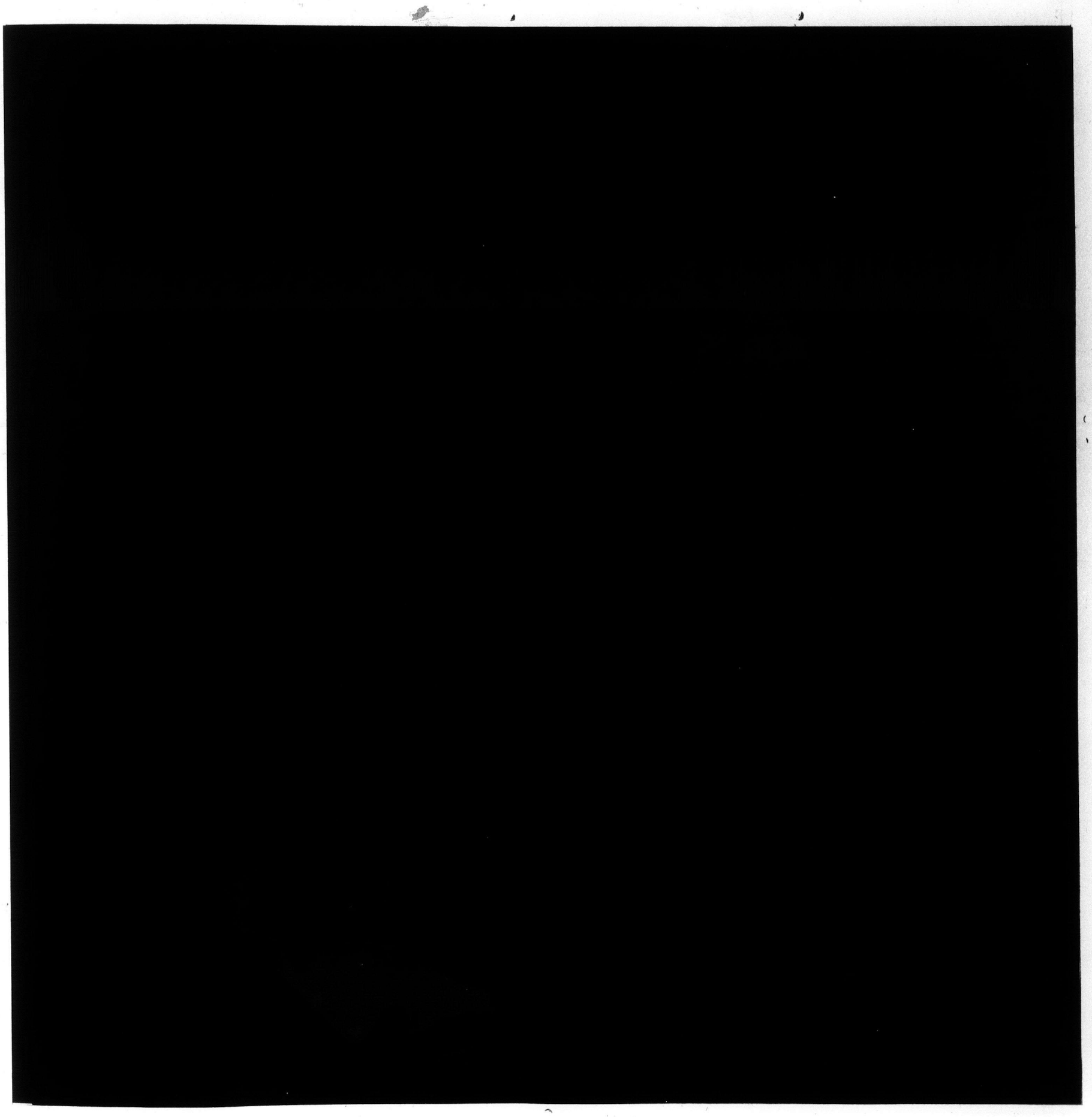
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. NOVEMBER, 1909 PRICE TEN CENTS.



Grand Prize at Seattle Exposition Won by Canadian

Blue Ribbon TEA

Our representative at the World's Exposition at Seattle advises us that we have not only got the Highest Award for our Tea, but also the GRAND PRIZE.

This latter honor has never before been won by any Tea on this Continent, and only once previously at one of the European Exhibitions.

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It is Carefully Selected from the most delicate top leaves and flowery shoots of the best hill plantations. So it has none of the woodiness or bitterness that spoils ordinary teas.

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You may be living in a small town, or on a remote farm or ranch, but by using Blue Ribbon you get as good tea as you could at the largest city grocery. If you move from place to place you can always get exactly the flavor you have been accustomed to, by simply asking for Blue Ribbon Tea.

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Blue Ribbon Tea is packed in 1 lb. and ½ lb. lead packets, and also in 3 lb. cartons. Just get a pound and try it for yourself.

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Experience confirms the judgment in demanding Woollen Underwear for our rigorous Winters.

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Please send your 56 pp. Blue Book for 1909 explaining method, with stories of successful nurses.

A Chat With Our Readers.

The first ambition of the Western Home Monthly is to bring pleasure and profit to its many readers. It is therefore necessary to find out what is pleasurable and what is deemed profitable. The Western Home Monthly wishes this information and is willing to pay for it. Therefore it calls attention to the following facts and begs to make an offer that it is hoped will meet with a generous and hearty response.

From time to time the Western Home Monthly has altered its make-up and its table of contents in order to meet the wishes of its great family of readers. Every change has been the result of careful deliberation and long communication with interested friends.

It is now in a position to make a wider solicitation, and hopes to be able to secure the opinions of its readers far and near. The opinion asked for will be contained in an answer to two simple questions, and prizes will be offered to those giving the greatest help.

In order to appreciate the questions and reply to them intelligently, it is necessary for the readers of the Western Home Monthly to take note of the Departments now in operation. These are as follows:

1. **Editorial**—This department was opened but lately. Formerly it was carried on under the title "Current Comment," but it was felt that the time had come for the Western Home Monthly to express itself more definitely on some of the great issues that affect life in Western Canada. The articles on the grain question in the last two numbers give an indication of what may be expected. Some of the problems to be discussed in later issues are: "The Liquor Problem in the West," "The Rural School Problem," "The Character of our Immigration."
2. **Story Department**—This department has been edited with gerat care and an effort has been made to meet the varied tastes of our readers.
3. **Answers to Correspondents**—This column has grown up like little Topsy. The Western Home Monthly simply had to answer the questions sent in. The "Problem in Behaviour" seems to be exceedingly popular, judging by the number of replies.
4. **Correspondence**—Any one who has a chance to see the mail of the Western Home Monthly has some idea of the popularity of this column. Not one letter in fifty can be printed.
5. **Temperance Talk**—There has been constant demand for a continuance of this column. Inasmuch as temperance and National prosperity go together, the Western Home Monthly has had no hesitation in giving prominence to such ideals as find expression here.
6. **Sunday Reading**—This page has been added lately, and seems to be much appreciated.
7. **Women's Quiet Hour**—This is edited by one of our ablest lady writers and many kind things are said about it.
8. **Music**—The idea of printing a page of simple music is a venture. There is room for difference of opinion here.
9. **General Information**—There has been a demand for articles of general interest—bearing on history, geography, government, invention and discovery. It is possible there is room for expansion in this department.
10. **The Philosopher**—Here is a running commentary from the pen of a ready writer—one of the most gifted sons of the West.
11. **The Young Man and His Problem**—The popular preacher of the Central Church has won many friends through this column.
12. **What the World is Saying**—This sets forth the great sayings of the month in attractive form.
13. **What to Wear and How to wear it**—A page to be read by every woman, and to be studed by every man who wishes to please his wife and daughters.
14. **Original Plans**—A simple and inexpensive guide to hundreds in the West.
15. **Fashions and Patterns**—Another page for the ladies.
16. **Work for Busy Fingers**—This also is for ladies—young and old.
17. **Woman's Realm**—Here is a page for mothers, edited by "one who knows."
18. **About the Farm**—This is short but comprehensive. In its season it touches upon farming proper, gardening, poultry-raising, stock-raising, etc.
19. **The Home Doctor**—Many have expressed their appreciation of this column.
20. **Household Suggestions**—This is for the cook. There are continual questions bearing on the substance of this column.
21. **Round the Evening Lamp**—What would a paper be without a puzzle corner?
22. **The Young People**—This department has only recently received the prominence to which it is justly entitled. The young people have some rights in a family journal.
23. **The Children**—Here is another department that has been forced upon the Monthly by demands from outside. It is in charge of one of the highest authorities on child culture in the West.
24. **The Home Beautiful**—Running now for six months, and conducted by a specialist in this line.
25. **In Lighter Vein**—Who does not read the jokes?
26. **Illustrations**—Have they been appreciated? Should there be more?

Perhaps you never dreamed that the Western Home Monthly contained so much and represented such a wide range of interests. Yet the editors will not be satisfied until they have met not only the demands of the 35,000 subscribers and the 150,000 readers. Therefore they purpose the following questions.

I.—As to the General Contents of the Journal.

In what way can the Western Home Monthly be improved by the addition of new departments or the omission of present departments? What are the strong points at present and what are the weak points?

For the most helpful answer to the above, expressed in less than four hundred words, a prize of Ten Dollars ($10.00)) will be given, and for the next most helpful answer a prize of Five Dollars ($5.00) will be given.

II.—As to the Special Departments.

Selecting any department that you please, state its strongest feature and indicate how the department may still be improved.

For the most helpful suggestion for each or any department a prize of Two Dollars ($2.00) will be given. The answer must contain not more than three hundred words.

Note—All answers to be addressed to "Competition Editor, Western Home Monthly." No answers will be accepted after December 15. If possible winners will be announced in the January number.

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No matter what part of the dominion you live in, we undertake to supply you with a smart, comfortable Suit, fitting you perfectly, or otherwise to **refund your money in full.** The process is simple, merely fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

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SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

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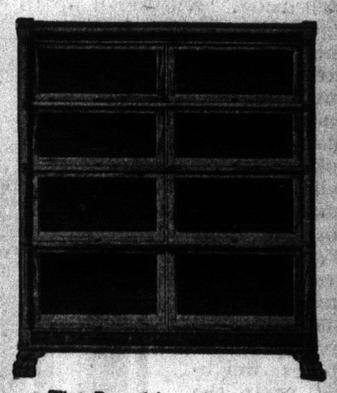

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The "MACEY" Colonial Bookcase

In it every consideration is satisfied—every desire realized.

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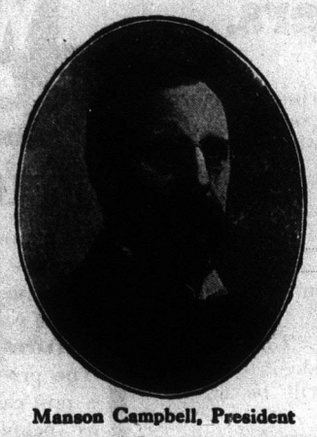
If You Farm for Profit—you need one of my scales

Only my scales are the one Canadian scale that has made good with the Canadian farmer on a straight business basis.



Manson Campbell, President

I Will Make Price Right and Terms very easy—

You can't farm right without a scale; and you can't find a scale that is equal to those I make.

MANSON CAMPBELL
President

EVERY Chatham Pitless Scale is sold with a Government Inspection Certificate that warrants its accuracy. There is no extra charge for this warranty, signed by a resident Government Inspector, who tests every scale we make before it leaves the factory.

This Scale is COMPLETE

Any other scale comes to you as a few parts with a huge blue print, showing how you can build the rest of it; and you have to build it, too, before you do any weighing. This Chatham Pitless Scale is absolutely complete, built of heavy steel, staunchly bolted together, easily erected, ready for use in a few hours. It stands solidly on its broad steel feet, clear above ground, needing no fixed foundations. Move it readily anywhere. You cannot do that with a pit scale.

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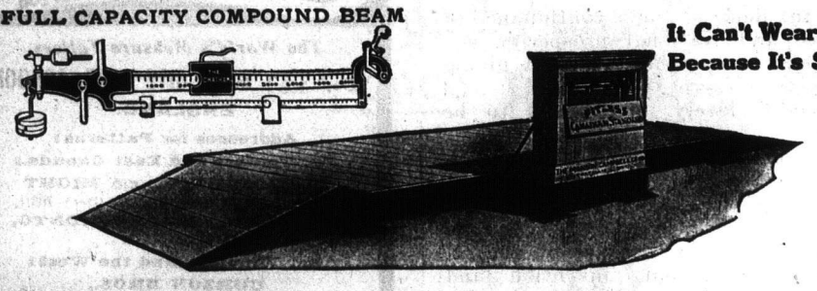

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Big Enough for Any Scale Use

The Chatham's Platform is 8 x 14 feet—ample room for big load of hay, six fat steers, twelve hogs, etc. Platform can't sag, won't wobble, won't get sprung. Whole outfit built so it will last a lifetime and be good every minute. Sold for a fair price, on easy terms, and fully warranted in every way.

Your Farm Needs Such a Scale

You ought to weigh all you buy, all you sell; ought to weigh your stock regularly; ought to keep track of your farm's yield—be a BUSINESS farmer. This scale makes it easy to do all this, and thus save its cost to you over and over—because you can't cheat yourself, nor can you be cheated with this on your farm.

CHATHAM PORTABLE BARN SCALE is the handiest truck scale built,—compact, easily moved, readily turned short (front wheels and pole are swivelled). Certified by attached Government Inspection Certificate to be absolutely accurate and well-made. Will weigh up to 2,000 lbs. with positive certainty. The Chatham levers are solid castings, extra staunch, can't spring a bit, strong enough to carry TWO tons. Main frame all one-piece solid casting. Bearings self-aligning, whole pivot rests on bearing loop,—so scale must weigh right even if not standing level. Chatham drop-lever principle spares weighing parts the jar of loads, thus bearings stay sharp fifty years or even more.

The Scale Every Farm Needs

Weighs Up To 2,000 Lbs. Accurately

Will Last a Long Lifetime

The CHATHAM Portable Platform Scale

Very handy on any farm, specially so on dairy farm. Weighs accurately to 1,000 lbs. Has Double Brass Beam,—no extra charge for this. Strongly built, finely finished. Government inspection warrant attached to each scale. Freight prepaid.

Send for Description, Prices, Etc., of All Our Scales

Lowest Priced 1,000 lb. Scale in the World

Makes Kitchen Work Easy And Pays For Itself Too

Look at it in the Picture

Getting dinner—or any meal—takes only half as long when you have this Cabinet in your kitchen. Everything is so handy that cookery is a pleasure instead of drudgery. There's far less mess to clean up afterward—it's so easy to keep the kitchen tidy—and the cook saves so many steps. Compact, sensible, and work-saving.

Saves Room and Time

Take and try it in your kitchen,—see the work it does away with, the time it saves, the bother it puts an end to—see how sensibly planned, how excellently built, how well worth its small cost it actually is. Indeed, you will be well satisfied if you buy a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet. It is a most practical convenience.

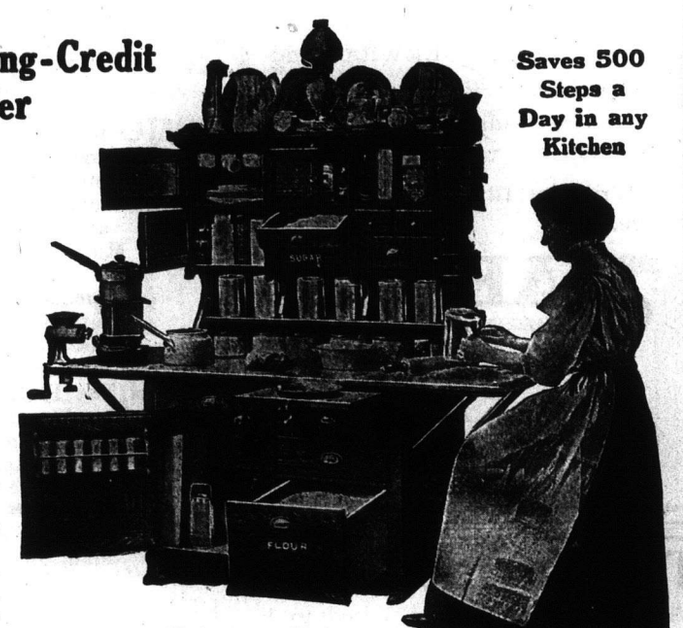
Take it on trial—Pay for it a little at a time

Let Me Send You One On Trial

You can pay for the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet a little at a time,—stretch the payments over many months—so it buys itself while you use it. After it has been a week in your kitchen you will wonder how you ever got on without it. This Cabinet actually is, and I GUARANTEE it to be, better, more compact and more labor-saving in design than any other made. It costs less. It is more complete, more convenient, built better—a great deal better. The wood-work is the finest selected Canadian chestnut, beautifully finished in rich, lustrous golden-brown. The bakeboards, drawers, flour-bin, are snow-white basswood—the shelves, hard, clean maple—knobs, handles, catches, heavy red copper—every part the best material money can buy.

Get My Long-Credit Offer

The drop-leaves (they'll hold a heavy man's weight) just double the table top's area. Nothing is in the way,—nothing opens on the table's level.
The whole top is polished metal,—sanitary, clean, waterproof. All the fronts of drawers, doors and bins overlap,—that makes them dust-proof, fly-proof, CLEAN.
All the inside parts are finished satin-smooth,—not a crevice nor a seam to harbor dirt or insects.
The flour-bin (that compartment lowest down) holds 75 pounds, has a curved solid-metal bottom, and glides in and out at a touch, on double roller ball-bearings. Every drawer shuts TIGHT, but never can stick. Every bin slides in and out EASILY. The whole Cabinet is mouse-proof.



Saves 500 Steps a Day in any Kitchen

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet

Saves endless bother and clutter

It's Very Practical

It couldn't be made more complete. Large enclosed closets for heavy utensils; plenty of shelves; shelf rack; two big drawers—17½ ins. wide, 5 inches deep; three small drawers; three cupboards; two big bins—self-moving; the whole thing 6 feet high, and mounted on double-acting rotary castors—easy to move around. Top is made of extra-heavy, polished zinc that will wear for years and be easy to keep clean all the while. Six aluminized canisters supplied free with Cabinet.

MANSON CAMPBELL
President

Fully Guaranteed

There are no out-of-the-way cubby-holes around a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet; but there IS a handy, easy-to-get-at place for everything that is used in getting a meal ready,—flour, sugar, salt, coffee, tea, spices, package food supplies, knives, spoons, kettles, bread-pans, etc., etc. Let me send you a book that illustrates and describes the Cabinet; or send me your order for it on trial, with my special credit terms and a guarantee that you will be wholly satisfied with it.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

VOL. X. No. 10 NOVEMBER, 1909

The Farmers and The Grain Exchange.

The simple remarks on the grain situation in the last issue of the Western Home Monthly seem to have created no little uneasiness in some quarters. Indeed the whole vocabulary of abusive epithets seem to have been exhausted by some of those who have written to us on the question. Fortunately we have nobody to please in this matter and we are not to be deterred by threats from proceeding as we planned at the beginning, to indicate what we believe is the only permanent solution for the problem as we face it in the western provinces.

The Real Injury.

Yet we are not certain that all our people are looking for a complete and permanent solution. Some of them evidently consider the present trouble as one that concerns only the producers and the shippers, whereas it affects every member of the state. It is a comparatively small matter that one man gets a few dollars too much and another a few dollars too little, but it is a matter of the gravest national concern that every man should have confidence in the honesty and integrity of those with whom he associates in his dealings. For without this mutual confidence there is no hope of national stability. So long as men view this problem from the angle of self-interest they will be unable to arrive at or even appreciate anything in the nature of a true solution. The fight will go on in changing form from worse to worse, and of charges and counter-charges there will be no end. He who seeks a lasting remedy must consider all the interests involved.

No Unique Phenomenon.

The injustice in the handling of grain is not a unique phenomenon. It is but one of a class, and it is well to recognize this in all endeavors to settle existing disturbances. The producer, the middleman and the consumer are continually at war. Not a day passes but that a complaint is registered in some quarter. Every week there is a passage-at-arms somewhere, in the form of a lock-out, a strike, or a public upheaval. As among the three classes mentioned it is the middelman who is usually considered the diabolical agent. This is most natural, for nearly every man is both producer and consumer. If he pays more than he should for his neighbor's wares, he makes up for it by charging too much for his own. But the poor middleman has to rob the producer for part of his profit and then rob the consumer for the remainder. This is his privilege and nobody will say that he does not cheerfully take advantage of it. However, there are evidences on every hand that the producer is coming into his own. Even the greatest producer of material wealth—the farmer—is beginning to get all that his time and labor are worth This is a matter for sincere congratulation. But how about the consumer? When is his day coming? Let us at least hope that a brighter future awaits him. Let us at least believe that even in our own generation he may be able to purchase for $2.50 a pair of boots that it cost $1.00 to manufacture, or that he may be able to buy for five cents a dish of ice-cream that it cost one and one-third cents to produce, or that he may be able to obtain in Winnipeg for $5.00 some fruit shipped from Okanagan at $2.00 and handled by the express company for another $1.50. It is necessary to explain that these figures represent actuality only in a rough way. They are given in this way in the hope that some of our readers may be led to investigate somewhat closely the relation between cost and purchase price of ordinary articles in daily use. It is possible that there may be surprises in store.

Some Concrete Illustrations.

Suppose for example, one contrasts the price which the rancher obtains for his beef with the price paid by the consumer in Winnipeg. Who pockets the difference? Does anyone get more than his share? Does the consumer pay more than he should? Suppose again that it is a book that is being purchased by a reader in the country. If it cost eighteen cents to produce it, what do you suppose the reader pays for it? It will be found on examination that there is unlooked for unfairness where it might least be expected. Yet it is to be remembered that the main evil is not that somebody is getting more money than he should but that by getting it unfairly and without due labor he is undermining the whole social fabric. The dangerous time in a nation's history is when a section of the people really become alive to the fact that they are being unjustly dealt with. Better have them in ignorance of their state than rouse them without pointing out the true remedy for evil.

An Attempted Solution

There is a remedy proposed frequently, viz.: that of a combination between producers to act as their own middlemen—or at least as their own shippers. This principle is well illustrated among the fruit growers of Southern California. A few years ago these men were in despair because all their hard earned wealth was absorbed by the combination of shippers who owned the "shipping houses". The growers rebelled and formed a combination for the purpose of erecting shipping sheds and directing the transporation of fruit. The shippers derided this movement for self-defence, but the fruit growers remained true to their own organization. They put in charge men of the highest ability—men who could be trusted to deal fairly with the shareholders of the company and keep out of the gambling pit. The result everybody knows. The shippers have been literally "knocked out of commission," and the fruit growers are handling all their own produce.

This, of course, is just what the Grain Growers' Grain Co. claims to be aiming at in Western Canada. There is, however, a great difference. The company does not represent the grain growers in any true sense, it is not managed by experts in the grain business, and rumor has it that some of the controlling spirits are too familiar with "puts" and "calls", and with the methods of the speculators in the Grain Exchange.

But passing this by, let us examine further into the California matter. It is true that the fruit growers are doing better, but it is also true that every year carloads of fruit *rot on the trees*. Why is this? Because the fruiterers' union controls not only the shipping of fruit but its consumption. They limit the output in such a manner that they receive a maximum of profit. Formerly the middleman robbed the producer. Now the producer robs the consumer. Isn't it about time the consumer had a little consideration?

There is no doubt that if the consumer is to pay more than a legitimate price for his goods he had better pay it to the producer than to the middleman. Yet it is not very much consolation to us who are paying top prices for fruit because it goes rotting on the trees, to know that in the fight between producer and shipper, the former has come out ahead. As between the two our sympathies are naturally with the producer. We want him to get every cent to which he is justly entitled. Still, as we are the unfortunate victims, we cannot but feel that no matter which of the two wins, we are to pay the price.

No Permanent Remedy Here.

So the California arrangement has not effected a permanent settlement of the question at all. It has simply shifted the injustice from one field to another. It has not regarded all the interests involved. We have no hesitation in saying that were the grain growers of Western Canada to form in a great combination worthy of their great occupation, it would not make matters much better for the whole state. For although it might put a little money in the pockets of the farmers, it would in the end add to the miseries of the poor people in the towns and cities who have to eat in order to live.

Another Illustration.

Reference has been made to strikes and lock-outs resulting from conflicts between employers and employees. Here we have the California situation in another of its phases. It is not a war between producers and middlemen but a war within the ranks of the producers themselves. One section of the producers in order to protect its interests forms a union and resolves to redress its wrongs—real or imaginary—by coercive measures. Everybody understands the methods employed. The important feature in the matter is frequently overlooked by both contending parties. In every war of the kind there is a third party who has a right to consideration and that party is the consumer. Nobody understands this better than the farmers of Western Canada who went through the experiences of coal famine two winters ago. Yet the contestants in this case acted as if the public had no rights at all. Let us again say that the main evil in all such cases is not that one man is getting a fraction too much and the other a fraction too little, but that the harmony which should exist in the whole community is being destroyed by the unfairness of somebody. Any permanent remedy must consider the interests not only of the parties immediately concerned, but the interests of the whole community. In one sense it makes very little difference whether the union or the company wins. Outsiders have to pay the piper in either case. Unionism can never effect a real solution.

Before entering upon a constructive policy it is necessary to make one further observation: It is necessary to give credit where credit is due. It is right to say that although there have been some actions of the Grain Exchange which can never be excused, yet there are many members against whom not a word can be urged. There are some commission firms who have been strictly honest in their handling of grain, and who would never be charged with wrong-doing of any kind. Men of this class have been of the very highest service to the producer. If farmers are going to sell their grain on commission it will always be safe to deal with a reputable firm. In the grain business as in everything else it is the honest man that should be sought. Nor should the Grain Growers' Grain Co. go without its meed of praise. It put up a good fight for a time and exposed the unscrupulous methods of the large operators. As friend of the farmer it was much more capable in opposition than it now is in directing the government. As for the press of the country, the farmers and the general public know who have been working for the highest welfare of the state, and who have been working for special interests.

The Washboard Ruins Clothes..

Take a new shirt. Soil it well!

Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard.

Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges and the button holes, closely.

You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned, worn out more than from three months' hard steady use.

Half the life of the garment gone—eaten up by the Washboard

Shirt cost a dollar, say—Washboard takes 50 cents of wear out of it—you get what's left.

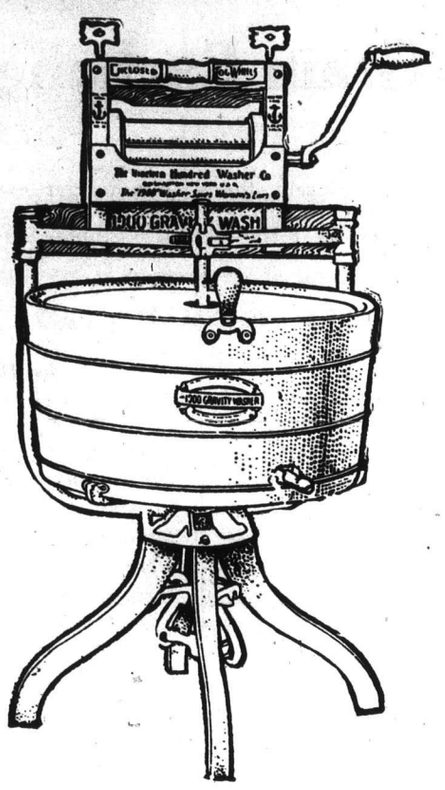
Why don't you cut out the Washboard? Use a "1900 Gravity" instead. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button.

No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, nor tearing the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year.

Try the "1900 Gravity" for four washings! Won't cost you a cent to try it, either. You write to me for a "1900 Gravity" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on their part.

I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge. If you like it then you may keep it.

If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense.



If you keep it you pay for it out of the work and the wear it saves you—at say 50 cents a week. Remember, it washes clothes in half the time they can be washed by hand, and it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads.

It works like a spinning top and it runs as easy as a sewing machine.

Even a child ten years old can wash with it as easily as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself and at my expense.

I'll send the "1900 Gravity" free for a month anywhere so you can prove it without risking a penny.

I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight both ways out of my own pocket.

How could I make a cent out of that deal if the "1900 Gravity" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time with half the wear and do all that I say it will?

Write to me to-day for particulars. If you say so, I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days.

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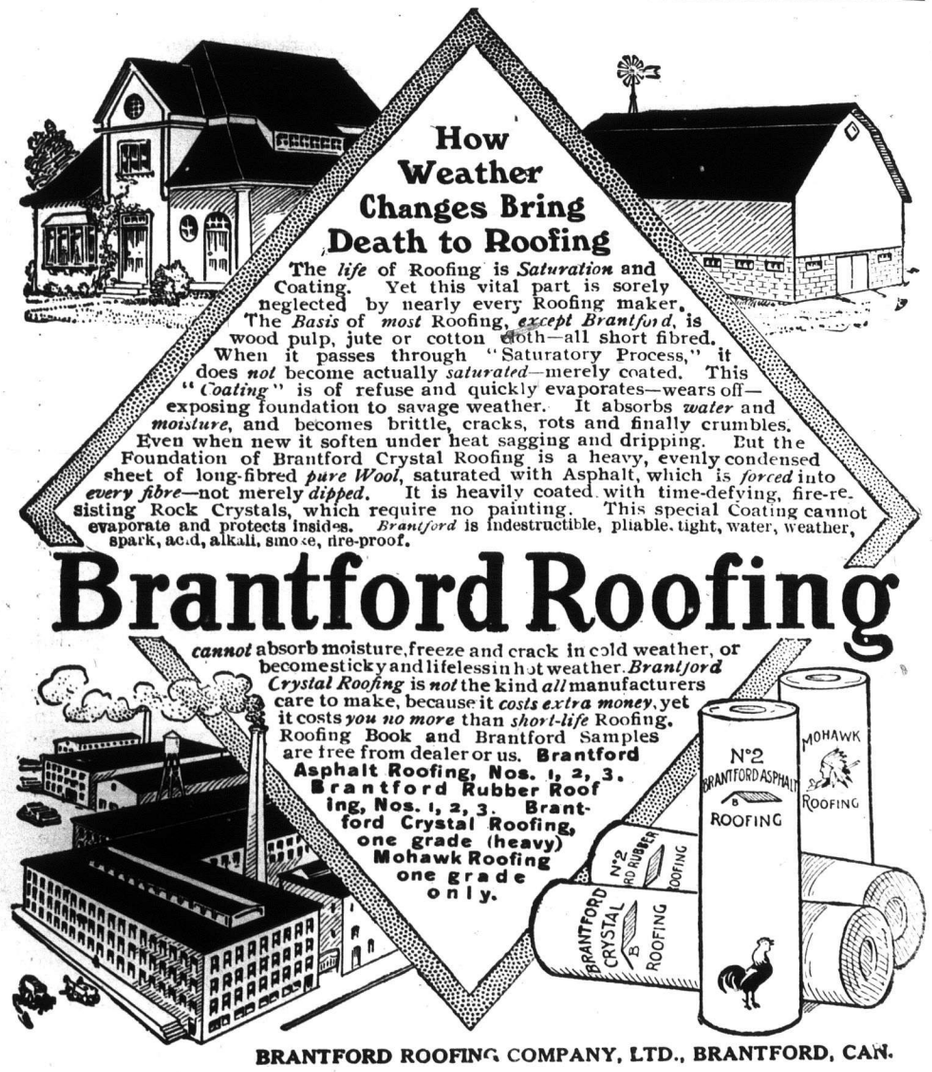

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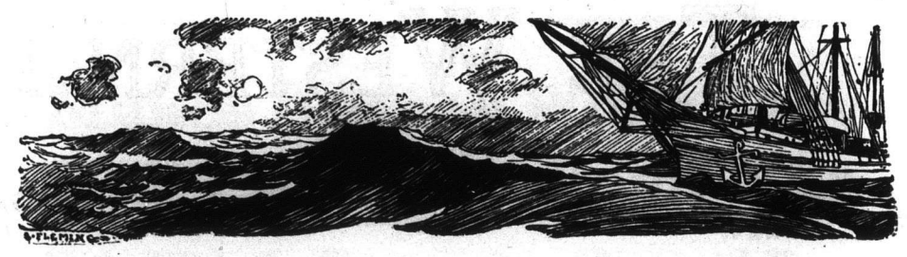


The Mate of the Lingering Breeze

JOHN T. CHARMING had met his Waterloo. He had been a horse trader, but had the misfortune, in dickering with some Indians, to exchange a "broke" California mustang for a small herd of "unbroken" cayuses from the wilds of the Owl River Mountains. The cayuses escaped from their corral one night, and, in a stampede through the town, bolted into a cabin occupied by some miners, and upset a coal-oil lamp; whereupon John's native town, Sleeping Vale, Fremont County, Wyoming, went up in smoke. Then he mirgated to the Far West, and sought long, but in vain, for work in San Francisco.

He was strolling along the water front, one sunny morning, when his attention was arrested by an unusually trim barkentine made fast to the Howard Street wharf. Her newly painted sides were white as snow. Her tall spars, her gracefully bent sails, her bustling sailors, her spick and span rigging, and the gray smoke that curled from the forecastle, inspired him with an immediate and irresistible longing for the deep. He strolled down the wharf to the white ship, where he saw a group of busy men arguing some highly exciting matter at the gang plank. Charming elbowed into the little crowd, determined to hear what was said, and resolved to be of any possible service. He was never at a loss for that quality men commonly call "nerve;" he had been known to let it carry him into disaster, but the credit side of his life-account showed that it had won him a sufficient number of victories to overbalance the defeats.

He was not long in finding that the men were the owners of the vessel, and her captain, and that they were being prevented from sailing on scheduled time because they were without a first mate.

"The mail is aboard," said a stout, important man, "and here we are delayed. Is there nobody you can get, captain? How about your second mate? Can't you promote him?"

"I can't trust him," responded Captain Cammell. "He has only been with me one trip. I must have an experienced man. There may be squalls on the way, and putting in at Taiohai is no dream."

"What are we to do? What are we to do? repeated the men in chorus. Captain Cammell paced the wharf with more than usual vehemence, apparently thinking vigorously. The others debated the question among themselves. The mails were aboard, they argued; and, even if their carrier was but an ordinary "wind-jammer," they owed it to the government, to sail on time. Besides, the ebb-tide was due, and, unless the "Lingering Breeze" should get away from the wharf in a few minutes, she could not sail that day.

John T. Charming looked at the white sides of the pretty bark, and thought. "Why not?" he asked himself. I've always been ready to tackle anything before, and I guess I can do it yet. I'm not going to stay around idle any longer; and, if I don't know anything about sailing a ship, I shall before I've reached the end of the voyage. So, here goes!"

He sauntered up to Captian Cammell in a careless manner, apparently fully at his ease. The skipper noticed his approach and the kindly smile that seemed to play on his face.

"Lookin' for a mate?" asked Charming.

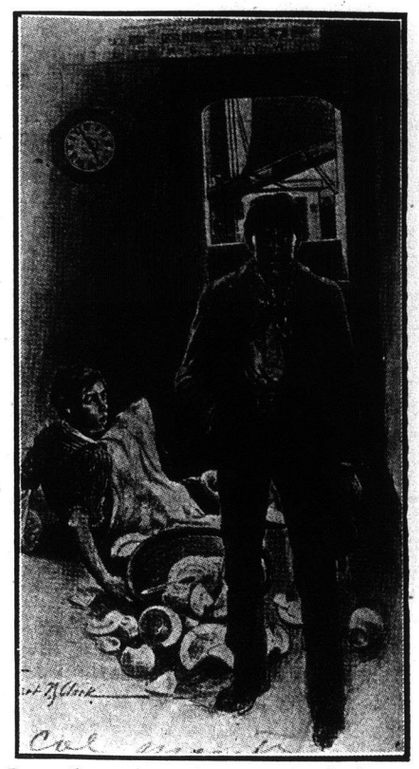
"Yes, are you one?"

An assuring nod was the only reply.

Overjoyed, the captain of the "Lingering Breeze" simply led the newcomer to the vessel and pushed him on the gang plank.

"All right!" he shouted to the owners, "I've shipped one;" and, without further words, he gave orders to cast away.

Ah! how happy is a genuine sailor, who can ship, at a moment's notice, without clothes or worries or fond good-bys; who lends his life and energies to the great, broad deep, unmindful of danger,—a son of the winds, of the eternal blue. Into just such a person had John T. Charming been suddenly transformed. Within an hour he would be outside the Golden Gate, and on the swelling breast of the Pacific, where winds and tides and fitful currents were to carry him to those



Down the Stairway he tumbled, tripping up the Cabin Boy.

sunlit, smiling isles of the South Seas,—the green Marquesas.

Fortunately for the "Lingering Breeze," a tug towed her out of the harbor, and the new mate had little to do. The captain ordered him to take five of the crew of six, and haul in the hawser as soon as the tug let go. Charming might as well have been told to find the square root of an acre of land. But he had sense enough not to ask what the hawser was or where it was taken in. Years on the deep had told the sailors that it would be taken in over the bow, and there they had assembled. Instinctively the new mate followed them. He gazed at "the city of a thousand hills," at the brown mountains that lay beyond its busy bay, and then at the long green stretch of ocean over whose expanse the doughty Balboa proclaimed eternal peace, and just for a moment he wished he was ashore. But something whispered: "You're in it. Stick."

When the ship was well away from the shore, Captain Cammell shouted to his new mate:—

"Mr. Charming, let her go!"

The first mate was nonplussed. But the only thing it seemed necessary to let go, at that moment, was the tug. He knew it was his duty to obey the captain, but that was the limit of his nautical knowledge. He raised his hand in the air and waved it wildly, in order to attract the attention of the

men on the tug, and shouted:—

"Hi, there, you steamboat,—untie the rope!"

The sailors tittered audibly, and one was bold enough to remark, under his breath, that Charming must have been the mate of a freight train. The tug's crew were thrown into a sudden convulsion, and, if their captain had been within hearing distance, he might have been heard to remark something about setting sail with a lunatic. As for Captain Cammell, he took the command with no little surprise, and the thought flashed through his brain that his new mate had a facetious turn of mind.

"Set the flyin' an' main jib, an' spread your stays'ls!" shouted Captain Cammell.

Poor Charming looked blank. He should have repeated the command to the men. Alas! he didn't know how. He simply told them, in a half-whisper, "to go ahead and do it," and the amused sailors jumped to the halyards with more than usual alacrity. They knew the ropes and spars and sails, and the manner in which they should be operated, far better, perhaps, than they knew the English aphabet. They soon had the sheets fast, and, with the weather-beaten captain astern to guide the "Lingering Breeze" into the freshening wind, they were soon taut, and the good ship felt the new impulse.

"For's'l, topgal'nt, main 'n port stuns'l!" shouted Captain Cammel from his post abaft the binnacle, as he turned to consult the compass. Charming simply said to the men, "Go ahead and do that,—whatever it is,"—and then he began to wonder if the sea had any effect on one's speech, and if he could ever learn to understand such absolutely incomprehensible utterances. He looked back at the skyline, dim and brown in its rigid fastness on the distant margin of the horizon. He longed to be there again; his heart's one prayer was to be set, with immediate dispatch, upon the topmost peak of a tall mountain still visible in the northeast, but rapidly sinking from sight. The swell of the ocean was making the bark roll; it was just a little more than John T. Charming could stand. He grabbed the jib stays and looked up at the fore truck. It seemed to be describing the greater part of a semi-circle, as the ship rolled from side to side.

Captain Cammell came forward. Charming saw him and started down the deck to meet him. He was just beginning to be overcome by that squeamish feeling that sets all landlubbers awry; but he set himself against it, and the captain was, for the moment, none the wiser.

"I am going below to dinner," said the captain; "I wouldn't set any more sail in this wind, Mr. Charming. Let her lug along sou'west by sou', half sou', and, if the wind changes, let her go off two points. You'd better coil up the signal halyards and send a man up to put a new block on the main backstay. Then batten down the hatches. The second mate has gone below, and you can have the dogwatch. Tomorrow at eight bells we'll shoot the sun."

So saying, Captain Cammell disappeared down the companionway, where the savory carrot soup, and the tempting potted mutton, appeased his anxious appetite.

"Sou' Sou'west! signal stay in back hall yard! dog's watch!" repeated John T. Charming again and again to himself. "As if any sane man could understand that rot! My, but this tub is rolling! If I could only get on a rock out there in the ocean; just one little,—good-solid-rock-out-there, where I-c-c-could —— keep-still-for —— a-a-awhile!"

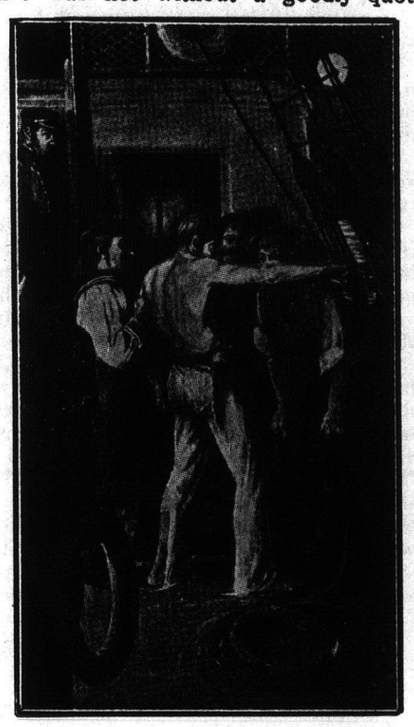
The new mate was sprawling over the taffrail. But that was not the least to his discredit. Many a sailor—aye, many an old captain, who has braved all manner of tempests through years of unremitting duty,—has been seasick every time he left port, and, when Captain Cammell returned to the deck, and saw his chief officer's condition, he went up to him, and said with a kindly spirit:

"Mr. Charming, you'd better go below. You'll be better tomorrow."

Nautical etiquette, even on the most humble trader, is a matter of much punctiliousness to the men who live on the sea, but the lingo of the deep is a most detestable conglomeration of abbreviated terms, calculated to disturb the peace of mind of all except old sailors. Captain Cammell might as well have told Charming to go above as below. But the latter wanted to go somewhere, and he thought that a bed would be the most welcome place in the world, at that moment. Little did he know that it was to bed that Captain Cammell had ordered him. Bent with the griping talons of his illness, he cared for naught. Show me the seasick man who thinks otherwise. John T Charming lost his nerve for once . He straightened up, and managed to say:—

"Captain, I don't want to go below; I want to go to bed!"

If Neptune and his trident had suddenly risen from the mystical depths of the Pacific, the skipper could not have been more puzzled. He could only look at Charming and wonder what on sea had possessed the man; what manner of witchcraft had turned his seemingly sober brain. The sailor who does not know that "going below" and "going to bed" mean one and the same thing is unfit, in a captain's mind, to leave his own front yard, much less to be the mate of as fine a bark as ever sailed the fascinating South Pacific. Bewildered, awe-struck, and disappointed, Captain Cammell said, in a tone that was not without a goodly quota



He pointed to the Rocks where the Bark lay helpless

of gruffness and reproach: "Go to bed. I'll talk with you in the morning, sir."

"Charming stumbled up the deck, rolled from side to side with the ship. He had noticed the bunks in the forecastle where the sailors slept, and toward one of them he was directing his steps. What regard has a captain for a mate who bunks with the sailors, when his quarters are in the main cabin? This was the straw that broke the back of Captain Cammell.

Charming found the forecastle, rolled into a bunk, and was soon asleep. The sailors, who had thus far obeyed him, pitied him with all their might and main. He was working out his own disgrace. They thought he was either an adventurer or a fool. Not one but pitied the sleeping man, the dare-devil of the western plains, who was then dreaming of his home in the Owl River Mountains, where the cayuse sports in his wildtime glee, where the Indian summers by the cooling waters of the hillsides, and the coyote, whose left legs are said to be shorter than his right ones, seeks his scanty prey.

"Wilson," called Captain Cammell, on the following morning, "send Mr. Charming to me."

The second mate went to the forecastle and delivered the order.

"Where does the captain of this 'see-saw' live?" John asked the second mate.

"Below, in the cabin, sir. Better

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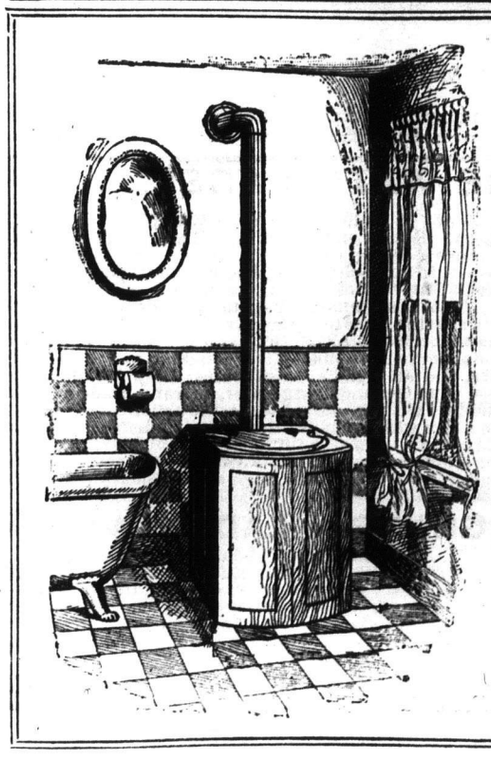

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take the aft companionway, sir."

"Now, look here," said Charming, with firmness, "you may be a sailor, and I may be the mate of this bobbing bucket you call a ship, but it greatly behooves you to address me in good, plain American language, and not that stuff only you fellows can understand."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Wilson, as he jumped out on deck and pointed to the cabin entrance.

Charming ambled along, the most woe-begone specimen of manhood living,—so he imagined. His hair was disheveled, his eyes bulging and red, his step unsteady, his whole demeanor that of a miscreant. But he was not afraid to face his captain and give him word for word. He reached the companionway, but there his limited steadiness left him. Down the narrow stairway he tumbled, tripping up the cabin boy, who was starting to the galley with a load of empty dishes, and causing a shower of broken crockery to add a new impetus to the captain's anger.

"How do you feel, today?" asked Captain Cammell.

"Pretty bad, pretty bad," replied Charming, rubbing his head.

"I want to know whose mate you were, before you came to me."

"Captain," said Charming, mustering up all his strength, "I must admit that the only mate I ever had was old Bill Sawyer, who was sheriff of Sleeping Vale, Wyoming, before the town burned down. Bill and I set out to tramp it to Oregon, and I ain't seen him since."

"Do you mean to sit here and tell me that you have never been to sea, before, in your life?" thundered Cammell, with the rage of a lion.

"Captain, I do," answered the sorrowful man. "I wanted work, captain,—an' I took the first chance."

"Do you know that I can have you ironed for this,—that I can take you back to America in chains, and send you to prison? Do you realize that you have jeopardized the lives and the cargo on this ship?"

The lubber sailor nodded, as if he had an idea of what the captain meant, which called forth a tirade of abuse, contumely, and contempt, from the lips of the skipper. The meeting resulted in Charming's being discharged as first mate, and put in the position of a common scullion, with the cabin boy, a fresh youngster from a Liverpool wheat clipper, to act as his boss. The deposed mate felt his disgrace keenly. He was made to do the most trying of the many tasks aboard ship; he was made to work from sunrise until far beyond sunset; he was the butt of ridicule for all the crew, for he was the lowest man on the ship; he was gibed by the sailors; he was cuffed by the captain; and, as for the cabin boy, well,—that globe-wandering Briton made him polish his boots every Sunday morning, and honored him with the stinging appellation of "my valet."

On the night of the twenty-seventh day out from San Francisco, when the moon was bright and full and shining in all its copper-colored radiance from the silent tropic sky, the tall outline that marks the island of Nukahiva appeared on the starboard bow. In the tiny broken waves of the almost tranquil ocean, the moonbeams were playing a silent game of hide-and-seek. A baffling breeze from the Leeward Islands was driving the little bark at a four-knot gait, and the bumping of the mainsheet block against the deck, the creaking of the ropes, as they worked back and forth, through the pulleys, and the doleful bell that marked the hours, were the only sounds to disturb the tranquillity of the night. All was enveloped in that cool peace that pervades the nights of the South Seas,—that wondrous, fascinating, ever charming, tropic land, where one's soul, piercing through the impurity of the flesh, beholds the nearest prototype of heaven to be seen on earth, and brings knowledge to contemplate the endless glory and termless joy;—where contentment goes hand in hand with happiness; where one can—

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came,
To live where Plenty's seeds are sown,—
Where life and love and sunshine are the same.

"L-a-n-d H-o!" This was the long, dismal cry of the man on the lookout. It broke the stillness with more poignant effectiveness than if it had been a bolt of thunder from the sky.

In a few minutes everyone aboard the ship was on deck. No matter how long a man has been at sea, the sight of land, after looking over a waste of water, is a relief to the eye. Every man, from the captain down to John T. Charming, who, at length, knew the bow of the ship from the stern, and was cognizant of the fact that the keel has nothing to do with the lee scuppers, appeared on deck and gazed at the dark outline that towered to the sky in the clear night. Could it be that it was really land, that it contained living, breathing things, and bright birds and flowers. Charming said, aloud, that he did not care if it was an uninhabited rock. If he came within swimming distance, he would leap over and make for the shore. Captain Cammell assured him that there would be no necessity for any such action on his part, for they would certainly stop there, and his deposed mate would be assisted ashore with all possible haste, and with the ship's best wishes.

Nukahiva, the island for which the "Lingering Breeze" was heading, is the largest and most important of the Marquesas group, and Taiohai is its leading city, if two score cocoanut-thatched houses, set on the rim of a half-moon bay, may be called a city. The entrance to the harbor is by a narrow strait between two rugged cliffs, which seem to step up and into the towering peaks of the mountains that rise majestically until they almost touch the clouds. When the wind blows from the land, it forms a series of circuitous currents, by coming in contact with these mountains, and travels, in sharp gusts, to the sea, making the bay a treacherous place for a vessel entering under sail. Captain Cammell had entered the litle port three times every year for a score of years, and once claimed the proud distinction, among South Sea skippers, of having safely made port at night with naught to guide him save the port light of a copra schooner that lay at anchor. So on this night, with the moon full and resplendent, and the outlines of the towering cliffs that marked the entrance clear and distinct, he thought little of heaving-to and putting out to sea until daylight. He gave his orders to make the entrance. Wilson, the second mate, who had ranked as chief officer since the deposition of John T. Charming, took his place at the bow, and Captain Cammell, on the roof of the cabin, had a clear berth for the command. Charming was allowed to help the cook clean up his galley for a respectable appearance in port.

With her sails nicely trimmed, the white bark bore down on the entrance until the wind came abeam, and then her worthy captain turned her nose in the direction of Taiohai. Everything went well during the two long hours that it took to run abreast of the harbor. Just as the way seemed clear and the long voyage almost over, the treacherous wind suddenly veered, and, before the sailors could manage the ropes, the "Lingering Breeze" began to drift towards the shore. All the quick action, the daring, the catlike alacrity of the crew were without avail, for she had been caught by a swift current which, aided by the playful winds blowing at variance to any given point of the compass, carried her upon the rocks. Captain Cammell's hands were uplifted towards heaven in a mute appeal as he felt and heard the keel of his only pet in life, his home, his ambition, his beloved white bark, grate against the cruel rocks. But it was all too true. The staunch old boat was in a precarious position. Nothing could save her but some boat propelled by steam to pull her off. The captain was a man of quick action, and had been sufficiently long

at sea to kep a cool head in moments of danger, but he took time to say that some "hoodoo" had sailed with the ship, and John T. Charming was brought out from his sedentary duties in the galley, to be made the butt of his captain's wrath and indignation. Then all the members of the crew were commanded to appear before him, and he said, shaking his clinched fist to add emphasis to his words:—

"One of you must volunteer to swim ashore, tonight, and, if there is a steamer in that harbor, ask her captain to come out and pull us off. Who will go? It is a good two miles?"

The crew looked amazed for a minute. But they had lost all their boats in a hurricane, two weeks before. Captain Cammell was staring into their blank and wondering faces, with a suppressed curse on his lips, when a clear voice spoke the words, "I will!"

It was the voice of John T. Charming. Before the skipper had time to recover from the shock, the disgraced mate was standing on the taffrail, divesting himself of his unnecessary clothing. In another instant he had plunged into the deep. The darkness enveloped him, and a splash was all that told he had struck water.

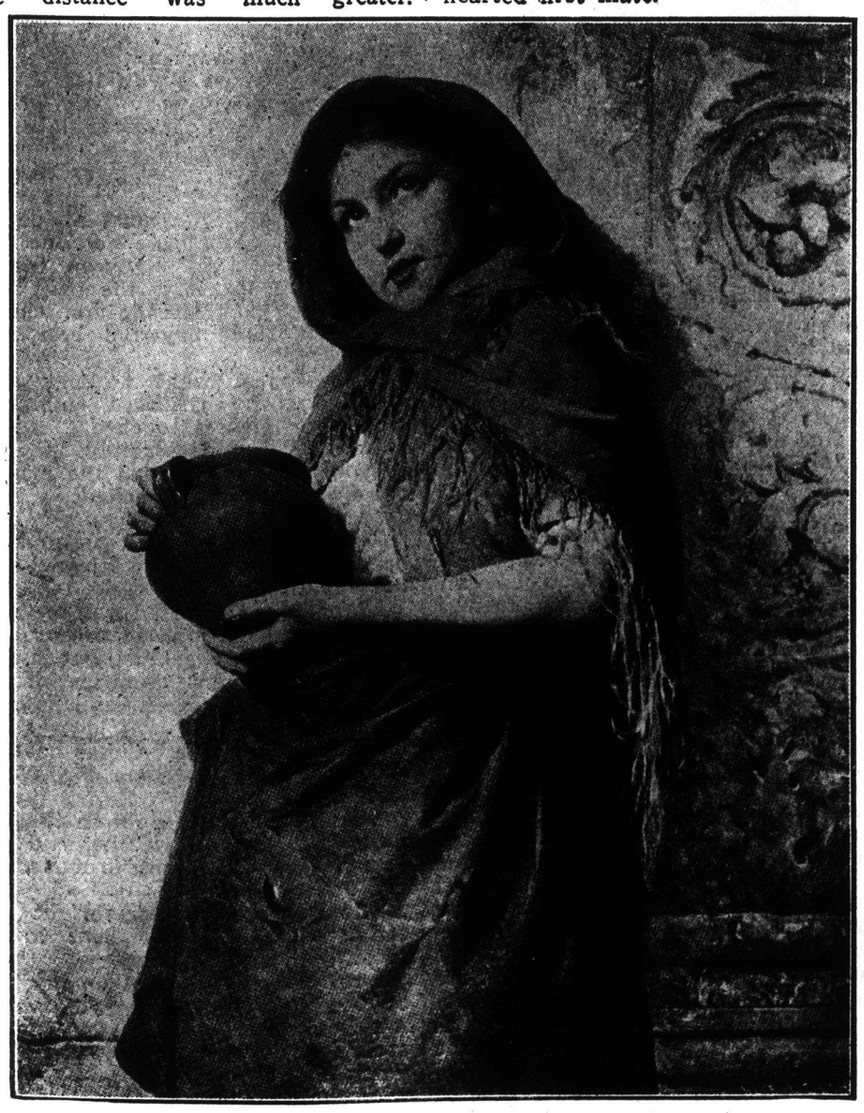
"Make for the shore to your right; then follow the beach! Look out for sharks!" cried the captain, as he rushed to the taffrail. Then a muffled "Aye, aye, sir!" came up from the depths. Poor John had learned, at least, how to answer in true nautical style. Vainly those on deck peered over the sides to catch a glimpse of him, but the favoring moon was temporarily hidden behind a mountain peak, and its shadows made the waters of the bay as black as the storied Styx. Those aboard could only wait and hope, and listen to the weird grating, as the bark now and then, rubbing against the rocks, but Charming swam on and on, now "side-stroke," now "over-hand," plunging, forcing every muscle to the utmost, muttering to himself that he would show that captain that he could do something, and wondering if his strength would hold out until he reached the shore. A tiny light told him that something was anchored in the harbor, and he struck out in its direction, although the distance was much greater. But the harder he swam, the further away it seemed. At length his strength began to fail. Once he sank from sheer exhaustion, but he managed to get on his back so that he could float until his vigor returned. Then he struck out again. The light grew larger and brighter, and he could discern the outline of a vessel. This seemed to give him new strength, and he kept on, with increasing energy, until he found himself within hailing distance. He tried to cry out, but his voice had gone. He swam close to the vessel, but the gang plank was drawn up, and there was no way of getting aboard. Finally, a man walked up the deck, and Charming called out faintly. It was a sailor. He heard the cry, but answered in the French tongue, which the American could not understand. The craft was the little French steamer "Tahitienne," which plies between the islands of the group; and her crew, quickly roused by the lone sailor, threw a rope to the swimmer, which he caught in a dying struggle, and wound around his body. Then they dragged him from the sea to the steamer's deck. He fell, exhausted, and a man ran for stimulants. Charming slowly revived, and muttered: "Out—there, —she's—sinking."

But none of the Frenchmen understood, and Charming struggling to his feet, and, with a wild gesticulation, pointed to the entrance of the harbor, and—fell to the deck, apparently lifeless.

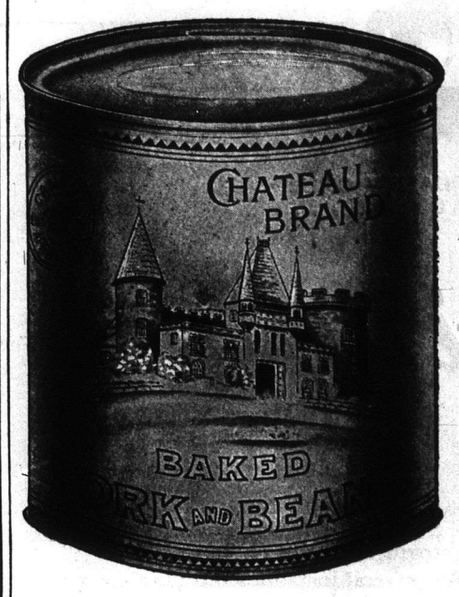
"There's something the matter out there," said Captain Martineau, of the "Tahitienne." Losing no time, he weighed anchor, and, in fifteen minutes, was by the side of the "Lingering Breeze." A hawser was made fast to the stern bits of the bark, and she was towed to safety in the harbor.

There's a grave in the little French cemetery at Taiohai, and on the tombstone that is shaded from the tropic sea by the wide green leaves of a spreading palm, is this inscription: "John T. Charming. Aged 40. An American hero."

"If I'd only had a chance to thank him!" always exclaims Captain Cammell, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, as he finishes this story of his untutored but brave and kind-hearted first mate.



A DAUGHTER OF ITALY



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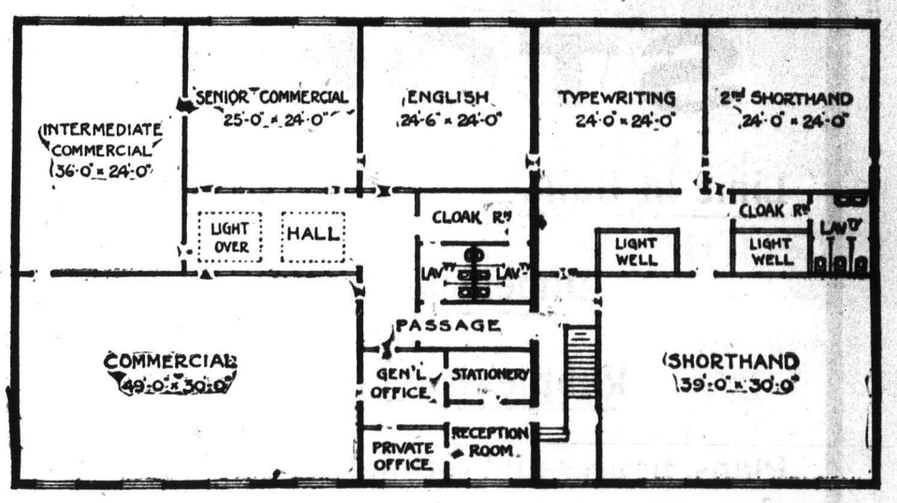

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The Major and I.

The major and I had always been good friends. For one thing, we both liked the same kind of a cigar.

"A cigar," said the major, "should be neither too good nor too bad. If a man gets into the habit of smoking bad cigars, not only is he a continued source of regret to his friends, but, graver still, he experiences a moral deterioration that no amount of pious influence can offset. If his cigars are too good, on the other hand, he is obliged to live up to them. I began once to smoke a fifty-cent cigar a day—only one. At first it was a difficult financial adjustment. Then my mind got used to it—so used to it that I began to smoke two—then three. For some time afterward I was puzzled to know why I never seemed to have any cash in hand, until it dawned upon me that I was making a steady glow of my bank account."

At the time I met the major we were both on the same twenty-cent brand, and this being enough to insure our confidence in each other, we became friends, and it was not long after this when by mutual consent we arranged to have our apartments next to each other.

This arrangement was a great success. Each one of us rubbed away the loneliness of the other, and we did it without any irritating consequences. There were moments of reminiscences, of reverie, when I saw that the major must not be disturbed. He divined the same of me. During these intervals we protected each other from the outside world. And during those other intervals, when we felt the need of companionship, it seemed as if I had just what the major needed and the major had just what I needed.

I was older than the major. He was fifty and I was thirty, but age is never fully expressed in years. It is in feeling. I have never been able to be sure about the exact time when I caught up with the major, but I think it must have been when I was twenty and he was forty. I feel sure that, if we had met then, we should not have agreed. We should have been too much alike.

At present, however, there was enough difference between us to insure a fortunate combination. The major was a perfect child about business matters, while I had a keen sense of those important details. He never thought of doing anything without cosulting me. On the other hand, his sense of true human relationship was very much finer than mine. He taught me the art of dealing with my fellow-men. He taught me, or at least made me a student of, that rare art of gentle courtesy which in these days we seem to lack; and I learned from him that amid the wear and tear of modern life it is still possible to retain one's simplicity of character.

One day the major said to me:

"My friend, we must go to the seashore. We need the change. It will do us both good."

So I made all the necessary arrangements, and togther we went. We selected a quiet spot on the Maine coast. Alas! since then I have learned this axiom: that there is no quiet spot anywhere upon the face of the earth that does not contain at least one widow.

I well remember the day she burst upon us in all the subdued splendor of her pony-cart. The ponies were black, the harness was black, the widow's clothes were black. But in strong contrast to her surroundings was the shining face of the widow.

I looked into the major's eyes and he looked into mine. I must confess that I saw something that startled me. I know now that if there is such a thing as love at first sight for one, it holds equally good for two. In an instant I realized that the major and I were in love—and with the same woman.

The next day we met her. Some change in the outgoing and incoming guests put us at a new table. There she was, radiant, demure, smiling. In the afternoon we had a three-cornered conversation at the shady end of the piazza.

Did the widow object to cigars? Never! She doted upon them. So between us the major and I consumed eighty cents' worth of them.

As we made our toilet before dinner, the major was more silent than usual. So indeed was I. It seemed to me that I was being drawn into a vortex from which there was no escape. The widow's eyes haunted me. An atmosphere of gentle, pathetic experience surrounded her, and through it she seemed transfigured into an angel. I was fearful lest she might prefer the major to me, and fearful lest she shouldn't. Indeed, so much I admired and esteemed my friend that I knew she would be lowered in my opinion should she prefer me. On the other hand, how could I now live without her? It was indeed a problem.

Finally the major spoke, laying his hands upon my shoulders in the old familiar manner when he was so much moved. There were tears in his eyes. For this kindly old soul, who had fought undaunted through a score of battles, was as sentimental as a child.

"My boy," he said, "that widow has captured me. The moment I saw her I realized that all was lost. And yet as I look into your face I perceive that all is not right with you. Let us be men. Let us meet this issue together. Speak, my boy!"

I also was much moved. "Major," I said, "you have read my secret aright. I, too, am heels over head in love with the widow. Do you blame me?"

It was a trying moment. Both of us realized instinctively what it meant. We had both in a very large sense become necessary to each other. I could not conceive of life without the major—and the widow. And I saw too plainly that he was thinking of the same thing—he could not conceive of life without me—and the widow.

"My boy," said the major at last, "I have a plan. Of course, I don't blame you. You could not have been the friend to me that you are if you had not done the same thing. The mere fact that we have fallen in love with the same woman only proves that we have not been mistaken in each other."

"What is your plan?" I asked, with breathless anxiety.

"It is this. We must divide the widow up. You have her one day, and I the next. Between friends such as we are, it is the only way. We'll draw lots for the first choice, and after that may the best man win!"

"It was just what I knew you would do!" I exclaimed, embracing him. Our glasses touched.

"Major," I said solemnly, "I drink to your success!" And the major's voice quivered as he replied:

"And I, my boy—to yours!"

The major won the toss and the next morning I bade farewell for the day and evening.

Never have I passed a more miserable time. Faithful to my promise I kept in the background, but in the distance I caught glimpses of the widow and the major, and it was quite evident to me that he was losing no time. But all things have an end, and the hour came for us to meet again.

There was a new light in the major's eyes. "My boy," he said solemnly, "I will keep my promise. Tomorrow is yours."

The next day I arose bright and early, while the major kept to his room.

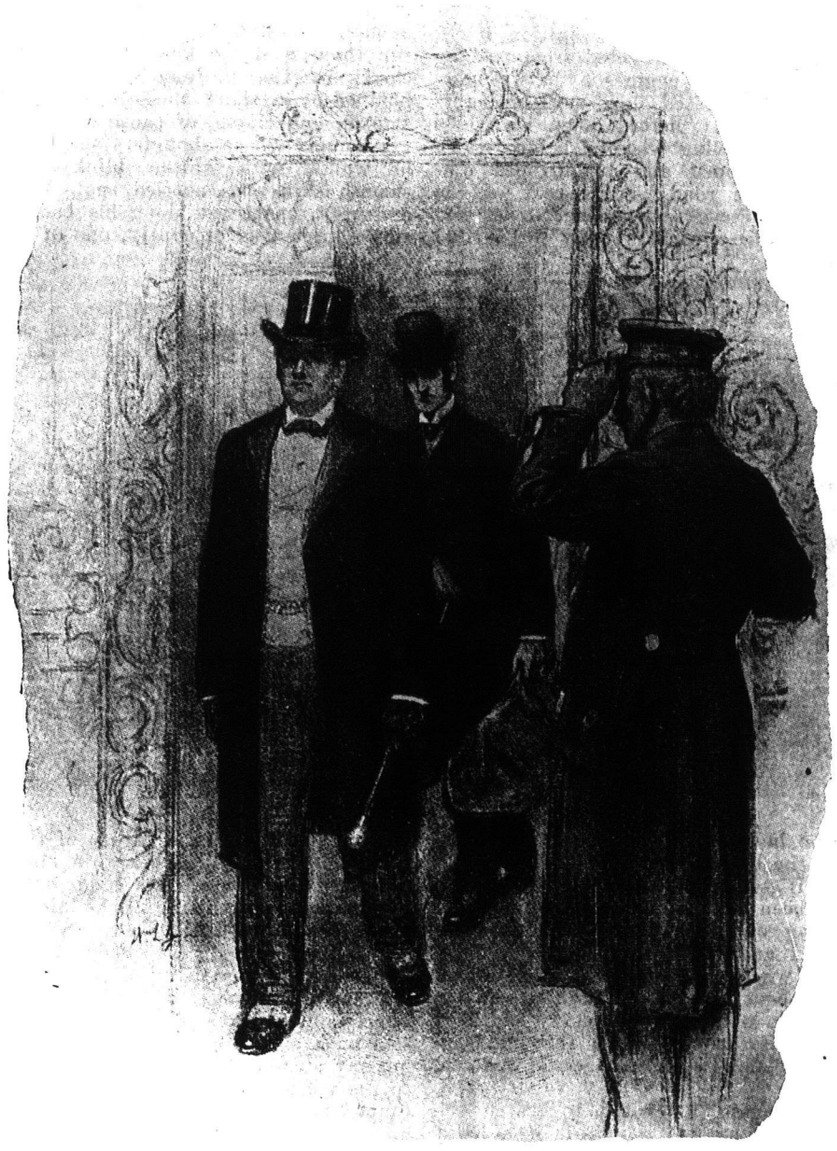
I realized that I must do my best or the major never would forgive me. Besides, once within the widow's spell I could not help myself. With years and endurance on my side, why should I not win? I consoled

Continued on Page 56.

Compartment Number Four—Cologne to Paris.

HE was looking through a hole — a square hole framed about with mahogany and ground glass. His face was red, his eyes were black, his mustache — waxed to two needle-points—was a yellowish brown; his necktie blue, and his uniform dark chocolate seamed with little threads of vermilion and encrusted with silver poker-chip buttons emblazoned with the initials of the corporation which he served.

I knew I was all right when I read the initials. I had found the place and the man. The place was the ticket office of the International Sleeping Car Company. The man was its agent.



The Director of the Greatest Show on Earth, smiling haughtily, passed in.

So I said, very politely and in my best French — it is a little frayed and worn at the edges but it arrives —sometimes——

"A lower for Paris."

The man in chocolate, with touches of the three primary colors distributed over his person, half closed his eyes, lifted his shoulders in a tired way, loosened his fingers and without changing the lay-figure expression of his face replied:

"There is nothing."

"Not a berth?"

"Not a berth."

"Are they all paid for?" and I accented the word paid. I spend countless nights on Pullmans in my own country and am familiar with many uncanny devices.

"All but one."

"Why can't I have it? It is within an hour of train time. Who ordered it?"

"The Director of the great circus. He is here now waiting for his troupe which arrives from Berlin in a special car belonging to our company. The other car—the one that starts from here — is full. We have only two cars on this train—Monsieur the Director has the last berth."

He said this, of course, in his native language. I am merely translating it. I would give it to you in the original, but it might embarrass you; it certainly would me.

"What's the matter with putting the Circus Director in the special car? Your regulations say berths must be paid for one hour before train time. It is now fifty-five minutes of eight. Your train goes at eight, doesn't it? Here is a twenty-franc gold piece—never mind the change"—and I flung a napoleon on the desk before him.

The bunch of fingers disentangled themselves, the shoulders sank an inch, the waxed ends of the taffy-colored mustache vibrated slightly, and a smile widened in circles across the flat dullness of his face until it engulfed his eyebrows, ears and chin. The effect of the dropping of the coin had been like the dropping of a stone into the still smoothness of a pool — the wrinkling wavelets had reached the uttermost shore-line.

The smile over he opened a book about the size of an atlas, dipped a pen in an inkstand, recorded my point of departure—Cologne, and my point of arrival — Paris; dried the inscription with a pinch of black sand filched from a saucer—same old black sand used in the last century—cut a section of the page with a pair of shears, tossed the coin in the air, listened to its ring on the desk with a satisfied look, slipped the whole twenty-franc piece into his pocket—regular fare, fifteen francs, irregular swindle five francs—and handed me the billet. Then he added, with a trace of humor in his voice:

"If Monsieur the Director of the circus comes now he will go in the special car."

I examined the billet. I had compart-

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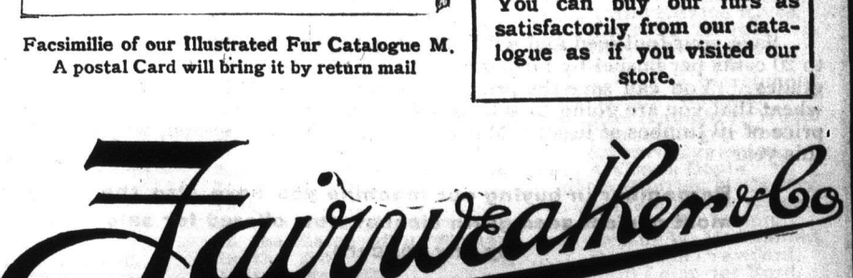

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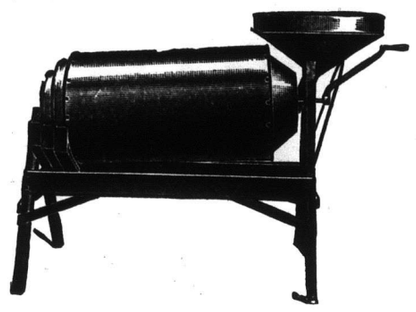

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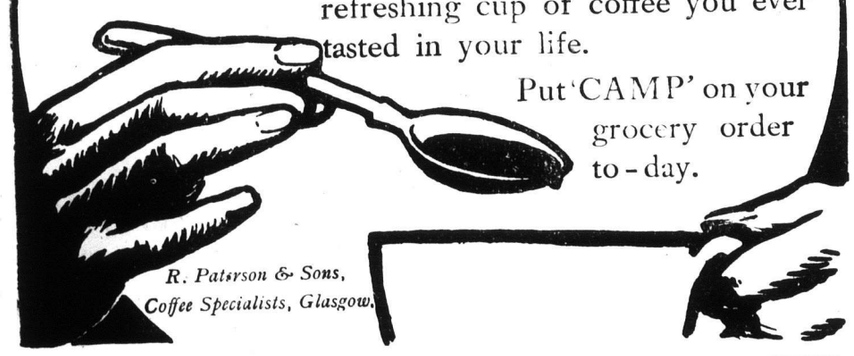

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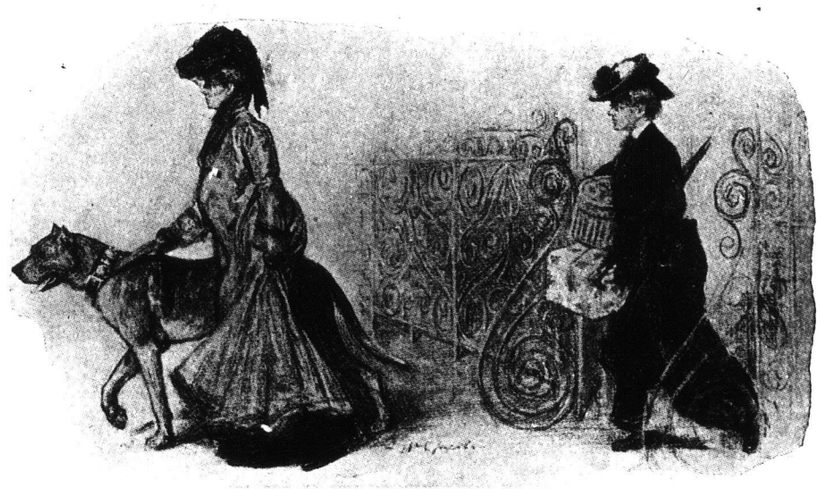
K·D·C CURES **INDIGESTION.**

ment Number Four, upper berth, car 312.

I lighted a cigarette, gave my small luggage checks to a porter with directions to deposit my traps in my berth when the train was ready—the Company's office was in the depot — and strolled out to look at the station.

You know the Cologne station, of course. It is as big as the Coliseum, shaped like an old-fashioned hoop-skirt with a petticoat of glass and connects with one of the most beautiful bridges in the world. It has two immense waiting rooms with historical frescos on the walls and two huge fireplaces supported on nudities shivering with the cold, for no stick of wood ever blazes on the well-swept hearths. It has also a gorgeous restaurant with panelled ceiling, across which skip bunches of butterfly cupids in shameless costumes, and an inviting cafe with never-dying palms in the windows, a portrait of the kaiser over the counter holding the coffee-urn, and a portrait of the kaiserin over the counter holding the little sticky cakes, the baby bottles of champagne, and the long lady-finger sandwiches with bits of red ham hanging from their open ends like poodle dogs' tongues.

Outside these ponderous rooms, under the arching glass of he station itself, is a broad walk protected from rushing trains and yard engines by a wrought-iron fence twisted into most enchanting scrolls and pierced down its whole length by sliding wickets, before which stand be-capped and be-buttoned officials of the road. It is part of the duty of these gatemen never to let you through these wickets until the arrival



She, too, went through with a sweep.

of the last possible moment compatible with the boarding of your car.

So if you are wise—that is if you have been left behind several times depending on the watchfulness of these Cerberi and their promises to let you know when your train is ready—you hang about this gate and keep an eye out as to what is going on. I had been two nights on the sleeper through from Warsaw and beyond and could take no chances.

Then again I wanted to watch the people coming and going—it is a habit of mine; nothing gives me greater pleasure. It has made me an expert in judging human nature. I flatter myself that I can tell the moment I set my eyes on a man just what manner of life he leads, what language he speaks, whether he be rich or poor, educated or ignorant. I can do all this before he opens his mouth. I have never been proud of this faculty. I have regarded it more as a gift, as I would an acute sense of color, or a correct eye for drawing, or the ability to acquire a language quickly. I was born that way, I suppose.

The first man to approach the wicket was the Director of the Circus. I knew him at once. There was no question as to his identity. He wore a fifty-candle-power stone in his shirt front, a silk hat that shone like a new hansom cab, and a Prince Albert coat that came below his knees. He had taken off his ring boots, of course, and was without his whip, but otherwise he was completely equipped to raise his hat and say: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the world renowned," etc., etc., "will now perform the blood-curdling act of," etc.

He was attended by a servant, was smooth shaven, had an oriental com-

plexion, as yellow as the back of an old law book, black, jet-black eyes and jet-black hair.

I listened for some outbreak, some explosion about his bed having been sold from under him, some protest about the rights of a citizen. None came. The gateman merely touched his hat, slid back the gate and the Director of the Greatest Show on Earth, smiling haughtily, passed in, crossed the platform and stepped into a wagon-lit standing on the next track to me labelled "Paris 312," and left me behind. The gateman had had free tickets, of course, or would have, for himself and family whenever the troupe should be in Cologne. There was no doubt of it—I saw it in the smile that permeated his face and the bow that bent his back as the man passed him. This kind of petty bribery is, of course, abominable, and should never be countenanced.

Some members of the troupe came next. The gentleman in chocolate with my five francs in his pocket did not mention the name of any other member of the troupe except the Director, but it was impossible for me to be mistaken about these people—I have seen too many of them.

She was rather an imposing-looking woman—not young, not old—dressed in a long travelling cloak trimmed with fur (how well we know those night cloaks of the professional!) and was holding by a short leash an enormouse Danish hound; one of those great hulking hounds whose shoulders shake when he walks, with white, blinky eyes, smooth skin and mottled spots—brown and gray, spattered along his back and ribs. Trick dog, evidently, one of those dogs who springs at the throat of the assassin the assassin has a thin slice of sausage tucked inside his collar-button) pulls him to earth and sucks his life's blood or chews his throat. She, too, went through with a sweep—the dog beside her, followed by a maid carrying two bandboxes, a fur boa, and a bunch of parasols closely furled and tied with a ribbon. I braced up, threw out my shoulders and walked boldly up to the wicket. The be-buttoned and be-capped man looked at me coldly, waved me away with his hand and said "Nein."

Now when a man of intelligence, speaking the language of the country, backed by the police, the gendarmerie, and the Imperial Army says "Nein" to me, if I am away from home I generally bow to the will of the people.

So I waited.

Then I heard the low rumble of a train and a short high-keyed shriek—we used to make just such shrieking sounds by blowing into keys when we were boys. The St. Petersburg express was aproaching end foremost—the train with the special sleeping car holding the balance of the circus troupe. The next moment it bumped gently into Car No. 312, holding the Director (I wondered whether he had my berth)), the woman with the dog, and her maid.

The gateman paused until the train came to a dead standstill, waited until the last arriving passenger had passed through an exit lower down along the fence, slid back the gate and I walked through—alone! Not another passenger either before or behind me! And the chocolate gentleman told me the car was full! The fraud!

When I reached the steps of car No. 312 I found a second gentleman in chocolate and poker-chip buttons. He was

scrutinizing a list of sold and unsold compartments by the aid of the conductor's lantern braceleted on his elbow. He turned the glare of his lantern on my ticket, entered the car and preceded me down its narrow aisle and slid back the door of Number Four. I stepped in, and discovered to my relief, my small luggage, hatbox, shawl, and umbrella, safely deposited in the upper berth. My night's rest, at all events, was assured.

I found also a bald-headed passenger who was standing with his back to me stowing his small luggage into the lower berth. He looked at me over his shoulder for a moment, moved his bag so that I could pass, and went on with his work. My sharing his compartment had evidently produced an unpleasant impression.

I slipped off my overcoat, found my travelling cap, and was about to light a fresh cigarette, when there came a tap at the door. Outside in the aisle stood a man with a silk hat in his hand.

"Monsieur, I am the Manager of the Compagnie Internationale. It is my pleasure to ask whether you have everything for your comfort. I am going on to Paris with this same train, so I shall be quite within your reach."

I thanked him for his courtesy, assured him now that all my traps were in my berth and the conductor had shown me to my compartment, my wants were supplied, and watched him knock at the next door. Then I stepped out into the aisle.

It was an ordinary European Pullman, some ten staterooms in a row, a lavatory at one end and a three-foot sofa at the other. When you are unwilling to take your early morning coffee on the gritty, dust-covered, one-foot square, propped-up-with-a-leg-table in your stuffy compartment, you drink it sitting on this sofa. Three of these compartment doors were open. The woman with the dog was in Number One. The big dog and the maid in Number Two, and the ring-master in Number Three (his original number, no doubt; the clerk had only lied)—I, of course, came next in Number Four.

Soon I became conscious that a discussion was going on in the newly-arrived circus car whose platform touched ours. I could hear the voice of a woman and then the gruff tones of a man. Then a babel of sounds came sifting down the aisle. I stepped over the dog, who had now stretched himself at full length in the aisle and out on to the plattorm.

A third gentleman in chocolate—the porter of the circus car and a duplicate of our own—was being beseiged by a group of people all talking at once and all in different tongues. A mild-eyed, pink-cheeked young man in spectacles was speaking Greman; a richly dressed woman of thirty-five, very stately and very beautiful, was interpolating in Russian, and a plump, rosy-cheeked, energetic little Englishwoman was hurling English in a way as pointed as it was forcible. Everybody was excited and everybody was mad. Standing in the car-door listening intently was a French maid and two round-faced, wide-collared boys, of say ten and twelve. The dispute was evidently over these two boys, as every attack contained some direct allusion to "mes enfants" or "these children" or "die Kinder," ending in the forefinger of each speaker being thrust bayonet fashion toward the boys.

While I was making up my mind as to the particular roles which these several members of the Greatest Show on Earth played, I heard the English girl say—in French, of course—English-French—with an accent—

"It is a shame to be treated in this way. We have paid for every one of these compartments and you know it. The young masters will not go in those vile-smelling staterooms for the night. It's no place for them. I will go to the office and complain."

The third chocolate attendant in reply merely lifted his shoulders. It was the same old lift—a tired feeling seems to permeate these gentlemen, as if they were bored to death. A hotel clerk on the Reviera sometimes has this lift when he tells you he has not a bed in the house and you tell him he—prevaricates—I knew something of the lift—it had already cost me five francs. I knew, too, what kind of medicine that sort of tired feeling needed, and that until the

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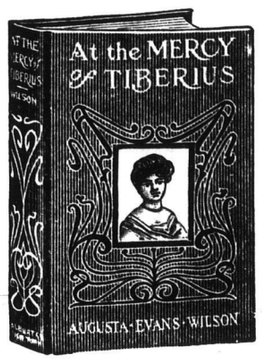

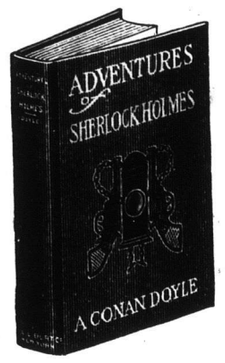

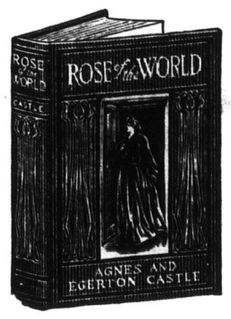

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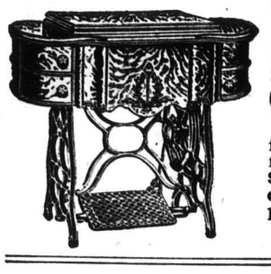

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bribe was paid the young woman and her party would be bedless.

My own anger was now aroused—here was a woman, rather a pretty woman—an Anglo-Saxon—my own race—in a strange city and under the power of a minion whose only object was plunder. That she jumped through hoops or rode bareback in absurdly short clothes, or sold pink lemonade in spangles, made no difference. She was in trouble and needed assistance. I advanced with my best bow.

"Madame, can I do anything for you?"

She turned, and with a grateful smile said:

"Oh, you speak English?"

I again inclined my head.

"Well, sir—we have come from St. Petersburg by way of Berlin. We had five compartments through to Paris for our party when we started, all paid for and this man has the tickets. He says we must get out here and buy new tickets or we must all go in two state-rooms, which is impossible—" and she swept her hand over the balance of the troupe.

The chocolate gentleman again lifted his shoulders. He had been abused in that way by passengers since the day of his birth.

The richly dressed woman, another Leading Lady, doubtless, now joined in the conversation—she probably was the trained rabbit-woman or the girl with the pigeons—pigeons most likely, for these stars were always selected by the management for their beauty, and she certainly was beautiful.

"And Monsieur—" this in French—again I spare the reader—"I have given him—" pointing to the chocolate gentleman—"pour boire all the time. One hundred francs yesterday and two gold-pieces this morning. My maid is quite right—it is abominable, such treatment ——"

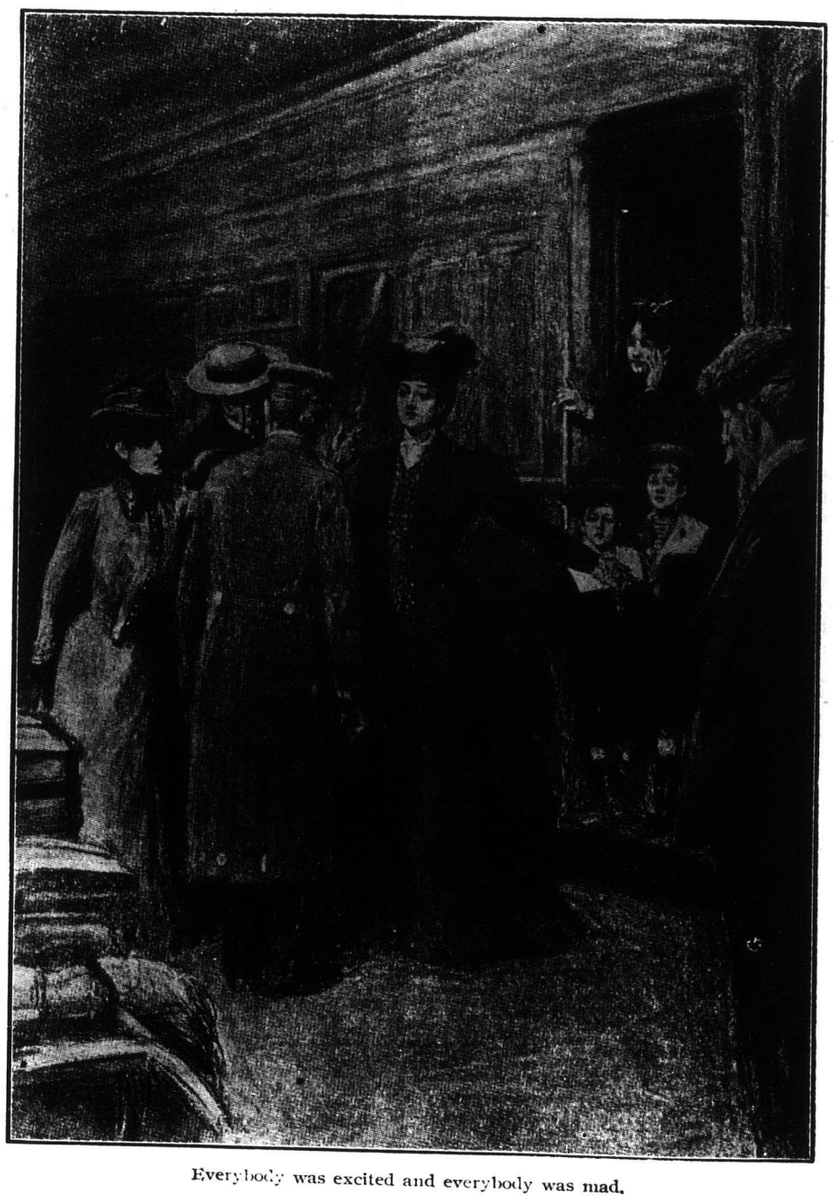
The personalities now seemed to weary the attendant. His elbows widened, his shoulders nearly touched his ears and his fingers opened; then he went into his closet and shut the door. So far as he was concerned the debate was closed.

The memory of my own five francs now loomed up and with them the recollection of the trick by which they had been stolen from me.

"Madame," I said gravely—"I will bring the Man ger. He is here and will see that justice is done you."

It was marvellous to watch what followed. The Manager listened patiently to the Pigeon Charmer's explanation of the outrage, started suddenly when she mentioned some details which I did not hear, bowed as low to her reply as if she had been a Duchess—his hat to the floor—slid back the closet door, beckoned me to s p in, closed it again upon the three of us and in less than five minutes he had the third chocolate gentleman out of his chocolate uniform and stripped to his underwear, with every pocket turned inside out, bringing to light the one-hundred-franc note, the gold pieces and all five of the circus parties' tickets.

Then he flung the astonished and humiliated man his trousers, waited until he had pulled them on, grabbed him by his shirtcollar and marched him out of the car across the platform through the wicket gate, every passenger on the train looking on in wonder. Five minutes later the whole party—the stately



Everybody was excited and everybody was mad.

Pigeon-Charmer, her English maid, the spectacled German (performing sword-swallower or lightning calculator probably and the two boys (tumblers unquestionably), with all their belongings, were transferred to my care, the Pigeon Charmer graciously accepting my escort—the passengers, including the bald-headed man—my room-mate—standing on one side to let us pass; all except the big dog who had shifted his quarters and was now stretched out at the sofa end of the car.

Then another extraordinary thing happened—or rather a series of extraordinary things.

When I had deposited the Pigeon Charmer in her own compartment (Number Five, next door), and had entered my own, I found my bald-headed room-mate again inside. This time he was seated by the foot-square, dust-covered table assorting cigarettes. He had transferred my small luggage—bag, coat, etc., to the lower berth, and had arranged his own belongings in the upper one.

He sprang to his feet the instant he saw me.

The bow of the Sleeping-car Manager to the Pigeon Charmer was but a bend in a telegraph pole to the sweep the bald-headed man now made me. I thought his scalp would touch the car floor.

"No, your Highness," he cried—"I insist"—this to my protest that I had come last—that he had prior right—besides he was an older man, etc., etc. —"I could not sleep if I thought you were not most comfortable—nothing can move me. Pardon me—will not your Highness accept one of my poor cigarettes? They, of course, are not like the ones you use, but I always do my best. I have now a new cigarette-girl, and she rolled them for me herself, and brought them to me just as I was leaving St. Petersburg. Permit me"—and he handed me a little leather box filled with Russian cigarettes.

Now, figuratively speaking, when you have been buncoed out of five francs

I found the Pigeon Charmer occupying the sofa.

by a menial in a ticket-office, jumped upon and trampled under foot by a gate-keeper who has kept you cooling your heels outside his wicket while your inferiors have passed in ahead of you—to have even a bald-headed man kotow to you, give you the choice berth in the compartment, move your traps himself, and then apologize for offering you the best cigarette you ever smoked in your life—Well! that is to have myrrh, and frankincense, and oil of balsam, and balm of Gilead poured on your tenderest wound.

I accepted the cigarette.

Not haughtily—not even condescendingly—just as a matter of course. He had evidently found out who and what I was. He had seen me address the Pigeon Charmer, and had recognized instantly, from my speech and bearing—both perhaps—that dominating vital force, that breezy independence which envelopes most Americans, and which makes them so popular the world over. In thus kotowing he was only getting in line with the citizens of most of the other effete monarchies of Europe. Every traveller is conscious of it. His bow showed it—so did the soft purring quality of his speech. Recollections of Manila, Santiago, and the voyage of the Oregon around Cape Horn were in the bow, and Kansas wheat, Georgia cotton, and the Steel Trust in the dulcet tones of his voice. That he should have mistaken me for a great financial magnate controlling some one of these colossal industries instead of locating me instantly as a staid, gray-haired and rather impecunious landscape painter, was quite natural. Others before him have made that same mistake.

He was perhaps seventy, smooth-shaven—black—coal-black eyes. Dressed simply in black clothes—not a jewel—no watch-chain even—no rings on his hands but a plain gold one like a wedding-ring. His dressing-case showed the gentleman. Bottles with silver tops—brushes backed with initials—soap in a silver cup. Red morocco Turkish slippers with pointed toes; embroidered smoking-cap—all appointments of a man of refinement and of means. Tucked beside his razor-case were some books richly bound, and some bundles tied with red tape. Like most educated Russians, he spoke English with barely an accent.

I was not long in arriving at a conclusion. No one would have been—no one of my experience. He was either a despatch-agent connected with the Government, or some lawyer of prominence, who was on his way to Paris to look after the interests of some client of his in Russia. The latter, probably. The only man on the car he seemed to know, besides myself, was the Sleeping-car Manager, who lifted his hat to him as he passed, and the Ring Master, with whom he stood talking at the door of his compartment. This, however, was before I had brought the Pigeon-Charmer into the car.

The cigarette smoked, I was again in the corridor, the bald-headed man holding the door for me to pass out first.

It was now nine o'clock and we had

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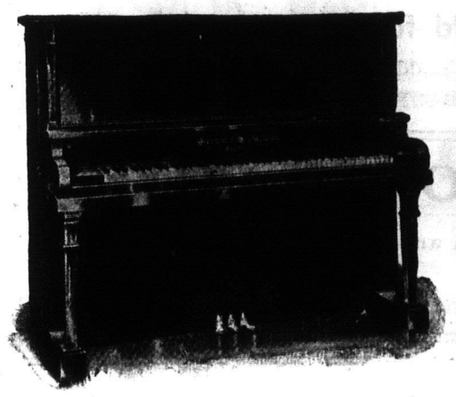

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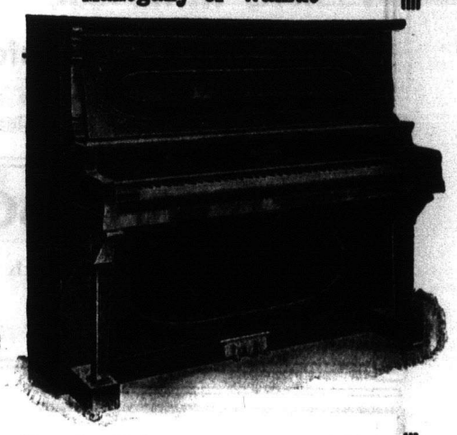

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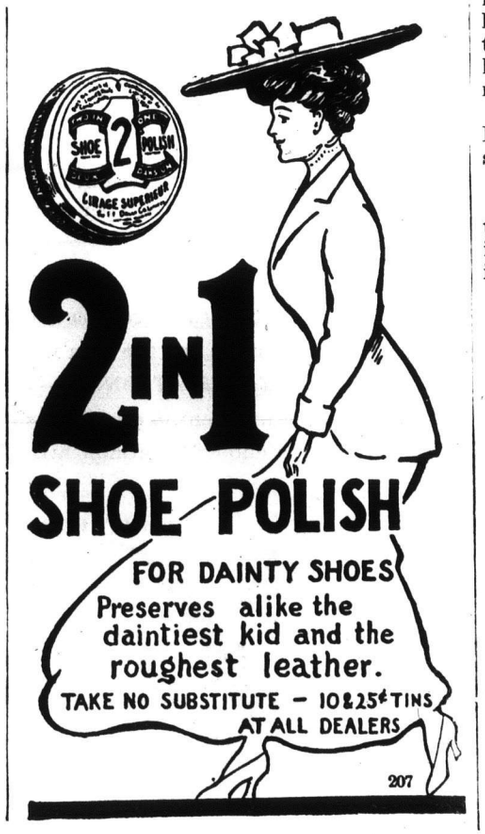

been under way an hour. I found the Pigeon Charmer occupying the sofa. The two young Acrobats and the Lightning Calculator were evidently in bed, and the maid, no doubt, busy preparing her mistress's couch for the night. She smiled quite frankly when I approached, and motioned me to a seat beside her. All these professional people the world over have unconventional manners, and an acquaintance is often easily made—at least, that has been my experience.

She began by thanking me in French for my share in getting her such comfortable quarters—dropped into German for a sentence of two, as if trying to find out my nationality—and finally into English, saying, parenthetically:

"You are English, are you not?"

No financial magnate this time—rather queer, I thought—that she missed that part of my personality. My roommate had recognized it, even to the extent of calling me "Your Highness."

"No, an American."

"Oh, an American! Yes, I should have known—. No, you are not English. You are too kind to be English. An Englishman would not have taken even a little bit of trouble to help us." I noticed the race prejudice in her tone,

Then followed the customary conversation. I doing most of the talking. I began by telling her how big our country was; how many people we had; how rich the land; how wealthy the citizens; how great the opportunities for artists seeking distinction, etc. We all do that with foreigners. Then I tried to lead the conversation so as to find out something about herself—particularly where she could be seen in Paris. She was charming in her travelling costume—she would be superb in low neck and bare arms, her pets snuggling under her chin, or alighting on her upraised, shapely hands. But either she did not understand, or she would not let me see she did—the last probably, for most professional people dislike all reference to their trade by non-professionals — they object to be even mentally classed by themselves.

While we talked on the Dog Woman opened the door of her compartment, knocked at the Dog's door—his Dogship and the maid were inside—patted the brute on his head, and re-entered her compartment and shut the door for the night.

I looked for some recognition between the two members of the same troupe, but my companion gave not the slightest sign that the Dog Woman existed. Jealous, of course, I said to myself. That's another professional trait.

The Ring Master now passed, raised his hat and entered his compartment. No sign of recognition; rather a cold, frigid stare, I thought.

The Sleeping Car Manager next stepped through the car, lifted his hat when he caught sight of my companion, tiptoed deferentially until he reached the door, and went on to the next car. She acknowledged his homage with a slight bend of her beautiful head, rose from her seat, gave an order in Russian to her English maid who was standing in the door of her compartment, held out her hand to me with a frank goodnight, and closed the door behind her.

I looked in on the bald-headed man. He was tucked away in the upper berth sound asleep.

. . . . . .

When the next morning I moved up the long platform of the Gare du Nord in search of a cab, I stepped immediately behind the big Danish hound. He was hulking along, his shoulders shaking as he walked, his tongue hanging from his mouth. The Woman had him by a leash, her maid following with the band-boxes, her feather boa, and the parasols. In the crowd behind me walked the bald-headed man, his arm, to my astonishment through that of the Ring Master's. They both kotowed as they switched off to the baggage-room, the Ring Master bowing even lower than my room-mate.

Then I became sensible of a line of lackeys in livery fringing the edge of the platform, and at their head a most important-looking individual with a decoration on the lapel of his coat. He was surrounded by half a dozen young men, some in brilliant uniforms. They were greeting with great formality my fair companion of the night before! The two Acrobats, the German Caulclator, and the English bare-back rider maid, stood on one side.

My thought was that it was all an advertising trick of the Circus people, arranged for spctacular effect to help the night's receipts.

When I looked on in wonder, the Manager of the Sleeping-Car Company joined me.

"I must thank you, sir," he said, "for making known to me the outrage committed by one of our porters on the Princess. She is travelling incognito, and I did not know she was on the train until she told me last night who she was. We get the best men we can, but we are constantly having trouble of that kind with our porters. The trick is to give every passenger a whole compartment, and then keep packing them together unless they pay something handsome to be let alone. I shall make an example of that fellow. Hs is a new one and didn't know me"—and he laughed.

"Do they call her the Princess?" I asked. They were certainly receiving her like one, I thought.

"Why, certainly—I thought you knew her"—and he looked at me curiously—"the Princess Dolgorouki Slinski. Her husband, the Prince, is attached to the Emperor's household. She is travelling with her two boys and her German tutor. The old gentleman with the white mustache now talking to her is the Russian Ambassador. And you only met her on the train? Old Azarian told me you knew her intimately."

"Azarian!" I was groping round in the fog now.

"Yes—your room-mate. He is an Armenian and one of the richest bankers in Russia. He lends money to the Czar. His brother got on with you at Cologne. There they go together to look after their luggage — they have an agency here, although their main bank is in St. Petersburg. The brother had the compartment next to that woman with the big dog. She is the wife of a rich brewer in Cologne and just think—we must always give that brute a compartment when she travels. Is it not outrageous? It is against the rules, but the orders come from up above"—and he jerked his finger meaningly over his shoulder.

The fog was so thick now that I could cut it with a knife.

"One moment, please," I said—and I laid my hand on his elbow and looked him searchingly in the eye. I intended now to clear things up. "Was there a circus troupe on the train last night?"

"No." The answer came quite simply, and I could see it was the truth.

"Nor one expected,"

"No. There was a circus, but it went through last week."

A Horseless Carriage.

The Sixth Proposal.

By Charles M. Mathews.

WHEN a young man has asked a girl at least six times to marry him, and she has every time in what may be termed the uncertain negative—which is to say that she has put him off without positively refusing him—the man, even as good-tempered and easy-going a man as Peter Findlay, may be forgiven if he should raise the siege of such a Laodicean fortress of a heart and march on to seek a campaign where the issue is likely to be more definite.

As a matter of fact, however, although the action taken by Peter Findlay might have been so construed by an observer, the person most nearly concerned, the young lady herself, regarded it as a directly opposite action. Gazing with surprise and with a rather piqued interest, such as she had never felt before, at the broad, rather stolid features of the young man, she said:

"So, Peter, you have hoisted your colors at last!"

"I don't understand you," said Peter Findlay.

At this Mildred Sommerville slightly shrugged her shoulders, which gleamed very fair through the meshes of her summer costume.

"Figures of speech aren't very much in your line, are they, Peter?

"No, they are not," answered Peter simply, letting the scoff of her tone pass by. "What do you mean, in plain words?"

"Simply that you have taken the initiative for once, Peter, and struck out a line for yourself."

Findlay flushed through his deep tan.

"I have always been in the habit of following my own paths, except in my dealings with you, and now I have removed the exception."

"Indeed?" said the girl, with a laugh that was not altogether pleasant or natural. "Then I pity you, for you have entered a lonely path!"

"I can't help that, Mildred, if it must be so," said Findlay, and then there was silence between them.

Both stared at the sea, a blue, rough sea, tumbling in waves that streamed with white foam, lashed by a warm southeast gale. Findlay looked at once downcast and determined. The girl seemed serene; but inwardly a storm raged in her heart, even as through this bright, sun-drenched day, beneath the blue and almost cloudless sky, the wind of tempest blew. She was at once amazed, resentful, and, in a strange mood that she would not heed, even pleased.

Man and girl were sitting in a corner of the deep veranda of a summer cottage on a Massachusetts island, sheltered from the wind, and apart from a talkative group of young people who were watching a double-reefed schooner beating against the gale.

So snug and solitary was the corner that Peter Findlay, who saw no reason why he should not make love on a veranda in broad day ten feet from other people, had taken advantage of his tete-a-tete with Mildred Sommerville to put his sixth proposal—almost in the same tone, or so it seemed to the girl, as if he asked her to accept a bonbon. But there was no lightness in Findlay's offer; a great and deep seriousness animated and urged it forth. And to his few, plain words the girl had said:

"Why, Peter! And to think that there is a full moon tonight, and we were going to watch the breakers at Cape Blair!"

Findlay made an abrupt gesture of annoyance, and drew his sturdy form straight.

"Please don't laugh at this matter," he said almost sternly. "You have done too much of that already. You know that I love you. I ask you to be my wife, Mildred; will you answer me?"

His tone aroused emotion in the girl that she struggled to suppress. She had determined from the outset of their conversation to be perverse with Findlay. He had positively shouldered young Arthur Lyle away from her just when her talk with Lyle had become interesting, and such uncouthness ought to be punished. Besides, she was used to teasing her big, stolid lover, who had humbled himself before her dainty feet for so long. And she said:

"Oh, Peter, do please wait for that moon tonight!"

Findlay's face grew flushed and stern; his self-possession deserted him. He stammered, according to his wont when deeply moved, as he said:

"Nev—never mind the—the moon. I'm not going to be laughed at. I'll never say what—what I've said today again until you—you yourself change things and tell me that I may!"

Mildred Sommerville's face flushed into scarlet, through which her eyes looked indignation, and something of fear, too, and utter surprise; but fighting hard to maintain the tone she had assumed all through the episode, she made the remark recorded above:

"So, Peter, you have hoisted your colors at last!"

During the long silence that ensued, the girl arose. It was impossible to keep up the verbal duel; she found her rapier of flippancy growing heavy in her defense; and her heart reproached her now for its use. Poor Peter was no fencer; too clumsy of hand was he. Suddenly she longed to say something to him in an honester vein; surely he deserved it. But what should she say? Tell him that—that she would strike her own colors, and say that he might speak again? No, she could not do that. Tell him honestly that he must never speak again? No, nor that—the words would not come. For perhaps the first time since she had known Peter Findlay—and they had played as children together—Mildred hesitated before him.

The voice of Arthur Lyle furnished a welcome relief from her dilemma.

"Oh, Peter, Mildred, do come out of that corner. We're all going for a swim; see the surf, it's glorious! Are you coming!"

"Yes, yes, indeed—I am, any way!" cried Mildred eagerly.

"How about you, Peter?" asked Lyle, a handsome boy, an athlete, a sparkling talker, popular with man and maid.

"Well, I don't know," said Findlay, in his slow fashion; "I hardly think it's safe, do you? I mean for girls. The surf is pretty heavy, and this gale is increasing. There's going to be rain before long."

His words excited laughter, and Mildred sent an almost scornful glance at him. How like him his words were—he was always so cautious and careful and slow!

"Oh, don't be afraid, Mr. Findlay!" cried a laughing girl; "Mr. Lyle or Bob Jackson will pull you out if you get too far!"

They were already in motion toward the beach.

"Don't promise too much, Jennie!" said Lyle. "Peter's a pretty heavy handful; but I guess he can look after himself."

"I can, Lyle," said Peter.

He followed the others. Since Mildred was determined on bathing, he would bathe, too. Mildred was walking by Lyle's side, around whom the other girls were clustering, and he was telling them of the surf bathing he had had at other beaches that summer.

"This isn't a circumstance to some of the beaches," he was declaring.

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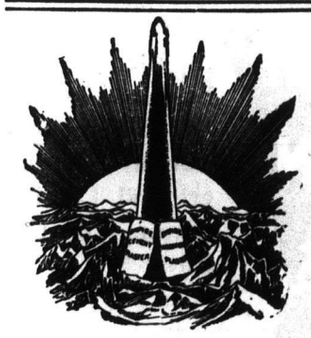

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"It's only a bit of sea kicked up by the wind."

Lyle was a splendid swimmer. Daily he was watched by admiring or envious bathers as, clad in his scarlet bathing-suit, he would climb the tall pile, dive from its top, or turn somersaults from the spring-board, or swim under water for fifty yards. Mildred, too, if she did not undertake such spectacular feats, could perform aquatic athletics that put her far ahead of most of the bathing girls. Peter Findlay let all such tricks alone; solemnly wading into the water, after first carefully wetting his head, he would swim steadily and powerfully his measured half mile along the beach, and his half mile back, sun himself soberly on the sands, and dress.

As the young people left the shelter of the cottages and emerged upon the open ground that led to the beach they felt for the first time the real power of the wind, which was blowing straight out to sea, across the island in a slanting direction, from the southeast. The light dresses of the girls were whipped about them, a hat or two blew off, sending the young men—Lyle and Jackson, that is to say—in pursuit. Sand stung their faces, and even although the wind blew across land there was the tang of salt in its breath. Scattered white clouds, blown into ragged shreds, were speeding across the misty blue sky, like the torn fragments of the sails of some ship of the air.

"Isn't this glorious?" cried Mildred, her eyes sparkling.

There is something in a hard wind that either exhilarates or depresses you, according to your temperament. Mildred, who loved motion, force, excitement, reveled in the warm strong gale. Lyle and Jackson, gallant young men full of animal spirits, shouted aloud. The other two young women in the party were not boisterous. The wind caught their breath; the fluttering of their skirts was annoying. And Peter, too, was not enjoying himself. Beneath the stolidness of his demeanor there was something of imagination, and of emotions that are easily aroused, although slow to find expression.

To him there appeared something sinster in this bright storm. This gusty, warm wind that hurled itself along through the blue sky and the sunshine suggested malevolence. The day was a brilliantly robed, smiling bravo, whose cheerfulness hides a threat, and whose poniard or cudgel is close at hand beneath his velvet cloak.

Findlay pointed to the little landlocked harbor, which had once been a lake, and which was now connected with the sea by a narrow entrance.

"There isn't a yacht or a catboat out today," he remarked; "I tell you, this blow is more than it seems. Even Flounder Pete stays in."

And he indicated a swarthy-looking, square-built man who passed them just then, staggering a little as he walked. He was a well-known character along this part of the shore a half-bred Indian negro, who usually preferred to sail and fish alone in his catboat; a daredevil who got drunk even in his boat, and who had already served a term in State prison.

"Oh, well," said Lyle lightly; we don't want to swim out to sea, and there are people in the water now. Look!"

They had reached the shelter of the long line of bath-houses. The beach was white with breakers that smashed and seethed and broke thunderously upon the long stretch of sand, even although the force of the wind was seaward. There were a score of bathers in the water, mostly men, who kept together in little groups, holding hands, and jumping up and down through the waves, which were choppy and broken. The cries of the bathers shrilled out down the wind.

"Oh, isn't it jolly!" cried Mildred. "Come, girls and boys, hurry up and get into your suits, or the sun will be getting low and we won't be able to dry our hair!"

One of the girls, Miss Lyle, Arthur's sister, looked doubtfully at the swirling water.

"I'll back down," she said. "I always lose my breath in such choppy water."

And Mildred couldn't persuade her to change her mind; so ran to her bath-house, followed by the other girl, Miss Dryot, who, however, did not exhibit any contagious amount of enthusiasm. Lyle, Jackson and Peter followed Mildred's example; and soon all five—Peter, of course, the last to appear—were at the water's edge.

Mildred danced in. Miss Dryot concluded that she would stay at the edge. Peter glanced over his shoulder at the declining sun, for the time was close upon five o'clock, and saw that beneath it huge gray clouds were piling up. Shrugging his broad shoulders, he waded in. Lyle, Mildred and Jackson were already waist deep, hand in hand, jumping up together when a wave rolled in, and laughing gaily and brokenly. He joined them. He wanted to hold one of Mildred's hands, but she pretended not to notice his huge outstretched paw, so he took hold of the men's hands.

"Oh, this is slow work!" cried Mildred. "Let's go out to the raft!"

About twenty yards out there were three rafts moored to piles some fifty yards apart. They were tossing in the waves and straining on their chains.

"No, no," said Findlay sharply. The water is too choppy, and the tide is running out. You'd soon get tired, Mildred."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried the girl. "It's not far; I can easily do it. Come along Mr. Lyle, come along, Mr. Jackson!"

"All right; off we go!" shouted Lyle.

"Don't be a fool!" said Findlay roughly.

Lyle laughed in his face.

"Well, it is pretty rough," said Jackson.

"Good-by, landlubbers!" cried Mildred.

She let go the hands she held and swam seaward, Lyle by her side. Findlay stood still for a minute or two, frowning; the water slashing into his face. Jackson waded in towards Miss Dryot.

Mildred's red Madras handkerchief which confined her long, black hair, was bobbing up and down. She was swimming strongly, Findlay could see, as was Lyle by her side; and he turned to wade out and dress, thoroughly angered by her behavior.

"Well, it's perhaps all right now," he thought, turning seaward again; "but coming in she'll have the tide against her."

II.

As Findlay turned he could see that the oblique set of the tide was so strong that the swimmers had been carried quite a distance to the left of the raft they made for, which was the last in the line on that side. They would have to swim dead against it when parallel with the raft, in order to get to their destination. And at that moment he heard a cry from Lyle, who had turned his face shoreward and was shouting. The wind blew his words from his mouth, and only four of them reached Findlay's ears. And these words were:

"Pete—for God's sake!"

Lyle appeared to be struggling. Findlay threw himself forward and made for Lyle; his thick, powerful arms threshed the water, and, the tide aiding him, he was quickly by the other man.

"What's up?" he cried.

"A cramp in my leg, I'm tuckered out!" gasped Lyle.

"Put a hand on my shoulder," said Findlay.

Lyle obeyed. Peter glanced at Mildred. She was still obstinately making head toward the pitching raft. A hard, short swim brought Findlay and his burden to where they could feel the bottom with their feet.

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"Can you get ashore?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lyle; "and here comes Jackson!"

Without another word Peter swam toward Mildred, who seemed at a standstill, and was now about ten yards from the raft. When he reached her side a g' e was enough to tell him that she was utterly exhausted. Buffeted by the broken, choppy waves, pulled to the left by the set of the tide, she was gasping for her breath. Her arms no longer swept straight out, but were bent at the elbows, and beat the water in feeble, hasty strokes.

"Turn on your back!" he commanded.

Mutely she obeyed. He, too, went over on his back, placing his hands under her arms, and he swam thus for the raft. It was much n arer than the shore; the swim with Lyle had already told upon him, and Mildred, although she tried to kick to aid him, was almost a dead weight on his arms. The water broke over his head as he forged against the waves, which struck at him on all sides at once, so broken and confused were they with wind and tide. He was gasping hard for breath, although still strong, when he turned his head and found himself close to the raft.

Releasing one of his hands from its hold on Mildred, and grasping the raft, he swung the girl to his side.

"Can you hold on for a moment?" he asked.

She grasped the edge of the wildly tossing raft, and nodded her head tensely. Findlay climbed upon the raft, and quickly drew her after him. She fell limply; and he uttered a cry of horror when he saw that she had fainted from exhaustion and loss of breath. A hasty glance shoreward showed him that Jackson and another man were swimming out.

He grasped Mildred and knelt upon one knee, putting her across the other so that the water, which was swilling across the raft, could not reach her face. Then he swung her limp arms backward and forward to force air into her lungs. Desperately he worked, and in a very few moments the girl opened h r eyes. Her swoon had not been complete; all the while consciousness had struggled for the mastery, and now it came to Findlay's aid.

And he needed aid. Even as he cried "Thank God!" when he saw Mildred's eyes open, and looked shoreward for the coming swimmers, he saw that they were far away and, that the shore was far away. The raft was adrift!

Straining on the chain that had held it to the pile, it had drawn the staple loose, and now, urged by wind and tide, it was rapidly floating seawar' pitching and tossing.

III.

For a moment dismay, deadly fear, possessed Peter utterly. His muscles seemed to grow flabby, to relax; the corners of his mouth drooped; he felt like c sting himself by the side of the girl and giving up. Then back to his heart rushed the red, hot blood; his arms held Mildred more firmly, his legs braced themselves against the plunges of the raft like iron bars, and his mouth grew stern and set and dogged. His face was the face of Peter Findlay as men saw it as he fought his slow but so often triumphant way through a case in court.

He thrust that set face near the drenched head of the girl, from whose cheeks the roses had fled. She was like a bruised and wind-beaten lily.

"Now, then, Mildred," said he, "you've got to get over this fainting right away, do you understand me? You must brace up for all you are worth. This raft has broken loose, and we are drifting from shore. Do you hear?"

The girl's scream of fear rang out through the noise of the tumbling waves like the cry of a gull. She started up, glancing shoreward, and cried again. She turned to Findlay.

"Oh, Peter, they will reach us, won't they?"

"Of course they will," answered Peter Findlay, "if we can stay on this raft until they do. It won't be long, for they'll send out a boat from the harbor as soon as one of them can run around there. But you've got to brace up, I tell you, Milly!"

She looked at him, and replied:

"Yes; I will."

"Well, then," said he, "sit down in the center here and balance yourself against the tossing till I fix things up a bit. I'll keep my eye on you."

She obeyed. She watched him with wonder, despite her fear. He talked as if he were about to "fix" a hammock on the veranda. What did he mean? But she had little opportunity to wonder; all her attention was needed to save herself from being swept from the raft by the seas that broke over it, and from sliding over when it lled.

Findlay lay down and felt around the edge of the raft. He found the chain that hung to it, at the end of which the staple still remained. He pulled in the chain. It reached nearly across the raft. He thrust the staple into a narrow crack, and forced it in with all his strength. When he could force it in no farther he pounded it with his closed fist, hammer fashion, until the girl saw his blood start. Then he stripped off his heavy woolen bathing shirt, wrapped that around his fist, and again pounded. The staple held the chain secure against a great strain horizontally, for Findlay tested it by grasping it and throwing his weight backward.

Then he took the shirt, found a minute hole near the shoulder, into which he thrust his fingers, widening the hole and tearing at the tough material until he rent it into two pieces, which again he divided into four. He tied the strips together; and as he did so a bigger wave than any yet lashed at them, and Mildred was swept away in its clutch.

Peter grasped her as she went over, and held to the edge of the raft. Over their heads went the water, and then he clambered back; Mildred saw that he held the rope of cloth in his teeth. Without a word he tied it around her waist and secured the free end to the chain.

"Now hold with your hands on the chain," he said. "The rope will keep you safe enough."

Then he sat down by her side and drew his breath in great mouthfuls.

"Oh, Peter!" she said. "Don't you think they will soon be here?"

"I hope so," he said; "keep up heart, Milly. But no boat has come out of the harbor yet, and, Milly, look at the shore!"

Mildred could not see the shore. The huge gray clouds that had been piling up had hidden the sun and let out rain, a streaming downpour that was as a curtain.

The girl cried out. Peter laid his hand on hers.

"Now, listen to me," he said. "There is no possible chance that we can drift long without being picked up. This passage is the route of hundreds of coastwise craft, so even if a boat from the harbor doesn't reach us, we are sure to fall in the way of some schooner or other. So we are all right. But you must keep up heart—you must, I tell you!"

"I will," said Mildred Sommerville, and she sat up straighter, and for a long while uttered no word or sound. Peter was thinking:

"God forgive the lie! There is not a vessel in sight. They have run into Vineyard Haven out of this blow, and we are more than likely to pass the night out here. There is fog along with that rain, which will be on us before long; and though the wind is dying down, I believe, how will a boat find us? It is getting dark already."

Such were the thoughts that he kept to himself.

After a long time, during which both gazed shoreward, while the water dashed over and around them, and the grayness of early night grew slowly into black, and the rain fell, lashing them, Mildred said:

"Peter, I wish you would take part of this belt. I don't need it all, and

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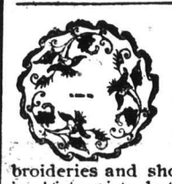

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you must be tired holding on with your hands."

"You are right," he said; "I must be careful of myself. So, Mildred, I'll—I'll'—for the first time since they went adrift his domineering, masterful voice faltered—'I'll trouble you to lend me that—that skirt thing of yours."

"Why, of course," she said, and she took it off and handed it to him.

He tore it into strips, one for himself and another for Mildred.

Darkness came on. The wind grew perceptibly less violent, and the rain slackened and ceased, but a thick mist, traveling with the slower wind, hung on the face of the waters. Far off there was the dull, hoarse, slow moaning of the foghorn at West Chop. Once or twice they heard the dull iron clangor of a bell-buoy. The water still heaved and tossed the raft, which had begun to show a tendency to go to pieces.

Findlay noticed that Mildred, who for a long time had been still, was drooping forward. She began to shiver suddenly.

"I am sick, Peter, oh, Peter, I am sick!" she sobbed; her splendid self-control deserting her at last. "They will never pick us up. I shall die here!"

Findlay's breast heaved, he felt a choking sensation in his throat. He took the girls in his arms.

"By God!" swore Peter Findlay the mild. "You won't die! What are you talking about? Of course you won't. We're all right. We've sat still too long, and you've got chilled," he went on; "all my fault! I'm stupid. But I'll warm you up. You mustn't give in. Now just remember that, Mildred, you must not give in!"

He slapped her palms with his hands till they tingled, and she cried out for the smart. He slapped her shoulders, her arms, her legs and body, and chafed and rubbed until he restored the chilled circulation of her blood; and restored her courage and hope and trust in him. And he swung his own big arms and kicked his legs out till he warmed himself, and as he talked and talked and talked, any and all kinds of nonsense and sense, anything to get her to listen and forget the water that slapped around them, he suddenly gave a great shout and cried:

"Hurrah, Milly, see there!"

He pointed up. Above their heads the mist was clearing, and there was the dimmest glimmer of a star and the hint of the coming moon.

"The weather is clearing, hurrah!"

And the girl was cheered. It was a star of hope. She smiled wanly and gazed up at the lonely, twinkling luminatary, and it seemed as an eye that watched over her.

As the water grew calmer, Peter untide the ropes and stood up, and made Mildred stand up and take exercise. Fortunately the night had not been cold, even when the fog clung about them, although to them, in their wet dresses, and with Findlay but half dressed, it had felt chill enough.

Mildred grew strangely drowsy. She said she thought she would sleep for a while, but Peter emphatically said he thought, and knew, that she wouldn't.

"It would chill you to the bone; don't think of it!" he said.

But after a time she could not keep her eyes open. Findlay shook her and talked incessantly. She grew peevish, like a sleepy child; she reproached him, she even cried. Her desire for sleep was a torture.

"Let me alone, let me alone!" she cried. "I'll never speak to you again if you don't!"

"All right, Milly," said Peter cheerfully, although his heart was heavy and anxious because of this strange turn in Mildred. "We'll argue the case tomorrow!" He threw salt water into her face. She was about to throw herself down upon the raft when Findlay cried:

"Mildred! Mildred! I hear a steamer! I hear a steamer! Listen, don't you hear the propeller?"

Mildred rallied, her sleepy fit passing away in the shock of eager joy the words sent through her veins. She strained her ears.

"Oh, where is it? Where is it?" she panted. "Can you see a light?"

The mist was now rapidly lifting, and where one star had shone there were a score, and the moon was climbing up the southern sky, very low as yet. Above the splash of the water they could hear a far away and rapid chug-chug-chug.

"It sounds like a steam launch; perhaps it is one of those from the harbor, looking for us," said Peter scarcely above his breath, so intently was he listening. "And I think, Mildred, I think I see its light!"

Suddenly throwing back his shoulders he drew in a deep, long breath and roared aloud, with all his force:

"Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!"

And Mildred's shriller voice echoed: "Boat ahoy!"

And they hushed their very heartbeats to listen for an answer. It came, faint and thin:

"Ahoy! Ahoy!"

"Thank God! O, thank God!" said Peter Findlay brokenly.

Then, hail for hail, Findlay answered the calls from the oncoming boat. Its light grew brighter and brighter, its bulk bigger and bigger.

"It's a catboat with an auxiliary screw," said Peter. "It must be Flounder Pete's; his was the only one in the harbor today.

It was the half-breed, and he was alone. He ran down near the raft, and then, to Findlay's great surprise, he stopped some ten feet away, although the water was smooth enough to permit of a nearer approach.

"Come alongside, come alongside!" Findlay cried impatiently.

"Jest one minute," drawled Flounder Pete. He had shut down his engine, and the big mainsail of the catboat flapped in the wind. He thrust out his head, the lean profile of which had given him his nickname. "I'm the only cuss who had nerve enough to go out in the blow, and I want to know what you're doing

To Our Readers

WE beg to draw attention to page 40 M of this issue, whereon will be found full particulars of a very easy competition, the winners of which will be awarded $1,000 in prizes. Every reader is entitled to compete and **YOU** stand just as much chance of winning the first prize as anyone else. A new list of puzzles to be solved will be given every month, so be sure and not miss an issue. Look at the address tag on your paper. If your subscription has expired, better renew **at once** so as not to run the risk of being cut off.

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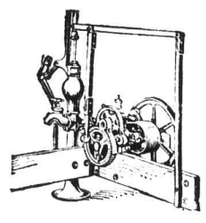

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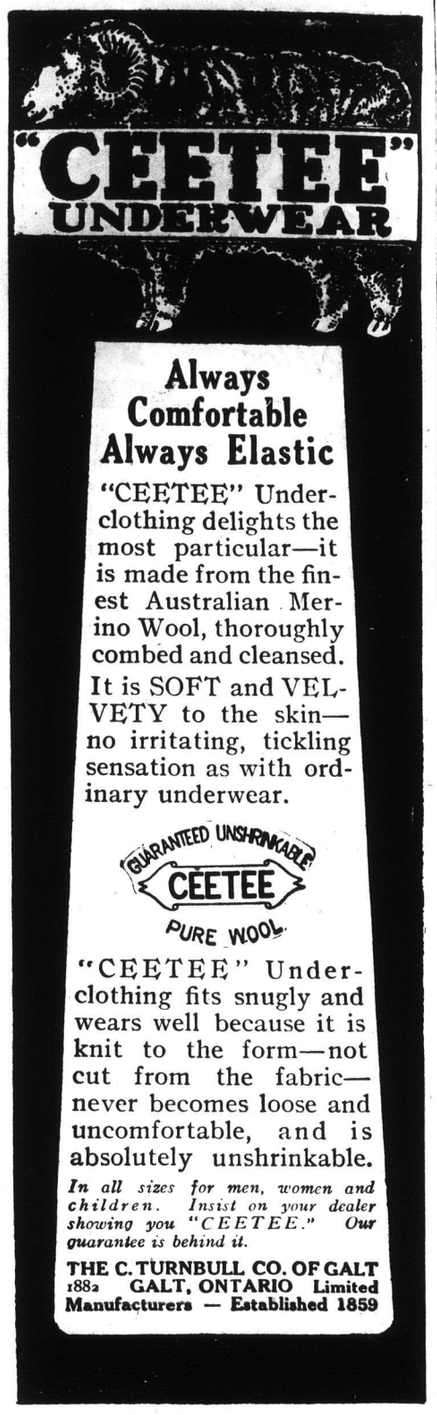

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to give me for the job of finding you. Hundred dollars, eh?"

"The devil's been drinking, even tonight!" thought Findlay. Aloud he said: "Why, of course, man!"

"Oh, I'll give you anything you want!" cried Mildred. "Do hurry, please!"

"Oh, well, now," said Flounder Pete, still more deliberately; "p'raps you give two hundred dollars, what?"

"Yes!" shouted Findlay, in a rage of anger, and he eyed the distance between the raft and the catboat. He noted that they were drifting together. "Yes, if you hurry—ah!"

And with the exclamation, gathering himself together he gave a mighty leap that spurned the raft back and sent Mildred prostrate, and fell against the gunwale of the catboat. The half-breed attempted to grapple with him, but he was a child, a puppet, in the hands of Findlay in that moment of his wrath, and Peter choked him till he was limp, half dead. Then he tied him with ropes, and brought the catboat to the raft.

He lifted Mildred aboard. In the cabin of the catboat he found blankets and some coats belonging to Flounder Pete. He wrapped them around Mildred, and put a coat on himself. In a rack, too, was some of the whiskey with which the half-breed had warmed himself through the perilous first part of his voyage, and Peter made the girl swallow a little of the ardent spirit. Then he kicked Pete back into life again and commanded him to start the engine, freeing one of the man's arms in order that he might do so.

"Well," said the half-breed, who showed no malice now; "you've licked me. Do I go to prison again? You just tell me that before I touch the engine."

"That depends on how you behave," said Findlay.

"Oh, I'm licked," said the half-breed; "that's good enough for me. You just remember I was the only one to set out in the blow, anyhow."

"I'll remember. You'll go free. Now, tell me how I steer," said Peter.

The half-breed gave the necessary directions. The revolving light on East Chop could soon be seen flashing. By and by the red and green lanterns that showed the entrance to the harbor were picked up, and with them there came in sight the first of a small fleet of catboats and launches which, with the lifting of the fog, had left the harbor in search of the raft. The cheer from the first reached to the next, and was passed on, and a swift launch steamed for the harbor.

When they entered a new day was dawning in soft color, and the wharves within the jetty were thronged, black with people. A great cheer went up as they came in. At the head of one pier stood Mildred's mother. The girl stirred from her coverings.

"Peter, Peter," she whispered, "bend down here!" He bent down to her above the tiller. Her eyes gazed into his. "You remember our talk this afternoon, yesterday afternoon, I mean—how far away it all seems!" He nodded. "Well, I—I strike my colors, Peter—you may speak to me again whenever you will!"

"For a mute moment he looked down steadily upon her.

"Is it because I—because I saved your life?"

She slowly shook her head.

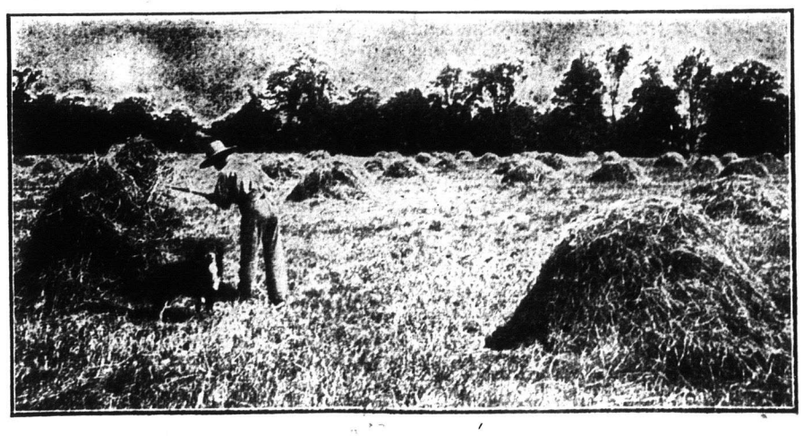
"It's because I love you, Peter!"

They were safe at home.

The Russian Peasantry.

In his book, Tolstoy, His Life and Work, Mr. J. Coleman Kenworthy gives the following description of Russian peasant life. "Picture a steep-roofed wooden cottage of one room, say twenty feet square and nine feet high, the walls inside showing the dressed logs stuffed between with moss or tow; the ceiling is of boards. A vestibule opens out at the side built on to the cottage; through this necessary first defence against the bitter winter the open air is reached. Round the room, on three sides at least, runs a wooden bench used to sit, sleep, or work upon; a small table stands in the middle; over part of the room, at about six feet from the ground, something like a ship's hatch is suspended on which articles of all kinds are stored and on which some of the folk also sleep. In a corner stands the heart and life of the house—the stove or oven. It is a little room in itself usually about eight feet long, five wide, and six high, with a ledge about three feet high along its side to serve as seat, table, or step to help one climb to the top. The flat top to this stove is in winter the sleeping place of the privileged old people and children. To keep this stove burning and the bread in it baking may be said to be the life's labor of the peasant family. The struggle is hard because of the oppression which robs the poor. In such housing a family of it may be two, but more likely twelve, people, young or old, will live. In winter the live stock, fowls, pigs and goats, must also sometimes share the inside warmth. There is no privacy, young and old never undress, except for the weekly bath at the village bath-house. To take off the boots, loosen a girdle, and lie down at the first vacant spot is the whole process of 'going to bed.' They eat little meat; rye-bread, porridge of millet or other grain, cucumbers, and a brown oil which they make are the staple food of such peasants. Clothes they must have, or die in the winter's cold — sheepskin coats, with girdles and felt hats for the men, and thick woollen wraps for the women. The material for dresses, kerchiefs, and for summer wear is cotton, oftenest bright red or patterned in colors. Eighty millions of these peasants spread north, south, east, and west in their little villages over the interminable plains, living solely by field and forest. Only here and there a city or town gathers itself together, or a mine or factory forms a degraded industrial group."

Rev. Dr. Rose: If our children do not learn that not enjoyment but duty should be man's ideal, they will neither have the power to grapple with stern realities, nor be able to transform the hardships of life into blessings.



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THE ROOFING WITH A REPUTATION

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Dora.

The night after his step-father, Squire Halsted, whipped Harold Burr for a thing he had not done, Harold ran away. No one knew it but I, and I was nobody. But I thought as much of Harold as ever a human being could think of another. And I knew that he was wronged and I felt that Mrs. Robling had done a dreadful thing when she took Squire Halsted for her second husband and let him rule her, take possession of her money and ill-use her handsome boy.

I had had my share of it, too, for while Mr. Robling lived and while she was a widow I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon trip than all that was altered. The squire looked at me coldly and I heard him ask Mrs. Halsted who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halsted said, "and I took the baby to my own nursery, where Harold lay in the cradle."

"More fool you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away," said Mrs. Halsted, "and was lost at sea—so they said—and I kept the little girl."

"You must remember that she will need to earn her own bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in their part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halsted," cried the bride, "I cannot do that."

"My dear," said Mr. Halsted, "I am master here."

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own child. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was six years old, Harold the same age, and a terrible life we had of it. I was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot, instead of my pretty muslin and silk dresses. I was delicate and waiting is hard work when your wrists are slender.

Mrs. Halsted did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her "a little goose," and she fancied him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

Cook would whisper:

"That's right, Master Harold. It's a good deed you are doing. God spare you. I was never taught to rade mesself, on account of an evil-minded step-father iv me own that put me to sarvice before I could get schoolin', an' I know the loss."

And not a servant but would have waited in my place, for they said I was too small to carry dishes, but the cruel squire would have me come in to make sure that he was obeyed.

Mrs. Halsted really felt bad about it, I know. But two little girls came and then a little boy, and soon she cared nothing for her own splendid boy, and why should she care for me?

But I am wandering away from the morning when Harold Robling, just eighteen that day, walked down the garden path in the gray morning light and I with him, choking with sobs. For now the one being I loved was going away from me, perhaps forever.

It was only five o'clock and no one was up. The grass was wet with dew and there were only a few pink streaks in the sky to tell that day was coming. We did not dare to speak until we got out of hearing of the house, but then I said:

"Oh, Harold! what will you do, with no money and no friends—alone in the world?"

"Many a young fellow has done the same sort of thing," Harold said. "No man with his limbs and senses need to starve, and I mean to make my fortune. But I'd rather work in the trenches for my daily bread than live in Squire Halsted's house, and with a mother he has bewitched into doing what he wishes, whatever it may be. It was a crime to make a servant of you, little sister. But remember, the moment I have power in my hands all that shall be altered. I will write to you, and you shall know just how I get on."

But now we had got to the wharf where he was to take a little market boat to New York, and I was to leave him, for he did not want the squire to find out what he had done until he was fairly out of reach, and then he put his arm about my waist and kissed me.

"Good-by, little sister," he said, good-by, Dora, my pet. Keep up a good heart and never forget to answer my letters." And he was off, and I went home weeping as though my heart would break.

There was a terrible time at the house when they found he was gone, and the squire swore he should never enter his doors again. But the squire's daughters, who hated Harold as their father did, though he was their own mother's child, said they were glad he was gone. And only I remembered him, I think, very long. A weak woman was Mrs. Halsted, and her husband got her under his power. The way he managed her has always made me think that there must be something in magnetism or hypnotism. She seemed to have lost her senses or to have grown mentally blind, and he led her where he would.

Just about this time I fell very ill and when I grew better the squire, knowing I was good at my needle, made a seamstress of me. I was ashamed to say why, but it was because I looked rather stylish and was called pretty and so many questions were asked about me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in my upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change. Now I could read a little and be more to myself. I made the finery for the young ladies of the family and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed, a rich old gentleman, having somehow got my story from the good old cook sought me out and made me a proposition of marriage, saying it was a shame that such an elegant woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not unhappy now, except that I pined for news of Harold, for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those letters he had promised.

I felt sure he was not dead and it was very natural that he should forget to write, but my heart had no rest. He was twenty-six years old by this time and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him—fancies of what he had suffered and longed to meet him, or only see him from afar but once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halsted came running into my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy!" she said, holding a letter toward me.

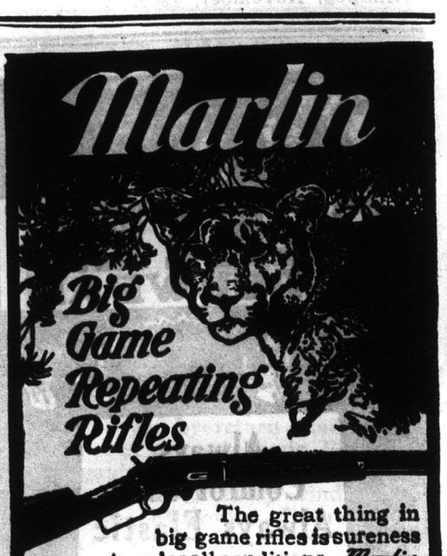
"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madame," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sobs:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will! I have never forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But, as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written to me. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and he is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here tomorrow. The squire is pleased; the girls are wild to see him; his little brother is delighted."

She ran out of the room again,

Marlin



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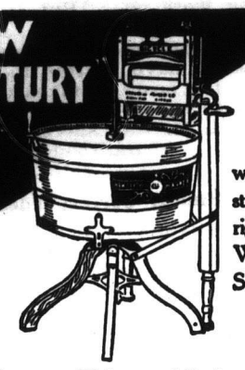

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looking young and happy and I sat down to my machine, swallowing a great lump that had risen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, I was only a servant, and he was a rich man now. They were rejoicing for that reason—the squire and his children. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robling who went away.

"I expect he will give us lots of presents," I heard one of the girls say. "An older brother who is rich is a great thing to have. We must pet him and make him good-natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other. "When girls have as stingy a father as we have, a generous elder brother is a godsend."

And I—oh! If he returned in rags, begging his bread, I should have welcomed him. I cared for him, not for his money. And if he had returned poor it was I to whom he would have written, I knew well. But I tried to put the selfish thoughts away and rejoice for his sake that he had prospered, even if he had forgotten his little sister Dora.

The morrow came. As I sat at my machine I heard the sounds below that told he had arrived. I heard his mother cry out and the squire say heartily, "Welcome home, my boy!" and his sisters squeal and giggle after a way they had. Then the great drawing-room doors were closed, shutting me out.

I, who loved him so dearly, went back to my room alone, uncared for, wretched! I felt as though my heart would break. I could no longer keep back my tears Half an hour passed; then some one came to the door—a servant—who told me briefly that I was wanted in the parlor.

Trembling, quivering, feeling as I had never felt before, I obeyed the summons. I opened the drawing-room door.

The squire stood before the fire, important as usual, one hand in the breast coat, the other waving toward me as he uttered these words:

"Dora, I have sent for you because Master Harold has returned and wishes to meet a faithful servant of the family."

But before the words were out of his mouth Harold, handsomer and larger, but the same for all that—the very Harold that I knew—rushed forward and took both my hands and bent down and kissed me.

"I told you, sir" he said, "that I wanted to see Dora—the dearest being alive to me! Such words as you utter I cannot permit you to speak as though they were mine. You have never received any of my letters, Dora, but I have guessed why."

"I never received a letter, Harold," I answered.

"So I thought," said he. "We will not ask who kept them from you. I have no wish to quarrel with anyone, but you were my only friend years ago when I went out into the world homeless and penniless, and I have come now to ask you to share with me the home that I can now offer to you.

"Share your home, Harold?" cried the squire. "The girl is not your sister. It can't be done. It would be improper!"

"I am glad, sir, that the girl is not my sister," replied Harold, "for she is the girl I want for my wife, and here, before you all, I ask her for her heart and hand, and proud shall I be if she will give them to me."

I could not answer, but he saw all I felt in my face and led me away with him.

Excessive interest in one's moral welfare is no more healthy than over-anxiety about one's digestion; and conversation on the subject is no less uncivilized.—"Newnhamite."

"Potato" Pencils. — Writers on arboriculture have from time to time called attention to the gradual disappearance of cedar trees in this country, and it seems that there is a dearth generally. This has set the chemist to work, and a Berlin firm is now making an excellent substitute for the cedar casings of blacklead pencils from potatoes. It is said that the potato case submits itself to the penknife as easily as does the cedar wood, and, what is more important, the cost is very much less.

Honorable aspiration has much to do in ennobling character and in securing for the individual the coveted mastery. Young people especially ought to believe in themselves and in their useful and honorable destinies. There is too much fatalism in the world. Too many believe that the world is controlled by inexorable fate, and that individual destiny is fixed by some unseen, mysterious hand. This cannot be true. Freedom of will is a God-given heritage. Man must work out his salvation, both temporal and spiritual; God gives this salvation, but the individual must work it out, must by wise and faithful effort, appropriate it for himself. No one can deny that circumstances affect destiny; yet all must admit that circumstances may be over-ruled; they may be captured and turned to one's own advantage. Those who believe in themselves, and honestly and persistently aspire to a life of useful mastery, have already realized the difficulties opposing, and it remains only to meet these difficulties to conquer and annihilate them. It is not certain that ambition is always wrong, but this of which we now write is not ambition; It is aspiration. Ambition wishes to have what aspiration desires to deserve. Ambition wishes to seem what aspiration yearns to be. Ambition seeks wealth and fame for selfish ends; aspiration seeks them for the glory of God and the good they enable one to do for his fellowmen.

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Correspondence.

To S. S. on Her Birthday.

(The Fairest of Creation and the Best)

This day I note that nought the earth doth bless
Like the sweet unfolding of thy loveliness.

Thine own wish be granted thee this day
To express a wish, words will not come my way.

Thy wish is best whate'er it may be,
Thy matchless mind doth matchless visions see.

May they come true! A hundred years thee find
Bestowing "Pearl and Gold" on all mankind.

Transplanted then, Eternal bowers possess
No charm more fair than thine own loveliness.

"Well Wisher."

Doesn't Like Cranks.

Gleichen, Alta.

Editor.—Having heard so much about your grand paper, the W. H. M. and the matrimonial columns, I thought I would write you and see if I could find a girl willing to become the partner of a bachelor. I am 30 years of age, dark complexion, 5 feet 7½ inches in height, good tempered and not very hard to please. I am a farmer and have a good bunch of horses and cattle. I would like a young lady about 25 years of age, a good cook and good natured. I do not want one to be a chore boy, but one to help a man along, keep the house tidy and always have a cheerful word for him when he comes in at night, tired and weary after a hard day's work. Hoping this will escape the waste paper basket.

"Lonely Jack."

Looking for "Miss Right."

Creelman, Sask., Sept. 19, 1909.

Editor.—What do many of the girls that write to the W. H. M. expect by their showing they are neither pretty, rich and cannot cook or housekeep nor do they seem willing to work. Do they want a hired girl to cook for two? They rightly kick on feeding pigs for the line should be drawn at outside work, but do these young ladified girls answer to the average farmer's idea of a wife? Farmers' wives in Great Britain consider the average American or Canadian farm wife lazy. I know women that lie in bed, throwing extra work on the breadwinner and hired men, regardless of the time of the year and kick in the fall because the returns are small. Their view of matrimony seems to be that it is either better or worse financially than their present job, much as if a situation had been offered them. I think a man better single unless he gets Miss Right, for a man would be led a pretty dance by the whims of a girl he didn't care for and only married for convenience, whereas if she loved him she would be led by his judgment and experience and not land in a bake-shop or something similar where it would take the ability of a captain of industry to make a bare living. Better stay single and chew or drink, if you want to, unless Miss Right will come along and lend a restraining influence for the better.

"Steadfast."

A Correspondent With Suggestions.

Regina, Sask., Oct. 12, 1909.

Dear Sir.—Through you I would like to ask those who correspond to you under the heading of "Correspondence" why they head their letters "Editor." For myself, I think it sounds rather cool, as the only thing they really seem to say to you personally is that they take your magazine or that they have read it and then close, wishing it every success. Now isn't it to be taken for granted that they read it, else how would they have read the letters? As for the magazine succeeding, how could it do otherwise, with an editor like you, sir. It is easily seen that you edit your magazine for the benefit of the readers and not for the wealth there is to be derived from it. Not only the "Correspondence" part proves it but also the "Fancy Work" and the "Pattern Department." I must admit that it was for the "Fancy Work" part alone that I first took your magazine, but have since then taken great interest in the correspondence, but have not till today had courage enough to write you, and like most others, would consider it a great compliment if I were to see this in print.

I will not stop to describe myself as there are only two good points about me. I was born in England but am Canadian reared. I like "Homesteader's" letter very much which I saw in the September number and am of the same opinion myself that he expresses in the last paragraph of his letter. One thing I would like to say to him is that I think it would be more considerate of him if he would write the editor and get "Lily of the Valley's" address instead of asking her to write him. If he will take the trouble to get my address from the editor I will be very glad and will readily answer his letter. I ask the same of "Common Sense," if he wishes to get a letter from me. I would like to get a letter from him as I rather like his letter and think it is common sense.

I would like to make a suggestion to your correspondents, sir, that they send you a petition and ask you to put in print a letter to your correspondents and tell us what you think of our letters, etc. I think it would help to encourage it and I am sure there are few who do not take an interest in it, even if they do not correspond.

So, thinking I have taken enough of your time to read this, with best respects I will sign myself,

"A. Y. Z. of the Golden West."

Another Issue Raised.

Dunnville, Ont., Oct. 9, 1909.

Editor.—I have been reading with great interest for some time the correspondence column of your paper. In it one gets views of life and its many problems as it appears to many different people. As such it has a tendency to broaden one's own views. Some of your correspondents write letters that make one laugh; others, that make one feel sad, so one can find reading there for almost any mood. Some of them present very sensible ideas on the matrimonial question. (I don't call them sensible merely because they coincide with mine.) Very many tell what qualities they would like in a husband or wife, some commendable, others not; but I notice that very few ask for a partner who is a Christian. Now some at this point will perhaps quietly skip along to the next letter, but it is a regrettable fact that so little attention is paid to spiritual matters by our young people. But I believe that if more people founded their life on the teachings of Jesus Christ there would be more happiness in the world. There has been a great deal written in your paper on the matrimonial question and likely there will be a great deal more for the simple reason that it is the subject nearest and dearest to the hearts of many. But I would like to hear from any interested on the following subject, viz: "What is the foundation of true happiness?" I believe there are many who have good ideas on this. Write either to the editor, who has my address or to me personally. I might say in closing that I am a school teacher, that I farm at vacation time, and that I take a preaching service every Sunday. Also am superintendent of a large and growing Sunday school. It matters not about my personal appearance, but I will say this, that it is one that some might well be proud of. From "The Sky-Pilot."

Says She is Shy.

Manitoba, Oct. 10, 1909.

Editor.—I have been going to write to your page for sometime, but have not found courage till now. I read your paper every month and enjoy it very much. I always have a look at the correspondence and am very much amused at some of the letters, especially the matrimonial ones. I would like some readers to write to me. They must not be over 30. I live in a lonely part of Manitoba where there are very few people for quite a few miles round. I do not want any to write with the idea of matrimony as I am too shy, so I hope some nice friend will take pity on me. I am very fond of riding and am pretty good at amateur photography. I love music and can play a little. I can do any kind of housework and quite a lot of outdoor work. Have lived on a farm all my life and have no desire to live in town. I am fond of reading but have no use for dancing.

Well, this is my first letter so I think I had better quit. Will perhaps write again if this misses the waste paper basket. Wishing your paper every success and all its many readers the same, I will call myself, "Necia."

Who Likes a Saucy Mouth?

Manitoba, Oct. 11, 1909.

Editor.—My brother is a subscriber to your valuable magazine and I take great pleasure in reading the correspondence column, and have often thought I would write but have been too bashful. I am not for sale, for if I were, I would have taken my chances in Leap Year and either have got the good man or a silk dress. It seems usual for people to describe themselves, so here goes. I am 20 years of age, nut brown hair, blue eyes and a saucy mouth. I can not tell you my height as I have not been measured lately, but they tell me I am like a rail dressed up, so that will give you a fair idea, and I weigh about 115 pounds. As to character, I will leave that for other people to judge. I enjoy all sports, dancing, skating and playing baseball, also enjoy a joke or bit of fun. I think that some of the letters are very good but do not agree with all of them. One thing I do not think the gentlemen should expect the ladies to write first, so if any one, ladies or gentlemen, wish to write for pastime, I will do my best to answer them. Hoping this escapes the waste paper basket and, wishing the W. H. M. every success, I sign myself,

"Sister Ann."

Written in a Railroad Camp.

Editor.—A railroad camp may seem an unusual place to find the Western Home Monthly but we have several copies of it here nevertheless. We are about a hundred miles west of Edmonton and east of Wolf Creek and far from civilization, but our reading tent keeps us in touch with the world in general. If it were not for that we would be lost. The tent is established at several of the camps along the line by the "Reading Tent Association" and is a Godsend to the men. We are amply supplied with papers, magazines and books and find a place to spend our Sundays and evenings. I am a homesteader myself and it seemed like old times again to get hold of a copy of the W. H. M. Please forward enclosed letter to "Tomboy," Manitoba, of April 20th issue. It seems that there are many bachelor homesteaders in the West and many bachelor maids in the east, but there is a long distance between. I believe it takes a girl with a lot of courage to marry and try to help her husband make a home in this new west even if the homestead is proved up on. Many girls would get homesick the first month after the novelty of the thing wore off. But there's a great day coming in this western country when things get opened up more. I fear I have written too much to be worth the space it takes to print it, but hope to see it in print. Wishing the W. H. M. the success it deserves,

"Railroader M. D."

A Long-Winded Correspondent.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 10, 1909.

Editor.—As your interesting journal comes to the house here I have an opportunity to peruse it regularly and would beg your indulgence to allow space for my sentiments on what is no doubt an interesting subject.

If any friend of mine was suffering from a severe attack of "melancholia" or liver trouble, I would have no hesitation, if their complaint was at all curable, in prescribing a half hour in company with your correspondents. Some of the letters are indeed interesting, others very amusing, and being still in the single state of blessedness myself I can fully appreciate the cause of the feelings of wretchedness and emptiness, not to say yearning, experienced in the lives of some of these bachelor fellows. I may say I am not at present in the homesteading line, and not many months have elapsed since I was able to count myself among the newcomers to this great land of promise, so that I cannot express myself so confidently as some others on the hardships of living in one's own company for, say, a matter of years, but from observation and other sources of information I think I have a fully accurate apprehension of the woes and sufferings, both physical and mental, of the lonely homesteader. Now, the difference in the effect this loneliness creates in people of different temperaments depends largely on whether or not one has some kind of philosophy of life, and there is no doubt that if one takes a broad view of things and has a wide outlook on life he cannot be subject to the same depression of mind and he is therefore in a better position to use his discretion in providing means of pleasurable entertainment as well as to find a keen sense of interest in his daily duties, than the man who suffers from a lack of philosophy or humor. And I think one of the best ways to appease, if not

to cure, this feeling of loneliness is by studying good works by standard authors, and also by practicing music or some instrument or otherwise. I know from personal experience, although I am still a young man, that the fact of my being musically inclined has enabled me to enjoy many an hour that would otherwise have been passed not only in loneliness but also in discontent.

Now then, girls, what are you going to do to save so many young men from a life of loneliness, a great many of whom are no doubt waiting for the right sort to respond to that most sacred and spontaneous of the passions, love. Myself, among others, have had no social intercourse with the "lassies" as we in Scotland say, for a considerable time, and I confess we can get along much better with the cheerful countenance and womanly smile to brighten and encourage the actions and feelings of poor benighted bachelors. I might have a mind to describe myself specifically if modesty and lack of vanity did not prevent me, and I know quite well that many others have taken the field in front of me, but nevertheless, I am constrained to pride myself in being of good average physical and mental, not to say moral calibre. There is one thing in particular in which I am glad, and that is that I have been able to study and practice music, and although my attainments at singing, violin, piano and mandolin playing are by no means of the perfect order, I have many a time had occasion to feel the benefit of my versatility in this respect. Of course, I don't say so in any egotistic spirit, but I think that if the young lady (or gentleman) of cultured mind and artistic inclinations cared to correspond on matters musical or otherwise, it might conduce to our mutual benefit and satisfaction.

I may add that I make no direct hints at matrimony at present, so that no one need have any qualms of conscience on the score of conventionality in responding to my invitation, my address, as usual, being with the editor. Thanking you in anticipation and with best wishes for the continued success of the W. H. M. "Ayrshire Laddie."

She is an Expert.

Erskine, Oct. 15, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a very interested reader of the W. H. M. for some time. I think the letters are very good. Only one fault I have to find with them and that is a good many of the girls are too much for running the boys down. They think a husband should be a regular slave. I suppose if they got too rushed with their housework they would even call upon him to scrub the floor.

I am a farmer's daughter, but do not like country life as well as town life, for the simple reason it is too lonesome, although I have lived on the farm nearly all my life.

It seems to be customary for one to give a full description of themselves, but for my part I do not agree with you on that subject. They chew it over until it is getting rather tiresome. As it is the fashion, I will try and give you a slight idea what I am like. I have lovely brown hair, just as fine as silk, and the prettiest cat eyes you ever saw. My height is about 5 feet 6 inches. I wear a number four shoe generally, and every thing else in proportion. My weight is about 125 pounds. I am 19 years old. Oh, I am a dandy!

I am not ready to marry, but if ever I do, I would prefer a husband who would be kind, fairly nice looking, full of life and medium height. Whoever gets this chicken will get his money's worth. I can milk cows to beat the band. My favorite amusements are dancing, horseback riding and card playing. I can ride as well as any boy. I am a lover of music; the violin is my pick.

I will be pleased to hear from any who care to write, especially the henpecked bachelors. My address is with the editor. I wish the W. H. M. the best of success.

"Goozles."

From an English Lass.

Spalding, Eng., Oct. 12, 1909.

Editor.—My brother in Canada sent me the W. H. M. and I think it very nice, especially the correspondence column. I should like to hear from some boys in Canada as I am interested in the country, but I do not object to girls writing. It must be a healthy life out in the wild west, far better than living in a close town. I am fond of music, especially a phonograph. I am the daughter of a small farmer; not yet out of my teens, have fair complexion, grey eyes and dark brown hair. I must not take up too much of your valuable paper so I will close now, wishing your club and editor every success. "An English Lass."

Two City Girls Want Correspondents.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 12, 1909.

Editor.—We are two business girls in this well known city and are constant readers of your paper which we at all times find very interesting. We have decided that we would like for pastime a few correspondents of the opposite sex and can promise interesting and bright letters. We are not sisters, but are chums. One is 23 years of age, 5 feet 2 inches tall, weight 110 pounds, pretty blue eyes, dark hair, good complexion. The other is 20 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weight 126 pounds, freckled complexion, auburn hair (a pretty shade of auburn). Both Protestant. We do not object to a man using a pipe, but draw the line at chewing (gum or tobacco), use of strong drink, or profane language. We enclose letters to "Two of a Kind" and "Fen Lad.' Kindly forward.

"Steno and Shorty."

Straight and to the Point.

Manitoba, Oct. 5, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a faithful reader of your valuable paper and take great pleasure in reading the correspondence column. As I am a shy little kid, I could not pluck up enough courage to write until now.

I am a fairly good cook; can boil water without burning it and could kill a dog with my biscuit if you hit him hard enough. Now, as for a description of myself. I am fair, 17 years old, weigh 132 pounds, 5½ feet tall, blue eyes. I certainly do feel sorry for the lonely bachelors out west if they are as badly used as they say they are. Now, if anyone cares to write to this dear little honey come chuck, my address is with the editor.

"Honey-come Chuck."

Says She is Cranky.

Keyes, Man., Oct. 25, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been a constant reader of your correspondence page, I decided to have a finger in the pie myself. Now, as everybody seems to give a pretty good description of themselves I will try to follow their example.

I am a jolly blue-eyed girl of 18, a little cranky; have pretty brown hair, fair complexion, weigh 140 pounds, am 5 feet 4 inches in height and 24 inches around the waist, and detest any girl who uses powder, paint and such rubbish to make herself look sweet in the other sex's eyes.

Now, if any good sensible person, such as "Wisp of the West," "Manitoba Chicken," "Young Canadian," or "Jethro," would like to write to me I am anxious to open up a good correspondence with both sexes. I will give a better description of myself and will try to write interesting letters to any one who will write first, as I am just a little shy. "Blue Eyes."

A Sensible Letter.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 17, 1909.

Editor.—I am a new subscriber to your W. H. M. and take great interest in the correspondence columns.

Some of the letters are very sensible, while other writers seem to have very wrong ideas. In reading "Tiger Lily's" letter in the September number, she says it is all right for a man to drink as long as he does not take too much, but I do not agree with her for the only safe way is for a man to leave liquor strictly alone. How do men get to be drunkards? By commencing to just take some and then the habit grows on them until it is impossible for them to stop it. I read many letters that the girls write who say that a man must be tall and nice looking and this and that, but for my part I think we often find through life that the plain looking people with the least attractions have better principles and truer hearts than a great many with good looks. What is a nice face worth without a good principle? Some of the young people seem to be quite conceited over their good looks, but whenever I commence to feel that way I just take a look in the mirror and that ends it. I am very fond of music and reading. I have an organ and find it a great deal of company for me, as I live on the prairie with my mother and brother.

One thing I think wrong is for a girl or boy to marry young. Why not take a good young life first, and I think when girls are fifteen or so they should be little girls and not try to be young ladies, for when they once grow up they can never have their girlhood over again. I am a young girl myself and I enjoy being young.

Well, for fear this finds the waste basket, I had better close. I will be pleased to hear from any of the boys and girls for I think it is a nice thing for young people to be able to exchange their ideas with pen and paper.

"Just a Happy Girl."

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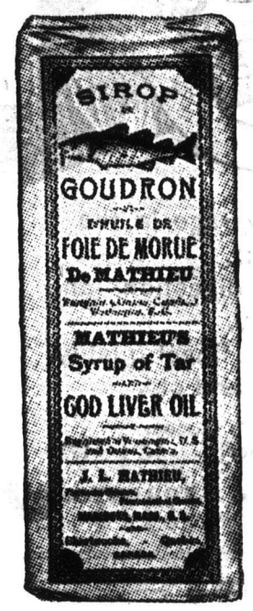

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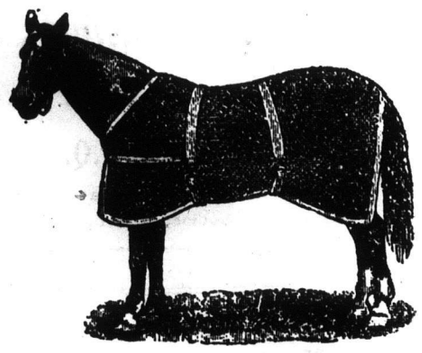

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A Lonesome Western Girl.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 27, 1909.

Editor.—I have been whiling away some hours pleasantly by reading your interesting paper and glancing over the correspondence, and decided to write myself for I am very lonely and finding that so many derive comfort from correspondence I thought I might profit by their experience.

Now, first my object in writing is to secure correspondents. I am a teacher, transplanted from the East to a remote part of this great Northwest. I like the country and I like the people, but I get very lonesome at times. My old correspondents in the East seem to be getting neglectful, and I miss the company of young people. There are very few around here, particularly girls. I only know two or three and they are too far away to be chums, so I have many lonesome hours in those long northern evenings.

I will not attempt to describe myself as so many do, but if any one cares to know I will write them an accurate description. I pass my time, when not in school, in reading, writing, embroidering and taking snapshots. Sometimes I practice music but am not a very good musician. I can ride and dance and make candy. My camera accompanies me everywhere I go. Now, I extend a free for all invitation to W. H. M. readers to write to me. I will gladly answer any letters I may receive. I will also exchange postcards, pictures and snapshots with any who care to. I would like very much to get some school teacher correspondents. I am 19 years old and have been teaching two years. "A Prairie Girl."

Frae Bonnie Scotland.

Scotland, Aug. 24, 1909.

Editor.—Have you room for a letter from Bonnie Scotland? A friend and I are interested readers of the W. H. M. correspondence column, and would like to join your circle. If any of the boys care to write us we will be pleased to reply. We would like to hear from "Gin" and "Never Sweat." Enclosed letter is for "Two of a Kind." We think from their letter they are cheery and easy going. It is no easy matter describing one's self, but sufficient to say; We are one black, one fair, and good, honest, hard wearing types of Scotch beauty. Generally considered good looking. Both about 5 feet 6 inches tall. Trusting you will find space for this first attempt in your valuable paper and wishing it every success

"White and Purple Heather."

From Rainbow.

Manitoba, Oct. 3, 1909.

Editor.—Will you admit a new member into your interesting columns? I am a reader of your magazine and spend much time pursuing the correspondence columns, which are indeed very interesting.

As it is the custom to describe one's self I will follow suit. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and am about 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 105 pounds. Am 18 years old. I live on a farm and prefer living in the country. But I am sure to be living all alone in the western country must be very monotonous. I feel very sorry for the poor boys who have to work hard all day, and then come home to a cold house where there is no one to "love and cheer you." But boys, do not be discouraged, for I think there's a happy little home meant for you all some sweet day. Well, as this is my first letter to the W. H. M. I will not occupy any more of your valuable space. Will say in conclusion, I will be pleased to answer all letters received from boys who are my own age.

"Rainbow."

Take Pity on Geordie?

Okotoks, Alta., Oct. 4, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a constant reader of the W. H. M. for several years and think it is a splendid paper, especially the correspondence columns.

I will now give a description of myself as that seems to be the usual custom. I am an Englishman by birth but have lived in Canada for several years. I am 5 feet 11 inches tall, weigh about 150 pounds, have dark complexion, black hair, hazel eyes and am not too bad looking. I do not drink or use tobacco, although I have often thought about taking to the latter habit.

I am a bachelor, 21 years of age, and have a quarter section of land. I often feel lonely and think I would like a companion if she was the right sort of girl. I do not think a wife should do the chores outside as a general thing, but I would want a girl who would not mind milking if I happened to be away. I should like to correspond with some of your lady readers, and would answer all letters. Please send No. 1 of the enclosed letters to "Rose of Halbrit" and No. 2 to "Hopeful." Hoping this letter will escape the W. P. B. I will close, wishing you every success.

"Geordie."

A Voice from Ontario.

Ontario, Oct. 10, 1909.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your paper and much interested in your correspondence column. I have written before but failed to see it published. It must have been too lengthy so I will try to be more brief.

I would much rather be brief in describing myself anyway, then I won't tell too many good qualities, for I don't want those bachelors to think I am a perfect being or think up all my faults, that would scarcely be policy. So I will just give a little honest description of my humble self. I am a farmer's jolly daughter. I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, have dark brown hair (inclined to be curly), brown eyes and a clear complexion. Am a good entertainer, being somewhat musically inclined, also recite a little. Now I'll tell my faults. Sometimes I talk too much, sometimes laugh too much and in hot weather I don't like to work all day. I am a lover of home and think it is every one's duty to endeavor to make our homes happy. I think there would be a great many better homes in our fair land if people were more interested in them. I feel sorry for any lonely person. No wonder those Western bachelors get too shy to write first to the girls! I agree with others who think marriage too sacred to be arranged by correspondence alone.

I am rather young for any old bachelor bordering on 85, but will be pleased to hear from some of the younger ones. I prefer somebody tall and fair. I would like to hear from "Jethro" of the July number. Wishing the continued success of the W. H. M., I am,

"Merry Mona."

Expert at Making Bread.

Northern Alberta, Oct. 17, 1909.

Editor.—I am a new subscriber to your paper and very much enjoy reading the correspondence column.

I am a farmer's daughter, living in a very isolated part of the country where girls and boys are very few and far between. I would be glad to hear from some of the jolly girls for the sake of pleasure and pastime.

Now for a description of my personal charms as I see it is the rule. I am 17 years old, 5 feet 7 inches in height, dark grey eyes and brown hair (a brunette). Weight is 130 pounds. Am fond of riding, boating, reading and music. I play the banjo and mandolin, and sing a little; have a good gramophone and some excellent records which we find very enjoyable. Can make good bread which I consider my greatest accomplishment. Wishing your paper every success and hoping soon to hear from some one. My address will be with the editor.

"Pioneer Girl."

A Man with Plenty of Money.

Alberta, Sept. 18, 1909.

Editor.—Please give me space for a few lines in your correspondence columns. I enjoy reading the letters, and if this letter will escape the waste basket I wish to ask through the columns of this paper for the correspondence with some girl between 17 and 25 years old.

I am 23 years old, have dark hair and brown eyes, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 140 pounds and good looking. I came to Alberta two years ago, have a homestead, and bought some more land. I have over 200 acres in crop, and have a small general store, also city property in the States. I will provide a nice home for either a farmer or merchant's daughter, either on a farm or in town.

Bachelors in this part of the country are depending on the East for their wives because there are no girls here. Girls, don't be slow to write, and send photo if you have one. I will answer all letters and exchange photo with any who writes. Don't get the idea I am too serious about matrimony, this object is not in view, if you only want to receive some interesting correspondence. Space will not allow me any more so I have lots restored if you write and enclose a photo. My address is with the editor. Much success to the W. H. M.

"Lonesome."

Wants to Find a True Wife.

Alberta, Sept. 20, 1909.

Editor.—As I am a very interested reader of your lovely paper and think it rightly named, as it is certainly a great helpmate to us Western folk and our new country which stands before

from our older neighborhoods, and as I am an agricultural graduate from the States, I take a great interest in this magnificent country they call "Sunny Southern Alberta," and I am interested in wheat raising in the neighborhood of Lethbridge, Alta.; the crops are looking fine so far. Well, I think I have taken a new plan for discussing the matrimonial question, but it's never too late, and so here goes. If you were I and I were you, I just think we could soon answer the questions that seem to get the best of us young folks. But, young folk, stay with what you think is right, as each day we grow older we live to learn the right of things, so we must be excused for some of our foolish ideals, but I just think I will have to take part with the girls, for I've had some experience in their line, for I tell you there is lots of hard work to be found in the house, and if the housewife does her work in the house as it ought to be done, I don't think we have the least right to ask her to chore around outside for its not a woman's place, and we can certainly find some other way of getting our outside work done without calling on our wife and if in this wide, wide world of ours, the girl, if I can find one that is respectable and honorable and ladylike in her manners and loving nature, just a plain, everyday girl, that's the style that takes my eye, for she can be the peaches and I'll be the cream.

Well, I think I had better fall in line and describe myself, as others do. I am not so very tall, you see; just 5 feet 8 inches; my weight, which is not so bad, 140 pounds, and my hair is real dark and my eyes are the truest dark blue, good and straight. Ha, ha. My hair is real pretty, black as black can be, and it's not because your hair is curly or your eyes are blue. My hair is inclined to be a little curly. So to be sure, it's my age next; I was 25 years old the 22nd of last April. If any of the readers of this paper wish to write to me, jump right along, for my address will be found with the editor. "Blue Eyes."

Would Like a Girl with Red Hair.

Saskatchewan, Sept. 17, 1909.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to the W. H. M. I am an interested reader. I enjoy reading the correspondence columns. There are some very good ideas given by some of the writers. One thing I like about this correspondence column is, it is a good way to get accquainted but a poor way to get a partner for life. I think that to get married is about the most serious proceeding a man has to go through, and they should have a good personal acquaintance before becoming engaged. In an old W. H. M. a lady writer said that she knew men that were hardly able to keep themselves, let alone a wife. If a woman cannot keep herself and a farm she would not be up to much. A good wife can always have a good dinner and keep the house clean and herself tidy, and what more could a decent man wish for. She should always be cheerful and take an interest in everything she does. If I were choosing a partner, I should like one after this style. One that is always cheerful and can play on the organ and sing; she must have dark hair and blue eyes, and not very tall or stout but just what they call a nice chunk of a girl. I think a man should always be pleasant, and never speak cross to his wife. He should tell her everything he does in his business so she can sympathize with him and help him out of difficulty. Well, as others describe themselves I will make an attempt. I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh a little more after dinner than before, eyes light blue, hair light. I hope some young lady about 19 or 20 will take notice of this as girls of a marriageable age are nearly all mortgaged around here and those left are not the best for a companion.

I must close now, thanking you in advance for your invaluable space. I will sign myself,

"A Stranger."

Iladel Likes Freckles.

Camrose, Alta., Sept. 12, 1909.

Editor.—May I have a small space to tell you that I think the W. H. M. very interesting and that I would be very pleased to correspond with "Rambler?"

I am a young girl, 17 years old. Have been in the West about two years and like it very much. Perhaps a description of myself would not come amiss. I am 5 feet tall, slim, brown hair, grey eyes, lots of freckles and rather cranky, I believe.

Nearly every one discusses the matrimonial question. I think "Eastview's Lone Star" takes the correct view of the case. Now, Editor, I noticed your request to make letters as brief as possible so I will close, wishing your paper every success. Any one wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the editor. "Iladel."

"Rabbit" Who Has Good Understanding

Alberta, Sept. 1? 1909.

Editor.—Will you admit a stranger to your correspondence columns on his good looks? This is my first attempt at writing, so I hope this will escape the waste paper basket. I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, but I get it rom my cousin to read, and I enjoy it very much, especially the correspondence columns. I think some of the writers show good sense, but those fellows that expect a woman to do a man's work out around the barn are asking a little too much. I think if a woman does the house work she is doing her share.

Well, as all the rest give a description of themselves, I will step in line. I am a Yankee, 22 years old, 5 feet 11½ inches tall and weigh about 150 pounds, dark hair, blue eyes, and two good understandings. I am fond of all kinds of sport, especially shooting. I am very fond of reading, so if any of your readers care to write to me, I will answer all letters. My address will be with the editor.

"A Rabbit."

"Sunshine" Would like Post Cards.

Ontario, Sept. 14, 1909.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your paper, the W. H. M., but often read it through a friend, I am very much interested in it, especially the correspondence column. So I would like to join the jolly circle of correspondents.

As it is the custom to describe one's self, I will do so. I am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes and a fair complexion.

I hope this won't take up too much of your valuable space, as it is my first letter and I would be glad to see it in print in some future copy of the W. H. M. I would like very much if some one, of either sex, would send me post cards, which I will be pleased to answer. My address you will find with the editor. Wishing your paper every success, will sign myself

"Sunshine."

First Attempt.

Goldwin, Que., Sept. 15, 1909.

Editor.—Being an interested reader of your splendid paper, I now take the liberty of writing my first letter to your correspondence column.

I live on the banks of the Ottawa River, in Old Quebec, (as it is often called) some fifty miles northwest of the capital of our beautiful Dominion, and am quite proud of this part of the country, too.

I am a farmer's daughter, and have also taught school a couple of terms. I would also like to try teaching in the West in the near future.

Here is a description of myself. I am 21 years old, 5 feet 8½ inches in height, but quite slender, with a wealth of almost blonde hair, blue eyes and complexion, fairly rosy cheeks and a somewhat long nose.

I liked "Bobby Burns'" letter in the June number, and would be glad to hear from him, "Sweetest Willie," or anyone willing to give information about the part of the country they live in. If I have the pleasure of seeing that this letter escapes the waste paper basket, I may write a more sensible one then, with not so much about number one in it. Wishing the W. H. M. every success. My address is with the editor. "Blue Eyed Bessie."

Wouldn't Go Back to England.

Treherne, Man., Sept. 9, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been reading the letters in the correspondence column I thought I would write. I am an Englishman by birth, but I have been in Canada for about two years and I intend to make my home here.

I would like if "Sunshine," in the June number, would write and also send her photo, and I will send her mine in return. Well, I suppose I will have to describe myself. I am between 25 and 27 years old, am 5 feet 5 inches tall, have dark hair and eyes, weigh 150 pounds. I am fond of music and play a little myself. I love home life. If any of the other girls wish to write to me I will try and answer all letters. As my letter is getting long I will close. I will leave my address with the editor. "Joker."

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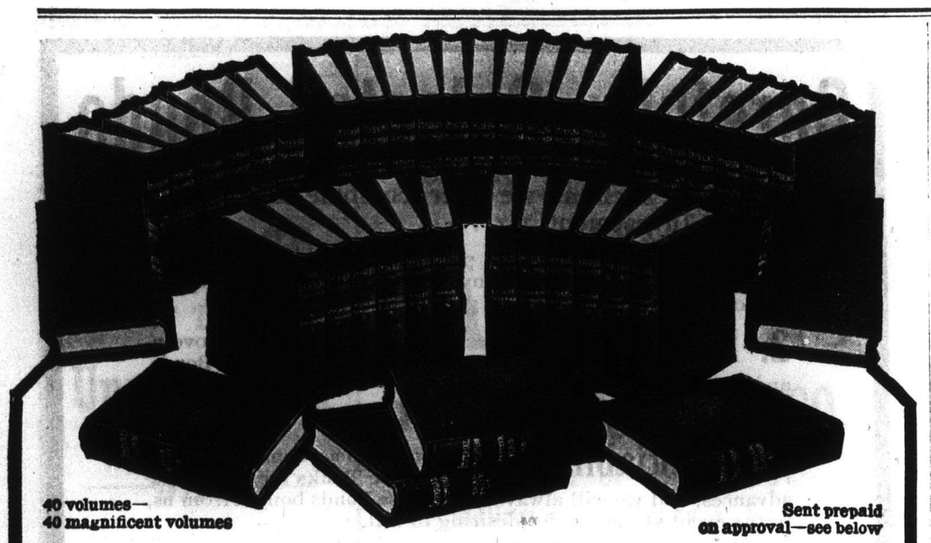

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Occupation.....

Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a postcard. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Problem in Behavior.

Each month a book is given away to the person giving the most satisfactory answer to the problem in behavior. We are thankful for problems as well as solutions. The problem for this month is given below and the answer will appear in the January issue.

Mrs. Hall hears on Wednesday that an acquaintance of hers, Miss Brown, is to be married the next day, Thursday. She sends her a few lines of good wishes to reach her on her wedding day. On Thursday morning Mrs. Hall receives a note from Miss Brown saying that even although she is exceedingly busy, she must write and thank her for the lovely present, which is just what she wanted, and which she has not got. Mrs. Hall has sent no present, and she did not intend doing so. What should Mrs. Hall do?

September Problem.

The problem of September is given below and the first prize answer is also given, the winner is L. F. Jackson, Ottawa.

(Behaviour Problem).

A young Welsh miner and his fiancee are living a rough and godless life and are in deep poverty. Both are converted in a revival. The young miner immediately shows signs of great power in preaching. In a short time he goes to a theological college where he is thoroughly trained. On leaving college he is sought after by the chief vacant churches of his denomination. His fiancee meanwhile has received no education whatever and is quite unsuitable to be his wife. He feels this keenly and has lost his love for her, yet she still clings to him and expects him to marry her. What must he do?

Answer.

The miner before entering college was intellectually on a level with his fiancee and it is quite evident that he could still make of her a suitable companion by having her educated. If his conversion has proven to him that his feelings towards her in the past were not those of a true love, he should as a Christian and a man go to her and explain that although he respects her he nevertheless realizes that his heart does not harbor the feelings of true affection for her. If she still clings to him and he is assured that her love for him is real and deep-seated, he should still offer to marry her and make her as good a husband as possible.

If one party loves and the other does not love it is evident that one must suffer in the event of there being no marriage. For him to make her bear the pain by casting her off would be very selfish, unchristian and decidedly unworthy of his cloth. Preachers should in a marked degree possess Christian virtues and display exemplary conduct. They should be the menders of hearts and not breakers of them. If this miner-preacher is a man he should by all means educate his fiancee and marry her.

Two other answers in similar strain are as follows:

I.

No doubt the Welsh miner sought the love of this girl first, and if he is now a true Christian he will not break his vows to her without much serious thought and prayer. If he is in circumstances to do so, why not give her an education. After a few years of study and contact with refined people she may win his affections again. Let him not be in a hurry to decide, time may change her own view of this matter. I would advise him to wait and leave his trouble in God's hands for awhile.

"Frances".

II.

The Welshman should marry the girl to whom he was engaged, and give up some of his time to teaching her, bearing in mind what Milton tells us about Eve:

"Her husband was the relater she preferr'd before the angel."

If he rejected a girl who was faithful to him it would be a poor comment on is piety, and we might hope that congregations who courted him at first would shun him as a leper when they knew the facts.—H. C.

Costiveness.

Kindly suggest a cure for costiveness.—W. B., Elkhorn.

Frequently caused by neglect. Nature has a time for each duty. Try early morning or after breakfast. Use brown bread. Masticate thoroughly. In obstinate cases use ex. henbane, ½ dr.; ex. colocynth, ⅓ dr.; ex. nux vomica 3, grs. Make up into 15 pills, and take 1 pill night and morning.

Feeding Calves.

How much food daily should be given to calves which are being raised by hand? J. B. Solsgirth.

First week, 12 lbs. milk; second week, 16 lbs. milk; third week, twenty pounds milk; fourth week, 22 lbs. milk; During next three weeks add half a pound of oatmeal and half a pound of fine hay; eighth week, reduce milk to 20 lbs. and increase other ingredients to 1 lb. Keep on reducing milk four pounds a week and gradually increasing other ingredients until at 13th week the oatmeal is 3 lbs and fine hay, 10 lbs.

Sex of Eggs.

Can you determine the sex of eggs? W. A., Birtle.

It is asserted by Mr. Gruin that eggs which produce males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are smooth.

Preserving Eggs.

How can I preserve eggs for winter?—M. M., Springfield.

Put into a tub 1 bushel quicklime (fresh slacked lime); salt 2 lbs.; cream of tartar, 8 oz. Use enough water with this to allow an egg to swim with its top just above the liquid. Then put eggs in. Or make a varnish of shellac and alcohol. After eggs are varnished and dried put in bran or sawdust with points downwards, so that they cannot shift about.

Small Hands.

How can I make my hands smaller?—C. B.

We do not know of anything that will make your hands smaller. Wear your sleeves as long as possible and keep your nails nicely manicured and your hands soft and white. If the hands are kept in good condition, the size is not so noticeable.

To Develop the Bust.

How may I develop the bust?—Winnie.

Try massaging every night with olive oil, and take it internally as well. I do not know exactly how long it will take. That depends upon yourself. Use plenty of cold water and take deep, long breaths when in the open air.

Going or Coming.

Should I say to my friend, "I am coming to see you" or "I am going to see you"?—W. W.

Use the former. Courtesy demands that you take your friend's point of view.

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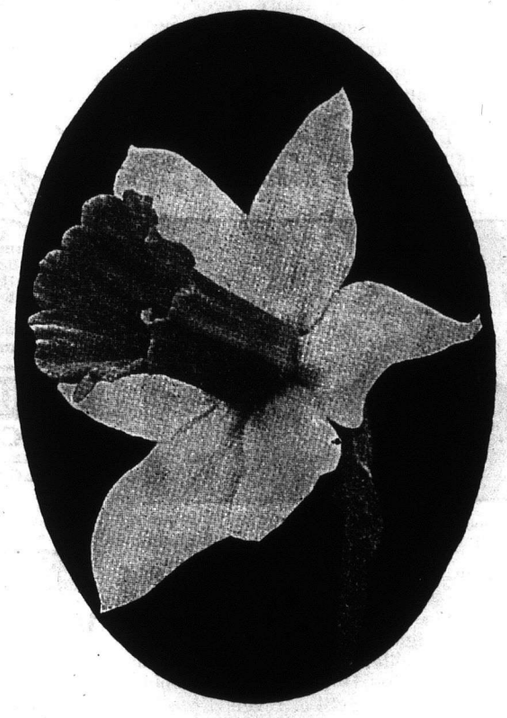

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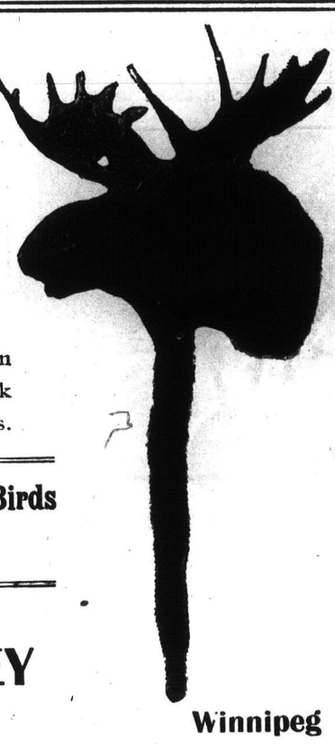

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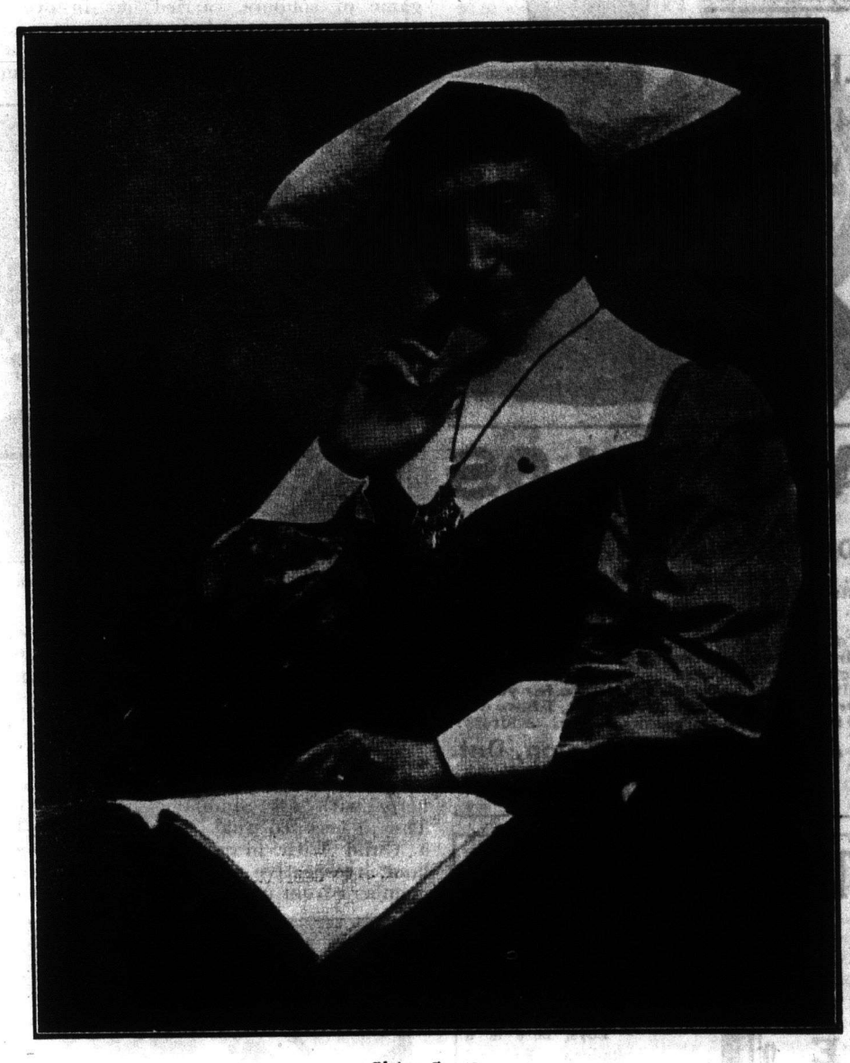
Personal Service Among the London Poor.

By Mrs, CLOUMESLEY BRERETON in the Pall Mall Magazine.

AND who is Sister Grace, whose life-work affords such a wonderful illustration of what personal service to the poor can do? you will ask. It is very difficult to persuade her to say anything about herself, though of her Guilds she is never tired of talking. She and the many devoted, skilled, and energetic women who work with her dread nothing so much as individual advertisement. To use Sister Grace's own words: "We pool our brains, and whatever we evolve is for the Cause, and not for individual glory."

The clever, energetic schoolgirl, who was almost consumed with the ideal of knighthood—"I go to fight . . . that the bowed heads may be lifted, and the trembling limbs made firm. I go to fight . . . to dry the tears of little children—is a woman now with little children of her own. But as one enters the Bermondsey Slum Settlement, one reads in the radiant face the promise of abiding youth. It is one of the founder's articles of faith, as also a secret of her success, that some one or more individuals should be personally interested in, and not merely pay for, every departure of the Guild work, whether it be the presentation of a site, the building of a new school, the building of a school laundry, or the addition by an interested neighbor of up-to-date bathing accommodation, or merely the fitting up of one set of boys with the scarlet knitted ties they wear with their sensible khaki corduroy Norfolk suit.



Sister Grace.

The Beginnings.

When asked what first inspired her to do this work, Sister Grace answered: "When I was a girl at school I always meant, as soon as I was my own mistress to see if in some little corner of the world I could not help to make the neglected poor children happier than is their usual lot. When I finished my schooling at nineteen I attached myself to the West London Mission. I took lodgings in a workman's flat in Bermondsey built for a hundred, and lived with ninety-nine Bermondsey folk for neighbors. I brought my income down to tally with theirs, and lived their life among them. I soon found that more than a single-minded desire to help them was necessary if one were to succeed; and I made arrangements to receive such training in hospital work as should give me the skill and knowledge to deal with the special diseases which dirt and malnutrition bring in their train, especially sore eyes, dirty heads and skins, rickets, and all kinds of preventable ills. I worked in a creche, and helped a good doctor and able nurse tend fifty babies, most of them pictures of misery. This taught me just what I wanted most to know. With that and otner scientific knowledge and hospital practice as my stock-in-trade, I renewed my energies among my poor neighbors. Songs, dances, music, and games had a new meaning when pain was made less, and I now started the mission work with an added feeling of being more truly equipped for my part in it. The Guild of Play was started in a hall near by, rented from the London County Council at a nominal rent as a playground for these poor little ones, whose only other playground was the gutter. And later on the Guild of the Brave Poor Things grew naturally out of it, and commenced with one "Poor Thing" who, in those early days, was not by any means "Brave," but on the contrary, required something akin to bravery to manage him. His uncontrolled naughtiness would have prevented any doctor making him well had he no other drawback, and he was physically such a wreck that he could absorb little of that self-mastery which was the outcome of the organized games of the Guild of Play.

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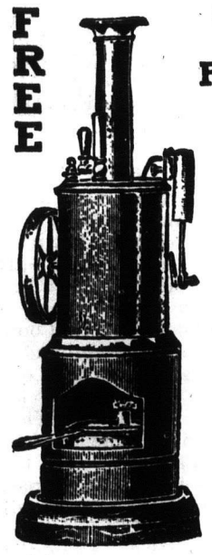

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The First "Poor Thing."

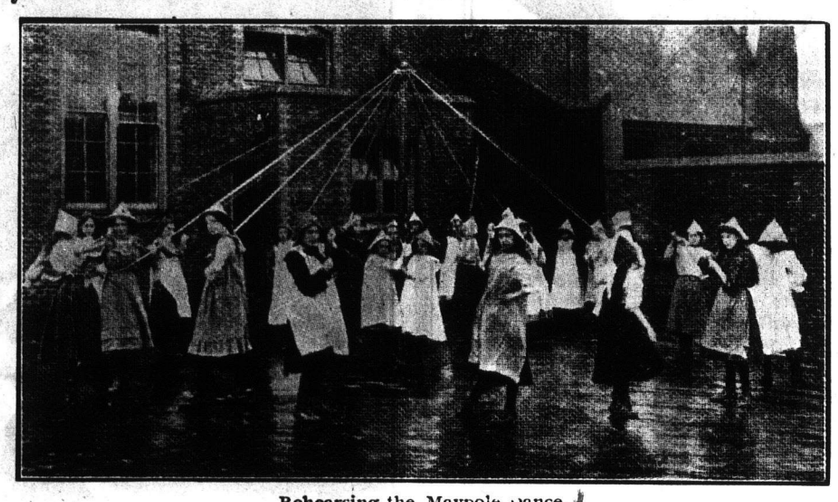
One day a bright idea struck me. I would take this youngster under my own wing, and see what a little patience, combined with kindness and firmness, could do. Treating the matter as a mutual "game," I said: "Now, young man, I am going to pretend from day to day that you are changed into another boy. I am going to change your name to Leonard, and I shall forget your old name altogether. I am going to put you into this little red dressing-gown, and you are going to be a brave sick soldier. The 'Rules' of the Army are going to hang up over your bed, and, as a good soldier, you must keep them." Then I started giving him "rations," sometimes medicine, sometimes nourishing food, together with very definite "orders," which were a long time before they were "marching orders." But that game of soldiers, carried out in every detail, became a reality to Leonard, and with his new name he became a new boy. The obedience which enabled him for the first time in his life to keep quiet gradually healed his disease, so the incorrigible, deformed street arab became a self-respecting, self-supporting citizen; and many are the words of good advice he has since given to the later generations in the Guild.

But I said to myself, "Can I stop here, with all Slumland before me?" The answer to that question today is a Guild with branches all over England, irrespective of creed or limit, with members from under eighty days to over eighty years old. Two things only are necessary for membership: physical suffering, and a brave fight against it.

Teaching the children of the poor how to play.

A Look round Slumland.

The ancient glory of Bermondsey has long since departed. Gone for ever are the royal progresses, the processions of mediaeval knights and barons on their way to the parliaments appointed to meet at its stately abbey. Bermondsey Abbey itself has almost entirely disappeared, and in its place has grown up a network of crowded courts and crooked alleys intersected by broader streets of dingy warehouses, interspersed with tawdry drink-shops and public-houses. Little trace of the joy and jollity that (as we know from many records still extant) made Bermondsey a scene of May Day revelry in good Queen Bess's time would any stranger hope to discover, who chanced to find himself wandering today in this stronghold of modern slumland, with its attendant horrors of ugliness and squalor, evil and ignorance, nay, of crime itself. And yet in the very midst of this drab inferno that turns to a veritable city of dreadful night when the shades of evening descend, he might suddenly feel the great pall of despondency lift on finding himself within the University Settlement, watching the fairylike revels of the Guild of Play. There he sees the children who an hour ago were crouching beneath the blows of a drunken father, or flying from the shrill abuse of an unnatural mother, disporting themselves as if sorrow were a thing untasted. The girls are dressed in white pinafores, with red caps, and the boys in red jerseys. A particular ceremonial is attached to the revels. Each child enters with an old-world curtsey, and leaves at the end of the evening in the same courtly and courteous manner. There is no suspicion of street roughness or rudeness, and still less of being under the regime of any reformatory or institution. The hall, which is for the moment the children's nursery and drawing-room, contains a good piano, and is gaily decorated with vases of flowers. The waltz round the street-organ is superseded by the stately minuet and music of four centuries ago. "She was one of the early birds" is replaced by "Blow away the morning dew," and the famous "Greensleeves" song and dance. In one corner those less fortunate, whose poor crippled limbs forbid anything more exciting that listening to the music and watching the players, are being taught to embroider, in atistic colors, materials fit for a princess. More than one royal robe has had some of its decorative



Rehearsing the Maypole dance.

An Old English dance.

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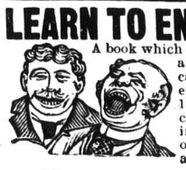

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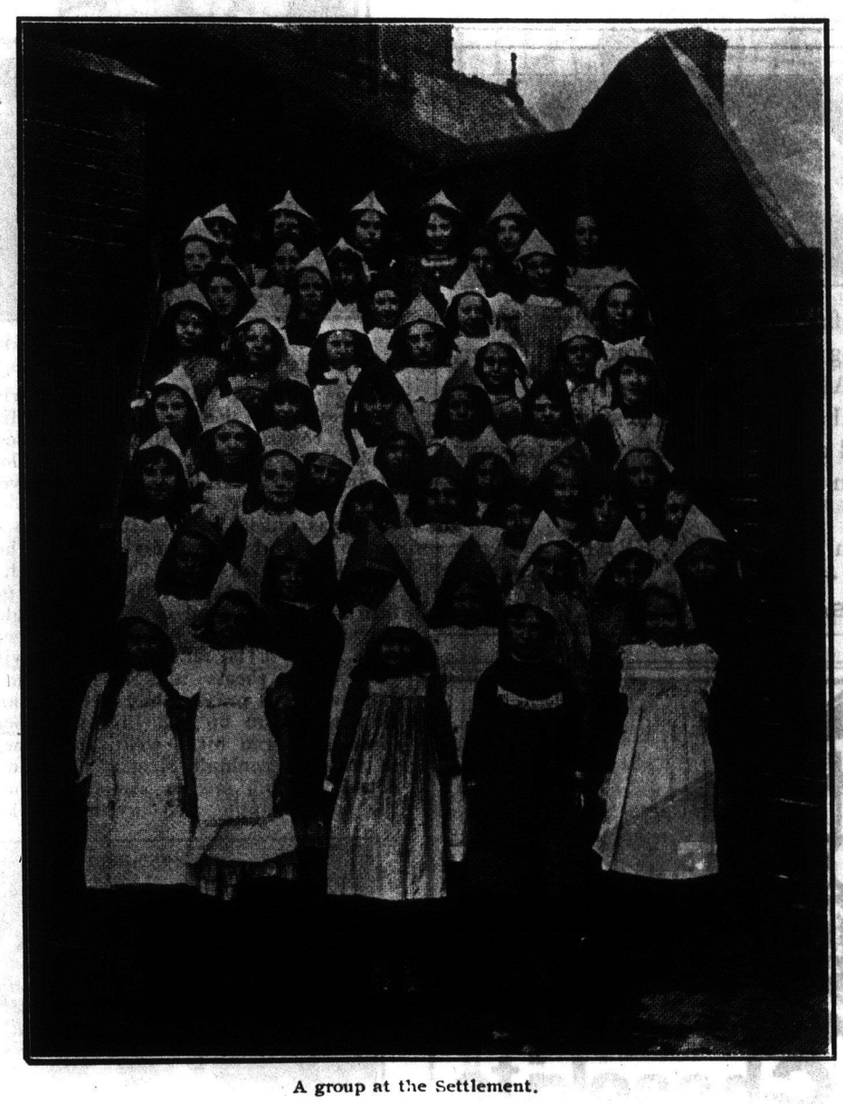
work chosen from that done by these busy little maids. And the joys of these hours of peace and goodwill are not confined to the children. Men and women of all ages also share them. The court dress of the former consists of red waistcoats, and that of the latter, red capes. A certain number wear medals, which denote that they are full members of the Guild.

How the Good Seed has Spread.

The work of the Guilds has now grown and spread beyond the shores of this busy island of ours, but at present there is more than enough to describe within easy reach. There are weekly central and local Guilds of Play, annual May Day and Christmas Festivals, and regular summer holidays in the country in connection with each. As an outcome of these there is the Guild of the Brave Poor Things, with its work done in the towns, and the more permanent work on such a scale as is at present possible at the Boys' and Girls' "Heritage" Craft Schools and Factory at Chailey in Sussex. The "Heritage" possesses the unique distinction of being a combined hospital, convalescent home, craft school, and cabinet-making factory



A group at the Settlement.

combined. The girls' school has the advantage of having at its head two "Sisters" who are Cambridge trained; and the boys' head master is both trained and a skilled artist-craftsman.

There is also the Harcourt Rose Factory for skilled workmen, where its founder (Mrs. Harcourt Rose) feels she truly visits her own workshop, and is comforted for the loss of her late adopted son by unselfishly caring for these lads. Some of them one-armed, one-legged, crooked-backed, totally deaf, but for the "Heritage" training, would never find employment in the open market; and their only chance in life would have been to swell the ranks of criminals or incurables, and be kept at the nation's expense. The visitor may see a maimed and suffering lad, cycling to and from the factory, earning eighteen shillings a week, and living the life of a workman, among those scented pines in that Sussex village, lodging near the "Heritage," and sending home half a crown a week to his able-bodied father, who is among the unemployed in London's slums.

The Craft School.

The lads here have been making, and helping to design, the solid oak furniture for the new "Heritage" Girls' School presented by Lord Llangattock. As craftsmen know, oak is the hardest labor for able-bodied men; but these deformed lads have turned out tables, chairs, coffers, and wardrobes which would bear comparison with the best things of professional workers. The training which leads up to this workmanlike skill and precision came forcibly home to me when looking over the portfolios of sketches and drawings in the preparatory craft school. Turning to a jolly-looking lad—"Sunny Jim" the rest called him—I asked: "Have you ever finished a whole toy all alone?" "Oh yes, several," said the "baby" of the school, aged nine. "I will show you my time book if you like." Diving into the pocket of his workman's smock for the note-book, there, sure enough, was the list:

Toys Made.

1 Ladder.	4 Rabbits.
1 Letter Box.	1 Table.
1 Signal.	1 Spade.

and all the times were carefully worked out. In the same way, the central subject of the girls' education is needlework, from plain sewing to elaborate and decorative embroidery; and every branch of housewifery is taught. Every servant on the estate, with the exception of the drill sergeant (a retired naval man) and his wife, is a cripple of some kind, though it is often difficult to believe it; and all are members of the Guild. To the latter may perhaps be attributed the extreme smoothness of working, and evident spirit of loyalty, and that corps d'esprit which every one exhibits.

When a boy is sent out to compete for a post the future employer is not besought to take the boy because he is a cripple, but because he is as good a man at the particular job in question as any able-bodied person. The boys again, when seen off by the foundress, are exhorted not to think of themselves, but of the honor of the school. Sister Grace's view is: "Remember, if you succeed, you not only go in yourself, but you open a little wider a door for other cripples to pass through." No wonder, then, that recently one of the most diminutive lads, nicknamed "the Mighty Atom," obtained a highly coveted post in the north, and when he knew it, he wired triumphantly: "Have

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SUCCESS Business College

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Handsome new premises, best of equipment, experienced Normal trained teachers.

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This Silver Nickel, guaranteed Stem Wind Man's Watch, given for selling only $2.50 worth of DR. SNYDER'S Famous VEGETABLE PILLS. They are the greatest remedy known for indigestion, weak or impure blood, catarrh and also for all liver and kidney troubles. send us your name and address stating you will do your best to sell the pills at 25c a box. When sold, return us the money and we will mail you this handsome watch. We take back what you cannot sell and give you a premium for amount sold. Please write plainly and at once.

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This guaranteed stem wind stem set watch given free for selling 30 packages of our beautiful post cards at 10c. each. Send us your name and address and we will mail you the cards to sell.

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For over seventeen years we've been treating all kinds of skin, scalp, hair and complexional troubles by mail. Our patronage isn't confined to Canada but extends to all parts of the world. Thousands throughout Canada are using our remedies with most wonderful results.

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An Eczema (Salt Rheum) patient in Manitoba says:—"Your treatment I consider is worth more by far than you ask for it. For my part I could not put a price on it."

Superfluous Hair Moles, Warts, etc. always eradicated forever by our reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Call and see us when you come East this winter.

We make the Princess Toilet Remedies, the best preparations made in Canada. They include Creams, Foods and Lotions for dry sensitive skins, coarse, faded and wrinkled complexions, grey and faded hair, etc.

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raised Guild flag high. Won it.—Jack!"

The Slum Child in the Country.

Let me give some of the first impressions of the country as variously recorded by these little slum-children. One little boy in writing his impressions says:

"I went in a train first, and then in a wagon. There were other children with me, and they sang songs in the wagon. When I could sing no longer, I shouted till I got there. There are no trees or shops, it is all wide. They took my clothes off first; I didn't know my shirt was so dirty. Then they put me in a warm bath and scrubbed me with a brush. When I came out I was glad to be clean, for my new clothes were a treat, all red and blue. By this time a bell rang, and I went into the cottage; it is all red and blue too, with pictures and a jockey horse. The first day I couldn't eat much; but I soon took three lots of soup and two lots of pudding. After dinner we played. . . . .

"I was quick, because it was time to go to bed. I folded my clothes when I took them off—they were so good, I wanted to take care of them—and I got into a big bath, and next into a night-gown, and then into bed. No one sleeps with you, it is all to yourself, with two white sheets and a red pillow. You say your prayers in this place, and they tuck you up and kiss you good-night. After a bit I woke up; it was so quiet I couldn't sleep. There was nobody rowing out in the street, only the trees making a funny noise. By-and-by I heard another noise, like a tram-whistle, but it wasn't, it was a nightingale. I got out of bed to have a look round, but they came in and put me back to bed, and then they sat on my bed and told me a story, all about trees and stars. I thought they were telling lies, but after a bit I saw a star looking in at me, and I didn't feel as if I was myself at all, but somebody else, and I was so happy that I was going to cry. But the trees began again, and I listened, and before I knew anything I was asleep. In the morning you don't have to go and find your breakfast, it is there ready for you, and you play all day long. On very hot days we sat in the wood, and they told us fairy tales, all about princesses with golden hair, and dragons, and brave princes with good swords. I wanted to be a prince too. But I got tired of being good. I wanted to swear and fight. I didn't do it, not after the first time; it didn't make them mad, and I was sorry I had done it, because they said they thought I was good.

"The worst thing is that you have to go home after three weeks. If you have never gone home before you think it is fun, you like the ride in the wagon and the train. But if you have once gone back from the country, you know what it is like—all noise and dirt, and your old clothes on again, and something hurting hard inside you, because you wanted to stay. Nobody believed me in London, so it was no good telling them; they wouldn't believe I had clean clothes every Sunday, and never got into a row. But I don't forget it. . . .

The Brave Poor Things at work.

"Every time I think of being there I feel different. I don't want to sneak the young ones' bread from them; I would rather pretend to be a brave prince with a good sword. I don't have a game sending a blind man across the road when a 'bus is coming—they said those games were cruel; they don't even like you to chase a cat. Somehow I don't want to do the things they wouldn't like; they would never find out, but they said they expected me to be good, and I can't help it."

May Day in Slumland.

But as these waifs cannot remain in the country all the year round, means must be devised to make their town existence tolerable. Let me describe one of the Guild entertainments—a Bermondsey May Day Festival. Soap and water were in unusual demand, and whole families washed themselves with tremendous vigor upon the pavement. Those destined to play a prominent part in the afternoon's programme were being bathed in their mothers' coppers within doors. A white frock and cap had been lent to each child, and the mothers had duly washed and starched and ironed them with magnificent result. The children all lived near the Settlement, and, long before the proper time, came out in all their glory and exhibited themselves thus regally attired, before admiring relatives. The May Queen and her two attendant maids-of-honor were the first to appear. They were to be dressed at the Settlement, for this

The Brave Poor Things salute.

was always the order of the day. They waited for the others, who joined them in twos and threes, till the narrow court seemed full of white-frocked children. Then they started off, leaving their parents to follow as soon as they had "tidied up a bit." The guests made a mixed and goodly company—friends of the Settlement, old folks from the neighboring workhouses, cripples of all sorts and conditions, members of the Guild known as the Guild of the Brave Poor Things, and parents of the performers. Many an eye brightened as the long lines of white-frocked children danced to their places around and about the Maypole; there was a moment's pause, and the quaint curtseys of the children told that the May Queen was coming. She and her maidens, all dressed in snowy white frocks, entered to slow music, and passed through the lines of swaying courtiers to the flower-covered throne. There her mimic Majesty declared it her sovereign will that the revels should commence; whereupon the long lines melted into circles, and game after game was played and greeted with loud applause.

Little by little the slums vanished from the mind; the old were young again, and some of the beholders were playing the same game again in memory on village greens. They were little children again. The scent of all sorts of wild flowers carried by the little performers filled the air; their faces were shining and nappy, and the little May Queen, seated high upon her throne, with her maidens grouped about her, was a fit study for an artist. She looked for all the world like a pale wild rose. Finally, the Maypole was "plaited" by mere atoms of humanity, dressed in quaintly flowered cotton gowns and pointed caps; they danced the old country steps with ease and wondrous grace.

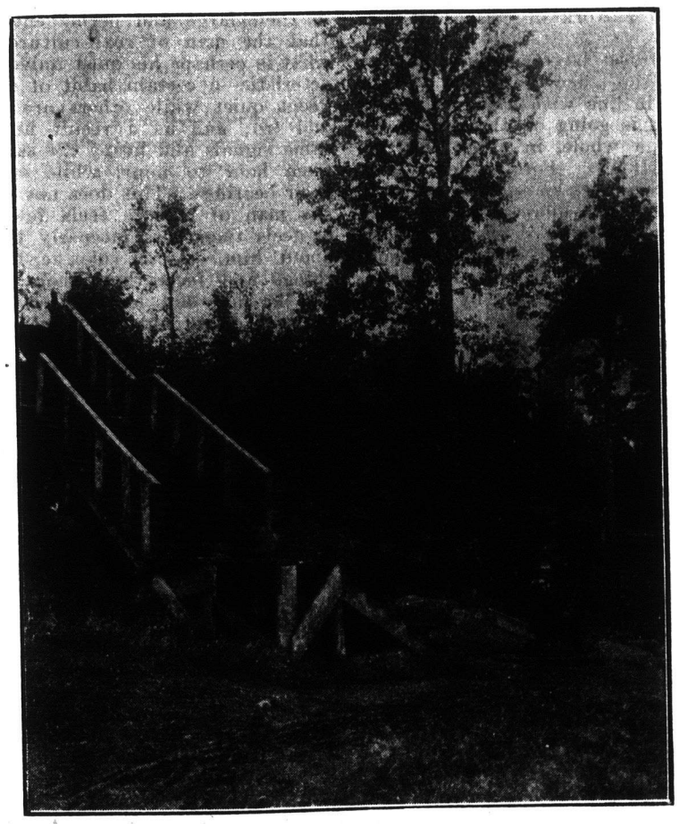
A glance at the faces of the audience, as they followed each movement with unabated interest, was litle short of an inspiration to the workers. Those in the huge audience who had come to show sympathy with such work, and who regarded the Guild of Play almost solely from its educational side, were deeply touched by the great simplicity of everything. The grave significance of this May Day Festival was brought home to these onlookers as by a flash-light. Here, they must have thought, in the midst of the ugliness and squalor of this degraded slum, has the true light of happy innocence at last begun to shine.

So, you see, what personal service to the poor can accomplish.

Birtle Spring.

By J. H. P.

"Cold as ice! fresh from the spring!" were the words he spoke as he placed the pitcher of water on a shelf in the corner of the waiting room of the hotel. On the following evening I heard the same expression, "Fresh from the spring!" My curiosity being aroused, I inquired what was meant by "the spring," and the speaker kindly volunteered to pilot me to it. He led me down the gently sloping streets to the bank of the river and after



descending a broad flight of time worn steps we found ourselves at Birtle's famous "spring".

It is situated about thirty yards from the river and is surrounded by trees—poplar and willow. The basin has been built up with stone and a curbing of woodwork is placed above that to protect the water from pollution. Here summer and winter it pours forth its clear, sparkling, ice-cold water to supply the needs of all who come.

What stories it could tell were it given a tongue! Here in days gone by the Sioux braves slaked their thirst when returning from the hunt to their tepees on the south hill; here the Indian women of the Crees filled their kettles and carried them to their camp on the north bank; here doubtless the fugitive warrior whose feathered crest, legend says, gave its name to river and town, refreshed himself ere continuing his flight from his enemies; here at one time the trail of the Hudson's Bay Company crossed the valley of the Bird-tail river, on the way to Ft. Ellice and Edmonton and here the freighters camped for the night and gathered round their camp fires to tell the news from the western forts and to hear of the doings of the outside world.

Later still, when settlement began to spring up in different parts of the province, what place was so likely to become a centre as this well known ford and camping ground? And so the settlement did grow and the town of Birtle, beautiful for situation and natural scenery, is the result.

The spring continues to flow, quenching the thirst of the boy as he returns from his fishing trip; giving refreshment to the players as they hasten to it from some hard fought game; serving as an excuse for lovers to linger in its shaded recess; and supplying ungrudgingly water for household purposes for the whole town.

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There is now on offer the balance of an issue of Empire Loan Stock at $110 per share.

PAYS 8 per cent.

Price will be advanced early in the new year.

Apply to :

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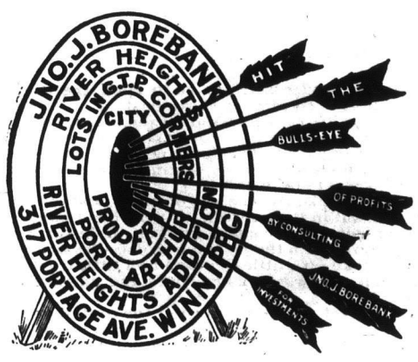

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- Locomotive Machine and Erecting Shop, 170x612 ft., 47 ft. high.
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- Cleaning Room, 48x80 ft., 25 ft. high
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- Stores, 60x200 ft., 18 ft. high.
- Oil House, 40x60 ft., 15 ft. high.
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- Engine House, 170 fr. radius, 1065 ft. circumference.
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- Paint Shop, 100 x 325 ft.
- Coach Shop, 125 x 250 ft.
- Planing Mill, 100 x 300 ft.
- Lumber Shop, 60 x 115 ft.
- Dry Kiln, 40 x 50 feet.

The employees in the above shops will necessitate the building of Stores, Schools, Churches, Houses, etc. Will this increase the price of building lots? Is it to your advantage to buy these lots NOW? Give this careful thought, then ACT AT ONCE if you want to secure one of these lots, as they will not last long at our price and terms. Our price, **$75.00** per lot ; **$3.00** cash, **$3.00** per month, no interest, or **$15.00** cash ; **$15.00** half yearly. These lots will be worth double before paid for. Torrens Title. Plan 1421.

You can certainly save $3.00 per month to invest in real estate which is bound to advance rapidly in value. So get choice of lots early. Correspondence solicited. Write for plans and particulars to

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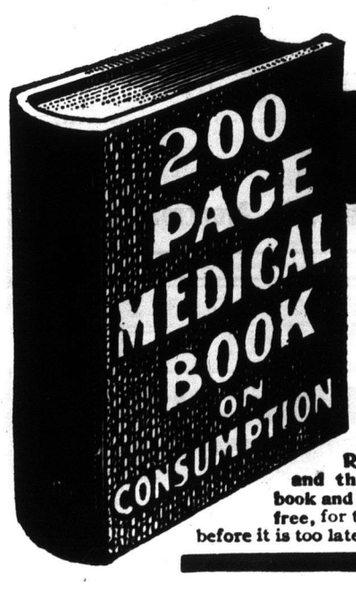

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1355 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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And 500 Valuable Premiums Given Away

Below will be found three sets of mixed or jumbled letters.
The first set when placed in proper order spells the name of a popular fruit.
The second set spells the name of an article in every kitchen.
The third set spells the name of an article we all wear.
Here are the sets:

PAPEL [The name of a popular fruit.]
VOTES [An article in every kitchen.]
AHT [An article we all wear.]

Can you place the above sets of letters in proper order, so as to spell the words wanted? It is not easy, but with patience and perseverance it can be done. It may take a small amount of your time, but as there are cash prizes and valuable premiums given away as an advertisement, it is well worth your time to make an effort.

It is just possible that you may have entered contests before and have not been successful, but please remember that in this instance you are dealing with a reliable firm and that there are over five hundred prizes to be distributed.

Write your answer to the above neatly and plainly on a slip of paper, and send it to us at once. Both writing and neatness count in this contest. If you do not happen to be a good writer, have some neat writer enter the contest for you, in his or her name, and if you are awarded a prize, agree with the person who does the writing that the prize belongs to you. All this may take up a little time and be a little trouble, but the prizes are handsome and valuable, and worth many times the amount of time that anyone will give to the above.

Should you read this advertisement and yet not desire to enter the contest yourself, please point out the advertisement to some relation or friend who might be interested. This is an opportunity of a lifetime, and should not be missed.

This contest is not open to children under 14 years of age. We propose to hold a contest for young people very shortly, but will not accept entries from children in this one. Below is the prize list for the most correct, best written and neatest solution of the above:

1st Prize.....$50.00 in Cash
2nd Prize.....$40.00 in Cash
3rd Prize.....$35.00 in Cash
4th Prize.....$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes, five prizes of $10.00 each..$50.00 in Cash

10th to 14th Prizes, Five Ladies' or Gents' Gold Filled Hunting Case Watches.
15th to 19th " Five Family Dinner Sets (97 pieces).
20th to 24th " Five Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Plated Watches.
25th to 29th " Five Sets of half dozen Silver Plated Knives and Forks (Rogers)
30th to 34th " Five Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver Watches.
35th to 39th " Five Handsome Violins and Bows.
40th to 44th " Five Hardwood Accordeons.
45th to 49th " Five Magnificent Fur Ruffs.
50th to 59th " Ten Ladies' Toilet Sets.
60th to 159th " One Hundred Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Filled Rings.
160th to 259th " One Hundred Fountain Pens.
260th to 359th " One Hundred Sets of 6 Silver Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers).
360th to 399th " Forty Ladies' Hand Bags.
400th to 510th " 110 Sets Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers)

We Have Recently Given Away

$1000.00 IN CASH

And Over 10,000 VALUABLE PREMIUMS

These cash prizes and premiums have all been properly and fairly distributed to persons who were entitled to them. Not One Dollar in money nor one premium has ever been given to any friend or employee of ours.

CONDITIONS

The judging of the above will be in the hands of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this office.

No employee of ours, nor any of their relations will be allowed to compete.

THERE IS A SIMPLE CONDITION THAT MUST BE COMPLIED WITH, WHICH WE WILL WRITE YOU ABOUT AS SOON AS WE HAVE YOUR ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

When replying to this advertisement, be sure to write your name very plainly in the space below. Mail your answer to us, together with the slip of paper on which you have written your solution to the puzzle. When received we will write you at once in regard to the simple condition mentioned above.

I wish to enter the above contest, and agree to accept the decision of the three judges appointed by the Bovel Manufacturing Co., whose decision will be final.

Name.....

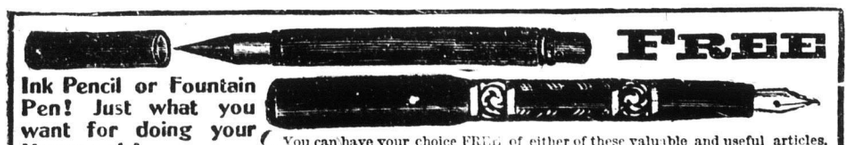
Address.....

.....

State whether we are to address you as Mr. Mrs., or Miss.....

Address:

BOVEL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 31 Montreal, Can.



FREE

Ink Pencil or Fountain Pen! Just what you want for doing your Homework! - - -

You can have your choice FREE of either of these valuable and useful articles, (Made from very best materials, Fountain Pen is **Gold-Banded**), for selling only $2, worth of our vegetable and flower Seeds. Seeds are assorted varieties in 5c. (small) and 10c. (large) packages, and are easy sellers. Send to-day your name and address, plainly written. A post card will do. **The Reliable Premium Co.** Dept. W J Waterloo, Ont. 28

College Education and General Culture.

A GREAT university serves a double purpose. It trains lawyers and physicians, men of letters and men of science, for leadership in their several professions. It also teaches its students to appreciate branches of science and letters which lie outside the range of their professional interests.

The university is at once a place of technical education and a centre of general culture.

But though these two elements are always present, they may be combined in varying proportions. The German university is primarily a place for technical training. Its work as a centre of culture is only incidental. The English university, on the other hand, is primarily a centre of culture. The technical education which it gives is comparatively unimportant. America stands in this respect midway between England and Germany. The American university attempts to meet both of these needs in approximately equal portions. Its graduate and professional schools furnish technical training. Its undergraduate departments provide, or are supposed to provide, for the needs of general culture.

But the American university cannot retain this double function without intelligent effort on the part of those who know what culture means and appreciate its real importance. There is a vigorous movement, whose strength those of us who live in the East do not always realize, to approximate our American system of higher education to the German type—to make our universities almost entirely places of technical training, and leave to the high schools and academies the work of caring for general culture.

Several causes have combined to give force to this demand. To begin with, it is in line with a general movement which is going on throughout the country as a whole, in other lines besides education. For at least fifty years we have been developing our skill as producers much more than our intelligence as consumers. We have been increasing our industrial output without correspondingly improving our civilization. We earn our money by processes vastly more complex and intelligent than we formerly did. I wish I could feel sure that the wisdom with which we spend our money had increased correspondingly. Intelligent consumption is a neglected art. The individual buys not what he wants, but what he sees most prominently advertised. We see the same course of events in educational matters. The learned professions have become more learned; the public has made no corresponding progress in appreciating their results. The physician of today is far better trained than his fathers in pathology and pharmacology; but have the consumers of medicine shown an improvement in intelligence proportionate to that which was offered by the producers? In this matter, as in every other, we are prone to lay too much stress on the training of specialists and too little on the education of the people.

But, wholly apart from this general tendency of the age, there has been another reason which has made our technical schools grow faster in public estimation than our schools of general culture. The men who have had charge of technical education have known what they wanted; they have had a consistent and settled policy. The men who have been charged with the duty of promoting general culture have not adequately defined their aim; nor have they pursued it by consistent and practical means. One group of educators has identified culture with classical learning; another with encyclopaedic knowledge of non-professional subjects; a third with the possession of good manners and the ability to write good English. None of these definitions really indicates what culture should mean to a nation like ours; nor shows the public necessity of providing for it in our system of higher education.

But how shall we define culture? This is a question which even Matthew Arnold has found it no easy matter to answer. Culture is one of those complex things which it is easier to describe than to define.

Increasing culture is accompanied by ever-increasing reserve. The man who has accustomed himself to a complex scale of values no longer trusts himself to tell the whole truth in a single sentence. He takes delight in subtle suggestions, which will be enjoyed by those who can understand the higher scale of values and be unappreciated by those who do not. This is the element of the highest type of humor. The low comedy of the practical joker or of the writer of broad farce, so repugnant to the higher canons of literary taste, differs from the high comedy which is one of the bright, consummate flowers of literature, chiefly in this—that the former deals with contrasts that are obvious, the latter with those which are not.

It was said of a certain English statesman that one maple tree in the foreground was sufficient for him to blot out twenty miles of distant landscape. It is the characteristic of the uncultivated man that he sees the maple tree and ignores the landscape. It is characteristic of the man of culture to insist on knowing and feeling what is behind. Where others are content to be blinded by their emotion, he as instinctively asks for evidence; and in proportion as he is a man of true culture he weighs that evidence objectively. Where others see present interests large and future interests small he gets things in their right relations to one another. It is from this practice (often unconscious) of weighing evidence and getting things in their large and permanent relations that the man of real culture acquires what is perhaps his most universal characteristic—a certain habit of repose. He keeps quiet while others are tossed to and fro; and as a result he sees the same signals and keeps the same course from hour to hour, while others lose their bearings. This does not show that the man of culture feels fewer things or feels them less intensely than those about him. As a rule he feels more things and feels them more intensely. But he does not let the feeling of the moment crowd out the remembrance of past and future, or obscure his sense of scientific and historic values.

Of the public importance of culture in this broad sense there can be no question at all. Without it the people will pursue small things instead of large ones—will be dazzled by immediate success or daunted by immediate difficulties, until they lose their way wholly. 'Where there is no vision the people perish.' This is true everywhere. It is particularly true in a republic like our own, whose destinies depend, not on the sagacity of men specially educated in the arts of statecraft, but upon the intelligence of the people as a whole. In Germany at the present day the training of each individual for his special walk in life is unequalled; but in the opinion of many the training of the nation for its national duties is inadequate, and would still be more inadequate than it is were it not for the compulsory service which every man enders to the army.

The growing complexity of the American social organization the increase of wealth and the comforts and luxuries which wealth brings with it, the development of games and sports of every kind and the great stress which all branches of society lay upon proficiency in those sports, create a set of very distracting conditions in college as well as out of it. They lead the student who has no special intellectual interest, but comes to the college for the sake of general culture, to seek that general culture on the lines of least resistance. But if our definition of culture is correct we can hardly expect to obtain it in this way. The student who looks only at the immediate interests of the moment is becoming uncultured ra-

ther than cultured—is being trained to narrow angles of vision instead of wide ones.

Are there any means at our command for meeting this difficulty in the future better than we have done in the past? I believe that there are.

In the first place I would have every boy who goes to college impress himself with the idea that he is being trained for public service in some form or other. The great difficulty with many of our college boys today is an absence of motive for their study. While they are in the high school they study because they have to. When they go to the technical school they study because it will help them to make a living. But in the college course which lies between the two there is no compelling influence toward study, either present or future.

In the second place, I would have the culture courses of the American college so arranged as to assist a student in making an intelligent choice of a profession. This is not so difficult as it sounds. The old theory that each student had a special adaptation for particular subjects and that the college had to provide as many different courses as there were different careers in life is now abandoned.

If you train a college boy in the methods appropriate to his profession, without attempting to choose prematurely what his exact calling will be or to specialize on any particular set of topics which you think he will use in after life, you can make a course broad enough to meet the needs of general culture and yet give the student a large part of the interest which attaches to professional training. You can teach him to study things that he is not going to use by methods that he is going to use. The latter element provides the mental discipline of the curriculum; the former gives us the breadth of the elective system, without involving us in its weaknesses.

A Straight Tip.

Johnny (to new visitor)—"So you are my grandma, are you?"

Grandmother—"Yes, Johnny! I'm your grandma on your father's side."

Johnny — "Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out!"

Wise Precaution.

An Epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinneed to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is to inform the house-surgeon that this is a case of plain fit;

Two Squabbles.

The preacher was discussing a recent quarrel among politcians.

"Those men threw a great deal of mud at each other," he said, smiling, "and most of it stuck. It was an interesting squabble. It reminded me of an incident in Winnipeg jail.

"There were two prisoners in this jail. One was in for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. Exercising in the courtyard one morning, the first prisoner said tauntingly to the other.

"'What time is it?'

"'Milking time,' was the retort."

Not Quite Tactful.

"Pat Hurley is as good a man as ever stepped," said Mr. Dolan, "but I misthrust the gurrls'll niver foind it out, his tongue isthat awkward."

"What's he said now?" asked Mrs. Dolan. "I t'ought he was getting on all right wid the O'Brien gurrl."

"He's not," and Mr. Dolan looked sad for his friend's sake. "'Twas only this noon she was coming along from church wid him, an' me just behint, whin we came to a great place in the road where the snow was melting.

"'I've no rubbers on,' says she.'

"'Faith, an I'll lift you acrost,' says he.

"'Won't I be too heavy?" she asks him, for she's ploomp.

"'Sure not,' says he. 'Why manny's the toime, I've carried two hunderrd pounds o' lead an' paint,' he says, 'an' you—' but by that toime she was leppin' roight t'rough the slosh, wid niver a look at him!"

Our sixth-year 44-page illustrated Prospectus is ready. When writing for it mention this paper, and you will receive some interesting and useful information on Business Education.

JOSEPH PAWLETT,
Principal.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

Any woman, who uses "Black Knight" Stove Polish on her kitchen range or parlor stove, would gladly pay 25c. a box for it, if she had to. "Black Knight" saves her so much hard work.

"Black Knight" polishes so easily! Just a few rubs, and the stove shines like a new patent leather shoe—and just as black.

"Black Knight" is a paste—cleanly to use—cleans as it polishes—and lasts. You get the best polish—and the biggest box—in a 10c. tin of "Black Knight."

Send 10c. for a large can free postpaid if your dealer does not handle "Black Knight" Stove Polish.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, - - - HAMILTON, Ont.
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "2 IN 1" SHOE POLISH. 17

THE same sized blade, of course—and constructed on the same principle that has made the name "Gillette" stand for the most perfect shaving device in the world.

But the Pocket Edition is neater and more compact. It can be carried like a card case in the waistcoat pocket or slipped into the side of a travelling bag.

It can be carried to and from the office with no greater inconvenience than a fountain pen.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly figured. Handle and blade box either triple silver plated or 14K gold plated—and *blades are fine.* Prices, $5. to $7.50.

Signs of the times—Gillette signs show which stores handle the Gillette Razor and Blades. Look for the signs ∴ ∴

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Office and Factory: 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

LEITCH ANCHOR BRAND OAK LAKE

Interested

We wish to get you **interested** in **ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR;** it is the secret of success in bread making. The use of it gives that pleased feeling resultant from "time well spent".

Free samples for those **interested.**

Manfd. by
Leitch Brothers
Flour Mills,
Oak Lake, Manitoba.

2

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Apartments to Let.

By Earnest E. Joyce.

"There," said Mr. Pakes, holding up the square of cardboard on which he had been busily engaged with pen and ink for the last hour or so, "if that don't fetch 'em, I don't know what will!"

"It'll make 'em laugh, anyway," remarked Mrs. Pakes. "You've spelt 'Apartments' with an I."

"Apartments is apartments, whichever way you spell it!" retorted her husband, regarding his handiwork with the eye of a satisfied connoisseur.

"And you've got the S the wrong way round!" continued Mrs. Pakes contemptuously.

"That doesn't matter a ha'p'orth," said the complacent Mr. Pakes. "The meaning's there all the same."

"It is," agreed the lady, with a ring of disgust in her voice.

"Nobody 'ud take it to mean 'Fried Fish,' for instance?" said Mr. Pakes, evidently bent on pressing home the point.

"I don't suppose they would," admitted Mrs. Pakes.

"Nor 'Umberellas Repaired'?" said her husband inquiringly.

"No, nor that neether," assented Mrs. Pakes grudgingly.

"Then what are you grumbling at?" said Mr. Pakes, walking over to the wall and holding the card up against it, in order to get a better idea of the effect.

"I wasn't grumbling," replied his wife. "It's no affair of mine. I shall write 'Signed, Thomas Pakes,' in the corner, and the people that see it will know that it ain't me as can't spell."

"You'd better not!" exclaimed Mr. Pakes with a threatening air.

"All right, you wait and see," said Mrs. Pakes coolly. "I've no patience with such nonsense," she continued, seating herself by the fire and lifting a work-basket on to her knee. "If you'd told me three months ago, before we was married, that you was going to insist on keeping lodgers, I'd never ha' had you."

"I ain't said nothing about lodgers!" retorted her husband defiantly. "I said a lodger. You'll sing another song," he went on in a more conciliatory tone, "when you find seven or eight shillings more coming in regular every week."

Mrs. Pakes, with her pretty face puckered into a frown of contempt, gave a disdainful sniff.

"I'd rather have my house to myself," she said, groping amongst the contents of the work-basket for her thimble. "I've never been used to have strangers crawling a'l over the place.

"'E won't be allowed to crawl," answered Mr. Pakes satirically. "Leastways, not outside of 'is own bed-sittin' room."

"Oh, don't talk to me!" exclaimed the lady, starting to stitch at a tremendous pace. "I'm sick of hearing about it."

Mr. Pakes, with a slightly sheepish look on his face, waved his card several times in order to accelerate the drying process, and then walked out of the room with it in silence.

"I've stuck it up in the parlor winder," he announced, returning a few minutes later.

Mrs. Pakes, sewing busily, made no reply.

"If anybody comes tomorrow," he continued, taking a seat on the opposite side of the fireplace, and bending a stern, determined gaze upon his indignant spouse, "you'll ask 'em eight shillings a week, with attendance. If they won't pay eight, you can go to anything down to six-and-six, but no lower. I used to pay six-and-six myself when I lived in lodgings."

"They must have had to dig it out of you with a pocket-knife every Saturday!" sneered the lady.

"No, they didn't," replied Mr. Pakes. "Mrs. Baxter used to say that I was as reg'lar as the bank, and that showed what a good 'usband I'd make. I sometimes used to think as 'ow she'd got 'er eye on me for that eldest daughter of 'ers."

Mrs. Pakes, who had been listening with every appearance of supreme contempt, suddenly stopped sewing, shot a curious glance at her husband, and then sat staring thoughtfully at the fire.

"Oh, you needn't be jealous!" laughed Mr. Pakes, noting her abstraction. "She'd got red 'air and a wall eye."

His wife looked at him again.

"Jealous!" was all that she said; but the tone in which the word was uttered would have silenced an even more self-satisfied individual than Mr. Pakes.

Nothing more was said on the subject that evening but, when departing for his work next morning, Mr. Pakes reminded his wife that six-and-sixpence was the very lowest price.

"I shall be in to dinner at ten past one, as usual," he added. "P'r'aps you'll 'ave some news for me by then."

"Perhaps I shall," agreed Mrs. Pakes, with a peculiar look in her eye.

She smiled to herself as the door shut with a bang, and, sitting down in a little cane rocking-chair, began to swing slowly backwards and forwards, with her gaze fixed on the clock over the mantelpiece.

Punctually at the appointed time, Mr. Pakes bustled in, drew up his chair to the dinner-table, and fell tooth and nail upon the meal which his wife set before him.

For awhile he was too busy to speak, but at last, with his mouth full of Irish stew, he mumbled an inquiry as to whether anything had happened during the morning.

"No," replied Mrs. Pakes, with rather an absent-minded air. "Nothing special. Mrs. Jenkins borrowed another cupful of rice, which makes the seventh she's had without paying back; and the kettle boiled over when I was upstairs and—"

"Anything in the lodger line, I mean?" said her husband.

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Pakes, giving a sudden start. "Whatever am I thinking of? I've got one."

"Got one!" echoed Mr. Pakes. "What, a lodger?"

"Yes," answered the lady, nodding her head animatedly; such a nice one. He'll be here about two o'clock."

"What's he going to pay?" queried Mr. Pakes, a joyful smile irradiating his homely countenance.

"Ten shillings a week," said Mrs. Pakes impressively.

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Pakes delightedly.

"Fact," answered Mrs. Pakes, with another series of nods. "I asked him ten because he looked so pleasant and amiable. I believe he'd have paid twenty if I'd asked it, for he seemed to take a fancy to me directly I opened the door.

"'Ow old is 'e?" inquired Mr. Pakes, with slightly diminished enthusiasm.

"'Bout the same age as yourself," said Mrs. Pakes. "Perhaps a year older. But ever so much better loo—I mean, ever so much darker."

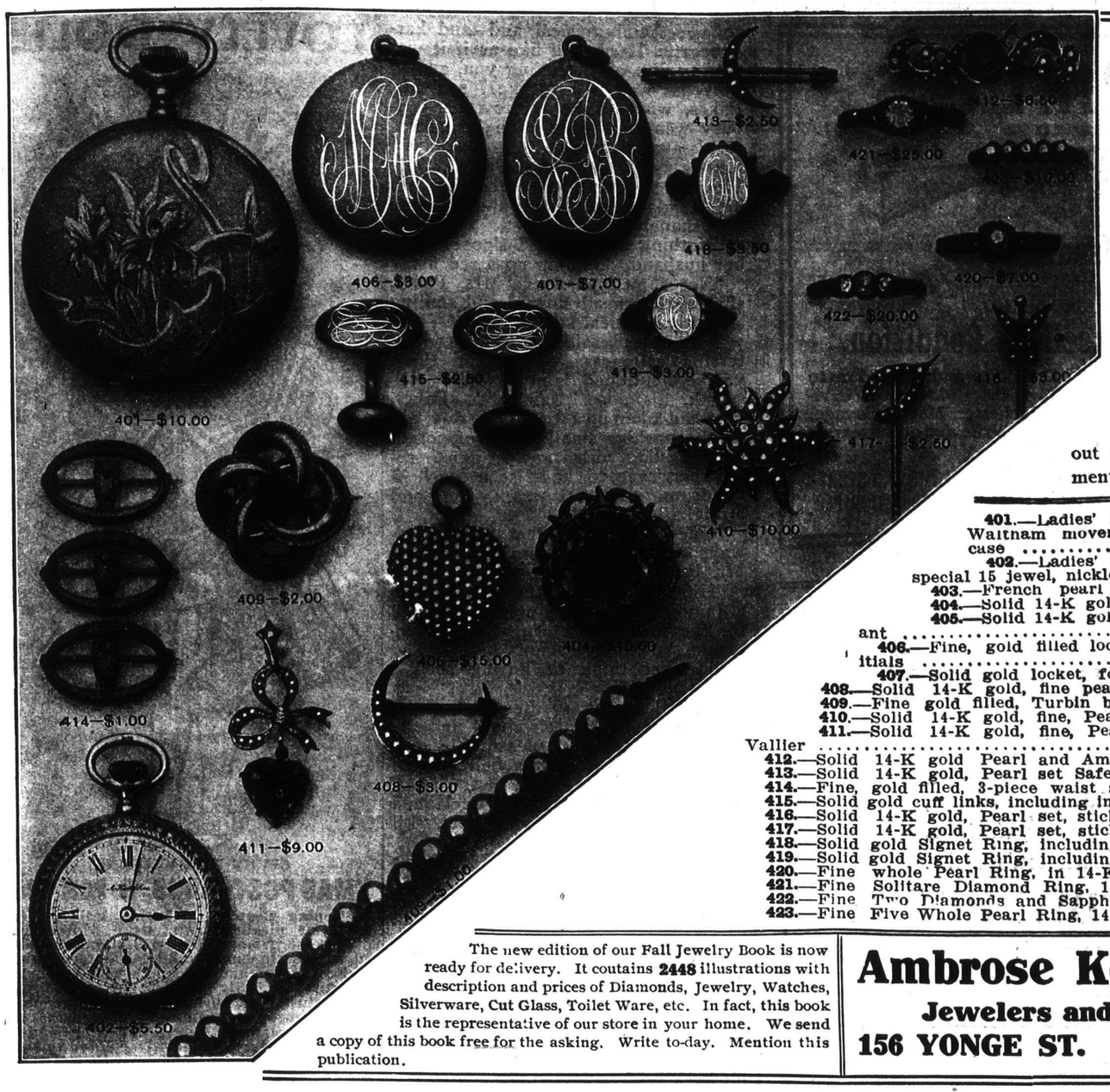
"Bit of a nigger, p'r'aps?" suggested Mr. Pakes sneeringly.

"No, indeed," said his wife, a far-away, dreamy sort of look coming into her eyes. "You wouldn't say that if you'd seen his beautiful wavy hair and his moustache."

She gave a fluttering sigh, and gazed into vacancy.

"Anything else about 'im that you noticed?" inquired Mr. Pakes, after a short spell of silence.

"His voice," murmured Mrs. Pakes, still in a sort of daydream. "It was



JEWELRY OFFERINGS FOR XMAS

The Xmas season drawing so rapidly near, one must necessarily avert their attention to what to buy. We here illustrate in actual size from direct photographs a collection of Jewelry articles which we feel will interest you. Each selection is sent out in case, and initials engraved on any article without extra charge. Order by number and mention this publication.

401.—Ladies' 14-K, gold filled watch, fitted with Waltham movement. Handsome engraved, hunting case $20.00
402.—Ladies' sterling silver watch, fitted with our special 15 jewel, nickle movement. Special ..... **$5.50.**
403.—French pearl necklet ..... **$1.00.**
404.—Solid 14-K gold, fine amethyst brooch ..... **$10.00.**
405.—Solid 14-K gold, pearl paved, heart brooch or pendant ..... **$15.00.**
406.—Fine, gold filled locket, for two photos, including initials ..... **$3.00.**
407.—Solid gold locket, for two photos, including initials **$7.00.**
408.—Solid 14-K gold, fine pearl crescent **$3.00**
409.—Fine gold filled, Turbin brooch, Garnet centre **$2.00**
410.—Solid 14-K gold, fine, Pearl sunburst **$10.00**
411.—Solid 14-K gold, fine, Pearl and heart shaped. Amethyst Le Vallier **$9.00**
412.—Solid 14-K gold Pearl and Amethyst pin **$6.50**
413.—Solid 14-K gold, Pearl set Safety Pin **$2.50**
414.—Fine, gold filled, 3-piece waist set. For set **$1.00**
415.—Solid gold cuff links, including initials. Per pair **$2.50**
416.—Solid 14-K gold, Pearl set, stick pin **$3.00**
417.—Solid 14-K gold, Pearl set, stick pin **$2.50**
418.—Solid gold Signet Ring, including initials **$3.50**
419.—Solid gold Signet Ring, including initials **$3.00**
420.—Fine whole Pearl Ring, in 14-K mounting **$7.00**
421.—Fine Solitare Diamond Ring, 14-K mounting **$25.00**
422.—Fine Two Diamonds and Sapphire Ring, 14-K mounting **$20.00**
423.—Fine Five Whole Pearl Ring, 14-K Mounting **$10.00**

The new edition of our Fall Jewelry Book is now ready for delivery. It coutains **2448** illustrations with description and prices of Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Cut Glass, Toilet Ware, etc. In fact, this book is the representative of our store in your home. We send a copy of this book free for the asking. Write to-day. Mention this publication.

Ambrose Kent & Sons, Ltd.
Jewelers and Diamond Merchants
156 YONGE ST. TORONTO

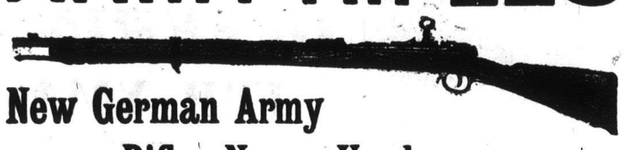
AN INSPECTION THAT DOES NOT INSPECT

In all the country papers much space has been given to the statement issued by the Grain Growers' Association as to the wonderful things that they were accomplishing in checking the inspection of wheat in the Winnipeg yards, but few, if any, papers have given any space to the other side of the story, viz., just what that inspection amounts to. The Grain Growers' Association is maintaining two men in each railway yard, one for night and one for day. What do these men do? They stand about and wait while government men open the car, the stabbers mount the ladders, stab the car, lay the samples in regular order on the canvas, and compare the wheat to see that there is no plugging, mix the sample and fill the Government sample bag. Then the Grain Growers' Association men may take a sample from the drawn sample remaining in the canvas. At this season of the year the government is working nine men in the day time and twelve at night. They work in gangs of three in the day and four at night. If a train of fifty cars comes in at night there would be three gangs of four men each working on it, one to open and close the cars, two stabbers and one man in charge, whose duty it is to fill the sample bag.

The representative of the Grain Growers' Grain Association is only allowed to have a sample from cars consigned to the Grain Growers' Grain Company; these cars may be located at different points in the train, and it is hardly likely that any two of them will come together, it will not be possible therefore for him always to see the sample taken, and unless he is more than usually agile it will not be possible for him to be present at all the cars and get samples before the cars are closed, for there is no time to be lost when 600 or 700 cars must be inspected in the twenty-four hours. Suppose he does not secure a sample of a car and suppose the shipper of that particular car takes exception to the Government grading, what is likely to happen? Will the Grain Growers' Association, after its proud boast that every car consigned to the Grain Growers' Grain Company is sampled by its representative, admit to the shipper that no sample was secured from his car? Not likely, it will be easier to go to the inspector's office and procure a portion of the original sample, which in any event will be identical with the sample that the Grain Growers' representative could have secured in the first place, and should the representative believe that the grading warranted a reference to the Survey Board, the car is upon its arrival at the Lake Terminal, resampled by the Government officials there, and the sample forwarded to the Inspector's office, Winnipeg. This sample together with the original sample is placed before the Survey Board for their final inspection. It can readily be seen from this that the sample procured by the Grain Growers' Grain Company, which sample you must remember is only a part of the sample taken by the inspection dept., is not in any way used by the Survey Board in the final inspection of the grain. It thus follows that the Grain Growers' sample is nothing but a farce and a game for cheap advertisement. Every elevator company and every commission firm doing business has been performing the same service for their customers for the last ten years. The only difference being that they have gone to the Inspector's office and obtained a sample from the car there instead of obtaining a part of the sample from the Inspector's men in the railway yards. All grain men have the privilege of obtaining samples in the railway yards at the time the cars are sampled, but no good purcars were sampled, but no good purpose could be served thereby, and what a fine state of confusion the government inspectors would have to work in if there were ten or a dozen representatives of grain concerns all standing around clamoring for samples from their own particular cars, and all to no purpose as they could accomplish the same result by going quietly to the Inspector's office and getting a sample there. Who pays the heavy expense entailed by this useless duplication of labor?

"Observer."

ARMY RIFLES



New German Army Rifles Never Used.

These are 8 shot bolt action repeaters 43 Calibre centre fire, and sighted up to 1500 yards. Price $10.00 each Cartridges $3.50 per 100.

Swiss Army Rifles in Excellent Condition.

These rifles are 12 shot bolt action repeaters, 41 Calibre and sighted up to 1000 yards, a splendid arm for big game shooting. Price $6 00 each. Cartridges $3.00 for 100. We also carry a full line of Winchester, Marlin, Savage, Stevens and other rifles, in all models and calibres. Write for our firearms Catalogue No. 45H.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co. Ltd., FIREARMS AND SPORTING GOODS, WINNIPEG.

ACTS LIKE A CHARM

Our improved process of Chemical Dry Cleaning works wonders on soiled Evening Dresses, Opera Coats, Walking Costumes, Furs and Fur Lined Garments, Curtains and Draperies; also Gentlemen's Suits.

HENRY BROS.' DYE HOUSE

WINNIPEG Phones 1930, 1931, 7372 MAN.

Our dyeing department is in the hands of experienced and capable men

SOME SOLID FACTS

about washing clothes and the machine to use

Every Woman Should Know About the

GEE WHIZZ

Washing Machine

WHY?

To see it is to try it. To try it is to buy it.

Because ninety-nine out of every hundred that try them, find them to exceed any other washing machine made, and to save 75 per cent. of the labor required to wash by hand on the board. They will positively wash clothes clean without the use of the washboard; this includes neckbands and wristbands of shirts.

The washing can be done on the GEE WHIZZ in half the time it takes to do it on the other machines. It will wash a handkerdhief as well as a bed quilt or a length of carpet.

The washing is done by the force with which the hot soap suds are driven through the clothing. The machine is ingeniously constructed to do this and is so easy to operate that a child can run it.

The clothes are not subject to grinding or rough usage, and are washed thoroughly clean, too, without having to resort to the Wash Board to finish them.

And to give you double assurance, the GEE WHIZZ is guaranteed to fulfil these claims.

Insist on your merchant getting a Gee Whizz for you, and if he will not, write us, giving his name, and we will be pleased to send you full particulars.

MADE IN WINNIPEG.

For Booklet and Full Information write

The Gee Whizz Manfg. Co.

Winnipeg, Man.

Cut this out and mail to us. If you are thinking about buying a washing machine write us for illustrated booklet, with full information. If your dealer can't supply you with a Gee Whizz, let us know his name. Address **The Gee Whizz Manfg. Co.**, Dept. WH.M., **Winnipeg, Man.**

so sweet and musical and—and haristocratic. It seemed like as if it was petting you, and stroking you, and—"

"What was 'is fists like?" said Mr. Pakes, whose tendency towards jealousy was almost as strongly marked as his avariciousness.

"His fists?" said Mrs. Pakes. "Oh, I didn't see his fists, of course; but his hands were beautiful—so white and shapely."

"Nothing like mine, I s'pose?" said her husband, doubling up a red fist.

"Not a bit," answered Mrs. Pakes, shaking her head slowly, and smiling a faintly satirical smile.

"'Is nose?" said Mr. Pakes, with terrible calmness. "I don't think you've mentioned 'is nose yet."

"Ah, his nose," said Mrs. Pakes, who had taken up a fork and was absently mashing small pieces of potato on her plate with it. "I don't remember ever to have seen such a handsome nose. It was so long and straight."

"One of that sort that bends sideways when you 'its 'em?" suggested Mr. Pakes.

"Hit them!" cried the lady, giving a jump, and looking at her husband for the first time during the conversation. "Good gracious me! Who could ever think of hitting such a lovely nose!"

Mr. Pakes was on the point of replying that he himself could find the process a decidedly pleasurable one, when the front door bell jingled noisily.

"I expect that's him!" exclaimed Mrs. Pakes, jumping to her feet. "I'll go and—"

"Sit down!" commanded Mr. Pakes sternly.

He rose and, striding along the passage, with the light of battle in his eyes, flung the door wide open.

On the step there stood a smart young man, grasping the handle of a cloth-covered article about the size of a large gladstone bag.

"Good-afternoon!" said this individual, with a pleasant smile. "Your good lady"—

Mr. Pakes, extending his right arm, pointed in the direction of the adjoining county.

"You be off!" he said, with simple directness.

The young man's smile became pleasanter still.

"Oh, come, come, now, sir—" he began.

"I don't want none o' your airs, and I don't want none o' your sauce!" interrupted Mr. Pakes, with the signpost still in position. "All I've got to say is, you be off! Don't you understand Henglish?"

The young man's smile became positively fascinating.

"But," said its owner, "your good lady—"

"There ain't no lady in this 'ouse," said Mr. Pakes. "There's only a common working woman, that was a cook-general before I married 'er."

"Ah, lucky man, lucky man!" said the other, wagging his head roguishly. "I always wish I'd married a cook-general. Now, I've got here—"

"Yes, I know what you've got there," said Mr. Pakes; "but unfortunately there's no room for it in this 'ouse. Will you be off!"

He shot out the last four words with such intense ferocity that the visitor stepped back a couple of paces, his smile contracting several inches.

"Here, I say, guv'nor," protested that worthy, "there's no need to lose your temper. Business—"

"For the last time," said Mr. Pakes, moistening his palms and falling into an attitude suitable to the making of a sudden spring forward, "will you be off?"

"Oh, well," replied the visitor, turning away and speaking over his shoulder, "if you're going to make yourself so beastly disagreeable, I will."

Mr. Pakes waved his large fist three times very eloquently, and then shut the door with a slam.

When he reappeared in the kitchen he was carefully tearing the "Apart-

Continued on Page 40E.

LOVELY DOLL.

GIVEN FOR SELLING

XMAS POSTCARDS, 6 FOR 10c

Sleeping Beauty; 22 inches tall; lovely dress of pleated lawn, with white lace overdress, trimmed with insertion, threaded with satin baby ribbon. Hat to match; white slippers and stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. Fully jointed; sweet, smiling face; clustering curls. Just like the picture. Given for selling $3.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs; all gems of art; exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 53W, Toronto.

$5 A Day. Why work for a mere living when you can easily earn $5 a day at light work in your own town? Complete working instructions by return mail for 25c. in silver. —Chapman's Co-operative Sales Co., 610 Ashdown Block, Winnipeg.

Send $2.98 RECEIVE THIS BEAUTIFUL SILK VELVET TURBAN, entirely draped with velvet; large double flat bow of velvet; all colors and black. A regular $5 value. Order at once; add 35c. and we will pay postage. Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.

This Beautiful Bracelet Free

This extra wide plain finish, **Gold Plated Nethersole Bracelet,** raised ornamentation in rose gold finish, set with turquoise matrix. We give it positively **Free** for selling twenty-four packages of postcards at 10c package. Each package contains six high-grade postcards printed in colors and gold. Write today for postcards and when sold send us $2.00, and we will forward you the bracelet. When writing state whether you wish all **Christmas** or assorted postcards.

The Western Specialty Co., Dept. F., Winnipeg, Canada.

25 Assorted Post Cards retail price 25 cents, and the latest novelty, The North Pole Souvenir, for 15c. stamps. Agents wanted. —Chapman's Co-operative Sales Co., 610 Ashdown Block, Winnipeg.

Hudson's Bay Catalogue.

In a neat and attractive form, with 36 pages of illustrative and descriptive matter, the Hudson's Bay Co. have issued their Christmas catalogue. It gives almost everything that the mind can conceive of in connection with Christmas giving and indeed makes the selection very easy. Particularly low prices are quoted on all gifts and goods to be presented and particular emphasis is laid on the progress that will mark the year 1909 in the history of the West and predicts that the coming Christmas will be a season of great rejoicing. With the country abounding with good things Santa Claus is assured of a royal welcome and the Hudson's Bay Co. have set forth a most wonderful assortment for his delectation. The catalogue, which will be readily mailed to any Western Home Monthly reader, will be found most helpful in choosing Christmas gifts.

Fashions for Men.

News come to hand that Messrs. Curzon Brothers, the World's Custom Tailors, have now completed their delivery of new season's fabrics for fall and Winter, 1909, and that these are in the hands of their distributing agents, Messrs. The Might Directories, Ltd., in Toronto, and Messrs. Henderson Bros., in Winnipeg. The collection of patterns surpass anything that the firm have so far distributed and the cloths are eminently suited for Canadian wear. The new fashion booklet, which Messrs. Curzons' have just produced, is really a house work of art and shows all that is latest and best in both New York and English fashions. Clients may have their clothes tailored in either fashion, whichever they prefer, and the garments are always sent on approval, since any goods which do not meet with the approval of the customer may at once be returned and money refunded for same.

Altogether Messrs. Curzon certainly set themselves out to capture the overseas trade and from the unique list of unsolicited testimonials which they publish it would appear that their efforts meet with no little measure of success.

Messrs. Curzons' distributing agents will send free patterns and fashion plates and brochure, free of all charge and carriage paid on receipt of a postcard.

McClary's Limited.

An amazing example of a quick recovery has just been furnished by the McClary Mfg. Co., at Winnipeg.

Some weeks ago it will be remembered this company's big warehouse on Bannatyne Ave. was devastated by fire, involving practically complete loss. Exactly twenty-one days later they finished the new roof and a few days later celebrated the event by holding a reception to their staff, customers and friends in the reconstructed building. This is "going some" even for the West.

The very day after the fire orders were given for a new building. The tangled mass of debris was cut away and an immense staff of workmen started in on the record-breaking work of rebuilding. They were employed day and night—masons, carpenters and electricians all working simultaneously. It was the quickest piece of large construction in the history of Winnipeg.

The new building is a modern model warehouse. It has very large capacity, having been erected not only for the company's present splendid business but with an eye to the future. No manufacturing concern in Canada has shown more consistent faith in the West since the early days than McClary's, and Mr. F. J. Foot, manager at Winnipeg, has shown by his enterprise in the present instance that there is no slackening of that confidence.

The new building is as fireproof as present-day methods can make it, is equipped for the most expeditious handling of stock and is in every way a creditable addition to Winnipeg's commercial district.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
The Great Traders of the Great West

WINNIPEG CANADA

XMAS SPECIALS

Below is a sample page of our New Xmas Catalogue just issued. 36 pages of the best special values in Gifts ever offered in Canada. Toys, Xmas Cards and Books, Jewelry, Cutlery, Xmas Hampers and Groceries, Xmas Stockings and Confectionery, Toilet Cases, Needle Cases, Linens, Clothing for Children, Ladies and Gentlemen, Slippers, Moccasins, etc., and all at reduced prices.

If you have not received our Xmas Special Sale Catalogue be sure to WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY. It is mailed free on request.

LADIES' GLOVES AND MITTS

X220—Reynier Glace Kid Gloves—2 dome fasteners, self stitching over sewn, in tan, brown, grey and black.....$1.75

X221—Reynier Glace Kid Gloves—pique sewn, heavy silk, twist black, in black, tan, brown and grey.....$1.50

X222—Ladies' Real Mocha Gloves—2 dome fasteners, in black, tan and grey, as cut. Per pair.....$1.50

X223—Ladies' Heavy Dog Skin Gloves—pique sown, 1 dome fastener, English make, tan, as cut. Per pair.....$1.00

X224—Ladies' Fabric Gloves—Reindeer finish, lined, 3 dome fasteners, in black, grey, fawn, brown, navy and red.....65c.

X225—Ladies' Deer Skin Gloves—Grey fur lined, 1 dome fastener, as cut.....$3.50

X226—Women's Brown Mocha Mitts—fur lined, 1 dome fastener, as cut.....$1.75

X227—Ladies' Brown Mocha Mitts—Fur lined, 1 dome fastener, as cut.....$1.75

X228—Ladies' Long Wool Motor Gloves—silk stitching, white and black.....75c.

X229—Ladies' Corticelli Silk Mittens—in black and white, as cut.....$1.25

X230—Children's Glace Kid Gloves—2 dome fasteners, self stitched, over sewn, in tan and brown, sizes 4½ to 6¾.....$1.00

X231—Children's Ringwood Gloves—white, red, navy and fancy colors.....25c.

MEN'S GLOVES AND MITTS

X232—Men's Mocha Gloves—fleece lined, oak tan shades. Price.....$1.25

X233—Men's Mocha Fleece Lined Mitts—oak tan shades, heavy and warm. Special value. Price per pair.....$1.25

COLLARS

X234—White Open-worked Cotton with eyelet embroidery. 2 in. deep, sizes 12½ to 14. Price.....15c.

X235—White Linen Collar—embroidered in pretty floral design, 2½ in. deep, sizes 12½ to 14.....25c.

X236—White Stock—made of linen and fine embroidery, all one piece.....35c.

X237—Fine White Linen Stock—with dainty embroidered tie ends. Price.....40c.

X238—Ladies' Lace Collar—made of heavy guipure lace, in white only.....50c.

X239—Ladies' Wash Collar—made of finest eyelet embroidery and Irish crochet lace, very dainty. Price.....85c.

X408—Other pretty styles at.....75c.

X240—Ladies' Fancy Collar—prettily designed, of folded chiffon, trimmed with lace applique, laced through with gold braid and dotted with white pearls, deep frill to finish in colors, white, sky and pink. Price $1.00
Other pretty styles.....50c., 75c. and 85c.

X241—Jabot—made from fine net, trimmed with val. lace, in white only.....35c.

X242 Ladies' Jabot—of fine lawn trimmed baby Irish lace, nice to wear with plain shirt waist. Washes well.....50c.

X243—Ladies' White Wash Bow—made of fine net and edged with val. lace shield to fasten on to collar. Price.....35c.

X410—Other styles at.....25c.

LADIES' HOSE

X249—Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose—full fashioned, seamless, spliced heel, double toe, also ribbed. Five pairs for.....$1.00

X250—Women's Black Cashmere Hose—fashioned leg, seamless feet.....50c.

X251—Ladies' Best Black Llama Wool Hose—as cut. Per pair.....60c.

X252—Ladies' Black All Wool Cashmere Hose—Size 8½ to 10. Per pair.....75c.

X253—Ladies' Ingrain Spun Silk Hose—in black only. Per pair.....$1.25

X254—Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose—embroidered silk fronts in white, sky, pink and gold, as per cut.....50c.

X255—Ladies' Black Wool Cashmere Hose—embroidered silk frout in black and white, black and blue, etc. In sizes 9 and 9½, as per cut. Per pair.....75c.

X256—Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose—in fancy colored embroidered silk front, as cut. Per pair.....75c.

X257—Ladies' Cashmere Hose—in black, navy, green and tan, with fancy colored silk stripes, as per cut.....85c.

X258—Ladies' Silk Spun Hose—lace clock, in black, tan, sky, pink, yellow and cream, as per cut. Per pair.....$1.25

X259—Ladies' Ingrain Black Silk Hose—with colored emb. clock in white, green, helio and pale blue, as per cut.....$3.50

BELTS

X260—Elastic and Kid Belt—fastened with gilt, silver or black buckle. Colors black, navy and green. Price.....50c.

X261—Good Plain Elastic Belt—in colors, black, taupe, navy and brown, pretty gilt buckle. Special price.....50c.

X262—Steel Studded Elastic Belt—in black only, neat steel buckle.....$1.25

X263—Ribbed Elastic Belt—two and a half inches wide, pretty gilt or oxidized buckle in colors, green, brown, white, cream grey and navy.....$1.50

X264—Ladies' Silk Elastic Belt—in ribbed style, pretty gilt buckle, very smart. In colors, brown grey, green, champagne, black and white. Price.....$2.75

X265—Kid Belt—strong and durable, pretty colored, jewelled buckle. Colors brown, tan, navy and black. Price.....50c.

X626—Braided Silk Belt—tailored style, new braiding effect, black enamel buckle, in black only. Special.....75c.

X267—New Gold Belt—Studded with jewels or designed in lovers' knot pattern. Very stylish. Special.....$2.00

X244—Ladies' Bows—made of duchess satin. Colors black, navy, brown, red, green and grey, linen colors. Price.....25c.

X245—Satin Bows—to be worn with tailored waists. Colors black, navy, brown, red, green and grey. Price.....40c.

X246—Silk Covered Feather Bone Collar Supports—per set.....5c.

X247—White Lawn Tourist Frilling—3 yds. in box. Price per box.....15c.

X248—Box of Ruching—five frills in box, white and assorted. Per box.....25c.

X411—Four frills in box, white and assorted. Price per box.....20c.

ORDER BY NUMBER. ALL MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
The Great Traders of the Great West.
INCORPORATED A.D. 1670.

WINNIPEG CANADA

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Development.

The development of Western Canada is best indicated by the extension of its transportation facilities. Twenty-five years ago the prairies knew not the railway. Ten years ago only a single pair of steel rails crossed the plains. Today the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific tracks penetrate to the foot-hills of the Rockies, and the Canadian Pacific has a second line across the prairie well forward toward completion. This is speaking only of the lines spanning Western Canada clear across, and says nothing of the network of other lines. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has just been saying that the time for double tracking the original main line of the Canadian Pacific is already in sight. When that is done the first pair of steel rails from the Red River to the Rockies will have been increased to five.

The Gambling Evil.

Representatives of churches are not the only people who are to the front in the present vigorous agitation which is being carried on in Eastern Canada against gambling, and "especially" against legalized gambling at race tracks, against which the Dominion Parliament is to be asked to pass stringent legislation at its approaching session. The general manager of the Traders' Bank, Mr. Strathy, declares in emphatic language that betting has a most demoralizing effect and that the more restrictions with which it can be hedged around the better for the community. "Man was intended to earn his living, not to gain it by gambling," says Mr. Strathy, adding that every employee of a bank knows that gambling means the forfeiting of his position. "It is an insidious vice," says President Falconer, of Toronto University, "and everything possible should be done to check it and root it out." The Dominion's law-makers in Parliament assembled, should devote earnest thought to the work of framing effectual legislation against this great evil.

We Should Have Canadian Gold Coins.

To the end that for the greater convenience of the public there should be a gold currency in Canada, the City Council of Toronto has sent the Dominion Government a memorial praying for an addition to the present Canadian coinage, to consist of gold pieces, $20, $10 and $5. The government is also requested to consider the advisability of issuing a larger five-cent piece, and a smaller one-cent piece. In acceding to the request for the issue of a Canadian gold coinage the Government will be well-advised. The issue of gold coins, minted in Canada of Canadian gold, or any gold for that matter, would be a matter for legitimate national pride. Apart fom that, the gold coin is a convenient medium of exchange. It has the actual value, and it has also the great advantage of a cleanliness which a bank-note possesses only when it is new. A very great deal of our Canadian money is filthy lucre, indeed! The Dominion Government would be justified in providing for an issue of gold coins as soon as the necessary arrangement can be made. As to the five-cent and one-cent pieces, it is a fact that the present five-cent piece is inconveniently small. A somewhat larger coin could be handled more easily, and with less chance of loss. But the present copper cent is of a good convenient size and weight, easily handled and of excellent design. It needs no alteration.

Australia's Land Problem.

Within the boundaries of the Commonwealth of Australia there are more than five hundred million acres of arable land. That is considerably more than the area of agricultural land in this country. That vast empire at the Antipodes is tenanted by only four and a quarter million people, or not much more than half the population of Canada. It would seem that in Australia there would be no land problem, since there is good land enough to give every man, woman and child in the country a homestead. Nevertheless the young Commonwealth has its land problem. Australia is largely in the hands of a land monopoly. The sheep raisers got in and possessed the land before the agriculturists came. Their sheep roam over the best lands on the continent. There are also large areas taken up in cattle ranches. Cold storage arrangements on ocean vessels open the insatiable markets of the motherland to Australian meat products. The cattle and sheep raisers, occupying lands suitable for the plow, are content. They refuse to till or sell. They maintain a sort of landlordism as bad as anything in Europe. They are keeping the Commonwealth from growing and taking her place, like Canada, among the nations of the earth. But now that the federation of the six Australian colonies has got itself in good working order, the land monopoly is doomed. A progressive land tax has become a leading issue in Federal politics, and the Legislatures of all the States of the Commonwealth are also after the land monopoly with laws of compulsory purchase and special taxation. The growth of a national consciousness and its accompanying lively patriotism are making themselves very decidedly manifest in this young sister of the Empire family of democracies. The land monopolists will not be allowed to squat much longer in the path of immigration and development.

Fight a Good Fight.

The wife of a former Governor-General of Canada, who is now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, made an unanswerable reply to the City Council of Dublin a couple of weeks ago. The wortny aldermen of the Irish capital passed a resolution requesting Lady Aberdeen to discontinue the anti-tuberculosis crusade which she is carrying on in Ireland, on the ground that it was creating a scare and becoming harmful to the industrial welfare of the country. Lady Aberdeen wrote in reply that the crusade owed its origin to the reiterated warnings of the medical profession in Ireland, based on the official statistics of the ravages of consumption, and that it was not within the power of any individual to stop the crusade. "It is being carried on," wrote Lady Aberdeen, "not only here but in every enlightened country, and people generally are becoming so fully instructed in the matter that they would only avoid those countries where no preventative or curative measures are taken." One of the aldermen had the grace to propose a letter of thanks to Lady Aberdeen for her letter and her good work, but his motion was defeated by a vote of twenty-four to twenty-two. The twenty-two are to be congratulated upon their enlightenment. In our own country the interest of the public at large is being more and more enlisted in the beneficient warfare against that dread enemy of humanity, consumption.

The Forces Underneath in Europe.

The "demonstration" by a few hundred men in Winnipeg who marched in procession to the square behind the City Hall and passed a resolution denouncing the Spanish Government for the execution of Ferrer was a tame enough proceeding, and so absolutely devoid of any shadow of hostility to the established institutions of this country and this Empire that no Canadian would dream of regarding it with disquiet. But civilization had just been startled by the happenings in Europe that had given evidence of the forces underneath in the old world. Ferrer's execution, following upon his "trial" by a secret court-martial, had provoked an outburst of savage wrath in Paris, but Paris is so very emotional that the world was only mildly surprised at that. But soon it became evident that Paris was not alone. There were similar demonstrations in nearly every capital of continental Europe. There was angry controversy, ending in blows, in the Spanish Parliament. There was rioting in several Italian cities, there was outcry and menace in nearly every large city on the continent; and there were demonstrations in London, in New York and in Havana. The amazing thing is that so many thousands, in places so far apart, were pepared to hear and cheer the percepts of hate, the counsels of destruction. Upon what does such a force thrive? Upon conditions which we in Canada do not know. By the violence of the outbreaks of the force underneath we may gauge the intensity of the pressure. It is not a pleasant thing to think about.

The Witness Oath.

In Great Britain it is no longer necessary for a witness in court to "kiss the Book" in taking the oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. An act has been passed by the British Parliament providing that hereafter witnesses shall be sworn with hand uplifted, unless he voluntarily demands to be sworn in the old way. The reason for the passing this law is that in Great Britain, as in this country, the Testaments used for swearing witnesses invariably are allowed to become so unclean that it is positively insanitary to touch the lips to them. "Fewer people hereafter will avail themselves of the option to "kiss the Book," says the British Law Journal, "than have heretofore exercised the right to be sworn with uplifted hand. That right has not been more generally claimed for the reason that the majority of witnesses, however great their dislike to the insanitary oath, have been unwilling to make themselves conspicuous in a court of justice by making an unusual request." In France the judge says: "You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and the witness, lifting up his right hand, says "I swear." This will be the ceremony in British courts of justice hereafter. In Austria the witness says, with uplifted hand: "I swear by God the Almighty and All Wise that I will speak the pure and full truth, and nothing but the truth, in answer to anything I may be asked by the Court." Where the Bible has its appointed place, it is touched by the hand, and not held to the lips. In Italy the ceremony is the same. It is interesting to note that a Mohammedan witness, holding the Koran in his right hand, bends down until his forehead touches the sacred volume. Breaking a saucer is one method with the Chinese; slicing off a fowl's head, another; and blowing out a lighted candle, another—all representing, of course, the awful fate that awaits the Chinese witness who does not tell the truth.

Ignorance and Evil.

Here is a sentence which the Philosopher read recently in a book by John Morley—it seems more natural to call him that than Lord Morley, as he is now: "There are two categories of instinct and conduct. One includes the men who do what is right without knowing, and know what is wrong without doing it. The other, those who do what is wrong without knowing it, and know what is right without doing it." There are other classes of human beings, of course, but these two classes are worth thinking over. It is undoubtedly true that there are many who "do what is right without knowing it." That is, they do what is right without thinking about or bragging about it, or making any fuss about it. There are thousands who automatically risk their lives to save a life. They do not have to think about it—the character in them pushes them on. There are tens of millions of mothers, and there have been thousands of millions, who have devoted themselves with absolute unselfishness to the care of their children, without thinking about it being noble. There are many, too, who know wrong without doing it. They realize the falseness of the pleasures that lie in false conduct. Also it is true that many do wrong without knowing it. Nearly all the evil in the world comes from ignorance. The violent crimes have been the crimes of absolute ignorance. The miserable people of Asia, that for centuries encouraged young widows to burn themselves alive, as an act of religion, were the vilest of brutes, but they didn't know it. Many of the men who are responsible for evils that exist today are similarly in the dark. It ought to be the duty of every enlightened person to force the light in on their darkness. Rightly considered, one of the most encouraging thoughts that can come into the mind is this: Evil is done by many men who do not know that they are doing evil. Absence of knowledge is evil. And, therefore, education, knowledge, using that word in its fullest sense, can conquer evil and will conquer it. There is encouragemnt for us all in that thought.

Proportional Representation.

In the addresses which he delivered while he was here in the West last month Earl Grey took occasion to announce himself a supporter of proportional representation. There is much to be said in favor of that principle. We hear of a party being overwhelmed or snowed under in an election, and we find that this is true only of the representation in Parliament or Legislature. On examining the actual number of votes cast by the electors, we find that the party which has succeeded only in electing a minority of members very decisively outnumbered by the successful party's majority, has very nearly half the electors on its side. Suppose that in the next Dominion general elections one party polls a total of, say, 900,000 votes throughout all Canada, and the other party, say, 1,100,000. The latter party, under our system, might have, say, 130 members in parliament, to 70 members of the former party. But, if we had proportional representation, the parties would stand 110 to 90. One practical objection to proportional representation is that it involves a somewhat complicated method of voting. Earl Grey denies this; but when we remember that so many of our fellow citizens are unable to perform the simple process of marking a cross oposite a candidate's name without committing some blunder, we are inclined to be doubtful about the results of introducing a system in which the voter would write 1 after his first choice, 2 after his second, and so on. Proportional voting would tend to break up the political parties. It would make it more easy for independent candidates to get elected — perhaps. The chief objection to it, which has stood in the way of its adoption in Great Britain, is that under the Bitish system the government is made up of elected representatives of the people, and for stability requires a good working majority. That is to say, in the British House of Commons, as in our House at Ottawa and in the Provincial Legislatures, the Government are actual members of the legislative body. It is different at Washington. The people of the United States elect their president, and he chooses his Cabinet, the members of which do not have to go to the people for election. Proportional representation ought to be tried in the Congressional elections. For the matter of that, why shouldn't it be given a trial in Canada, just to see how it would work out?

MR. EDISON

Says: "I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home."

What This FREE Loan Offer Means to YOU

This offer means that you can have an absolutely free trial of an Edison Phonograph, that you can enjoy right in your own home the grandest entertainer the world has ever known. This offer means that you can give at your home just such concerts as would cost $1.00 to $2.00 a seat in the opera house of a big city.

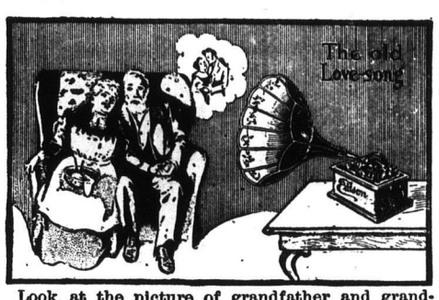
Indeed, you cannot imagine how many uses and pleasures you will find in a phonograph until you have one in your own home. Suppose you accept the great free loan offer for a few days. Send over for a few of your neighbors, of course. Tell them to bring the children too, for there is no end of entertainment, concerts and vaudeville for children and for grown up people with the Edison.

Look at this scene. See the happy children as one of Sousa's stirring marches rolls out of the big new style floral horn. Think how much this youthful patriotism means in making good citizens. You can have just such a scene in your own home.

For an Evening's Fun

And then for an evening's fun with this phonograph which I am so pleased to lend. Everything that is bright and clean and wholesome. How much better than the theatre! Never a questionable joke, never a vulgar song, never an evil suggestion for the youthful mind. Only the best and the cleanest and most wholesome is chosen for the Edison gold moulded records.

Just think how much all this means, and you can have it all free just by signing your name and address. You want to make your home attractive, don't you? You may make it anything you wish. Let it be bright and cheery and inspiring. Let it be a place attractive to your sons and daughters in the long winter evenings.



Look at the picture of grandfather and grandmother, hands clasped, sitting close together and musing happily over the days of their youth. Don't think these dear "old folks" are ever too old to enjoy a phonograph. The old songs bring back pleasant memories, and the old folks can laugh, too, with the liveliest of your romping youngsters when they hear a good, clean, up-to-date joke.

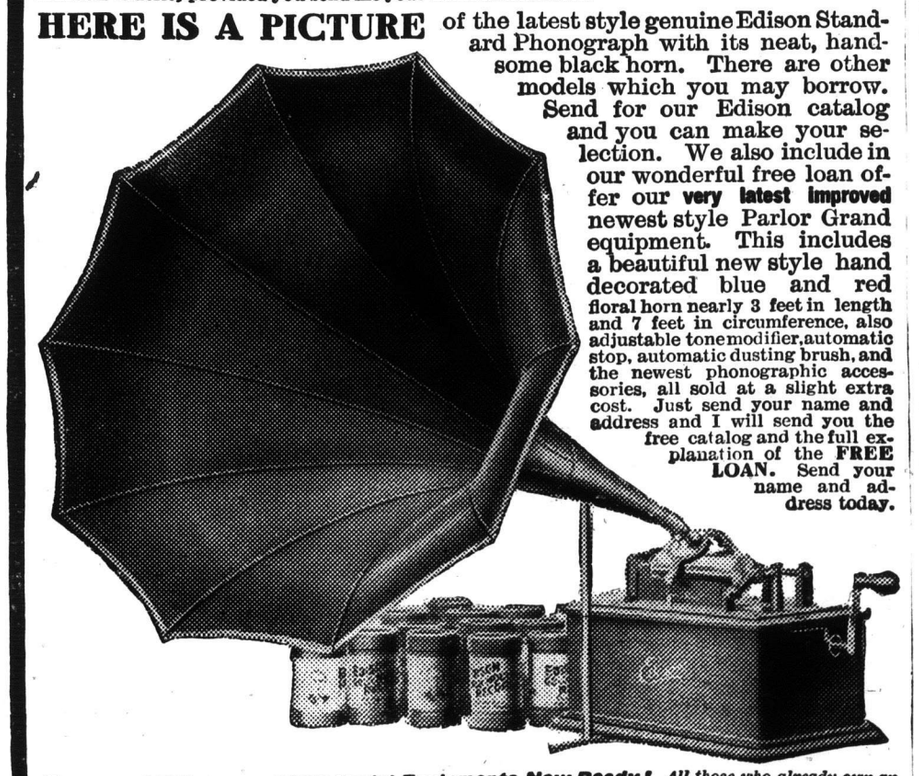
Amusing the Children

We are always trying to think of something to amuse and interest the children. Don't you think "mother" would enjoy just as well as the children, the stirring marches, the bright dialogs, the funny minstrel jokes, the late "coon songs" or one of Cohan's breezy, sunny hits.

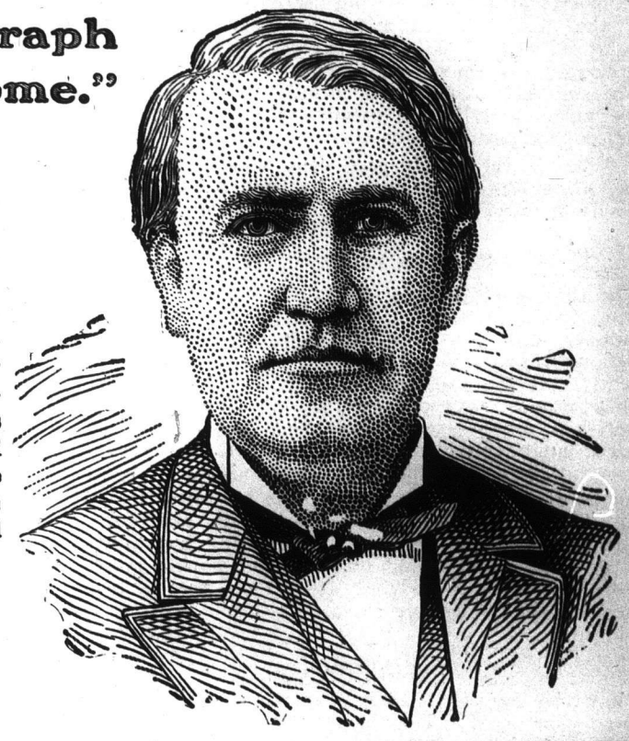
And how about yourself? Don't you ever feel just "weary", not tired enough to go to bed but too tired to read? Put your slippered feet to the fire and sit down with "mother". Let your children operate this wonderful instrument—your 6 year old child can learn all there is to know about the simple perfected Edison in five minutes, and the children will enjoy the responsibility. See how much the soothing music or songs or stories will rest and refresh you. Why don't you try it for a few evenings? Why haven't you done it before? You have only yourself to blame if you do not accept my free loan offer and borrow for a few days at least the "king of entertainers."

NOW, I OFFER A FREE LOAN: So many families have been made happy and bright with this perfected Edison invention, I just wish I could talk to every reader of this paper and tell you how much such a treasurehouse of entertainment means in your home. But I can't talk to you personally so I'll send you an Edison Catalog free and our offer for a **free loan of the Edison Outfit,** provided you send me your name and address.

HERE IS A PICTURE of the latest style genuine Edison Standard Phonograph with its neat, handsome black horn. There are other models which you may borrow. Send for our Edison catalog and you can make your selection. We also include in our wonderful free loan offer our **very latest improved** newest style Parlor Grand equipment. This includes a beautiful new style hand decorated blue and red floral horn nearly 3 feet in length and 7 feet in circumference, also adjustable tone modifier, automatic stop, automatic dusting brush, and the newest phonographic accessories, all sold at a slight extra cost. Just send your name and address and I will send you the free catalog and the full explanation of the **FREE LOAN.** Send your name and address today.



Owners of Edisons — 1909 Model Equipments Now Ready! *All those who already own an Edison phonograph can wonderfully improve their old machines, making them almost like the new 1909 machines, and can also get the SUPERB new 1909 Edison* ***Amberol*** *records, the loudest, clearest, most beautiful records ever made, playing TWICE AS LONG as any of the records heretofore made.* ***Owners of Edisons*** *—write for free circular AA, describing all this.—F. K. BABSON, Manager.*



For the Phonograph, as the reader may know, is the Wizard's pet and hobby. Though he has patented hundreds of other wonderful inventions, Mr. Edison's constant care and experiments have made the Edison a perfect musical instrument.

Read the Free Loan Offer

TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

Several times before I have offered to LEND the readers of this paper free of charge any of the latest style Edison Phonographs described in our new Edison catalog.

Why, then, have YOU not favored me with your name and address—just your name and address—so I could send you this New 1909 Edison Catalog? Address F. K. BABSON.

The free loan means just what it says. You may borrow a latest style Edison direct from us, take it to your home, and let the machine talk, sing, laugh and play for you; hear the wonderful marches, waltzes and two steps, the laughable minstrel show—all that endless variety of entertainment. After a few days of music and merry-making, return the outfit at our expense. That is all. I do not charge you one cent for the loan.

ALL I ASK is that you invite some of your neighbors and friends to your home to hear these grand Edison concerts—of course you would do that anyway. Let your friends realize the wonderful improvements in the latest style Edisons. Tell your friends, please, that on a **special** offer, they can now get the **very latest** style Edisons at the rock bottom price either for cash or for easy payments of $2.00 a month; the rock bottom price (without even interest) at $2.00 a month.

I DON'T ASK you to sell an outfit or to take any orders. In fact, at the rock bottom price I would **not allow** a commission to anyone. If after hearing all the wonderful music and recitations, five or six of your friends want a genuine Edison at **$2.00 a month** (and at the **surprisingly small rock bottom price**) tell them to send their orders to us; if you yourself want to keep the machine either for cash or at **$2.00 a month,** you may; if nobody buys (and that **may** happen) I am just as willing and just as glad I let you have the free use and the free loan of the machine for I certainly shall have **proved** to you and to everyone of your friends the wonderful superiority of the latest style genuine Edison over all other talking machines, even those machines which cost twice as much; and you and your friends will remember and talk about those grand free Edison concerts all the rest of your lives.

Now Without Any Obligations

I will consider it a **favor** if you will allow me to lend you an Edison for your free concerts, and I want to send you now our **FREE EDISON CATALOG** so that you can select the machine you want. Even if you do not want to borrow the Edison right now I wish you would send me your name and address so I can send you our free catalog.

Your name and address, either a postal or in a letter, or on the coupon—that is all. Then mail it to

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My name is .....

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Just fill out the above (no obligations of any kind), mail this coupon to **F. K. BABSON, Suite Edison Block, Chicago,** and get our free catalog, no letter necessary, the coupon will do.

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

Cuss Words

"Hang it" — "blame it" — "darn it"—"confound it" and several other indecent "its" are to be found circulating through the conversation of certain individuals like a variety of wind-tossed newspaper fragments often seen floating down the main avenue of the Metropolis on a stormy day. Men who swear advertise their own poverty. The man who interlards his conversation with hints of perdition —of suggestion of hell—is usually the man of narrow vision and limited vocabulary. A certain wise philosopher asks the question:—

"What is the bloody good of a bloody man using the word bloody every bloody time he opens his bloody mouth?"

He Who Laughs Last

In the secret of your own soul, have a purpose. Cling to it, embrace it, caress it—hug it. Let it slumber with you, rise with you, walk with you, rest with you. Keep it ever by your side. Live for it, die for it—but cling to it. Never mind what women say, or men think. Cling to your cherished dream—your soul's idol. Never let the world laugh you out of the results of your vision.

"A blind fiddler, in performing before a large company, was much laughed at for his sorry scraping. His boy, who led him, saw this, and said: 'Father, let us be off; they do nothing but laugh at us.' 'Be quiet, child,' said the philosophic musician; 'by and by we shall have their money, and then we shall laugh at them.'"

Be Definite.

For the lawyer I have a question — "Do you know your case?" For the preacher I have a query —"Do you know just what you are driving at?" For the man of business I have an interrogation— "Do you know the winning points of your trade?" For the physician I have a question mark, you will find it at the close of this sentence:—"Have you discovered the Law of Life?"

"Armour, the proprietor of one of Chicago's great packing houses, has adopted among other worthy mottoes this one: "I will always risk a man if he is in the dark and knows it, but I haven't much use for the man who is groping around in the dark and doesn't know it."

Work is Worry.

Preparation is the secret of inspiration. Agonize in work and rest in prayer. Have a good roadbed and the engine will run softly. Be calm in your soul even when wrath kindles in your eye. Have your work well planned. Have the details well mastered. Be ready for all possible emergencies. Be calm but ready. Be ready and you will be calm. Says a recent exchange:—

"When the Franco-Prussian war began a messenger awakened Von Moltke at midnight with the news that the French army had taken the field with the cry, 'On to Berlin.' He said, 'My orders are in the desk, in the pigeonhole at the right. Please see that they are issued.' And he slept on until morning. His plans were already made. The war was ended before it began, and, practically, the Germans were in Paris long before Sedan, just because they were rich in men of vision. 'Napoleon the Little' was also 'Napoleon the Blind.'"

He Missed It.

Certain men have a fond expression—"If." If they had arisen earlier — If they had only written in time — if they had just said the word — if it had only occurred to them — If they had only thought—Ah, if it had not been for the If. Certain other men have an affinity for a "But." But times are hard—But friends are few —But money is scarce—But failure is almost certain—But circumstances are adverse—"But" and "If"—and if it had not been for the but. Yea, verily!—

"Mr. Jimmy Fallows, who had studied Mr. Opp at close range, registers his estimate of him: "If there's one person in the world that's got a talent for missing things, it's Mr. Opp. I never seen him that he hadn't just missed gettin' a thousand-dollar job, or inventin' a patent, or bein' hurt when he had took out a accident policy. If he did ketch a train, like enough it was goin' the wrong way."

Ghosts

For a creature whose existence has never been proven the "ghost" has certainly a wonderful influence. What a high place in literature. What a high throne in the imagination. What a terror in the dark. What a powerful personality on the stage. Yea, what a wonderful thing is a ghost. Certain horses shy and certain people are afraid of ghosts: There are ghosts in religion, ghosts in business, ghosts in society, and ghosts in the home life, A ghost is an unseen enemy of whom we are afraid. Run down your ghost and find out your enemy:—

"General Grant relates that when he was still only a lieutenant in the army, he was one day travelling on horseback in company with a brother lieutenant across our western prairies. A sound of wolves was heard, and his companion, more familiar with the habits of those animals than Grant, asked how many he thought were in the pack? Grant really believed there were about 150, but fearing too extravagant a guess, he replied nonchalantly, "a dozen." By and by they reached a hillock from which the animals could be seen, when it was discovered that there were but two!"

Your Religion.

You may be a man of new thought—a Christian Scientist, a Mental Scientist, a disciple of Ralph Waldo Trine, or a spiritualist after the order and fashion of William T. Stead. Or you may be an orthodox brother, a Calvinistic Presbyterian, a holiness Methodist, a hard-shell Baptist, a dignified Anglican or an irregular Congregationalist — whatever you are—be joyful—be glad—be cheerful—be vivacious—be hopeful—be confident. Remember the world demands a bright religion. Remember the words of O. W. Holmes:

"I might have been a minister myself, for aught I know, if a certain clergyman had not looked and talked so like an undertaker."

Personal Charm.

Purity has a charm. Sincerity has a charm. Naturalness has a charm. Unselfishness has a charm. Righteousness has a charm. All these—purity, sincerity, naturalness, and righteousness—all these, set on fire and suffused by love, have a charm beyond definition or explanation. Dr. George Jackson says:—

"I remember speaking once with a professor of the United Free Church, of Scotland—a man of sane and well balanced judgment—about Henry Drummond and his remarkable work among the Edinburgh students. 'Drummond,' he said, 'simply charmed men into the kingdom. When he spoke he cast such a spell about some that for a time they seemed half dazed; when they recovered it was to find themselves in the kingdom. "But," he added seriously, 'there was no mistake about it; they were there.'"

Lend A Hand.

Don't load yourself with the business of the world —but lend a hand. Don't break your heart over the sorrows of numanity—but lend a hand. Don't grow confused because the crowd jostles you on every side, but to the nearest individual lend a hand. Hold that baby for a moment, its mother will not run away. Move up a little closer in the street car—there is room for one more on your side. Catch that wind-blown hat—its owner will thank you. Tell your friend that he made a good speech (if he did)—he is worrying about it. Lend a hand. Either hand. But lend a hand. From a religious journal I cull the following:

"Booker T. Washington relates that being in Boston once he was approached by a kindly-looking old gentleman who, seeing him overburdened with two heavy satchels, promptly offered him assistance. 'The kindly-looking old gentleman' was Edward Everett Hale exercising his favorite motto of 'Lend a hand.' Mr. Hale died June 10, aged eighty-seven. To the last he was in active work as writer, lecturer, preacher, reformer."

The Preacher's Wife

The preacher's wife ought to be the preacher's inspiration. She ought to furnish him with faith, courage, confidence and self-reliance. But too often her concern for her husband's success causes her to generate an atmosphere of doubt and failure. Her fear that he will fail precipitates a failure. Here is a bit of experience from the life of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, speaking concerning her husband she says:—

"Many a time when going to speak on a subject of special interest which I greatly desired to hear, he would say, 'Oh! don't go! I am sure I am going to fail, and I don't want you to be present.' For several years I yielded to such a request, and, anxious and troubled lest he should fail, awaited his return. But he invariably came home cheerful, and would say, 'I had great liberty, now I wish you had gone. The audience appeared greatly interested and very appreciative. They gave me great comfort and courage;' and he would appear happy and surprised. As I came to understand his moods better, I no longer feared any failure."

Be Loyal.

Be loyal! If you work for a man—work for him, heart, soul and mind. Stand up for you employer, stand up for your business concern, stand up for the establishment which provides you with an opportunity to make a living. If it is not worth standing up for—then, as soon as possible, make a change, but until you make a change, be fair, be loyal, be true!

Elbert Hubbard speaks to the point on this question: "If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages, which supply you with bread and butter, work for him, and stand by the institution which he represents. I think if I worked for a man I would work for him, I would not work part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service or none. If put to a pinch an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must villify, condemn and eternally discourage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside damn to your heart's content. But I pray you, so long as you are part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution, not that. But when you disparage the concern of which you are a part you disparage yourself."

With exception of the "dam to your heart's content" suggestion, we would commend the above paragraph.

A Nest Egg

Young man—$300 in bank is not a large amount. It will not make you president of the savings institution. It will not secure your election as the presiding genius in a trust. It will not give you a very high rating in Dunn's or Bradstreet's—but it's a starter. At least ten people will know that you have an account in the bank—and what's more you will know it even if the other nine forget it. It takes courage to have money and not spend it. It is the courage of thrift—it's Scotch foresight. The Chicago Advance says concerning Mr. H. H. Rogers, the oil millionaire:—

Rogers quit educational pursuits when he was through high school. He was one of that great number of successful Americans who cut out college and get there. But there were two things which he did not cut out—work and economy. Young Rogers worked and he saved his money. When he was $300 to the good he went to the Pennsylvania oil fields. It was a small amount of money for a man who died at sixty-nine with $75,000,000, less or more. But it was just the difference that makes or mars a future. The young men who decline to accumulate two or three hundred dollars by practising economy and a little self-sacrifice and then talk about the necessity of a "pull" are not students of the biographies of the money-makers of the day. The best thing that many a young man can remember about this oil king is that he saved $300 out of small wages. It is true that he was afterwards burned out and his little business was broken down, but he had shown so much ability while in it and had gained such valuable experience, that he was given an opening which led on to fortune.

For Young Lawyers

That famous editor, Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., of the New York Christian Advocate, never lets a good thing pass by unused. He has a genius for facts, and his facts are to be relied upon. Recently he has plucked an illustration for young and ambitious lawyers:

"Francis L. Wellman, in the last of four lectures on "The Trial Lawyer," in which he discussed "Cross Examination and Summing Up," at the Catholic Club, says perjury is decidedly on the increase in the courts. If it were confined to the poor and ignorant the work of the cross-examiner would be simplified, but it is necessary to apply as well to the well-to-do, the intelligent and the powerful. He declares that evidence rather than eloquence wins cases; and says that in their enthusiasm young attorneys frequently draw more damaging facts from the witness whom they are cross-examining than in direct testimony. He denounced shouting and browbeating of witnesses, and gave the following bits of advice:

'An unskillful question is worse than none at all.

'There is a distinction between discrediting testimony and discrediting a witness.

'The sympathy of the jury is invariably on the side of a witness.

Put no false construction on the words of a witness.

'There is no art in trying to bully a witness.

''Hold your temper, is the golden rule of the cross-examiner.

'Never lose control of a witness.

A good advocate should be a good actor.

''Stop with a victory,' is a good motto for cross-examiners.'"

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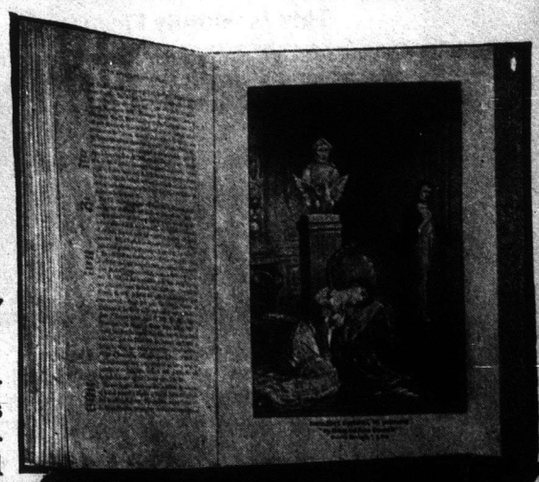

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What The World is Saying.

This Is Simply Fierce.

The Queen of Holland's new baby has cut a tooth —just the same as any ordinary baby. They all have to gum to it.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Hard to Find Lord Strathcona's Equal.

Australia will appoint a high commissioner in London, but it can't find one to hold a candle to Canada's 89-year-old repesentative.—Chicago Tribune.

N. Z. and U. S. Will Arbitrate, Not Fight.

The United States and New Zealand will arbitrate their dispute as to Webster Land. For a moment we feared that New Zealand would hurl a gauntlet at the Republic.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Duty of Parliament.

The one safe thing for Canada is to make gambling a crime anywhere and everywhere between Sydney and Dawson City. That will be Parliament's duty at next session.—London Advertiser.

The West Keeps the East Busy.

Saskatchewan's harvest this year is worth over $300 to every man, woman and child in the province. Do you wonder why Eastern factories are working overtime?—Brantford Expositor.

Great Run in Corner-stones.

If Governor-Generals were necessary to lay the corner-stones of all the big buildings in Western Canada it would be necessary at once to increase the number of Governor-Generals by a considerable number.—Calgary Albertan.

Of Course, of Course.

The Hamilton Times innocently asks whether the proposed merger of the Canadian steel companies will give us cheaper steel. Of course it will. Trusts always mean cheaper things. That is why they form themselves into trusts—to benefit the public and not themselves.—Guelph Herald.

Libelling Toronto.

To be strictly honest, we do not think that Toronto really deserves to be referred to as Hogtown. The people are not such a bad breed after all. If you want to get along with them give them their own way and things will slip along as smoothly as greased tallow.—Orangeville Sun.

As Lord Strathcona Remembers Them.

Lord Strathcona remembers when the three prosperous cities of Regina, Calgary and Vancouver were respectively Pile-o'-Bones Creek, Whiskey Point and an unnamed barren patch of ground. —Vancouver Sunset.

Britannia Rules the Waves.

Of nearly 4,000 vessels that passed through the Suez canal last year, only one flew the American flag. The other 3,999 were nearly all British. When the Panama canal opens the story will be approximately the same.—Victoria Colonist.

Three Long Distance Drawbacks.

Three Vancouver bank clerks, who went wrong because of the races, have been caught in New York. The game of playing the ponies has its drawbacks, in this case, all the way from New York to Vancouver.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Beauties of Racing.

As the result of ninety days' racing at Victoria, B. C., one man has disappeared several thousand dollars "in the hole," and three banks were unable to locate missing clerks. And yet there are people who favor betting on horse races!—Ottawa Free Press.

Some of Canada's Grand Old Men.

"Lord Strathcona is 84," says the Mail and Empire. No. Lord Strathcona is 89. Sir Charles Tupper is 88. Sir Mackenzie Bowell is within a few weeks of 86. It is Sir R. W. Scott who is only 84, while Sir Sandford Fleming is not quite 83. What hale old fellows these are!—Kingston Whig.

Calgary Jocularity.

Everything is coming Nelson's way. They have just held a very successful fair which was of sufficient importance to attract a counterfeiter from Calgary. Now the C. P. R. is going to open a tourist hotel and the necessity of having counterfeit money in the Kootenay town is more necessary than ever.—Calgary Herald.

Canada's Loss by Forest Fires.

According to the report of the Interior Department, forest fires cost Canada in loss of timber $25,500,000 last year; twenty-one lives were lost and more than 2,000 people thrown out of employment. By far the largest share of the loss fell to British Columbia.—Financial Chronicle.

The British Spirit of Adventure.

Within a few days of Captain Scott's announcement that he would lead an expedition to the South Pole, over seven thousand English men and boys offered to go with him. The spirit of adventure is still alive in the Old Land.—Brockville Times.

Not That Kind of Horse.

In some of the English illustrated weeklies we have seen pictures of men sitting astride wooden horses, "learning to ride," in preparation for work on ranches in Canada. There seems to be a misapprehension. Wooden horses are not ridden on ranches in this country.—Lethbridge Herald.

The First Baby Born in Vancouver.

Vancouver newspapers are having words over the question of who was the first baby born in what is now the Terminal City. Inasmuch as the two chief disputants agree that the first baby was a girl and that she was born over 23 years ago, regard for the lady would seem to make an early terminatior of the discussion in order. — Calgary News.

No Grain Blockade.

It is satisfactory to learn that despite the year's record wheat crop there is no semblance of a grain blockade west of Fort William. The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern have greatly increased their carrying facilities. Next year the Grand Trunk Pacific should be conveying grain not only as far east as Winnipeg but through to Thunder Bay.—London (Eng.) Times.

Allee Samee Chinee.

A "Canadian union" is being organized by some of the coal miners in Southern Alberta and the Coleman Miner, which is backing the proposition, gives the names of the patriots. Space and type prevents the entire list. The names of the first ten are: Aldamek, Kopchea, Kubinee, Malatinko, Jankulak, Pytlarr, Fedrriejas, Borseka, Bvosok, Jurasekkelssy. Do you recognize any of the names as Canadian?—Ottawa Free Press.

Ex-Mrs Howard Gould's Financial Woes.

This being ground down by the rich is awful. What do you think! The divorced wife of Howard Gould has been cut off with the insignificant sum of only $3,000 a month, less than $100 a day some months, and obliged to live on that. And that is permanent alimony. She cannot get any more. Surely it is tough, and Katherine has our sympathy. We wish we had her money.—Duluth Herald.

The South African Parliament.

The Prince of Wales, who opened the first parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, is designed to open the first parliament of the South African confederation. His experience in this regard has been unique, and is not likely to be repeated by any who succeed him in the title, unless India, some day, should have a parliament to be opened. The colonial confederation idea that got its great start in 1867 has fairly reached the limit of its scope.—Halifax Herald.

Railway Construction in Siberia.

The Russian railway budget provides for an outlay of $31,000,000, of which $12,500,000 is for double-tracking the Trans-Siberian line, and another large sum is for otherwise improving it. The Japanese may have some thinking to do in the connection. It looks somewhat as if people at St. Petersburg were foreseeing the day when it will be possible to get their revenge for what took place at Port Arthur, Mukden, and other places that became famous when Japan was showing that yellow men could plan and fight as well as white.—Montreal Gazette.

The Question of the Indian.

It is somewhat surprising to learn from the report that the Canadian Indians last year made nearly three times as much from agriculture as from either fishing or hunting and trapping, and that they made more from wages than from agriculture. It may also be surprising to some to know that there are more Indians in the Province of Ontario than in the three prairie provinces combined, and that Alberta contains a smaller Indian population than any other province save the three smaller ones down by the sea. Perhaps it will be news to many people in Edmonton to know that very few of them have ever seen a "real" Indian in this part of the country. But such is the case.—Edmonton Bulletin.

But Capt. Cook Annexed It to the Empire.

Australia resembles the North Pole in that a discussion goes forward as to who discovered it. Capt. Cook, the English navigator, gets the credit of having done so in 1769, ten years after Quebec fell. But it is now believed that Portuguese, Dutch and Spanish sailors landed on the antipodean continent 250 years earlier.—New York World.

A Formidable Triple Alliance,

Russia is going to build eight battleships, a division of armored cruisers, and thirty-six torpedo boats. The trouble with the Russian navy is that its commanders get attacks of nerves. Nevertheless, these preparations for eventualities is interesting in view of the close approachment between the United Kingdom, France, and the great northern power. The French people are beginning to think that this is already close enough to be in the nature of a triple alliance. If it is so it is a very much more formidable combination than that of Germany, Italy, and Austria.—New York Tribune.

The Indian and His Vote.

The Indian is coming into his own. Under certain restrictions the natives in Alberta and Saskatchewan are to be given a vote. It will seem rather funny to have an aspiring member slide up to Man with the Pinto Horse, slip him the glad hand and a cigar and ask him what he thinks about the tariff on dried prunes. The Indian will be just as able to give an expression of opinion as the Doukhobor who has recently returned from a holiday jaunt during which his baggage consisted of an idiotic smile.—Calgary Herald.

Then and Now.

It is yet less than a quarter of a century since Donald Smith pledged all he had in the world, his real estate, his library, his curios, his furniture, everything of value he assessed, as security for the last million dollars necessary to make the C. P. R. a going concern. Today, the common stock of the Canadian Pacific railway is ranging around 190 per share, with largely augmented capital as compared with those times. Less than 25 years ago the Canadian government held thirty millions of the C.P.R. stock for advances made. The stock went begging in the markets of the world at less than fifty dollars per share.—Toronto Saturday Night.

When The West Will Be Its Own Banker.

It is plain that before long the Canadian West will follow in the steps of the American West, and furnish much of its own monetary requirements instead of drawing as heavily as it now does on the East. At some points in the prairie country already the deposits exceed the discounts. It is probable that the surplus thus accumulated in Western cities will, in time, be absorbed in financing manufacturing industries established to meet local requirements. In any event, the East cannot afford to forget that the vast country between Lake Superior and the Rockies will support an extensive population, with an ever-increasing voice in the national councils.—Monetary Times.

The British Squadron That Was At New York

The British vessels are splendid specimens of naval architecture. Indeed, powerful as are some of our own craft, not one of them is the equal of the Inflexible. The Inflexible represents the latest theories of naval science, carried a battery of eight 12-inch guns, and possesses a speed said to be in excess of the Mauretania. In other words, the Inflexible, with a battery approximately twice as powerful as the batteries of any two American battleships in active service, could pepper a whole fleet with giant shells, and then escape pursuit, demolishing the tiny destroyers at will with her rapid guns.—New York Evening Post.

A Reform for Health and Manners' Sake.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is to be highly commended for its action yesterday in forbiding spitting over the whole of its vast system of railways and steamship lines and hotels, except in receptacles provided for that purpose. Some day the people will be educated sufficiently so that they will not require spittoons or cuspidors or whatever they may be called, as they will realize that spitting is nothing but a filthy habit, to be abstained from both for health and manners' sake.—Montreal Witness.

This Avery Farm Tractor

AND 1999 OTHER PRIZES FREE

To those Guessing Nearest to the Number of Kernels in 8 lbs. $8\frac{7}{16}$ oz. No. 2 Northern Wheat

To put in an Estimate on this Big Wheat Guessing Contest, all you have to do is to subscribe to The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer.

The Subscription Price is $1.00 a year.

First Prize Avery Farm Tractor $2,500

COMMENCING November 1st, 1909, and ending May 31st, 1910, "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" will carry on a Guessing Contest open to everyone in Canada, except residents of Winnipeg. 8 lbs. $8\frac{7}{16}$ ozs. of No. 2 Northern Wheat have been obtained, placed in a vessel and sealed up, to remain there until the day the contest closes, when it will be taken out and counted by a Board of three judges, none of whom are in any way connected with "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. Everybody who sends in a year's subscription to "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer," either new or renewal, is entitled to a guess.

257,885 was the number of kernals counted in 15 lbs. of No. 1 Northern Wheat in our Contest which ended July first last. 82,496 was the number of kernels counted in 5 lbs. of No. 1 Northern Wheat in the "Nor'-West Farmer" Contest closed recently. 869,762 was the number of kernels counted in a bushel of wheat in 1903 in a Wheat Guessing Contest in the United Stafes. With these facts to work from you should have no difficulty in arriving at an estimate that will win a prize; or better still obtain a few ounces of No. 2 Northern Wheat and count them and form an estimate from that.

Guess early and increase your chance of winning one of these valuable prizes, for you will understand, it is the first ones who guess nearest that get the prizes. Remember, you may win a prize for every estimate you send in. Ask us to send you sample copies and extra subscription blanks to assist you in forming a club.

You May Get More Estimates thus:

2	years'	subscription	and	$2	gives	you	3 estimates
3	"	"	"	$3	"	"	5 "
4	"	"	"	$4	"	"	7 "
5	"	"	"	$5	"	"	9 "
6	"	"	"	$6	"	"	11 "
7	"	"	"	$7	"	"	13 "
8	"	"	"	$8	"	"	15 "
9	"	"	"	$9	"	"	17 "
10	"	"	"	$10	"	"	20 "

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Club with you, the subscriptions to cover one year. These subscriptions and estimates must be received in one envelope, so that we may credit them properly.

5	persons	sending	$5	get	10	estimates	and each have
6	"	"	$6	"	12	"	1 year's subs.
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The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer

is Canada's Farm Machinery magazine, so called because of the fact that its editorial columns are devoted almost exclusively towards bringing the farm, the farmer and the farm implement closer together. The magazine is printed on the best quality of paper with many illustrations and with a specially designed colored cover each month. It comes to the farmer's home as a real magazine. It is large in size, having an average of about 80 pages each issue and has the reputation of being the most tastefully arranged journal that reaches any farmer's home anywhere.

Its advertising columns contain from month to month the newest and best things in the farm implement line, and its reading columns are filled with live up-to-date stuff for every farmer and thresherman.

The magazine itself is made up of departments, as follows:

SEPTEMBER

Sample Cover. Design Printed in Colors. A New Design every Month.

General Introduction—The first eight to ten pages of reading matter are devoted to some topic that permits of seasonable discussion, illustrated with numerous cuts and engravings. The several topics throughout the year form a series of articles that are worth many times the price of the publication.

Farm Department—Under this heading we publish only live, up-to-date matter pertaining to the farm, and in connection therewith we also publish from month to month a number of first-hand experiences which have been contributed by our farmer readers.

Gas Engine Departments—Under this heading we take up a discussion of the Gasoline Engine in all its phases. Beginning with our November issue we are starting a GAS ENGINE COURSE which will run for two or three years, the same being a thorough discussiou of the Gas Engine and all its parts. The Experience Department will give to our readers in the forthcoming issues hundreds of experiences by men who actually own and operate a gasoline engine throughout Western Canada. In connectlon with this department we also carry on for the benefit of our readers a QUESTION AND ANSWER BUREAU, which in itself alone is worth many times the price of the publication.

Another valuable feature of this department is our DISCUSSION OF THE GASOLINE TRACTION ENGINE, a farm implement to whlch a great many farmers and threshermen are looking with much interest at the present time. We shall take up a thorough discussion of this modern farm tool and will keep our readers in touch with all that is new in this line.

For the Thresherman—We publish every month a practical talk on Steam Traction Engineering by Prof. P. S. Rose, who is perhaps one of the greatest authorities on the subject to-day, and in addition to this we have our THRESHERMAN'S QUESTION DRAWER. This latter we have been running for some time and it has proved to be of much interest to the threshermen of Western Canada who have made use of it. We also publish many valuable experience letters which have been contributed by threshermen of Western Canada.

Our Woman's Department is designed specially for the home and contains several pages of interesting and helpful information for the housewife.

Our Boy's and Girl's Department is designed with the needs of our future men and women in mind. In this department we are running lessons in agriculture, told in a simple easy manner with numerous experiments that the boys and girls may carry out from time to time, deriving therefrom much fun and at the same time a great deal of information that will be invaluable to them later on.

Our Stories are the best that we can procure, and together with our JOKE DEPARTMENT, JUST CHAFF, etc., furnish several pages of reading that will enable the farmer and his family to while away many a pleasant hour.

Every issue of "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer" is a special one, so to speak. Farm Machinery, Gasoline Engineering, Traction Plowing, Seeding, Haying, Harvesting, Threshing—all are ably handled in numbers gotten up in such a way as to lend special interest to these particular topics, and our Traction Plowing and Motor Contest numbers have been such as to bring favorable comment from every quarter of the world.

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2nd	Mendelssohn Piano	350.00
3rd	Edison Triumph Phonograph with repeating attachment and complete with 75 records	100.00
4th	Magnet Cream Separator	100.00
5th	Raymond Sewing Machine	50.00
6 to 10	Scholarships in The Heath School of Traction Engineering (by correspondence), $30.00	150.00
11 to 55 45 Maps	Rand McNally & Co's large colored School Wall Maps with Map of Dominion of Canada, latest survey, on one side, and Map of World on reverse side, each 5 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 6 in, $5.00	225.00
56 to 130	Tabor Stop Motion Speed Indicators, $1.50	112.50
131 to 175	Doctor for a Dollar Pocket Medicine Cases, $1.00	45.00
176 to 500 325 Books	Your choice of one of the following books, each worth $1.00: Gas and Oil Engines Hand Book Irish Wit and Humor A Primer of Palmistry Standard Cyclopedia of Receipts Telegraphy Self Taught Farm Engines and How to Run Them Boat Building for Amateurs, New Monologues and Dialect Stories Twentieth Century Cook Book Picture Making for Pleasure and Profit Electricity Made Simple Book-keeping Self Taught Science of Threshing Modern Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing and Wagon Making Hodgson's Low Cost American Homes Twentieth Century Practical Barn Plans Guide to Successful Auctioneering	325.00
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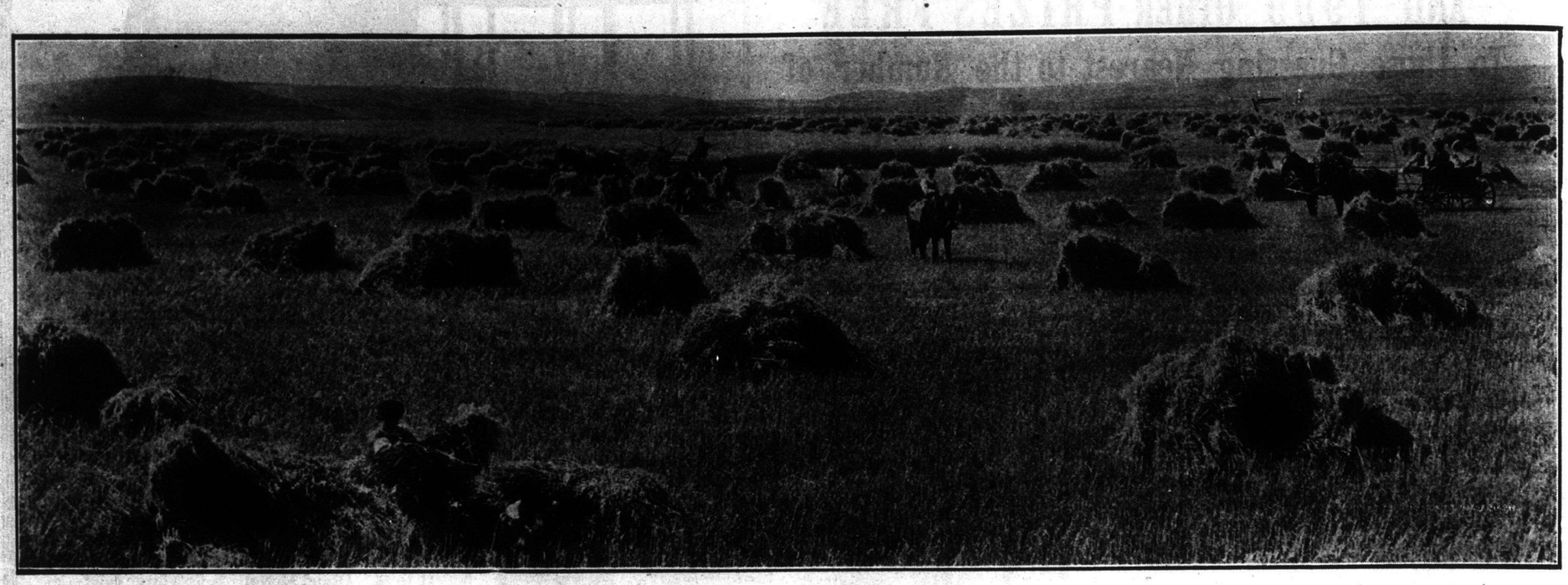
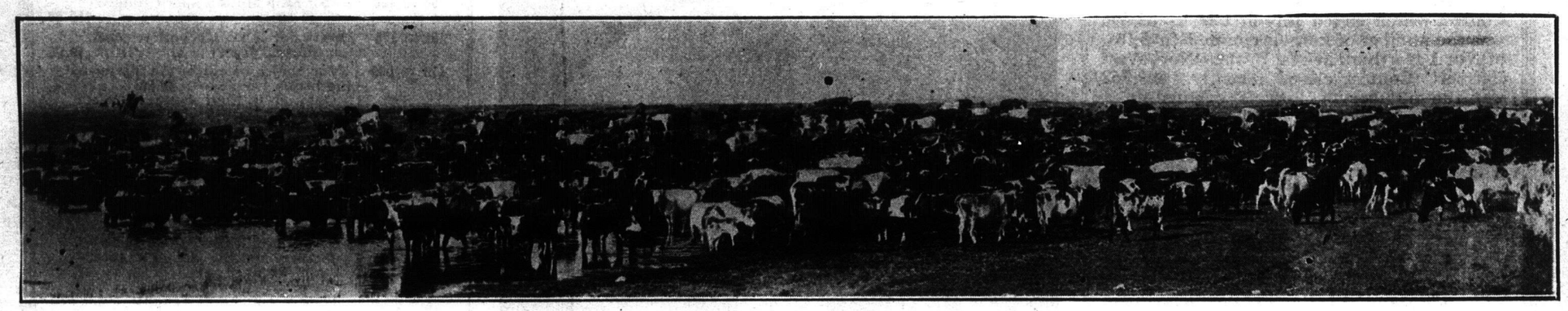
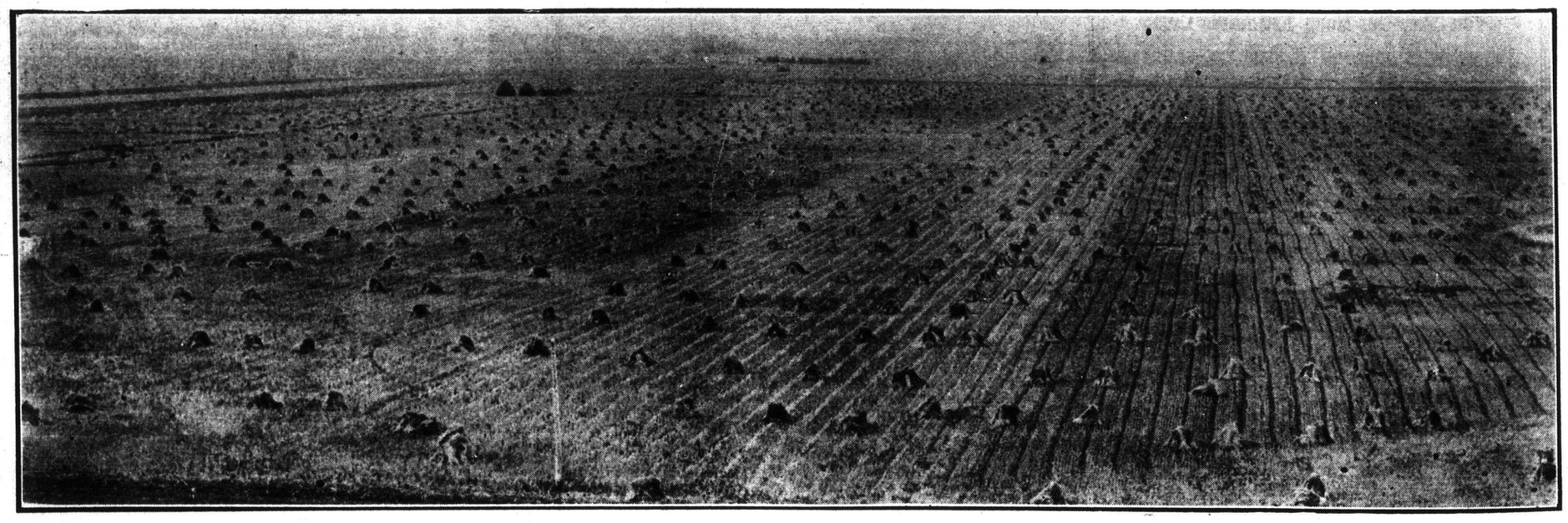


John Hawke's Farm, near Medicine Hat.



Ranch Round up, Corral Lake.



A Manitoba Wheat field, Line of G. T. P.

On Robert Duffins' Farm, Dauphin, Man.

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Looking North from City Hall.	Looking South from City Hall.	Assiniboine Park.	Roslyn Road.
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Central Congregational Church.	Medical College.	Princess Street.	Government House.
Manitoba College.	Wesley College.	Armstrong Point.	Court House.
University of Manitoba.	First Baptist Church.	Wellington Crescent.	Royal Alexandra Hotel.
Grace Church.	St. Stephen's Church.	Fort Garry Gateway	Fort Garry Court.
Victoria School.	General Hospital.	Government Buildings.	The Assiniboine River.
Normal School.	Carnegie Library.	Manitoba Club.	Mr. John Galt's Residence.
Deaf and Dumb Institute.	St. Andrew's Church.	Old Post Office.	Assiniboine Park.
Sacred Heart Church.	St. John's College.	Canadian Bank of Commerce.	Redwood Brewery.
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This is a wonderfully liberal offer, and no boy or girl reader of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY should fail to take advantage of it. To secure TWELVE fine PICTURE POST CARDS and a POST CARD ALBUM for the slight labor and trouble required to obtain one new yearly subscriber at 75 cents is indeed great pay for very little work. Such an offer is possible only from the fact that we make the cards ourselves in very large quantities.

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They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, and do not fail to give your own name and full address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve and an album for every new subscriber you send us.

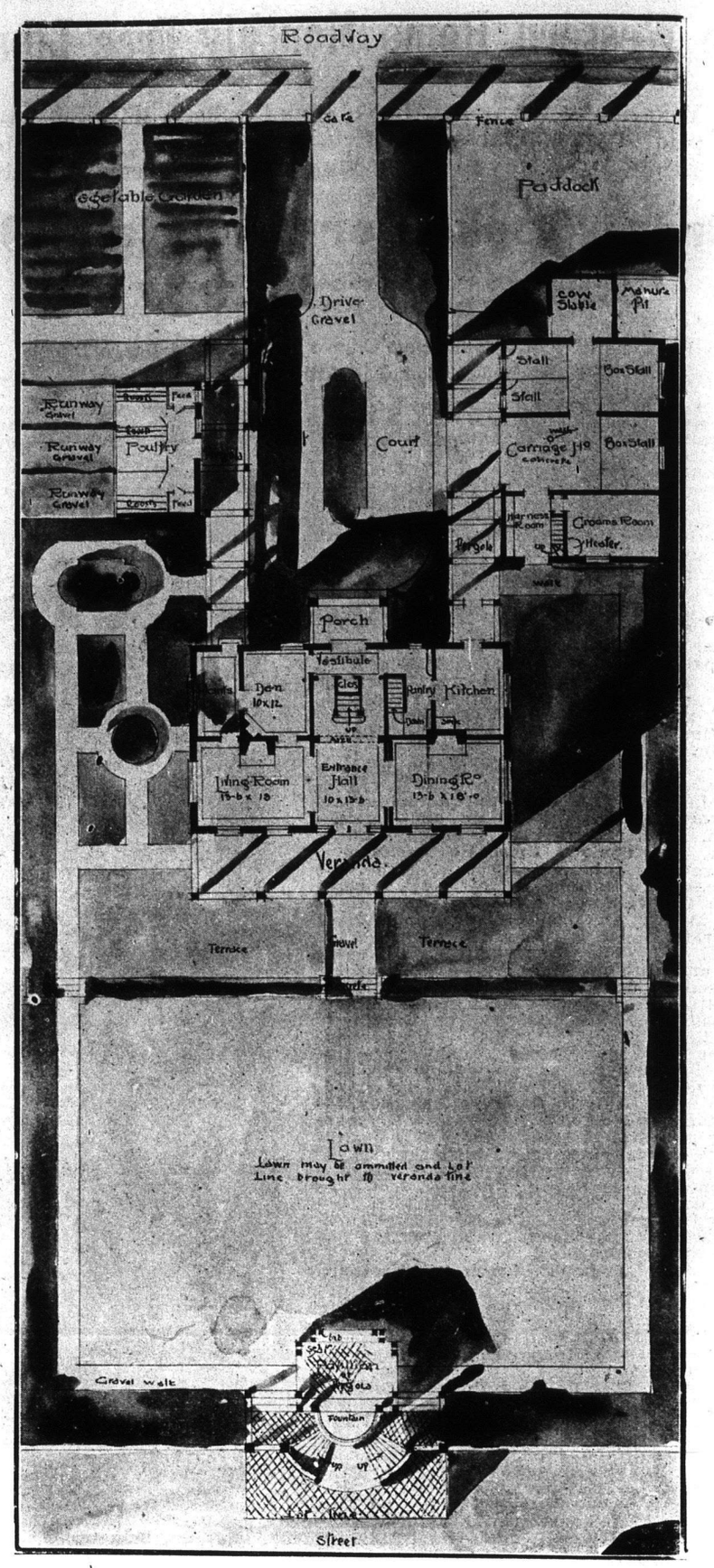
We have mentioned a new subscriber but if it should be one who has taken THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY at some time, and has failed to renew for this year, it will make no difference; anyon not now a subscriber to this magazine is eligible. Please bear in mind that this is a special limited offer, good only until Dec. 30th, 1909, hence must be taken advantage of before that date. You may select any one of the four groups.

Address all letters WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Original Plans.

Prepared especially for the Western Home Monthly, by V. W. Horwood Architect. Winnipeg.

A colonial home appeals to almost every home-lover. The simple lines and dignified air, and detail which is not expensive in the hands of a capable designer, all go towards making this style popular, and it is not only on the exterior that the effect of comfort is given, inside all the rooms are laid out to the best advantage enconomically and artistically. In this plan there is a large reception hall with colonial stairs leading from it, a den, living room, dining room and kitchen. Upstairs there are five rooms. The layout of the grounds is simple and might be modified to suit different size lots having the same proportion, naturally the axis of the lot will have a great deal to do with the location of shrubs and garden, but as a suggestion this one appeals to me.



Making Boomerangs in America.

Incidentally to experiments which have for their object the creation of a flying machine, Secretary S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has had a few scientific boomerangs made. Unlike the Australian weapons so named, they are formed on strictly mathematical principles, and the result is that they operate with precision wholly beyond the best possibilities of the crude aboriginal instruments which they imitate. They return with certainty to the thrower, though, as might be supposed, some skill and practice are required to handle them successfully, and interesting trials have been made with them in the open grounds about the National Museum in Washington.

The National Museum owns a number of Australian boomerangs, and crude enough most of them are — hardly more than mere bent clubs really, so that it is a wonder how any black savage of the bush could manipulate them satisfactorily in the traditional way.

Travellers' stories have doubtless exaggerated the capabilities of the primitive boomerang, though there can be no question but that the accounts given of it have a substantial basis in fact.

The weapon is an Australian invention, found nowhere else in the world; the natives of the island continent have used it for centuries, and it may be presumed that exceptional specimens exhibit the returning power fairly well.

This power is due to a principle obvious in physics, and the mathematically ideal boomerang is easily made. Anybody can make one for himself by cutting out from a thin plank of hardwood a strip two inches and a half wide and two feet and a half long, so shapen in the horizontal as to form a very obtuse angle—say half way between a right angle and a straight line.

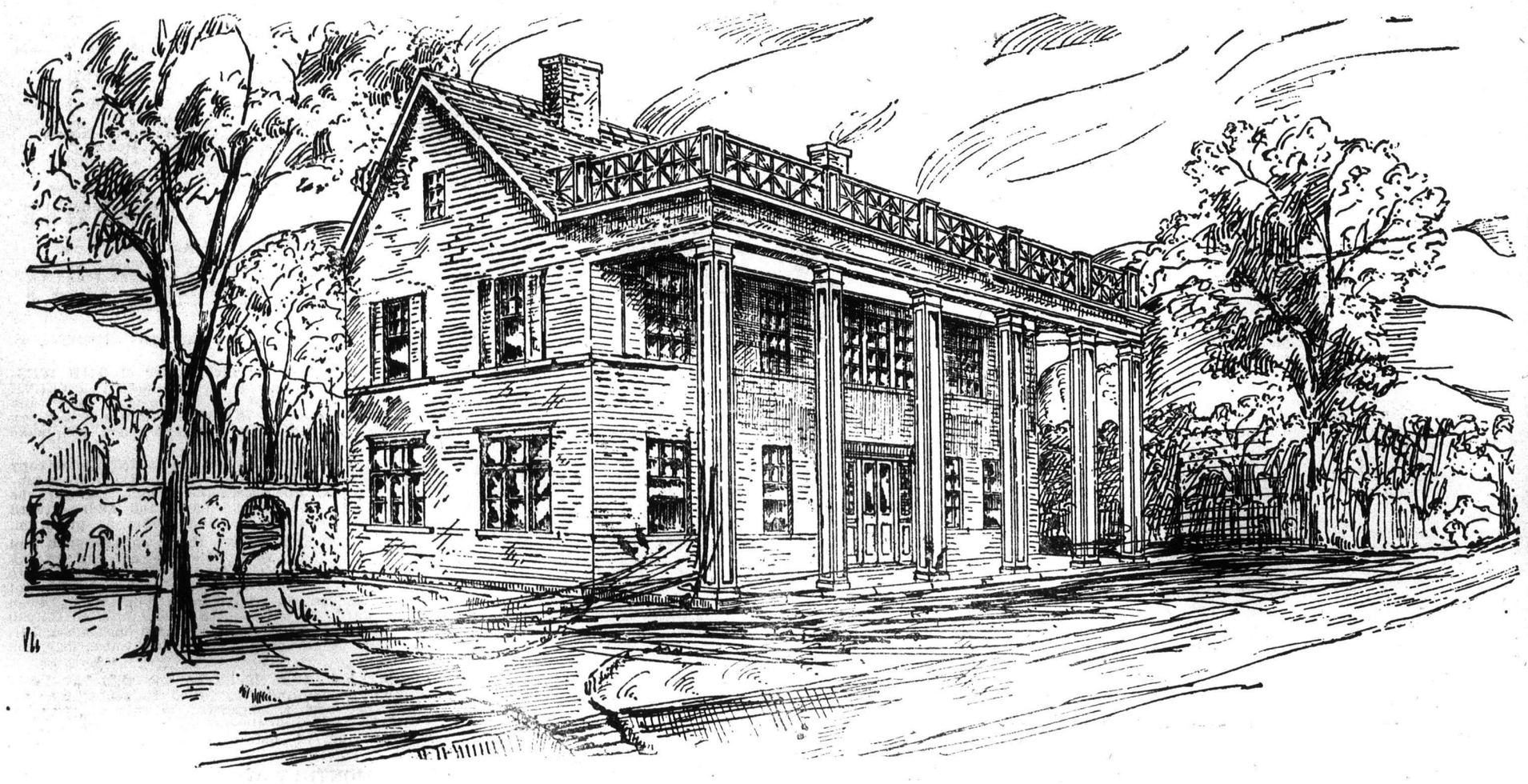
But instead of a sharp angle there should be a graceful curve in the middle of the flat stick, which must be shaved down to the least possible thickness compatible with stiffness and made sharp at the edges all along its length.

A flat, curved stick of this pattern, when properly thrown from the hand and aimed slightly upward, will describe a graceful trajectory and, after travelling for a considerable disance will return to the feet of the thrower. Indeed, when learning the art he will do well to look out lest it hit him on the head. The knack consists in discharging the missile in such a manner as to cause it to revolve in its own plane, just as a boy skims a flat stone through the air. It comes back simply because it is easier for it to slide "homeward" through the supporting medium than it would be for it to "keel over" into another direction.

Scraps of cardboard flicked from a thumbnail will exhibit the same phenomenon, and will return promptly to the sender, as the motion depends upon exactly the same principle as that of the boomerang.

Secretary Langley has found the boomerang interesting as illustrative of the sustaining power of the atmosphere upon which he depends for the success of his "aerodrome," or air-runner — a type of flying machine which is upheld by great wings while travelling with exceeding swiftness.

V. W. HORWOOD,
ARCHITECT.
TAYLOR BLOCK:
177 McDERMOT AVE., E.
WINNIPEG.



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Our latest catalogue so far surpasses all our former efforts that there is no comparison, both in point of attractiveness and money saving opportunities.

Our rapidly growing business means better buying facilities; manufacturers being able to give very low prices on our immense orders. Our own factories, too, are increasing their output almost daily, which gives more and more goods at the original manufacturer's price.

We consider the Astrachan Coat shown here to be one of the very best values we have in a store full of exceptionally low priced goods.

All Sizes in this $25 Astrachan Coat

Although our present catalogue quotes this jacket in sizes only up to 34, we have a complete range of sizes from 32 to 44 inches bust.

This coat is made of solid whole skins, very dense and full-furred. It is 30 inches long and has fitted back and box front, lined throughout with quilted Italian cloth. The high collar and wide revers are made of Alaska sable.

For a woman in the country there is no better coat than an Astrachan as the coldest winds will not penetrate it.

Price for all sizes.....$25.00.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA

A New Industry.

The gathering of wild flowers for the city market is largely the work of Italians, who make it a regular business. A writer in the Plant World sees in the demand for wild things from the country a new industry, that of the raising wild flowers on their native soil.

With proper care, a patch of trailing arbutus might be made to yield a little annual income, and so might a patch of cardinal-flower, or fringed gentian, or columbine, or some of the many native orchids.

Transplanting and fostering young plants, distributing the seeds and discretion in harvesting—in a word, aiding insttad of thwarting nature—could not fail in valuable financial results. Just as large tracts of once useless land on the Maine coast now yield something like fifteen dollars an acre from the yearly cutting of young fir trees for the Christmas season, and just as acres of undrained swamp in Michigan are now utilized for the growth and production of peppermint, so might the sand-barren and the peat-bog, and even the stagnant pool be made to yield a wealth of flowers with an economic, an educational and an esthetic value.

The demand of high schools alone makes a good market. Some of the larger high schools receive material literally by the barrel. Unless there be some rational way of supplying this demand, the study of botany, according to present laboratory methods, will defeat its own purpose; for as now carried on in many places, it is a serious cause of the devastation of some of the most interesting native plants.

In the work of cultivating wild flowers the training and experience of the college girl would be of inestimable value. Her flower- farm might cooperate with high-school work, not only by her providing material, but by her adding prescriptions and photographs of the various habitates of the specimens used. When a pupil knows that his columbine was one of a group growing in the crevice of a rock in a certain photograph, it means vastly more than a columbine in the air without anchorage or invironment.

Not till the property owners realize that there is a money value in these things will the slaughter by the lawless collector cease. In France one must pay to enter certain preserves where the scarlet anemones grow, and then he may gather and carry away a limited number. Similar conservation in America would not only save the wild flowers, but would be a source of profit.

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On That Broken Ornament You've Discarded

In nearly every house will be found one or more broken ornaments that have been laid aside because broken and because the owner doesn't think they can be mended. It's true that many dainty ornaments were beyond human repair before the invention of CÆMENTIUM, but by the use of this remarkable adhesive all kinds of China Bric-a-brac, and Bronze Ware can be mended so that they are as strong as when new. Besides, you can actually use Cæmentium to replace missing parts, or put on new handles.

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Gold Finished Watch
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This elegant watch, ladies' or gents' size, stem wind and set, fancy engraved gold finished cases, is a little beauty. We will send you this watch, GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS, ABSOLUTELY FREE, if you will sell only $3.00 worth of high grade collar buttons at 10c. per card (4 buttons on each card). These buttons are very fast sellers. Write to-day and we will send you a package; sell them and return the money and win this LITTLE BEAUTY WATCH. And you can also win this LOVELY TEA SET FREE without having to sell any more goods.

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This FINE AIR RIFLE, nickeled steel barrel, peep sights, polished walnut stock, shooting BB shot or darts with sufficient force to kill birds, squirrels, etc. Boys, this is the best Air Rifle made, and we give it to you FREE for selling 8 boxes, only, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills, at 25c. a box. These Pills are the best remedy known in all cases of weak and impure blood, indigestion, stomach troubles, constipation, nervous diseases, rheumatism, etc.

Just send your name and address plainly written, and we will send you 8 boxes of our Pills and 8 Fancy Pins to give away, as a premium, with each box sold. When you have sold the 8 boxes, send us the money $2.00 and we will, immediately, send you this handsome Air Rifle. We do not ask any money before the Pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

Address—THE DR. MATURIN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 53 Toronto, Ont.

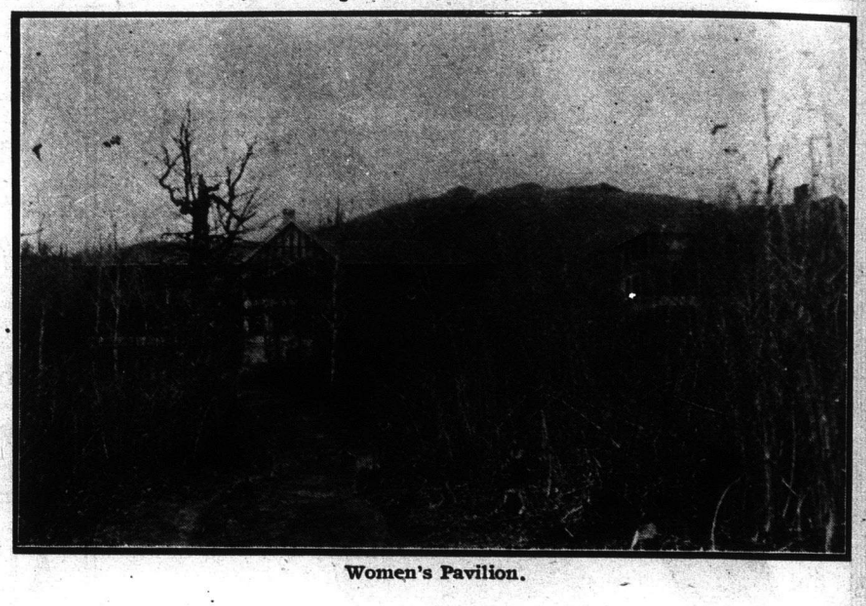
Women's Quiet Hour.

Business Women.

Last month I promised to say something about why business women married later than others and sometimes did not marry at all. It will be safe to assume, that with the exception of our immigrants from southern Europe, people in Canada, both men and women, marry later in life than they did twenty-five or thirty years ago. Some of the alarmists would have us think that this is an unmixed evil, but I question if the same alarmists would be able to furnish anything very tangible, if they were put to the proof of their statement. The woman who goes into business or a profession must put in very considerable time in preparation before she is ready to begin the earning of her own living. During this time she is busy and has much to take her attention and men and the prospects of marriage cease to be the only interest in her round of life.

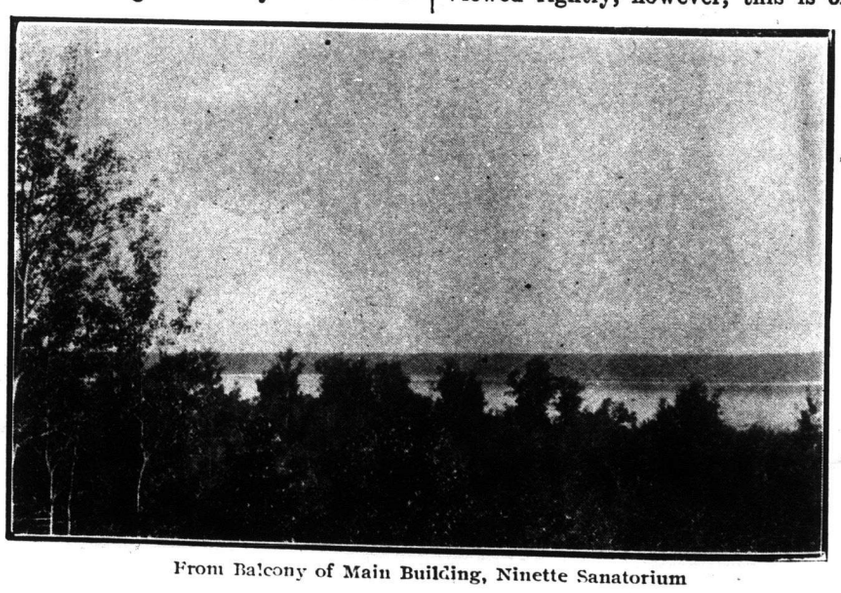
Presently she is out in the world of men earning her own living, competition is keen and if she has any natural ambition she is anxious to excel and to be promoted and she enters with zest into the life of the business and is very much absorbed by it. Then again she sees men at close range, there is no more glamor about them or their doings and though she may continue to respect them, she ceases to be in awe of them, and ceases to think that merely because they are men they must know better than a woman. Twenty times a day she helps them out of their tight places, sees their weakness as well as their strength, comes to regard them as comrades and friends and much less as the possible lover or husband. She is making money of her own and to a great extent is free to spend it how she likes. This is perhaps the crux of the situation. Very few men, no matter how passionately they may desire perfect freedom for themselves can understand the desire of a woman for independence and the power to do as she pleases and go where she likes.

Nevertheless this passion for freedom exists in women, and though for years it lay apparently dormant it required a very short period and very brief opportunity to bring it to the surface. The girl or woman who has enjoyed the possession of her own money and the control of her own time for a few years looks at marriage with wholly different eyes to the girl who has never been away from home, never depended upon herself and never enjoyed the blessings of real freedom. Now these things that I have spoken of do not prevent a girl getting married, as statistics clearly prove, but they do make her slower to marry and more careful of whom she marries. Viewed rightly it is a blessing and the man who can win for his wife a capable business woman making her own way, should consider himself doubly blessed, for he can be sure of one thing, that she has not married him merely for the sake of being provided for, because she was quite capable and willing to provide for herself.



Women's Pavilion.

Of course one of the great objections urged against women marrying later in life is the fact that it shortens the childbearing period and curtails the number of the family, thereby lessening the natural increase of population. This is an argument that cannot be lightly passed over, more especially so long as the women of foreign birth continue to marry early and produce large families, thus recruiting population from its lowest and not its highest intellectual type. Viewed rightly, however, this is one of the punishments that men have brought upon themselves and the race by their long subjection of women and I cannot see that the individual woman should hold herself responsible for it. As the number of women who are self-supporting and independent increases the fact that such women marry late and have small families will become so apparent that a remedy will be sought and found, and it will be found in the placing of women on an equal footing with men politically, educationally and financially. When this is done, women will gravitate natural towards these professions and occupations that centre around the home, the care of children and the education and improvement of the race. And because the married woman will be as free in the matter of money and the ordering of her life as the single woman, marriage and the bearing and rearing of



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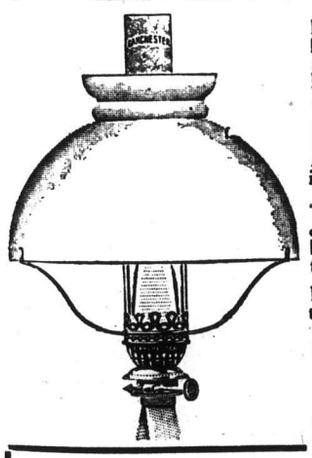
Please send two gentlemen friends' addresses with your order.

SPECIAL 30 DAYS' OFFER!



Wouldn't you like to have a light in your home as good as any light in the city?

Our burner fits any ordinary Lamp. It burns Air not Oil and is perfectly safe.

This light will cut your coal oil bill down to less than half.

During the next thirty days we will, to introduce, ship this burner prepaid for $2.75.

Full description sent on application.

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Ten beautiful high grade Christmas postcards embossed in colors and gold, sent post free for 10c., Ten New Years postcard embossed in colors and gold sent post free for 10c. Remit in coin or unused stamps.

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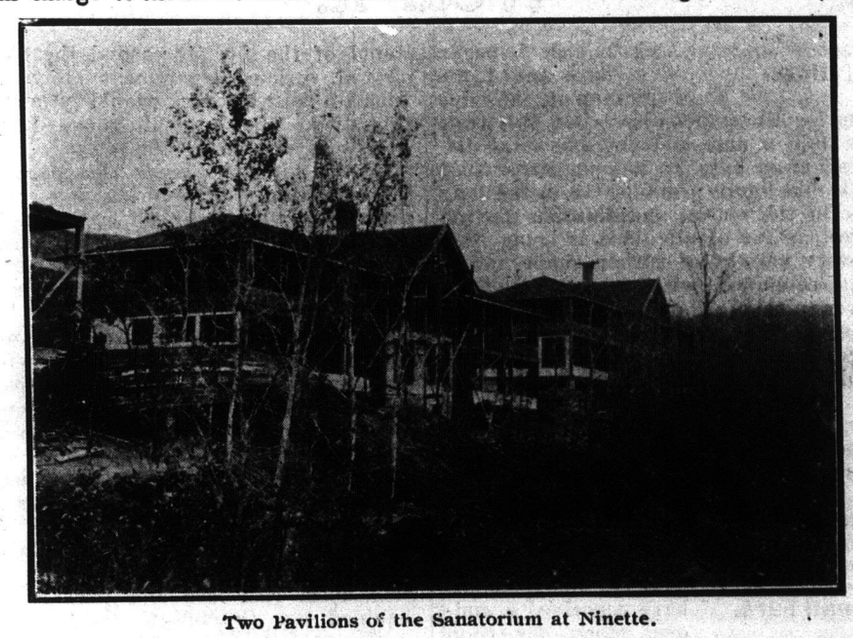
The Sanatorium

When I wrote of the work being done by the different organizations for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis, some little time ago I promised to give further particulahs from time to time of the progress of the Sanatorium being erected this year at Ninette, Manitoba. This month I am fortunate in being able to give some pictures of the place and of the progress of the work. which I am sure will be of interest to many readers of the Monthly. In addition I want to quote a passage or two from a lecture delivered by Dr. D. A. Stewart, who is in charge of the Sanatorium. This lecture was delivered before the Manitoba Medical Association and now appears in pamphlet form. Much of this lecture was, of course, intended for medical men and would be of more interest to them than it would be to the laity, but there are parts of it that I think everyone who has to do with a case of tuberculosis, either incipient or active would do well to read, and I have selected two paragraphs. The first deals with what should be the attitude of the Sanatorium on advanced cases and the second the educational value of the Sanatorium as a preventative measure. The paragraphs run as follows:—

"It is cruelty, not kindness surely, to impair the chances of recovery of threescore hopeful patients by giving an imaginary last chance to a late case simply that friends and physicians might say that everything possible had been done for him. The sanatorium is not fitted for late cases, is at every possible disadvantage in dealing with them, and spoils its real usefulness in attempting such work. It is possible to drive a nail with a plane, to smooth wood with a jack knife, to cut a bolt with a saw, or to bore holes with a cold chisel, but it is much better to use each carefully fashioned tool for the purpose for which it was intended. The sanatorium is a tool carefully fashioned for ambulant early curable cases and to such must it confine itself."

* * * * *

"The usefulness of a sanatorium does not begin and end with the curing of patients and the arresting of disease, with the restoring of men and women to their families and their places in society. Newsholme says "It is a great mistake to regard sanatoria as merely cure places. They are schools of national consequence." Patients restored more or less fully to health, thoroughly convinced as to the benefits of hygienic living, and well taught concerning tuberculosis, go back to their homes as missionaries of a new gospel, carrying light into the darkness of medievalism and grandmotherism, and gladdening the heart of the good doctor who has long been trying to teach people how to live and how not to live."



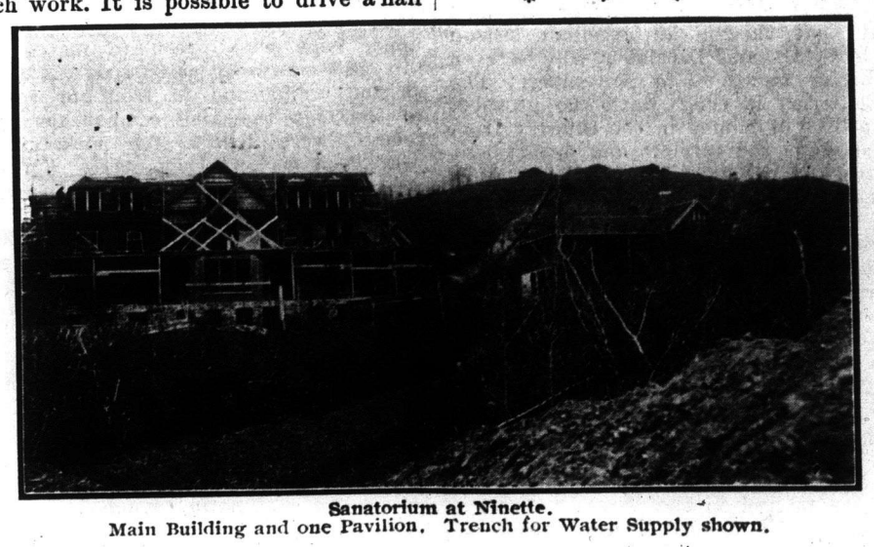
Two Pavilions of the Sanatorium at Ninette.

Women of the West.

During the month there have come to my table several numbers of the Toronto News containing sketches by Miss Marjorie McMurchy, of Toronto, President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, who made her initial visit to the West last summer. There is much that is bright and appreciative in these sketches but I have only space for a paragraph or two, but these seem to me a very just and a very acceptable tribute to the work of women in the Canadian West:—

"History has yet to write what women have done for the Canadian West. When the novels of the West are written what splendid Elizabeths, Katharines and Marys will belong to their pages. Neither intrigue, nor money-spending, nor a petty tyranny over the little social circle, will make the greatest chapter in the life of the Canadian woman of the West. But hers is a soul born of wide spaces. Often she has faced joyously loneliness and unaccustomed work, and she has a right to call herself a maker of one of the happiest countries under the sun — perhaps of all countries the very happiest.

* * * * *



Sanatorium at Ninette.
Main Building and one Pavilion. Trench for Water Supply shown.

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In order to dispose of the hundreds of remnants of all wool Panama, Luster, and Velveteen that accumulate in our Ladies' Suit Factory we have made them up into children's dresses like cut. This is the new Princess style and about the nicest we could find. We can supply this dress in any shade desired in the following materials Luster $1.50 up to 6 yrs; $1.95 up to 8 yrs; $2.75 up to 16 yrs. In all wool Panama all shades $1.75 to 6 years; $2.35 to 10 yrs; $2.95 to 16 yrs. Beautiful rich Velveteen in all shades $2.95 up to 6 yrs; $3.95 up to 10 yrs; $6.50 up to 16 yrs. From 10 to 16 years give Bust, waist, hip measure and length of skirt. Order a dress today, add 35c. for sizes up to 8 yrs., and 50c. up to 16 yrs. and we will pay postage.

Standard Garment Co. London, Canada.

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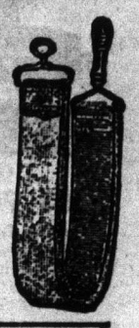
Extra Hollow Ground — Round or Square Point

This is one of the best if not THE Best Razors made. This is the Genuine Celebrated Magnetic Razor, tempered by a new electrical process insuring a uniform cutting edge. Extra hollow ground ringing steel, ⅝-inch blade, made of best quality Norwegian tempered steel, finely crocus polished and finished, black hard rubber handle, strongly rivited. Warranted just as represented. Regular retail price $3.00 each. Our Extra Special Bargain Price, 99 cents. Only one to a person.



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The latest triumph. It uses both moving picture films and slides. Any boy or girl can operate it easily. The outfit includes three colored films and six colored slides for selling $4.00 worth of Lovely Christmas Postcards; 50 designs: all gems of art, exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. W51, Toronto.

Electric Engine
A PERFECT MODEL, With Battery

GIVEN FOR SELLING
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Makes from 200 to 3,000 revolutions a minute; can be started, stopped or reversed in an instant. Complete, with Battery and Instruction Book, for selling $3.00 worth of Lovely Christmas Postcards; 50 designs; all gems of art, exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes. Write to-day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 58W Toronto.

No picture of the woman of the West can be true which does not show her vigorous and successful and happy. She loves the West. She enjoys the life. She is always more a conqueror than she is a toiler. The women who have lived twenty years in the West stand side by side with the men as founders and makers of new communities. In the cities there are women who would stand high in the affairs of any community. understanding the ways of commercc and the affairs of cities. The work both of men and women in the West is bearing triumphantly the test of the sudden enormous growth of today."

The October number of the Pall Mall magazine has a very vivid and accurate description of fighting a prairie fire near Qu'Appelle. This is the work of Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark. Many readers will remember the sketch of her work in practical farming near Qu'Appelle which I gave in these pages just about a year ago.

Here is one paragraph from the sketch which I am sure will awaken a response in many hearts:—

"There was nothing more to be done. We stood by the inadequately guarded corner, within twenty yards of the oat-straw stack, each armed with a sack and ready to do battle with the flame-wave if it challenged; but each of us knew in our heart that if the flame continued to get within fighting distance, the whole place was doomed."

Needless to say, Miss Binnie-Clark is writing from a personal experience, every line bears the ring of experience for as the old hymn says—

"What we have seen and heard
With confidence we tell."

Miss Binnie-Clark more than any Englishwoman writer that I have encountered seems to have grasped the real situation of women in the West and has written understandingly and truthfully of it. The present sketch does not deal with the woman question but a number of articles which during the past winter have appeared in old country papers certainly have dealt with it fairly and truthfully and should be the means of bringing us desirable women immigrants.

What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Hats Last month I began with hats and I am beginning in the same place for November also. But this time it is only a note and not a general dissertation on hats. It was suggested that fur would figure prominently in the hats later in the season and this has proved correct as fur of all kinds is being used in every variety of turban shape and is being combined with velvet, lace and beaver plush. There is a marked increase in the number of hats made of long fur such as dyed lynx and dyed rabbit and even dyed coon. I cannot say that I admire these hats, to me they are outre, but I think it well that women should know of these uses for the long furs as if may often help them out in the matter of making up furs which they already have.

Small Furs. The French women have conceived a sudden fancy for coon and very large quantities of it are being dyed and made up into what are technically called "small furs," but there is really no such thing as a small fur left. Stoles, ruffs and muffs are all of enormous size, many of the muffs looking positively uncouth.

Black Furs. There is a general rage for black furs of all kinds and among the smartest shown are the sets known as Persian Paw. This is really made from the legs of the Persian lamb and has the broad flat curl common to the legs of all lambs. It makes up effectively in the flat stoles and throws and the large muffs and is not very expensive and very good, selling at from $12 to $18 according to the size of the muff.

A Good Time to Buy Let me say to the woman who has to buy either small furs or a fur or fur-lined coat that this is an excellent season to buy furs and December will be even a better month than November. The explanation is this: With the prospect of plenty of money in the country from good crops the furriers and department stores laid in heavy stocks of good furs and up to the present time there has not only not been any weather to demand the wearing of furs but it has been so warm that even the people who ordinarily buy ahead have not made purchases and the consequence is that the large stocks are almost unbroken. It is a rule of the fur trade that the bulk of the stocks must be sold before Christmas if they are to be sold at all and I think that for the Christmas trade this season Winnipeg will see some of the finest bargains in furs that have ever been offered in the West.

During the month I have made a round of the fur stores and the stocks of the various department stores and without hesitation I would pronounce the stocks the best all round I have ever seen offered in the West.

If any girl who reads this page has the opportunity of securing any ermine skins this winter, by all means do so. Not only is ermine very popular just at the present time but the indications are that it will be increasing in favor for another year or two at least.

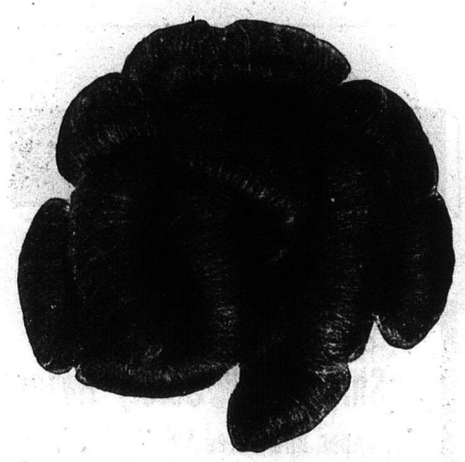
Exclusive ermine sets are being worn more than they have ever been before. During the visit of the Vice-Regal party in Winnipeg at one of the receptions I counted, just in a few moments, no less than forty sets of ermine. These were in the form of large flat stoles many of them reaching almost to the floor and very large flat muffs.

Worn, as they were on this occasion, over handsome satin or velvet gowns with much rich lace and jewelled and sequined net the effect was gorgeous. Quite apart, however, from such occasions as these, ermine furs are extremely becoming to young girls. I know of several girls and women in Winnipeg who have friends in the Mounted Police who have received gifts of ermine skins during the past month and I would certainly advise any girl who has a friend who may be in the way of getting these skins to remind him promptly of her existence and it might not be a bad idea to mention casually that ermine furs are fashionable.

Pockets. There is a growing tendency to have pockets in dresses and one of the recent designs seen in Winnipeg may be of use to some of the mothers making school suits for girls ranging in age fron 12 to 15. A kilt of dark green starting just about half way betwen the hip and the knee. The upper portion of this dress was a princess tunic of grey and where tunic and kilt joined the tunic had the appearance of ...g turned up about five inches. This turn up was bound on the upper edge with green to match the kilt and was only caught to the tunic at the seams and in front or rather to the side the kind of pouches thus formed were utilized for pockets and very good pockets they made. For the guidance of anyone attempting to make one of these dresses I might say that the foundation is a lining that comes down about four inches longer than the tunic and to which the kilt is firmly stitched. This prevents all sagging. The sleeves and neck of the tunic were finished with green and the hat was a wide fluffy green beaver with grey wings and steel ornaments.

Cashm The return of cashmere and cashmere satin, which is a soft satin with a weave of wool at the back, is highly suggestive of the return of draped skirts and in the more advanced models considerable draping is noted. About the only advantage of this style is the fact that it gives a woman a chance to make one new gown out of two old ones and I saw this done with rather good effect the other day. The skirt was of plain old gold satin and over it was a Cuirass bodice effect of very fine black cashmere. The Cuirass was cut with a long wide square front panel piece that let loose would have reached to the hem of the skirt in front, but which was caught up in three pleats on the left side and fastened into the back seam of the skirt with large fancy gold and steel buttons. The sleeves had a seam down the centre and this was scalloped and bound with the satin each scallop being finished with a small button that matched the large ones on the skirt. The yoke was of old gold net witn a hand darned pattern of black and was set in with folds of the satin and groups of the little buttons.

No casual observer would have imagined that this gown was constructed out of a last year's ball gown and an old black cashmere shawl that had had a dip to freshen the black, yet such was the case. It was a very artistic as well as a very handsome gown.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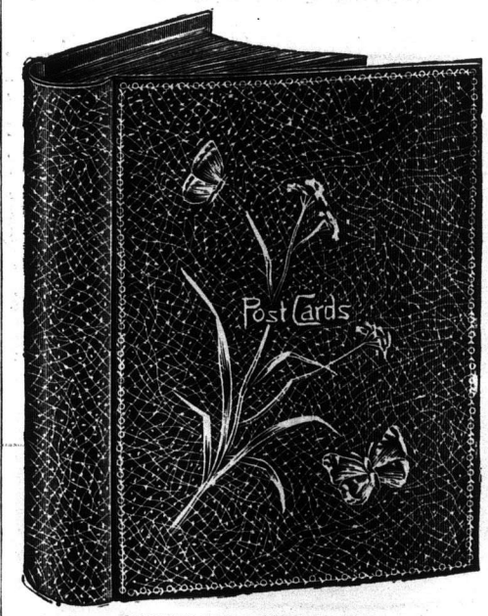

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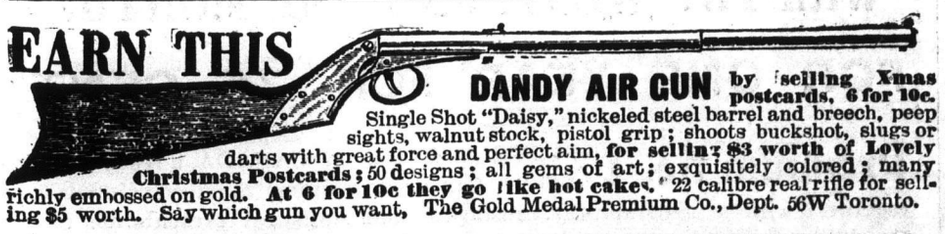
EARN THIS  **DANDY AIR GUN** by selling Xmas postcards, 6 for 10c.

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Other Worlds.

By Camille Flammarion.

MANY people mistake the fact of their revolving with the earth under the heavens for that of the heavens revolving around them. This misconception is often coupled with the intolerable conceit of those who think that all nature was only made for them, and that the sun, a great body four hundred and thirty-four times larger than our world, was only created to ripen their fruits and cabbages.

But, far from sharing this absurd idea, I believe that some of the planets which roll round the sun are inhabited worlds; and that all the fixed stars are suns, having their own planets; that is to say, worlds which we cannot see from here on account of their size, and because their borrowed light fails to reach us. How, in good faith, can one possibly imagine that those spacious globes are only deserted spheres, and that the planet in which we happen to live was the only one made for its complement of pretentious beings? What! because the sun rules our days and years, is that to say it was only created to keep us from knocking our heads against the walls? No, this visible god gives light to man, as the torch-bearer of a king might give light to a rag-picker in the street. And if this be rather an extravagant figure of speech it is nearer the truth than the opposite idea.

Let us return to our planets. Let us take into consideration the density and mass of planetary bodies, and we shall see that the earth has not received any privilege at the hand of Nature which exalts it over its fellows. We can gain an approximately accurate idea of the density of planets by comparing them with those of substances known to us. Thus the density of the sun is a little superior to that of pit-coal; that of Mercury is a little less than that of tin; and the density of Venus and of the earth is equal to that of magnetic oxide of iron. Mars has the weight of the eastern ruby; Jupiter is a little heavier than oak wood; and Saturn has the weight of the pine—it would float on the surface of the water like a light wooden ba...—Uranus has the weight of lignite, and Neptune that of beech.

If the density of the earth be put at unity, the lightest (i. e., Saturn's) would be one-seventh as great, and the heaviest (Mercury's) one-third greater; so we see that the density of the earth is neither the least, nor the mean, nor the greatest.

Surprise is sometimes expressed that astronomers can calculate the weight of bodies on the surface of other worlds. To give an idea of the way in which this calculation is made, we may say that this weight depends on the mass of the globe and its size. The attraction exercised by a planet on bodies placed on its surface determines the weight of these bodies—in other words, this attraction is proportional to the mass of the planet, but inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the centre of the planet.

Let us take Jupiter for example. The volume of Jupiter is 1,279 times greater than that of the earth; if the materials constituting this globe were analogous in density to the materials constituting the world, its mass would be 1,279 times greater than that of the earth, and the attraction it would exercise on a body placed at a distance from its centre equal to the earth's radius would be 1,279 times stronger than that exercised by the earth on the bodies on its surface:

But the bodies placed on the surface of Jupiter are not situated at a distance equal to the tererstrial radius, but at a distance equal to Jupiter's radius, which is eleven times greater than the former. Therefore the attraction which Jupiter exercises on a body placed on its surface is diminished in the proportion of the square of 11, or of 121 to 1.

The Relation of Weight and Energy.

The density of the worlds and the weight of the bodies on their surface are certainly very important elements in the analogies between the dicerent planets and the earth.

All organized beings are constituted according to their weight, for it affects their form of life, as a certain amount of bodily force is necessary to all. With animals the force is according to their size, their weight, their mode of action, and the amount of movement which they expend in the ordinary functions of life. This force is, moreover, in accordance with their possible needs, and it allows them a necessary reserve force when there is an extra demand on it for work, for running, or for any of the manifold operations of life.

This same force is equally necessary for vegetables, to enable them to support their own weight, and resist the external shocks to which they are exposed on all sides. Now this physical strength, corresponding to their weight, depends, in the first place, on the attraction of the globe.

Therefore the relation between the strength and weight of animals and vegetables results from an intelligent relation between the force of organized beings and the density of the globe they inhabit. The slightest disturbance in this combination would upset the reigning order, and transform harmony into disorder. Accordingly the widely differing intensity of the weight producing attraction in different planets points to the great difference in the organisms that inhabit them; and since these organisms are here in harmony with this attraction, due to a state of matter anterior to organization, we must conclude that nature has not had much difficulty in establishing on other globes beings whose constitutions are equally in harmony with the intensity of the worlds they inhabit.

Where the weight of bodies largely differs from what it would be on the earth, beings must also differ in the same proportion in their amount of energy, and this difference must affect the laws of organization in a striking manner.

We see this in terrestrial nature, where our conditions fail to produce animals much larger than the elephant, because the muscular forces, not increasing in proportion to the increase of weight, would not proportionately facilitate the movements of such enormous masses; whilst in the bosom of the sea, bodies losing a weight equal to the volume of water they displace, creatures can swim with agility in the environment for which they were born.

Jumping in the Sun.

Applying this principle to the idea of the diversity of environment of beings in other worlds, analogy extends to planetary worlds in general what observation shows to be true for the world in particular; and we have thus a ground for the estimate of the possible variety of beings resulting from the differences of gravity observed in different globes.

Thus a kilogram* of matter on the terrestial globe would be only a few grams on small planets, whilst it would rise to more than twenty-seven kilograms on the surface of the sun. A man of seventy kilograms would be extremely light on the former, whilst he would weigh nearly two thousand kilograms on the latter. He could fall from a fourth floor on the surface of Pallas without hurting himself more than jumping off a chair here, whilst the least fall in the sun—supposing that he could stand upright for a single instant there—would break his body into a thousand pieces as though he had been pounded in a mortar.

However fantastic these remarks may seem, they give some idea of the countless effects exercised by the same natural force, and show us that the effects we see on earth may be far from being the only ones in the universe.

Therefore the self-evident proposition drawn from all these considerations is that the planets have neither collectively or individually been merely made for the inhabitants of our little world, to which Nature has not accorded the slightest exclusive privilege.

*A kilogram is 2.2046 lb.

Venus Must Be Inhabited.

We recollect that in spite of the feebleness of their respective densities, Saturn weighs ninety-two times more than the earth, Jupiter three hundred and nine times more, that other planets surpass ours in weight and volume, and yet all these enormous masses together would make only the seven-hundredth part of the weight of the sun.

Thus, when a geometrician, wishing to give us an idea of the mass of the globe, tells us that it would take ten milliards of teams, each consisting of ten milliards of horses to move the earth on a ground like that of our ordinary roads, we find that the application of this calculation to the sun shows us that it would require 3,550,000 milliard teams to draw the sun—and yet this is the heavenly body that the ancients imagined to be drawn by four horses! Its actual weight is estimated at 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 kilograms. So it would take 324,000 earths in the scale of a balance to equal the weight of the sun.

Let the reader himself draw his conclusions from these considerations—for we only want deductions of common sense—and, following the philosophical march of modern science, he will see that from the time when the movement of the earth and the volume of the sun were known, astronomers and philosophers thought it strange for the centre of the solar system to be used only for lighting and warming a world so small as to be of no account, and quite imperceptible from a great number of other worlds under its supreme rule. The absurdity of such an opinion was still more striking when it was found that Venus is a planet of the same dimensions as the earth, having also mountains, plains, seasons, years, days and nights. This analogy led to the conclusion that the similitude of the conformation of these worlds must extend to their role in the universe. If Venus were not inhabited, the earth would not be so either, and vice versa, if the earth be inhabited, then Venus must be also.

And if we consider the conditions of time as well as of space, we reach the same conclusion. Our own epoch is no more important than our position in the solar system. The present is preceded by the past, and it will be followed by the future. Worlds not inhabited now, have been, or probably will be, for life is a law of Nature. Probably the moon is dead, while Jupiter and Saturn are the worlds of the future.

The Supreme Purpose of Matter.

Is it not clear that the absurdity of supposing the earth to be fixed is perpetuated in a form a thousand times more extravagant by the distortion of the doctrine of final causality which places our world in the first rank of celestial bodies? and is it not evident that this world of ours was thrown, without any distinction, into the planetary system, and that it is no better equipped than the others for being the exclusive seat of life and intelligence?

The physiological point of view is certainly a very important matter of consideration here; and the first thing which strikes us, as we shall see, is that life is the supreme aim of the existence of matter, and that the forces of Nature tend everywhere and always to the formation, maintenance and conservation of organized beings. The objections that can be made to this supreme tendency, are easily refuted by logical inference; and not only do we easily realize the possibility of existences quite incompatible with terrestial life, but we have only to cast a glance at our own abode to realize that other planets may be peopled quite differently from ours, for, indeed, it is almost impossible for any of them to be inhabited by beings like those which live on earth. But do we not see diversity in life in our own planet? What an infinite difference there is, for example, between joyous creatures flying in the air and those crawling on the earth or those ploughing their way through the ocean! What a difference in their organizations, in their functions, in their mode of life, in their language! Who knows the many steps of this ladder of life, beginning with the zoophytes of primitive times on the lowest rungs and ending with man on the topmost?

And in humanity itself, what a difference between the constitution, character, customs, habits, and physical and moral power between a European, whose will transforms empires, and the Esquimau unable to express his own thoughts!

Even if we pass over the inexhaustible variety of vegetable species, the mere sight of the diversity of zoological life is sufficient to convince us of the powerlessness of the obstacles due to biological conditions when opposed to the fertility of Nature.

If the Human Race were Wiped Out?

Moreover, the hundred thousand species of plants on the terrestial surface show us the earth's prodigious fertility. Perhaps we shall be told that the same mode of creation has presided over the establishment of all beings upon earth; perhaps it will be objected that this countless number of diverse beings does not prevent their general organization being based on one and the same principle—that of being adapted to the conditions of life under which every production of the earth is nourished. That is true, but it must be added that any other conditions of life would perform the same functions as ours, even were it composed of elements totally unlike our own. We say that in every world every being is necessarily organized according to its environment, whatever be its nature.

How unfounded is the egotism which leads us to think that the universe is created for our sake, and that if we were to disappear from the scene, this vast universe would fade like a place deprived of light! If none of us woke up tomorrow, and if the coming night were to close the eyelids of human beings forever, can one think that the sun would cease to shed its rays and heat, and that the forces of Nature would stop their eternal movement?

The Insignificant Earth.

The earth we inhabit is but one of the smallest planets grouped around the sun; there is nothing to distinguish it Imagine yourself, reader, for an instant, from its fellows as regards inhabitability. in a spot from which you could command a view of the whole solar system, and imagine that the planet in which you were born is unknown to you. Be very sure that in forming a right judgment on this question you would not consider the earth as your country, nor would you give it a preference to the other abodes; but you would contemplate with an unprejudiced, ultra-terrestrial eye all the planetary worlds circulating round the hearth of life!

If, then, from this supreme point of contemplation you doubted the phenomena of existence, if you imagined certain planets to be inhabited, and if you had been taught that life made choice of certain worlds in which to deposit the germs of its productions, would you, with good faith, credit this little earth with inhabitants before crediting superior worlds with the marvels of creation?

Or, if you were in a position to choose a heavenly body whence you could view the splendors of the heavens, and whence you could enjoy the benefits of a rich and fertile nature, would you choose this little earth, which is eclipsed by so many resplendent spheres?

For all answer, reader, the simplest and the least contestable conclusion we can draw from the preceding considerations is, that the earth has no sign of pre-eminence to mark it as the only inhabited world, and that the other planets have, at least, equal importance in the general destiny of the solar system.

Quite Reasonable.

A unique temperance sermon comes to us from one of the cities of the United States. A poor, sad-faced woman stood near the Judge who was about to pass sentence on her husband for drunkenness. The Judge said to her: "I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband." She replied sadly, "Your honor, would it not be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work."

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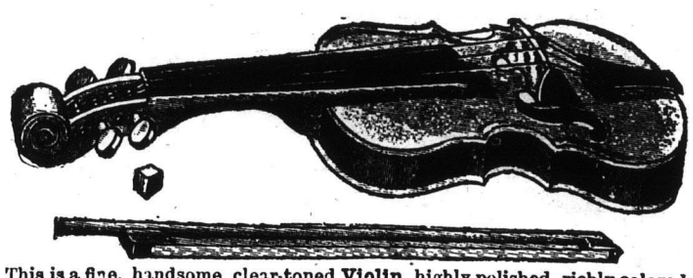

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Continued from Page 241.

ments to Let" card into small pieces.

"I've changed my mind," he remarked.

"What!" cried Mrs. Pakes, doing her best to look as if she had not overheard the whole conversation. "You've sent away ten shillings a week?"

"I tell you I've changed my mind," reiterated Mr. Pakes. "We'll do without a lodger."

"Well, you are a funny man!" said Mrs. Pakes. "And such a nice fellow as he was, too!"

Her husband glanced at the clock, cut a large slice of suet pudding, hastily wrapped it in a piece of newspaper, and bolted out of the house.

Mrs. Pakes, after brewing herself a cup of tea, sat with her toes on the fender, sipping it luxuriously, and chuckling softly at the reflection that she had killed two birds with one stone. In her own unspoken words, she had "put the pot" on the lodger idea, and had got rid, for good and all, of the pertinacious sewing-machine canvasser who had pestered her every Monday afternoon for the past five weeks!

Why is a Plumber's Bill.

The plumber had a rush order for 9 a.m. at No. 3343 Elm street. There was a leak in the water supply pipe to the kitchen sink.

He took a car that enabled him to reach his destination by transferring twice. Time was charged from the minute he left the shop.

After leaving the car, he strolled leisurely in the direction of No. 3343, stopping here and there to point out to his helper the budding trees and plants, for it was a bright spring morning.

"There is no hurry," he observed to the helper, "for our time is going on just the same."

The helper checked his pace to accord with the plumber's, for he was a very young man and enthusiastic.

"I wonder if I forgot that small wrench," mused the plumber, as they neared No. 3343.

"Let's look in the kit," suggested the helper. "If its' not there, I'll hurry right back and get it."

The plumber frowned. "How many times have I told you to cut out that word 'hurry?'" he said crossly.

"I forgot," explained the helper in an apologetic tone.

A good plumber never forgets anything—except his tools," declared the plumber proudly. Whoever has paid a plumber's bill will know he was speaking by his card.

Eventually they reached the back door of No. 3343 and the maid admitted them. "The water's leaking all over my floor," she explained in some anxiety. She said "my" floor because she was the maid, and it was hers for that week, anyway.

The plumber, apparently, was not much interested, for he filled his kettle and lighted a little fire in a kettle he carried in his hand. Over the top of the fire he placed a number of tongs and pincers. Then he lighted his pipe and leaned over the kitchen table, where the sporting page had been used as a table cover.

"Young Jenks'll put out 'Silver' Jones in two rounds," he observed to the helper, while the maid put another dish towel compress on the leaky pipe.

"The leaks' getting bigger," said the maid.

"Of course it is," agreed the plumber. "They always do."

When he had finished with the sporting page he opened the kit.

"It ain't here," he observed.

"What?" said the helper.

"The small wrench," said the plumber.

"We've got an adjustable wrench in the cellar that will fit any pipe," said the maid gladly. The plumber checked her with a dark frown. "I can't put none but my own tools on the job," he said sternly. "Go back to the shop and bring the little wrench, Jimmy."

The helper started on the run for the door.

"Jimmy!"

The plumbers tone was ominous. Jimmy reduced his speed to plumber's rates.

The plumber blew up his fire and found a pink sheet in the coal scuttle. He moved a chair over by the stove and read placidly. The drip of water did not disturb him, for he was used to it.

"What do you get for plumbing?" said the maid timidly.

"Seventy cents an hour," responded the plumber gruffly.

"And for waiting?" suggested the maid.

The plumber scowled. "I ain't waiting here because I want to," he muttered. "I'm waiting because I have to. The kid forgot some of my tools."

The kitchen clock ticked off the minutes at a little over a cent apiece. The maid wrung out another dish towel with which to poultice the leak.

The plumber yawned and dropped the pink sheet. Then he knocked out his pipe on the floor.

"Would you like to look at the leak?" inquired the maid.

"Naw," said the plumber. "I've seen more'n a million leaks. I've stopped more'n a million of 'em, too."

"Absent treatment?" suggested the maid, who was a pert thing.

The plumber did not dignify the observation with an answer. But his frown boded ill for the bill.

Jimmy returned with the wrench at 11.45. The plumber took it leisurely, gave the pipe a twist, dabbed on some solder and sizzled it with a hot iron. Then he spilled some bits of hot solder on the floor and stepped on them for the maid's benefit.

Jimmy gathered up the paraphernalia and they started back for the shop.

When the bill went in it read:

5 hours' services, plumber	$3.50
5 hours' services, helper	1.25
Solder	.05
Total	$4.80

"You're a lucky kid, Jimmy," said the plumber on the way back to the shop. "There ain't many kids got the chance you have—to be a plumber."

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Will you let one cent stand between you and health? Send a one cent postal with your name and address, and we will send you FREE two little books that tell how health is regained without drugs or medicine. No fads, faith cure, brace, exerciser or health food, The means employed to regain health are scientific, therefore natural. No matter what the disease you suffer from, send for the books, One cent may save you years of suffering. Address

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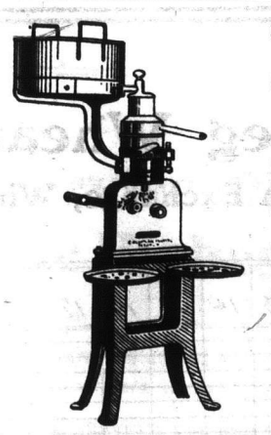

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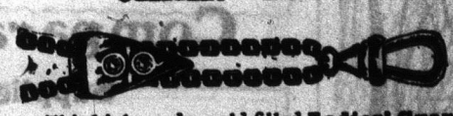

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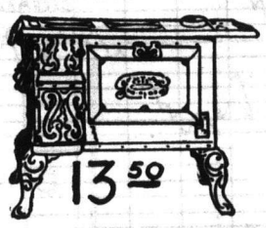
Grand Oak Heater, 10 in. corrugated firepot, polished steel body, nickeled trimmings, burns wood or coal. All sizes at lowest prices.

ONLY 6.50

Cosey Cook. Blue steel body, sectional fire back duplex grates, full nickeled trimmings, pouch feed drop oven door, 18 x 16 x 12 in. oven. Write for full description.

Tortoise Heater. Fire brick, lined steel body, cast top and bottom. Burns anything. Suitable for all purposes. Get our prices on other sizes.



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Merit Wingold Blue Steel Body, Cast Leg base encased, copper res., handsome high closet, Duplex grates, double shaker bars, full nickel trimmings, 4 9-in. lids; oven 20 x 16 x 13 in. Most wonderful value. Reg. price, $50.

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During the past five years we have been selling direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Our customers have saved thousands and thousands of dollars by dealing direct.

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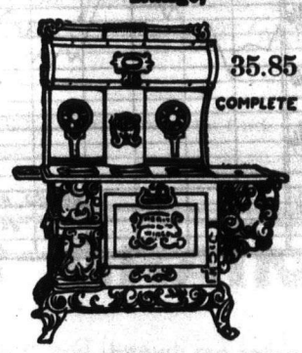

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double refined blue steel body, asbestos interlined, colonial trimmings, silver nickeled. Heavy duplex grates, sectional fire backs, ventilated, encased copper res. Capacity 9½ gal. Oven 16 x 20 x 13, also larger sizes. Blue steel high closet, elaborately trimmed, oven thermometer, pouch feed, front screw draft. Handsomest, best built, most economical fuel consuming range made.

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The following distinct and complete divisions are represented in the cheapest grocery store in Canada.

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Pork	Dried Fruits	Soaps and Laundry Supplies
Flour, Rice	Nuts	Teas and Coffees
Lard and Cheese	Preserves, Table	Cereals
Canned Fruits	Relishes	Canned Vegetables
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SEND FOR OUR LATEST GROCERY CATALOGUE and look it over carefully, comparing our prices with those quoted for the best groceries offered in your town and you will be surprised at the saving we offer. Our grocery store which is the cheapest in Canada offers you a splendid opportunity to greatly reduce your living expenses.

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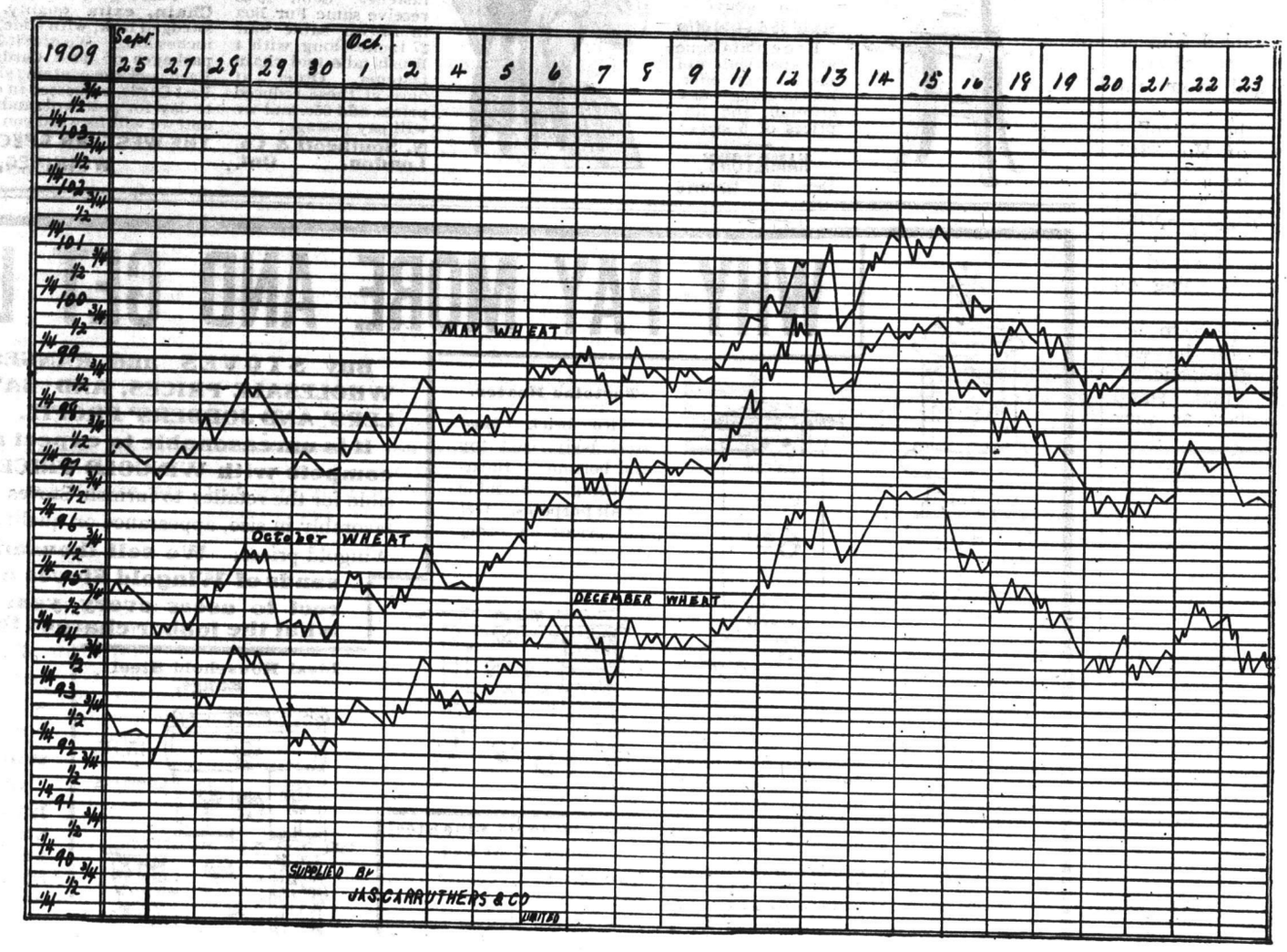
COMMISSION RATES—Wheat, Flax and Barley ½c. per bushel; Oats ¼c. per bushel

Comparative Chart of Winnipeg Wheat Prices

Supplied by Jas. Carruthers & Co., Ltd., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.



FARMERS OF WESTERN CANADA

The new season's crop is on the eve of moving to market.

You want to get all you can realize out of your grain, but the only way to do so is by shipping it in carloads to Fort William or Port Arthur and having it looked after and sold for your account by a first class grain commission house, acting as your agent.

We are an old-established, independent and reliable commission firm, well-known over all Canada, and we possess unsurpassed facilities for so handling Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax for farmers who rise to the ambition of shipping their own grain, and we are prepared to handle to the best advantage for our customers all grain entrusted to us. We make liberal advances against railroad car shipping bills immediately we receive the same, and make prompt returns after sales are made. We are not track buyers, and do not buy your grain on our own account, and we always furnish our customers with the name and address of the buyer we sell to.

Owing to the influence of the elevator interests in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the commission rates for handling grain have recently been suspended, but an independent commission firm, which does not buy grain at a handsome margin of profit, must make some definite charge for the services it renders. We, therefore, propose to charge 1c. per bush. on Wheat and Flax, ¾c. per bush. on Barley and ½c. per bush. on Oats.

We solicit a continuance and increase in the patronage we have for many years received, and we invite you to write us for market prospects, shipping instructions, and our "Way of doing business," and you will be sure to gain advantage and satisfaction thereby.

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The Best Service Obtainable Always the Highest Price

is what you get if you ship to us.

Every car-load receives our personal attention, and the grading is watched by a man of fifteen years' experience in handling sample grain.

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We solicit your Grain Shipments. Over 25 years experience in this line.
Prompt reliable work. Write us for Information.

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Special attention given to grading. Prompt returns. Original outturns sent with statement. Liberal advances. Write us for shipping bills.

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You will ship to me again if you ship to me once.

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Ship Your Grain.

Advise S. SPINK

the pioneer Grain Commission Merchant, and have grading Checked as Cars pass Winnipeg. Our Commission is ½c. per bushel.

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References—Union Bank of Canada, Royal Bank of Canada.

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GET ALL YOUR GRAIN IS REALLY WORTH

An advance of 90% of its value sent by registered mail, on receipt of shipping, or on presentation of draft.

WE GIVE VERY CAREFUL PERSONAL ATTENTION TO THE GRADING

and take sample of all cars in addition to the sample taken by the grain inspector.

YOU WILL LIKE OUR WAY OF DOING BUSINESS

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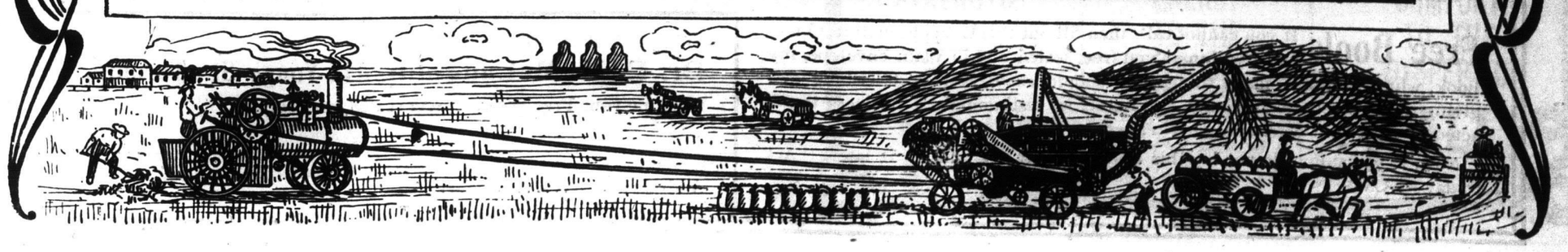


Snatched From The Rails.

Facing danger to save life is always heroic, but to save live as a certain brakeman lately did it requires not only bravery, but rapid and intelligent action. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat prints a thrilling account of an adventure on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. The train was late and heavily loaded, and on a long down grade the engineer, to make up for lost time, "turned her loose", and the cars flew over the hill at a tremendous speed.

About half-way down the grade Brakeman Rosenbrook's pipe went out, and he went forward to the locomotive to get a light. On that little incident hung the life of a two year old baby. As the brakeman entered the cab, the engineer said to the fireman:

"What's on the track ahead, Bill?"

"Looks like a man sitting on the rail," answered Bill. "Guess he'll move when we whistle for the crossing."

The heavy train rushed on, and a moment latter the whistle sounded. Then the bundle moved, but instead of getting off the track, it stepped right between the rails and calmly waited.

"Its a baby!" groaned the engineer, as he shut off steam and called for brakes. But no power could stop that train in that short distance. The fireman was speechless; the engineer, with gray face and staring eyes, was sounding his whistle, hoping to scare the infant from the track.

Suddenly the window was thrown open, and Brakeman Rosenbrook crept out and along the narrow running-board. Clinging to the handrail with one hand he made his way along the side of the swaying locomotive, and in a moment had reached the pilot.

The shrill danger-signal, sounding continuously, brought a woman to the door of a small farm-house near the track. With a scream she started toward her baby. But only the one grab which Rosenbrook would have time to make stood between the child and death; and the shock of that grab might throw the man from the pilot and cost him his own life.

"When within a few yards of the little girl," says the brakeman, "I saw her lift her face and look at me. Her blue eyese were troubled; something was wrong, but she did not know what it was."

The moment arrived. The locomotive was upon the child, when, with one grasp, Rosenbrook swept the little girl from her feet and jerked her clear of the track. So great was the shock that the man was thrown backward against the pilot. With a great effort he steadied himself and held on to Alice. A hundred yards farther on the heavy train came to a standstill, and Rosenbrook stepped from the pilot. The baby had not uttered a cry, but when her rescuer stood on firm ground she whispered:

"My Mamma wants me."

At the same moment the mother rushed up and clasped the little girl to her heart. The engineer and the conductor came running forward and shook Rosenbrook's hands incoherently murmuring all sorts of promises about "reporting to headBut Rosenbrook simply begged a match, lighted his pipe, climbed to the eop of the train and signaled to go ahead.

It Came Back.

Little Davey was forever asking questions. "You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, Mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

Here's a Cure For You

A REMEDY SAFE AND SURE

"Your Electric Belt has made a man of me. It has overcome my weakness and improved my general health and strength 100 per cent," writes one of my patients, after two months' use of my appliance. I hear this expression so often, "Your Belt has made a man of me." I am accumulating such volumes of this evidence that I intend to pound away until I get the truth regarding electricity in the hands of every suffering man and woman.

What's the use in carrying your tale of woe to one doctor and another? They've all got different theories about your ailments. What's the use experimenting? Haven't you had enough of it? Do you really think drugging of any description will help you? No doubt your doctor has done all he can for you, but if it's fresh vitality, new energy that your system requires, your doctor can't put this into you by dosing your stomach. Talk Electricity to him, he'll give you that possibly, but not in the right form; not in the right way. You can't get true invigoration, permanent help from a doctor's battery or machine.

Use my Belt, that's the right method, the up-to-date system of applying this great curative, vitalizing power to your body. My Belt has wrought such wondrous results, this remedy cures such a vast amount of weaknesses and diseases of the human race, we find our field broad enough without taking any chances with incurable cases, and so I ask you to frankly submit your case to me and you can depend that I will be equally as frank with you in telling you whether I can help you or not.

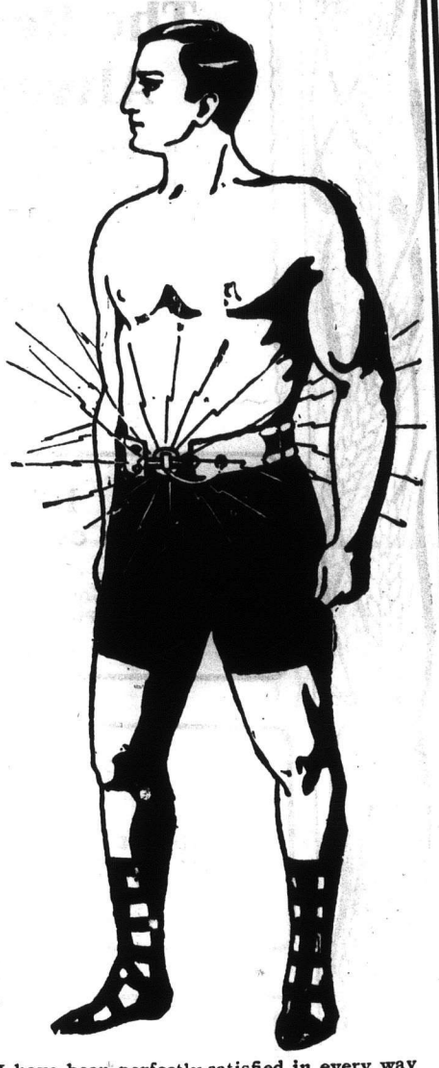
I know my limit and stick to it. I know that if you are a Weak Man or a Weak Woman Electricity is the remedy for you; a remedy without equal. Study your own case. Be honest with yourself; be honest with me, and you can depend upon a "square deal." Watch out for the danger signals! If you feel that your body is weakening, your vital strength is not up to the demands that you are making upon it, act to-day. Those sleepless nights, the loss of appetite, headaches, despondency, the trembling hands, backache, tired feeling, pains and aches in any part of the body are the means that Nature adopts of warning you of your danger.

Electricity is making strong, lusty men and vigorous happy women out of physical wrecks every day. Electricity and Electricity alone, properly applied, gives back the strength, the vital power that has been lost, no matter from what cause.

My Belt restores the Vital powers to men and women. It makes strong, healthy men and women out of mental and physical wrecks. It is a positive and lasting cure for Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Headache, Drowsiness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Weakness of the Back, Weakness of the Nervous System, Sleeplessness (Insomnia). It overcomes the terrible results of early indiscretions. It restores the vitality that is lost. It corrects every sign of mental impairment and physical breakdown. Here we give you a few samples of the kind of letters I receive every day by the score from people who have found Health, Strength and happiness through the use of my Belt.

Mr. Timothy Leadbeater, of Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "Dear Sir—I purchased one of your Belts in December, 1905, and after using it as you directed, I felt like a new man, and I am pleased to inform you that I am just as well to-day and as free from pain as I ever was in my lite. I found your Belt much better than was represented, and I have recommended it to many others and shall always feel a pleasure in doing so. I am more than satisfied with my Belt. I followed your instructions and found it complete. Hoping you will have every success."

Another man, **Mr. P. Destors, of Ralph Station, Sask.,** says: "Dear Sir—I am very thankful for the good your Belt has done me. I can work now and feel that the restoration of my health is complete. All I can say is that your Belt cured me after the failure of doctors. If there are any men broken down like I was there is only one thing that can make them men again, and that is Dr, McLaughlin's Electric Belt. It has cured me and will do the same for you. If any one doubts you, let them write to me."



DEAR SIR,—I have been using your Belt for Lumbago and Weak Kidneys, and have found it just what I needed, as my back is stronger and I feel better in every way. I can recommend it very highly to anyone suffering from these troubles, as I was a chronic sufferer for many years before I got the Belt. Thanking you for the benefits I have received.

Samuel Quinn, Edmonton, Alta.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to say that your Belt has completely cured me, for which I am very grateful. Your Belt is everything it is said to be. I have advised others to invest in your Belt. **Robert Harrop, Roblin, Man.**

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to tell you that the Belt has helped me wonderfully. I have been free from backache and weakness ever since I first used the Belt.

W. J. Grosse, Strongfield, Sask.

DEAR SIR,—I have been perfectly satisfied in every way with your treatment and it is every bit as good as it is said to be. I just wore the Belt for about six weeks straight after I got it, almost three years ago, and I have never worn it since, nor have I felt any pains about me anywhere whatever. My back is perfectly well and strong, and I am as healthy as any person could be, and wishing you every success

A. H. Joy, Haunted Lake, via Alix, Alta.

To those who are tired of paying without results, and to those who doubt if anything will help them, I make this offer; If you will secure me my

PAY WHEN YOU ARE CURED

Every weak man wants to feel young again! To realize the joyful sparkle of nerve life as it infuses the body with its glowing vitality; the feel the magnetic enthusiasm of youthful energy; to be happy, light-hearted and full of joyous impulses; to be free from spells of despondency, from brain wandering, from the dull, stupid feeling; to have confidence, self-esteem and the admiration of men and women! Such is the wish of the broken-down man, and it may be gratified.

I have a nicely illustrated book which every man should read. I will send it, closely sealed, FREE.

Free Book If you cannot call, then fill out this Coupon, mail it to me, and I will mail you free, sealed and in plain envelope, my Book, which contains many things you should know, besides describing and giving the price of the appliance and numerous testimonials. Business transacted by mail or at offices only.—No agents.

Now, if you suffer, do not lay this aside and say you will try it later. Act to-day—NOW.

Put your name on this Coupon and send it in.

Dr. E. M. McLaughlin, 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Send me your Free Book, closely sealed, and oblige,

Name .....

Address .....

Sunday Reading.

Our Father.

Think what a Father is thine!
He maketh His sun to shine,
And fields that were barren are golden,
The mountains in radiance beholden
Are lifting their heads toward heaven
In praise for the light that is given.
He giveth the plenteous rain,
In blessing it falls on the plain,
And Nature is glad for its flowing
Since things, that were weary of growing,
Are speaking their thanks through bright eyes
Uplifted to him, and his skies.
Oh child, whom He loves, believe!
Open thy heart to receive;
Be not afraid of to-morrow,
It is laden with gladness, not sorrow.
Be sure He will answer thy prayer,
And carry thy burden of care.
His is the rain and the sun,
His will through His love shall be done,
The world of thy life in His keeping,
Is fitter for song than for weeping.
Do not be sad, or repine,
Think what a Father is thine.

Meeting People Half-way.

A company of summer campers sat together under the trees one Sunday as the sun was setting, and sang songs and hymns. Under the influences of the quiet woods and the gathering twilight some thoughtful words were spoken, revealing inner experiences and aspirations. Then one young woman, who was a stranger to most of the company, said she had resolved to live for Christ, and that she took that occasion to avow her purpose for the first time.

A gentleman present sought the young woman after the meeting dispersed and advised her to tell her decision to the pastor of the church she attended, on her return home, and to enter into fellowship with the church. To his surprise she flatly refused. She told him that she knew hardly anyone in the church, that she was a working girl whom the people would not welcome into their society, that they were cold and indifferent, and that the pastor had never shown any interest in her. The gentleman wrote a note to the pastor, mentioning the incident and commending the girl to his attention, and the matter passed from his mind.

Several months later the young woman called at his office. She told him she had a Sunday school class of young ladies, all of whom wanted to be Christians, and that as he had helped her at a critical time she had ventured to ask his counsel how to guide those in her charge. She was animated and earnest, and her eyes kindled as she spoke of her interest in others, in marked contrast to the reserve and indifference she had shown in that first interview. "Why," said he, "you told me the people in the church looked down on you because you were a working girl, and that you could not feel at home with them."

"O," she replied, "that was because I didn't know them. When I came back home last summer I found some of the people welcomed me. I went into the Christian Endeavour Society, and now I'm an officer in it. When I came to get acquainted with the people I found them delightful. I can't tell you how kind they are to me, nor how I enjoy working with them for the church. All my Sunday school class love me, and they will all come into the church, I am sure. I want to show them how to work for Christ, and I want to do more for Him myself."

The lonely, disheartened, suspicious girl of the summer had become in the winter a winsome, loving, and generous servant of others, feeling herself rich in associations and friendships which she had formerly regarded as either beyond her reach or as worthless. Not long afterward her friend heard that she was soon to have a home of her own.

All this wealth of character, affection, and service existed potentially in all the parties concerned on the Sunday evening when the company of campers sang and talked together in the woods. It only needed that they should meet one another half-way with mutual trust and interestto discover what enriched one lonely life and the church and community and created a Christian home.

Thank-Offerings.

The old Hebrews, in their reverent worship of Jehovah, who brought them out of Egypt, brought their thank-offerings to lay upon his altar.

We are often captives in some Egypt of physical pain that holds us in sore bondage, or in some temporal anxiety that holds us in durance, and if we pray and trust and wait, our Lord brings us out. With a sense of exultation we realize that we are free. After long infirmity the bonds are loosed and we walk among men again doing our work, taking a hand in what is going on, feeling ourselves no longer on the retired list, but in the very midst of the old energies. We are out of Eygpt. Perhaps that Egypt was the hardest form of trial, a tense and hidden and wearing suspense on account of some dear child or kinsman who was wandering from the right path. In every town, in every street, in every congregation, there are men and women who conceal bitter and wasting anxiety because of a son or a daughter who is, like the prodigal, astray in a far country. One day the mists part, the shadow lifts, the child comes home. Christ's redeeming grace finds and saves the one who was lost. No more Egypt-gloom for the parent to tarry in now, but the sweet, full radiance of Paradise restored.

Whatever the bounty has been in our case, shall we not signalize our gratitude by a thank-offering?

I heard the other day of a woman who had dreaded for some weeks the ordeal of a hospital operation. It was to be critical, and would be costly. She had the money for it in the house. But one day the doctors came and made an examination, and, to her unspeakable relief, told her that nature had spared her the knife. She was getting well without surgery. There would be no need of what she had feared.

In her transport of grateful joy, she remembered another woman who was suffering and longing to be cured, but who had no time to stop her work, and no money to pay the doctors. She said, "My thank-offering shall go to her. I will give her what I supposed I must spend on myself, and her need shall be my opportunity to testify my thankfulness to God."

The Bible that was Buried.

There lived in the city of St. Louis, a Scotch family, in which there was a dear old grandmother who loved her Bible, and read and studied it daily. She used it so thoroughly and constantly that its leaves became worn and tattered, and in some places the words upon the pages were hardly legible.

It came to pass that this family moved away from St. Louis to a neighboring city. Not desiring to carry anything that could be disposed of, they discarded all articles of furniture and their things which were not of immediate use.

The old grandmother looked at her Bible; it was so large, worn out, and for all practical purposes, as far as she could see, altogether useless. One would naturally suppose that the mere associations would have bound it to her so strongly that she would have taken it at any cost or inconvenience; but, when you are told that she had the old Scotch views that when a thing was useless it should be laid aside, and, moreover, that she wore out a Bible every two or three years, it is not to be wondered at that she was willing to leave it behind as she moved away.

They were burning a lot of rubbish, and she went to get her old book; but, approaching the fire, she clasped it in her arms, and turning away, said, "Never, never can I burn God's word."

"What are you going to do with it, grandmother?" asked one of the household.

"I shall take it into the garden and bury it as I would the precious body of

AS EASY AS A B C

Have you ever noticed that some people when they try to explain something they do not understand use very big words? Sir William Ball, one of the greatest living astronomers, can explain even that difficult branch of science in simple words and phrases. In the same way, people who know how they lost their health and regained it can tell us all about it in words "as easy as A B C."

Take the case of Mr. George Morris, 18 Cathedral Street, Montreal, who, on June 28th, 1909, wrote us saying:—"I would like to join with others who have benefited from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup by thanking you for the benefit I received from it while suffering from indigestion. I have always been strong and robust; in fact, being a shipper, I was obliged to be able to lift heavy weights. Well, five years ago, I first fell ill. I felt weakness, lack of energy, and lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I suffered such violent pains across my chest and back that I dreaded food and often went hungry. I had bad headaches, and with the least exertion I felt dizzy and the blood rushed to my head."

"This, with foul breath, coated tongue and constant nausea, made me begin to lose hope of ever being well again. But a friend told me of Mother Seigel's Syrup and I tried it. One week's treatment brought great relief, and when I had used the Syrup one month I was completely cured."

There is no reason to doubt that what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for Mr. Morris it will do for you. It cured him and it will cure you.

Taken daily after meals, it will cleanse and invigorate your system, restore tone and vitality to your stomach and liver, and make you look well, feel well and be well.

Madame Jules Gagnon, of 80 Richardson Street, St. Roch, City of Quebec, testified on July 8th, 1909, that she suffered from dyspepsia for about fourteen years, and during that period endeavored to find a cure for the various sufferings which accompany this malady. The usual heavy feeling and pains after eating had a strong hold on her, and headache, sleeplessness and constipation were among the numerous afflictions with which she was subject to. On account of the long period of her suffering she lost in weight, and her case became nearly chronic. Pains in the back, palpitation of the heart, wind in the stomach and bowels, as well as a sensation of dizziness would frequently attack her, and it often seemed as if she would vomit after meals.

Numerous medicines were tried to overcome the difficulty, and we are informed that Mother Seigel's Pills have given such relief she has no doubt of receiving a permanent cure shortly, and she is very thankful for the benefit that she has received thus far.

INDIGESTION

MEANS:—

TORTURING PAIN. WRETCHED DAYS.
CHRONIC WEARINESS. WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

It means being "done up," "played out," bowled over," "good for nothing," all the day and every day. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means ruined health and a broken-down system unless you root it out without delay.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard remedy for indigestion in sixteen countries. Its unrivalled reputation is backed by nearly forty years' unbroken success in curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all diseases arising from a disorded condition of the stomach, liver and bowels. Mother Seigel's Syrup is made from the extracts of certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, and has no equal as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. This is the testimony of tens of thousands of persons whom it has cured after all other medicines had miserably failed. Here is a case in point:—"Five years ago I began to feel out of sorts; felt weakness and lack of energy I had never felt before. I lost my appetite, and when I did eat a little I always had pains in my back and chest. I had headaches, giddiness, unpleasant breath and coated tongue. I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and in one month was completely cured."—George Morris, 18, Cathedral Street, Montreal. 28.6.09.

GIVES

STRENGTH TO THE WEAK. | ENERGY TO THE LANGUID. | COMFORT TO THE DYSPEPTIC.

GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL

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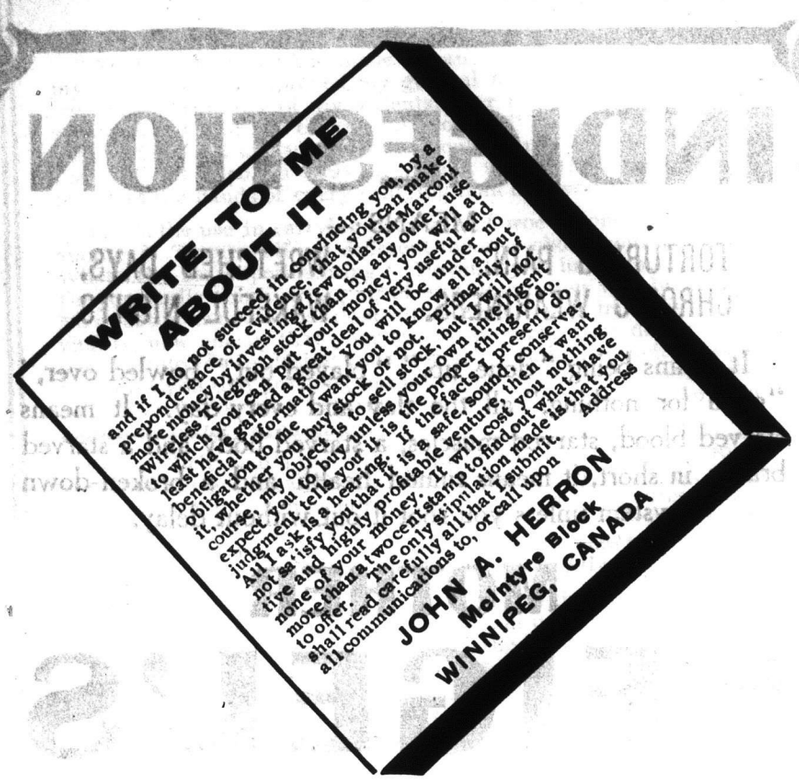

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Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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one I loved." And she carried out her intention with the assistance of another member of the family, and the Bible was decently buried. They went their way, thinking no more of what they had done.

The dwelling came into the possession of another family that same spring, and, strange to say, this family were without a Bible, though prominent in social circles and well-to-do in all the temporal affairs of life; still, they cared nothing for either the church or the Bible, and had grown altogether out of the habit of such things, as is the case, alas, in too many families at the present day.

On one occasion several months after the burial of the Bible, I think it was the September following the May in which it was done, it was decided to make a lettuce bed in the garden, and several were standing by while one was digging and preparing the place for the bed. Suddenly the hoe was plunged into a soft object, and they found upon examination the old Bible buried in the garden. The grandmother in this family, who was standing by, looked at it cautiously and curiously, and, turning to the others, said, "Children, we have no Bible; this has been sent us from the Lord."

It was very wet, and, of course, much disfigured, but she took it in her arms, carried it into the kitchen, put it in the oven, and dried it out thoroughly. She then sat down and read chapter after chapter. By the reading of these tattered pages she became converted, and with wonderful spirit and feeling made known the news to the rest of the family. They began at once to examine and read the Bible, and everyone of the family was duly converted, and is now a member of a church.

Truly the Bible was sent from God, and in its resurrected body it manifested that spirit and life which Jesus said it would manifest; and this dear old book has become a lamp to the feet and a light to the path of every member of that household.

Common Mercies.

The common mercies that we all share are received by us as a right. We even grumble when the weather does not suit our convenience, when it is too cold, or too hot, too wet or too dry. But God appoints the world's weather and arranges the course of the seasons, and we could not do it as he does, nor manage, for the good of the world, the order of nature. On the whole, for the good of the whole, the rain and wind and shadow and shine, the stars and the sun are so ordained, that all people are benefited. Does this seem trite? It is not more trite than true.

What a blessing would come to us in our heart-lives if we could learn to receive every gift, however small, with a certain gladness, praising our Father when there is a fine day, and equally singing a psalm of joy when the rain comes pouring down from the clouds taking every glancing sunbeam, every silver raindrop, every fleecy flake, just as a little token straight from heaven!

We might do far worse than at times to sit down and count our common mercies. A beautiful lyric of Robert Louis Stevenson expresses a little of what is meant by common mercies. I insert it as a whole, for it has been often to me an inspiration and a comfort.

You and I forget that we hold in fee much that none can ever take away from us, that the man of many dollars and multiplied securities has no monopoly of sunset or the glory of dawn

In the Day When We Give Thanks.

"Were there not ten cleansed," asked the Master sorrowfully, "but where are the nine?"

Of ten men rescued by our Lord from the grasp of an incurable and loathsome malady, only one came back to give the Lord his praise.

In a proportion not unlike that recorded in this incident, most people render thanks when they are delivered from a peril, healed of an illness, or helped over a hard place. A cynic has said that "gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come," and indeed, looking about the world and surveying human nature, one finds singularly few persons who practice toward God or man the virtue of genuine thankfulness.

Take, for example, the familiar experience of anxiety over a loved one suddenly prostrated by violent pain, perhaps to be cured only by the knife of the surgeon. Or, for instance, the coming to the home of croup or fever under the malignant spell of which a little child gasps for breath. In an agony of supplication we call on God to save the precious life. Our thoughts flying upward are prayers. We feel as though we cannot let go the divine strength that is able to scatter the evil influence and reinforce the failing vitality. But when the danger passes, and the joy of health returns to the home, and the sufferer is restored to the wonted activities, we often forget to magnify the goodness that brought to us the blissful change.

We are on the ocean and the ship is tempest-tossed. Or we are in a railway accident, and while others are injured, we escape. Or the storm and the accident come before or after our journey, and for us there are clear skies and soft airs, and there is unimpeded progress and a speedy arrival at our journey's end. Whatever be our salvation or our immunity, it is a legitimate cause for praising the love that never forgets, though far too frequently we forget and go on our way, just as if there were no Father in the universe, just as if there were no overruling Providence to guide and guard us at every point and station of our lives. We are seldom so grateful as we should be for the good hand of our Father in our daily lives.

An Allegory.

The Lover of Beauty passed by where the Rose grew. He bent above the tree and plucked from its branches the rarest and best of its blossoms —a beautiful, pure, White Rose.

The Lover of Beauty delighted in his flower, caressing its petals, and wore it where the world might see it and know it to be his. Into the heart of a great city he bore it, into a room that was his studio; and placing it where his gaze might most easily rest upon it he drank again of its loveliness.

The Lover of Beauty took palette and brush and reproduced the Rose; tint for tint, petal for petal, curve for curve; till the rose on canvas looked as pluckable as the real flower had done when he gathered it to himself.

But for want of care the gathered Rose drooped its head and wilted. The Lover of Beauty, beholding this, exclaimed:

"The thing is faded, its beauty has departed. I have used it as I desired, I no longer want it, why should I keep it? I will cast it away."

Opening a window he threw far out into the street below the Rose once pure, once beautiful, once his. And it fell where was sin and the dirt. The Lover of Beauty found another Rose with crimson tints and a deeper fragrance.

The Man passed by where the White Rose fell. And he who loved flowers not alone for their beauty, but because God had made them flowers, saw a Rose crushed to earth, bruised and broken.

Stooping down, the Man lifted from the mud the stained and battered blossom, wiped it carefully clean, and hid it away against his heart, where he lovingly and sheltering wore it forever and ever more.

The Old Lady at the Window.

This is the story of a mother and a daughter who came under the shadow of a great sorrow. The mother had carried the spirit of youth well into old age, and the daughter who had cared for her had found joy in their relations. But the mother lost the ability to walk, and the infirmities of years grew more heavy upon her, so that the pendulum of her life swung daily between her bed and her chair in the window and no farther.

Her daughter up to this time had enjoyed a large measure of freedom, consequent upon her mother's good health, but now there remained only the daily care of the home till the end should come.

Not without heartaches, and misgiving, but with courage and filial affection the younger woman took up

her duty. Nor was she content with that form of ministration which measures itself. It was her delight to give herself to her mother in every way that was possible. And in that unmeasured service there came an unexpected joy, an enthusiasm that lifted it above drudgery, and in response to which every beautiful trait in her mother's character displayed itself.

The mother loved flowers, and the daughter moved her flowers to the mother's room, and kept them blooming in the window. After a time the window became a floral bower, and in the centre sat a queenly old lady in white, looking down upon the street.

It was beautiful to see her there, and to witness her interest in the activities which she could not share. She looked down with a smile on the clerks hurrying by to business, and the young men came to look up at the window and lift their hats. She always waved her fan to children, and these, even though they did not know her name, knew and loved the window.

Back in the house, and out of sight, the daughter devoted herself to her daily cares, rejoicing in her mother's comfort of heart and body, and the years—for this continued for years—sped fast.

A little while ago the chair became empty, and since then the bell has often been rung by unknown people who say, "I beg your pardon, but where is the dear old lady who sat among the flowers?"

Each day the daughter is learning that to scores of people her mother's life, and her own had been a daily benediction. "It has come to me to say to them," said she, "not to think of the vision of my mother as if it had gone, but as if she still looks down and smiles upon us from a higher window, and among flowers that do not wither. To me, at least, it seems so; and in the light of that smile I shall live henceforth."

Home Occupation.

Parents should never permit idleness to become habitual with their children. The home is not doing its duty unless it inculcates the idea that usefulness is the highest type of manliness and womanliness.

By all means let the home and the child have resources for enjoyment within themselves. Even in their infantile play children should be kept thinking, inventing new games for themselves. They should learn that eternal companionship is not the highest happiness. It is wrong so to rear a girl that she is restless of her own society, and afraid to sit still for a moment and commune with her own soul.

The little ones should never be permitted to play that they are quarreling or punishing each other; or that they are sick. Such games lower the moral tone. There is no inspiration in imaginary misery. Let them play games which enhance their self-respect. For the end and aim of culture, whether of the home or of the school, is to enable one to think aright, to work intelligently and with a joy in the doing, to find good companionship within himself, and to give him the right to find in his own character something of worth.

The most princely inheritance which the home can bequeath to the child is the certainty that, however aged and world-blinded he may become, whenever he comes back into the home and into the presence of his mother, the scales will fall from his eyes, and he will clearly discern the true from the false; and that which is worth being and striving for will stand forth in all its alluring beauty and dignity.—Westminster Teacher.

The greatest missionary need is not men nor money, but spiritual power.

The prayer-meeting sometimes dies because the preacher failed to realize it was worth saving.

When our children are acting foolishly, let us not forget that probably they are acting naturally.

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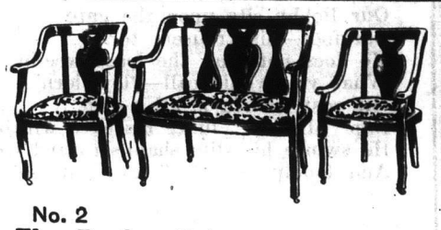

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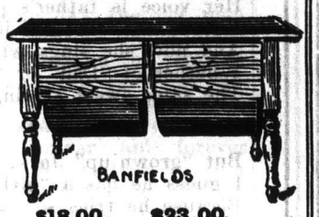

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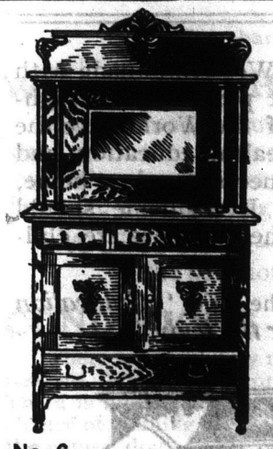

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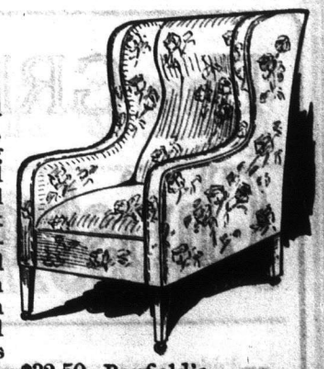

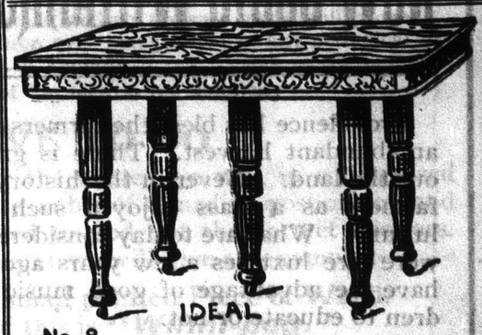

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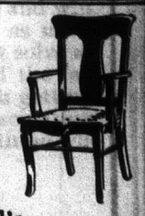

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The Home Beautiful.

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D., Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

"I Love You so."

(Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. William G. Matheson, Port Morien, Cape Breton, N.S.)

1.

Our Bobby sits upon the gate
Barefoot—his trousers torn,
He does not look the least wee-bit
What you would call—"love-lorn'
His rosy mouth is all a-grin,
Imp "Mischief" lurks his eyes within,
He swings his slim shanks to and fro'
And loudly sings—"I love you so"!

2.

And 'Liza beats a "batter-cake"
She hugs the "batter-bowl"
She plies the spoon with might and main
And sings with heart and soul;
I try in vain, her thoughts to scan —
Whether she means the "dough" or "man",
But only this—I truly know—
Eliza sings—"I love you so."

3.

My mother!—Well, that crumpled me—
In fact, I almost cried,
For mother always sings some hymn,
Her voice is father's pride;
But O! she, too, got in the "swim"
And now she sings with extra vim—
Whether of "Dad" or "by-gone" beau,
The same sweet strain, "I love you so."

4.

But "grown-up" Jack, I do not mind,
I guess he has a "girl, "
Because he tries so hard to keep
His front hair in a curl,
He whistles almost all the time,
This tune—and I supply the rhyme—
'Tis "love's young dream" for Jack, and so
It sounds all right—"I love you so."

5.

Now, "Father!"—well I always thought
That Father "loved" the farm,
His house and barns and all his stock,
But "music hath it's charm"—
I found him sitting in the door,
He wasnt' "Father" any more,
His faithful pipe was drawing slow
While low, he hummed—"I love you so."

The Sleepy Song.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house up-stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.
And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray ones' nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.
And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next,
Their colors are white and gray.
And over they go and over they go
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house up-stairs is still.
And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam.

The Father's Part.

It is wonderful how busy men are when it comes to spending time with the boys. The only communion between father and sons seems to be in the potato patch or the hay-mow. There is no joking, no chumming, no display of affection—nothing but ordering around. Now, this is a cardinal error, and there is no excuse that will explain away such a state of things. A man's children are his greatest asset. They are really what he should live for. They should be first in his thought always—ahead of money and lands and his own enjoyment.

A man who thinks more of his own selfish indulgence than of his children deserves to be childless; a man who fails to command the affection of his boys when they are young, can not win a place in their hearts later on. There will be a gradual drifting apart, and at adolescence the young fellows will go their own way. They will leave the farm, not because they dislike it, but because they wish to get where they may have companionable people; and in town they will leave the fireside for the street gang, not because the fireside is unpleasant, but because they desire chums and partners. They do not care so much whether it is partners in crime or fun, but partners they will have.

Nor should fatners act the part of guides for the children's sake alone. Their own greatest happiness lies in this course of action. There is no happiness in this world comparable to that derived from association with children.

Of course there are times when a father finds it very hard to be with his family. Yet let him beware lest he be led away from his duty too easily. The right of fatherhood is a birthright that must not be despised—even if the poltage be tempting.

There are two clippings bearing on this topic that every father should read:

A Father's Part in Training a Boy.

Strange how fathers neglect the training of their boys. They shirk the responsibility off upon the mother, expecting to assume it when the child is older. But then it is too late—if the father loses his hold on the boy when young, he is seldom able to regain it later. The influence of the mother upon the boy of five to twelve years of age is marvellous, but the father's wise counsel and companionship at this age are also essential to ideal training.

"No time to bother with children" is not an excuse for the busy father. My boy of ten has a bed in my room, or adjoining, so that during my very busy periods I see and associate with him in the morning and evening. Many confidences may be exchanged betwen father and son under these circumstances that would be missed otherwise, and these interchanges are often quite as beneficial to the father as to the son.

Father's training must supplement mothers. At five or six, one of our boys seemed disposed to develop into a sensitive, shrinking, weak, nature, but through our combined efforts he is growing into as sturdy a character as he is strong physically. We early agreed not to say "don't" to him except when absolutely necessary — to throw him on his own resources, to let him play with so-called tough boys, to encourage adventure and daring, to discourage his coming to us with complaints or whims, but yet to foster his confiding in us.

We avoid correcting our sons in the presence of other boys; you hate to be humiliated before your peers. So do boys. Instead of antagonizing them by such means, thus destroying the influence of the correction, a quiet talk with the boy when alone will usually be far more effective.

"Preaching" at children is of little avail. Appeal to their reason, to their interest, and you can do almost any thing with them. An attractive home circle is best of all places for boys and girls of evenings, but if the home is unattractive it is natural for the children to stray away. Love, tact, good sense and some self-denial are essential to an attractive home, and the children must do their part toward its creation as well as their parents. If they feel free to bring in their young friends to read, study or play during the evening or their spare time, that is one test of an attractive home.

The Claim of Children.

Are you a father? Then take time to be a father. No enterprise can be so deserving; no cause can be so sacred

as to justify the neglect of your children.

Too busy, do you say, to have a share in the rearing of your family? Then you are too busy to have a family. You have no more moral right to be a father if you cannot find time to do the work of a father than you have to be an alderman if you cannot find time to do the work of an alderman.

Many a father spends more time on his driving horse or his automobile than he does on his boy; and yet he expects that boy to be a credit to him. That father makes a serious mistake who will not take time to be a companion to his boy.

God pity the father whose boy goes away from him and to others for counsel and sympathy. And especially, God pity the boy!

Do you want to save your boy, your girl? Then make home the dearest spot on earth. Make it just as attractive and cheerful as you can—not for the occasional guest, but for the boy and girl.

Wise Fathers and Mothers.

President Roosevelt's wise words, in a recent speech in Maine, strike home upon an important phase of the higher life of the household: "Every father of a large family—and being an old-fashioned man I believe in large families—knows that if he has to do well by his children he must try to do well by himself. Now haven't you in your own experience known men—and I am sorry to say even more often women—who think that they are doing a favor to their children when they shield them from any effort? When they let the girls sit at ease and read while the mother does all the housework? Don't you know cases like that? I do, yes when a boy will be brought up to be very ornamental and not useful? Don't you know that, too? Exactly. Now those are not good fathers and mothers. They are foolish fathers and mothers. They are not being kind, they are simply silly."

Letting Alone.

Often a mother must stand aside and let her children alone to work out their own problems. But to a certain extent she is responsible for them and cannot evade her responsibility. No mother should allow her daughter to drift into an undesirable friendship which may ripen into love, and may affect an entire life, or two lives. Not by antagonism, but by subtle and tactful influencing, the mother should, so to speak, shape her daughter's love affairs.

Mere letting alone is like mere sitting still. It may mean shipwreck. It may mean ruin, it may mean death. Interference is sometimes injudicious, but letting alone is disastrous. The true safeguard is found in that sweet confidence between mother and daughter which makes them sharers of each other's thoughts, and renders secrets between them impossible.

A Merry Heart.

A merry heart is the best medicine. Have you ever tried what the sunshine spirit will do? Try it for one month and you will never go back to the nagging fault-finding life.

A woman with a family of half a dozen little children has a hard time. Everybody knows it and extends ready sympathy; but if this woman talks morning, noon and night about her hard times, and her six children, and the mending, she soon loses the sympathy of her friends and becomes a by-word in the district. Let her on the other hand take the best view of it; let her talk of the joy she gets out of her children, let her laugn her way along in spite of her tears, and she will become a ministering angel at her own fireside, and an inspiration to all her friends.

Every woman should resolve that if possible she would never scold. It accomplishes no good, but it prevents that flow of affection which is the condition of all happy, healthy home life.

One who perceives that the big thing in life is harmony, peace and friendship, and that possessions are but secondary will have but little time for the scolding life. Read these two little clippings and see if they do not contain worthy ideas:

WHY DO YOU SCOWL?

Does it improve your looks? Not even so much as the thundercloud in a summer sky, for it, at least, gives signs of the sun behind.

Does it add to your popularity? Not while a sunny disposition is the winner as friend maker and keeper.

Does it heighten your charms? Not to those who count sullenness the deadliest fault a woman can have.

Does it boost your chances in life? Not with the man who has ever had the ill-luck to employ a sulky worker.

Does it keep you young looking? Ask the masseuse who has to wage war on that heavy line between the eyes and the crow's feet at the corners.

Does it make life sweeter? The sweetening power of a scowl is as salt in the sugar bowl or vinegar in the molasses jug.

Does it make things easier? About as easy as sand on a ballroom floor, or running an unoiled jigsaw.

Does it pay? Not until crossness becomes currency for content, and a frown is pacemaker for a smile.

FOREVER BLAMING ROUND

The writer remembers that years ago when he was living in the country there was an old man living not far distant who had "a time of it" trying to live in peace with a termagant of a wife. The old man was eager for peace and harmony, but tht old lady was always looking for trouble and creating it when it did not exist, as is common with such unfortunates. One day the old man came over to the writer's home much depressed and seemingly on the verge of tears. When asked the cause of his woe-begone appearance, he said:

"Oh, it's Elizy Ann! Same old story—blaming 'round, forever an' forever blaming 'round! No matter whether you do what she wants you to or what she dosn't want you to, she blames 'round all the same! Turrible to be born that a-way!"

It certainly is "turrible" to be born with a disposition to "blame 'round" all of the time, and it is sorrowfully true that the discontent and the unhappiness that run rampant in so many homes arises from the fact that there is someone in the house who is "forever blaming 'round." This chronic tendency to find fault, to censure instead of praise, to be ever on the alert for something to criticize and condemn, is a disease as insidious and disastrous in results as diseases that destroy the body. It is as truly a disease as consumption, but is far more possible of self-cure. It is a disease quite within the range of our new methods of mental healing or mind curing, and it is unfortunate that more people afflicted with this disorder do not try to be cured of it. Fault-finding can become a habit as vicious in its tendencies as some of the actual immoralities of life, and the chornic fault-finder can wreck the peace and happiness of the home as easily as it is sometimes wrecked by the intemperate husband and father. Indeed intemperate men are often exceedingly kind and good when they are not under the influence of liquor, but the chronic fault-finder rarely lapses into kindness and tenderness.

The man or woman who is "forever blaming 'round" should be a sorry object for his or her own contemplation, and such persons owe it to themselves, to their friends, to society in general, and to their Creator in particular, to put themselves through a course of self-treatment and reorganization that will make them fit to dwell with those who are kindly and generous and who are seeking to advance the common good of the world. The chronic and caustic critic is about as great and ugly a blot as one wil find on the fair face of creation. May his kind decrease!

A Wise Observation.

While the threshers were at a certain farm-house the little boy came in and told his mother that the boss of the machine was saying some very bad words, "But," said his mother, "that man's mother died when he was a little boy, so he had no one to tell him that it was wrong to say such words."

The little fellow went out again, but very soon returned and said, "Mother, I think there are a lot of men out there that lost their mothers when they were little boys."

$1,000 given away FREE to our Readers

We have succeeded in evolving a new sort of Competition which we are absolutely certain will prove a pleasant and popular pastime for readers during the coming long evenings. It embodies all the elements that make for success, and we are sure that it will prove the most popular competition ever inaugurated by any periodical in Canada.

The charm of the idea is its simplicity

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Every month during the winter we will, in a disguised form, print the names of a number of Canadian post offices, and competitors will be required to find out the correct answers. To make our meaning clearer we will give an example:—

A Girl's Name—a small pointed Piece of Wood.
The solution of this is *"Winni-peg."*

CONDITIONS

There are absolutely no conditions regarding the eligibility of competitors. We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to come in and win. There is no entrance fee. Remember that YOU stand just as much chance of winning the $500 prize as anyone else. If you cannot solve all the names, don't be discouraged. Try again and bear in mind the fact that we are giving nearly sixty prizes, any one of which is worth getting. We feel sure that our readers will find this competition most fascinating. It is perfectly simple, and success should reward the efforts of those who will take a little time and trouble once a month.

PRIZES

To the persons sending in the largest number of correct answers we will award:—

1st Prize, goods to value of		**$500.00**
2nd Prize	,, ,,	**$250.00**
3rd Prize	,, ,,	**$100.00**
4th Prize	,, ,,	**$50.00**
5th Prize	,, ,,	**$25.00**
6th Prize	,, ,,	**$10.00**

And a handsomely bound Book to each of the next 50 as Consolation Prizes.

Winners will be entitled to select their own prizes from any firm advertising in *The Western Home Monthly*. We think this will be more popular than if we chose the prizes ourselves, as you are the best judge of what is most wanted in your home.

A different coupon will appear in each issue until the close of the contest.

Every name represents that of a Post Office in the Dominion of Canada.

No employee of *The Western Home Monthly* will be allowed to compete.

The competition is so simple that it does not require any explanations. We think we have given full particulars, but if there is any point on which further information is required, write us and enclose stamp for reply.

All answers must be made on blanks appearing in issues of *The Western Home Monthly*. Answers received on any other sheets will not be accepted.

The decision of the management of *The Western Home Monthly* shall in all cases be final.

The First List of Names

We append a list of well-known Canadian Post Offices. Some of them you may be able to solve at a glance, while others may require a little thought. Get your friends to help you!

CUT THIS OUT

NOVEMBER COUPON

POST OFFICE

1. **To mark with a Hot Iron—a Proposition** .....
2. **The Governor-General of Canada** .....
3. **To Sell—a House of Worship** .....
4. **The Latin for Queen** .....
5. **A European Country** .....
6. **Acid—Exists** .....
7. **A Vehicle—a Person** .....

Important Notice. **Fill in the answers in the spaces provided, cut out Coupon and retain it. Do not send it to us now. We shall tell you when Coupons are to be sent in, and how they are to be addressed.**

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

The Price of the Edison Phonograph

An Edison Phonograph can be bought for your price whether it is $16.25 or a higher price up to $162.50, all playing both Amberol and Standard Records.

But you cannot measure the Phonograph by money. Whether the price is $16.50 or $162.50, it is not much to pay for an instrument that will last a lifetime, which will furnish you good music every day, which will furnish you better entertainment than you can buy in any other way, which will teach your children to love the best music, which will bring into your own home what other people pay large sums and go a long distance to hear.

Edison Standard Records . . . 40c
Edison Amberol Records (twice as long) 65c
Edison Grand Opera Records . . 85c

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Pay $5 Down and $2.50 Monthly

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$19.50 Only

No interest.

Seven Days' Free Trial if Desired

Special Offer

Celebrated Edison Phonograph. We are the only firm in the west selling on easy terms at this price. We sell all makes of Talking Machines and records.

Lowest prices. No C.O.D. No objectionable rules nor references required. Easy payments from $2.50 monthly. Return if not as represented, and we pay freight.

Here are some of our specials, ours exclusively, compare prices;

Improved Discs Machine with 16 large selections, **$27.50** The disc style reigns supreme.
Columbia 10 inch **Double Disc** (2 different selections) **85c.**, fit any machine, last for ever. Foreign records now ready.
Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, Edison Bell or Columbia, only **25c.**, were 40c.
Indestructible Cylinder Records, 45c., beautiful tone, cannot break, fit any machine.
Four and **Five Minute** cylinder records, **50c.**, choicest selections.
Edison Fireside Outfit, $33.10, including 6 Edison Bell or Columbia Records and 6 Five Minute records. Second-hand machines at bargain prices. Old machines taken in trade. 40 styles of talking machines. 20,000 records. 40 styles of pianos.

Biggest Piano and Phonograph house in Canada, Wholesale and retail.

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295 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

Electric Flashlight

GIVEN FOR SELLING

XMAS POSTCARDS, 6 FOR 10c

Pocket Electric Light. Just the thing for dark nights. Press the spring, and there you are—bright as day. Complete with battery and electric tie pin, for selling $3.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs; all gems of art; exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 59 W. Toronto.

HOCKEY SKATES

GIVEN FOR SELLING

XMAS POSTCARDS, 6 FOR 10c

Best Steel, finely finished; Puck stop; for boys or girls, for selling $3.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs; all gems of art; exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c each. **At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes.** Write to-day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. **W51**, Toronto.

LOOK! On Page 40M will be found particulars of a $1000.00 Prize Contest. Get interested.

Music and the Drama.

Last Music.

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh—
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player.
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.
Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling—
Words that weary and perplex, and pander and conceal;
Wake the sound that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling
The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.
Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,
Like waves upon some lovely beach where no craft anchoreth
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving not, nor fearing,
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death.

—From the French of Mme. Neckar.

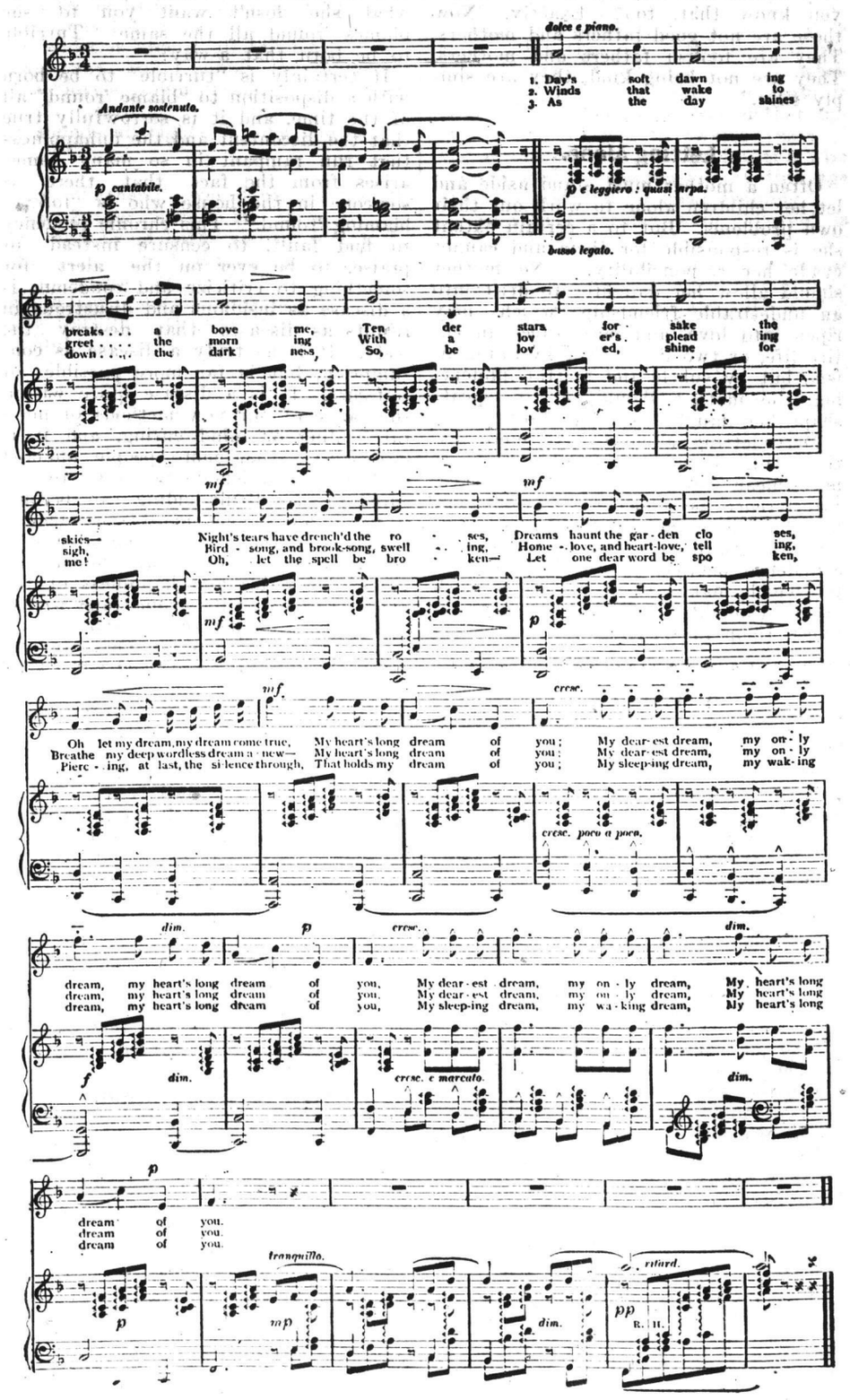
An announcement of special interest to the amusement-loving public of Western Canada is to the effect that Mr. C. P. Walker has established a Lyceum Bureau with central offices in Winnipeg, and will give Western Canada a number of the best concert attractions. Particular mention must be made of the English Grand Opera Singers and Symphony Orchestra, one of the greatest musical attractions touring the United States. Thomas Charles Wetton, the celebrated lecturer, the Robert Meikle Concert Company, which will be of particular interest to our Scottish residents. A tri-star combination known as the Cassels-Percival Entertainers, which gives a very interesting programme, and last but not least the well known and popular Jessie Marie Biggers, who has just returned from her European tour. These attractions will be presented during the fall and winter season, and they are of a high class. The entertainment offerred is so varied that the course will interest everyone.

The Shubert attractions still continue to draw crowds to the Winnipeg Theatre which is small wonder as the plays put on there are first-class ones, "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway", a most laughable burlesque on Shakespeare's masterpiece was the most successful offering during October and Eddie Foy rapidly got into the good graces of Winnipeggers. "Going Some," a play of quite a different type, ran for four nights and created a favorable impression.

We invite our readers to send us accounts of local concerts and entertainments.

My Heart's Long Dream of You

Words by Madeline S. Bridges — *Music by Pietro Mascagni*



The Month's Bright Sayings.

Rudyard Kipling: The world belongs to those who have courage.

Rev. Dr. Aked: The spirit of hate is the spirit of ignorance and barbarism.

Goldwin Smith: Life is a series of lessons which we seldon profit by.

Mrs. Pankhurst: Patriotism has no more to do with a gun than with a broom.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst: The searchlight of publicity is part of the apparatus of Providence.

J. J. Hill: People were never more ready to be swindled than they are to-day.

A. J. Balfour: Figures prove nothing; but they can be made to prove anything.

Jane Addams: Any man has an easy time compared with the average washerwoman.

J. M. Barrie: It is difficult to follow the human mind and especially the feminine one.

Dr. D. A. Stewart: Children always want to be actively employed; a healthy child is never still.

Lord Charles Beresford (at New York): Why cannot the English-speaking nations get together and simply say there shall not be war?

Admiral Seymour: The man in the stokehold is not as picturesque as the man behind the gun, but he is just as necessary.

W. J. Bryan: The great men of the past have been moved by higher ambitions and aims than the mere desire of making money.

President Taft: We Americans have in the past been the most wasteful nation on earth. In one hundred years of our commercial history we have used up 97 per cent. of our forests.

Joseph Choate: Nearly every modern war has come from a trivial episode in an hour of misunderstanding or madness or stupidity. Every editor who wrote a bellicose article should, he held, be in the first fighting rank.

Lord Grey: I am glad to say that the general Canadian attitude toward English people is better than formerly, doubtless owing to the disappearance of our old friend of tne eyeglass and riding breches—the remittance man. I kept a careful look-out for him on my trip West and saw only three specimens, the finest of them being at Victoria.

The Standard's Souvenir Number.

The Montreal Standard's Special Number has come to hand, and is a most creditable production. It has a magnificent cover in colors, painted by one of America's best known artists. The Number contains nearly 150 half-tone plates devoted to subjects of general interest, and has two superb panoramic views of Montreal suitable for framing. The printing is first class, and we understand that many thousands of the issue have been sent to friends abroad.

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is made of *BEST* materials, by *BEST* piano builders under *BEST* conditions. It is proclaimed

Canada's Best Piano

by the *BEST* musical artists and critics, and it *BEST* satisfies musical taste of the highest order and musical requirements of the keenest degree.

Catalogue and our easy terms of selling on request. Write to-day.

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ANOTHER lot of these high class instruments which Western Home Monthly readers say are the best for the money offered in Canada. We have one of the largest and oldest retail piano stores in the Dominion. When a new piano is sold we frequently take an organ in part exchange. These are the instruments which we offer you. They have been thoroughly renewed by our own workmen, and we guarantee them the same as new; in fact, they're better for those who do not live in cities, as they do not require so much attention. Terms made to suit you. Pay monthly, quarterly, or half yearly.

We ship anywhere in Canada and guarantee safe delivery.

When you buy from us you can exchange later for a new instrument if you wish. Write at once and send second and third choice, as these bargains are quickly taken advantage of. Over $50 pay $10 down and $1 per month. Under $50, pay $5 down and $3 per month.

Stool Free with each Organ.

Now, write at once. You run no risk because Orme & Son guarantee each word written over their name, and will take back and pay return freight on any organ not exactly as described. Could we make a fairer offer than to let you—a stranger—be the judge? Write to-day for your choice. The long winter is before you. Music will liven it up.

Our Free Booklet tells what your neighbors say.

So many letters come to us with praise for our way of doing business that we've had a little booklet printed—all about doing business by mail from coast to coast. Send for it. Free to any address.

GUARANTEED PARLOR ORGANS

Beatty—Walnut, extension top, music rack, lamp stands, 24 stops, 2 swells, 3 full sets of reeds and sub bass.....$36.00.

Karn—High back, walnut case, mirror and lamp stands, panelled, 11 stops, 2 swells, ...$38.00.

Bell—High back, walnut case, music rack, lamp stands, carved and panelled, 11 stops, 2 swells.....$42.00.

Bell—High back, walnut case, music rack panelled, cylinder fall board, 11 stops, 2 swells.....$43.00.

Thomas—High back, walnut case, with music rack, cylinder fall board, and folding mouse proof shutters, 10 stops, two swells, ...$44.00.

Dominion—High back, walnut case, with music rack, lamp stands, 9 stops, 2 swells .....$45.00.

Dominion—High back, walnut case, elaborately ornamented, automatic cylinder fall board and mouse proof shutters, very little used, 11 stops, 2 swells.....$45.00.

Thomas—High back, walnut, case, with cylinder fall board, music rack and lamp stands, 10 stops, 2 swells .....$46.00.

Uxbridge—High back, walnut case, and music cabinet, cylinder fall board, carved and panelled, 11 stops, 2 swells .....$48.00.

Dominion—Six octave, richly carved walnut case, without extension top, 11 stops, 1 swell.....$50.00.

Estey—High back, walnut, case, music rack and lamp stands, 9 stops and 2 swells, fine tone.....$50.00.

Evans Bros.—Six octave, piano case, rosewood, swing desk, 10 stops, 2 swells, ...$55.00.

Cornwall—Six octave, walnut case, extension top, lamp stands, bevel plate mirror, 11 stops, 2 swells, fine tone.....$58.00.

Doherty—Six octave piano case, walnut, top rail, with mirror lamp stands, 11 stops, 2 swel's.....$62.00.

Goderich—Seven octave, mahogany finish, piano case, 3 metal pedals, like piano, roll fall board, full length swing desk, spiral top arrangement.....$65.00.

Dominion—Six octave, piano case, walnut, solid panels, full length swing desk, plate glass mirror, rail on top, 11 stops, 2 swells, good full tone .....$65.00.

Bell—Six octave, walnut, piano case, fret panels and mirror, rail top, lamp stands, 11 stops, 2 swells, fine tone.....$65.00.

Cornwall—Six octave, mahogany, piano case, swing desk, with raised copper panel, 11 stops, 2 swells.....$70.00.

Uxbridge—Six octave, walnut, paino case, carved ornaments, full length automatic swing desk, 11 stops, 2swells. $70.00.

Dominon—Six octave, walnut, piano case, solid carved panels, rail top with bevel plate mirror, 11 stops, 2 swells, almost new, ...$75.00.

WARNING.—When you're dealing at a distance with a firm, it's well to know who they are. Orme & Son have been established since 1861 in the Piano and Organ business. Their store is the finest in Canada. Five flats high, and wholly devoted to musical goods. Your banker or express agent will tell you how reliable we are—ask them. Remember, we stand back of, and guarantee every statement we make. Write us to-day—you'll never regret it, if you want a Piano or Organ.

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Another Sample of the HAT We Sell by Mail.

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Let Me Tell You How To SAVE MONEY .. .. ..

"Metallic"

Will make your house and barn **Absolutely Fireproof** and **Weatherproof**—reduces your insurance rates and practically eliminates the annual repair bill.

A Fireproof Roofing

"Eastlake" Metallic Shingles are made from the finest quality galvanized steel—only the **best** and **toughest** will hold the bold, clear "Eastlake" pattern. The patented telescopic side lock and gutter make it the **easiest** and **quickest** to lay, and the **countersunk cleat** insures a **perfectly weathertight** roof.

For The Ceilings and Walls

"Metallic" is the **best** interior decoration. It gives a handsome appearance to any room—is **sanitary** and **will last** a lifetime—never cracks like plaster and wood. Unequalled for offices, store and residence.

The Best Siding For The House

"Metallic" rock-faced siding in either brick or stone design gives a house a genuine brick or stone appearance. It is **weather** and **fireproof** and very durable. An artistic, economical siding for implement sheds.

Protections For Barns and Elevators

Our **corrugated iron,** galvanized or painted, is of the **highest quality** material. The corrugations are **pressed,** one at a time, not rolled, thus insuring a **perfect fit**. Our **"Manitoba"** Steel Siding for large buildings, elevators, mills, storehouses, etc. Over 900 elevators in the Western Provinces are sided with **Manitoba Siding** and roofed with **"Eastlake" Shingles**—a proof of the superiority of **"Metallic."**

Our illustrated booklets "Eastlake Metallic Shingles" and "Interior Decoration in Metal" will interest you. Write for them. Manufacturers

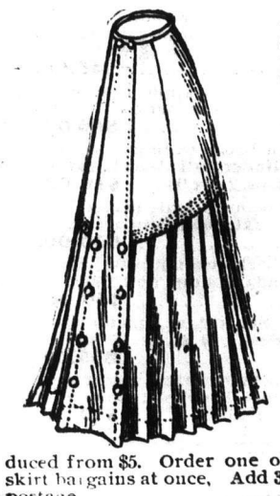
The Metallic Roofing Co Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

STEREOSCOPE

GIVEN FOR SELLING XMAS POSTCARDS 6 FOR 10c.

Hardwood Frame, Oxidized Copper Hood, with velvet edge; best of lenses, with 50 colored views of beautiful scenes and famous places; for selling $3.00 worth of Lovely Christmas Postcards; 50 designs; all gems of art; exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c. At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 54W Toronto.

$5 Panama Skirt $2.95



Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a $5 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in all shades. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. Say color preferred. Its the new style, side pleated and button trimmed. Beautifully tailored. Guaranteed to fit perfectly, and give satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in all shades of all wool Venetian for $3.25. Reduced from $6. We can also supply same style in Vicuna in all shades at $3.25, reduced from $5. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once, Add 35c. and we will pay postage.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.
London, Canada.

Woman's Realm.

By-Low Song.

Softly and softly the wind does blow:
Bye-low, bye-low;
Brighter the little star glances grow;
Bye-low, Baby.
Moon-mother puts on her silvery crown,
Rock-a-by, Baby, in your white gown;
Bye-low, Baby.
Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Waving the lily-buds to and fro,
Bye-low, Baby.
Kissing them gently, "Good-night, good-night,
Sleep till the morning, and wake in the light,"
Bye-low, Baby.
Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Up in the elm where the cradle-nests show,
Bye-low, Baby.
Little birds drowsily swing the night through,
Warm and content, my own Baby, like you;
Bye-low, Baby.
Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Softer and sweeter his whispers grow;
Bye-low, Baby.
Far and away, o'er the waters dim,
Baby shall dreamily follow him.
Bye-low, Baby.

The First Last.

The Paris papers have been discussing the six essential virtues of woman. The result is somewhat amusing, and gives us a new idea of the working of the Latin mind.

Economy is placed first, with 1,420 votes; fidelity and modesty each received 1,357; kindliness received 1,182, and maternal love 539. Cleanliness and patience were last on the list.

Here we have the acknowledgments of the Frenchmen, given by the recent newspaper vote, that the woman who saves a man expense stands higher in his estimation than the one who is faithful to him! A litle infidelity he does not mind, if she is economical in her financial expenditures!

Were I a man and knew women as I do (which would, of course, be impossible), I would wish a wife to possess the six virtues in the following ratio: First of all kindness. I would place kindness first—because the absolutely kind nature could not fail to be faithful to the highest obligation.

Fidelity would come second, as the natural result of innate kindness. Cleanliness, too, would follow, as the kind, womanly woman could not offend or hurt her husband's feelings by being untidy in any way.

Patience, also, would be an outgrowth of a kind heart, and so would modesty; and, lastly, the ever kind wife would look to her husband's best interests and see that she was not extravagant. Kindness of thought would act as the one great quality needed in the world, in the church, in the market, in the family. The progress of the world comes not through saving, but through using.

System in Housework.

It is hard to over-estimate the value as a time-saver, in picking up the house at night before going to bed. If newspapers, magazines and books are left scattered around the living room, with perhaps the confusion augmented by a pair of boots taken off and left on the spot by a tired father, and if in the bedrooms each member leaves his clothes in disorder upon undressing, the effect on the mind next morning, to the housekeeper who must reduce all this chaos to order is very disheartening. Let every member of the family help in keeping order. The kitchen, dining room and living room must be neat in the morning, if those hours are to be used to the best advantage. Then teach the occupants of every bedroom to hang up such garments as are not to be used that day, to put away shoes and slippers, and above all, to leave the dresser in neat condition, besides opening the bed and putting bedclothes and pillows to air beside the open window before leaving the room to come down to breakfast. It is a mistake to hang away in closets garments that have just been taken off, but after airing all night they may be hung up in the morning, and every child should be taught these orderly habits early in life. Where this is not done, through mistaken kindness on the part of the mother, or through lack of force to insist on it till neatness grows to be a habit with children, not only do they grow up careless and selfish, but the housewife's work in the home is never done. Teach them as well not to throw hats and wraps down upon entering the house, instead of putting them in their place; teach them to look each time they come to the head of the stairs to see if there is anything deposited there to be carried down and put away; teach them never to leave a washbowl or bathtub after using without scrubbing clean, and that a used towel is not to be flung down in a heap on the floor, but spread out to dry before being consigned to the clothes hamper. If there is no servant, it is easy to clear the table after a meal, if each member of the family piles up his own dishes and carries them to the kitchen sink. Let your boys see that helping mother is not alone a daughter's work. At a luncheon given a few of her friends not long ago, in a home where there was no maid, the hostess' little son of twelve served a five-course meal in a manner that would have done credit to the best trained waitress.

His Mother's His Sweetheart.

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!"
So say the white roses he brings to my breast;
The roses that bloom when life's summers depart;
But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!
The love that hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
That closer to God and to Heaven hath bound me!
"His mother's his sweetheart."
Through all the sad years
His love is the rainbow that shines through my tears;
My light in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes
I see not the stars in the storm of His skies.
When I bow 'neath the rod
And no rose decks the sod,
His love lights the pathway that leads me to God!
"His mother's his sweetheart." Shine bright for his feet,
O lamps on life's highway! and roses, lean sweet
To the lips of my darling! and God grant His sun
And His stars to my dutiful, beautiful one!
For his love—it hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
And closer to God and to Heaven hath bound me!

Prize-Winner.

We make a present of a book each month for the best original story. The prizewinner this month is Bella McIrwin, Foxwarren, aged 14. Evidently the people in that district require the services of a missionary.

A Cautious Answer.

Here is another good story forwarded by a correspondent.

A gentleman who was no longer young, and who never was handsome, said to a child in the presence of her parents:

"Well, my dear, what do you think of me?"

The little girl made no reply, and the man continued:

"Well, you don't tell me. Why won't you?"

Two little fat hands tucked the corners of a pinafore into her mouth, as she said in a timid whisper:

"Cause I don't want to get whipped."

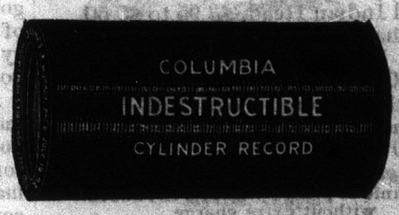
Columbia Double Disc Records
85 cents.

Fit any Disc Machine and Double its Value

Your record money will go nearly twice as far hereafter. Columbia Disc Records are now **two records in one**—a different selection recorded on each side of the disc. We are not merely offering you unquestionable double value for 85 cents, we are offering you actually a better record on each side of the New Columbia Double Disc than you have ever bought at the old price, under any name, for the single record—better in surface, tone and durability.

Single Records reduced to 35c. Foreign Double Records now ready, 85c.

COLUMBIA INDESTRUCTIBLE CYLINDER RECORDS
45c.



Fit any Cylinder Machine and last for ever.

We now offer the Columbia Gold Moulded Indestructible Cylinder Records, price 45c. Gold Moulded Wax Records now reduced to 25c.

The Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Record means as much to owners of **Cylinder** machines as the Columbia Double Disc Record means to owners of Disc machines.

Indestructible Columbia Records won't break, no matter how roughly they are used; they won't wear out, no matter how long they are played. They can be mailed as readily as a letter, and climatic conditions do not affect them—wet or dry, hot or cold.

On **any** machine, with **any** reproducer, their tone is far purer, clearer and more brilliant than any other cylinder record made. Throw them a hundred yards, you cannot hurt them.

If you own a disc or cylinder machine, be sure to get at least one of the New Double Sided or indestructible Columbia Records from your dealer and take it home and hear it.

Be sure you see a **Columbia** dealer or write us direct.

Write us for the new catalogues of Columbia Double Disc and Indestructible Cylinder Records. Remember they fit any machine and last for ever.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

WE SELL COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPHS ON THE EASY PAYMENT PLAN. WRITE FOR CATALOGUES AND TERMS.

THE WINNIPEG PIANO COMPANY

295 Portage Avenue **Winnipeg**

New Petticoats for Old.

Pretty petticoats are expensive, and those of washing material soon soil, adding greatly to the laundry bill. Make a well-fitting foundation skirt, and edge the hem with a large pattern beading runner, such as is used for threading ribbons through on underlinen. Put the same round the top of each flounce, then put one edge over the other, and thread them together with ribbon. This plan allows a good choice of flounces and saves washing, as they lose their freshness long before the rest of the skirt.

Keep the Dripping.

Yes, and not only the dripping from tins in which meat has been baked, but also the cakes of fat which form on the surface of the water in which fresh or salt meat has been boiled. It will be found to be beautifully white and clean, and good enough for all cooking purposes.

Vanilla Cream.

Two pounds sugar, quarter-pound salt butter, one teacupful sweet milk, one small tin condensed milk, three teaspoons essence of vanilla. Melt the butter in a clean enamelled pan, and add sugar and sweet milk. Bring slowly to the boil, and boil for ten minutes. Add condensed milk, and boil twenty minutes (stirring all the time). Last of all add vanilla essence, and boil another ten minutes. Take the pan from the fire, and beat the mixture till it is of the consistency of very thick cream and has a sugary appearance. Pour into a well-buttered tin, and when cool mark into bars.

Almond Tablet.

Two ounces granulated sugar, ½ pound ground almonds, two teacupfuls cream, two ounces butter, and two teaspoonfuls essence ratafia. Mix sugar and almonds, add cream and butter. Boil ten minutes. Remove from fire; stir till thick enough. Add essence just before pouring.

Potato Croquettes.

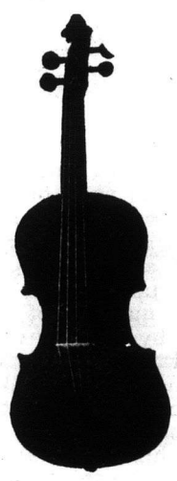
Put a pint of cold mashed potatoes in a saucepan; add four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a dash of pepper, a grating of nutmeg and stir and beat until smooth and hot. Take from the fire add the yolks of two eggs, and form into cylinder-shaped croquettes. Beat the white of one egg and add to it a tablespoonful of water; roll croquettes in this, then in bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Potato Puff.

Chop cold boiled potatoes rather fine; season them with salt and pepper; put them in baking-dish, pour over sufficient cream sauce to just cover, dust the top with grated plain or parmesan cheese, and put in a hot oven until nicely browned.

Hashed Browned Potatoes.

Chop cold boiled potatoes rather fine; to each half-pint add three tablespoonfuls of cream, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper; mix; put a tablespoonful of butter into a shallow frying-pan, put in the potatoes, flatten them in a perfectly smooth layer, cook slowly until a golden brown, fold one-half over the other, and turn out on a heated dish.



TURNER & WRAY

IMPORTERS OF MUSIC AND MUSICAL GOODS

Watch for our Christmas Bargain Announcements Next Month

Meantime write us and we shall be glad quote you in advance our SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRICES on Violins, Mandolins, Music Cases, etc. How would you like a genuine Edison Fireside Phonograph playing both 2 and 4 minute records, complete with special horn and 4 records for **$30.55?** Or a genuine Victor with 4 ten inch double side records (8 selections) for **$34.60?**

All prepaid to your address, with privilege of examination and trial.

TURNER & WRAY

284 PORTAGE AVE. **WINNIPEG**

Indian Curio Co. . .

549 Main St. Winnipeg

HANDLE all kinds of Souvenirs peculiar to the country; do all kinds of Taxidermy work; purchase Raw Furs; and sell all kinds of Taxidermists' Supplies.

Leather Goods

Pillow Top Cushions with Burned or Painted Indian Head, $3.95 to $5.50
Ladies Chatelaine with Burned or Painted Indian Head, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $2.00, and $3.00
Tan Leather-covered Post Card Albums with Indian designs, 75c., $1.00, $1.50, to $3.00
Burned Leather Post Cards, 5c. each
Any name or place burned on the above without extra charge

Indian Moccasin Slippers

BEADED

Infants' Childs' Misses' Ladies' Men's
75c. 85c.-$1.00 $1.25 $1.50-$1.75 $2.00

MOOSE FRINGED

Infants' Childs' Misses' Ladies' Men's
50c.-60c. 75c.-85c. $1.25 $1.50-$1.75 $2.00
Ladies' Fancy Moccasins, fur trimmed, $2.00; silk lined, $3.00; fur trimmed and lined, $4.50
Indian Moccasins for outdoor wear and snowshoeing, etc., $2.00
Dolls' Moccasins, 15c. per pair
Ladies' Fancy Chatelaine Bags in morocco, sealskin, alligator leather, etc., from $1.00 to $4.50

Birch Bark and Indian Sweet Grass, so called from its always retaining the pleasant odor of new mown hay
Birch Bark Canoes from 4 to 136 in. long, 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., $1.50 to $2.50.
Table Mats, 20c., 25c., 35c., and 50c. each
Ladies' Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, from 50c. to $1.00
Cuff and Collar Boxes from 50c. to $2.50
Grass Kettles, 25c. to 35c.

Horn Goods

Horn Cups, 25c, 35c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00
Horn Spoons, 25c., 35c. and 50c.
Buffalo Horns from $3.00 per pair to $5.00 per set

Books for Trappers and Hunters

Steel Traps and how to use them. 333 pages. 25c.
Dead Falls and Snares. 232 pages 60c.
Land Cruising and Prospecting. 200 pages. 60c.
Fox Trapping. 200 pages. 60c.
Mink Trapping. 200 pages. 60c.
Canadian Wilds. 277 pages. 60c.
Post free to any address

On request we will send any one of the above books free of charge on receipt of raw furs to the value of $5.00

Raw Furs.

We purchase all kinds of raw furs and hides. Kindly send for price list. Highest prices and prompt returns.
We want to purchase 100 wolf skulls with perfect teeth, elk teeth, and large moose and elk heads.

Taxidermy

Prices for Mounting only

Deer Heads	$8.00
Moose and Elk	$18.00
Caribou	$15.00
Antelope	$8.00
Owls	$4.00
Eagles and Pelicans	$8.00-$10.00
Small Birds, up from	$1.25
Glass Cases for Birds, up from	$2.00
Wolf Skins, lined and mounted, with closed mouth for rugs	$4.50
Wolf Skins, lined and mounted, with open mouth for rugs	$7.00
Bear Skins, lined and mounted, from	$7.00-$15.00

A full stock of birds' and animals' eyes and all kinds of taxidermist supplies. Write for prices.

INDIAN CURIO CO.,
Dept. C. WINNIPEG

Millinery Ideas for the Season.

It has been said that there is nothing so fickle as fashion, particularly when applied to millinery, and a celebrated author declared that the one who could successfully forecast what would be in demand, a few months ahead, was in a fair way to became a second John Jacob Astor. Be that as it may, those catering for this particular class of trade, have this season good reason to be grateful that there have been no very marked instance of sudden rising or falling in popularity of any particular material, style or color, since the public first began to inspect the creations for fall, '09. With very few exceptions all the early favorites have still a strong following and there is really no one particular fad such as the merry widow sailor or polo turban of days gone by, bringing a tiresome monotony of style to the buyer, and endless worry from an accumulation of less favored goods, to the unfortunate dealer.

As usual with fall hats, the later models show a tendency to assume more normal proportions, which will be welcome news to those who have deferred making a selection in the hope that something might be got at once correct and moderate in size. In one particular, there seems to be no diversity, the crowns may all b said to belong to the two-piece family, and whether square or dome-shaped, would entirely swallow up the wearer's head and face, but for the clever arrangement of the hair, and the flat, closely-fitting band, sometimes a continuation of the brim (the crown being made independently, and afterwads fixed on its foundation) or a specially made buckram band suitably covered. We do not wish to infer that small crowned hats are quite out, their more moderate cost ensures a certain demand, but they are almost entirely bought by the class of trade where price is the prime consideration.

Some of the best city stores are still selling the rough scratch felts, but they have not had a very warm reception, the smooth finish still outselling them at least ten to one. When something more wintry in appearance than the latter is called for, the beaver is undoubtedly the hat par excellence, but here again the element of expense makes itself felt. At present beavers, particularly blacks, are so scarce, that the price has soared skywards. At time of writing they are the No. 1 Northern in the millinery market, with little chance of a decline till after Christmas.

With more wintry weather, the moire, corded silk, and satin, blocked hats will be less seasonable but those who bought anything in these makes early have certainly had two months ideal weather for between season headwear, and will find them equally serviceable in the days when the feeling of spring is just definite enough to make a winter hat look out of place and a straw, a trifle premature.

That most staple and lady-like of winter millinery fabrics, the velvet still holds a place that has no serious opposition. We were threatened with a revival of the long piled plush once so much used, but though shown by almost every firm of authority, it has failed to arrive, and the couche finished velvet will practically have the field to itself for the balance of this season. It is used in very possible way and every class of hat, from the beautiful dress effect with full, sweeping brim, to the increasingly well thought of, small draped toque, which we predict will last out the winter. They are being produced in such a variety of tasteful designs and yet so modestly priced that they are capable of making a popular hat, without introducing a touch of the monotonous.

Velvets are also the favorite combination with all sorts of fur, and are particularly striking when blended with mechlins or good lace with a touch of the dull tinsel tissues now much in evidence in the swellest styles. These come in gold and silver, with backgrounds of black and various dull tones. One particularly good kind is like a braid about an inch and a half wide, which when doubled to give it a tubular effect, is tacked edges down to a circular foundation till it assumes the general appearance of a large cobochon. This idea was carried out on the side flare of a perfectly plain large black velvet tricorne shape, and was indeed the only ornamentation employed. It was purchased by a lady in Winnipeg conspicuous in the trade for her good taste and is certainly in perfect accord with the smart black suit with which it is worn.

Quantities of ribbons are employed and seem to show not the slightest sign of decline, in fact they have got to be almost indispensible in the production of the bulk of the modern millinery, and the textures, patterns, and colorings afford an almost endless selection. Quite a few fancies are shown, some with heavy gold tinsel interwoven in solid stripes with delicate Dresden-like effects. There has also been a revival of the reversible ribbons, both the fabric and coloring showing a contrast on the inside. After all the plain makes are most used, taffeta first, being lowest in price, then satin, then velvet. The latter is used largely in the widest widths for the flat tailored bows, but is quite costly as compared with the lighter makes in similar widths.

In feathers the permissable covers a wide variety with the ostrich still secure in its own particular field. Blacks, whites, and colors are all good but the black as usual gets the greater call. The standard loose French curl is still the accepted finish though the willow plume is steadily growing in favor with those who can afford to pay a high price for style and need not trouble about durability. It is certain that the richness of a well made willow cannot be rivalled by the finest plume of natural width.

Long flowing mounts in coque, vulture, imitation osprey, and paradise are much seen, while manufactured wings of many different designs from short flat end effects to narrow patterns, some exceeding fourteen inches in length, can be had in every color of hat velvet or ribbon shown.

Hat pins for trimming purposes, also ornaments in steel, jet and fancy may be said to have made themselves solid for another long run. Large quantities are being employed in making up, and jets at present are almost at a premium. Sequin bands are again back stronger than ever, and have ben largely used in constructing solid turbans for early fall but will now more generally be seen draping the crowns of large velvet and beaver dress hats.

The foregoing will give anyone interested a little idea of the outstanding features in seasonable headware, and we hope to have the pleasure of treating on the same interesting subject from time to time as occasion demands.

The illustration in the above article was supplied by The D. McCall Co., Limited, Wholesale Millinery, Winnipeg, and is the finished product of their Winnipeg workrooms.

Gillett's Liwited.

To the Editor—

Dear Sir:—We have recently finished considering a report mad by Inland Revenue Department of Dominion Government on the very important subject of cream tartar. Realizing that this article is one which is used universally throughout the Dominion, and one that can very easily be adulterated and tampered with, we have made it our special business to see that all goods of this kind up out by this company have been chemically pure. Report referred to shows that an improvement in the quality of this article is gradually being made, and t is, of course, means that concerns in the business are not carrying their adulteration methods to as great an extent as formerly. Any of your readers interested in the question can see, however, that the present state of affairs is bad enough if they will consult Bulletin No. 180 of Inland Revenue Department, and at the same time can see at a glance that goods with this company's name are chemically pure, as represented, and only samples of all the tests reported as being 100 per cent.

A very large number of samples were collected by the Government Inspectors, and over 20 per cent. were found to be composed of alum, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., and containing no cream of tartar at all. As the subject of this letter should be of interest to a large number of your readers, we hope you may find space to publish it. Yours truly, E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd.

Marriage by Correspondence and Millinery by Mail does not appeal to those who know

In the past you may have had good and sufficient reasons for sending to a mail order house for your hat

Here are TWELVE BETTER REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD NOT in the future.

No. 9139 — Felt Hat, with Sequin Bandeau; Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 7139—Felt Flop Hat, Velvet Tam Crown, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Cardinal, White.

No. 5339—Felt Hat, Black Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 3139 — Felt Hat, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 2139—Felt Hat, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 5239—Felt Hat, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 0239—Made Toque, Fancy Sequin Brim, in Black only, Crown in Velvet, any color, spangled with jet disks.

No. 0339—Felt Hat, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 4139—Felt Hat, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 3339—Felt Hat, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

No. 8139—Made Toque, Fancy Chenille Brim, Velvet Crown, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe, Cardinal, Champ, White,

No. 6139—Felt Hat, Black, Brown, Navy, Myrtle, Taupe.

All hats quoted in felt can also be had in any shade of silk and velvet.

For many years we have been the largest wholesale importers and manufacturers of millinery in Canada, with warehouses in Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg. In the latter city we have built and equipped fine premises and carry a large stock to enable us to handle to best advantage our enormous Western trade. We sell dealers only and you can find someone handling our hats in every point with over two hundred inhabitants in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

Ask your local milliner or dry goods store for "**McCall**" hats, then note the difference in style, material and trimming from the catalogue kind.

THE D. McCALL COMPANY, LTD.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF MILLINERY, WHOLESALE ONLY

Quebec Montreal Ottawa Toronto

375 Hargrave Street, WINNIPEG, MAN.

BELDING'S SEWING SILK

Means seams that will not draw nor pucker, that match the cloth and stay matched as long as the garment is worn, because they never fade; seams that never rip nor tear, that do not pull out the needle holes, that give and take under stress which would ruin a cotton sewed garment, returning to their original stylish shape after every pull; seams that are the secret of shapely, satisfying clothes.

Secure the same perfection by using Belding's Spool Silk for all Home Sewing and Dressmaking Demand it of your customer or dressmaker. Throw all cotton out of your work-basket for economy's sake.

BELDING
Silk Sewed
Seam

Will Stand a Bull Dog Strain

BELDING'S EMBROIDERY SILK

draws easily, looks best when finished, wears and washes without fading, because it is pure silk, pure dye, honestly made with the skill of over 50 years' experience, by perfected processes, in the largest mills, from the choicest silk. Don't waste time, skill or loving effort on imitations, cotton, mixed or artificial materials, sold under fancy names. Buy Belding's for safety. All shades sold everywhere.

BELDING'S STAMPED LINENS

Are sold everywhere. All the latest ideas and designs. If you cannot procure from your stores send 10c. for our Catalogue. Ask your dealer for designs and materials described on this page. If not procurable, write us direct.

BELDING, PAUL & CO. LTD., MONTREAL, P.Q.

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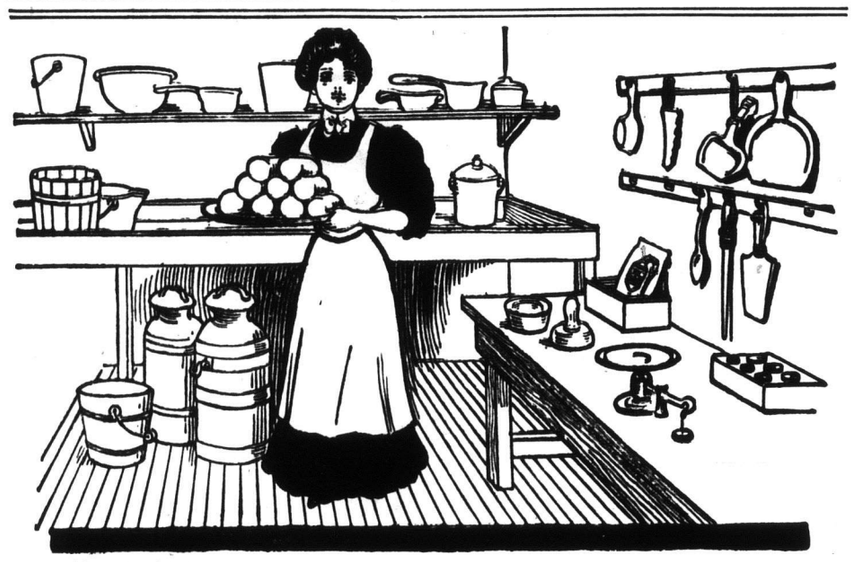
Toronto WINNIPEG Vancouver



There is hardly a farmer's daughter in Canada who does not know Windsor Salt.

It has been the universal standby for years.

Practically all the prize winners at the fairs have used Windsor Salt—last year, 95% of those winning cash, medals and premiums, made their prize butter with Windsor Salt.

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7

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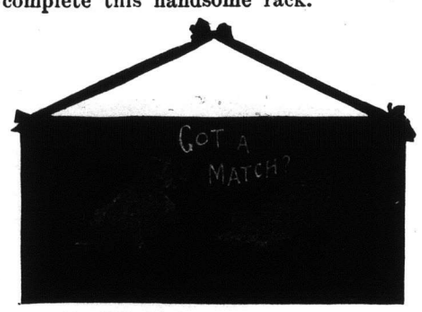
Suggestions for Christmas Gifts.

It is rather a problem to the average woman to select suitable Christmas gifts for her male relatives and friends, and to those who have the time to make some of these gifts we are sure that the suggestions offered on this page will prove acceptable, as they are both practicable and useful, and are easily embroidered and made up which is quite a consideration when one's fingers are likely to be busy with the thousand and one things to be finished before Santa Claus starts on his delivery round.

No. 1328—Tie Rack, complete, 65c.

The tie rack illustrated shows a handsomely tinted design which is effectively worked in solid satin stitch with royal floss, blue No. 1548, brown No. 1510, and green No. 1471½. The rays are brought out with Japanese gold thread and black royal floss No. 1203. Pretty ribbon bows and loops complete this handsome rack.



No. 1316—Pipe Rack, complete, 75c.

For the man who smokes, the pipe-rack and match scratcher would make acceptable gifts. The pipe rack is tinted on brown linen and the design only requires to be outlined, although the lettering is always handsome when worked solidly. Royal floss, white No. 1201, grey No. 1516, red No. 1208½, 1209, yellow No. 1236, black No. 1203 are used to bring out the design.

No. 1319—Blotter, 25c.

No. 1310—Shaving Pad, 35c.

The match scratcher is easily made up as the design is outlined only with royal floss, with yellow No. 1263, brown No. 1296, 1297, and black No. 1203, and yellow ribobn bows and loops complete this useful article.

The shaving pad is also tinted and the design outlined with black No. 1203, blue No. 1313, White No. 1201, green No. 1471½, and the letters worked solidly with yellow No. 1263.

We illustrate some novel ideas which would make acceptable gifts to one's women friends. The work bag apron is a pretty and useful article which serves a double purpose. It consists of a made-up muslin apron with a deep double pocket in which are run pretty soft ribbons which may be drawn up to form a work bag. Any woman who has a dainty piece of embroidery always on hand will appreciate such a work bag, as it can be kept daintily fresh by being laundered.

No. 1324—Work Bag Apron, 50c.

The blotter pad is a useful little article which is tinted on cream linen, and embroidered with Royal Floss Blue No. 1212, 1213. Filo floss brown No. 1296, Black No. 1203, Violet No. 1301½.

Oak Tray, complete..... $3.50
Mahogany Tray, complete 2.50

Blotting paper is placed at the back and fastened through with narrow brown ribbon.

The catch-all is handsomely tinted on cream linen with a pretty holly design, and this practical article comes all ready made up and only requires to be embroidered. The pretty holly design is worked with royal floss, red No. 1208, 1209. Leaves No. 1471, 1471½, 1471X. Letters with red No. 1208½.

No. 1336—Catch All, 75c.

The tray illustrated here is a very handsome as well as novel idea which would make a very suitable Christmas gift. The Wallachian design which is stamped on gray crash is worked with royal floss in terra cottas No. 1254½, 1255, 1355½; greens No. 1469, 1470, 1471½. The scroll design is worked with brown No. 1295 outlined with black No. 1203. The embroidery is covered by a glass, the whole enclosed in a

No. 1316—Match Scratcher, 35c.

wooden rim, which is completed with brass handles. These trays can be had in either oak or mahogany finish, and other stamped designs can be had in conventional, grape, etc.

Silks to embroider any of the above designs 5 cents per skein, or 55 cents per dozen.

Vegetarian Legislators.—Vegetarian meals are a great success in the House of Commons in England. A special vegetarian table d'hote has been provided in the members' dining-rooms for some time. Perhaps not more than a dozen members adhere strictly to "no flesh, no fish" but many are adopting a dietary containing a reduced consumption of meat. Sir James Alfred Jacoby, chairman of the Kitchen Committee, began about the end of last Session to cater for vegetarian dishes which would appeal to members who were not vegetarians. He put on the table, "The vegetarian dinner at 1s.; guests 6d. extra," of which the following is a sample menu: "Crème bonne femme; omelette Lyonnaise, or curried eggs and rice; macaroni au gratin, or sauté potatoes; milk pudding, or rhubarb tart, bread, cheese, pat of butter."

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No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330. — "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

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Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

A Fashionable Gown of Voile.

Voile promises to be just as much worn throughout this coming sason as it has been during the past and it is so satisfactory that very woman will be glad of the fact. This gown shows it in one of the beautiful old-rose shades that are to be so popular throughout the autumn and winter with trimming of applied banding and wide hem of velvet. The same model could be utilized for every seasonable material, however, and crepe finished fabrics are to be much worn, silk serge is to

Two Patterns.
Blouse—6441.—Sizes 32 42.
Skirt—6456.—Sizes 22-30.

be a favorite, and a great many pongees and foulards will be worn indoors for many months to come. The blouse is a pretty and effective one that is closed at the left of the front. It can be made collarless as illustrated or with a stock, with fancy or plain sleeves. The skirt is five gored gathered and joined to the smoothly fitting yoke. It can be made in walking length if preferred and tucks can be used in place of the gathers if found better suited to the material.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3⅝ yards of material 24 inches or 32, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide with 3¾ yards of banding. The skirt 6½ yards 24 or 32 inches wide or 4⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of velvet and 7½ yards of banding.

The blouse pattern 6441 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 6456 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

A Smart Frock or Plaid.

Plaid materials are being much worn this autumn and they suit young girls peculairly well. This one combines green with blue and is trimmed with dark green velvet, but there are deep cuffs of white lace which serve to lighten the whole effect. The dress is a very simple and pretty one and can be made with the sleeves illestrated or those in bishop style, as liked. The skirt is a new one with a plaited flounce at sides and back. There are a great many materials that would make up attractively. Cashmere is a favorite, voile is much used while crepes are charming and the season's novelty materials are almost numberless. Velvet and silk bands are smart for trimming but there are also many braids and bandings offerred. Cashmere in one of the new whie shades with trimming of velvet ribbon would be exceedingly handsome. The same material in one of the pretty fashionable rose colors with banding of soutache applique would give an entirely different effect, yet the model is just as well suited to both of these as it is to the plaid material illustrated.

For a girl of 16 years of age the blouse will require 3½ yards of material 27 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 6 yards 27 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide; for the trimming 1 yard of bias velvet. A May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 6415, or of the skirt, No. 6421, sizes 14 and 16 years, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of

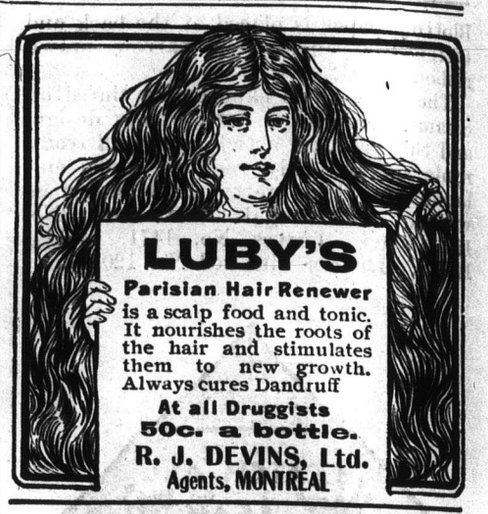
Design By May Manton.
6415 Misses' Blouse.
6421 Misses' Skirt.

ten cents for each. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

Cashmere with Trimming of Velvet.

Cashmere promises to be extensively worn throughout the autumn and it is always an excellent material for the simpler gowns of indoor wear. This one is trimmed with pipings of velvet, which are always handsome, but especially so in this case as the color is one of the beautiful new wistarias. The blouse is closed invisibly at the front and the skirt is cut just above the waist line to do away with the necessity of the belt. It is eight gored and the front and back gores are arranged to form box plaits. The blouse can be made either with or without the fitted lining.

For the medium size the blouse will require 5⅝ yards of material 24, 3½ yards 32 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide; the skirt 9½ yards 24, 7¼ yards 32 or



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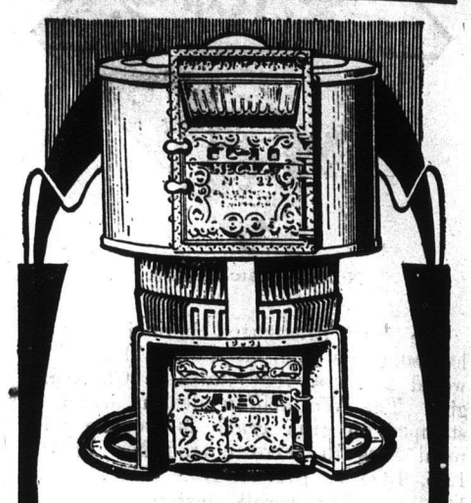

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4¾ yards 44 inches wide for cashmere or other material without figure or nap but if there should be figure or nap, 12 yards 24, 10½ yards 32 or 5 yards 44 inches wide will be needed.

The blouse pattern 6422 is cut in sizes

Two Patterns.

Blouse—6422.—Sizes 32-40.
Skirt—6089.—Sizes 22-30.

for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 in. bust measure; the skirt pattern 6089 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Two Patterns.

6412 — Sizes 14 and 16. 6417 — Sizes 8 to 14.

For the Schoolgirls.

The first cold days always bring the demand for school dresses and coats. In the illustration are shown a smart princesse frock and one of the new long coats.

The dress is made of plaid material with bands of velvet and with yoke of lace, but it would be just as pretty and just as fashionable made from plain colored cashmere or serge or any seasonable material. For the yoke net or lace, tucked silk or crepe de Chine will be found appropriate. The dress includes full length panels at front and back and is closed invisibly at the left of the back.

For a girl of sixteen years of age will be required 10½ yards of material 24, 6¼ yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard of all-over lace and 1½ yards of bias velvet. The pattern 6412 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The coat shown on the younger girl is made of dark blue diagonal with collar of black velvet. It gives long straight lines and it can be worn with or without the belt. All cloaking materials are appropriate. The back can be made in one piece or with the seam at the centre as preferred.

For a girl of twelve years of age will be required 5⅝ yards of material 27 or 4 yards either 44 or 52 inches wide with ¼ yard of velvet for the collar. The pattern 6417 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

A Fashionable Suit of Serge.

Serge is to be extensively worn this season and this costume shows a wide wale sort that is especially well liked. It combines one of the new skirts that are plain over the hips yet full at the lower edge with an exceedingly smart but simple coat and is worn with one of the new shirt waists. The skirt is an exceptionally graceful one and the coat single breasted in plain tailored style. The shirt waist shows the double breasted closing with single revers which makes the novelty of the season.

For the medium size the coat will require 6¼ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 32 or 3 yards 44 inches wide; the skirt 9 yards 27 or 32 or 4⅝ yards 44 inches wide; the shirt waist 4 yards 24 or 3⅜ yards 32 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6389 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6414 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure; the shirt waist

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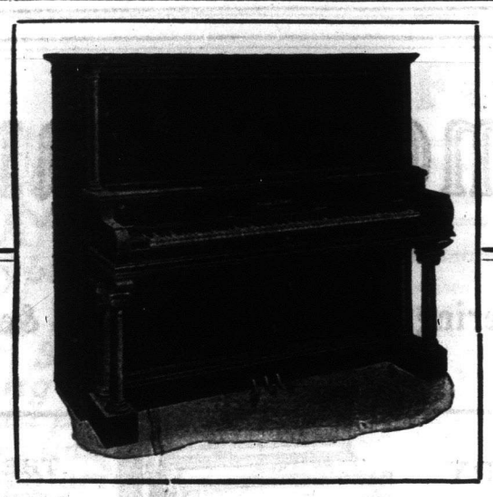

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pattern 6427 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

Three Patterns.
Blouse—6427.—Size 34-42
Coat—6389.—Sizes 34-42.
Skirt—6414.—Sizes 22-32.

A Simple Little Coat.

Simple coats that are closed in double breasted style are always becoming to the younger children and are extremely fashionable. This one can be made in full or shorter length as liked and of any seasonable material. [illegible] the new rough cloths with collar of velvet makes the coat illustrated but broadcloth and serge, cheviot and Bedford cord are just as appropriate; indeed, the coat could be utilized for everything seasonable. It can be made from heavy, serviceable material and become adapted to school wear; it can be made from broadcloth in light colors and wadded for warmth and become suited to occasions of greater dress; and it can be finished with a high collar or one in shawl style as liked. There are patch pockets that are both smart and convenient.

For the six year size will be required 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 44, 1¾ yards 52, with ¼ yard of velvet for the collar. A May Manton pattern, No. 6318, sizes 2 to 8 yars, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6308 Girl's Double Breasted Coat.

A Simple Useful Gown.

This useful gown is one that is always needed at the beginning of every season and this one made of shepherd's check serves a great many uses. It combines one of the newest shirt waists with a slightly high waisted, gored skirt and is as smart as it is practical. Either the Dutch collar or the stock can be used and either full or plain sleeves, and the full sleeves can be cut off in three quarter length if preferred. If the entire costume is not wanted the skirt will be found an excellent one for wool material with the waist made from linen, madras, silk or other waisting.

TWO PATTERNS
Blouse 6938—Sizes 34—44
Skirt 6387—Sizes 22 32

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 4¼ yards of material 24 2⅞ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7¾ yards 24, 5½ yards 32 or 4 yards 44 inches wide if material without figure is or nap is used; 9½ yards 24, 5½ yards 44 inches wide for material with figure or nap.

The waist pattern 6398 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6387 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.-Carade with Beheadings.

List to the swelling tide of sound!
  Beethoven's music grand and sweet,
How perfect harmony is found
  Where varying chords and discords meet;
And from the vast orchestral throng
Comes pealing one triumphant song.

I am the soul of all that band;
  In me contained, the myriad notes
In perfect order marshaled stand,
  And flutes, and hautboys' patient throats,
And viols sweet, and trumpets clear,
Through me give music to the ear.

Beheaded.

Now at the heart of all I lie,
  And well for those who find me pure!
Though fair the outside, often I
  Lurk foul within, beyond all cure,
And wise the man whose mind can see,
Or whose clear vision get at me.

Beheaded Again.

Though in the earth I make my bed,
  And hide myself from mortal ken,
I hear my foes at work o'erhead,
  And know that I am sought of men;
They dig me from my secret place,
And clutch me in their rude embrace.

Beheaded Again.

A sound I am and nothing more,
  But sweet and musical, I still
Form part of the composer's store,
  To use or to neglect at will.
And though I play a humble part,
I form a link in music's art.

Beheaded Again.

A little thing, I may be seen
  Wherever you may chance to look;
On earth, in heaven, in forest green,
  In every page of every book,
In field, in grove, in vale, in stream.
In soundest sleep, or morning dream.

No. 5.-Problem.

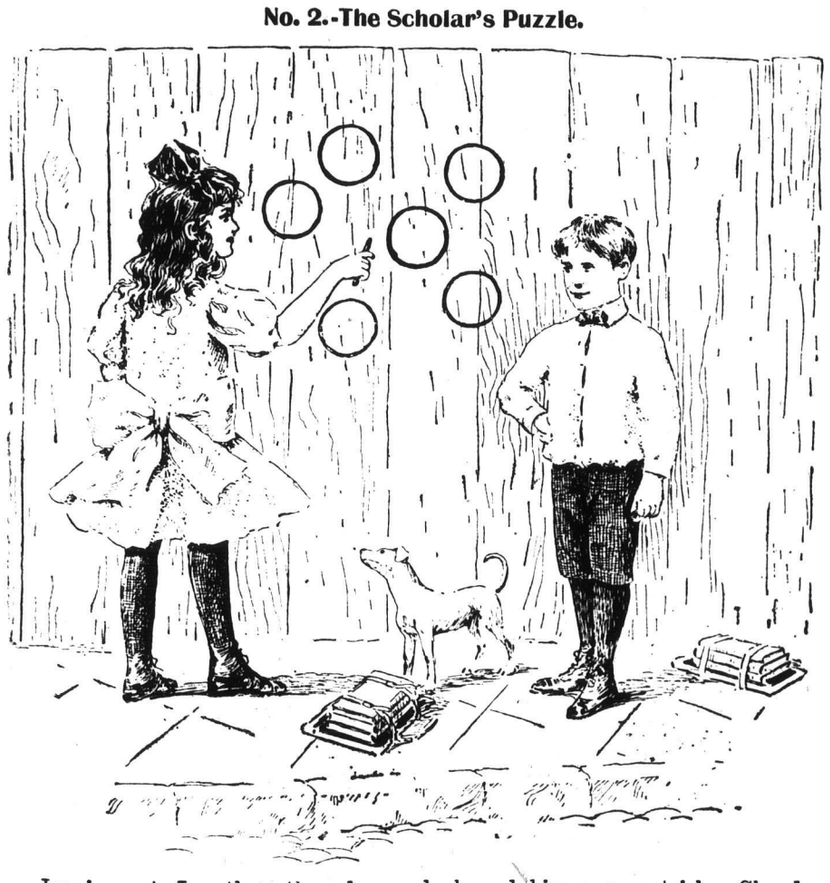
When the hour and minute hands of a watch are at equal distances from the sixth hour, as shown in the illustration, what time is it?

No. 6.—Rhymed AnAgrams.

The same eleven letters are omitted from each stanza.

In winter the sparrow is hungry and ****;
  On crumbs in our garden he *******,
Winter starves the poor birdies, and so we must aim
  To save and bring cheer to their lives.
And when in the spring they have chosen their *****,
  Each brooding o'er birdlings five,
We'll hail the new-comers, and strew at our gates
  The food that will aid them to ******.

No. 2.-The Scholar's Puzzle.



Jennie met Joe the other day and showed him a new trick. She drew six little rings on the fence and said: "Now you can only see two rows of three in a line as I have placed them, but I want you to mark out one ring and place it somewhere else, so as to show four rows of three in a line." How was it done?

No. 3.-Metagram.

Whole, I am a plant, change my head, and I become in succession food, excellent, a small animal, to cut, an animal, naked, venture.

No. 4.-Reversals and Transpositions.

1. I am a portion of everything under the sun. Reverse . . , if you like; but if you do, beware that you don't fall into me.

2. As for me, I'm delicious when I mellow in the dark. Transposed, I am usually the deed of a strong and sunburned arm.

While the bees in the summer are storing their *****,
  The sparrows still chirrup and chatter;
Their crumbs we've forgotten while taking our drives,
  They're hungry, and that's what's the ******!

When in autumn we harvest the after ****,
  Our sparrows are apt to be *******,
Till the bread has been strewn on the garden path;
  But then they are "gay and festive."

Which, now, of the seasons, do sparrows love best?

Shall I hint it to you with my rhyme?
They love the gay summer, the winter detest,
  But rejoice in the rich ******* ****.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the November Number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in October Number.

No. 1. Charade.—Tiberius.

No. 2. Problem.—The pals at Sing-Sing go by their numbers and not by their names, so if you gave "Forty" seven cents for the apples and sold them for seventy you would make 900 per cent.

No. 5. A Pair of Diamonds.—

```
      O       E
    A S P   M U G
  A S S A Y   M I L A N
O S S I P E E U L A L I A
  P A P A W   G A L O P
    Y E W   N I P
      E       A
```

No. 6. Problem.—The four weights are 1 lb., 3 lbs., 9 lbs. and 27 lbs.

No. 7. Ladder.—

```
Y   N
A l k a l I
L     S
O r r i c K
B     A
U n e a s Y
S     U
H a s t e N
A     A
```

No. 8. Women of Poetry.—Lady Jane Gray, Genevieve, Virginia, Barbara Frietchie, Lucy, Desdemona, Ophelia, Juliet, Maud, Queen Gertrude, Portia, Emilia, Lady Macbet., Goody Blake, Grace Darling.

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No. 47—Marion Arleigh's Penance
No. 59—The Story of Two Pictures
No. 64—The Tragedy of the Chain Pier
No. 69—The Coquette's Victim
By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett
No. 30—The Tragedy of a Quiet Life
No. 36—Pretty Polly Pemberton
By Mary Dallas
No. 15—Cora Hastings
No. 23—The Lawyer's Ward
No. 33—The Mystery of Mordaunt Mansion
No. 73—The Devil's Anvil
By "The Duchess"
No. 25—A Maiden All Forlorn
No. 48—Sweet is True Love
No. 57—A Little Rebel
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No. 44—Otho, the Archer
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"It goes to the brain naturally, and to every part of the body, every organ being fed on this polluted blood, or sewerage. It goes to your face in the form of pimple-poison and breaks out on the skin. It goes to your head and gives you headache and dizziness, it goes to your brain and makes you drowsy, it weakens the stomach and causes dyspepsia and bad breath, it goes to the liver and causes biliousness, it goes to the kidneys and eventually gives rise to Bright's Disease, it goes to the heart and makes it thump, it goes to the eyes and they lose their lustre, it makes your nerves flabby and weak and out-o'-sorts and this is the advance agent of all kinds of disease, which you couldn't get at all if there was pure, rich, red blood flowing in your veins and your whole body was in prime condition."

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Fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to Prof. T. H. Midgley, 2558 Midgley Blk., Kalamazoo, Mich., and by return mail he will send you free his 60-page illustrated book, showing the simple way of curing constipation permanently without medicine. Write plainly.

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 957, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

Temperance Talk.

Victor Ayer on Temperance.

But I believe everything on earth is here for a purpose, and I believe drink is here for a purpose. I notice that all the greatest nations are those in which intoxicants are drunk. Hence I believe that alcohol is the greatest possible benefit to a nation in the purpose it serves of killing off the weak and permitting the strong to live. It is God's hoe, with which he chops down the weeds, and lets the fit vegetation survive. In nations where intoxicants are prohibited the weeds are permitted to grow up with the fine vegetation, sapping their strength and vitality. In nations where intoxicants are drunk all the weeds are chopped out, all the weak are chopped off, and only the strong live. The children of the strong inherit their strength and hence that nation is bound to grow strong. God strives to improve the race of men. He employs the material at hand in developing future strength and greatness. One little human life does not count for much more than a grain of sand in His great order of things. He gives to each person the capacity to do right and be strong, but if the person weakens that capacity by his own inadvertency and obstinacy, the quicker the world is rid of that person the better for the world. Nothing will get the world rid of such weaklings as alcohol. It hoes them down by the thousands. It has wiped out the Indians because their savage minds were not strong enough to cope with this deceptive foe. It has wiped out the savages of many islands, who had never before known of its terrors and who were not capable of combatting with it. It is the weapon that is going to solve the race problem, if the Southern states will let it remain. It will kill off the negroes, just as it has killed off the Indians of this nation, and the savages of other nations, and just as it is killing off the weak minded among the civilized people of other nations.

A person may improve his mental strength by effort, just as he may improve his physical strength by exercise, and I hope all our people will realize this truth, these facts about drink, and strengthen their minds to withstand its allurements, to avoid it as the draught of hell. It is liquid destruction, sent by God to destroy all those who are so foolish as to tamper with it. And nothing is so awful in its destruction as that which God prescribes.

Its Artistic Work.

It is the one business that cannot be proud of its work. The humblest worker can joy at the result of his endeavors. The farmer is solaced by the fruit of his labors. The men who put thought into marble, canvas, books, every toiler who feels that he is making the world better, that his life is useful, must have the consolation this side of the grave—the consciousness of work well done. But the liquor-seller cannot take any pride in the record of years behind the bar. He must stand aghast at the finished product of his saloon. He would not exhibit the poor wretch who has, at the expense of health, ambition, moral worth, helped him on to fortune, as the thing he had assisted to turn out. And yet, in a sense it is a very artistic piece of work. As a personification of degradation, of brutish indulgence and callousness, it is a marvel of maligant artistry.

Alcohol and Work.

Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, of Cambridge University, England, has made elaborate exeperiments and investigations, and finds that small doses varying from five to twenty centimeters of absolute alcohol have no effect on the amount or nature of the work either immediately or within several hours of their administration.

With a large dose of forty cubic centimeters the evidence was uncertain and inconsistent. With larger doses experiments snowed a larger falling off in the amount of work. In the case of mental work the evidence points to decrease, but it some instances no effect is detected, and there would appear to be great individual differences. Any pleasurable emotion excited by the injection of alcohol was excluded by Dr. Rivers' method of disguising the alcohol. Tobacco proved to have a most unfavorable effect on muscular work, and a distinguished physiologist declares that he can confirm this from his own experience. He found that the giving up of smoking had a most evident and beneficial effect on his energy and power for work.

THE HOUSE FLY IN ITS TRUE CHARACTER

This isn't a pleasant picture, is it? Yet if you had a microscope powerful enough to show you all the living maliguant creatures on your table where an ordinary house fly is walking you would find conditions approximating just what is here shown. A government bulletin says that one-half pound of manure may produce 1200 flies and one load 2½ million flies. One fly carries 100,000 fecal bacteria. Never forget that *every* fly has his birth in decay and filth. It is quite likely he is loaded with germs of typhoid, tuberculosis, dysentery or other diseases. Remember *that* when food over which flies have walked is offered you.

Troubled With Backache For Years.

Backache is the first sign of kidney trouble and should never be neglected. Sooner or later the kidneys will become affected and years of suffering follow.

Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years, and nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes. I am glad to say that I am entirely cured, can do all my own work and feel as good as I did before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial. You may use my name if you wish."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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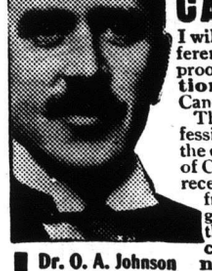
J. J. Pope, P.O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years and "Actina" is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using 'Actina' I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience.

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln Street, Milwaukee, Wis. writes; "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using "Actina" I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes;—"'Actina' has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses, I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial prepaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.



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Semi-Teetotalism.

There has been considerable interest taken in the enrollment semi-teetotalers at All Soul's Church, Langham Place, London. The idea of the rector, Rev. F. S. Webster, was, that, so enormous were the evils of drink, much good might be done by calling upon those who did not see their way to signing the pledge to enter into a solemn undertaking never to take intoxicants except at the midday and evening meals.

Forthwith, certain London papers gave an exaggerated importance to the effort, and one of them printed day by day "a chorus of approval to the mealtime pledge." From the first day Mr. Webster was careful to say that he was an absolute total abstainer himself, and had been so for twenty-eight years, and that he regarded the semi-teetotal pledge as

A Preventive and Not a Cure.

"It would, I fear," he said, "be quite useless in the case of a man who has ever taken to drink." He had no idea, he confessed, when he dropped the casual suggestion how much interest it would arouse. He had his own duties to attend to, and he feels that his proper work lies with his own temperance society.

On Sunday week Mr. Webster read the following statement to his congregation: "The letter I had addressed to you a few days ago has had an unexpected and not wholly satisfactory result. In it I expressed the opinion that for some people, 'a solemn obligation to abstain from all intoxicating drinks except at the midday and evening meals would be a step in the right direction This statement caught the attention of some of the leading daily papers. It seemed to them to be a new- valuable suggestion, and they have persisted in representing me as having started a new temperance movement. I need hardly tell you that this is not the case. Our mission was on the old lines, for the promotion of Christian Total Abstinence.. The result so far is that about 150 people have signed the total abstinence pledge, while

Three have Signed the 'Semi-Teetotal' Plege.

Seven others have applied to me by letter, mostly from a distance, for this 'semi-teetotal' pledge. The fact that only three of those who came within the influence of our mission have adopted the 'no drinks between meals' pledge (which the C.E.T.S. have been using for many years)) shows, I think, that the arguments for total abstinence are from the Christian standpoint, unanswerable.

"Total abstinence is the only safe course for the drunkard, and the only really kind policy for those who wish to befriend the drunkard. The ideal Christian, the one who desires in the name of Christ to bring the highest glory to God by rendering the finest service to mankind, will under normal circumstances regard it as a duty and a privilege to abstain not only from all alcoholic drinks, but from all obnoxious drugs, including, I think, tobacco.

"Those who do not prefer to be actuated by the highest motives, or those who are pursuaded that the exercise of their right to drink in moderation is not likely to cause others to stumble, will be taking a step in the right direction if they sign the semi-teetotal pledge, but this is only a second best drunkard. It may take the popular policy and a very dangerous one for the fancy, and more good than we can measure would result if, through the advocacy of this course in the daily papers, public-house drinking and all drinking between meals came to an end, but this result is more likely to be brought about if we at All Soul's (in this as in every other matter) adhere to that which we know to be

The Best Policy of All

whether fashionable or not, the policy of Total Abstinence."

As Canon Barker, who had been assisting in Mr. Webster's Gospel Temperance Mission, says: "Semi-teetotalism is something like a man promising to be honest to the extent of not stealing anything more than threepenny-bits." Thus again is the superiority of the Total Abstinence pledge vindicated against all half-measures.

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Let them Prove that they will help your Sick Kidneys and Bladder.

First of all read these three letters:—

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"Being a sufferer from my kidneys and dizzines, I saw in the papers what good Gin Pills were doing, so wrote for a sample. They did me so much good that I bought three boxes. They worked wonders with me. I can recommend Gin Pills to any sufferer."

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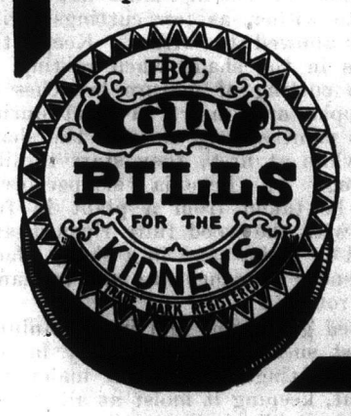

DO THE SAME. Sit down, right now, and write us for a sample of Gin Pills. We will send them, by return post, free of all charge.

We know that Gin Pills will help you—and will cure you—if your trouble is the Kidneys, Bladder, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago.

Gin Pills are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50—or sent direct on receipt of price.

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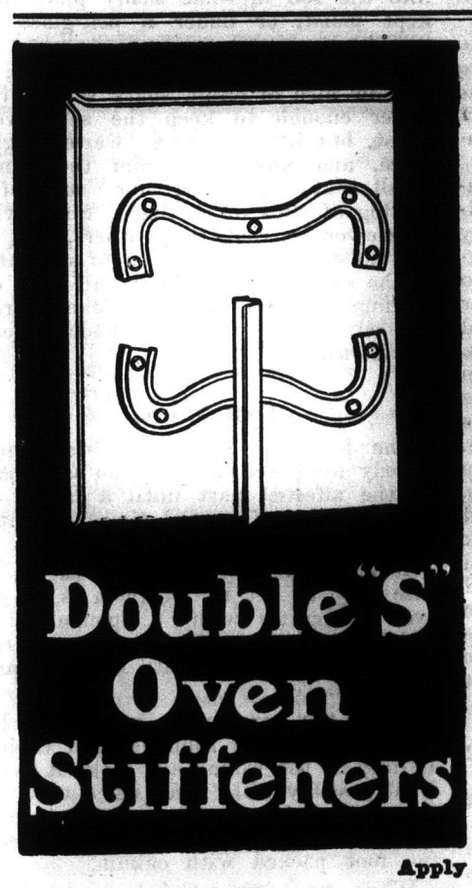

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Constipation

Constipation is caused by the eating of indigestible food, irregular habits, the use of stimulants, spices and astringent food, and strong drastic purgatives, which destroy the tone of the stomach and the contractile of the lower bowel; therefore, when the liver is inactive, and failing to secrete bile in sufficient quantity, constipation is sure to follow, and after constipation come piles, one of the most annoying troubles one can have.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

cure all troubles arising from the liver.

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The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

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and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

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About the Farm.

Chaff.

"Now, who is that," asked a dignified hen—
"That chicken in white and gray?
She's very well dressed, but whence did she come,
And her ancestors, who are they?"
"She never can move in our set, my dear,"
Said the old hens' friend to her later.
"I've just found out, you'll be shocked to hear,
She was hatched in an incubator!"

Eggs in Commerce.

A poultry farm, whether ducks, geese, chickens or turkys be the speciality, accumulates a large and malodorous surplus of eggs that refuse to develop into fowl. The average person would suppose that if there is anything on earth that is utterly worthless it is a stale egg. Millions of stale eggs are used every year in preparing leather dressing for gloves and bookbinding—an industry that is largely carried on in the foreign tenement houses of New York and other large cities. They are also used in manufacturing disinfectants and in the preparation of shoe-blacking, and even the shells are made into fertilizers. The eggs that have not yet lost their virtue also have other uses besides the more common ones for culinary purposes. It is estimated that fully 55,000,000 dozen are used by wine clarifiers, dye manufacturers, and in the preparation of photographers' dry plates.

Poultry Diseases.

Apoplexy.—This trouble is caused by a rupture of a blood vessel in the brain. It is generally due to too high feeding, but may be caused by a sudden fright, violent exertion or straining when laying eggs. About the only remedy is to open a blood vein under the wing to relieve the pressure on the brain. The trouble may be prevented by correct feeding and making the bird take plenty of exercise.

Catarrh.—This disease is very common at this time of the year, especially when the weather has been very changeable. It is caused by a prolonged period of wet weather, exposure to sudden changes, or to extreme cold for a great length of time, even if the bird is accustomed to roosting in the open. It may be told by a watery discharge from the nose, which later becomes thick and sticky. Treatment consists in placing the birds in warm quarters. Drop three drops of kerosene in the nostrils once each day for three days. Allow the bird to rest two days and then repeat. Boil a few onions in milk and mix this with enough cornmeal and bran to take up the moisture and feed the bird all it will eat of the mixture once each day. In extreme cases make the bird inhale once each day, the fumes of camphor gum placed on a hot stove or iron.

A lazy man will have lazy fowls.

There is less profit in half-starved hens than in those too fat.

Don't tolerate loafers. A hen that won't work will get into mischief.

It is said that a newspaper burned in the coop before putting in the chicks will drive out dampness.

Do not allow your temper to rise at every short-coming or every time matters seem contrary.

The greatest art in poultry culture is to increase the egg record without crippling the vitality of the stock.

The broom that is cast aside by the housewife, will be just the thing to use in the henhouse. By all means use a broom.

The Single Comb White Leghorns are grand layers, producing a large, white egg, and while they are great foragers they thrive remarkably well in confined quarters. In New York City White Leghorns command a premium over the regular market rate. There are probably more White Leghorns bred for practical purposes than all the other varieties of that class combined.

Wise Sayings.

Lack of business brings on liver complaint in hens, just as it does in men.

Poultry brings returns as quickly as any investment that can be made.

It is not enough to clean out under the roosts and think you have done a good job. Take out everything movable and don't bring anything back till you have made it as clean as you possibly can.

Laying hens should not be too fat. Think of this when making up your rations.

Sloppy mashes are not half so good as those which are a bit crumbly. Don't get them too wet.

Bright red is the fashionable color with the combs of healthy hens. When they begin to look dark and purplish, look out.

Starting Cuttings.

Cuttings from petunias should be six inches long, with any buds and all lower leaves removed; insert in clean, sharp sand about four inches, place over the cuttings a glass, tumbler, or glass dish and keep in shade; admit air daily, but the cutting must not be allowed to wither, as few cuttings strike root if allowed to wither. Keep the cuttings in the shade when rooting.

Make cutting of mature branches of Peristrophe and insert in sand during the hot months, keep close in the shade for a while at first; they start tardily.

Cuttings of Begonia semperflorens should be taken from a plant in full bloom, with the wood fully ripened, and inserted in moist sand in a shady place. Soft, tender branches are apt to damp off, or rot.

Scented geraniums and ivy geraniums are most successfully rooted by inserting the cuttings in the soil under the old plant, keeping it moist at all times; or, it does well if the cuttings are put into the soil in some shady place and kept moist, or under a bell-glass or tumbler.

For nearly all soft-wooded plants, a shallow dish of clean, sharp sand, with water enough to keep the sand well moist, but not sloppy, a warm, light place, and protection from the wind, is all that is required for successful rooting of slips or cuttings. Some will be slower to root than others, but if the moisture is not allowed to stagnate, or the sand dry out, nearly all slips or cuttings will root in time. Many hard-wooded plants will root under these conditions.

Foot Notes,

The following is an old-fashioned remedy for caked udder: Rub soft soap on the affected part until a lather is formed. Repeat several times or until the hardness disappears.

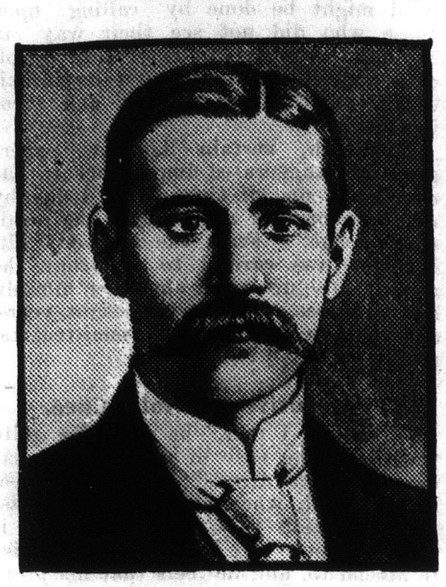
Where ticks are found on cattle, a sure way to get rid of them is to go over the cattle with a sponge well moistened with crude petroleum; repeat when necessary until all ticks are destroyed.

When the horse picks up a nail, be sure to cut out a funnel-shaped cavity as deep as the wound and make it bleed all it possibly will. Then use a wash of water that is strongly scented with carbolic acid, several times, and keep the foot packed with oakum.

When sores on cows' teats turn to pustules and crusts, the presence of cowpox or bovine variola is indicated. It is especially prevalent on newly-calved heifers. Give a mild Epsom salts laxative, and it will be well thoroughly to fumigate the stables with sulphur fumes and to disinfect with formaldehyde. Sometimes it may be necessary to use tubes in milking affected cows.

Bloody or reddish milk may be caused by blows on the udder, or by inflammation from other causes, and is not uncommon in summer when a sudden accession of rich food may induce local congestion, with increased flow of milk. Law says, "If the discolored milk is caused by congestion, a saline laxative followed with nitre, a restricted diet, and frequent bathing of the udder with very cold water is useful."

Recommended As An Ideal Remedy



W. S. BOND, Esq.

Lloydtown, Ont., March 19th, 1909.

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"I might also add that about three years ago I was laid up with LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA—couldn't get out of bed or lift one foot over the other. A good treatment of "Fruit-a-tives" cured me of these pains and banished the Sciatica and Lumbago so that to-day I am as well as ever and can lift anything necessary."

(Signed) W. S. BOND.

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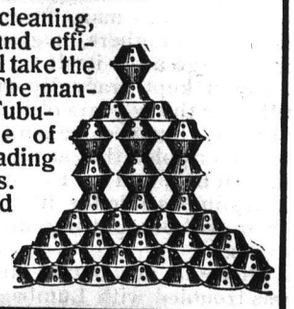

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Johnnie's First Moose.

De cloud is hide de moon, but dere's plaintee light above
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe we'll shove
For de place we're goin to try it
T'roo de water nice an' quiet
Is beyon' de silver birch dere
You can see it lak a church dere
We'en we're passin' on de corner w'ere de lily flower grow.
Wasn't dat correct, w'at I'm tolin' you jus' now?
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
Never min', I'll watch behin'—me—an' you can watch de bow
An' you'll see a little clearer
W'en canoe is comin' nearer
Dere she is—now easy, easy
For de win' is gettin' breezy,
An' we don't want not'ing smell us, till de horn begin to blow.
I remember long ago w'en me fader tak' me out,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
Jus' de way I'm takin' you, sir—hello? was dat a shout?
Seems to me I t'ink I'm hearin'
Somet'ing stirrin' on de clearin'
W'ere it star' de lumber shaintee
If it's true, den you'll have plaintee
Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't start to go!
An' now we're on de snore, let us hide de ole canoe,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
An' lie among de rushes, dat's bes' t'ing we can do
For de ole boy may be closer
Dan anybody know, sir,
An' look out you don't be shakin'
Or de bad shot you'll be makin'
But I'm feelin' sam' way too, me, w'en I was young also.
You ready for de call? Here goes for number wan,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it travel on
Till it reach across de reever?
Dat'll geev' some moose de fever!
Wait now, Johnnie, don't you worry
No use bein' on de hurry
But lissen for de answer; it'll come before you know.
For w'y you jump lak dat? W'at's matter wit' your ear?
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
Tak' your finger off de trigger; dat was only bird you hear
Can't you tell de pine tree crickin'
Or the boule frog w'en he's spikin'?
Don't you know de grey owl singin'
From de beeg moose w'en he's ringin
Out hees challenge on de message your ole gran'fader blow?
You're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man lak me!
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
Can tole you all about it! H-s-s-h! dat's somet'ing now, I see,
Dere he's comin' t'roo de bushes
So get down among de rushes
Here heem walk! I t'ink by tonder
He mus' go near fourteen honder!
Dat's de feller I been watchin' all de evening, I dunno.
I'll geev' 'anoder call! jus' a little wan or two,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.
W'en he see dere's no wan waintin', I wonner w'at he'll do!
But look out for here he's comin'
So-pris-ti ma heart is drummin'!
You can never get heem nearer,
An' de moon is shinin' clearer,
W'at a fine shot you'll be havin'! Now, Johnnie, let her go!
Bang! Bang! You got heem, sure! an' he'll never run away
Nor feed among the lily on de shore of Wessonneau!
So dat's your firse moose, Johnnie! Wall! remember all I say
Doesn't matter w'hat you're chasin'
Doesn't matter w'at you're facin'
Only watch de t'ing you're doin'
If you don't, Ba Gosh! you're ruin!
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.

—William Henry Drummond.

A Sure Way to Kill Sow Thistles.

I will endeavor to give you my experience regarding Sow and Canadian thistles which should be of great interest to all. Three years ago I summerfallowed 28 acres in which was a patch of sow thistles, although I did not know what they were at the time. I plowed late in May and harrowed down, and when the weeds got up about one foot high I put on weed irons and plowed them under and worked the top with harrow to keep weeds down but it had no effect on the sow thistles. They came up next season on the patch twice as large and they grew twice as rank. They were four feet high when I found out what they were, so I cut them down and put a pile of manure on the patch and left it till fall, but fire burnt the manure and that had no effect, so last spring when they came up I dug it out with a spade and picked out all the weeds and roots I could find, and whenever I saw anything coming up I hoed it all over by hand as deep as possible, to make sure of cutting everything that had started to grow. In the fall there was nothing in sight, and I am satisfied I have them all killed and the same dose is the only sure way to kill the Canadian thistle.—Farmer, Carman, Man.

Milk Fever.

Milk-fever, or parturient apoplexy, readily gives way to the air treatment (the injection of air into the udder). The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture, says: The disease attacks the best cows and when the milk flow is heaviest. It is important that every cow owner learn the method of injecting air into the udder. Milk-fever usually comes suddenly, the animal losing all sense of feeling soon after calving. It soon terminates in death, or recovery. One attack predisposes the animal to a recurrence of the trouble. It is produced by an anaerobic organism, a germ unable to live in pure air. The symptoms are excitement, restlessness, the cow treading with the hind feet, switching the tail and staring and walking about anxiously. This is followed in a few hours by staggering, weakness of the legs and paralysis. Previous to the discovery of the air treatment the disease has been fatal in a large percentage of cases. Since its application 884 out of 914 cases have been known to recover. A second or third treatment was needed in some cases. An outfit for the treatment consists of an air pump, etc. The milk is not drawn, but air is slowly injected, gently kneading the udder, meanwhile, until it is full. It is left full for an hour or two before it is ejected. If the operator decides that a second or third application of air is needed, it will not injure the cow. Some outfits are quickly changed to use for the cure of garget by injecting a bacteria-destroying liquid, and hence are doubly useful.

The Secret of Success.

The secret of the success of the great business enterprises of the world lies in the talent of some man at the head to get folks who can do things and then let them alone to do them. It requires much less talent and genius to find the man to "deliver the message" than to keep your hands off and let him do it. One business that the writer knows of has practically reached the limit of its expansion because the man at the head of it isn't big enough to let folks do things; he is always interfering with the method; his employees have no individuality in their work; they try to do it "to please the old man" rather than to promote the business but he doesn't encourage the expression of them; he overrides new suggestions because they "cost too much," or because he doesn't "consider them practical" or because the man who makes the suggestion "doesn't know anything about it." A discouraging case for an employee who really wants to improve his own condition by improving the business he is in.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

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because it cleans and disinfects at the same time. Infection is childhood's constant menace. Children who are an easy prey to the dangerous microbe are protected from infection by the use of Lifebuoy Soap. For the **Toilet, Bath and Shampoo** and for all purposes of Sanitary Cleansing it is simply fine.

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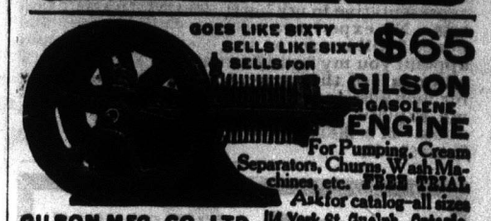

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Any man or woman who is thin can recover Normal Weight by the Remarkable New Treatment, Protone.

been thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable successes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company will send to anyone who sends name and address, a free 50c package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work. They will also send you their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below to-day with your name and address.

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The active principle of alkaline saliva is called ptyalin. In the duodenum we have secreted by the liver and pancreas three digestive ferments. First amylopsin, which finishes up the digestion of starches and sugars; steapsin, for the emulsionizing and saponifying of the fats, and the trypsin, dealing with the albuminoids. The albuminoids are the meats, eggs, milk, its product, cheese, and the gluten of grains, the legumin of the pulse family, such as old peas, beans, and lentils, and the fleshy fungi, as mushrooms. These are supposed to be digested in the acid secretions of the stomach, the active principle of which we choose to call pepsin. Not to have indigestion then, we must first see that the combinations of food are suited to our manner of eating, then simply cooked and not made complex in serving. We must thoroughly masticate all starchy foods that the digestive secretions may penetrate to the very centre of every particle, within a certain time.

See that all foods are cut across the grain, that the gastric juices may act promptly, and eat only the proper amount for necessary nutrition; avoid excessive sweet mixtures, fried foods, complicated pastries, acids, such as pickles or foods covered with vinegar, excessively hot or very cold foods, or ice water, which is the most objectionable of liquids. A frequent cause of indigestion is the mingling of too great a variety of food in the mouth. Take one food, masticate and swallow it, then another. Do not take a mouthful of toast and then a swallow of tea, unless you wish to be a still further sufferer from indigestion.

Human Storage Batteries

Recent investigations by Dr. Jacques Loeb and others seem to point to the conclusion that the nerve centres of the human body are in a true sense storage batteries charged with electrical energy. That nerve energy is electrical has been pretty well demonstrated, and it is not unreasonable to imagine that what we call fatigue may be due to the temporary exhaustion of the battery-power. When a muscle is tired it is not the muscular fibres that have given out, but merely the nerve that energizes the muscle—a proposition which applies to the whole body, as well as to any part of it.

The batteries contained in the "wings" of the fish known as the "torpedo ray," which is able to inflict a shock that will stun a man or a horse, are regarded by anatomists as modified muscles. They are composed of an arrangement of cells, corresponding to small Leyden jars, in which electricity is stored through the medium of the nervous system—a fact proved by the circumstance that, when the connecting nerves are severed, the organs lose their power to give a shock. These organs, in fact, are true storage batteries, and the supply of electricity they contain can be exhausted by provoking the animal repeatedly to let it lose its lightning.

It is much the same way with the so-called "electric eel," and with a species of catfish which is likewise a dealer in small thunderbolts. Unlike the torpedo ray, both of these fishes carry their storage batteries in their tails, but the structure is in its essential elements the same. Their supply of electricity is from the nerve centres, and the electrical organs cease to act when the nerves connecting them with the brain are cut. Observation of the phenomena described makes obvious the close relation between electricity and nerve energy.

When the human body is at rest the storage batteries which we call the nerve centres are slowly charged, so that, when one gets up in the morning, after a good night's sleep, he is in condition to undertake a day's work. During the course of the day, if one is busily employed, the supply of energy is slowly dissipated, and by late evening so much of it may be gone that nature demands another period of repose in order to refill the battery cells. Such, though the theory is as yet more or less speculative, is the belief toward which science at present is leaning.

Singular Sleep Cure.

A curious illustration of the efficacy of sleep is supplied by the following remarkable story, told in a Transatlantic journal, of an Englishman whose ancestors embraced a number of men and women who had committed suicide:

"He himself became despondent and melancholy, and his children, who knew the hereditary taint, were much worried about him. A physician told him that mental fatigue was his trouble and persuaded him to try an experiment. The man was a very busy man and scoffed at the idea of taking a nap in the middle of the day. He finally agreed to this. He would sit in his easy chair every afternoon with his hands on his knees, holding a dinner bell in both hands. If he lost consciousness and went to sleep, he would be willing to sleep for as long a time as it would take for the dinner bell to fall to the floor and wake him up. The doctor who suggested this arrangement declared that the mere mental relaxation of going to sleep, if only for a few seconds, would suffice to save him. He invited his patient to study the activity of the brain by noticing how many things he would dream while the dinner bell fell to the floor, and his mental condition improved steadily, partly because of the rest his mind got through losing consciousness for a second, and partly because of his interest in the extraordinary dreams which passed through his brain while the bell was falling.

Chronic Rheumatism.

Chronic rheumatism is a fitting first subject for these little talks. The sufferer from this complaint grows weary of constantly calling in the doctor who owns up that he cannot entirely rid him of it. Despairing of being cured, the patient is apt to throw all medical treatment aside, and so often suffers unnecessarily.

In the ordinary case of chronic rheumatism only one or two joints are involved. Between attacks these joints may, in the early part of the disease, return to their normal condition; but as the attacks continue, the swelling, pain, tenderness, and stiffness may become permanent, sometimes almost incapacitating the patient. In other cases it is only when the cold, damp winter weather comes on that the joints are noticeably painful and stiff. Two curious points of chronic rheumatism are: that the pain is usually much worse at night, and that the stiffness of the joints is much more noticeable after the patient has been resting for a time.

There is no cure for the condition. A person with rheumatic tendencies can, however, greatly reduce the frequency and seriousness of his attack by strictly avoiding the following:

1. All unnecessary exposure to damp and cold.
2. Insufficient food and irregular hours.
3. Damp sheets, and living in houses built on damp soil.
4. Red meats and alcohol in every form.

As sudden changes of temperature are at once felt in old chronic rheumatism joints, these changes should be reduced to a minimum by the wearing of woollen undergarments next to the skin.

Some Hints on Treatment.

When some change in the weather has "lit up" some old rheumatic spot, great relief can often be obtained by simply painting the joint with oil of wintergreen, bandaging it well with several layers of cotton-wool, and giving the part perfect rest for a day or two. When the acute pain, the heat, and the redness have subsided, five minutes' brisk massage twice a day with any good stimulating liniment will speedily do away with most of the stiffness, which is so often troublesome and disabling in these cases.

WHAT NEGLECT DID FOR HIM

Jas. E. Brant Suffered Torments from Kidney Diseases.

Then he used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Became a Well Man—his Experience a Lesson for you.

Athabaska Landing, Alta., October 4 (Special)—That Kidney Disease, neglected in its earlier stages, leads to the most terrible suffering, if not death itself, and that the one sure cure for it in all stages is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the experience of Mr James E. Brant, a farmer residing near here.

Mr. Brant contracted Kidney Disease when a young man, from a strain, and, like hosts of others, neglected it, expecting it to go away itself.

But it kept gradually growing worse, till after thirty years of increasing suffering the climax came, and he found himself so crippled that at times he could not turn in bed, and for two weeks at a time it was impossible for him to rise from a chair without putting his hands on his knees.

He could not button his clothes. He was troubled with Lumbago, Gravel and Backache and tried medicines for each and all of them without getting relief, till good luck turned him to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills started at the cause of his troubles and cured his Kidneys. With cured Kidneys his other troubles speedily disappeared, and to-day he is a well man.

If you cure your Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills you will never have Lumbago, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy or Bright's Disease.

BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE.

C. E. Brooks, 656 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich

GOLD WATCH FREE

A Lady's or Gent's Solid Gold-Filled Watch Free for selling 10 boxes of Dr. Marcil's famous Compound Pills at 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy for the cure of indigestion, constipation, impure blood, liver and kidney diseases and all female weaknesses. With the pills we send 10 articles of jewellery to give away with the pills, which helps you to sell. Send us your name and address and we will send you the pills post paid. When you have sold them send us the money, $2.50, and we will send you a Lady's or Gent's Stemwind or Stemset Watch. We are giving these watches to advertise our remedies. This is a grand opportunity to get a valuable watch free. Write to-day.

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Dept. F Toronto, Ont.

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214 Kasota Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Solid Gold Laid case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a $50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and [illegible] ALTON WATCH CO. Dept. 514, Chicago.

Tongue, Throat, Lungs and Stomach.

Taste is not equally distributed over the whole tongue, there are three distinct regions or tracts, each having its special office. The tip of the tongue is concerned with pungent and acid tastes; the middle portion is sensitive chiefly to sweets or bitters, while the back or lower portion confines itself entirely to the flavors of rich, fatty substances. Every piece of food thus undergoes three distinct examinations.

The length of the vocal cords in men and women differs as follows: In man, when at rest, their length is about seventy-seven one-hundredths of an inch, and when they are stretched to their greatest extent they are about ninety-three one-hundredths of an inch long. In a woman their length varies from fifty-one one-hundredths to sixty-three one-hundredths of an inch.

Though there are only nine perfect tones in the human voice there are the astounding number of 17,592,115,044,415 different sounds. Of these, fourteen direct muscles give 16,382, and thirty indirect muscles produce 173,741,823, while all, in co-operation, form the above total.

The stomach, or laboratory where the blood is manufactured from food, is a pouch, shaped much like the bagpipe of the Highlanders. In it are numberless lines of little tubes or glands, covering the whole interior with these microscopic urns, making in all 5,000,000. Each one of these is a complete chemical laboratory for the manufacture and distribution of gastric juice.

The average man takes five and a half pounds of food and drink each day, amounting to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. In seventy years he eats and drinks one thousand times his own weight.

Every time we breathe one hundred muscles are employed—forty per cent. of the muscles of the body being active in wonderful co-operation in this single act.

The surface of the lungs, if spread flat, would equal 2642 square feet. The lungs contain 175,000,000 cels, which, put side by side, would fill a space thirty times greater than that of the human body. An adult man respires from sixteen to twenty times a minute, or about twenty thousand times a day, the amount of air inspired being about ten thousand quarts, or eighty barrels, 100,000 cubic feet of air have been every twenty-five years. In one year drawn into the lungs, and expelled by nearly nine million separate and complicated actions of breathing, to aerate more than thirty-five hundred tons of blood.

The Muscular and Nervous System.

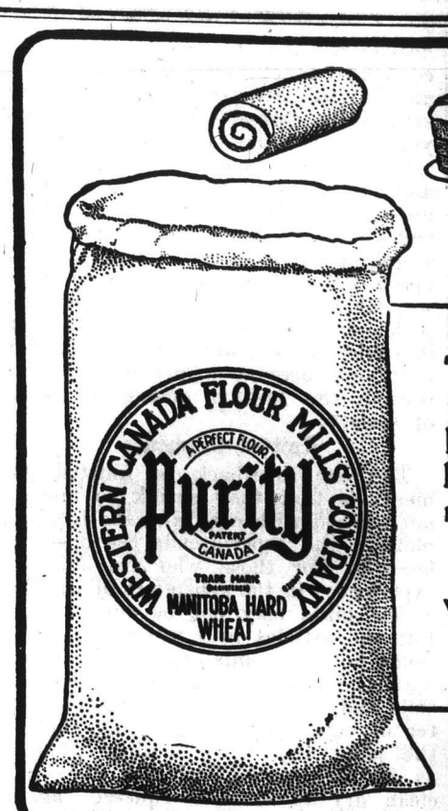
The muscles are bundles of fibres, each fibre is a bundle of fibres, and each of these may be separated, the smallest actual fibres being one four-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Each fibre is wrapped in a fine, pellucid sheath, a mere film put around it to keep it together.

There are in the body five hundred and twenty-seven muscles—two hundred and sixty-one pairs and five single ones. The bones and muscles combined are capable of over twelve-hundred different movements.

The muscle which acts upon the heel is one of the largest and most powerful in the body, for in raising the heel it has to raise the whole weight of the body.

There are forty pairs of nerves that start from the base of the brain and spinal cord, like telegraph wires. These may be called the "main lines" and with their conections and branches number 10,000,000. The nerve cells—stations or batteries for the transfer of power—are millions in number, some of them having a diameter of only one five-thousandth of an inch.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.



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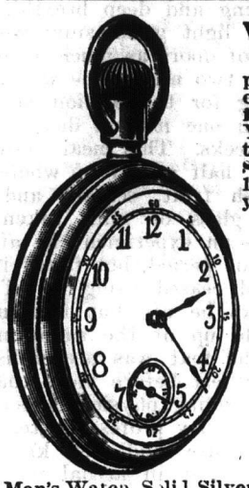
THESE GRAND PREMIUMS ARE GIVEN FREE

By Canada's greatest Premium House for selling Beautiful PICTURE POST CARDS at 6 for 10 Cents

YOU just ought to see the lovely **Picture Post Cards** we send agents to sell. Our assortments are made up of the most beautiful **Seasons** and **Birthday Greetings, Floral Cards** in natural colors, **Views** and provokingly funny **High Grade Comics.** Many of these cards are sold even in the **big city stores** at 3c. and 5c. each. It's the **easiest thing in the world** to sell them at our **wholesale price** of 6 for 10 cents. You have simply to show them to your friends and take in the cash. Just try it. We are telling you right. **Choose** the **Premiums** you want. **Send** us your order. The **Cards** will be **sent postpaid.** Sell them at 10c a package, then send us our money and your Premium will be sent you **at once. WRITE NOW.** Address as below.



Man's Watch, Solid Silver Nickel, stem wind and set, guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only **$3.00** worth.

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Beautiful Rolled Gold Finish, fits any arm. Given for selling only **$2.40** worth.

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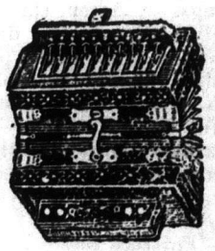

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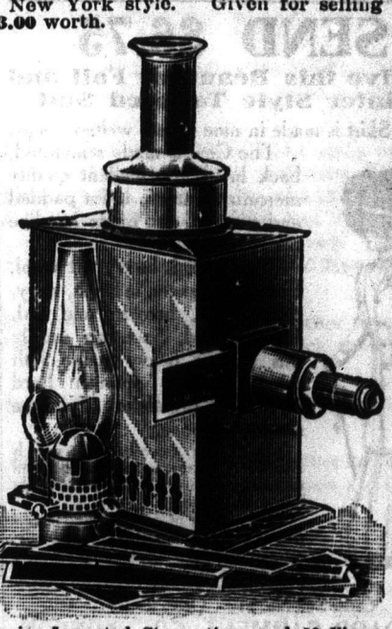

Genuine Imported Stereopticon and 50 Views. Has powerful magnifying lens and reflecting lamp. Just the thing for evening entertainments. Given for selling only **$3.60** worth.

Catalogue giving full description of these and other valuable Premiums, sent with every order.

Address, **COLONIAL ART CO.** DESK 35 **Toronto, Ont.**

CANADA'S GREATEST PREMIUM HOUSE

Could Not Lie On His Left Side

Heart Would Stop.

Hundreds of people go about their, daily work on the verge of death, and yet do not know it. It is only when the shock comes that the unsuspected weakness of the heart is apparent. There is only one cure, and that is

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS

Try Them and Be Convinced.

Mr. Paul Poull, Cascapedia, Que., writes:—"About five years ago I gave up all hope of getting better of heart trouble. I would nearly choke, and then my heart would stop beating. I could not lie on my left side, and became so nervous and weak I could not work. A friend told me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before the first box was taken I was almost well, and the second box completed the cure. I have advised many others to try them, and they have all been cured of the same trouble. I have offered to pay for a box for anybody they do not cure."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WAIT'S

Homoeopathic Specifics

Cures Effected by them are radical and certain. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger percentage of cases, and in less time than any medicine known.

NO.	CURES	PRICE
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammation	25
2	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache	25
3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants	25
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20	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
21	**Fever and Ague,** Chill Fever, Agues	25
22	**Ophthalmia,** Weak or Inflamed Eyes	25
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38	**Wait's Homœopathic Rheumatic Cure**	$1.00

Any number will be sent by mail on receipt of Price. Send for Manual (free). Address DEPT. W.H.

WAIT HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY

JOHN T WAIT, Proprietor, ARNPRIOR, ONT

SEND $6.75

Receive this Beautiful Fall and Winter Style Tailored Suit

The Skirt is made in nine gores, welted seams.

The Coat is made semi fitted, back lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, tailor padded and stitched, and made just like the picture.

The cloth is heavy all wool, French Panama, in black, navy, dark green, brown and red. If preferred, we can supply this suit in heavy vicuna cloth which has a smooth hard finish like broadcloth, in same shades as above.

The regular price of these suits is $12.00. We are overstocked, and until disposed of, offer them at the extremely low price of $6.75.

Give number of inches around largest part of bust and hips, also around smallest part of waist; also length of sleeve, under seam, and length down front from belt to length desired

Order Suit No. x10. Order to-day.

STANDARD GARMENT CO., LONDON, ONT.

NO MONEY

just ask for a generous trial bottle: "3-in-One" cleans and polishes all veneered and varnished surfaces; saves old furniture. Write "3-IN-ONE OIL CO", 29 Broadway, New York.

The Eye, the Ear and the Nose.

The eye is the perfect photographer's camera. The retina is the dry plate upon which are focussed all objects by means of the crystalline lens. The cavity behind this lens is the camera. The iris and pupil are the diaphragm. The eyelid is the drop shutter. The draping of the optical dark room is the only black membrane in the entire body. This miniature camera is self-focusing, self-loading and self-developing, and takes millions of pictures every day, in colors, and enlarged to life size.

Charts have been prepared showing that the eye has seven hundred and twenty-nine distinct expressions, conveying as many different shades of meaning. The eye is subject to forty-eight diseases—more than any other organ. There are 300,000 fibres in a single optic nerve.

The retina of the eye, a continuation of the optic nerve, though it is no thicker than a piece of paper, consists of nine distinct layers, the innermost composed of rods and cones. These are supposd to be the immediate recipients of the undulations of light, and are so numerous that in each eye the cones are estimated at over three million and the rods at over thirty million.

The power of color perception is overwhelming. To perceive red the retina and ninety-five million million vibrations in a second; for violet it must respond to seven hundred and ninety million million vibrations in a second. In our waking moments our eyes are bombarded every second by at least six hundred million million vibrations.

Each ear contains a perfect miniature piano of about three thousand double fibres or strings of unequal thickness and length, and stretched or relaxed in unison with exterior sounds. The longest cord of this marvelous instrument is about one-fiftieth of an inch; the shortest about one-five-hundredth of an inch. The three thousand strings are distributed through a register of seven octaves, each octave corresponding to about four hundred fibres, every half-tone being subdivided again into thirty-two others. The deepest or gravest tone that it is possible for us to hear has thirty-two vibrations per second; the highest, the shrillest, has about seventy thousand.

The delicacy of the sense of smell almost surpasses belief. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for twenty years. At the lowest computation that grain of musk must have been divided into three hundred and twenty million million particles, each individually capable of affecting the organs of smell.

Hints on Clothing.

There has been a strong tend during the past two years towards lightness combined with warmth in the baby's clothing, and nowadays all heavy, cumbersome garments are very generally taboo; in the present season, more than ever before, we find woolly garments the prevailing fashion for the newly-arrived little stranger, and for the youngster that trots off daily to school.

When I say wool, I must be understood to mean "woollies"; even flannel, that standby of an earlier generation, and other woollen goods, take only secondary rank today; everything gives place to the soft, fleecy, knitted or crocheted article, which need not even be of home manufacture, as was once the case; all up-to-date shops supply these goods at most moderate prices.

The Value of Wool.

But the outdoor as well as the indoor garments are composed of wool. It may be the woolly shawl, or it may be the more elaborate crocheted cloak, which envelops baby when he first takes his airings. After this comes the short woolly pelisse, a delightful creation, which in turn gives place to the little woolly costume suitable for children of both sexes. Then later on we find the useful jersey, which—let me give you a valuable hint—should fasten up both shoulders, as this does away with the irritating dragging over the head which some youngsters so bitterly resent. With this knitted jersey, of course, go the little woolly knickers for the boy; while the girl has her knitted skirt.

Baby's Headgear.

And as with the dress, so with the headgear. The soft, seductive, crocheted baby bonnet today replaces the stiff and fearful structure that was considered quite correct only a few short years ago; while later on the knitted cap or tam-o'-shanter make a healthy and suitable head covering for boys and girls alike. Such commonsense innovations, too, as high necks and long sleeves are now almost universally adopted for children of all ages. When we think of the sudden changes to which we in this climate are constantly subjected, we cannot but be thankful that such necessary precautions have become the fashion among all grades of society.

Knitted Garments.

The one drawback to knitted garments is that they shrink so much if not washed with care, and she is a wise mother who superintends the operation herself. For those who are quite inexperienced in the genuie art of washing, a few hints may not be out of place. Put the articles into warm—on no account hot—soapsuds and squeeze gently with the hands; then lift them out, suds and all, into another basin of water of equal temperature, and rinse in the same way, by squeezing. Squeeze as dry as possible, and then place in a clean dry towel and squeeze again; shake, and hang up to dry. While drying (this should be a slow process) they must be carefully pulled into shape and shaken frequently.

Strength Gained in fasting'

Fast and be a Samson. G. Low, an English physiculturist, has been able to raise a million pounds—100 pounds a thousand times—in less than thirty-five minutes. Less than one meal a day is Low's habit when in training. Besides being wonderfully endowed by nature with muscle and nerve force, Low trains with walking and deep breathing combined with light gymnasium work and keeps out of doors as much as possible. During the two months he was in special training for the million pound lift he lived on one meal a day for the first five weeks. This meal consisted of three eggs, half a loaf of whole wheat bread, fresh fruit, cereals, and nuts, with one glass of milk taken afterwards. As an experiment he ate meat twice in this period, but found it detrimental and ceased using it. The last three weeks he ate but four meals a week, made up of the same menu as before. The feat was accomplished as a scientific test before more than fifty experts, including physicians, food specialists, university professors ,teachers of physical culture, and well known athletes. Low lost in actual weight five and three-quarter pounds during the half-hour he was performing. Immediately after the 800,000 pound mark had been reached his pulse registered only 85, an increase of 13 beats, showing a wonderful condition of heart and circulation. His respiration had increased only in volume and not in velocity. A further evidence of his superb condition was seen when he increased the speed as the lift progressed.

THE MAJOR AND I.

Continued from Page 8.

myself with the thought that if I did the major could live with us.

Shall I ever forget that day? It stands out in my memory like a ray of sunshine in a world of gloom. And as it wore on I felt that the widow and I were drawing nearer to each other all the time. And then at ten o'clock that evening in the gloomiest corner of the piazza—I won her.

It was some two hours later that I went up to the major. He was waiting for me, puffing one of our cigars in deep reverie. He rose with his old affectionate manner to greet me. It was hard—harder than I ever dreamed. But I saw the best way was to tell the truth—after all, we were both men.

"Major," I said solemnly, "it's all over. The widow has accepted me."

"When?" said the major.

"Tonight—an hour ago."

The major smiled a peculiar smile I had never seen before.

"That's nothing, my boy," he said dryly; "she did the same thing to me—last night."

FREE to the RUPTURED

A Quick New Cure

I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE. Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to

DR. W. S. RICE, 743 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age..... *Time Ruptured*.....

Name.....

Address.....

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Does rupture pain?..... *Do you wear a Truss?*.....

Free! 14 Karats Solid Gold Shell Rings

We will give you your choice of one of those beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 karats solid gold shell, plain, engraved, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 4 boxes only at 25c. a box, of **Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills.** They are the greatest remedy for indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, weak or impure blood, catarrh, diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 4 boxes of pills, send us the money $1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your choice of one of those handsome Rings, plain engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you, post-paid, the Pills and fancy pins which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before the pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

Address **The Dr. Maturin Medicine Co.** Ring Dept 223 **Toronto, Ont.**

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

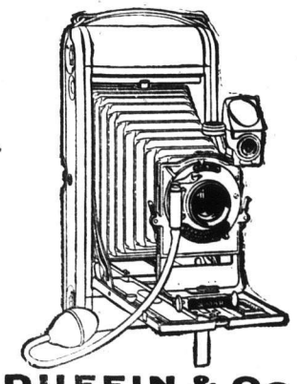
Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain ditricts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fify acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



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WINNIPEG.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.

Mention Western Home Monthly.

Household Suggestions.

An Old-time Thanksgiving.

Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,
A gray little prim little Puritan,
Who lived in the years that are far away,
Sat down to dinner Thanksgiving Day.
Turkey and goose, and a pumpkin pie,
A litle roast pig with a chestnut eye,
Pudding and apples, and good brown bread,
"I feel very hungry," Deliverance said.
Turkey and goose, and a pumpkin pie,
She ate and ate, when she once began,
Turkey and goose and the chestnut pig,
And slices of pie that were much too big.
Till, grandma says, she was just like me.
They put her to bed with thoroughwort tea,
Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,
That gray little prim little Puritan.

Note to Readers.

The Thanksgiving recipes are given in the November Number according to custom. The Christmas recipes will be given in December Number.

The Turkey.

"Turkey roast is turkey lost,
Turkey boiled is turkey spoiled,
But for turkey braised the Lord be praised."

Braised Turkey.

Wipe and clean well a small, plump turkey; singe with burning alcohol, break and remove the breast bone and fill the breast with any preferred forcemeat; sew up the skin and truss it as for an entree. With slices of fat pork line a braiser just sufficiently large to hold the turkey; fill half full with mirepoix stock and let come to a boil. Now cover the turkey with a heavy buttered paper and cook for two hours in the stock, with the braiser well covered. Remove the turkey to an open roasting pan, place in a rather slow oven and cook two hours longer, if necessary, to insure tenderness, basting frequently with butter. Serve on an oval of rice and garnish with cooked cauliflower, mushrooms, celery and carrots braised and glazed.

Roast Turkey.

After it is nicely picked and drawn, wash thoroughly, adding a little soda to the water in washing. To a fourteen-pound turkey take a small loaf of bread, crumb fine, add half a pound of fat pork, one-fourth of a pound of butter, pepper, salt and enough boiling water just to moisten; stuff and sew strongly. Bake twenty minutes to each pound of turkey; keep the oven at an even heat, basting frequently. When done remove from the pan, and make the gravy.

Dry Stuffing.

If our young housekeeper prefers to retain the old custom of stuffing a turkey rather than to adhere to the newer one of omitting this, she might use the following dry dressing: Fry a small onion, chopped to a golden brown in a little butter or poultry fat of some sort. Into this crumb a medium sized loaf of bread somewhat stale, season with salt, white pepper, cayenne, a little sweet marjoram or chopped celery, if preferred. Stuff this into the turkey, sew it up, and as much as possible roast the breast downward in the pan to have this plump and juicy. The giblets she will boil meanwhile and after chopping use them and the juice in which they are cooked for making a gravy, together with as much flour as the residue in the roasting pan will take up.

Cranberry Sauce.

Allow a pint of boiling water and an equal amount of sugar to each quart of berries. Do not cook more than one quart at a time. Let the sugar and water boil together for a moment or two in an earthenware kettle, put in the berries and let them stand closely covered on the back of the stove for about five minutes, without boiling; then move to the front of the stove, and let them boil for five minutes; remove the kettle from the stove and let the sauce remain covered until cold.

Pumpkin Pie.

An easy way to prepare pumpkin pie is to pare the pumpkin, cut it in pieces then grate fine put in a thin muslin bag to drain, then use the same as you would cooked pumpkin.

Bouillon.

5 pounds of beef from the round, 2 lbs. of bone, 3 qts. cold water, 1½ tablespoon salt, 1½ teaspoons pepper corns, ½ doz. cloves, ½ cup each of turnips, carrots and celery cut in dice, one medium-sized onion, 1 tablespoon sweet herbs, 3 sprigs parsley. Wipe and cut meat into inch cubes. Put two-thirds of meat in soup kettle, let soak a half hour. Brown remainder in steel spider with marrow from the bone. Put browned meat and bone in kettle. Heat slowly to boiling point. Skim occasionally, and cook or simmer five hours. Add seasoning and vegetables and cook one hour. Cool, remove fat and clear. Serve in bouillon cups.

Escalloped Oysters.

Mix 3 cups of cracker crumbs, 1 cup stale bread crumbs and 1 cup melted butter. Put a thin layer in bottom of shallow baking pan; cover with oysters which have been washed drained and carefully picked over; sprinkle with salt, pepper and a few grating lemon peel, add 4 tablespoons of cream and 6 tablespoons oyster liquor; repeat and cover top with remaining crumbs, garnish with toast points. Bake 30 minutes in hot oven. One quart of select oysters will be required. Never use more than two layers for a dish of this kind. If more are used the top and bottom layers will be cooked while middle layer is underdone. These may be scalloped in shells.

Thanksgiving Fruit Cake.

One and one half pounds of granulated sugar and one pound of creamery butter worked together about fifteen minutes; add the yolks of fifteen eggs, well beaten, and stir it together; then add one pint of molasses of first grade New Orleans, seven pounds of seedless raisins and three pounds of dried currants and one and one-half pounds of citron, previously chopped fine, together and sprinkle with one and one-half pounds of flour; add a tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves, ground nutmeg and allspice, one pint of brandy and the well beaten whites of fifteen eggs; stir all together well, and stir again, turn into a three-quart baking dish and put oiled paper on bottom of dish; bake slowly, till broom splint does not stick to the inside.

Thanksgiving Puddings.

A simple, inexpensive pudding can be made as follows: Pour a cupful of boiling water over a cupful of suet, chopped fine, and then add one cupful molasses, one cupful raisins, one teaspoonful soda; spice and salt same as fruit cake; flour to make a stiff batter; steam three hours.

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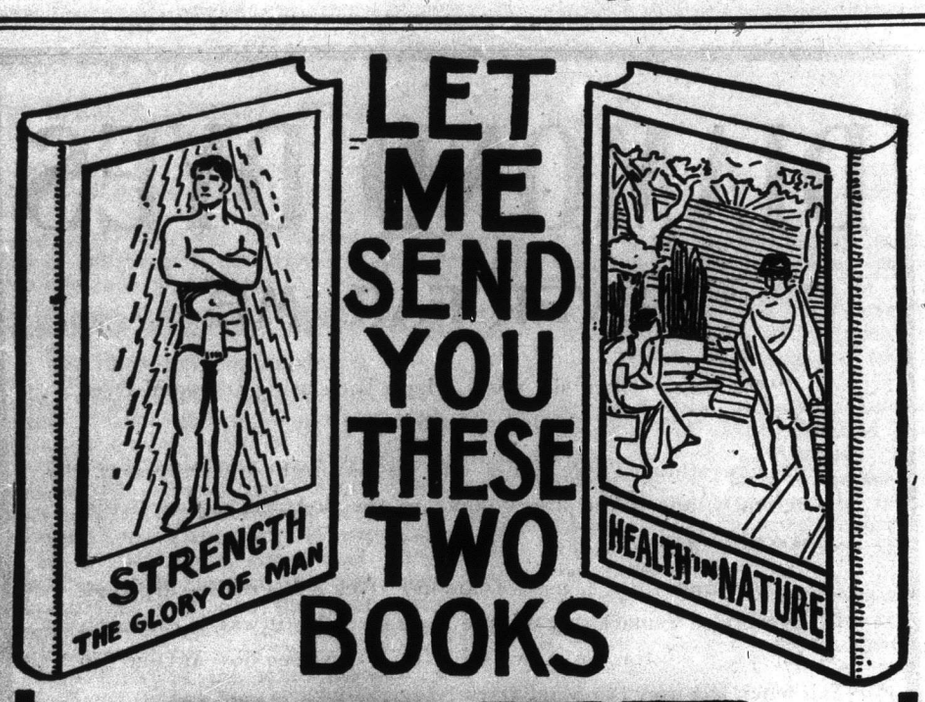

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Be like the Stars that sparkle on,
Although the Sun and Moon be gone.
Be like the Skies that steadfast are,
Though absent Sun and Moon and Star.

The Bridge Keeper

(Frank H. Sweet in "Forward.")

"No, we have no work for you. We're only taking on fresh young blood. I'm sorry, but you're too old." and with a glance toward the white hair of the applicant, the speaker swung his chair back to the desk from which he had turned at the man's entrance.

"Do you know of any place where I might find a job!" the man asked, hesitatingly.

"No," curtly; "our company controls about everything on both banks of the river. Still, there's a few cheap concerns on the other side where you might find a temporary job. What's your line?"

"Nothin', only to do odd jobs, sir. I've been on the sea most o' my life, an' never learned any trade except sailorin'. But I'm handy."

"So they all say. Well, you can try over there, though, frankly, I do not think you stand much chance."

"No," gravely, "there don't seem much chance anywhere. I was on the other side before I came here, an' they said I was too old. Everything seems to hinge on one company, an' they want only young men an' boys. I tried to tell 'em I'm not quite so old as my hair shows for, an' that I was ready to put myself up against as hard work as the strongest man they hired did; but no, 'twa'n't no use, they didn't want me. I've been off the sea sixty days, now, an' ain't found a chance yet. I'd like to stay on shore the balance o' my life, though," a little wistfully, "on account o' my granddaughter. There ain't only she an' me. But it don't seem as if I can. I guess I'll have to go back to the water."

"I guess you will," abstractedly. "That seems your line."

The old man left the office and walked slowly down to the long bridge that spanned the river. He had come across on the train, after stopping a day on the other side, for his ticket had read to this point, and he had saved the bridge coupon. Now he would have to walk back over the bridge and on to his seaport home, twenty miles across the country to the coast. He had taken only money enough to pay for the ticket, leaving the rest of their small hoard with the granddaughter, for he had confidently expected to find a job in one of these busy towns, and be able to send for her to join him. There was nothing left but to go back and remain with her a few days, and then seek a berth on some vessel.

But as he approached the centre of the bridge he suddenly paused. There was a bar across and a turngate, and he understood what that meant. Before he could pass he would have to pay toll, and he did not have a cent. Beyond the gate and leaning against it was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with his eyes fixed eagerly on a gesticulating crowd in an open field on the opposite shore. Evidently a ball game was in progress there, and the youthful bridge tender was very much excited over it, for often his hands rose into the air, and sometimes his hat, and once his voice echoed an enthusiastic cheer which came across the water.

The old man hesitated, and then went to one of the bridge benches, very close to the gate. He had a right to come this far, and he would stay until night. Perhaps the bridge would not have a tender then, and he could pass; if it did, he would try to slip by. He had never tried to evade any obligation before, but he must cross the bridge and reach home as soon as possible.

Meanwhile the bridge tender was becoming more and more excited, and several times he started forward, as though half inclined to forsake his post. Suddenly he noticed the old man sitting at the gate.

"Hello," he called, eagerly, "going to stay here long?"

"Why, yes, quite a while, I think."

"Then you look out for my place a few minutes. I'll be awfully obliged," and without waiting for consent or comment, the boy sped toward the farther shore and the yelling crowd.

"Wait! Hold on a minute!" called the old man after him; but the boy did not hear. His head was down, with his arms pressed closely to his sides; he was sprinting and oblivious of everything he was leaving behind. The old man went through the gate, his face anxious and perturbed.

"Whatever's to be done, I wonder?" he muttered aloud. "I don't know the toll, and—good land!" as he noticed water through a narrow open space in the bridge, and extending extending across from side to side; "if it ain't a draw. Howd' they open it? I hope no boat'll come till the boy gets back. He's crazy."

But he did not even think of deserting the post. That would not have been the man's nature. Keenly the eyes under the shaggy brows swept about in search of the means of opening the draw in case of necessity; then a bicycle came swiftly across the bridge, and he turned to the gate.

"Good-morning: a new man, I see," exclaimed the bicyclist, as he passed through and the old man felt a nickel slipped into his hand. That settled one problem. The toll was five cents. Then his gaze went back in search of the key to the bridge opening.

But he was a "handy man," who had lived on shipboard most of his life, and was accustomed to windlasses and screws and various means of shifting heavy weights. Soon the keen eyes discovered what they were after, and none too soon, for almost at the very moment came a vigorous, "Ahoy, draw!" from up the river. A schooner was sweeping straight down upon him, under a full head of canvas. But though he had found the means his hand lacked the dexterity of experience, and they fumbled with hurried unfamiliarity until there came a second hail, this time sharp and impatient. Then the bridge swung open and the boat shot through.

"Thank you, keeper," came a relieved voice from below. "I was afraid you didn't see me, and I was on the point of tacking off to avoid smashing things. But I see you know your business."

The old man's face grew more tranquil. There were no people in sight on the bridge now, and no boats very near. He opened and shut the draw several times, allowing it to swing a few yards either way, until he felt that he had it under control; then he went to the tiny building which was the bridgetender's home and office, and found a broom. With this he went vigorously to work clearing away the litter that the boy's neglect had allowed to accumulate.

Two hours went by and in that time four boats had gone through, and perhaps fifty people passed over the bridge; and at the end of that time the draw and gate and benches were as clean and neat as broom and brush could make them.

There were no signs of the boy, but the old man had scarcely given him a thought. He was at work now, and just such work as was peculiarly congenial. The anxiety for the time being was gone from his eyes, and he went about the self-sought duties with cheery little snatches of sea songs breaking occasionally from his

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lips. Only once did he pause suddenly in the midst of a breezy refrain, and that was when he glanced into the tiny house and realized what a cozy home it would make for himself and his granddaughter.

The breeze was now freshening, and there were several boats coming down the river together and under full sail. He was in the very act of turning the draw when a carriage dashed upon the bridge, with another scarcely twenty yards behind, and both evidently in a great hurry. The first would reach him considerably in advance of the first boat, with ample time to open the draw, so he waited, though he could hear the sharp "Ahoys!" of the boatmen.

It was now that his experience of winds and tides stood him in good stead. A swift glance, and he could have told to almost a second when the boats would reach the draw. He waited until the first carriage had swept across, and then, with a warning call to the other coachman, swung the draw open to the leading boat, which was less than twenty yards away. After they had passed through he shut the draw for the second carriage.

The coachman was red and angry.

"Look here, you bridge man," he cried, "what'd you shut us back for? We're in a big hury, an' could 'a' got through in another minute, an' there was plenty o' time. D'ye know who I'm carryin'?"

"James! James!" came a stern voice from the carriage; "that is enough. The man did just right. I was watching. It was as fine a bit of calculation as I ever saw." Then as the carriage came opposite the old man, "Let me—but hello! where is the regular keeper?"

"Why sir, I—think he's gone over to ball game for just a few minutes," hesitated the old man.

"And left you to fill his place"

"Yes, sir."

"You are an experienced bridge keeper, I see."

"N-no, sir. I never tried the work before this."

"U'm! Then you are quick to pick it up. The young man showed you about it, I suppose?"

"No, he—he was in quite a good deal of a hurry, an' just asked me to look out for the work. But I'm handy about pickin' up things. I've been on board ship most o' my life, sir."

"Oh, a sailor. That accounts for your judging of the boats' speed. You're a friend, or perhaps relative of the young man?"

"No, I'm a stranger to everybody here. I've been lookin' for work, but couldn't find any. I was just—sittin' down here a while when the boy spoke to me."

"U'm! a stranger, and he asked you to look out for his job, and did not wait to tell you what to do. You said for just a few minutes, I believe. Can you tell me exactly how long he has been gone?"

The old man hesitated.

"Well, ye see, sir," he apologized, "there was a ball game, an' ye know how boys are about such things. Ye mustn't be hard on him. I've done the best I could, an' don't think anything's gone amiss. The money's in on the table there, every cent. The boy means all right, I'm sure."

"Can you tell me how long he has been gone"

"Two hours, mabbe," reluctantly.

"You could not find a job, you say. How would you like this one of bridge keeper?"

The old man caught his breath, and a look came to his face that momentarily transfigured it. The man in the carriage saw, as he had seen everything, even to the work of the broom and brush and the unusual polish of the foot passenger' gate. But the old man shook his head.

"Thank ye kindly, sir," he said, "but I can't do it. I don't want to get the job away from the boy."

"He has lost it already. If you do not take the place some one else will. I think we have made a mistake about young blood. What do you say?"

"Why—I—I—yes, an' thank ye,"

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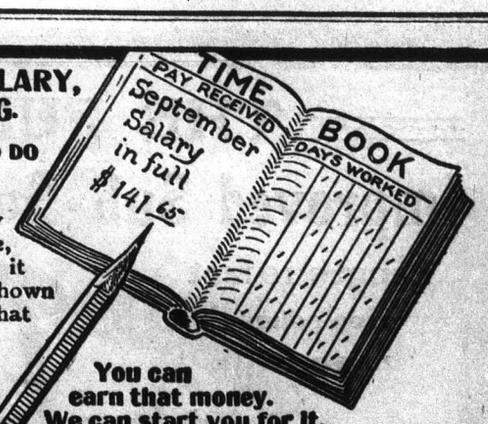

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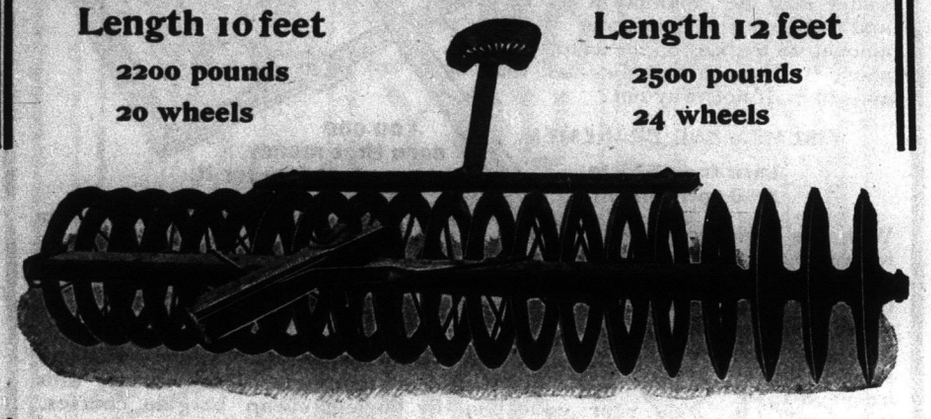

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"Very well. Here," writing a few words upon a slip of paper and passing it out, 'give this to the boy when he returns."

Half an hour later the boy came, breathless.

"Everything all right?" he asked. Then, as he looked around, "Yes, I see it is. I'm awfully obliged. Why, what's up?" for the old man was looking at him with perturbed face.

"A man stopped here in a carriage an'—an' let me have this paper for ye."

The boy took the slip and read it, his face changing.

"It's from the owner," he gasped, "and says I must come to his office. Well, my place is lost. I'm done for this time."

"I'm sorry," the old man said, his face full of genuine sympathy. "I didn't want to tell anything, but he made me."

"Oh, that's all right," generously; "when he saw you in my place he had to ask questions, and of course you had to answer. I am the only one to blame."

An hour later the boy came back, walking very straight, with square shoulders and with a strange look on his face.

"I—I hope it wa'n't so bad as ye feared," said the kind old man anxiously.

"Bad," in a hushed voice; "no, it was all good—all good. I never had a man talk to me like that before. I am to work in his office, where he can have an oversight of me, and I have come for my things in the house here. I have never thought much about my—my responsibilities and what I am to do in the world; but after this I think maybe I can do something worth while, with him looking on. I shall try hard."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal condition. There is no need to recommend it to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

The Jonquil and the Rose.

By Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Just now Ben put them in her hand,
They cost a penny, too!
When spring delays to bless the land
The lover pays the due.

But why, as up the stairs she goes,
Does Phyllis sober grow?
She thinks of Jack, who brought a rose
A year or two ago.

She has it lying in her drawer,
Flattened and sere and old,
Pulled from a country brier, but more
Than all the jonquils' gold.

For thus it is with maids and men;
A single leaf from Jack
Is worth whole gardenfuls from Ben—
We covet what we lack.

Illustrated Flowers.

This is a new version of our old friend, the floral guessing contest. The flowers are illustrated by the following subjects.

1. A cup of butter—Buttercup.
2. A picture of a sunrise—A sunflower.
3. A tin horn—A trumpet flower.
4. A picture of a valley—Lily of the valley.
5. A picture of a lion with a collar, hat and cane—Dandelion.
6. A pair of slippers—Lady's slipper.
7. Butons fastened on a piece of cloth by means of nails—Bachelors' buttons.
8. A card upon which is written, "A well known hotel."—Asters.
9. Pictures of the lower half of two faces—Tulips.
10. Picture of a cat and a fur tail—Cat tails.
11. Gilded cane—Goldenrod.
12. A card upon which is written, "Dear Will"—Sweet William.
13. A few peas in a dish of sugar—Sweet peas.
14. A torn red paper heart—Bleeding heart.
15. A picture of a sleeping child, and the words "Sleep, sweet, sleep"—Poppy.

The Biter Bit

The Children.

The Cheering Fairy.

When a little man
Does the very best he can,
Not for pay in baubles bright,
But because he loves the right,
A fairy shouts "Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"
None hear the cheer except the little man;
That's why he smiles.
When a little maid
Goes, when called, to mother's aid,
Leaving merry friends at play,
Friends who plead with her to stay,
A fairy shouts, "Hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"
None hear the cheer except the little maid;
That's why she smiles.
This little fairy dwells apart
From fairies of the elfish brood;
'Tis from its home within the heart
It loves to cheer the brave, the good!

How the Kings Kept Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving was coming Thursday, and on Tuesday Mrs. King made the plum-pudding and got the turkey ready. The three little Kings watched it all, dancing around the kitchen table, and asking questions, and following when she took the turkey out in the cold wash-room, and hung it on a high hook.

"There, Mr. Turk," she said, "you are all ready for Thanksgiving, and Thursday morning we will stuff you and roast you."

"And eat you!" chimed in the three little Kings."

All through a long stormy Wednesday, Mr. Turk hung in the cold wash-room, and a great many times the three little Kings went out to look at him. Bobby could just touch one of his feet if he stood on tip-toe. They said to each other how fat he was, and how good he was going to taste. The Kings did not often have turkey; only on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

They were eating early breakfast Thursday morning when the milkman came. They heard him hurry into the wash-room to leave the can, and out again; but they didn't know that he forgot to shut the door.

They were still at the breakfast-table when Sancho came running through the snow from Mr. Hunter's yard. Sancho is Mr. Hunter's big dog, so big that Bobby can just reach to put his arm over Sancho's neck.

Sancho put his head in at the open door to look for bones on the plate Mrs. King kept for him; there were none this morning—but there hung Mr. Turk.

One pull of Sancho's strong teeth broke the cord by which Mr. Turk was hanging, and off went Sancho with him.

When breakfast was over Mrs. King came hurrying out to get dinner started, and saw the open door and the broken cord—but no Mr. Turk!

When the three little Kings heard what had happened they had hard work not to cry. They could see Sancho's great foot-prints through the snow, and the trampled place under the apple-tree where he had eaten his turkey-breakfast and not left so much as a drumstick.

"I wouldn't have thought Sancho would do such a thing!" mourned Bobby.

Mr. King started out at once, to buy another turkey for dinner; but he came back in an hour saying he couldn't find a turkey or a chicken or a goose, anywhere for sale in the whole town. And more than that, he told the children the butcher had shut up his shop and gone away to spend Thanksgiving, so that he could not buy any other meat for dinner, and their mother would have to find something in the house for them to eat.

"There's not a thing but codfish!" said Mrs. King.

And so they had codfish for Thanksgiving dinner. Of course they had mashed-potato and cranberry-jelly and all the other things people have on Thanksgiving, and the plum-pudding, but codfish instead of turkey.

Mr. King said he had known people call codfish "Cape Cod turkey," and he made them all laugh by making believe carve it, and calling all the bones the wish-bone, and asking them all in turn, whether they would have "a wing, or a leg, or a slice of the breast."

In fact, the King family had a great deal more fun over their Thanksgiving dinner than if Mr. Turk had been there on the platter in all the glory of his stuffing and gravy.

Georgie's Thanksgiving.

I was eight and your great-aunt Victoria ten when we had the Thanksgiving and birthday in one, which we never forgot. Our mother was a devoted Englishwoman, and she gave to her first child the name of her beloved Queen, and when I was born two years later to a day, I was named Georgie, because that is the nearest for a girl to the name of so many of our kings. Your grandfather Howe died three months before I was born. Our birthda came the twentieth of November, so near to Thanksgiving that mother always celebrated the two days in one.

"This that I am going to tell happened long ago; for the first time in our lives, the Thanksgiving day was appointed on the twentieth day of November. We all went early to the meeting-house the Sunday before, for we knew we were going to hear the Thanksgiving announced. All the children in the meeting-house kept wide awake that morning, and Vic and I nudged each other when the minister opened the paper with a rattle and spread it on the desk.

"The night before the great day, we were standing at the kitchen table, watching mother unjoin the boiled chickens for the chicken pie, when the clock struck eight. She lighted a tallow candle, and gave it to Vic. It was our bedtime. 'Oh,' said I, as I dumped down in the feather bed, 'isn't it beautiful, Vic, to have birthdays and Thanksgiving all together? And isn't mother kind? I'm just so happy!'

"'So am I,' said Vic, giving me a hug. 'I know something.'

"'What is it, Vic?' I asked in a whisper.

"Then she told me that she was going to get up before anybody else in the house, and steal out softly, and go to the north pasture, and get some red berries to hang over the Queen's portrait in the front room, to please mother.

"'Let's,' said I. 'It will be splendid,' and then I told her what was true, that she was always thinking of something to please somebody, and then we said our prayers, and cuddled down to sleep.

"It didn't seem but a minute after that, when I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Vic was already tying her leathern shoe-strings. 'Georgie Howe, get up this minute; it's as light as a cork,' she said. 'I'm not going to put up my hair,it will take too much time, and it will keep me warm, "and she let fall a cloud of gold over her shoulders. Grandmother Gibbons's voice always trembled a little here. "You've seen the portrait of your great-aunt Victoria, children. It's true what I told you. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw; her hair was like spun gold.

"We put our surtouts over our thick wollen dresses, tied on our warm wollen hoods and tiptoed out for fear of waking Ponto in the shed. Vic asked me to wait on the stone step while she brought a bowl of mother's chicken broth. It was thick and nourishing. It tasted good.

"We drove the cows to the north pasture every summer morning; we knew every nook and corner of it, but we didn't know the difference between broad daylight and moonlight, and great was our surprise when we reached the pasture bars, to see the moon going down, and no sign of morning, but Vic kept hold of my hand, and said, 'Never mind, Georgie, we can find the path, and the flat rock by the black

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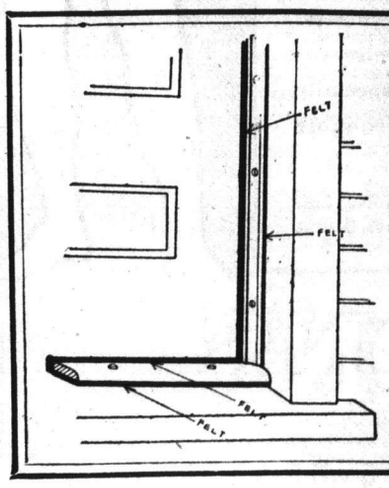

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IT HAS ROUSED THE CURIOSITY OF THE WHOLE WEST

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Madam, there is no doubt about it.

But there is just one way you can be convinced. You must use it yourself.

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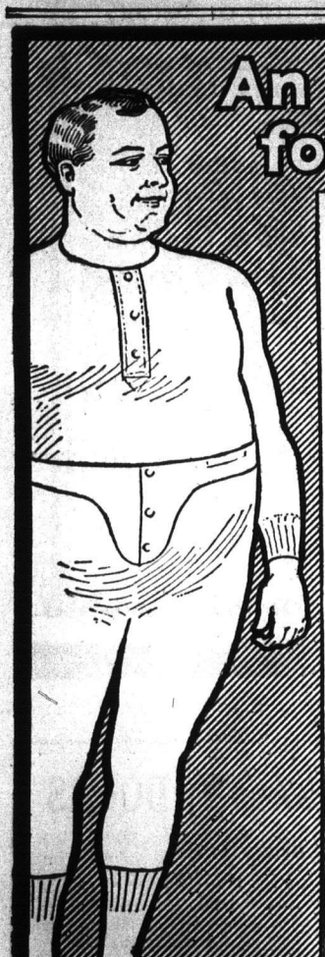
An accurate fit for every man



In the Hewson line there's an accurate, comfortable fit for the big, as well as the average men.

Hewson Underwear is made in oversizes as well as regular sizes.

Cut by a special system so as to fit snugly around neck and under arms—to fit accurately everywhere.

Hewson Nova Scotia Wool—a heavy, elastic ribbed garment—is recommended especially for warmth, comfort and long wear.

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HEWSON'S UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

walnut tree, if the moon doesn't shine.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but how can we find the berries if it's pitch dark, Vic?'

"'Oh,' she said, 'it won't be dark long; it can't, because everybody knows it's time for the sun to rise when the moon goes down; and lots of times I've seen the sun and moon shining both together in the sky, haven't you, Georgie?'

"'Yes,' I said, stumbling into a thorn bush, and beginning to cry, 'but Vic, this doesn't seem like the path; where's the black walnut tree, and flat rock? They ought to be here, but they aren't here!'

"'We may be a little out of the path, Georgie,' she said bravely, 'but anyway, we are in the right pasture, and here's a rock with a back to it, so let's sit down and wait,' and she put her arm in a motherly way around me, and pillowed my red hooded head upon her shoulder. 'I'm glad I didn't put up my hair.'

"'So'm I, Vic,' said I, as I nestled against the soft cushion. 'Your hair is the loveliest I ever saw, Vic and mine is short and stiff like bristles.

"'But you're real good, Georgie, and as soon as ever we get home I'm going to give you a real boughten doll,' she said, 'to have for your very own birthday, and to keep always.'"

Grandmother Gibbons did not need to tell the children that she had kept the "boughten doll"; they had all seen it. She sometimes stopped for a little, right here, till the children cried out, "Go on, please, go on, grandma; tell us what happened next."

"Well, children, the next thing, it seemed the stars all faded, and the darkness deepened around us. I don't know how long we waited, while I lay with my head pressed against your great-aunt Victoria's shoulder, but I heard her calling to me, 'Georgie, this will never do. You must not go to sleep, we must get up and walk around.'

"'I don't want to walk around, Vic, I said. 'I want to go home, that's what I want.'

"'We'll walk toward home,' said Vic, taking hold of my hand, and starting up. 'We're not in the path, but we can't be far from it, and we must keep walking, for you must not go to sleep. Here's the black walnut tree.'

"Vic gave a sudden spring forward, and fell. She told your great-grandmother Howe, after it was all over, that it seemed as if she fell miles and miles. Then it came over her like a flash, we had come through the wrong bars, and were over the gorge! That dreadful gorge where we were never allowed in broad daylight! Vic fell till she stopped on a ledge not larger than her two feet, but her hair had been caught by an out-reaching tree branch, and it held her. True to her nature, her first thought, even then, was for me.

"'Georgie, are you up there?' she called. Her voice sounded through the darkness far away.

"'Yes, Vic, I am here!' I think my teeth chattered. 'Where are you?'

"'Stand still! Don't stir a step! Don't go to sleep, we're over the gorge. I'm caught by my hair and we must wait.'

"No one will ever know, children, how long we waited. It seemed to me as if all at once I grew to be a woman. It seemed to me as if God had given Victoria's life into my keeping. I kept calling down to her, telling her that it would soon be lighter, and that I felt sure that some way, somehow, I could save her.

"At last it came, children, the first streak of morning! I stooped over, and looked down that awful abyss, but the sight only gave me courage. 'Vic,' I cried, and my teeth didn't chatter this time, for when God wants us to do anything, children, no matter how difficult, He'll give us the will and the strength to do it. 'Vic, I can see you, you are not half way down. Don't look up—don't look down, but keep still a few minutes, and I can save you.'

"How did you do it, grandma?" always asked the children.

"I didn't know how I was going to do it at first, but I began, very slowly, to make my way, not straight, but in a zigzag fashion, slowly and carefully down to the shelf over which Vic hung. There was a little platform of rock, on which I stopped. It was growing lighter every minute, as I reached up to the twisted tree branch. Then God let me see how I was going t obe able to save my sister. You know how I did it, children."

"You untwisted her hair," from the children in chorus.

"Yes, those beautiful, strong locks of hair, all kinked and snarled and held as in a vise, partly with my teeth, partly with my fingers, I loosened every golden thread.

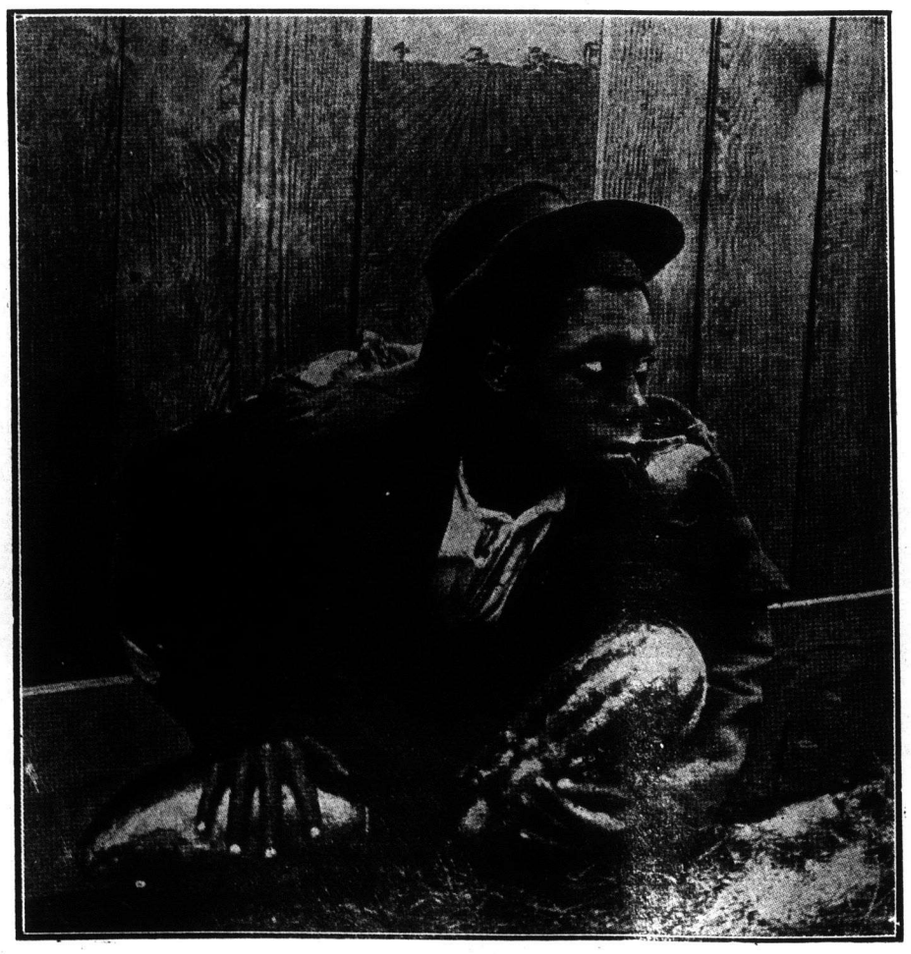
"'Now,' I said, 'Vic, you are free! Catch hold of this limb that I swing down to you! Catch hold and climb!'

"'Oh, Georgie,' she cried, 'I can't! I'm dizzy! I shall faint.'

"I could see that her strength was failing, but I wouldn't give up that I could save her; so I put all of myself into my voice, and I may have prayed, but I didn't know it, then.

"'No, you won't faint, Vic,' I called. 'You won't faint; you won't fall! You can't; you've got the limb. Now here's my hand; let's climb! We can see every step now, Vic.'

"We climbed slowly, step by step, zigzagging, picking our way up, and gaining courage until at last we fell in each other's arms, on to the level at the top, and that is the way I met an emergency, the Thanksgiving and birthday we never forgot. And that is the way I saved your great-aunt Victoria."



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

In Lighter Vein.

The Modern Pace.

We wander through the valley on the
trail of happy days;
We know that we will find them, for
we've come an awful ways!
We know that we will celebrate and
blow a lot of "tin"
And "live like other people"
"When our ship
comes in!"

We stagger and are worried as our bills
are bearing down—
We've lived a little better than the
most folks in our town.
The reason we have done it—Well, it
surely is no sin—
Of course we'll pay the butcher
"When our ship
comes in!"

Our wife must have eight kinds of hats
and forty pairs of shoes,
Must go to all the functions and be
mentioned in "The News."
It wouldn't do for her to tag one Mrs.
Jeemes O'Flinn—
We've got to be the leaders
"When our ship
comes in!"

We've built a house in Glenn Isle Place,
a bungalow refined,
With marble pillars in the front, a
honk-honk house behind!
It cost a lot but Mandy says that we
will soon begin
To meet the payments on it
"When our ship
comes in!"

Our Maybelle's gone to boarding school
with Gertrude Mary Blount,
And Mandy says if she has luck she's
sure to win a count!
I'd rather she would wed a man like
Lawyer Henry Finn—
But we must have a title
"When our ship
comes in!"

I hate to think how we will bust in
forty-seven chunks
And cart away the small debris in two
or three smal trunks,
If by some hook or crook of Fate, at
last I fail to win
And am not there to meet it
"When our ship
comes in!"

It was a Cavity.

A well-know dentist tells the following story of his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist:

"Every time we met, this Scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders which could be performed through faith. 'You are convinced that, through faith, you can do anything?' I said to him one day.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'faith will move mountains.'

"A week later he came in my office with a swollen jaw due to toothace. 'What, you here?' I exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.

"'O, doctor,' he said, 'I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer.'

"'Have you tried faith?' I asked him. 'You know you told me the other day that faith could move mountains.'

"'But this is a cavity, doctor; this is a cavity.'"

Returned Empties.

One of the suburbs of Chicago is the site of a well-known school of theology, from which go out each week-end many members of the senior class to try their voices as "supplies."

A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of them who got off at the station.

"What are all those chaps getting of here?" he asked the brakeman.

"Them?" asked the brakeman. "Oh they're returned empties for the college."

An Old Axe.

One of the treasured possesions of an old farmer is a formidable axe. This he avers, wielded by an ancestor of his, wrought fearful execution at the Battle of Bosworth Field.

"What?" gasped a visitor on being shown the "relic." I can scarcely believe it!"

"It's a fact for all that," responded the proud owner. "It's been handed down from father to son ever since."

"Wonderful!,, ejaculated the visitor. "Still, you know, it doesn't look that age!"

"Well, you see," was the unexpected rejoinder, "it's done a lot of work, and it's a great age, and it stands to reason that it's had to be titivated up a bit now and then. Why, man, it's had a new head and two new handles in my time!"

For the Long-Eared One.

Th second day drew to its close with the twelve jurymen still unconvinced.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as is usual order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," "said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

Umbrella Flirtation.

An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting nothing but the dripings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippnigs, it indicates marriage.

The Roof Leaked.

Two intoxicated individuals solemnly went to bed in the gutter at an early hour of the morning. After some time one of them spoke indignantly:

"I shay, let's go t'nuzzer hotel. This leakish."

An Essay on Woman.

"A little boy was told by his school teacher to write an essay on "Woman," He excuted the following:

"Woman is what mens likes to marry. Man is logical; woman is zoological. Both man and woman sprang from monkeys, but woman sprang the farthest."

Wasn't in His Line.

A washerwoman applied to a gentleman for work, and he gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing."

Very shortly afterwards the answer came back:

"Dear Sir,—I dare say she does; but don't fancy the job."

Same Old Cause.

After a fire which recently occurred in South Wales, an assessor sent in his report to the insurance corporation, a portion of which ran as follows: The junior partner informed me that the fire was caused by an arc light on the first floor; the second partner told me that the fire was caused by an incandescent light on the second floor; but my own opinion is that it was caused by an Israelite in the basement."

Natural Even in Death.

When Denis McCann was blown up by an explosion of dynamite, a committee was appointed to break the news to his wife. After the spokesman had informed her of the tragedy as gently as he could, she asked if Dennis had been badly mangled. "Well, yes," said the spokesman, "his head was founud in one lot, his legs in anther, and his arms in a tree a half a mile off." "That," said the bereaved widow, "is just like Dennis. He was always all over the place."

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HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World

Which, being woven by hand, wear longer and retain the rich, satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINEN

Linen Sheeting, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 78c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.18 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.

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Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c. 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

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Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Gardiner, Maine.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease and weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation but I could not bear to think of it. "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R.F.D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

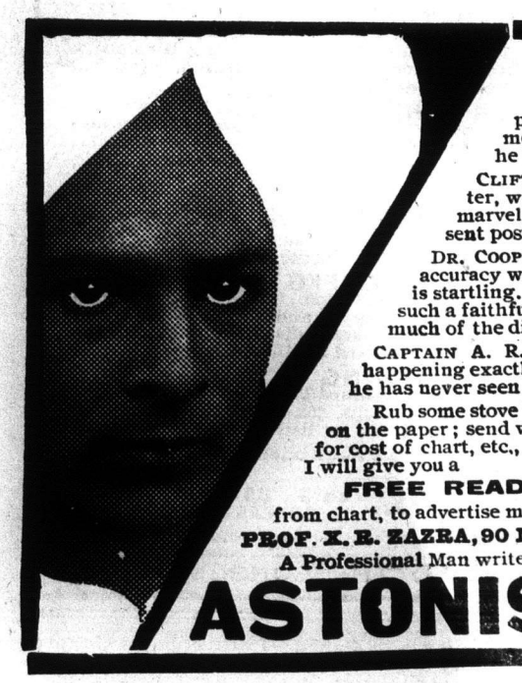
So. West Harbor, Me.—"I suffered for years with painful periods, backache, headaches, nervousness, irregularities and inflammation. I consulted two physicians and one advised me to have an operation. "I was completely discouraged when I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me a well woman. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, South West Harbor, Me.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



THEATRE MAGAZINE: "A mystic of the first rank. He reeled off my life, giving dates, incidents, describing the people and scenes; that which is puzzling me most is that some of the future which he predicted is actually happening."

CLIFTON BINGHAM, the well-known song writer, writes: "Mysterious is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

DR. COOPER, M.D., M.R.C.S.: "The surprising accuracy with which he reads your past and future is startling. One fancies that if he had the advice of such a faithful guno in the early part of one's career, much of the disappointment might be avoided."

CAPTAIN A. R. WALKER, R.E., writes: "Things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me.

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on the paper; send with birth date, time (if known), and 50c. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and addressed envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE

from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. X. B. ZAZRA, 90 New Bond St., London, W., England

A Professional Man writes: YOU

ASTONISH & HELP

Had Time Enough.

An innocent-looking little boy accosted a portly old gentleman in the street one day and asked:

"If you please, will you tell me the time?"

"The time, my son," answered the old gentleman, taking out his watch, "is just half-past one."

"Is it?" replied the urchin. "Well, when it's two o'clock, go and get your hair cut."

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the exasperated gentleman gave chase after the boy. But unfortunately, on taking a corner at top speed, he came into violent collision with a laborer coming in the oposite direction.

"Who yer runuin' into, yer old fool?" exclaimed the man when he recovered from the shock.

"I'm sure I am very sorry," apologized the old gentleman, pointing to the grinning boy in the distance. "That young scoundrel asked me the time just now, and when I said it was half past one, he told me to get my hair cut at two o'clock."

"Well," said the man, "what's yer bloomin' hurry? You've got nearly half an hour yet."

Had Been Put Wise.

The wife of a worthy but henpecked gentleman was being carried to her last resting-place when the bearers accidently knocked the coffin against the corner of the house. There was a movement inside, and on opening the coffin it was found that the woman was only in a trance, from which she recovered and lived for some years after. When eventually she did die, and once more the coffiin was being borne from the house, the worthy husband, as he followed in the rear, called in a restained and excited voice to the bearers: "Mind the corners!" They did.

Capacity.

They were travelling peacefully home in their lumbering market cart when from the shadowy hedge there leapt two unkempt forms.

Not much time was wasted in useless talking. The unkempt ones in an earnest and businesslike manner went throught the pockets of farmer Williams and his daughter, turned them out of the market cart, and drove off in it themselves.

"Dear, oh, dear!" wailed the poor old man, "there's a nice to-do. Horse and cart and money too—all gone. Oh, dear—"

But his faithful daughter was there to comfort him.

"Not the money, father dear," she said. "I hid the purse in my mouth."

"In thy mouth, lass!" cried the old man. "Good for thee. But, oh, what a pity thy mother wasn't here. We might ha' saved the horse and cart!"

An Experience in Optimism.

Nothing stood in his way now. They had the parlor to themselves.

"It's curious about optimism and pessimism, isn't it?"

"In what way?" she asked.

"Why, for instance, if a man is an optimist things seem to come his way; whereas, if he is pessimistic everything turns against him. That is to say, the things we think are going to happen generally do happen."

"Oh, I don't believe in that theory. I've often thought things were going to happen when they didn't, and lots of other things have happened when I didn't believe they would.

"Yes, I know there are exceptions to the rule; but, generally speaking, I think optimism brings the things one is anxious to have. For instance, here we are, Miss Brooke—you and I. Now, I am a thorough-going optimist. I believe certain things are going to happen—certain things that will be profitable and pleasing to me."

"What have I to do with them, Mr. Darlington?"

"Well, perhaps nothing, as far as that is concerned. But here we are you and I. If I were, as I was saying, a pessimist, I would think the things I have in mind couldn't happen. There, you see, is where the pessimist loses out."

"Yes."

"So we are bound to recognize the advantage of optimism, are we not?"

"I haven't noticed them as yet."

"But you will if you make it a practice to be optimistic."

"Just a moment. It may be that I don't quite understand this matter. Now, if—if, just for instance—if I were to think you would ask me to be your—your wife, that would be optimism, would it?"

"Er—yes."

And if I thought that there was no probability that you would propose to me, that would be pessimism?"

"You have grasped the idea."

"Or, to put it as you had it at first, what one thinks will happen does happen, and what one is afraid won't happen doesn't happen?"

"Of course there may be times when"——

She leaned forward and, whispering, said.

"Look at the curtain."

He turned and looked a little pale. At the bottom of the curtain he saw the toes of two shoes.

"Heaven!" he gasped. "Your father!"

"Sh-sh! Don't let him know that he is discovered."

"Miss Brooke," he said in unsteady tones, "may I have the honor of—will you become my wife?"

"If you are sure you never can do without me, I suppose I must say yes."

After he had departed she went to the curtain and carelessly kicked aside a pair of shoes which she had placed there so that the toes would protrude a little way into the parlor.

"Yes," she said to herself; "the things one thinks will happen sometimes do happen."

Was too Well Watched.

A little boy was heard swearing by his mother. She reproved him gently, telling him that God was with him and by him at all times and knew his very thoughts. Soon after he started down town on an errand and a dog followed him. Turning quickly around the boy told the dog to go back; it was bad enough to have God following him everywhere, let alone a dog.

The Puritan had a queer phrase whenever they saw the stern face of a comrade looking more discontented than ever. It was: "He has taken offense with the Almighty."

The fiancee of a New Yorker at the close of his nomination to an office, one evening during the election campaign season, hearing of the event, sent him a Smyrna date in its native sugar, and with it her card on which was written, "I love the candy date."

They have made a rude saying in the west of Ireland that kissing a cousin is like lamb with mint sauce, but, kissing a sister was like lamb without that sauce; while the ceremonial or perfunctory kiss was like tasting the mint sauce without any lamb.

Ambition—its rise, life and death—is admirably described in this quatrain by a correspondent:

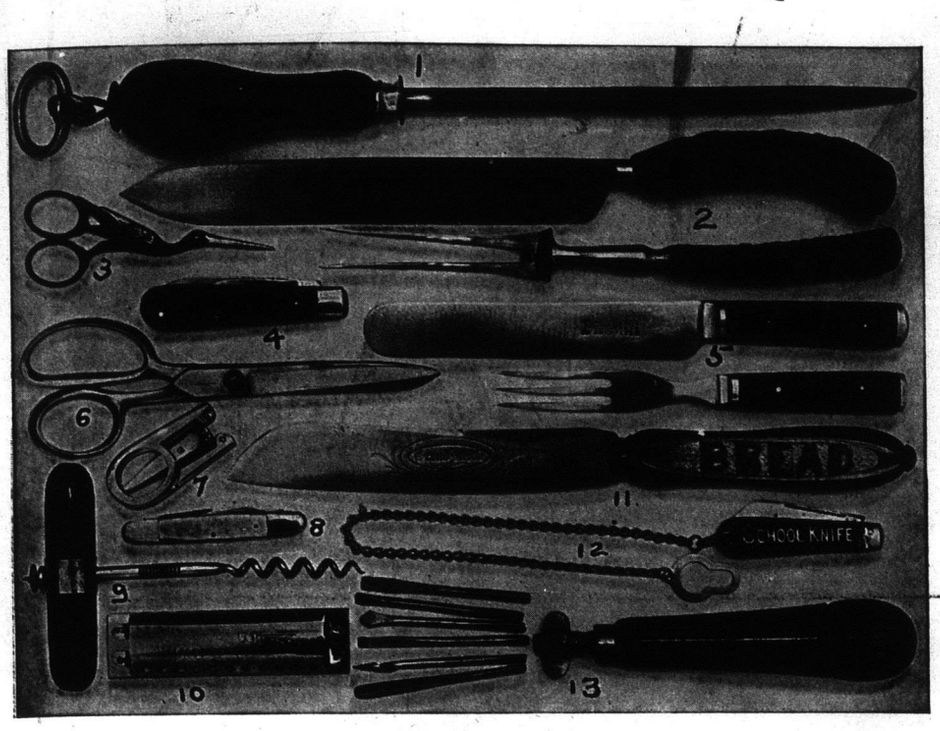
"The Pyramids of old!
They lift their summtis toward the sky;
But sleeping in their caverns lie
The bones of kingly mold."

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ARE GIVEN FREE IN EXCHANGE FOR THE COUPONS AND WRAPPERS OF

ROYAL CROWN SOAP and all other ROYAL CROWN PRODUCTS

PREMIUM CUTLERY OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY



If you are in need of cutlery get it for your soap coupons. The quality is all that can be desired. We are making a special in cutlery in our Premium Department. Any of the articles listed here cannot be bought in the Stores for the equivalent cash value as represented by the number of soap wrappers. We especially recommend the Steel; Carvers, or the Table Knives and Forks, as they are imported direct by us from a British firm with a continental reputation.

Note the few wrappers required for these articles.

No. 1 Best steel, a very useful household article. Free for 75 wrappers. Postage 8 cents.

No. 2 Handsome Carving Knife and Fork. Good value. Free for 200 wrappers. Postage 15 cents.

No. 3 Dainty Embroidery Scissors, artistically mounted. Free for 100 wrappers

No. 4 Best Jack Knife, strong and serviceable. Free for 75 wrappers.

No. 5 Ebony Handled Steel Tipped Knives and Forks, English Sheffield steel, one half dozen knives and forks free for 300 wrappers or one dozen of either knives or forks.

No. 6 Sunset Scissors, seven inch blade, best razor steel. Free for 50 wrappers.

No. 7 Folding Pocket Scissors, very well finished. Free for 75 wrappers.

No. 8 Pearl Handled Knife, four blades. Free for 150 wrappers.

No. 9 Strong, well finished Cork Screw. Free for 40 wrappers.

No. 10 Mouth Organ, good reliable instrument. Free for 50 wrappers.

No. 11 Bread Knife. Free for 50 wrappers. Postage 8 cents.

No. 12 School Knife with chain. Free for 18 wrappers.

No. 13 Tool Pad, containing six tools, very useful article around the house. Free for 150 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 50 cents.

HERE IS A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM

BUTTER DISH, No. 027

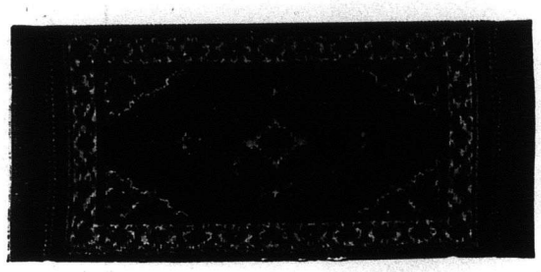
This Butter Dish is Satin Engraved quadruple plate on a white metal base. This is one of our best premiums. Free for 475 wrappers. Postage 15c.

All the Silverware given by us for premiums is of the highest quality, and can be relied upon to give every satisfaction.

A Complete 52 page Catalogue Mailed free on Application. Send for it.

USEFUL PREMIUMS FOR THE HOME

If you get large quantities of Royal Crown Coupons it would pay you to save them to beautify your home.



Tecumseh Smyrna Rugs

(Reversible)

Made in pretty patterns, animal subjects, oriental and flower designs. Made in two sizes, 30 x 60 inches, is free for 800 wrappers. 18 x 33 inches, free for 350 wrappers.

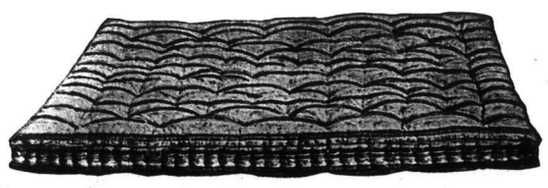
Sent out at your expense.

Imperial Divan.

THIS SERVES A BETTER PURPOSE THAN A COUCH

Strong, supported spring with couch legs, cotton mattress to fit, covered in green denim with valence. Free for 2500 wrappers or $5.75 and 300 wrappers.

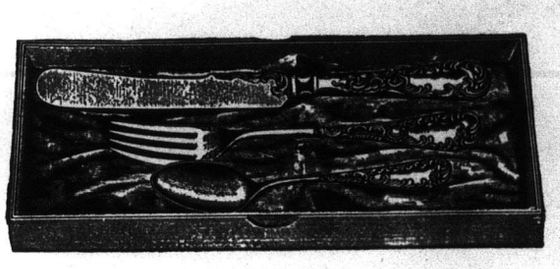
SENT OUT AT YOUR EXPENSE



Probably your Bed requires a New Mattress

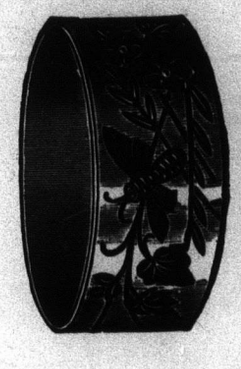
Here is your chance to get a good one free. Mattress is full size, made of curled wood fibre, cotton filled both sides. Free for 1200 wrappers or $3.00 and 300 wrappers. In ordering give size of your bed. Sent out at your expense.

Something for the LITTLE FOLKS



Raymond 3 piece Child's Set

Extra fine coin silver plate, consisting of a fine silver plated knife, fork and spoon. Free for 100 wrappers, or 25 wrappers and 25 cents.



NAPKIN RING No. 40

Silver plated, fancy chased. Free for 25 wrappers.

Here is a SPECIAL PREMIUM—Royal Crown Doll

CHILD'S CUP

No. 111

Satin engraved. Gold lined. Free for 75 wrappers.

Life size (2 feet high) pattern doll, unbreakable, and so light the smallest child can carry it. Head, hands and feet finished in colors and dressed; body dressing alone required. Full directions for making. **Free for 35 Royal Crown Soap wrappers.**

GOLDEN WEST SOAP COUPONS are accepted at the same values as ROYAL CROWN COUPONS.

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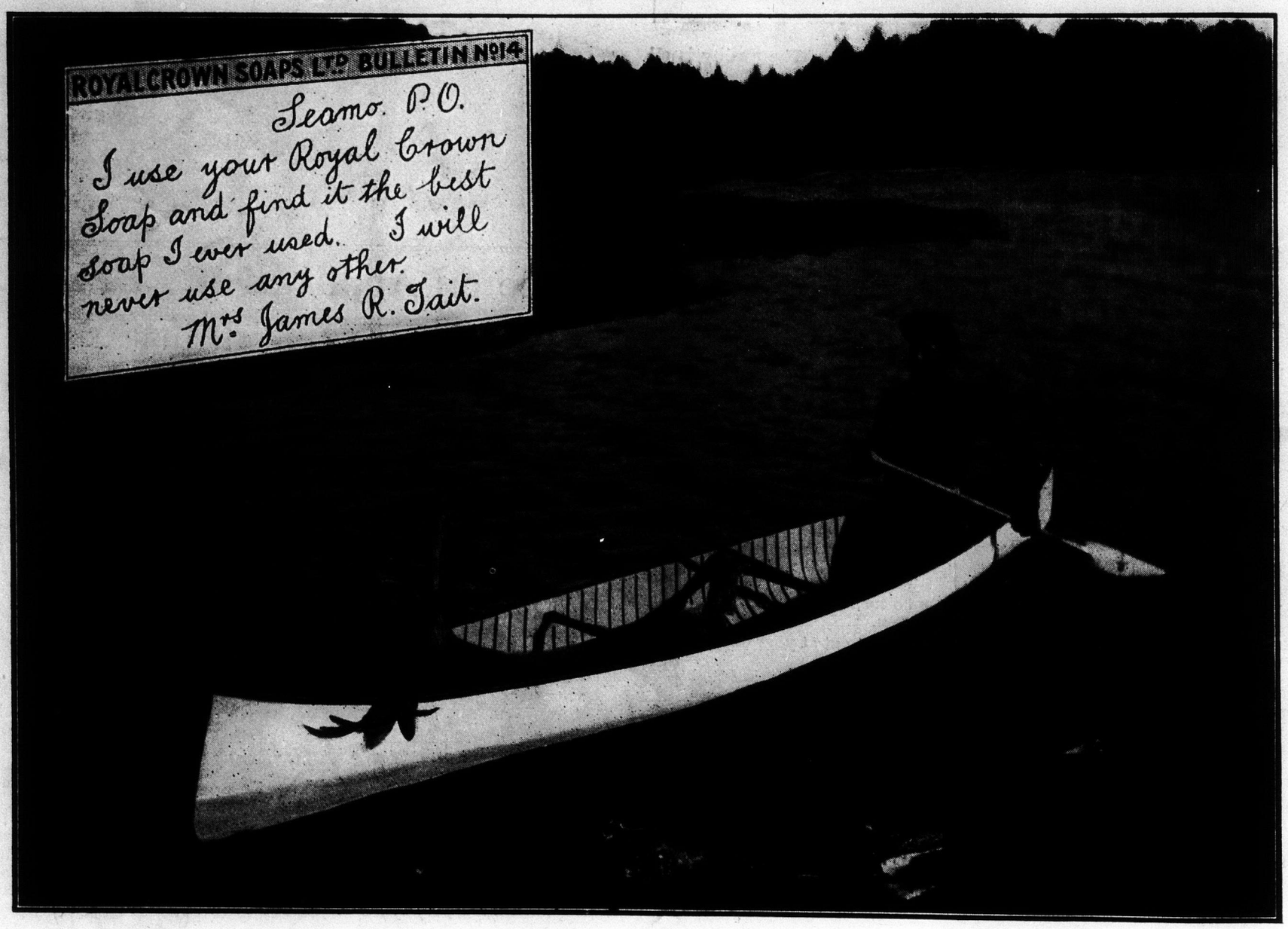

WHY IS IT that Royal Crown Soap will wash cleaner in hard water and leave the clothing in better condition than any other soap on the market? The answer to that question is

WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

It is embodied in the secret recipe from which Royal Crown Soap is made, and which was discovered by us only after numberless costly experiments conducted by our experts during the last quarter of a century.

ROYAL CROWN SOAP IS SOLD BY EVERY GROCER IN WESTERN CANADA.

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