necessary Precaution

Germany is to be fed, but it would be well for the Allies not to give her opportunity to bite the hand that feeds her.—Winnipeg Telegram.

Canada Will Be Remembered

"France will never forget the Canadians," said Premier Clemenceau to Sir Robert Borden. Neither will Germany.—Saskatoon Star.

Of Course

Many politicians would like to do something for the patronage system because it has done so much for them.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Lacks Durability

The Bolsheviks can never maintain a permanent power, simply because insanity won't work out as a regular trade.—Minneapolis Journal.

Russian Note

A tidy plot of land is a good insurance against revolution. The peasants are the only Russians the Bolsheviks can't starve.—Vancouver Province.

And The End Is Not Yet

Tirpitz is said to be financially embarrassed, too. And it is hopeless to think of touching Wilhelm or the Crownless Prince for a V.—Regina Post.

Ten Years Hence

It would be a fatal mistake to assume that the Germany of to-day or the Russia of to-day is the Germany or Russia that the world will have to deal with ten years hence.—Kansas City Star.

An Appropriate Comment

Hull, Quebec, men tried to recover whiskey from a sewer. This is not extraordinary. Whiskey sends many of its votaries to the gutter.—Peterboro Review.

A Busy Booze Prescriber

The Windsor physician who issued 1,244 liquor orders in one month is less qualified to have a doctor's diploma than a bartender's license.—Toronto News.

For All the World To See

Five years ago Germany seemed to be the solidest political structure in Europe. Now the rottenness of the foundations is revealed.—London Daily Mail.

A New Argument Against D. S.

We have so much daylight in this part of the country during the summer season that there is absolutely no real need for saving it.—Calgary Daily Herald.

Good Idea!

It would be a fine thing if they could bring a few of the anti-aircraft guns home from France to help shoot down some of the high prices.—Edmonton Bulletin.

If Hohenzollernism Had Won

If you think your income tax is a hardship, picture what you would have been up against had William Hohenzollern won the collectorship job.—Providence Journal.

Bleak Outlook for Liquor Interests

The women of Canada will have the vote on Federal prohibition and the women of Ontario on Provincial prohibition. The liquor interests do not like the prospects, and they will like the result still less.—Toronto Globe.

The Spring Campaign

Though trenching tools are now laid aside in the war arena, garden implements should be just as industriously used in the coming season as in those preceding.—Neepawa Press.

Must Needs Be Thrifty

With all the taxes that this country will soon have to pay, Canadians will be obliged to become thrifty whether they want to or not.—Canadian Finance.

Patronage Politicians

Several different Federal Governments allowed the Printing Bureau to go from bad to worse. Yet some politicians clamor for a return of the patronage system.—Ottawa Citizen.

Beyond Number

A Peace Conference committee has classified German crimes under thirty-one headings. No doubt the unclassified crimes are still more numerous.—Regina Leader.

In Darkest Africa

Africa reports that the baboons are in a bad way from the influenza. As the baboons destroy the crops, the natives are resigned to the dispensations of Providence.—New York Evening Post.

Common Sense Must Prevail

If the Senate at Washington rejected the Peace Treaty, the United States would be a very lonely country. The common sense of the American people will prevent that calamity.—Edmonton Journal.

Quite True

The Ottawa Journal, being near Parliament, makes a plea for shorter speeches. It requires much less brain power to make a long speech than a short one.—Victoria Colonist.

Verily He May

The average Canadian citizen may well experience a feeling of bewilderment when he contemplates some of the actions of those who profess to represent him in the legislative halls of the nation.—London Advertiser.

A Long Arm, Indeed!

Proofs of German intrigues in the United States were found among Capt. von Papen's papers in Nazareth when he fled before the British advance in Palestine. The British Empire has certainly a long arm.—Duluth Herald.

One of the Very Best

The Boy Scouts of France have a great president in M. Clemenceau. The Premier is fearless, earnest and a strenuous fighter for what he considers right. He is a good scout.—Moose Jaw Times.

Herr Ebert's Costume

Herr Ebert's threat to turn Germany loose on the Allies would have more weight if he did not wear paper clothes, a blotting-paper derby, isinglass spectacles, seaweed socks, pulp shoes and a near-rubber collar.—New York Globe.

The Microbe of Bolshevism

Bolshevism is a wild delusion, but, happily, as President Poincare of France says: "I do not fear it for France. It is a microbe which attacks defeated countries, not victorious ones.—London Express.

As Regards Maple Sugar

Maple sugar ought to be one of Canada's big exports, but as the official analyst reports that out of 137 samples only 69 were genuine, how is the trade to grow?—Kingston Standard.

Soviet Money-making

The Russian Soviet rouble press is turning out money at a rate of 500,000,000 roubles a month. If the people could eat and wear the Soviet paper money, the problem of how to live without working could be regarded as almost solved.—London Saturday Review.

He Would Be In Good Odor With Them

A Canadian boy now in Siberia writes home that at one period he went for 90 days without a bath. There's hope for his future. As a diplomat to the Bolshevist government he would receive most respectful attention.—Brandon Sun.

What Canada's Hens Could Do

F. S. Elford, superintendent of the poultry division of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, argues that if Canada were to mobilize her hens and press them into service, she could make them provide all the wealth necessary to pay off the national debt.—St. John Telegraph.

Thrift a Sure Foundation

Lord Roseberry says: "Thrift is the surest and strongest foundation of an empire—so sure, so strong, and so necessary that no great empire can long exist that disregards it." Thus does this eminent British statesman re-echo the words of the wise of all ages. The need of thrift has not been outgrown. Through thrift will the nations recover from the effects of the Great War.—Financial Times.

The Awful Toll

To more than 7,000,000 men in the prime of life killed in the field, according to Gen. March's figures, must be added in the final score the yet unreckoned millions of women, children and the aged, starved to death wantonly, massacred, or dead of war diseases while weakened by privation. Whoever started this war—and we know who—have something to answer for.—New York World.

Looking to Hudson Bay

Hudson Bay has the lure of the Klondike. A deputation has urged the Ontario Government to extend the T. & N.O. Railway. The Western M.P.'s are urging the immediate completion of the Hudson Bay Railway. One line is projected from Montreal and two from Quebec.—Hamilton Herald.

The Bolshevik's Ideal

If the Bolshevik had a strong enough monkey wrench he would unscrew every bolt that holds civilization together. He is against everything that makes for stability. In his eyes every man who has managed his own affairs with sufficient prudence to rise in the world is by that very fact disqualified to bear the burdens of government. The rule of the unfit is his red Utopia.—Journal of Commerce.

This World's Unequal Rewards

Most ministers and most school teachers and most editors die pitifully poor. "Brains" and creative work receive a higher rating than before, yet many an old schoolmaster who has "turned out" men of a tremendous monetary value to a country has been buried at public expense, as was the case of an old teacher in Chicago the other day. A minister may have saved a thousand souls, yet never be able to own a piano.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Singularly Typical

That long-haired person, who claims to be president of the Buffalo Bolsheviks, and who ran amuck in New York, shooting a revolver right and left, no doubt is a crazy individual. His methods, however, are singularly typical of the cult he professes to represent. In Russia, the cradle of Bolshevism, the extreme modernists have been running over everything and everybody with results disastrous to the whole country.—Buffalo Express.

The Bolshevik Regime

Russia's woes under Bolshevism are increasing daily, by all accounts. The advanced theorists are having their ideas put into execution, to the general misfortune. Customs and manners the result of ages of experience are being discarded and in their stead the wildest practices are being enforced. Domestic life is violently altered, girls and women being disposed of like so many head of live stock. Crime and disease flourish, yet the visionaries are convinced that they are laying the foundations for a race of supermen. So they kill the very sick of typhoid and other common diseases. It is madness, the effects of which should act as a warning to the rest of the world.—Washington Post.

Standard Stock Feed For Sale

DURING the war, for the purpose of assisting the farmers, the Department of Agriculture purchased a considerable amount of Standard Stock Feed (Recleaned Elevator Screenings). A large quantity of this valuable feed for hogs, cattle and sheep has been distributed and has given general satisfaction. Owing to the return of peace, and the approach of normal market conditions, the Department has decided to place at the disposal of the farmers its remaining stock, now in storage at Fort William. This is being offered in both the *ground* and *unground* form, at the following prices:

\$25 PER TON

**IN BULK
UNGROUND**

F.O.B. Fort William

We believe that the feed is excellent value at these prices, and that it will pay stock feeders at different points throughout the Dominion to consider the purchase of a car lot or more.

\$32 PER TON

GROUND

Packed in 100-lb. Bags

F.O.B. Fort William

What is Standard Stock Feed?

It is known to farmers as Recleaned screenings, or Grade A Screenings or Buckwheat Screenings. "We found," writes a Carleton County user, "that our live stock took to the screenings quite readily; our experience with it was eminently satisfactory." Many other stockmen have given expression to similar opinions.

The Analysis of this feed is as follows:—

Protein.....	14%
Fat.....	5%
Fibre.....	8%

Note—Standard Stock Feed contains a higher percentage of protein and fat than either wheat or domestic buckwheat.

Standard Stock Feed has been tested in feeding trials at the Brandon, Lacombe, Ottawa, Cap Rouge and Lennoxville Experimental Farms. For finishing pigs, it has been found fully equal to barley. It can be used for all classes of stock with very economical results.

Comments on Feeding Value

Standard Stock Feed is an excellent ration for swine, a high feed for dairy cattle, and for fattening lambs has proven very valuable. It has also given very satisfactory results with fattening steers, fed with or without other meals and grains. For poultry it has been found excellent and may be fed either whole or ground in hoppers.

Prospective purchasers must not be misguided by the appearance of Standard Stock Feed either whole or ground. The unground product is seen to contain a quantity of wild buckwheat. This feed has, however, a feeding value almost equal to cultivated variety. In the ground form the meal is somewhat dark in appearance, due entirely to the presence of the wild buckwheat. However, the feed is quite palatable and is readily relished by all classes of live stock. Experiments have shown Standard Stock Feed to possess a value equal to that of good meal mixtures of much greater cost.

STATE CLEARLY

Purchasers should state clearly in their orders whether "ground" or "unground" screenings are required.

OTHER FEEDS

The Department also has a supply of old sample grade mixed corn and Old Process Linseed Oil Cake Meal at Montreal, to be sold at market prices. Write for particulars.

TERMS Sight Draft with Bill of Lading attached, payable on arrival of car. Orders should be sent direct to the Feed Division, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa. Feed may be purchased in straight car lots only, in bulk unground (25 tons to car); in bags ground (25 tons to car). Get your neighbours to co-operate with you and take advantage of this opportunity.

All orders will be filled strictly in the order they are received, and as the demand is likely to be quite heavy, orders should be placed at once to insure quick shipment.

FREIGHT RATES

Freight rates per 100 lbs. ground or unground from Fort William to several representative points are given in order that you may get some idea of the cost delivered at your station.

Brandon 17c.; Calgary 28c.; Edmonton 29c.; Moose Jaw 22c.; Saskatoon 26c.; Toronto 30c.; Montreal 30c.; St. John, N.B. 44½c.; Moncton 44½c.; Halifax 45½c.

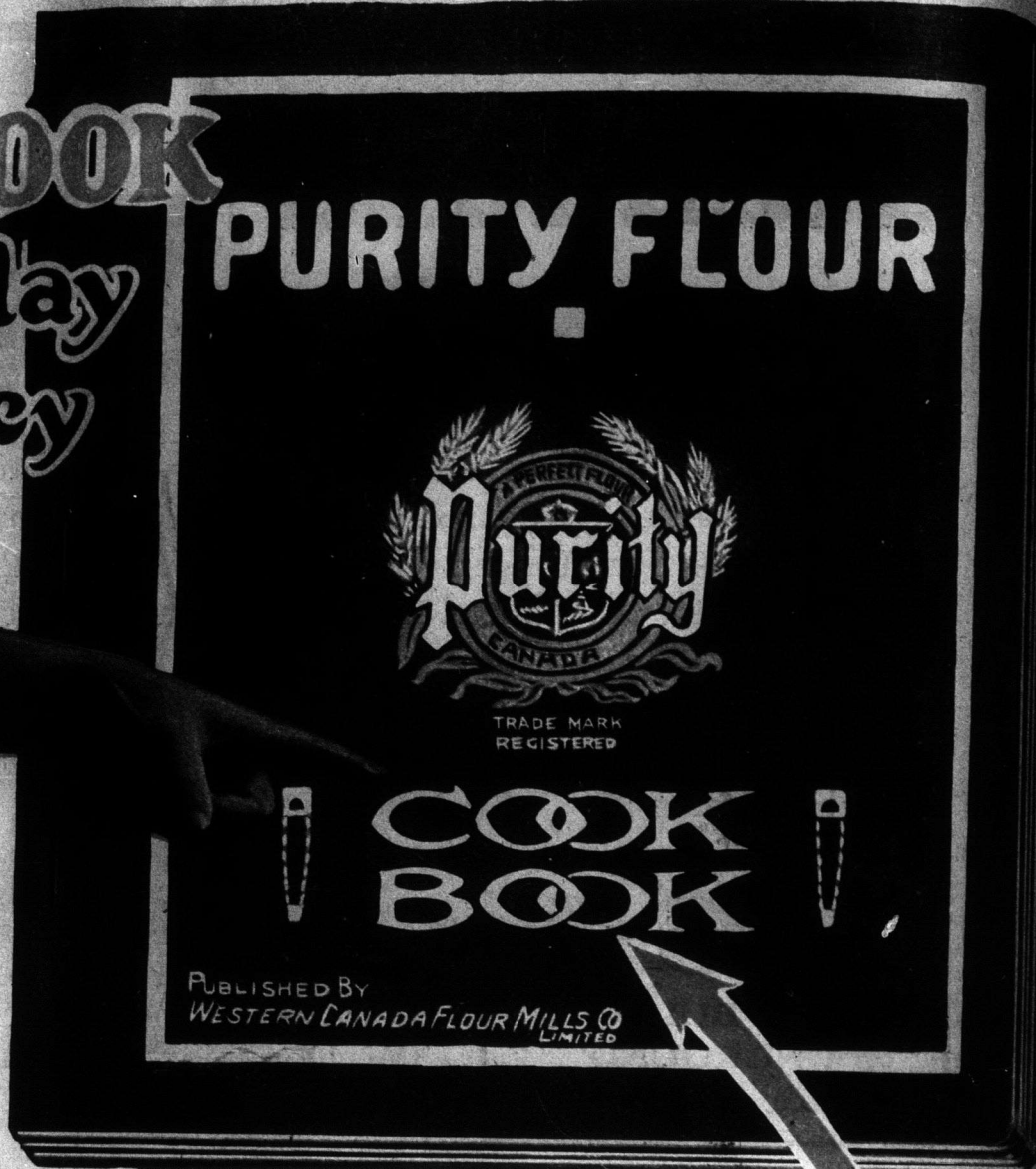
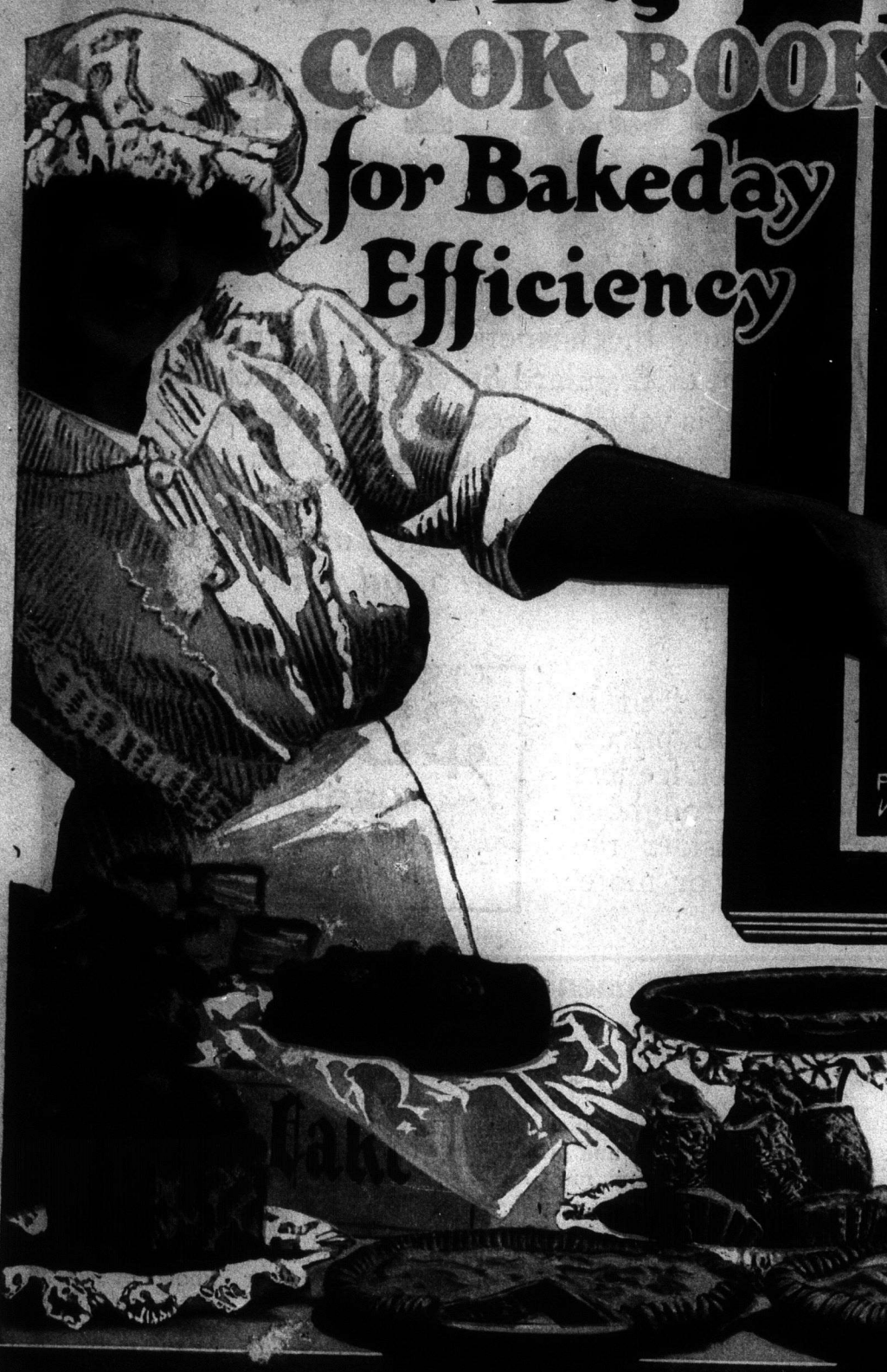
Write for Pamphlet No. 18 giving full particulars about Standard Stock Feed, also Samples.

Live Stock Branch (Feed Division)

The Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture

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 for Bakeday
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 "More Bread and Better Bread"

Western Canada Flour Mills Co.
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Enclosed please find 20 cents, for which you will send me your handsomely bound 180-page Cook Book.

Name.....
 Post Office.....
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and
 Better
 Pastry
 Too

