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WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

Home Publishing Co., Winnipeg

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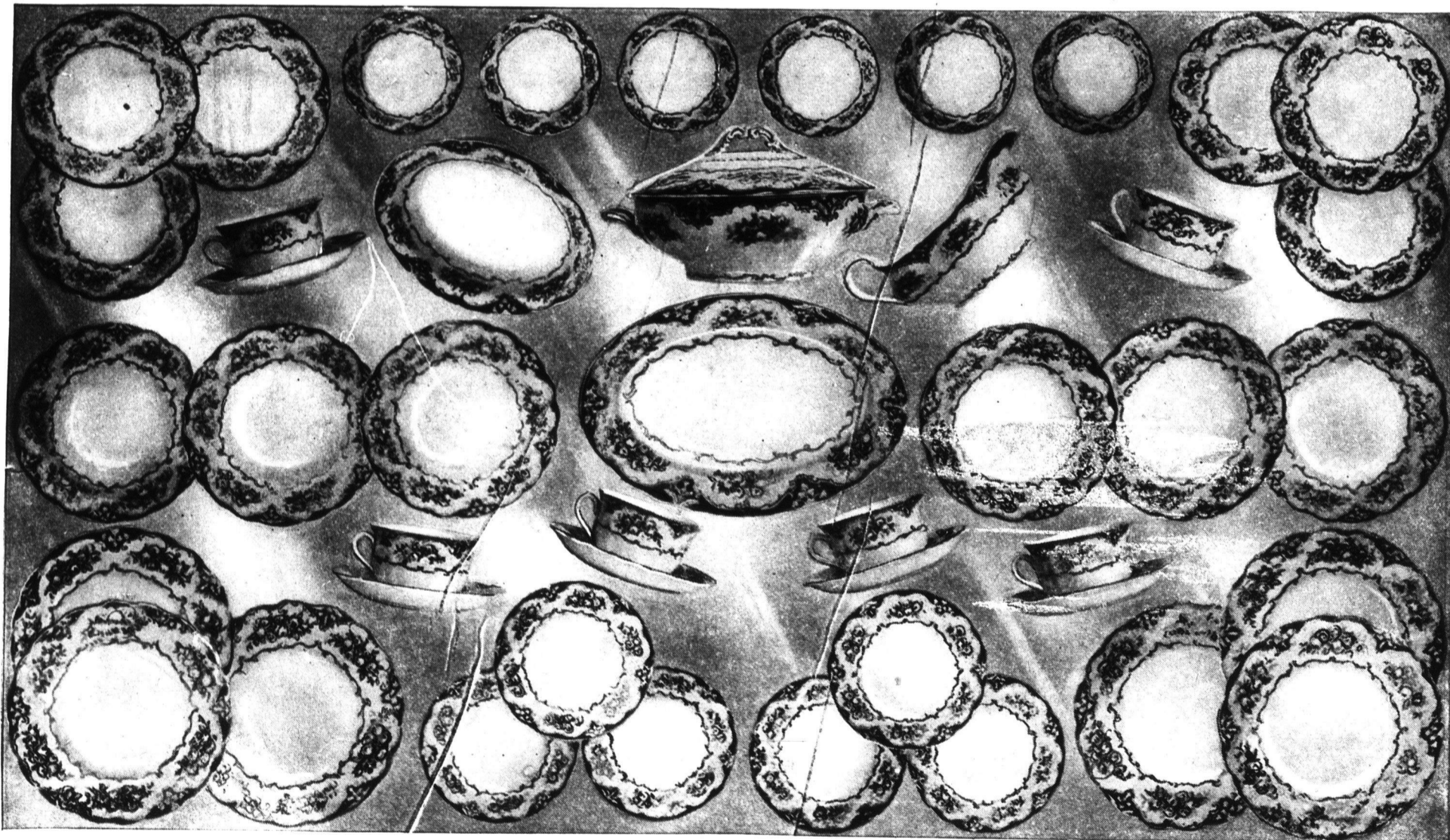
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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVI. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 6.

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

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

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

A Chat with Our Readers

During the period of the past 9 months—the period of the European war—The Western Home Monthly has told the story of the struggle faithfully in splendid illustrations, many being reproductions from photographs taken on the actual battlefield. This phase of the magazine met with an especial keen appreciation, for in the West there are no communities that are not represented at the front. We shall continue during the progress of the war to present such illustrations, though the peaceable arts with which we have been blest in Canada for so long will not at all be overlooked. This issue of the paper will introduce our readers to the summer months, when new thoughts and pleasant ideas are with us, and when many of our subscribers will doubtless have under consideration the matter of a brief holiday. Even from the prairie with its many attractions and climatic advantages, it is sometimes profitable to make a short change for recreation and relaxation. We have many subscription propositions whereby any of our readers who may communicate with us, will be enabled to raise a little pocket money for a holiday trip. Getting subscribers for The Western Home Monthly is at once easy and profitable. It needs but one or two outings among one's friends and acquaintances to accomplish considerable. In this magazine you have a publication that has for fifteen years enjoyed popularity, and one that now needs little or no introduction to any part of the West. We quote below a few extracts from letters that are continually pouring into our office. We are happy to print such splendid and unsolicited testimonials, and pleased to discover that every day brings us ample evidence of the great progress being made by The Western Home Monthly.

The same spirit of progress that gives The Western Home Monthly its great popularity with its readers, gives it at the same time a leading advertising value. Any product intended for consumption in Western Canada should regard this magazine as a necessary adjunct to its sales forces.

Kind Words from Our Readers

I for one could not do without The Western Home Monthly. It is the equal of the magazines that cost two and three dollars a year, and it suits me a great deal better than any of them. It is always on the moral side of things an influence for good in every home that it enters.

John Fluker, Beaver Hills, Alta.

This is my fourteenth year as a subscriber of The Western Home Monthly. I anxiously await its coming each month. Its contents, always interesting, have become intensely so during the past twelve months, so that no one in this locality who has at any time subscribed to it, would care to do without a single issue of it.

E. Wilson, Iver P.O., Sask.

When I mention The Western Home Monthly to my friends they exclaim it has the best reading that comes into their homes. I have been trying to get readers in this remote corner of Saskatchewan for you, but apparently I am a little late, for it appears to go into every home now however far removed from Post Office and Railway Station. I say the same about the magazine as they do. I subscribe to four others, but I like The Western Home Monthly the best. To my way of thinking it is an ideal magazine for young and old. I trust that you will be able to continue to give us such interesting and educative stories and articles as that which have been appearing during the spring months.

An Eyebrow, Sask., Reader.

I take The Western Home Monthly, and think that one of its great charms lies in the fact that its articles and fiction are above all other considerations wholesome. In this day of magazine frenzy it is refreshing to find natural optimistic stories which make one feel that the world is not a place given over entirely to trouble and dark forebodings, but a place where one's ideals have at least a fighting chance. I read a great many magazines, and contribute to a very large number, but for the good all round domestic publication I give you the first place.

Edyth Bayne, Melville, Sask.

The Western Home Monthly War Book

Gentlemen:—

Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "The 1914 War." The work, indeed, is a very creditable one. Not only your color plates, but your black and white electros, all of which I presume are made under the same roof as your paper, "The Western Home Monthly," add justice to any claims that might be advanced for Made-In-Winnipeg Goods.


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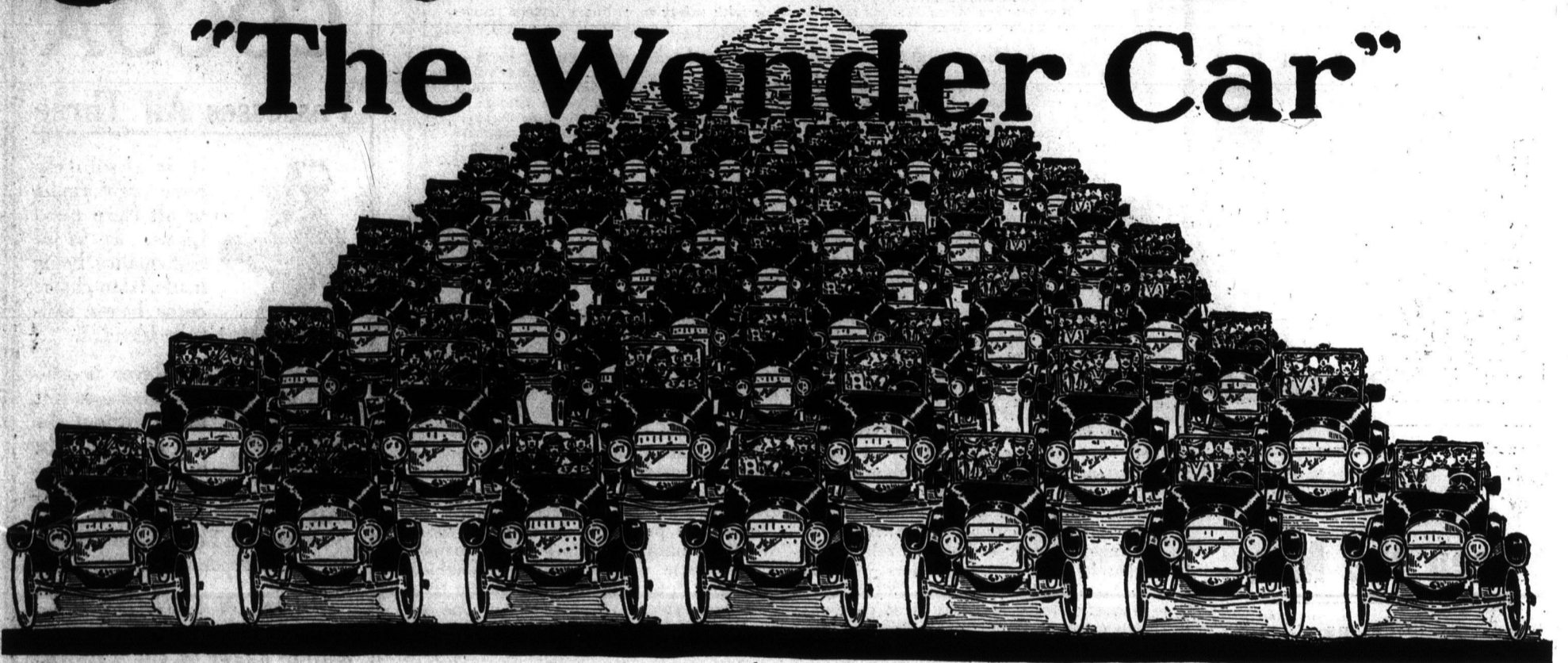
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Editorial Comment

Sacrifice

In the eyes of the world she was but a young giddy girl. Her days were spent in idleness, her evenings in wasteful indulgence. Pleasure was her goddess and she worshipped consistently at her shrine. But one day there came into her life a new passion and her maiden heart responded. You may picture the little home to which her proud husband led her. Perhaps you may picture that home when it was cheered by the music of a childish voice and by the patter of little feet. Then came the long and wearing sickness, followed by the ebbing of the little life, and the young mother arose from her long vigil with a broken heart. That was all.

That all? Do we not all know from scores of experiences that this was not all? 'Tis true she rose from her vigil with a broken heart, but she rose transformed and glorified. This is the greatest fact of human experience. The way to glory is through sacrifice and sorrow. The subdued tone, the softened gaze, the kindly sympathetic touch—these are not born of flippancy nor of idle pleasure. They bear testimony to long teaching in the school of loss and suffering.

She was a young country girl, strong and self-reliant in the beauty of her loveliness. She was not over-serious for the blood of joyous youth coursed through her veins. She enjoyed to the full the wealth which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon her. She saw visions and she dreamed dreams. But one day there came to her the call to join her mother in a war for right and freedom, a war against hate and inhumanity and broken faith. So she prepared to make the sacrifice of all that was dearest and best. Not thoughtlessly, not carelessly but with high resolve she sent forth her sons to die if need be as only noblemen can die. The fields of Langemarck give testimony to the faithfulness with which these loyal sons maintained their trust.

But was that all? Well do we know that it was not all. Fair Canada, like the young mother deprived of her child, revived the shock, but she was transformed and glorified. No longer is she a child among the nations, but a serious, thoughtful mother who has come out of great tribulation into the glory of a newly-found life. Verily, for the nation as for the individual the way to glory is through sacrifice and sorrow.

In the limit sacrifice is not national but individual. There is a little spot in Belgium that will ever be sacred because the price paid to redeem it was paid in blood. Here served those who won a place among the immortals. They placed honor, courage and steadfastness above dishonor and cowardice; they placed King and country before self. Many of them saved their lives in the losing. It is a great thing for a man to save his life. It is the only way to highest glory. In this supreme sacrifice we hear again even from closed lips those brave words, "How sweet and pleasant a thing it is to die for one's country!" And if we listen we can hear from the skies a nobler thought, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

You have heard of that little mother who gave her only son to this great cause; you have rightly admired her Spartan courage which enabled her in the hour of her deepest anguish to smile beneath her tears. Nor have you misinterpreted that smile. Though you had looked upon her as a weakling, as

lacking in the graces which make for public and private distinction, now she stands before you tall and sweet and beautiful—glorified. She is the noblest woman of them all, for she has suffered the supreme test. She gave all she had and you will render her all the homage that is due her. Henceforth she is a queen. Well it is for Canada that there are so many mothers willing to emulate the noble Roman matron who in the hour of her country's need and being in poverty, led forth her two young sons, saying humbly and yet proudly, "These, good Roman fathers, are my jewels."

There may be readers of this page who are in some way making the great sacrifice and who are finding their lives in the higher service. It is a testing time for men and nations. There are many who are ready to follow the brave men who gave their lives at the front. There are others who are too old or too infirm for action. There are women too and children who in such a crisis must always remain behind. Yet let it not be forgotten that for every one there is the same golden rule of behavior. Service of the highest kind, whether at home or in the field must mean sacrifice. Those who know this and live up to it in practice, even though they are debarred by conditions from enlisting will at least derive comfort from the assurance that "They also serve who only stand and wait."

This is no time for luxurious living nor for slothful ease. Anxieties, fears and blood-sweat there must be; hardships born of deprivations and losses there must be; but to every one who gives himself in heart and spirit to this glorious cause there comes a measure of glory just in proportion to his sacrifice.

There may be some who are not willing to make the sacrifice. The mug of beer, the cent an hour, may be a mightier incentive than the thought of protecting the weak, defending personal and national honor, saving a world from the intolerable evils of military domination. There may indeed be those who send their sons to the front while they themselves remain behind to plot and pillage. It does seem frightful and incredible that there should be in Britain or in any of her colonies at this time a single man, who would seek to make personal or party profit out of his country's misfortune. Surely while the arch-enemy of freedom and democracy has to be reckoned with, there will be a cessation of this internecine strife, this legalized piracy which has at times disgraced our good name.

This appeal to loyalty is the more necessary because we are not too sure that as a people we have not been nursing a viper in our bosom. Some years ago through what now seems to have been an unwise policy, we opened our portals to the world and welcomed settlers indiscriminately. They came in and were given freely and fully of the best we had to offer. We had a right to expect co-operation, loyalty and devotion. In some cases we received these, but in other cases we have great reason to believe that we have been deceived. So we must be ready to protect ourselves against the enemy without, while we neglect not to guard ourselves against the possible hostile forces within—forces which oppose assimilation, and which look to the permanent establishment of old-world colonies in our midst, rather than to the building up of a united people.

Lusitania

The crime of all crimes, the sinking of the Lusitania, makes one thing clear. Germany no longer considers war as subject to any rules whatsoever. There may be rules for friendly sport—for football, sword-play, and even for the more brutal sports, prize-fighting and bull-fighting—but there are no rules at all when it comes to a war to the death. Hence the murder of innocent women and children, hence also the sinking of merchant ships without warning. Anything is justified that will help to strengthen the German position or weaken the position of the Allies. There is to the German mind no such thing as international agreement when it comes to war. Nor is the end yet reached. Private assassination is next, and it is just as well that we should recognize it without delay. It will take time for civilized nations like England and France to adjust themselves to this attitude. There is no fear but that they will meet the situation fully and efficiently. Nor will they lose honor nor break faith as they press on to victory. The sinking of the Lusitania was neither wise nor clever. It was simply premeditated murder, and for murderers there is in this world but one fate.

A Good Lesson

The following from an American paper is fine. Let our Canadian protectionists read it and attempt an explanation:

"These should be days full of happiness for the advocates of a high tariff. The time is certainly ideal for proof of their contentions. For years the high tariff stump speakers, pretending to be the protectors of American labor, prophesied utter desolation, ruin and poverty for this country unless we had a tariff high enough to protect us from the pauper labor of Europe, Asia and the Fiji Islands. Well, the pauper laborers of Europe and Asia are not now competing with this country. The pauper laborers of these countries, and in fact every able-bodied man, have 'joined the colors.' They are performing deeds of heroism in trenches, in bloody charges, facing death. They are not making or producing anything that competes with the laboring men of peaceful America. None of their products come to our shores. We practically have a free field for American labor and American products. We are actually suffering and business is dragging, due to the lack of imports. Why, then, should not this country's business be booming? Why is it that manufacturing establishments are not working overtime? Certainly the pauper labor of Europe is not hurting anybody with competition in wages or products. That good old word, protection, has been sadly treated by the happenings of the past ninety days. Instead of prophets of an ideal condition, the high tariff advocates have proven themselves dispensers of superheated air.

Wisdom

Sir Robt. Borden is to be congratulated that he did not accede to the wish of the members of his Cabinet who urged a general election at this time. Nothing could have been more unpatriotic than such a move, and if all Canada is of the same mind as the West, nothing is more likely than an appeal would have resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the government. It is well for men on both sides of politics to know that now is no time to seek party gain. Thank Heaven for every indication that at heart the people are sound.

The Last Pioneers

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale



Novel Boating—Back to Boyhood Days

"Do trout fly out here?" asked Fritz. Truly it looked like it. We had been vainly trying to hook any one of a large number of good big fish which were playing in the pools of the North Thompson. We had tried every lure and bait we could improvise, but not a rise. Big silvery greenish things, how tempting they looked in those shallow pebbly reaches of icy water pouring down from one of the glaciers on majestic Mount Robson. Then, tired with our scramble we had seated ourselves at one end of a long pool, and had just seen a glittering trout ascend into the broad-leaved maple trees that crowded about the other end.

"Look!" cried the lad, "there goes another." And up went trout number two. "Try the glasses, see the Indian hidden in the branches?"

I passed the binoculars over to Fritz, and we located the cause and went down to see the effect.

"When the bears raid the pools the fish are very scared," the Yellowhead Pass man told me, and he showed us a long line of wildcat gut. We stole along to another pool, and watched him secrete himself, pressing his body close to the bole of the maple and letting the wood-maggot baited hook fall "splash" into the water. Instantly a three pound Rainbow trout seized it and swiftly ascended into the tree. We returned to our pack animals assured there was always something new under the sun.

At Tete Jaune Cache we met the camps of the Canadian Northern, the last pioneers to cross the Rockies, as now all the passes, Kicking Horse, Yellowhead, Crow's Nest echo to the snort of the steel horse, but even so you can yet kill your blacktail or black bear, your moose or elk or grizzly, your sheep or goat within sound of the "whoof, whoof" of the Moguls. Did you ever hear a lion roar?—a mountain climbing engine gives out almost exactly the same note. "Whoof."

We came across a settler's well-built shack—another pioneer. Every pound of necessaries had to be packed before the steel came along, but the cabin in the valley had not interfered enough to dim the tracks in the animal trail that skirted the foot of the mountain. Here is an excellent place to start from. Looking back over our trip I would advise hunters who wish to obtain the full limit of the kull, and to have some excellent fishing on dull days, to stop off at Tete Jaune Cache, and get a real native to guide you. We were much amused at the novel contrivances we met on every side in this heart of the opening wilderness. One river ferry was unique, just a narrow raft of logs, two arched bits for gunwales, two round ones for oarpins, and two rude oars and off you went, dry, unless the river was in flood. One chap who made one of these rude floats was pulling slowly across one morning just before daybreak. Half way across he spied a floating root. Then he

saw the supposed roots toss a bit, and he knew it was a big buck deer. Casting loose his shoreline he rowed might and main down the river after the now thor-



Boat Building in B.C. Forest

oughly frightened animal. Once he managed to run the bowlogs up on to the poor thing's back, and it pawed wildly at him, and swung its great horns menacingly—just then the navy noticed it was broad daylight, he could hear the roar of the rapids right ahead, so, throwing off his boots, he leaped into the swiftly running water and made shore safely—six miles below the camp—he told me the buck slowly waded ashore as soon as the raft left direct pursuit.

Some of the bridges our poor pack animals had to cross were rather "swinging" as Fritz said, the steady "tump, tump" of the animals feet giving the green wood a most unusual motion, one poor little beast, a pet too, "Ninety," a buckskin broncho, essayed to cross a single log, a trail for men only, we were all as busy as we could be leading the other horses in water well up to the knees, the inevitable falls were immediately below and by the bellow they were big ones. Poor "Ninety," she made several steady steps along that four foot fir, then she slipped and straddled it. I called loudly to the last man in to drag his horse ashore and grab her rope, but the roar of the river drowned my cry, and in she went with a great splash. She made a noble effort to regain her feet, but this is rarely accomplished in very swift water, and on she swept for the falls. Within fifty feet of them a glacial boulder projected a foot above the water. A pine log was also reefed there. The pony struck the rock and instantly straddled it. We,

by this time ashore, tied our horses, and seizing lines rushed down to save her if possible. One of the men, O'Poots, a Coast Indian, was very good with the pack ropes, so we made up a long line, and after three casts he managed to rope her fair over the head. "Mem-a-loost sis-ki-you hon-hon" he called to me in Chinook ("die or choke, little bob-tailed horse"). Now for a mighty tug-of-war, with the full current of the North Thompson on the other end.

"Look out! As soon as she's clear of the rock we'll get it." I called to the men. We ran back around a fir bole and snubbed it once, then taking up the slack, we pulled her head over into the nearer current. Instantly we were all down in a heap, bracing our feet against tree or rock to keep from being dragged in. She swept across the current, lodged, stood up, shook herself, coughed and started to nibble some spray-washed ferns. We dragged her out as the cook came rushing up. "By golly," he screamed, "you've lost my dipper." My chum says he could not help it. Out shot his foot and he caught that cook as often as he had caught a rugby ball. Then we all washed our torn and bleeding hands, and the incident was forgotten.

Before we leave this most interesting part of the trip I want to show you the first rowboat made in these native forests entirely by hand; in fact, an axe and a hammer were the principal tools. For a few miles we followed one bank, then crossed the river again. The

The salmon were running up the river now, in countless thousands. In one particularly shallow spot where our horses crossed one was killed by being trampled on by "Ninety." Time after time Fritz and I have turned one over on its back with our feet as it wriggled and struggled across the almost dry pebbly reach on its belly. I should estimate in the less than two hundred miles course of the North Thompson there was easily one million salmon in plain sight during our downward trip. Poor things, they were literally worn out. The fins were all naked, like the sticks of a fan, the skin of the belly often had great holes worn in right through to the red flesh, the eyes were torn or fungus hidden, the mouths hooked. Struggling on to die at the "Cache" or the "Pass," for all Pacific salmon, so called, die at four year old maturity, once they have spawned.

We were mightily amused by the antics of the black bears. Fritz and I penetrated the untrodden sources of unnamed creeks, but even here the salmon had forced their way. It was October, cold nights and glorious days, and the big cowardly black bears were hungry. Seated astride of a pinnacle rock with our glasses searching the stream below I felt Fritz nudge me. Slowly I turned my head. He winked and cast his eyes down there, right below our feet. Some five hundred yards down was a big black animal squatted on a rocky point. With my powerful glass I could see her paws plainly. I knew she was a common black, as the grizzlies show the ends of their claws. As still as the rock on which she sat squatted the bear. "Did you see that?" whispered Fritz. "That" was a swift pass of her big black paw and a shining salmon sent flying through the air full twenty feet behind her. She peered back at it with her piglike eyes, and went on fishing. She clawed the next one out, and tore it a bit before placing it behind her, but she threw out the next three. She seemed to be satisfied with five, and started her supper. It was getting a bit dusk, but we could see her plainly. She tore the head partly off the first one, and ate into it, evidently the tiny heart first, as they are very fond of the eyes, brain and heart. This first fish she soon discarded, and ravished the second and so on until she had torn the five all to bits; then she licked her big paws, wiped her chops, waddled down to the water's edge, stuck her big blunt snout in, shook off the water that clove to the hair and disappeared into the cedar brush.

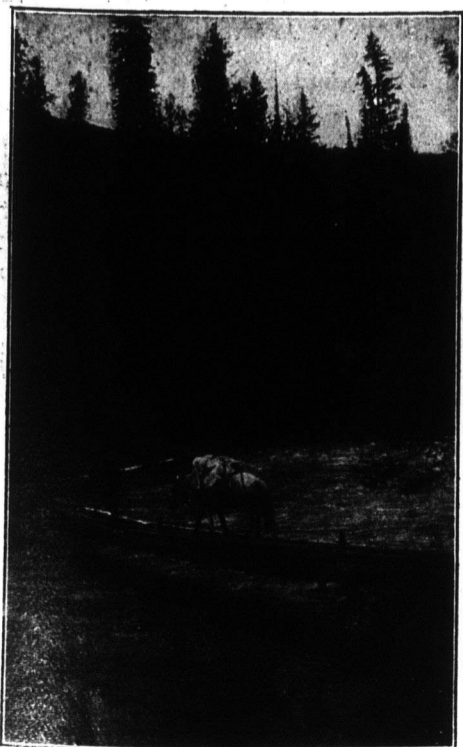
As I turned over these stained notebooks on my desk so many scenes rushed back, making it hard to choose of which to tell you. Our capture of a Blacktail fawn was interesting. We were walking along the west bank when we heard the shrill yelping of the native dogs, yellow curs from the old earth-covered village house. Right ahead of us, across the mouth of a branch, sprang a lithe bounding deer, all four feet hitting the one spot it seemed. It was travelling very rapidly, but no faster than the long line of yellow streaks that now passed through the ferns behind it. We ran as fast as the nature of the ground would allow us, and opened out a wide stretch of waters.



A Settler's Cabin in North Thompson Valley, B.C.

Out on the tide flats splashed the deer. Right on its foamy track bounded the snarling brutes. To add to the poor thing's terror an Indian canoe shot out from the rancherie on the east bank, and took up the chase as fast as paddle strokes could urge it. About every twenty-fifth stroke the paddle was laid down and "ping" sang the rifle. Luckily, although the deer was a scant hundred yards from the rifle, and fifty from the dogs, the bounding of the animal and the rolling of the canoe made aim difficult, but the dogs were gaining, so we took a hand in the game and leaped into our canoe which we had left that morning on the flats. With might and main we urged the light cedarboard craft while rifle snapped and dogs bayed. Finally the pack caught up and the deer disappeared beneath a mass of churning heads and waving tails. Into this mass the Indian's canoe darted. With outstretched arm and flashing paddle he belabored that snarling pack. He had heard our cry, "Isk-kum nan-itsh mowitsh mah-kook" (take care of the deer, we buy it) but, when we arrived, it was hard to tell which was deer and which was dog, and, by George, which was Indian, as a few of the starving pack were off the shallow flats right into the canoe. Our paddles joined in the fray, and we soon beat off the mongrels and picked up the exhausted deer. It lay in the bottom of the canoe without a motion, but before we got ashore we had to tie the feet with bits of old burlap and bowline, as it recovered very much indeed. What a dainty plaything that Blacktail fawn became. Within a week it learned to search my hunting coat pocket for lump sugar or carrot, but even these dainties would not keep it away from Fritz. It followed him like his own shadow whenever he entered the wire enclosure we kept it in. Once it escaped at night and wandered along the lower edge of the high tidal cliffs. We found it next morning straddled, half drowned, across a tide-washed pile of flotsam, and it whistled and bleated for us, and actually tears ran down from its great brown eyes when Fritz passed his arms about it. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night was a visit to "nimrod," and, of course, we did not go empty-handed. On Christmas Eve, as we were returning from a friend's home, Fritz ran into the deer yard and opened the pen. A few steps ahead of me, in the lantern light, I saw him raise his arms and fall into the straw with a loud wailing cry. I darted in and knelt beside him. His arms were around Nimmy's neck, his tears were falling on the shapely head. Alas! poor Nimmy, he had fallen before our over-feeding and kindnesses, and, on this eve of the sacred day, had died—"all alone while we were enjoying ourselves," as Fritz sobbed out.

Temperance is reason's girdle and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.—Jeremy Taylor.



When the footing is not easy. North Thompson Valley, B.C.

How the "Axe" Fell at Semlo
Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

TRAINMASTER McGuire blinked when he read the message handed to him by the operator at Benlow. It ran: "Go to Semlo and report to trainmaster Hughes as his assistant. All trainmasters' positions abolished effective this date." He turned to the operator to ask for an explanation, thought better of it, paced the station platform until the train for Semlo arrived and departed in supreme dudgeon. To the conductor who read his pass he nodded curtly instead of indulging in his wonted family talk. "All trainmasters' positions abolished," he mused. "Hughes is one and I'm his assistant—h'm. Guess the other two trainmasters have been let out. Maybe it's lucky I've got a job at all. But Hughes is only a kid and away junior to me. This is war!" He knew that he dared not protest in these days of drastic staff reductions and alterations but he would show Hughes that he'd have a Devil's own time of it with him as assistant. "How d'ye do, Mr. McGuire?" greeted Hughes upon his arrival at Semlo. Hughes never used to say "Mister" and this aggravated him now. "Mister, be hanged. What're you misterin' me for? I'm not your boss." "I thought you was," said Hughes, insolently.



A Black Tail Buck

"You think that way and I will be. What d'ye want me here for?" "When you calm down come around and talk to me," said Hughes, haughtily and walked away. "Just as I thought," commented McGuire. "A fresh case of swelled head. I've a mind to throw up the job right here. This knucklin' down to a cub isn't goin' to agree with me. I would resign if times weren't so rotten. Such is war. If Hughes was a German I'd feel justified in choking him." He noticed that the train he came in on was still in the station. He glanced at the trainmen and carmen blankly until one of the trainmen came up to him and spoke. "Mr. McGuire, we've got a case of all pipes frozen and plenty of water in the expansion drum. What had we better do?" "Go and ask Hughes, he's your boss. If it was up to me I'd fire you for not knowing your business. Lots of good men walking around looking for your jobs." "But Mr. Hughes just sent me to you," offered the trainman. "Oh, he did, did he? Well, go and light a fire in the Baker heater as you should have done long ago, then start the train and point out Hughes to me." "There he is talking to the operator," indicated the trainman. McGuire found him double-quick. "What d'ye mean, Hughes, sendin' that dawdlin' train hand to me—what did you want me to do with him—preserve him in alcohol?"

"You're his boss," calmly responded Hughes. "I've no jurisdiction in the matter." "Boss, be blown—you're my boss. What you talkin' about?" Here the operator handed him a red envelope marked "confirmation of telegram." Before opening it McGuire recommended a choice location in Hades for Hughes. Hughes paid no attention to him but continued his conversation with the operator. "It's certainly a shame," he said. "So many of the best men laid off. In lots of places no heed was paid to seniority—simply the worst men went. Here the senior ones stay regardless of ability." McGuire broke open his message and read it and for the second time that day he turned upon an operator to begin a tirade, thought better of it and instead smiled broadly. "What d'ye know about that?" he asked Hughes, handing him the telegram, which read: "J. G. McGuire, Superintendent, Benlow—Go to Semlo and report on trainmaster Hughes as possible assistant. All trainmasters' positions abolished effective this date." "Know all about it," replied Hughes. "Our Superintendent is now Superintendent of Terminals; Mr. J. G. McGuire is promoted to Superintendent and J. C. Hughes runs a pretty good show of being Assistant Superintendent effective this date." McGuire fished the other message out of his pocket and asked Hughes what he knew about that also.



A Black Tail Buck

"Oh, operator Bell, here has had the operator at Benlow sweating blood over his error. You never saw anyone more penitent. He's not married long and it would be a hardship for him to lose his job just now." "Oh, we won't talk about losin' jobs—I'm too worried over my appetite just now—haven't had a bite since morning." "Neither have I—been wonderin' what you'd think of me for Assistant. Guess we'll go and make it a banquet for two."

Denying the Master

Can the man who spoke those words of denial be the same man who stood up before the crowd on the day of Pentecost, the man who said to the impotent beggar at the Gate Beautiful, "Silver and gold have I none; but what I have that give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk?" Yes and no. Peter of the denial is Peter in the grip of the devil, whereas Peter of the day of Pentecost and of the Acts and the Epistles, is Peter cleansed through penitence, filled with God's spirit, and held fast in his Saviour's grasp. Peter not only possessed the advantages, but was liable to the dangers of his big nature. Forceful, commanding personalities, whose nature is strong and vigorous, may go far either way—up or down. They don't do things by halves. When they yield themselves to God they do it whole heartedly, and the Christian

community in which they live and work feels the forward impulse of their adhesion to the Christian cause. They are men who do that little bit extra beyond the normal, which tells so much. It may be a little bit extra in effort, or in sacrifice, or in courage. In character, too, the forcefulness of their personality lifts them a notch or two above the average man. But they have dangers corresponding to their advantages. When, for example, they are despondent, their despondency is often of the darkest and blackest hue. And when they leave the paths of virtue, they are never content with the edge of the morass; they insist on going right into the midst of it. Such a man I judge Peter to have been. When such a man falls, he falls grievously. (i) (a) By adopting Christ's standard of thought and action on Sunday, and the world's standard through the week. We deny our Lord when we teach one thing in the pulpit and the Sunday School class, and act an entirely different thing in our social and commercial relationships—perhaps laughing off the contradiction by the aid of some maxim like "Well, business is business," or "All's fair in love and war." Christianity only knows one moral code, and it is for all the days of the week alike. From the moral standpoint there is only one kind of true Christian, and that is the New Testament kind. (b) By open infraction of the moral law. One of the saddest things that happen in connection with Christ's Church is when some highly-placed official sinks to embezzlement or adultery. At once the enemies of Christ are given an opportunity to blaspheme, and often they are not slow to take the chance. They say

"There's a Fine Christian For You— a canting, psalm-singing humbug!" It is very sad when a man loses his eyesight through a boiler explosion or is stricken down in middle life by incurable disease, but moral degradation is sadder still. The blind man and the helpless invalid may keep their honor intact, but when the Christian's honor is gone he has denied his Saviour, and he has crucified afresh the Lord of life. (c) When in Rome doing as Rome does, e.g., throwing a five-franc piece on to the roulette table at Monte Carlo, and seeking to stifle the reproving inner voice by remarking that everybody does it, that it is the recognised thing to do. (d) By silence. When Christianity is spoken of slightly in your circle, does your tongue ever cleave to the roof of your mouth? Why? Because of your fear of man.

Your Fear of Ridicule?

Never let us be silent at such times. Let us blurt our testimony, however simple and however halting. Why should we be ashamed of our Lord? Why, indeed? As Livingstone said, He has ever been "a Gentleman of the strictest honor." (ii) Denial is apt to move from less to more. In the case of Peter the first denial was the simple statement, "I know not what thou sayest," the second was accompanied by an oath; whereas the third was preceded by a bout of cursing and swearing. Note the tendency of one wrong act to bring others in its train. (iii.) Hints for the avoidance of denial. (a) Beware the first suggestion of evil. Is it too much to say that the way was prepared for Peter's denial when he followed his Lord "afar off?" Pay heed to the earliest symptoms of coldness or indifference or slackness in your devotion to your Lord. As soon as you detect it throw yourself in humble penitence before your Saviour, and seek His pardon and restoring grace. (b) Avoid the spirit of vaunting. Peter had been too boastful, much too vehement in his protestation that nothing would cause him to stumble and he was ready to die for his Master. In spite of all this the curiosity of a maidservant laid him by the heels. "Pride goeth before a fall." There is only one spirit in which the heavenly pathway can be trod. We must "walk humbly with our God."

Our Wild Birds and their Economic Value

By Manlius Bull, President Audubon Society, Winnipeg

Very few people, excepting those who have given the matter some attention, have the remotest idea of the value of birds in their relation to agriculture, notwithstanding the fact that both the Canadian and United States Governments are trying to educate the farmers along this line. When I mention our own government I refer particularly to that of the Province of Ontario, which has published a Bulletin—No. 218—"Birds of Ontario in Relation to Agriculture," by Charles W. Nash. This can be had for the asking, and should be in the hands of every farmer, gardener and fruit grower, as it would without doubt be of great benefit to them.

My interest in birds from the economic point of view is quite recent. Its study was a revelation to me, and for the past year I have been doing all I can to induce the school board, parks board and individuals to erect nesting houses for these delightful friends. I had the pleasure of feeding several varieties of birds during the past winter at 95 St. Paul's, on the east side of the Red River, and they showed their appreciation by staying there.

To give an idea of the economic worth of birds to the agriculturist I copy a few extracts from the Ontario Bulletin:—

"The economic value of birds to man lies in the service the birds render in keeping within proper limits the various forms of insects which are injurious to our crops or animals; in preying upon rats, mice and other destroyers of our grain and fruit trees; in devouring weed seeds, in acting as scavengers and in the case of game birds, furnishing sport and food."

"No reliable estimate has ever been made of the annual loss to the farmers of Ontario by the depredation of insects. In the United States much careful attention has been given to the subject, and in a report to the Department of Agriculture at Washington issued in 1912, Dr. Henshaw estimated the loss to the agricultural interests of the country at upwards of seven hundred millions of dollars (\$700,000,000.) Our losses will certainly be as large proportionately. The loss is caused chiefly by an insufficiency of bird life on the cultivated lands. Experience the world over has shown that as bird life decreases, insects increase; also that birds are more efficient in keeping down insect pests than all other agencies natural and artificial combined."

"Experience has shown that laws are of but little use in accomplishing reforms unless sustained by an intelligent, sympathetic public opinion, and this is what we require to cultivate on behalf of our birds. We have a protection law which is amply sufficient if properly enforced. Every person can protect the birds on his own lands, and if he would only do so the benefits to be derived from his efforts would soon be apparent."

Beautiful little pocket books—"Bird Guide"—(part 1 Game Birds) (part 2 Land Birds East of the Rockies) in natural colors, by Chester A. Reid, Worcester, Mass., may be procured at the book stores for 75c. each in cloth, or at \$1.00 in leather covers. These will be found most interesting both to adults and children, and help to create a love for our beautiful birds. (I might mention that another pocket book by the same author is "Wild Flowers East of the Rockies," also in natural colors). Mr. Reid in his preface states:—

"It has been found by observation and dissection that a cuckoo consumes daily 50 to 400 caterpillars or their equivalent, while a chickadee will eat 200 to 500 insects or up to 4,000 insect or worm eggs. 100 insects is a conservative estimate of the quantity consumed by each individual insectivorous bird. By carefully estimating the birds in several areas, I find that in Massachusetts there are not less than five insect eating birds per acre. Thus this State with its 8,000 square miles has a useful bird population of not less than 25,600,000, which for each day's fare requires the enormous total of 2,560,000,000 insects. That such figures

can be expressed in terms better understood it has been computed that about 120,000 average insects fill a bushel measure. This means that the daily consumption of chiefly obnoxious insects in Massachusetts is 21,000 bushels. This estimate is good for about five months of the year, May to September inclusive. During the remainder of the year the insects' eggs and larvae destroyed by our winter, late fall and early spring migrants will be equivalent to nearly half this quantity."

A useful and instructive book "How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds," can be procured from the National Audubon Society, New York (price 40c.), and in this book will be found evidence of the value of protecting birds as practiced by Germany under Government supervision.

In "Plants Useful to Attract Birds and Protect Fruit East of the Rocky Mountains," W. L. McAtee, Assistant Biological Survey, United States, makes the following statement:—

"Evidently there need be no season without its fruit if judicious selection of shrubs and trees is made by those desiring to attract birds. Thus a thicket of raspberry or dewberry, elder and dogwood grouped about some taller sumach, Juneberry and Juniper would supply fruit throughout the year."



Nighthawk

"Bird Lore," the official organ of the National Audubon Society, published by D. Appleton and Co., New York, at \$1 per year, should be in every home.

I have quoted enough to prove the immense value to the community of our wild birds, and it is surely the duty of everyone to do what he can to protect and encourage them by putting up nesting houses and feeding them in the spring and fall and those that remain with us in winter also. A little suet and grain will go a long way.

I should like to see our public schools take a few minutes a week to teach the children this subject in connection with our wild flowers, as I am sure they would be intensely interested, and their natures would be materially improved.

I had the pleasure for several months of listening while one of our city ministers gave the children of the church a ten minute talk each Sunday morning on our wild birds, and they as well as adults were both interested and profited by these short talks. I venture to say the children will never forget them.

Mr. W. G. Scott, for many years our city treasurer, who is a great friend of all wild birds and game, was the inspiration that caused a meeting to be called recently in the Industrial Bureau to form a provincial branch of the Audubon Society, and it was very gratifying to find that the board room was crowded with friends of the wild birds. I hope that you, dear reader, will show your interest in your province by joining this society. The secretary is Mr. J. B. Wallis, of 316 Boyd Avenue, Winnipeg.

National Association of Audubon Societies

Special Leaflet No. 22

Announcement to Manitoba Teachers

Through the generosity of a friend of the birds, the National Association of Audubon Societies is at present able to make the following offer of assistance to those teachers in Manitoba who are interested in giving instruction to pupils on the subject of bird study.

Junior Audubon Classes

To form a Junior Audubon Class for bird study, a teacher should explain to the pupils of her grade (and others if desired) that their object will be to learn all they can about the wild birds, and that everyone who becomes a member will be expected to be kind to the birds and protect them. Each pupil will be required to pay a fee of 10c. each year. When ten or more have paid their fees, the teachers will send their money to the Audubon Society of Manitoba, and give the name of the Audubon Class and her own name and address. The society will then forward to the teacher for each pupil whose fee has been paid the beautiful mocking-bird "Audubon Button," and a set of ten colored pictures, together with outline drawings and leaflets, list of which is given herein. The teacher will also receive, free of cost, the splendid magazine, "Bird Lore," which contains many suggestions for teachers. It will be expected that the teacher



Robin

hair; examine the mud cup of the Robin's nest, the soft lining of the Loggerhead Shrike's nest, etc.

FEEDING BIRDS—In winter arrange "Bird tables" in the trees and by the windows, and place suet, cheese, and seeds on them; in summer put out bathing and drinking pans, and note what birds come and how frequently, and report in detail to the class.

NESTING BOXES—In early spring put up bird boxes for Bluebirds, Wrens, Chickadees, Nuthatches, Martins and others.

The leaflets will be found to contain many suggestions about bird feeding and nesting boxes.

The children may use their crayons and fill in the natural colors of the birds in the outline drawings, using the colored pictures for comparison. This will help fasten in their minds the correct colorings of the birds, thus helping to identify them in the field.

List of leaflets, colored plates and outline drawings supplied pupils under the plan as outlined in this announcement; Nighthawk, Mourning Dove, Meadowlark, Flicker, Sparrow hawk, Screech owl, Purple Martin, Hummingbird, Cuckoo, Robin.

Teachers may find the following books of value in their work: "First Book of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller, Price \$1 (contains many valuable suggestions). "Stories of Bird Life," by T. Gilbert Pearson. Price 60c. (written specially for school work).

"Bird Guide," by C. K. Reed. Land birds, price 75c. Water birds, price \$1. (Contains colored pictures of birds, very useful for field work).

Correspondence

All teachers and others interested in bird study are invited to correspond freely with the society.

Form for Reporting the Organization of A Junior Audubon Class

Mrs. C. Percy Anderson,
Treasurer, Manitoba Audubon Society,
238 Oxford Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Madam,

With this I enclose \$..... in payment for the fees of members of the Junior Audubon Class, which was formed at on 191.....

You may send Audubon Buttons, leaflets and "Bird Lore" to the following address:

.....
Teacher.

P.O. Address.....
Express Office.....

Have you previously formed a class under this plan? Yes. No.

give at least one lesson a month on the subject of birds, for which purpose she will find the leaflets of great value as a basis for the lessons.

Bylaws for Audubon Class

If the teacher wishes, the Audubon Class may have a regular organization and a pupil can preside upon the occasions when the class is discussing a lesson. For this purpose the following simple set of by-laws is suggested:

Article I.—This organization shall be known as the (Webster Fifth Grade) Junior Audubon Class.

Article II.—The object of its members shall be to learn all they can about the wild birds, and try to protect them from being wantonly killed.

Article III.—The officers shall consist of a president, secretary and treasurer.

Article IV.—The annual fees of the class shall consist of 10c. for each member, and the money shall be sent to the Audubon Society of Manitoba, in exchange for Educational Leaflets and Audubon Buttons.

Article V.—The Junior Audubon Class shall have at least one meeting every month.

Subjects to Study

Besides the study of the particular birds treated of in the leaflets, with colored pictures, the following subjects may be discussed with profit:

BIRDS' NESTS—In the fall, after the birds have all left their nests, these may be collected and brought to the school room. Study them and learn that the Chipping sparrow's nest is made of fine twigs, grasses, and is lined with horse

Joy is for all men. It does not depend on circumstances or condition; if it did, it could only be for the few. It is not the fruit of good luck, or of fortune, or even of outward success, which all men cannot have. It is of the soul, or the soul's character; it is the wealth of the soul's own being, when it is filled with the spirit of Jesus, which is the spirit of eternal love.—Horace Bushnell.

An Interesting Peep at Nature's "Beauty Shop"

By G. M. Mackness.

IN an interesting little study of bird life, published a year or two ago, one of our most observant naturalists said that birds deserve to rank as the most refined class of living beings, if only for the attention they bestow on their toilet.

"They are the only creatures," he observes, "which bathe for cleanliness' sake; beasts may lick themselves, or wallow luxuriously for pleasure—in mud as readily as in water—but deliberate washing in water is purely a bird custom."

Now, while the toilet is undoubtedly a more elaborate affair with the birds than the beasts, it is hardly fair to assume that the lickings and the wallowings of our four-footed friends are indulged in for no other purpose than that of mere enjoyment. The mud bath of the elephant is an excellent case in point. It serves a very practical purpose indeed, and is carried out in so thoroughly sensible a fashion that we can hardly doubt its importance, from the elephant's point of view, as a toilet accessory. The elephant, as we know, has one of the thickest skins imaginable, but in spite of this, in his wild state he frequently

graceful creatures carry, fixed to their front flippers, a sort of little comb, which ordinarily they use for smoothing the fur on their faces. But in warm weather they use this comb-tipped flipper as a fan, waving it to and fro in the most natural manner possible. Thousands of them have been seen at once on a hot day in the "rookeries" of the Pribilof Islands and elsewhere, all lying on their sides and busily plying these natural fans. Showmen have taken advantage of this habit to organize "seals' orchestras," and have taught their seals to beat tambourines and cymbals—a task less difficult than it appears, if we bear in mind that the movements are practically those which the creatures make when fanning themselves on their native rocks.

Among the commoner animals the palm for careful grooming must be awarded to the opossums. They are wonderfully particular about their personal appearance, or perhaps it would be more correct to say their bodily comfort, and are models of animal cleanliness. Indeed, their ablutions seem to occupy most of their waking hours, and the attention they bestow on their



Meadowlark

suffers great annoyance from a species of tick, whose unwelcome attentions at length become more than even his tough hide can endure. To rid himself of his tormentors he therefore takes a mud bath, and this is how he does it.

Seeking some half-dried pool, the mud of which is still soft, the elephant lies down and rolls about in it, wallowing after the manner of a pig in similar surroundings. Having plastered himself with mud, he comes out, and taking up his position in the full glare of the sun, stands motionless for hours, until his slimy covering becomes dry and hard. Then, by sudden muscular efforts, he breaks up this coating of mud, which falls to the ground in great flakes, carrying with it all the parasites that were on his body, and which had become imbedded in the hardened earth. And so the sagacious creature moves off, freed for a time from his minute tormentors.

Ordinarily, however, the elephant takes his bath at night, and it is only on an exceptionally hot day that he will bathe, when the sun is high. On such occasions he either submerges himself entirely, or else stands in the water and spurts it through his trunk over his head and shoulders, after which he retires to the foot of some shady tree, where, if we may believe what travellers tell us, he will sometimes industriously fan himself with a branch in order to keep off the flies.

This use of the fan as a toilet aid may or may not be true in the case of the elephant; it is certainly in force among the fur-bearing seals of the north. By a beautiful provision of Nature these

hands and feet in particular is really quite remarkable, for they wash them, on an average, every two or three minutes throughout the day.

Lions and tigers wash themselves just as a cat does. With the tongue they first moisten thoroughly the soft, india-rubber-like ball of the front paw, and then pass it daintily over the face and behind the ears. In this way the foot serves both as a sponge and a brush, the rough tongue acting as a comb for smoothing the rest of the body. Rats and hares also use their feet as sponges and brushes: in fact, there is no more perfect natural brush in the world than the hare's foot, and for that reason it is always employed by the actor when making-up for the stage.

Dogs are remarkably quick and clever in performing their toilet. Most of the work is done with the tongue, but sporting dogs after a heavy day with the guns through mud and rain, have a natty way of using a thick bush, or the side of a haystack, as a kind of rough towel for preliminary cleaning purposes. On reaching home they lose no time in completing their toilet, and every sportsman knows that mud or dirt on a dog's coat on the morning following a day's shoot is a pretty sure sign that the animal has been over-tired the day before: nothing but excessive fatigue would account for such slovenly scamping of his toilet. Indeed, so pronounced is the instinct of cleanliness in every kind of sporting dog that some of them will even strike work before the shooting is over in order to give themselves a good "clean-up" before they become utterly exhausted.



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The easiest, quickest and cheapest way to do this is to give them music, and lots of it. There is nothing in this world so helpful to everyone as good music. It makes one forget their worries and troubles—quickens the step—brightens the mind and eye and makes you glad.

We are offering some very fine instruments at very low prices which brings them within everyone's reach. These instruments are the products of the old established and well known musical houses. They are all in first class condition and are really as good as new.

Among the splendid bargains we are offering are,

Doherty Organ—Large action. 8 sets of reeds and sub bass. Quarter cut Oak. Chapel case. Almost new. Cost \$150.00 now. **\$75.00**

McCammon Upright Piano—Fine tone. Walnut case. Cost \$325.00. **\$132.50**

HOW Dominion Upright Piano—Walnut case. Good as new. Cost \$350.00. **\$165.00**

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Of the larger domestic animals, horses and cattle not only clean their own coats, but often assist each other in the case of "difficult" places, such as the neck. The cat, with others of her kind, has no such difficult places. She contrives to wash every part of her body, beginning by licking her coat upwards and backwards, as far as her tongue will reach, and finishing, as has been described, by rubbing the back of her neck and the parts behind her ears with carefully moistened paw. Horses and cattle, of course, cannot do this, so they wash for each other such parts as they cannot reach themselves, the horse, however, using his teeth where the cow employs her tongue for this purpose.

But the birds, after all, perform the most careful toilets of any creatures, and, curiously enough, they carry on their own dainty little persons "aids to beauty" which few of us would suspect them of possessing. Cold cream and vaseline, fuller's earth and pearl-powder, brilliantine and pomatum—all of these are in daily use among the birds, though few enjoy all of them at once. True, mud serves for cold cream and vaseline, and, mostly, common dust for pearl-powder and fuller's earth, but the brilliantine is actually carried by the birds that use it in a small and handy reservoir on the upper surface of the tail.

The brilliantine is used by the birds for anointing their plumage, and is really an oily secretion which is yielded by a tiny gland, shaped something like a heart and often tufted with feathers.

Many birds are provided with still another useful toilet accessory—a fine tooth-comb. And here we are presented with one of those paradoxes which Nature apparently delights in serving up for the puzzlement of inquiring students. The comb is really the serrated claw of the bird's third toe, and the puzzle lies in the seemingly haphazard way in which it has been given to some birds who could manage very well without it, while it is withheld from others to whom it would really be most useful. Herons and bitterns have it: so have cormorants and grebes, and barn-owls and night-jars, and it is present in other birds of species which differ even more widely.

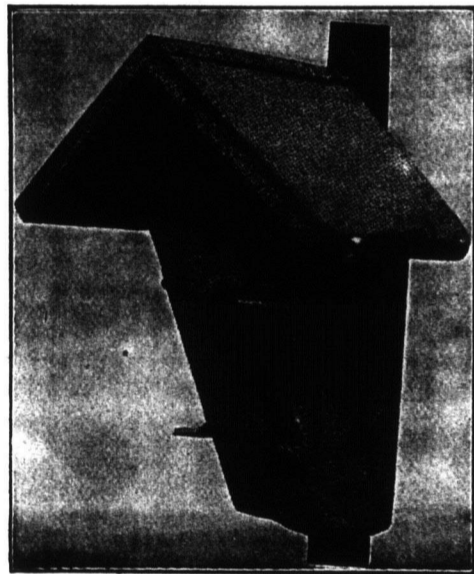
In the case of the night-jar the comb is particularly well formed, and naturalists have offered many ingenious suggestions to explain its extraordinary development. Some affirm that the bird uses it as a moustache-comb, for removing the tiny insects which, as he flies through the air, become entangled in the long straggling hairs about his mouth. This may indeed be the case, but if so, it is difficult to explain why other birds of the same family—the American night-hawk, for example—should have perfect combs, and yet at the same time be innocent of beard. The heron also is a beardless bird, but it has a comb little inferior to that of the night-jar; and, to complicate matters still further, the barn-owl is not only beardless, but is the only one of his kind that has a comb. All things considered, it is probable that the comb is intended for scratching purposes; at all events, the comb-claw is the one that birds always use for that unpleasing feature of their toilet.

The birds have, of course, other toilet accessories besides those which they carry with them. Water, as with us, is the most important necessary, though many birds prefer dust instead. A few only use both dust and water, and one of this minority is the sparrow, who, by the way, is rather particular as to the quality of the dust he chooses. He generally selects the driest and finest possible, such as is found on the surface of a sun-baked country road. Larks, pheasants and partridges are other familiar "dusting" birds, but whereas the lark shares with the sparrow a partiality for the dust of the road, the partridge prefers to scratch about among the roots of dry meadow grass, ruffling his plumage until the feathers are full of the cleansing earth.

Birds that bathe are equally fastidious, and, as a rule, nothing but newly fallen rain water thoroughly pleases them. Sparrows, chaffinches, robins, swallows, and martins are inveterate "wet-bobs;" rooks and wood-pigeons, too, bathe often, but always in the early morning, and so do the wild ducks, who, though they feed and live by the salt water, prefer to wash in running brooks or ponds, and will fly long distances inland in search of these freshwater pools and streams.

Goats, whose good qualities are being discovered by many people who only discredited them with "butting" propensities, are careful of themselves and spend time daily in their toilet. Their domestic utility is of proved value, and lately such writers as "Home Counties" have sung their praises. Squirrels are scrupulous in cleaning themselves, and it is one of the pretty spectacles of a wood to see a squirrel, high up in a tree, busily engaged in clearing himself of any brushwood which has adhered to his lithe little body. The coy look on his face when discovered adds to the charm of the situation. Rabbits kept in captivity are conscious of the need of cleaning their fur. A rabbit's foot, however, is not quite so adaptable as the hare's foot, to which allusion has been already made in this article.

From what has been said it will be seen that to bird and beast alike the question of toilet is a matter of immense importance. To some, indeed, it is of vital importance, for on its successful accomplishment depends, not only the comfort which helps to make their lives enduring, but, in many cases, the very fact of existence itself. Every student of animals and birds is surprised with the marvellous way in which Nature has anticipated their needs. And this is specially evident in the means provided for making their toilet.



Type of Bird House

In the case of water-fowl this oil-gland is exceedingly well developed, and the bird draws very freely on its supply of natural pomade when making its toilet; so, when we see a duck burrowing industriously among the feathers of her tail, we may be quite sure that she is engaged in "tapping" her supply of natural oil for titivating purposes.

But the use of brilliantine is not confined to water-fowl; a select coterie of land-birds indulges in it also, among them being the hoopoe and the great hornbill. In the case of the hornbill the secretion acts as a staining pigment, and the yellow color of the neck and wings is entirely due to frequent applications of this natural pomade. This use of a "hair-dye" on the part of a bird is a toilet secret which, so far as is known, is shared by no other creature that flies or creeps.

The powder-puff is another toilet appurtenance widely used by birds, and it is responsible for the delicate bloom which may be seen on the plumage of many species. The powder is produced from certain feathers which decay or crumble away as they grow, and among the birds which carry it are the cockatoos, grey parrots, and most of the herons. Pigeons, too, are powdery birds, as any one knows who is in the habit of handling them much. The function of powder and oil in birds is obviously one and the same—to throw off the wet. At all events, it is a matter of common observation that among land-birds the powder-bearing species do not get nearly so wet in a downpour as others less fortunately equipped. Many of them, indeed, especially the pigeons, appear to enjoy a good shower quite as heartily as do ducks and other water-fowl.

Prairie Perseverance

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edward Bruce Mallett

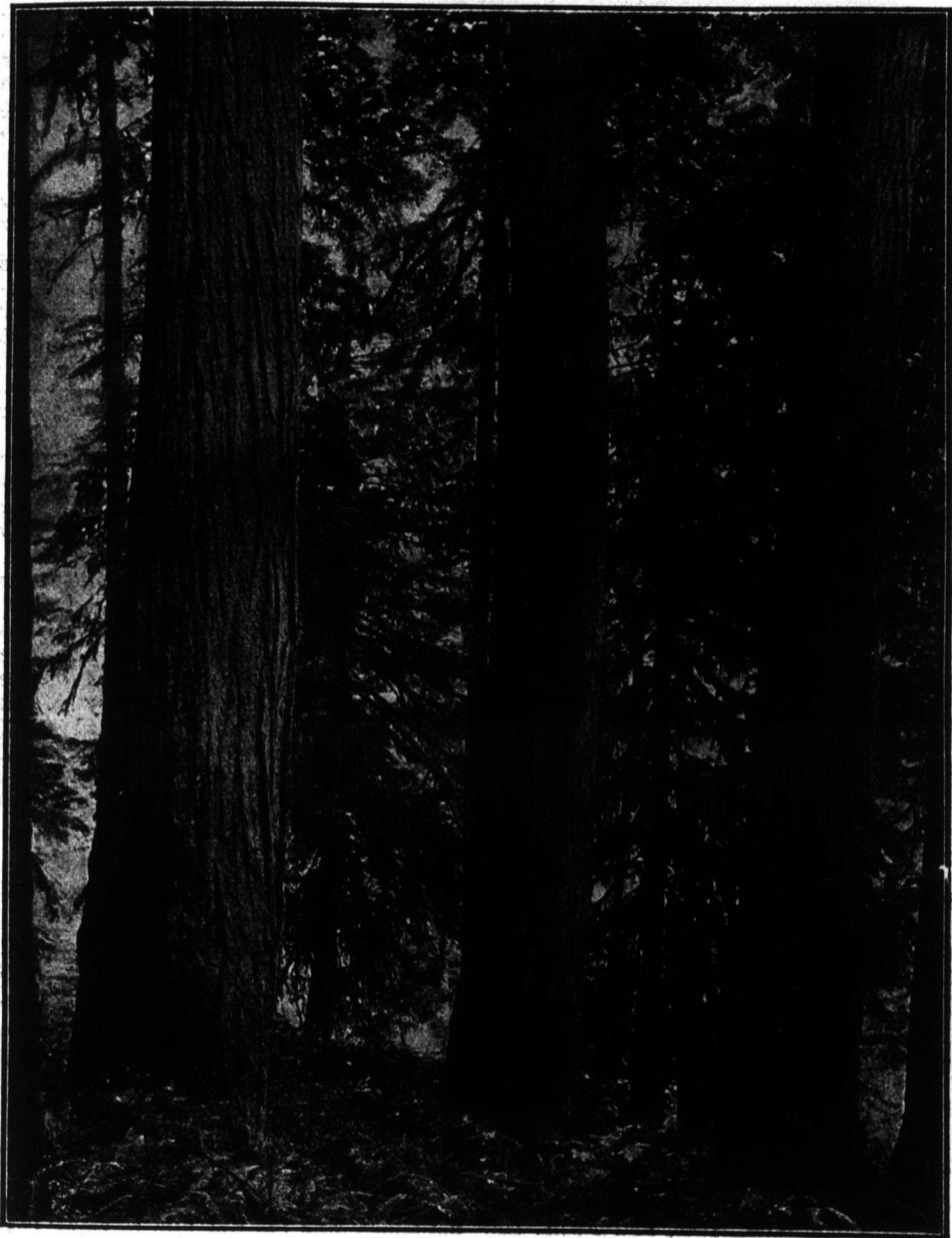
People of almost every nationality, class, kind or description, come to our Western prairies. The oppressed of foreign lands here behold their burdens fall from their shoulders. Those who perhaps have become discouraged, take new hope, and those who have met with reverses here behold the tide of fortune turn, and are carried on to success.

Among such a motley throng, it is not surprising that we find a sailor, a time-expired pensioner of the British Naval Service, wending his way to the broad open prairies of South Saskatchewan, to take advantage of the Canadian Government's gift of one hundred and sixty acres of fertile prairie soil.

The train rumbles and roars westward, and we again pick him up in a South Saskatchewan Land Office expeditiously making entry on a very choice quarter section of land, which though situated right among cattle ranchers extremely opposed to the incoming of the homesteader, makes not one jot of difference to our friend.

John Jones went out, built a neat shack, purchased the necessary outfit, built a good fence around his domain, and settled down.

Herds of cattle roamed on every hand. Standing in the door of his neat shack, with a powerful field glass in his hands, he calmly surveyed the surrounding



Native Growth of Douglas Fir in B.C.

As I have singled out this character, and as we are to follow him in his westward way to take advantage of the best that may offer, (for he is shrewd, that penetrating, observant, steel-grey eye is not there to no purpose) I shall further describe him.

Among the rather picturesque throng in the Eastern Station, there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is neatly dressed, neither too loud, nor too plain. He is short of stature, thick-set, and of powerful build. He is bearded and bronzed. A few grey hairs show among the jet of his closely cropped head. He is calmly observant of all around him. He reminds one of a slate-grey battleship in a thin mist; full of power, ever ready, but so unobtrusive as to be scarcely visible. He comes of a race of men who have ever been England's pride, men who have never failed her, and upon whom she may ever place her proudest hope. Strong, resourceful, close-mouthed men of deeds, not words, are they. I speak of the men of Devon.

John Jones is his name, just plain John Jones, a name as unobtrusive as his appearance, but nevertheless, though an unobtrusive name, borne by many a worthy man. That he is a man of action, is very evident from his quick, decisive, business like movements, and he is soon seated in the train and everything in shape for his journey westward.

country, then grunted "Humph, ranch country now, farm country afore three years. Durned valuable one too. Iron horse asnotin' by afore that," and he slammed his door.

Ranchers and cowboys visited him, all stating the utter uselessness of his establishing himself in those parts. They said the soil was unsuited for agriculture. Stampedes would carry away his fences. His crops would be destroyed. In short hinted that he had better take himself off.

The veteran said nothing but when alone exploded, "Take myself off, I be durned if I do. Here I be, and here I stays." He stayed. He performed his homestead duties faithfully.

Cattle ranchers and cowboys continued to visit him, and in course found out that he was a veteran of the British Navy.

The sailor became apprised of a mean, underhanded scheme on their part, to cancel his homestead. The homestead inspector stood by him, as well he might, as he had faithfully performed his duties. He did more. He informed the veteran of the plot. When alone the sailor exploded, "Cancel eh, cancel be blowed! Hull Canadian Guvermnt ull stand by. To blazes with um!"

A long, lank, lean and tough middle aged cowpuncher called on him one day, and was invited indoors. The conversation ultimately veered around to marksmanship. Said he, drawing the heavy



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is for Infants and Invalids and for those whose digestive powers have become weakened by illness or advancing age.

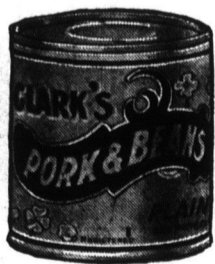
If the digestive functions, however weak, can do any work at all they should be given work to do to the extent of their powers. In the easy process of its preparation the digestibility of Benger's can be regulated to give this work with extreme nicety.

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BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

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CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

Colts forty-five from the holster slung at his side: "Thar's as good a gun as ever barked. I kin drive a nail with her every shot. Kin shoot the pipe outen yer teeth. Done her many a time." The sailor continued to calmly smoke his pipe. Finally he burst out, "Do you call that a gun? Gun be blowed! What'd you think of a gun ut weighed fifty tons. One shot out of ut ud blow yer old ranch house to Davy Jones. That's wot I calls a gun." "I never seed nor hearn tell of such a gun as that afore," said the cowpuncher. The veteran sailor made no reply, and the cowpuncher glanced somewhat uneasily, at the heavy navy revolver, and magazine rifle, which adorned the walls of the neat shack of the sailor. His shack was always clean, spick and span.

The cowpuncher took his leave, mounted his pony, and started for headquarters. As he slowly rode away, he muttered to himself, "Durn it all! A gun as heavy as fifty load o' hay! Beats all! That chap's purty cute. Only thing I know on as'll start him is some kind o' shenanigan." He reached headquarters, told them about his visit, saying to the assembled ranchers and cowboys, "That thar sailor chap's no kind o' tenderfoot. Only thing as'll scar that feller off is some kind o' shenanigan. Savvy? Some kind o' ghost bizness." "Bah! said the cowboys, ghost business and get lead in yer carcass fer yer pains." "Waal" drawled the cowpuncher, who had just visited the sailor, "somethink like that ull work. I tell yers I ben and know. The crittur

not occurred to him that he was being victimized. The sailor was now intently watching the cowboy, and gradually the whole thing dawned on him. He said nothing, but slowly arose, and on pretense of examining from whence the strange sounds proceeded, slowly approached within reach of his loaded navy revolver. Deftly he snatched it from the wall, and the cowboy found himself looking into its ugly muzzle. "Move a limb und I plug yeh," said the sailor. The cowboy continued to gape into the ugly muzzle "It's bamboozle is it? Yes, or no. Quick now." "Yes," said the cowboy. "Git!" commanded the sailor. The cowpuncher got, and was glad to go, the sailor covering him with his weapon as he went.

The other cowboys never could get anything out of "Charlie" about the affair, but they knew that it had failed.

They gave up bothering Mr. Jones. He got his patent. Other homesteaders came and settled. Ranchers and cowboys disappeared. The railroad came. Mr. Jones sold his farm to the railroad company for a townsite.

Mr. Jones may sometimes be seen sitting in the rotunda of a first class hotel, in Victoria, British Columbia.

Society is Not Life

While its narrow round is sounding its brass and tinkling its cymbal, life is going fiercely on, down in the narrow street where we struggle for bread, out in the barn-yard where the feathered folk are stirring to spring industries and the patient beasts are waiting our demands.

Life is here, in the kitchen, where the woman must, with consummate cleverness never to be excelled by any art or accomplishment, minister to the bodily wants of a few of her fellow-creatures.

It is the woman who has walked across the fields on a wild winter night to help a sister woman in her hour of trial, the woman who has dressed the new-born baby, and composed the limbs of the dead, learned the rude surgery of the farm, harnessed horses, milked cows, carried young lambs into the kitchen to save them from perishing in the rough March weather—it is she who has seen life.

INSOMNIA

Leads to Madness, if Not Remedied

"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Western woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee, because it, too, contains the health destroying drug, caffeine.)

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals.

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep restfully and peacefully. "These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines.

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

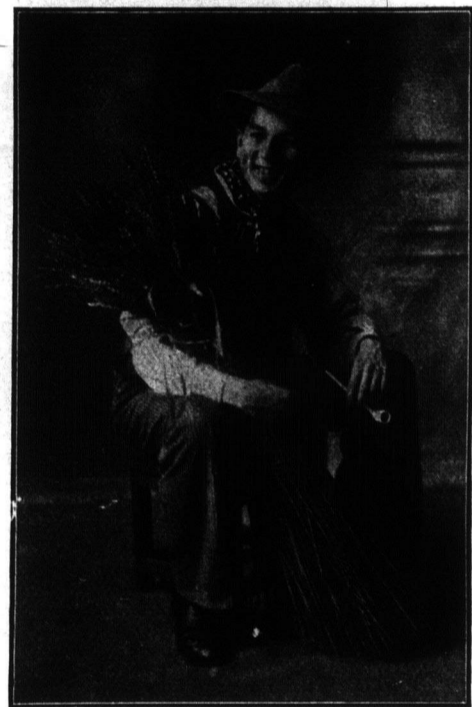
Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason for Postum."

—sold by Grocers.



A diligent Spring brings a bountiful harvest

aint afeered o' nuthin' livin'. It's only some kine o' shenanigan as'll get him. Thar's Charlie thar, as uster to be with Buffer Bill's Wild West, and learnt the trick o' puttin' his squawk whar' it hadn't order be nohow. Yer know how he's worked the gang out. Mebbe we could work him in on this bizness."

"Charlie," had learned the art of ventriloquism and could "throw his voice."

It was accordingly arranged that he should visit the sailor, and "scar him inter fits."

Some men who follow the sea are very superstitious. Probably they are made so by the dangers which constantly threaten them, at any rate some are so superstitious that a slightly peculiar circumstance will be construed into an ill omen.

Our excellent friend was of this type. It was his weak point, and the only weak point in his nature, consequently when "Charlie" visited him one evening, and began to throw his voice he became very much disturbed.

Uncouth, unaccountable noises proceeded from the roof, and further corners of the shack. Strange voices addressed him. He asked the cowboy if he heard anything. The cowboy said he didn't. The veteran was nonplused. "Charlie" saw this and immediately proceeded to tell a ghost story, saying that a terrible triple murder between cowboys and cattle rustlers, had taken place upon the very spot upon which the shack was built. The cowboy said the spot was haunted.

The sailor then fell to fixedly watching the cowboy. He had seen the thing practised in shows, but somehow it had

Dan as a Pioneer

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Robert C. Talbot.

In the summer of 1894 we arrived in a small village in Alberta. It was a queer little place. I say little place, as there were only two general stores, a depot, one hotel and a drug store.

The only side-walk we had, was a path, as you might call it, made of wood ashes. This was made by some Chinese, from their one-tub laundry to a general store, one block away.

Cattle ran freely through this little burg, and nearly all the people went bare-foot. In the summer time, we only got our mail once a week; and in the winter time, perhaps every two weeks.

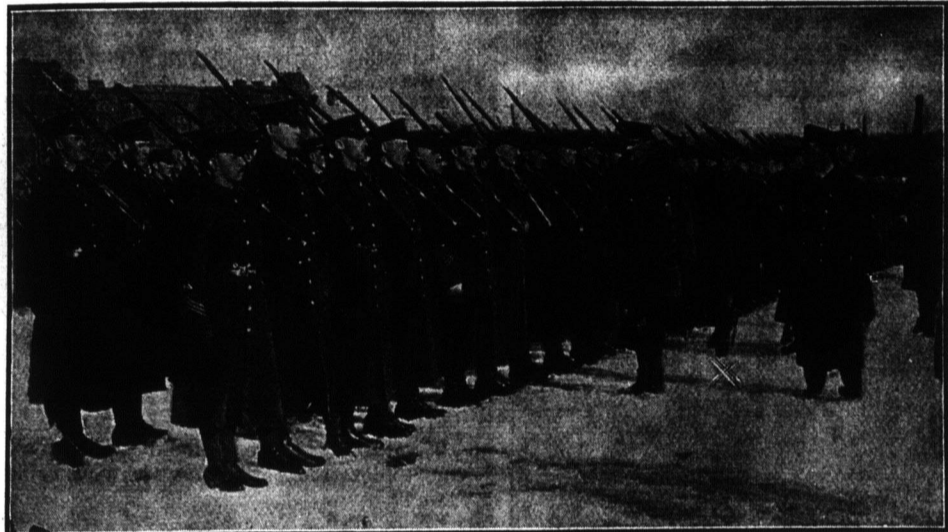
My father had only three hundred dollars when we landed there, with my mother, himself and three children to keep. Myself, the eldest, a boy of seven years. It was nearing fall and my father, anxious that we should be settled before winter came on, filed on a homestead. He paid one hundred dollars for the improvements that were on the place.

At this time we were staying with our grandmother, who lived six miles from the homestead father had purchased, but in two weeks we moved to our new

and you know how it hurts a Scotchman when he is deprived of his all day smoke. Well, father never smoked tobacco in these days. In the fall my sister Lucy and I gathered wild sage and mother dried it, and when father smoked this stuff we would open the doors and windows and even the flies flew out.

Our second year was a failure. Our only cow committed suicide by trying to sneak turnips out of a pit. This cow father bought from his step-father in the spring. It was muddy weather at the time of the purchase. A week later when the roads had dried up a little, father went over to claim the cow. This cow had been presented with a calf two days previous, but the old man would not give up the calf, he said, "It did not go with the cow, as he guessed the calf was his, as he had kept the cow on green grass for a week. So father did not get the calf.

In the fall of 1896, we had one hundred bushels of potatoes. These we sold to a local merchant for twenty cents a bushel. Father had to haul the potatoes to town while mother and I filled the sacks from a big pit at home. Our wheat was badly



Field Marshall H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught is seen here inspecting three thousand Canadian volunteers at Montreal on the eve of their departure for the European War. The spirit of unity shown among the Canadians and their devotion to the mother country has exceeded the highest British expectations and these volunteers furnish proof for the belief.—Photo Underwood.

abode. I tell you, it was funny. The log cabin was only sixteen feet by twenty-four feet. There was also a small stable, that would accommodate only two horses. We had a well, and the people who had lived there, had left some turnips in the garden—many thanks to them for that.

The winter was a very hard one. My father's small amount of money did not go very far, and soon our cupboard began to get bare. The only meat we had was rabbits three times a day, but mother cooked them several different ways. Our flour had four X's on the sack. This was the cheapest flour you could buy.

When our neighbors came to visit us they would bring us some rabbits, and when we went away from home on Sundays, as we usually did, there would be rabbits hung on the door knob and some live ones sitting on the door-step to greet us when we got home.

The next spring father got a team of oxen from a friend, intending to pay for them in the fall with what he realized from his crops. The oxen had never been driven before and father had an awful time breaking them to drive. This had to be done before the ground could be plowed. Father made a harness of rope and a yoke of tamarac.

One day when it was time for plowing and father thought that the oxen were well enough broken to plow, he took them to the field and hitched them to the plow. Away they ran to the brush, plow and all. This was too much for father and he traded the team of oxen and his gold watch for a bronco. Well he could not till the soil with the one horse, so he traded some potatoes to a Cree Indian for a cayuse. Just imagine what they looked like when they were hitched to the plow together. The bronco was a foot and a half taller than the cayuse, and I think the bronco pulled the plow himself and when they came to the end of the furrow, the cayuse would lie down to take a rest.

Father was a good natured Scotchman,

frozen that year, but father hauled it to Edmonton to be made into flour as we could not afford to buy more. It took him a week to make the trip, but he did it.

When mother first saw the flour, she said, "Why, Jim, it is black. I don't think the miller has taken all the smut out of it." But father only laughed and said, "It will turn white when it is cooked, dear." Mother never could tell when the bread was baked, as it was sad and heavy. When it was cold, it was as hard as iron. Our teeth were as sharp as a beaver's, we could have eaten the bark off the toughest tree that grew.

Our Amusements

Some of our neighbors were Russians. They lived in dugouts, as we called them. The people were very good neighbors, as they were very kind and sociable. They had a dance very often, and we would always get an invitation. They danced to accordion music. My father played the violin and he was always a welcome guest. They danced on the dirt floors or ground, I guess we will call it. The dust would rise so thick sometimes that it was impossible to tell which one was your partner. When it got too bad they would all take their seats and someone would sprinkle water on the floor. When this would settle they would all waltz again to the accordion music.

Every year, Treaty was held for the Cree Indians. We would all go too, and join in with the amusements arranged by the business men of the little village. There were foot races by the English speaking people, and pony races by the Indians, and the most amusing feature was the foot races of the Indian's Squaws with their papooses on their backs.

Early in the morning, the day before the Treaty one could see hundreds of Indians, some on horse back and others with their two-wheeled carts drawn by one cayuse, trudging their way along the

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Calgary and Edmonton trail. They usually pitched their tepees at the foot of the Peace Hills.

We were all watching the beautiful sunset, when my father said to mother, "Jane, I have something to ask you."

"Well Jim," she said, her bright eyes gleaming, "What is it?"

"What do you think of us selling the farm and going to town to live? I have just been reckoning that those youngsters will have to go to school, you know Dan is eleven, and Lucy is nearly nine. And how old is Bert?"

"He is seven," my mother replied. "Well, Jim, it is as you say, but really, I don't like to sell the farm," and tears were gathering in my mother's eyes. "But," she said, "I will do anything for my children."

A few days later father sold the farm. He got seven hundred dollars for it. We took our stock and chickens and one pig to town. Father bought a very comfortable house and ten acres of land in town. Of course, we went to school.

By this time the little berg was budding into a nice sized place and my father became one of the many prosperous business men, and to-day it is the enterprising Baby City of Alberta.

riously affected. Thus, in Holland are seen women hauling carts which are too big and too heavy for the draft dog of the country; and in Switzerland many of the women have put on trousers to act as Alpine porters, staff in hand and loaded pannier on the bent and patient back. Only on Sundays do these loyal creatures permit themselves the "luxury" of petticoats! These remarks apply particularly to the valley of Champéry, above the south bank of Lake Geneva.

Other Swiss women have left their homes to brave the early Alpine snows as shepherds, cowherds, and farmers, for their menfolk are away at great military centres like Andermatt, hauling big guns up wall-like precipices of the St. Gothard. There are women miners in the Westphalian pits, and also in the Pas de Calais, for, whatever betide, the warships must have coal herewith to patrol the seas.

In Russia you will see gangs of female navvies repairing the roads in view of winter campaigns. And they are very cheerful over it squatting upon stone piles at the wayside with hammer and wire spectacles to shield their eyes from

these young women have been advertised for at \$5 a week with no objection to inexperience. The girl recruits are dressed in white with neat white aprons. They are soon serving out coffee and sugar, and in spare moments learning the mysteries of bacon slicing and the blending of fine teas.

So many women of this type are out of work that in some cases two are employed to keep a man's post open for him until the end of the war. Male teachers, civil servants, postmen, omnibuses and tram conductors—all these and others might be relieved by women and girls.

The railway companies, too, have been approached in the matter of installing women in their ticket offices, thus liberating thousands of young fellows of military age. The great drapery stores have already done their duty nobly.

"Oh, I See!"

Two recruits had been brought in by the sergeant. Enlisting Officer (to first one): "What's your name?"

"Watt, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Watt, sir."

"What's your name! I ask you"—

impatently.

"My name is Watt, sir—W-a-t-t."

"Humph! Where do you come from?"

"Ware, sir."

"Yes, dunderhead? Where do you come from?"

"I come from the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire, sir."

"Oh! That'll do."

Turns to second recruit.

"What's your name?"

"Mee, sir."

"Yes, you, thickhead! Will you give me your name?"

"My name, sir, is John Mee."

"Humph! And where do you come from?"

"Hoo, sir."

"Confound it, you blockhead! Don't you understand? Where do you come from?"

"Hoo, sir."

"Well, if ever—"

Sergeant (interposing): "The man comes from the village of Hoo, near Chatham, sir."

"Oh, I see!"

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite

A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the digestive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer, and children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet, I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby."

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner."

"My little grandson was sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



The British soldier is earning for himself the good opinions of the world. He mounts his bus or trudges along the roads en route to the trenches in the same light and airy fashion as when he goes to a football match at home. M. Clemenceau, says: "He treats war as a higher form of sport." Our picture shows them at the billet drawn up for the march to the trenches.

How Women are Doing Men's Work

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

There is no stranger feature of this world-war than the readiness of women to step into the breach and undertake labor never before associated with their sex or physical capacity. Sixteen million men are marching to battle; and were it not for the nations' women, the industrial machinery must soon come to a standstill. German maids and matrons are hoeing the best fields and cleaning streets. Even in Munich, famous for gentle associations with art, there are girls to-day acting as hod-carriers, climbing high ladders with loads of bricks even to the fourth story.

Many of the Belgian women are returning to their villages and demolishing houses which are in a dangerous condition. Others are rebuilding in a quiet, businesslike way, praying softly over their work, and even moulding their own bricks in the abandoned pits and ovens between Antwerp and Brussels.

But it is in France that woman has completely stepped into her husband's shoes. Thousands of wives and widows are now employed on the railways, others as special constables at level crossings, where they close the gates on all motor cars, take their numbers, and show the stranger's papers to an officer in talled close by. The street tramways of France now employ an army of women as conductors or pointsmen—even as drivers, for the French have a natural aptitude for mechanics.

All over Europe is seen the same thing, in neutral as well as belligerent countries, for in the former the whole fighting force is called up and put upon a war footing, so that commerce is se-

flyng fragments. Women are at work also in the Finnish forests, felling trees and burning brushwood, as their husbands did before the great Tsar called upon the Grand Duchy for its fearless and rugged men.

This female labor is cheap—perhaps one-third the price of male labor, and this, again, helps the nation economically. It is "the silver bullets" that win. Even Italy's women came to the front in early mobilization day. They are seen hauling ploughs, wheeling barrowloads of stone, doing men's work in factories and mines, and carrying loads up to 110 pounds.

No one would wish to see their wives and daughters slaving in this way, but they are certainly doing their share. Not alone do they tend the sick and wounded, or sew and knit for soldiers and sailors; but they take upon themselves men's work with real zest and wit in the doing of it.

The Women's Emergency Corps are seeding out gardeners, chauffeurs, interpreters and grooms—these last sporting and hunting women to whom the care of a horse is second nature. There is even a woman's rifle corps, and a body of semi-military volunteers who are already expert shots, and can keep up with Territorials in the longest route march.

These women would have their place in coast or home defence in case of threatened invasion. "We can guard cables and bridges," they say. "Or we can maintain communications, do semaphore signalling and sentry work."

There are also important movements to replace men assistants in shops, and to swell Lord Kitchener's armies without detriment to trade. Of one great grocery firm, 500 employees have already joined the colors and to replace

The Original Tenantry of Rupert's Land

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans.

Chapter I.

In these years Winnipeg's thoroughfares present a panorama of towering buildings, street cars, streams of humanity. Ah! how little do we realise concerning the drama of a once Fort Garry and Red River cart.

1915.—Marvellous transformation! Yell of Indian as he trekked along the crooked trail to the store at the stone gateway—silenced. Upon site of aboriginal habitation has arisen a great city. His forefathers never dreamed of this.

Who the Indian? From whence came he now dwelling within reservations selected for his domicile by the Dominion Government? What the genealogy of the aborigine? And when his entrance to the great plains whereon he chased the bison and deer; spread his net in lake and stream; sang weird chant to the drone of the tom tom?

It is feasible in accordance with the legends of his peoples, to consider the Indian tenure of Western Canada to have extended into eras long remote. His forefather erected the wigwam; in reverent submission bowed his head to the Great Spirit; yet, he knew not that Spirit's abode. When from his hut he gazed across the snow, peered at the twinkling stars of wintry sky, recognised that the ice on the lake would float away into the river, forest glades break into leaf, woodland chorus of the feathered songsters greet his ears in due season, he was assured a supremacy infinite in power was the creative force, and to that Unseen Being he owed life and his possessions. The Indian realised a "strength" caused the wind storm's roar, roll of thunder through the valley, flash of lightning over the knoll, he wondered wherein that potentiality was secreted. From whence he, the Indian, came was not known; at his departure from earthly scenes, he as with his forefathers would enter a zone in which pleasures of the chase existed.

Perhaps, ah, but the historical origin of Indian life is obscured in the mists of centuries, he may be a remnant of Nomadic Japhet, son of Noah. Japhet the wanderer, his footsteps imprinted upon mountain passes of Asia, traversed once peninsula of Behring Strait to the mainland, from thence departed in quest of a continent. The Indian may have sailed away from distant Japan, his craft wrecked on Vancouver's Island.

We possess no authentic history. But we are cognisant of one feature in the life of the Indian as he is to-day. He is becoming a useful member of society, a certain agency has been the responsible factor of that transformation. The writer knows whereof he speaks; he has known the Indians in the far northland long years ago. And he is acquainted with the Indian in 1915.

In long years ago, the Indian purchased by barter of skins and pelts, his necessities at the Great Company's stores. His journey, perhaps to the Fort on Red River bank was a lengthy undertaking. He oftentimes trudged across the deep snows from forests of the tamarac on shores of Lake Winnipeg. Or, perchance he dwelt upon the plains of Rupert's Land proper. At this latter abode he was visited by the free trader who at every opportunity victimized his customer, when at prices the unscrupulous trader spoke of as the tariff, the aborigine exchanged his offerings. The Indian is yet one of nature's children; in minimised degree, however, to that which constituted his life a few decades since. He was with lavish hand furnished sustenance from product of woodland and waterway. His ancestry were, and he is also a robust and healthy manhood. To his peoples the three score years and ten are an inheritance. If we enquire from an aged Indian his age, the response is a headshake; he will commence a calculation upon his fingers of the many moons. The very appearance of the aborigine advanced in years will delineate a lengthy life span, in many instances approaching a century. The writer has known Indians in the northland whose years approach figures of upwards of eleven decades (one hundred and ten years.)

The resident of Manitoba to-day rarely observes the Indian population. Occasionally a buckboard (the Red River cart

is now a relic of the past) with its decrepit horse is seen along the highway. The traveller on trains sometimes passes through a station with perchance an Indian standing upon the platform. Yet, how frequent was the sight two decades since.

The stores of the Great Company formed the Indian place of assembly; they of distant north gathered in company with those from the plains. The stone gateway at Fort Garry and walls of Lower Fort are silent witness of strange happenings. To a fort the Indian would convey his pelts or seneca, exchange his

offerings for goods, perhaps clothing for himself, a skirt for his squaw, or tea and sugar. It was not requisite he labor continuously. The forest furnished meat; from lake and stream he netted whitefish and pike. It is true that to-day traits of this characteristic continue. The Indian has not entirely changed. The modes and habits of his former life are, however, passing through transformatory stage into higher and better ideals. Even his Nomadic propensity is undergoing change; he is becoming inoculated with a desire to remain within the reserve and plant his crops. He has followed the precepts taught him by his forefathers, has recognized an unseen Provider to whom he contributed respect. In the Manitoba of to-day the Christian Church is teaching him not of the "spirit in the tent" but of an Omnipotent God. The

Indian likewise constructed rude statuary representing the "Spirit" of his worship. In various reservations of Manitoba, grotesque figures of such characteristic could be seen. Indeed, until within very recent years a hideous object hewn out of wood stood upon a hillock in southern Manitoba. It is known places of this nature were visited by the Indians at certain times of the year, when in dead of night mysterious ceremonies occurred which might have been considered a form of worship. If we visit a reservation on Sunday afternoon in these days, are our ears greeted with discordant sound of tom tom, yells of dance? No, we enter the schoolhouse, listen to the powerful voices singing in the language of their forefathers the praises of Him by whose handiwork the aboriginal singer now recognizes creation of the woods, fields,



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streams of his reserve. He pays profound interest as the missionary reads of mighty hunters in Biblical days, and how the Great Master cast a net into the waters of Galilean lake.

What transformation scene has been wrought in the Indian life?

CHAPTER II.

The Indian in years not remote assembled great gatherings of his tribes in council. Many localities of Manitoba, to-day scenes of pastoral activity, have witnessed these meetings. As example, the banks of Assiniboine river in the vicinity of Holland and Treherne; Rock Lake, a frequent location; the butte of Pilot Mound. It is a matter of authenticity that from the apex of Star Mound, an elevation situate near Snowflake, Custer in 1862 addressed a huge concourse of "Braves" congregated to discuss difficulties in connection with certain tribes located adjacent to the frontier on the American side. The result of this conference may be termed disastrous; upwards of one hundred of its participants are known to be buried in the immediate vicinity.

The natural propensity of the Indian, in northern latitudes, such as yet prominently identified with the aboriginal life, was to hunt and fish. Amid density of the forest he would spend months in the chase and trap line. His limited stock of powder and shot was utilized to the highest advantage. The lone duck upon the creek was not attractive to him. Rather would he await the arrival of other birds and thus secure a number of the prey.

In early years of the last century, the bow and arrow constituted the Indian's weapon. Even to-day the Indian capability with the bow is unique; the writer has witnessed a young Cree discharge an arrow three times successfully into the keyhole of a door at thirty paces.

The trait of locality is of extreme development in the aborigine. He will be observant of various landmarks on his walk through the woods; a stone odd in appearance, moss covered rock will form the finger post for the return journey.

Another Indian asset is retentive memory; once his friend, that attachment is perpetual. A custom in the long ago was never to violate faith in any promise or undertaking with him. An important factor of the tribes was the medicine man, his knowledge of roots and herbs—the inheritance of father and son. He was frequently a practitioner of clairvoyancy and this deceived the unwary Indian by alleged mystical power.

The rebellion of 1885 formed an object lesson in which the potentiality of the Great Mother (the late Queen Victoria) was impressed upon the aboriginal populace. Beattie, now a resident of the Swan Lake Reserve, present at Baloché and Duck Lake engagements, officiated as the scout for General Middleton, commandant of the forces. Many facts related by Beattie would be remembered by members of the Ninetieth Winnipeg regiment who were present during the campaign.

As a computer of figures the Indian is a born mathematician. His skill and that of the squaw is noticeable in the bead work designs upon cloth. The Indian was given to superstition. The bones of larger game were treated after the fashion of his ancestry; the skull of a bear he hung up at the place the animal was killed; the bones of a beaver were returned to the stream. His squaw was not permitted to eat certain portions of bear or moose, and the Indian who subsisted largely on a fish diet, was not considered fitting the requirements of a warrior, rather was this honor donated to those of flesh eating propensity. The meat of various animals is not consumed by him; his partiality is for muskrat; the lynx is considered of epicurean characteristic; the white owl a favorite food. As a last resort only will an Indian appease the cravings of hunger with mink or otter.

The dances comprised forms in which war, sun, moon, rain, dog played prominent part. The Indian annually elected (this practice is in vogue to-day) a chief and four councillors for each reservation. At the annual Treaty Day a cash grant of twenty-five dollars is made to the chief; each councillor a lesser amount and blue coat with brass buttons; to the ordinary Indian is awarded five dollars, a similar sum for his squaw and each child. Hence Treaty Day is the most important feature of his calendar; at its conclusion the

Agent is addressed by various speakers (Indians are possessed of great oratorical ability); if requisite an interpreter's services are always in readiness. In 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company abolished the sale of liquor to the Indians who are yet preserved from the ravages of alcoholic indulgence by statute of the Dominion Government. The Indian races in so far as Manitoba is concerned, are not diminishing; recent statistics assert the contrary.

Let us briefly consider the Indian as he is to-day. He is a farmer, his house and 160 acres of land is within the reservations. A small percentage do not avail themselves of this opportunity. This class will annually decrease. The children receive every educational facility on the reserves; schools for such are located at Brandon, Elkhorn, Birtle, Portage la Prairie and other places. To-day, 1915 that which has been done for the Indian is telling its own story. Why such change in the aboriginal life, what its chief basis? It is only attributable to one factor, that is the Bible. The missionary has taught the Indian that Britain's emblem the Union Jack means protection and prosperity; he points to the flag waving over the school-house on the reserve as planted upon God's word. Now we have the reason for the transformation scene in the drama of Indian life, habits, morals. The statement is made that before the scriptures were carried amongst the Indians, such were a better people than at the present time. A deliberate falsehood; not alone a vile insinuation upon the Bible but to the Indian himself, whose life is being modelled into accordance with civilization through means of that Book. Let those who knew the Indian a quarter century since, speak of what Christianity has accomplished for him.

The writer in closing this article is compelled to refer to certain statements concerning the Indian in a book of recent publication: "Good Indians died years ago, in fact at the time people who did not know his character and thought to do him a good turn, invaded his reserves with the Bible. As a result the Indians have learned every evil device of the white man and none of his virtues."

Readers of The Western Home Monthly can rely from the experience of many men, the writer himself has lived with Indians in the Far North, that the book's claim is a base and deliberate falsehood! Rather can we rely on the 130th verse of the 119th writing of the Psalmist; "The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple."

The Bible is responsible for the transformation scene in the Indian life. There is no other agency by which he has been brought out of darkness into the light of civilization. None.

True Courtesy

Civility has been defined as benevolence in small things. This is well illustrated by an anecdote told of Gen. William Napier.

Taking a country walk one day, he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl, which she had dropped in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner. She said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it.

With a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But zu can mend it, can't 'ee?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but he would give her sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour the next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl the next day. The child, trusting him, went on her way comforted.

On his return home, he found an invitation to dine the following evening with someone whom he especially wished to see.

He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of going to meet his little friend of the broken bowl and still being in time for the dinner party; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline the dinner invitation on the plea of a previous engagement, saying, "I cannot disappoint her. She trusted me implicitly."

Bringing up a Homestead

Written for The Western Home Monthly, By M. E. Ryman

IT happened just this way. Lois was married and settled down at home, for pa had told Alden that he couldn't take her away from us so he'd have to come there and live if he wanted her. You see Lois was our youngest and had always been the baby though she was grown up and had been teaching school for three years. The other five were always wanting us to visit them. "Not a half day or week-end visit, but a good long stay so that we could get acquainted over again" Ben said.

Well, after Lois and Alden had got home from their wedding tour, pa said: "Seeing you children have had your wedding trip, it's about time ma and I had ours. It's a little late but as we didn't have one when we were young, we'll take a longer one now."

I was never more surprised in my life. Pa hadn't said a word about it before, so we all asked "Where are you going?" "Oh, 'round visiting the children and seeing a little of this country of ours."

I didn't see how we could leave, there were so many things to look after. Lois and Alden are real sensible young folks, but they haven't had the experience; but Pa would have his way.

First we visited Daniel, he's our eldest, then Sarah and Benjamin and Mary and at last Horace, who lives in California. Then pa wanted to go home by the way of Canada.

We got as far as L— and pa was so taken up with the country and the rush for land that he got a man to go with him and look the land over.

Nothing would do then but he must have a homestead. It made him feel young again, he said, to begin over as those young fellows were doing; and of course he got one, though he had to stand in line before the land office till his corns ached.

The next spring we came back and built a comfortable little cottage and barn and hen house, for I wasn't going to live without hens and such like. After we were settled and the garden started, it did look kind of cosy and homelike. Of course, we had to have four horses instead of two for a work team as we used to back in Connecticut, but that suited pa all the better.

One of the homestead boys worked for us. At first I couldn't understand more than half he said for he was just out from Scotland. Pa said it didn't matter, though, for he meant all right and we could guess at the rest of it till we got better acquainted with his lingo. Pa is dreadful on slang words for a deacon of the church.

Pa hired a man with a gasoline engine to break up some land; but one day something broke and they had to send for an expert, sort of an engine doctor, I should say. He soon had the machine going again and it did run fine. Of course, pa had to try his hand at running it. When they got most to this end of the field, the expert jumped off and told pa that he could run it to the end all right. Pa forgot how to stop it and steered right for the barn. The thing wouldn't stop and pa began to holler: "Gee I tell you Haw there! Whoa! Whoa!" but the thing wouldn't "Whoa!" and before Mr. Sterns or the expert could reach him he had crashed right into the end of the barn and broken it to splinters.

I heard the noise and ran out to see what was the matter and the new minister came along just then, too. I afterwards wished he hadn't for when I asked pa if he was hurt and what was the matter, he shook his head and said: "Not a bit, but the goldarned thing ran away with me and busted the barn all into smithereens." And then how he laughed. The other two men just lay down on the grass and holled, and the minister sat down on the first thing he came to, which happened to be a dirty oil can, and laughed till he almost cried. Afterwards he had to put on a pair of pa's trousers while I cleaned his and it took me most an hour.

After the minister had asked the blessing at the table, pa said: "Well, ma, I suppose you'll be writing all about this accident of mine to the children, and you can just tell 'em that I am going to have one of those pesky critters for my own and I'm going to break it in myself" Then seeing that I began to look anxious, he added, "Just as soon as the crops on this

homestead can pay for one." I breathed easier after that and we had a real pleasant visit with the minister.

We were all just beginning then, and didn't have any churches or school houses, so we held the services around the country in people's houses. It was pretty crowded sometimes for the claim houses are small, but it was real enjoyable and if we didn't all sing in time, we sang with all our hearts and I guess the Lord liked it just as well.

One day one of those mounted policemen came around our way and pa asked him in to dinner. I was always glad to have anyone stop for after all, it was kind of lonesome sometimes. This one noticed my little silk U. S. flag that Ben's wife had sent me to keep us from forgetting where we came from, draped above the children's pictures, and asked if we came from the States.

"Sure we did" said pa, "and when ma gets lonesome she goes and stands under that wee bit of a flag. Oh, she's joined to her idols, ma is, and it's hard work making her over into a good Canadian, seeing our six children are all settled back there in the States."

That policeman stood for some time looking at those pictures, then said: "That's the mother of it, I suppose. My mother died when I was a small boy so I don't know much about them, but—"

He seemed to pull himself up suddenly and didn't finish the sentence. That's one of the troubles of the west—so many young men, all somebody's boys, without any real home and they all need mothering.

That red-coated boy used to drop in quite often after that, same's the homestead boys did. I used to tell them that I believed they smelled my cookies and doughnuts for they were almost sure to happen around on cooky day.

After that policeman was transferred to another station, he sent us his picture and a little Union Jack. They hang on the wall over his favorite chair.

Strange how kind those young folks were to old people like pa and me. They were always doing something for us. Then there were our married neighbors. Most of them are young too. Some of those girl wives have never been so far from their folks before and they have many lonely hours, especially when their husbands go to town for it always takes two days and if they have much business, three. But we are going to have a railroad nearer some day. They come to see me real often and bring their babies and their hopes and fears and it seems to cheer them up to talk them all over with me. Why, I almost feel as if they belong to us for it makes it seem so homey and I do enjoy it so. And such babies. Pa says the babies here are the smartest babies in the world and he believes its the bright clear air.

But, deary me, it is dreadful what these people have to put up with. No doctors nor nurses within thirty-five miles, except one or two nurses who are married and have families of their own. And when the poor crops come how many of them have to pinch and plan. Not having enough of this world's goods to tide them over a lean year, they have to mortgage their homesteads and those debts eat up all the profits of a good year. But when they get more broken up so as to raise more crops and spare a little land for alfalfa and timothy and such like, they will get along better.

The main trouble with this country, seems to me, is that all and sundry have packed up their old ideas of ways and means along with their old duds and brought 'em along for economy's sake, and are trying to make this new untamed land wear 'em whether they fit or not. And, somehow, I feel kind of sorry for it, same's I would for a child that's being brought up by foster folks who don't understand its disposition and are rigging it out in some cast-off clothes that fit too much in some places and not enough in others.

Why, even pa tried to fit his New England ideas on to this homestead without sorting them properly, and one day he came out on the porch, where I was darnin' socks and sat there scratching his head till I got real uneasy and asked if he didn't think I'd better get the fine comb. That routed him up and he laughed and said he wished I would and comb some of

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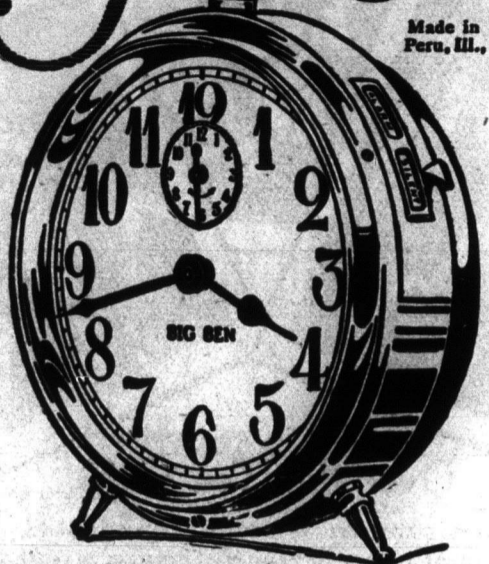
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the kinks out of this homestead, for he'd tried every idea he knew of and still she kicked over the traces and balked once in a while.

Then I asked if he didn't think it was about time to take her feelings into account and cut his ideas over to suit the homestead? He looked at me kind of quizzical like for a minute, then clapped his hand down onto his knee and laughed. At last he said, "That's it, ma! We've begun all wrong! The next time I go to town, I'll get a new nipple and a bran new bottle; and we'll study out a new formula that will fit the constitution of this infant homestead of ours; then we'll begin and bring it up all over again."

The next day, he got some little tin boxes and filled them with soil from different parts of the farm and sent them to the government chemist. When he got the returns from that man, he drew a little map of the land dividing it up into fields and planning his crop rotation according to the chemist's findings. Some of the neighbors laughed at him, but when pa undertakes a job, he's bound to see it through.

Its several years since we took up our homestead and five since pa began his systematic crop rotation. We haven't any great successes to brag of, nor, on the other hand, any great failures to complain of. The land is in good tilth. Our alfalfa and brome have done well. Our crops have nearly always paid for themselves, and sometimes a good deal more. We have gone to no extremes in either grain or mixed farming, but stuck to a middle path, keeping only what stock we could reasonably expect to keep well, and it has paid us.

Best of all, pa's farming has helped to interest some of those around us in better farming or rather farming for a home instead of speculation.

Our cottage, with its setting of trees and shrubs and its bright flowers, is very cosy, but the years are telling on pa and me. The children are urging us to return to them. They say we are too old to be away off out here alone. They are right. We are too old. Younger hands can now do more toward the building up of Western Canada than ours. And yet—and yet—we shall miss it so when we have left it all for good, for, as pa says, "It's a grand work helping to bring up a new country."

"God Save the Queen"

The origin of our National Anthem, "God Save the Queen," has been much debated, and with unsatisfactory results. We have, on the one hand, the positive statement that in 1794 a gentleman named Townsend was able to report that, in 1740, his father, when present at a banquet in celebration of the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, heard King Carey—the composer of "Sally in our Alley"—sing "God Save the King," as a song of his own writing and composition. This is supported by the evidence of Dr. Harrington, the famous physician of Bath, who affirms that Carey wrote both the words and music of our National Anthem, but that at his (Dr. Harrington's) request, the bass was re-written by J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis. On the other hand, in the "Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors," the claims of Ben Jonson to have written the words, and Dr. John Bull to have composed the music, are tersely and temperately stated; and the tune is said to have been first sung before the Merchant Taylors when King James I. and the Prince of Wales dined in their hall. Into the much-debated question as between Carey and Bull it would be unwise to enter here. Suffice it to say that, while it is now impossible to decide the matter with perfect certainty, the balance of testimony is greatly in favor of Carey. In 1745 "God Save the King" became publicly known by being sung at public entertainments, as a "loyal song or anthem," during the Scottish Rebellion. James III.—the Pretender—was proclaimed at Edinburgh on September 16, and the first public hearing of what has now become our National Anthem was at Drury Lane twelve days later. The tune of "God Save the King" was a favourite with several of the great composers. Weber introduced it in one or two of his works,

and Beethoven, besides writing seven variations on it for piano, used it in his Battle Symphony, apropos of which he said in one of his letters, "I must show the English what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King'—Cassell's Family Magazine."

In the Northland

By H. Bedford Jones

Rude is the home, but a cradle tosses soft to the lilt of the pines above,
Lined with the fleeciest wood-kissed mosses, touched with the tenderest mother-love;
White-scarred stumps through the trees are gleaming, seal of the axe on the wilderness,
But here in the shack is a mother, dreaming over a babe that the lone winds bless.

Lost in the lure of the wood-smoke wreathing, washed by a whispering wave of wind,
Wrapped in the hymn of the forest's breathing, purpled warp of the hills behind,
Rough and rude is the home, sweeping fragrant cedars and pines above;
But soft to a woman's face is creeping the wonder-light of a mother's love!

They Found a Way

Parents of an earlier generation often deemed it their duty to repress rather than to encourage outward manifestations of affection which tended, as they believed, to lessen the wholesome awe surrounding parental authority. A little girl eleven years old was sent to live with her grandparents until her widowed mother could make a new home for her. The child had been brought up tenderly. On the first night of her stay, when she reluctantly took her candle to go to her lonely room, she paused to kiss her grandmother good night. The old lady started back in dismay.

"Child, child," she exclaimed, reprovingly, "Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss!"

Such a rebuff to an affectionate and homesick child strikes us to-day almost with horror; yet the grandmother was a good woman, and did not mean to be unkind.

In another old-fashioned family a like attitude led to an amusing stratagem on the part of the youngest son and his bride. As honeymoons were then little known, he brought her immediately to live in the formal and rigid atmosphere of a home wholly unlike the one from which she came. Moreover, it was regarded as an offence for the young couple to seek seclusion. The poor little bride, homesick at best, sadly missed the cheerfulness and petting to which she was accustomed. Then, suddenly, "Love found out a way."

The head of the house, an austere and dignified clergyman, had always insisted that coughing, sneezing and blowing the nose were acts too inelegant to be performed in company; any of his children who found them unfortunately necessary must hasten into the outer hall and close the door. The lovers, taking advantage of this rule, acquired two amazingly severe, coincident and continuous colds. And as soon as one began to cough, and bolted, it seemed to set off the other, who hastily followed. Then one day a horrified aunt came through the hall unexpectedly. A moment later she burst into the living room, and exclaimed:

"John and Louisa aren't coughing—they're kissing!"

The minister rebuked her sternly. "Emily, 'tis impossible! Unless, indeed," he added anxiously, "the moment marks a crisis; a terrible discovery, and the need of conjugal consolation. These coughing spells have certainly increased. I will admit I have feared consumption." "They were laughing," said Emily, dryly.

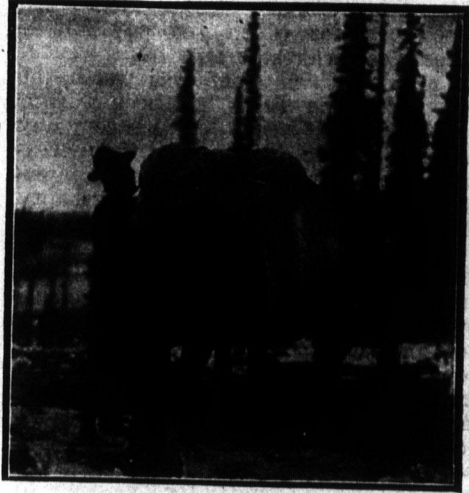
"Then," announced the minister, with relief and also with finality, "as to their other—er—occupation—your eyes deceived you. My son, Emily, has dignity; and his wife, I trust, has sense."

The Home of Jasper the Yellowhead

WHAT one of us while reading "Astoria" from Washington Irving's golden pen has not felt his pulse beat quicker and the longing arise within him that he too could have lived in those stirring times and shared with those hardy fur traders the first sight of the Rockies, their sides green with virgin forest and their snow mantled summits reaching up to the heavens.

What a record of Anglo Saxon courage and endurance; of indomitable struggle against tangled forest, rugged precipice and seething rapid; of exposure to winter blast and icy river and the red danger that lurked ever along the trail.

McKenzie, Thompson, Franklin, Fraser, de Smet, Henry, Cox, Ross, Franchere! Over one hundred years ago these adventurous pioneers cut trails now long forgotten, exploring and naming creeks, rivers and mountains which were but names on maps until a year or two ago when they were re-discovered and the glorious story of their original discovery recalled. These courageous adventurers fighting their way through the maze of mountain forests dreamed of the time when the tide of Anglo Saxon energy would open up and populate the wilds through which they struggled with patient endurance and the visions which arose before their dauntless eyes have now in truth become realities. No longer do we



The only method of transport until the arrival of the railway. The Brewster Bros. (famous guides and hunters) throwing the diamond hitch

out before us. To the south are enormous pinnacles arising stern and grim above the Columbia Ice Field—there are Alberta, Columbia, Athabasca and the Dome while to the northward rises the king of all the Canadian Rockies—Robson.

Now, with Cox, Ross and Franchere we travel the Athabasca trails, and in passing look with regretful eyes on the ruins of



A base camp for the early surveyors. A hunting party about to leave for the Yellowhead Pass

have to wind our weary way across the limitless prairie, no longer pole our canoes up rapid running rivers or cut our way through matted forests. A day or two in the train and we are in the midst of those memories which must ever live in the pages of history and cause hearts to bound wherever the tale of a brave man's life is told.

Setting out from Jasper we travel as it were with these empire builders pushing our way through dark forests and sunlit clearing, over snow covered summits and gloomy defiles, seeing with their brave eyes the same mountains rising majestically on all sides, with restless McKenzie we cross the mountains and stand—the first to make the overland journey—on the Pacific shore.

Again, with Thompson we discover the Athabasca Pass during the bitter winter of 1811 and from this height of land gaze over the vast panorama of peaks spread



Big Horn Falls (double) recently made accessible by the construction of the Brazeau Branch of the C. N. Ry.

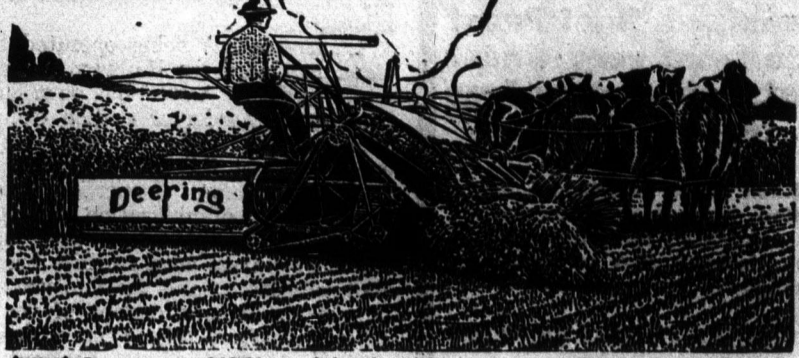
Jasper House and Henry House now marked merely by a few heaps of stones and the graves of nameless dead. With them we ascend the Riviere de Tron (whirl pool) and before beginning our steep descent to the Boat Encampment, pause for a moment by the Committee's Punch Bowl allowing our minds to conjure up the vision of the old time fur caravans struggling up the steep declivities laden with their heavy packs. Here they rest and the chief trader opens the customary bottle of wine. Cares are now forgotten, jokes pass back and forth until, at last being rested they pass on our sight on their long journey eastward.

With Pere de Smet we toil our mountain trails carrying with this indefatigable priest, the tidings of the salvation of mankind to the Indians. Once more with Simon Frazer we cross the mountains and with him make that terrific voyage down the river which bears his name and as we in reality look down into the boiling cauldron of this mighty river we realize more vividly than ever the glorious heritage that these explorers gained for us years ago—a heritage that will ever increase as the years pass by.

The line of the Canadian Northern Railway to the Pacific Coast, now fast nearing completion, runs right through the heart of these districts which have so many romantic associations. It passes Jasper Park within sight of Mount Robson amid the most inspiring scenery in the Rocky Mountains; pierces them through the Yellowhead Pass, and follows the North Thompson and Fraser Rivers to the Coast.

The park which was formerly the home of The Yellowheaded Indian Jasper, whose name survives not only here but in the Tete Jaune Cache and at Yellowhead Pass, has been set aside by the Dominion Government as a forest and game reserve; its area is about three thousand square miles

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and it is situated on the western boundary of the Province of Alberta. Jasper town-site, the headquarters of the Dominion Government Park staff, is on a level flat below Pyramid Mountain, just east of where the line turns west up the Miette River. The Government has put up a fine building as a residence for the superintendent of the Park, in which his office is located.

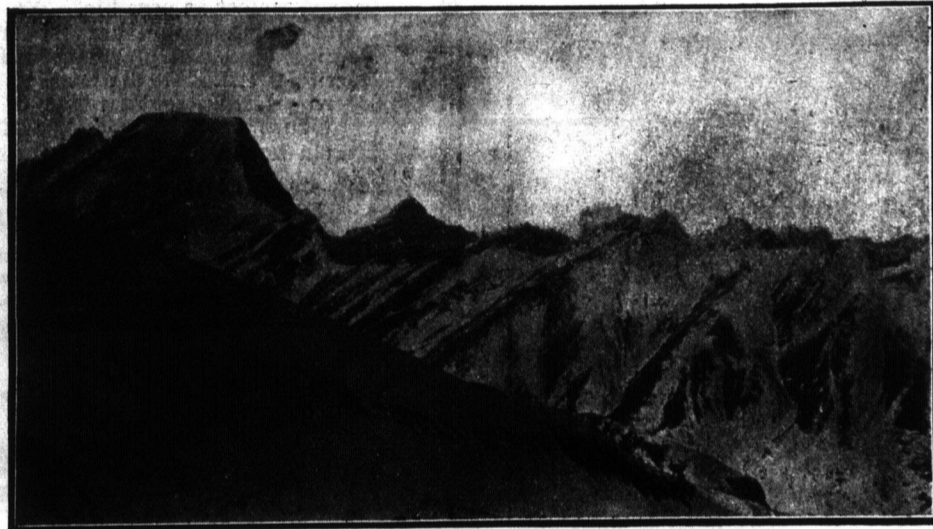
Trains are not being operated by the Canadian Northern Railway beyond Edmonton, although steel has been laid into the eastern border of British Columbia. The writer, however, was fortunate enough to get through as far as Jasper Park last autumn. Jasper is a thorough-going outpost of civilization, and the prevailing canvas or log residence makes a striking contrast with a white brick ten-stall roundhouse and the fine stone quarters of the superintendent of the Park. After breakfast, served in a one-story, straggling tar-paper hotel, I set out for the Brewster camp where I could find some one to show me the sights. This was quite a pretentious log shanty, surrounded by tents and snuggling close to a sheltering hill. It was Sunday, and the camp was taking things easy, but with generous hospitality I was offered my choice of a ride on the Maligne Glacier or a drive to Pyramid Lake.

After a hasty review of my knowledge of the art of horsemanship, and the consideration of adipose tissue induced by sedentary occupations I voted in favor of the drive; and, accordingly, protected by warm robes and armed with liquid lunch,

real show places were further west in the neighborhood of Mount Robson and Tete Jaune Cache.

In the evening we sat down to an inviting dinner of moose steaks—not the disguised cow for which you pay famine prices in eastern restaurants, but the genuine article—which alone was worth the trip. After the dishes had been washed by the united efforts of the company visitors began to drop in from the nearest camps and settlements, it was an interesting gathering there in that log shanty lit by a big oil lamp. The east end was the kitchen, the dining room was next, and the beds were in the west end, although their divisions were, like the equator, purely imaginary lines. Our hosts were products of the University of Manitoba, and the English public schools and universities were also represented. There was the accountant of the collieries at Pochontas, down the line, and three or four railway engineers. One of them was going to the Old Country for Christmas to see his wife and children, while another had only just returned from there with his bride, who was pluckily making her first acquaintance with the simple life.

A strict sabbatarian would probably have strongly disapproved of that evening of songs, tall yarns and good-natured horse-play, but it is doubtful whether any church service could have done more for these adventurers who wrestled with nature for their living and were lucky to foregather once in seven days. For orchestra we had a mouth organ and a jewsharp improvised with comb and



On the top of the world. The snowcapped Rockies, mouth of Yellowhead Pass

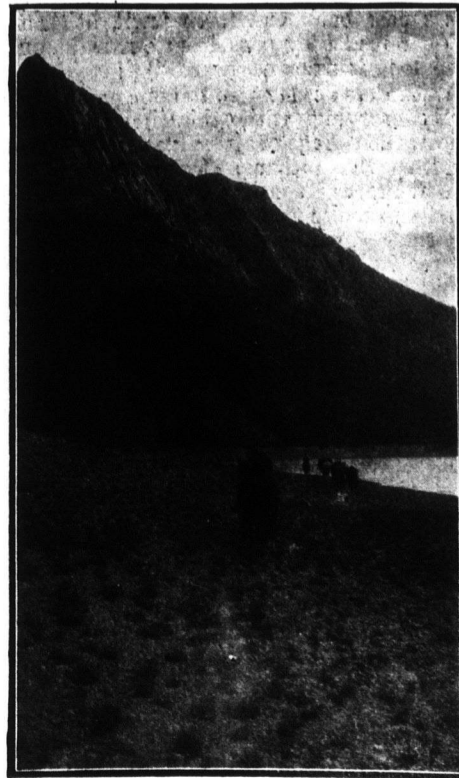
we set out up a well-built road breasting the hill. From its shoulder a magnificent panorama unfolded itself. To the South across the valley, the Maligne Mountains confronted us. Northeast, Pyramid reared his icy summit in the sky. Southwest, a chain of lesser peaks spread out their everchanging glories of light and shade the stems of the naked trees upon their slopes, making, as it were, bold brush strokes of mauve, with a blue background of their shadows on the crags. The sky was cold and clear with large lazily floating clouds. Westward the land was lower, but in the notch there could be distinguished against the horizon the majestic heights of Mounts Geikie and Hardisty, two of the monarchs of the range.

The entire drive was picturesque, though the trees along the roadside were a little marred by burning. Past the summit of the hill the track led through open and fairly level country. At Cotton Wood Creek, some two miles from the railway, a nearer view of Pyramid Mountain was obtained, and finally we came out on the miniature loveliness of Pyramid Lake, with the full height of the mountain rearing up almost from its very shores.

Work was to be started the next day on the excavation for a hotel, and while we were on our drive, Sid, the cowboy, and a companion set out to round up for this work some horses that were ranging on the slopes of the Maligne. During the day they covered some thirty-two miles, and brought in about a dozen horses. This seemed like pretty hard work to me but Sid regarded it merely as a Sunday's recreation. Returned to camp, I spent the afternoon in following the steel along the bank of the MacLeod River, which is at that point a narrow but rapid stream.

Standing in the center of the valley it seemed difficult to imagine scenery of greater grandeur, but I was told that the

wrapping-paper. The favorite songs were "Thora," and musical comedy selections from the year before last. In the civilized East, with its tango teas and hesitation waltzes, these would have seemed archaic and hopelessly tame no doubt, but here in the fastnesses of the mountains they came with an undiminished appeal. The stories that were swapped were worthy of Wister's Virginian for picturesque exaggeration and straight-faced mendacity. It was like breaking away from old friends when I had to board my train for Edmonton that



One of the advance parties which located the C. N. R. into the Yellowhead Pass

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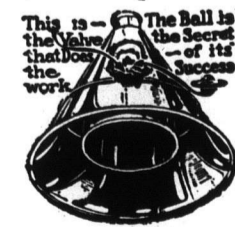
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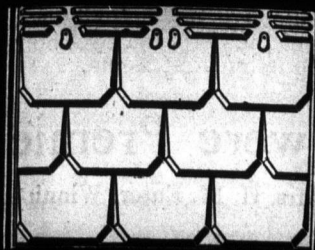
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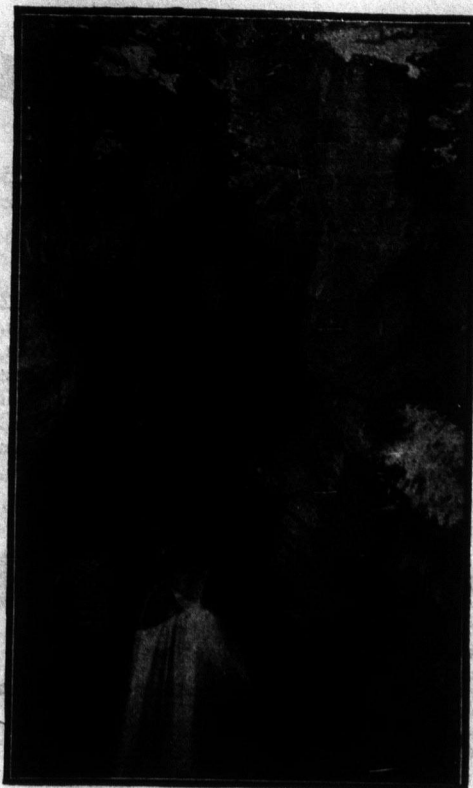


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night, and the warmth of the invitation to "come again and bring my blankets" was no stronger than my own desire to do so as soon as might be. At Pocohontas I got an excellent view of Roche Miette by moonlight. This peak, although not of unusual height, is very spectacular in its clear-cut symmetry.

Using Jasper as a center, some of the best hunting districts can readily be reached, and the guides who make their headquarters there say they can guarantee to secure hunters mountain sheep and mountain goat on the confines of the park. The sport of hunting mountain sheep and goat is one of the most attractive in the world. The ambitious nimrod can hardly be considered to have achieved fame until he has secured a trophy of one or other of these denizens of the mountains. Mountain sheep are more common in Alberta than in British Columbia, but mountain goat are often found on British Columbia side.

There are numerous good hunting grounds, but the best are usually furthest from civilization. They are all reached by trail and pack pony. The goats, however are always high up, so that it means difficult climbing and all-round vigorous exercise to reach their feeding ground, but once there the goat is not as difficult a mark as the mountain sheep. It is a notable fact that these last have most remarkable vision, and will run directly



The first break in the Maligne Canyon which finally drops over 300 feet. Jasper Park.



The Yellowhead Pass is to the extreme right.

they are sighted. Whenever the hunter comes across them, in fact, they can always be found looking at him. One of the best places for mountain sheep is in the Brazeau district, where there is also abundance of black bear. The great attraction, of course, is the grizzly, but for these the hunter goes rather farther into British Columbia. The best time is early in the season; parties usually start about the twenty-fifth of May, and stay out until the middle of June. Good sport may also be had with caribou, black-tailed deer and moose.

Brewster Brothers and Moore have a most complete organization at Jasper, including pack horses, ponies and outfits, covering everything required for handling parties who want to go mountain climbing, botanizing or hunting. The game laws are lenient, two heads of each variety being allowed. In the waters of the district are found splendid rainbow trout, particularly in Brazeau Lake and Brazeau River, about seven or eight days' journey from the railway. The fishing throughout is remarkably good, and the question among the guides is not where the fish are most numerous, but as to where they are the largest. Very notable waters are Jack Lake, about a day's journey from Jasper, and Rock Lake, about two day's journey. Pyramid Lake, only one hour's drive away, affords good lake trout fishing. Practically every one of these are virgin fishing grounds. There are trails to almost all the lakes, and the Government Park and Forestry Department are improving them each year. The park also offers to the photographer and explorer an incomparable field, as there are innumerable unmapped falls, cascades, valleys, lakes, rivers, mountain ranges and peaks now made accessible for the first time by the opening of the railway.

A magnificent canoe trip can be made from Jasper down the Athabasca River right through to Athabasca Landing, which, when better known, will attract

many people. The route is very beautiful and, moreover, perfectly safe, while the return journey can be made by rail.

East from Jasper the line runs along the river bank with cliffs and mountains in the background, cutting the south end of Henry House's flat which is very beautiful and dotted with trees. From Henry House the Sharing River runs for about one and a quarter miles to the upper end of Jasper Lake, at whose mouth Rocky River flows in. Here the line comes right out on the shore, and runs the entire length amid beautiful scenery, cutting through the side of historic old Jasper House at the eastern end.

Leaving this point it runs inland for three-quarters of a mile, and crosses the Stoney River, which has a fall of fifty-four feet, located about twenty miles from its mouth. It shelters a goodly quantity of bull trout. These falls are a two day's journey with pack horses, but are well worth seeing.

Steel again follows the banks of the river for two and a half miles to the junction of the Moose River, a small glacial stream which can be jumped across at most seasons of the year. Just below, an 800-foot tunnel enables the line to pass Bowling Mountain. Here a small creek with very pretty falls, similar to the famous Punch Bowl Falls, passes under the line, and here we touch upon old time romance, for it is stated that an Indian went into a canyon of the creek over a hundred feet deep, and was never seen again. However this may be, it is a fact that several engineers have tried the ascent without success, and the only way to reach the lake is over the mountains.

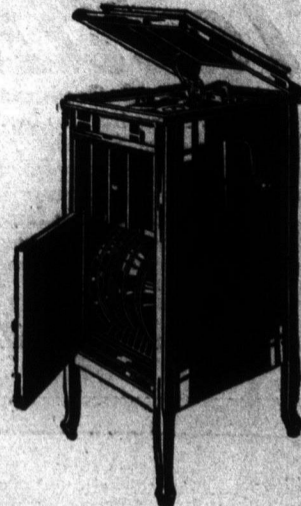
For eight miles the route follows the shore of Brule Lake, at whose northeast end is the mouth of Solomon Creek, where there is some very good fishing. This is supposed to be the site of a very old trading post, run by free traders in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company, and is also considered the eastern boundary of Jasper

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It's the only .22 repeater made with the dependable lever action—like a big game rifle. It has better weight, better balance, greater stability than any other .22. It's guaranteed in accuracy and reliability.

Shoots all .22 short, .22 long and .22 long-rifle cartridges. For rabbits, squirrels, hawks, geese, foxes, target and small game shooting up to 200 yards, no other .22 repeater equals this *Marlin*.

It gives 25 shots at one loading.

Marlin

Model '97
.22 Calibre

You want the best! Costs more because made better; it hits where others miss; built to last a life-time. Model '97 with round barrel, \$14.50; octagon, \$16.00.

It's a take-down rifle, convenient to carry, easy to clean. Has tool steel working parts that cannot wear out. Beautiful case-hardened finish; superb build and balance; splendid sights; famous deep Ballard rifling. The solid-top and side-ejection are important for safety and rapid, accurate firing.

Model '92 not take-down, \$12.15 round, \$13.15 octagon.
Other *Marlin* .22 repeaters from \$9.25 up—send 3 stamps postage for big catalog of all *Marlin* repeating rifles and shotguns. Do it now! It will help you select the one best gun!

76 Willow Street **The Marlin Firearms Co.** New Haven, Conn.

Park, although the Government survey has not been completed as yet.

Going West from Jasper up the Miette River the Mountains tower on all sides, affording scenery of the most splendid description until the deep green waters of Yellowhead Lake are reached. Then come ten miles through a rather interest-

ing and heavily-timbered country by Moose Lake and along the Fraser to the crossing of Moose River, which has very beautiful falls and a big canyon. A trail follows its course to Mount Robson, which, although not actually within the confines of the Park, may yet be regarded as among its greatest assets.

What I would do if I were Premier

Written for The Western Home Monthly, By Mrs. H. M. Enter, Winnipeg

Men who hold high offices in these hard times have the power to do good in greater proportion than ever before. When we think of the thousands of unemployed and wonder what they are going to do, we wonder why the men in power do not help them in some way. There is a great cry of "Back to the Land." People who make that cry do not realize all that it means. Do you know that even to take up a homestead it takes money? On December 21, 1914, there were 8,000 men out of work in Winnipeg alone. How many of them had \$50.00, let alone enough to pay the fee for a homestead and move thereon. True,

land in the West. Take the Swan River Valley, for instance. There you have good water at twelve feet. You can raise strawberries and fall wheat. The winters are not so cold and the summers are not so hot as in southern Manitoba. As I write I have a letter from the agent at Swan River and he says that there are still some two thousand homesteads to be taken up in that district. The C. N. R. runs up through the northern part of the Province and none of the land thrown open for that purpose is very far from a railroad. How are the people to get to the homesteads if they don't get help? Who will help them



Women Sweep the Streets of Paris now.

All available men have gone to the Front, but the streets have to be swept and so the women of Paris jump right in and become members of the street cleaning force.

Baby's Food Step by Step

You know all about cow's milk and preparing it for baby's bottle. You know the difficulty of making it digestible, and that the modifying must be changed to provide for baby's growing needs. You know the milk is likely to be infected with germs and often causes grievous troubles.

You must have the best for baby. Just a word about the 'Allenburys' Foods—fresh, pure, rich milk from healthy cows, pastured in old England—handled in model laboratories in these ideal surroundings—and modified by expert staffs in accordance with highest medical knowledge of baby's needs.

The 'Allenburys' Foods comprise a series of three foods each to suit baby's needs and progress. A moment's thought will convince every mother of the reasonableness of this method. What could be more irrational than to feed a baby of three weeks and one of six months on exactly the same food?

The Allenburys' Foods

Milk Food No. 1. From birth to 3 months.
Milk Food No. 2. From 3 to 6 months.
Malted Food No. 3. From 6 months.

No 1 is so like healthy mother's milk that it can be given to the youngest and most delicate baby, either in conjunction with the breast or alone. No 2 is prepared exactly as No 1, with necessary additions for the formation of bone and strong nerve tissue. No 3 food affords the ideal food until the mixed diet is introduced.



"Infant Feeding and Management" a fund of valuable information. Write in for a free copy to

The Allen & Hanburys Co., Limited, 66 Gerrard Street, Toronto

you may say, the fee is only \$10.00, but that is the smallest part. Take, for instance, the case of a man I know. He is thirty years of age. For fifteen years he has been a railroad man. He has held the position of trainmaster of one of the large roads running out of this city. Last autumn, after the war started, the road on which he worked decided to cut expenses and as a start they abolished the position of trainmaster. This man then went back as conductor. Train by train this company took off the road until now this man, although still running a train can only make between \$110 and \$130 a month. He is away from home all the time and it costs him from \$15 to \$20 a month for board. His family which numbers seven live here in Winnipeg, paying \$30 a month house-rent. Taking their rent, fuel, meat, milk, groceries, insurance and other little things too numerous to mention, their expenses are \$100 a month. Now the point is right here. This man wants to go on a homestead in Manitoba, and wants to go at once. How can he do so? Who is going to help him? Are those men in Winnipeg who have been uttering the cry, "Back to the Land," going to help? How can this man move his family of seven to a homestead from Winnipeg? Where is the money coming from to pay the expenses?

Now suppose the Premier passed a bill setting aside a certain amount of money to help homesteaders. Let them pay six per cent interest. Some settlers will require more than others, still I think \$300 would help out fairly well and not be a burden to repay. The man who goes on a homestead needs money to move from the place he is now to the homestead. He needs money for a cow, hens, seed. Where is it coming from?

There are to-day in Winnipeg alone 2,000 who would go on a homestead if they could only get a little help. Manitoba is throwing open for homestead some of the best

if the government don't? If the powers that be would put aside, say, \$50,000 or a \$100,000 and loan it out to homesteaders at six per cent interest, giving them two or three years to repay, then it would be saying something to cry "Back to the Land." The government could lend from \$200 to \$500, according to the needs of the man. If something is not done and that at once, the hard times now will look like prosperity alongside of next year. We do not only want wheat but "produce" of all kinds, beef, hogs and poultry. The man who is not too lazy can make a good living and help others but first he must have help himself. It takes money to get that start. Where is it coming from? I think it is up to our Premier. What do you think?

The cynical person was standing in front of a part of an exhibition of local art talent labelled "Art Objects."

"Well, I suppose Art does object, and I can't blame her, but there doesn't seem to be any help for it," he finally said.—Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

A Progressive Hair Store

The New York Hair Store, which for very many years has been so well and favorably known to our readers, have once again found it necessary to move into larger quarters in order to cope with their rapidly growing mail-order business. The new premises which are situated in the Kensington Block on Portage Ave.—Winnipeg's most important thoroughfare—are most elaborate and furnish every facility for both city and mail-order departments. Western Home Monthly readers when in the city are cordially invited to visit the new home of the New York Hair Store.

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL WHEN DUE

Make Bran Welcome

Serve it as a morning dainty. It is too important to be made distasteful. It is Nature's laxative.

In Pettijohn's we hide the bran in luscious soft wheat flakes, loved by everyone. The dish is one-fourth bran, yet few people know it.

Serve it thrice a week. Note how folks like it. Note what a difference it makes in the days. You will never give it up. A million smiles a day are due to Pettijohn's.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.; west of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.

Your Last Chance!!
\$1.50 Rapid Vacuum Washer \$1.00

This Ad. is Worth 50c to You



In the last few months we have sold 10,000 Rapid Vacuum Washers with the absolute guarantee that they would do all we claim for them or we would return the purchase money in full. We have not been asked to return a single cent. We think that this is a record to be proud of. There are over one hundred thousand delighted users of the Rapid Vacuum Washer in Canada today. Are you one of them? If not, send this ad. to-day with one dollar, and your washing troubles will be over. The Rapid is the original Vacuum Washer. The only washer with the famous ball valve. There have been many imitations that sold at higher prices, but none that could do the work. The Rapid will wash a tub full of anything washable in three minutes, without the slightest injury to the goods. Lace curtains, woolen blankets, comforters, socks, waists, overalls, collars, cuffs, etc. Nothing too dirty for the Rapid. Send this ad. and one dollar to-day, and we will send you the Rapid Vacuum Washer by mail, post-paid to any address. Don't forget this is your LAST CHANCE to get the Rapid for \$1.00.

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will remove them and leave no blemishes. Reduces any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6K free. W. F. Young, P.D.F. 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr. are made in Canada

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MADE IN WINNIPEG
We can fit you at short notice with the best that money can buy. Write us for full information.
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357 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

The Poisonous Park Worm

Has the man vampire monopolized the city parks? Girls and women, too, tell me that they are afraid to sit on the seats in our parks—that a certain class of park "haunters" take for granted that a female sitting in the park is at the mercy of all kinds of objectionable familiar attentions. Especially are young girls bothered. It is a pity that a tired girl who has stood behind a counter all day cannot rest a few minutes in one of the breathing spots provided and supported by the city—without being molested by men who have no regard for "somebody's sister." Scores of wage-earning girls cannot afford a vacation, and an hour or two in a park is all the recreation possible for them. I trust they will be reasonably protected this year from the slimy cowards who sneak into the beautiful parks of our city.

The Soul's Emphasis

Imagine, girls, imagine—do not dream the hours away. Day-dreaming is a form of intoxication indulged in by many girls. Imagine yourself the creator of

Opportunity comes oftenest in the humblest, most unexpected manner. Nearly every girl in the world excels in some one thing. It may be humble, but whatever it is a way can be found to make it profitable.

Two office girls started a wayside tea room. All the motorists of the city knew the place, because the tea, biscuits and home canned fruit were a rare treat. They served home made cakes for a little extra. As the little house was fifteen miles from the city their rent and living expenses did not cost much, and they had a nice bank account at the end of the season, besides a summer's outing.

Josephine Jenkins, a clever newspaper woman of Boston, once said: "With all the wish in the world to earn money girls let many ways of doing so escape their notice simply because they are lacking in practical application." She mentioned a visiting mender—a girl skilful with the needle, who goes from house to house to mend the family stockings, sew on buttons and repair what needs mending. This might be carried out successfully in boarding and rooming houses where young men stay. Many



England Training Women as Farm Workers, to release Men for the War. In connection with the scheme of the Board of Agriculture, the Hampshire Farm Institute has been inaugurated at Sparsholt, a village near Winchester, England. The girls are taught to take the place of men in every branch of farm work. Photo shows them at work in the cabbage patch.

a kind of work that people are willing to pay for. I have watched the garbage picker—you know, he is the man with the hemp bag, who makes a living and sometimes a fortune by handling scraps that we throw away. Yesterday he filled his sack with things I regarded as useless—old clothes, old bottles and bundles of paper. Perhaps one day I shall write a letter on clean white paper made from the worn out dress I threw away. He knows how to produce a need from waste material.

I have in my library a large volume about women who have created new work—women who made a special business so successful that they began professions and business ventures now followed by thousands of their sex.

A girl should have enough sense to so order her present that it will consistently lead into and beautify her future. Most successful girls use the hours that other girls throw into the garbage box of amusement. Useless excitement is a huge social monster that eats up a girl's time. Some think that in order to be happy one must be excited.

There is always a market for good work. People will pay for what they want. Fill a want, and you have a market. No girl will accomplish anything in life if she sits waiting until the time comes when she can do what she wants to do.

There is a woman in a New England city who has raised and educated a family by making doughnuts. Every body in the city wants her doughnuts because they are the best made.

a tired mother dreads the sight of the weekly mending, and would be relieved to get a few hours help from a "visiting mender." Mrs. Elizabeth Morand, of Portland, Ore., makes her living by repairing shoes.

One woman in our city has organized a class to train domestics in cooking. Others might organize classes in house-keeping, ironing, sanitary washing of dishes and the fine art of serving. The demand for competent domestics far exceeds the supply, yet to-day scores of girls go from door to door asking for housework, which they cannot do. Some people regard imagination as a misty thing. Imagination is the master builder of one's life structure—it means imaging; building a thought-pattern, a mental model—an ideal. A perfect thing must have a perfect pattern. Success is an individual thing. A character who failed in Sophie May's book said: "Well I have done what I could." "Ah, no," replied her sister, "you have done what you could not." This girl had written a book, not because she had talent but because she considered writing "genteel." Many girls allow their careers to be wrecked on the rock of gentility. Choose the work which has chosen you. There is no real personal power outside of one's soul.

An Honor Roll

The Manitoba Agricultural College has just printed the names of the girls who graduated from the domestic science course this year. I read it with pleasure in our daily papers, and wanted to put at the head the words—"Honor

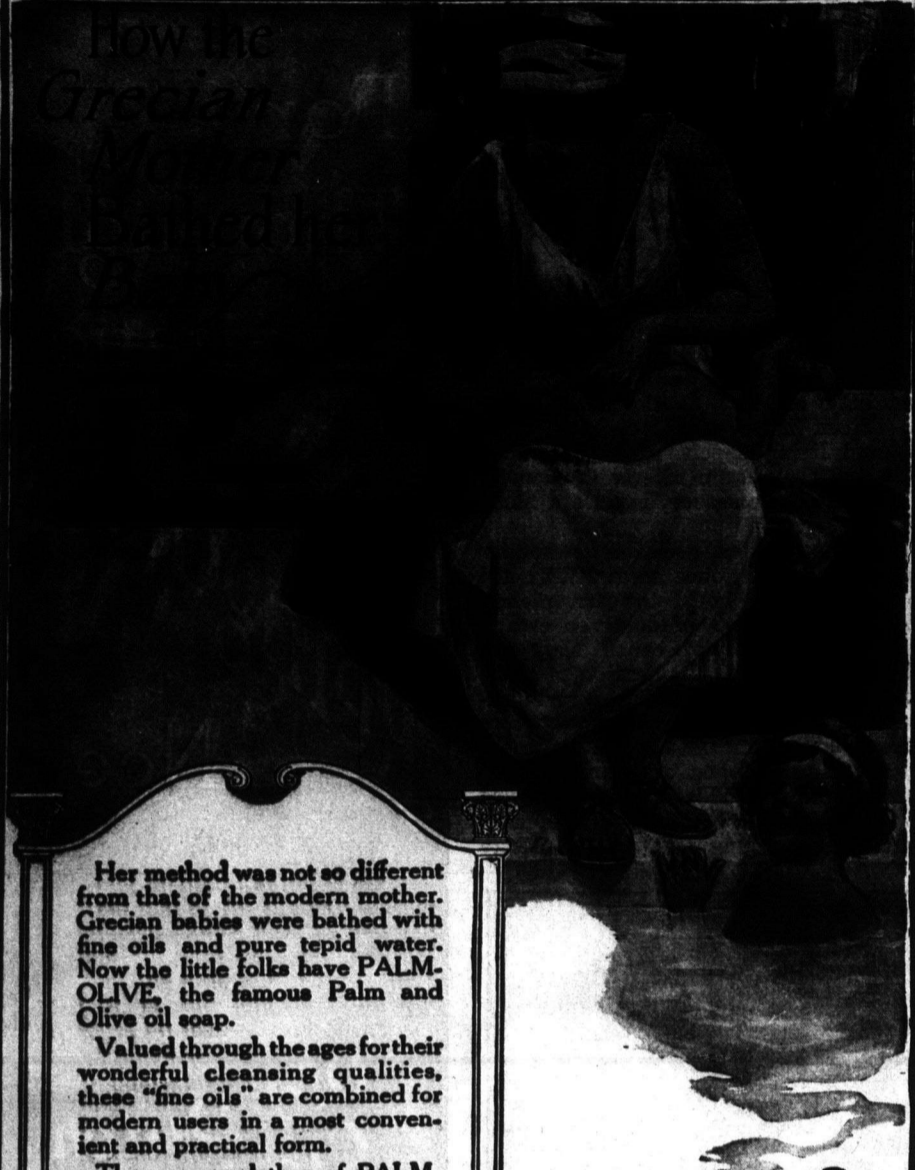
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Write to Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada for our booklets "Hints to Housewives"



Her method was not so different from that of the modern mother. Grecian babies were bathed with fine oils and pure tepid water. Now the little folks have PALM-OLIVE, the famous Palm and Olive oil soap.

Valued through the ages for their wonderful cleansing qualities, these "fine oils" are combined for modern users in a most convenient and practical form.

The creamy lather of PALM-OLIVE introduces you to luxury enjoyed by the ancients, but in a delightful form they never knew.


Palmolive Soap

Palmolive Shampoo—Palm and Olive Oil liquid soap that thoroughly cleanses.

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Threefold Sample Offer
Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo, and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.



Roll." That a large number of Canadian girls have studied the practical science of homemaking is most promising. These courses are fast gaining popularity. Poor nourishment and poor cooking are more closely related to the drink problem than most people realize. The man who comes home to a half-satisfying supper, or to a cold meal, or to a spread of indigestible pie and baker's bread, wanders out afterward for something more comforting—and finds it.

The first year or two of a married couple's life is the index to their future. Just now many young people think they can begin by living in a room in a boarding house. This nearly always ends in disappointment. When a young man marries he wants a home, managed by a homemaker. This can be realized in a tiny suite or house, but never in the role of boarders. If he comes home to a healthy meal prepared by his wife—the place is home to him. I have in mind a young couple who began light house-keeping in a rooming house this winter. The wife could not cook, so she bought roasted chickens at a dollar each and canned meats by the dozen. She bought prepared salads and cakes and breads. There was no charm in this canned cookery for her husband. One dish prepared by his wife from nutritious meat would have made him look forward to the home going with eager anticipation. The little home-made surprises are baits that make home life attractive to husbands. I

where. It may be that of a wife, a mother, a sister or a sweetheart. But I am to-day thinking of the soldier's sweetheart. I have seen her tear-stained face, and have heard her sad regret of wrecked hopes, and my heart aches for her. Yet through it all be thankful my dear girl that you have placed your affections so worthily. Be the woman worth while fighting for. While he is at the front let his memories of you be sweet with the fragrance of pure, high-minded, Christly loveliness. Then shall he fight with greater strength and determination.

Nearly every day lately I have seen our soldier men marching. They are a splendid type of clean looking men, with faces firmly indicative of their responsibility. We are sincerely patriotically proud of them.

Just a word to the young girl who thinks she must attract a soldier at any cost. Last week two soldiers tried to lose themselves in a crowded store. One of them said to his companion: "Let us get away from those two girls. It is impossible to get rid of them." There is a type of girl who is so disgusting in her game of flirtation that she never wins any admirer worth while.

My Creed

Someone has asked for my creed. It is summed up in these two lines:
"He who serves his brother best,
Gets nearer God than all the rest."



Funeral of Gladstone's Grandson.

Lieutenant William Glynn Charles Gladstone, Welsh Fusiliers, grandson of the late W. E. Gladstone, England's greatest statesman, was buried at Hawarden on April 23rd. Lieut. Gladstone, who was killed on the battlefield in France, was only 29 years of age. He was a member of Parliament, and gave promise of becoming as great a statesman as his famous grandfather. He was for some time Hon. Attache, British Embassy, Washington.

The picture shows the mourners leaving the beautiful Hawarden Castle. Among them are Lord and Lady Gladstone and Mr. Henry Gladstone, the new squire.

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Stephens' House Paint

has been made in Western Canada for 33 years with thorough knowledge of climatic requirements. Genuine white lead, oxide of zinc, pure colors and Manitoba linseed oil, ground by perfected machinery—these are the points that make Stephens' House Paint your most economical purchase for all outdoor work. :: Write today for Free Book of "Suggestions."

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23

know of nothing that a husband admires in his wife more than accomplishment in the culinary art, and so I urge young girls to train themselves in the art of home-making. In the mad whirl of business competition men lead a hard, strenuous life, and home should be a place of recreation for them. It is the lack of restful atmosphere in domestic life that ruins many men. I am convinced that the average woman in the home has an easier time than her husband, and it is up to every girl who intends to be married to study her part of the work of home building. There is a tendency for the new wife who has time on her hands to spend it in stores, where she wanders about wishing for things she cannot afford. Do not begin idly, but spend that spare time in wise study of all that tends to build a good home.

The Soldier's Sweetheart

Every girl is in love with the soldier these days. How can they help but admire the brave, courageous men who take their lives in their hands to fight for our protection? One of our splendid lads recently said to another: "Whether you live or I live makes little difference, but whether our flag waves over an Empire of Justice and Honor makes an eternal difference." And yet every life that is sacrificed on the bloody battlegrounds of Europe means a broken heart some-

The joys of life come through service. The regrets of life come through selfish desires.

"Billy" Sunday says we should look up for help and then down to help.

A Call to Women

The tragedy and trouble of to-day will bring out a new type of woman. She will learn to eliminate unnecessary emotionalism. Her interest in others will torpedo the mental warship that carries the enemies—worry, fear, jealousy, anger and personal hatred.

One of the greatest gifts of use in the bringing on of success is the ability to eliminate. The ability to eliminate every thought, habit or action that does not construct toward some useful purpose.

The soldier going on a campaign straps to his back nothing but the lightest equipment—yet he carries everything necessary and every article figures one hundred per cent efficiency.

Then why fume and fret and fuss over little allowances? Eliminate them. Then step ahead and you will be surprised at your increased agility through lighter equipment.

Someone has said: "It is a libel on the Creator to be depressed."

Spells of temper are not excusable. Fits of blueness are not legitimate.

If every woman in Canada exerted herself a little for others there would be no army of unfortunate sisters. There are women in Winnipeg to-day, and in Western Canada, working for home and country, each one of whom is shouldering the work of a hundred women.

Environment—what is it?
 "Surrounding conditions, influences, or forces, by which living forms are influenced and modified in their growth and development."

Fanny Crosby was blind, but her affliction brought out strength and beauty in her girlhood. When she was a very young girl she wrote these lines:

"Oh what a happy soul I am!
 Although I cannot see,
 I am resolved that in this world
 Contented I will be.
 How many blessings I enjoy
 That other people don't!
 To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
 I cannot, and I won't."

The slightest incident offered her inspiration.

There are probably more of her hymns sung to-day in churches, in missions, at evangelistic gatherings and elsewhere than from any other American composer.

"An unborn charm of graciousness,
 Made sweet her smile and tone,
 And glorified her simple dress
 With beauty not its own.
 The dear Lord's best interpreters,
 Are humble human souls.
 The gospel of a life like hers
 Is more than books and scrolls."

The call to women of to-day is a call to service—a call to patriotism—a call to inspire men to noble and splendid achievements—a call to urge them on in their service to humanity. With a work so great before her she must be able to conserve all energies towards the highest possible degree of womanly strength.

The Marriageable Age

Strange and varied are the letters that come to my desk. Here is one asking: "What do you consider the marriageable age?"

At what age do the majority of men find that perfection in women which influences men to marry them? At first I thought from twenty to thirty, but upon second thought I shall say from eighteen to eighty.

Love that will last has its foundation in reverence, and if a woman would hold a man's love she must grow in character. When Madame de Stahl was forty-five, she married a man of twenty-three, and they were happy, because a marriage that has not a pretty face or a passing fancy for its foundation, but appreciation of a noble heart, a beautiful mind and a pleasing personality—such a marriage stands the test of time, and this kind of marriage would put divorce courts out of business. When women marry for convenience, position, money and reputation they commercialize the affections of men, and these marriages are a curse to humanity. One bachelor who has a large fortune and a profitable business, when appealed to on the subject, had this to say:

"As for myself, well, who is not ready to admire the candour and beauty of the debutante? They are always delightful, charming, yet I should not care to ask one of them to be my wife, for the reason that I consider the match would not be altogether a happy one. Few men can keep up long to the standard required to dance attendance upon a gay will-o-the-wisp of eighteen. The girl of the period of two and twenty imagines herself a social queen, and rules it right over us poor men. She is quite confident she can get any one, and that men are to bow down to her if she gives them a glance or a smile. No, they are too self-conscious at that age.

"At twenty-six I find them infinitely more sensible, if I may be permitted to use that expression. They require less compliments and flowery talk, and that is a relief to most men. At thirty women are at the zenith of their attractions, physically and mentally. They are the full blown and perfect roses, wherein possession is positively delightful.

"At thirty-five, men find in them that perfect repose, that magnetism and comfort which the wisest most appreciate,

and companionship with them brings a man those elysian dreams of what a home and his own fireside would be like. Just such a thing is the bright star of hope about which those dreams cluster until they find fruition in reality."

Another says there are charming women at fifty who make ideal wives. A well-known banker says:

"If I fell in love with a woman, and she could be persuaded into taking me, were she eighteen or fifty-one I would marry her. Age does not count in the rule of love and marriage. In selecting a wife every man should go according to his own judgment, without prejudice and simply search for the heart that beats responsive to his own." But listen, girls, when you are twenty-five you will not look at the man you wanted to marry at sixteen.

The Encyclopedia of Life

In our school days when instructors assigned difficult lessons we searched through encyclopedias for information.

It is more difficult now when living human problems are assigned us.

There is so much of the unknown quantity and quality that no theorem or algebraic equation can solve. Only a study of living people can help in the solution. This is why I urge girls to read biographies of women, and that reminds me, why is it so difficult to buy biographies of women? I have searched through book stores and libraries for them without success. Recently I hunted through every Winnipeg book store for a biography of Queen Mary.

Every experience of success in a woman's life is worth recording. A girl comes to me in distress. Her future is a black blank. But, I urge, "Jane—experienced your trial, and to-day she is a happy, useful respected woman." "How, oh, tell me how she lived through such a trouble?" the girl pleadingly asks.

Then I relate her experience—a lesson in life, but one of life's lessons worth knowing. The rising step by step from deep, muddy depths to an atmosphere of joy and light and love is an accomplishment worth while. The girl feels like a new being, and begins the upward climb.

Last month a young girl of nineteen passed into the Great Beyond. Besides her nurse, one other person attended her funeral—a girl who might to-day have been a beautiful woman if someone had found her in time to place a loving arm around her, and say, "My dear girl—I'm your friend." Some of life's most fragrant flowers have been gathered from the green scum of society's poisonous pond before the killing germs had penetrated beneath the surface.

Nothing so affects the character and beauty of a girl as her thoughts.

Guard your thoughts—they are the die that stamps your countenance.

A girl's life story lies written in her face. I shall close with this poem, which I ask every girl reader of this page to place where she can see it every day:

"Would you have true beauty, dear?
 Watch your thoughts.
 If old age you'd never fear,
 Watch your thoughts.
 For the face but shows the growing
 Of the seeds the mind is sowing
 Watch your thoughts.

Would you have true friendships, dear?
 Watch your thoughts.
 Keep them ever pure, sincere;
 Watch your thoughts.
 For the whole world seeks with longing
 For the mind with good thoughts thronging
 Watch your thoughts.

Would you know true joy in living?
 Watch your thoughts.
 There's an art, that rare boon giving,
 Watch your thoughts.
 For a noble mind's a sun, dear,
 Which will make life bright till done,
 dear,
 Watch your thoughts.

Use **PURITY FLOUR**
 More Bread and Better Bread.

(See Back Cover)

In the Mail Order Business to Stay

LEADING notices have recently appeared in a number of local newspapers that would lead readers to believe that we are only temporarily in the Mail Order Business.

These notices have apparently been sent out by some central concern with the object of injuring us; and as the statement is absolutely contrary to fact, steps are being taken to adequately deal with the author and publishers of the falsehood.

We have been thoroughly re-organized and are now financially one of the strongest merchandising establishments in Western Canada, and we will be doing a Mail Order Business for many years to come.

At present our large staff of artists are busily preparing our Fall and Winter Catalogue, which will be bigger and better than any previously issued and will be mailed at the usual time.

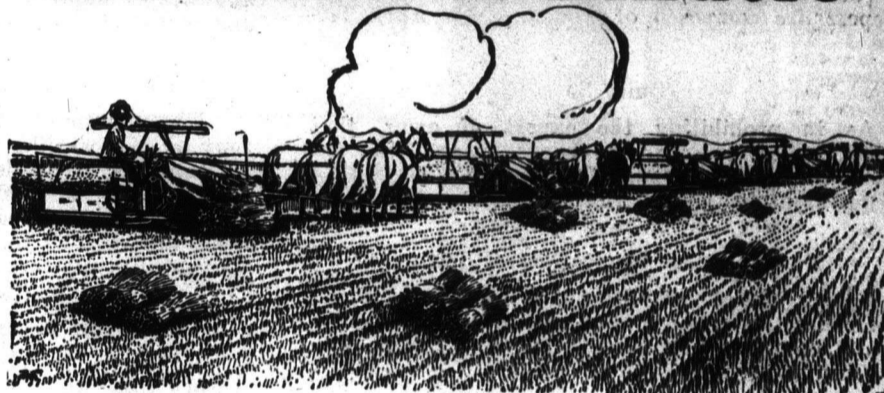
If you have not been receiving our catalogues in the past you should send us your name when you think of it—better do it now.

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McCormick Binders



AFTER your labor and your time, careful tending, and anxiety have gone into preparing your seed bed and tending your crop all season long, you can't afford to go after the harvest with any but the best machines. Buy a McCormick binder.

For Western Canadian fields the McCormick binder is built with a floating elevator which handles varying quantities of grain with equal facility. A third packer assists in the handling of grain that is very short or full of undergrowth. The improved knotter has only two moving parts. The tops of the guards are almost level with the platform canvas, leaving no ledge where short grain might accumulate.

For these and other reasons the McCormick binder is efficient in Western Canadian fields. Look for the same high-grade workmanship, the same famous IHC quality, in McCormick twine and in McCormick mowers. Make the most of your crops. See the McCormick local agent for full information, or, write the nearest branch house.



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What the World is Saying

A Thing for Canadians to be Proud of

It is said that the Germans hate Canadians. It is a compliment.—Hamilton Herald.

Outside the Pale

The Lusitania horror puts Germany outside of the pale of civilization.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A War of Will Power

It has become a war of national will-power to a great and increasing extent.—London Times.

The Turk and the Hun

The Turk may yet repudiate the Hun as too barbarous an ally.—Chicago Tribune.

The Outlaw Power

Germany has adopted the role of a burglar with a chloroform bag and a slung shot.—Victoria Colonist.

The Steadfast Canadian Determination

The war is going to be a long war and a hard war, and Canada may as well set its jaws hard and bore in.—Brockville Times.

The Only Way to Beat Our Boys

The Germans have found that the only way to beat the Canadians is to chloroform them.—Port Arthur News.

True to the British Traditions

"The officers did their duty bravely." That is the tradition of the sea. They were British sailors.—Edmonton Journal.

What Civilization Cannot Afford

Civilization cannot afford to let Germany win this war. This is the outstanding lesson of the Lusitania.—New York Globe.

The Wild Beast Among the Nations

The beast has tasted of blood and that the only course left for the civilized nations is to hunt it down to its death.—New York Sun.

What Edinburgh Women are Doing

The things now being done by Edinburgh (Scot.) women include running elevators, and street cars and delivering mails. Whole brigades of street sweepers are composed of women.—New York Tribune.

Quite So

As to prohibiting the export of arms, that scheme, boiled down to its bones, means that the United States would make Germany a present of an equivalent to the British fleet.—Boston Herald.

No Caesarism about General Joffre

General Joffre's ambition after the war is to live on a shanty boat with Mme. Joffre and go fishing. Here is one "man on horseback" that the republic need not fear.—Manchester Guardian.

A Nation Gone Insane

It is a terrible thing to consider that a nation may go insane. But the evidence that Germany has lost its moral sense, its sense of ethical values, its ability to judge between right and wrong, is overwhelming.—Toronto Globe.

The Lusitania and Cawnpore

The massacre at Cawnpore pales before that of the passengers and crew of the Lusitania. The victims of the former suffered at the hands of religious fanatics; those of the latter at the hands of exponents of Kultur.—New York World.

Prussianism is Costing Canada Heavily

Prussian militarism has cost Canada more than it was ever worth to Germany. It will cost Germany yet more than it would have been worth to her even if it had succeeded in spreading her Kultur all over the world.—Toronto Star.

The Reign of Terror Eclipsed

For years historians have shuddered over the downing of a few aristocrats in Southern France at the time of the Reign of Terror. Generations of contempt were prepared for Germany by the sinking of the Lusitania.—Montreal Herald.

The German Inability to Think Straight

Wonder if any Germans have yet seriously asked themselves the question, why God should "punish England?"—Duluth Herald.

Exulting in the Lusitania Atrocity

With joyful pride we contemplate the latest deed of our navy. The sinking of the Lusitania is a success of moral significance—one of the greatest achievements of the naval war.—Cologne Volks Zeitung.

The Desolating Ravages of War

All the little places in the district where the great fight is now progressing have been utterly destroyed, says a report from the North of France. The term battle-scarred Europe will be more applicable than ever, when this war is ended.—Ottawa Citizen.

Tests of National Character in War

There are three associated tests of national character in a great war; a people's attitude towards its enemies in the field; its attitude towards noncombatants in occupied territory, and its attitude towards prisoners of war.—London Daily News.

Only One Answer Possible

Suppose that just at the moment after the Eitel Friedrich had begun to blow up the William P. Frye but had not finished it, an American warship had appeared on the scene. What would the commander of the American vessel have been likely to do? Please don't trouble to send the answer. We know it.—Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal.

An Obvious Reply

If the Wilson administration had chosen to retort in kind to the German communication about neutral sales of war munitions to belligerents it might have alluded to the fact that Germany built up its wonderful Krupp industry by selling war materials to anybody that wanted to buy, in peace or in war, whenever he was prepared to pay.—New York Herald.

For Human Freedom and Progress

We are fighting not to impose our "culture" upon any, but to secure to every nation the title to the quiet enjoyments of its own. We believe not only that the world is richer and happier for varieties of culture, but that the attempt to force one nation against its will into alien habits of thought and life is unproductive of any result but misery and mutual hatred.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Rejoicings over the Lusitania Crime

The murder of over one hundred American citizens by the warlike under-water representatives of his Imperial Germanic Majesty, and the reception of the news of this outrage by the German people, shows the inherent racial traits of barbarism which, until now, thanks to exchange professors, have been successfully submerged.—New York Times.

The Fault Rests with the German People

A prominent American writer declares that the world's present troubles are due to "an insane Hohenzollern." No doubt this is literally true. But the German people cannot be excused on the plea that they followed a mad monarch. It is a people's duty to have sane monarchs or none.—Peterboro Examiner.

Germany Like a Besieged Fortress

Germany to-day is besieged like a fortress in former wars. The contrast between her efficiency on the land and her inefficiency on the water is such that Bismarck, if he could be heard, would utter a scathing criticism of the War Lord. Germany's dream of world empire is baffled simply by her ridiculous disability at sea. None but a seafaring people can pretend to world power.—Halifax Herald.

An Outpouring of Kultur

As we do not stop to argue with a mad dog before we batter him on the head, we need waste no more precious ink in the vain attempt at adding to the already firmly implanted conviction of our people that the English are animals in human form.

We do not blame them for being such monstrosities, but as we have no use for such devil-spawn we should reserve our energies until the great longed-for day dawns, when we can rid the earth of their hateful presence, when blows will be our arguments, artillery fire our methods of persuasion, and the roar of Krupp shells our conversation.—Frankfort (Germany) Zeitung.

Heredity and the Kaiser

"The vivacity of my temperament, my well-filled war chest, a favorable opportunity, and an ambition for glory," were the reasons given by Frederick the Great to Goethe, and by Goethe recounted to Dean Milman, for the war against Marie Therese, of Hungary. No doubt, Wilhelm II gave equally convincing reasons to his Chancellor in August last for his attack on Belgium.—Vancouver Province.

The Customers of the United States

The British empire purchases over one-half of the United States exports. Last year for the eight months ended February, Great Britain and her overseas dominions purchased forty-five per cent of the total American exports; to-day they are purchasing over fifty per cent. France comes second as a purchaser of American goods, Italy third, Holland fourth, Denmark fifth, and Cuba sixth. Then comes Spain, Germany, Japan and Norway. Last year Germany was second to Great Britain as a purchaser of American goods; now she is far down in the list, and for the past two months has been out of the market altogether.—Journal of Commerce.

Canada's Pride in Her Brave Sons

In our pride over their bearing in action we do not claim for the soldiers of Canada qualities greater than the troops of Britain, of Belgium, of France or of Russia possess. But we are proud because they have brought honor to the Dominion and to the Empire and that those who have fallen, as Trevelyan said of the heroes of Cawnpore, "bear in their breasts the wounds that do not shame."—Toronto News.

A British Characteristic

Fortunately we do not feel it to be a necessity to be always boasting, as the Germans do of our irresistible power and our inherent superiority in the material, moral and mental characteristics which go to make up human efficiency. We prefer, as a rule, to dwell on our own shortcomings; and we accept with humility and submissiveness the demonstrations of our national and personal unfitness which appear at short intervals in the German press and are faithfully reproduced for the welfare of their readers by the British newspapers. This, on the whole, is good for our characters, and in any case it produces an appearance of humility which may be dangerously misleading to the enemy. Still, we may now and again permit ourselves a little relief from these penitential exercises.—London Saturday Review.

Staunch and True

There is no nobler chapter of the whole naval war than that which tells the deeds of the men who clear the seas about our islands for the battle fleets and for the commerce of our country and the world. There is none of the excitement and rapture of battle. In tiny craft, exposed to all the inclemency of storm and sea, they labor at their task, hourly facing death in its most terrible form. Drawn for the most part from the merchant service and the fishing fleet, they have displayed the same cool, invincible courage as our seamen of the Royal Navy.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Germany Self-revealed

In the seventeenth century the pirates of the Spanish Main scuttled the captured ship after all the passengers and crew had walked the plank. Then came the drunken orgy, for they were not cultured. In the eighteenth century the American Indian scalped his suffering victim and otherwise tortured him. Then came the war dance, for they were not civilized. In the twentieth century the Germans torpedo a merchant vessel on which were hysterical women, helpless children and heroic men, all noncombatants, and a large number foreign to the governments at war. Upon publication of this inhuman outrage in Dresden a half holiday is ordered in honor of the occasion. Germany claims both culture and civilization.—Boston Transcript.

Germany and its Allies

One of Punch's cartoons depicts a battered and bedraggled Turk limping toward a German sentry. "Who goes there?" challenges the sentry. The answer, evidently from the bottom of the battered one's heart, is: "A friend—curse you!" The sentryman is one that will become prevalent through Turkey when it becomes generally known that David Bey's visit to Berlin, where Bey went in search of financial and military aid, has been unsuccessful. There are indications that in Austria-Hungary also the German challenges soon may be met by the same "A friend—curse you!" response. Austria-Hungary is beginning to understand that if sacrifices are to be made Germany expects its allies to make them.—Springfield Republican.

The War and After

Written for The Western Home Monthly by William Lutton

AS one hundred years ago, the nurse girl struck terror into her refractory infant charge by crying: "Boney is coming," so for generations, the horror of the "Lusitania" will haunt the general mind.

Couple that with the report of the Commission (of which Lord Bryce was the chairman) appointed by the British government to investigate the charge of brutality brought against the German army in its first mad rush on Paris. A report which, though calm in tone, stunned the general mind with the horrors it could only hint at—horrors of wanton massacre, of nameless crimes committed against innocent women and children, recalling the most fiendish barbarities of the Bashi-Bazouks—and the general consciousness of mankind will, for generations, feel the sense of horror, oppression and loathing.

The dread of this war is not that men are being killed every minute day and night; that thousands fall in the protracted trench fighting. The dread is that the spiritual sense of the race may become atrophied.

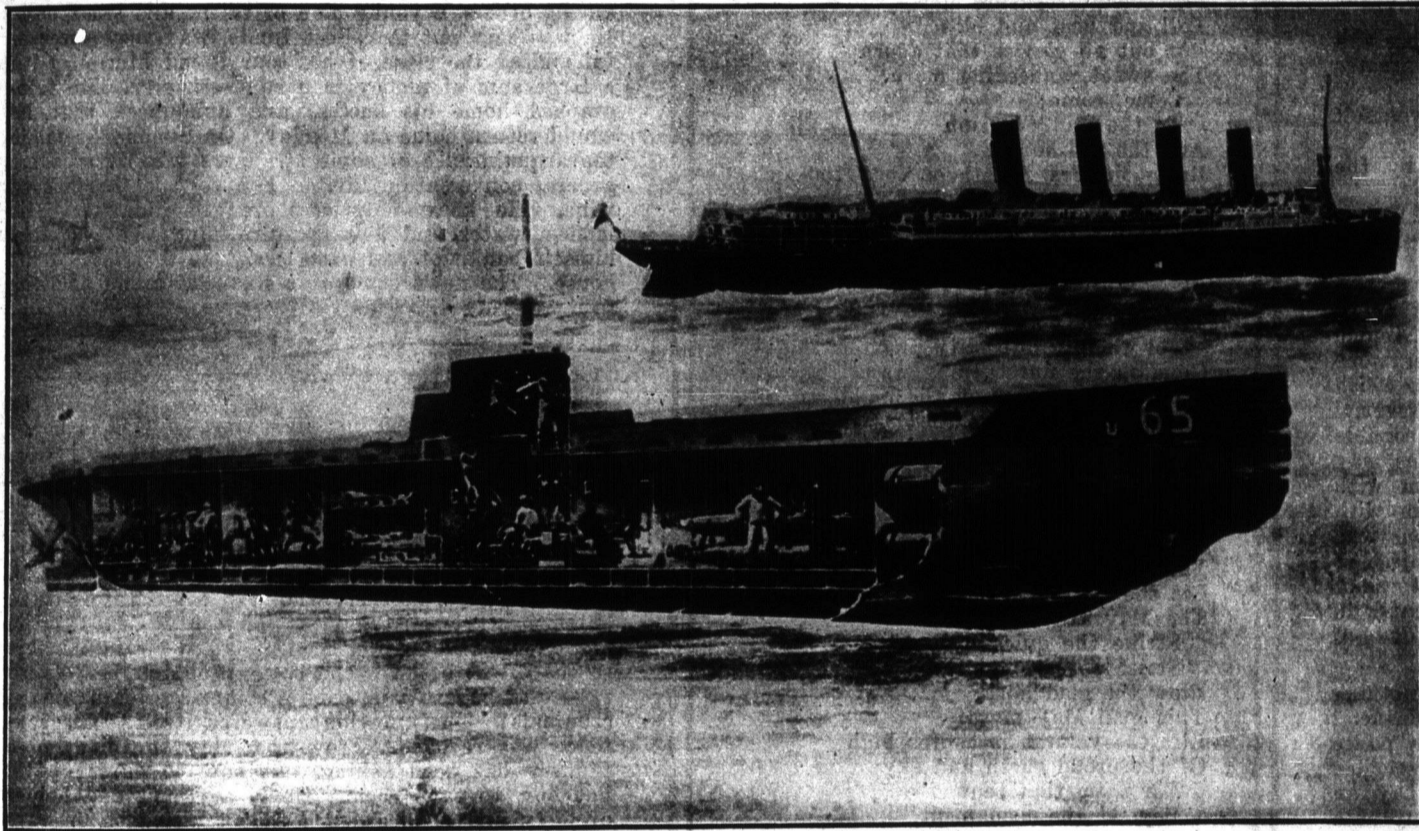
of pledged honor; above all, for the free expression of the human soul. These are noble things to fight for. Many had hoped they would be realized to the full by the gradual evolution of milder manners, and nobler thoughts, by the closer intercourse of separated peoples, the diffusion of culture and education, making for graciousness in the individual and national life. The spiritual in man, which differentiates him from lower forms, has been assailed by a brutal power, which denies every gracious acquirement or sanction in the life, and insists that the only appeal is to force which is to be exercised with whatever "frightfulness" to the accomplishment of the end in view, which is the universal triumph of an abhorrent materialism, of which German militarism is the incarnation.

It is mockery to teach the Decalogue. Civilization is expressed in moral values; and these have been cast in the gutter. The gracious restraints of life are gone. The relations and usages which were sanctioned by example and time, are trampled under foot. The sacredness of

to the scream of the shell will succeed the studied accents of diplomacy.

What kind of a world will be confronted when the war is over? Non-combatant populations saw the wreckage of the civilization which has been evolved with infinite pains and suffering. They witness the dethroning of God, and the putting in His place a proud and imperious human, who demanded Divine worship after the model of the Roman Emperors. Millions of people who believed that in an age of general enlightenment it would be impossible for the great Christian nations to go to war, found themselves, all unconsciously but surely, influenced by the passions which had been aroused by a brutal Caesarism. They saw that the things of the spirit, which alone seemed to count, were trampled in the dirt; and that a new god had been enthroned—the god of force—cruel and remorseless as the grave as the French Revolutionists enthroned a prostitute on the altars of Notre Dame in Paris. Unless the chaos of the Prime is to come again, society must realize the coherence after the war. The world will be reborn. What will be its inheritance?

The frightful memories of the past—memories which will live in unavailing grief, in dumb resignation, in passionate hate. Each country will have its recitals which will be put into the mouths of the



How a German Submarine sighted and sunk the "Lusitania"

The diagram shows the interior of the latest type of submarine now employed by the German navy against the shipping of the allies, and probably the type which sunk the Cunarder. The periscope is seen protruding above the surface, and in the tower officers are getting the exact location of the intended victim. Below, the crew is seen preparing torpedoes for the tubes to be launched as soon as the range of the big liner has been obtained. In the background to the right is seen the ill-fated "Lusitania"

The mortal fear is that moral values may lose their saving significance. The tragedy is that the laborious culture of the spiritual during the past centuries, and which so savingly redeemed the finer elements of the race, may be whelmed by the onrush of barbarism, as the Huns whelmed the culture and grace of the Roman Empire.

The inner meaning of the war is spiritual. The allies are fighting for the fine and noble things of the spirit, against a power which expresses a ferocious materialism which it would force upon mankind.

The fundamental reasons for this titanic conflict, which appals the world today, go deep down into the texture of the opposing nations. Germany is fighting for conquest; for the lust of the dominion for the predominancy which would give her the hegemony of Europe. Infected with the vicious teaching of her leaders, she is inspired with the conviction that she has a Divine mission to fulfil, which is to engraft German "Kultur" upon mankind by the murderous processes (if need be), which were employed with respect to the "Lusitania."

The allies are in the war for the trial of human liberty over a hateful and grinding tyranny, which would mould the general life of the world after a single pattern. They are fighting for the right of every man to live his own life and think his own thoughts in his own way; for the independence of small states; for the sacredness

life has been cheapened to the point of wholesale and unconsidered killing. The human relations which made society possible, have been disrupted by the power which sent the babies to the bottom of the Atlantic.

This is the tremendous thing—that all the high sanctions of life are trampled under foot. The beatitudes have become a mockery: Millions of young people, the world over are nursing the seeds of hate in their innocent breasts, which should be the home of all things fair and gracious and lovely. The world of decent relations, of happy intercourse, of regularity and usage, is gone—tumbled over into the abyss. The things which gave us security and freedom and happiness are no more.

All that the race has worked for in its struggle upward, with its face to the stars, is lost and a bestial power announces the new gospel of force and ravishment and rapine and bloodshed.

This is what haunts the mind—what will become of organized society? The war must end, at long last. Peace will supervene. Half a dozen men will sit round a table—which they could have sat round before the war, with restraining effect—and arrange the terms of peace. What these will be no man can divine. Napoleon said that God was on the side of the biggest battalion; and the German machine is so powerful, that it will need every fighting man in the empire to crush it; but the cannon will cease to boom;

children, who will grow up to feel all the hatred which is all the more implacable because it is unconsidered and instinctive, as the fruit of early training and inculcation. The moral, mental, and spiritual retrogression will be appalling.

What moral forces will remain sufficiently lofty and commanding to reconstruct the world? For nothing less than this is the problem which will face society—the rebuilding of the fabric of the planet which has been reeling in a ferocious topsy-turvydom. We have seen that the belligerents laughed to scorn the appeals of the moral forces which, in the hour of need, confessed a painful impotence. Will these forces, at the end of the war, have been strengthened or will they have confessed the new and hideous doctrine that there is only one vital thing in the world—and that is force. The vista opened up bewilders the mind.

Can the other nations of the world, for instance, hold intercourse with Germans after the war, and engage in trade and commerce? Is there not that dark and sullen stream of blood making an impassable chasm between the world of justice and pity and love, and that power which has divorced itself from the fellowship of civilized men?

What will the school books teach? And think of this fearful thing—that our tender children, who should be taught the gospel of gentleness and love, will learn, even at the breast, that they have been brought into a world in which violence may be ex-



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pected as a normal experience; that pity and justice and mercy and equity are to be despised; that the thing to be worshipped is force. And if there should be another such cataclysm as that through which we are passing it is something to be desired, as peace is weakness and stagnation.

Consider all that and wonder what the life of the next twenty-five years is to be like!

Mercifully, time assuages bitter feeling; and though the appalling deeds done by the Germans will long linger, yet in the upward history of the race, it is the Divine allotment that the experience should be chequered; and that the dark past should fade before the stronger impressions of the life as it is lived from day to day. If such assuagement could not be realized the torture of memory would be intolerable; but we need not doubt that the present world-struggle will, in many ways, permanently affect human character for generations.

Carry your head so that you can look everyone in the face. Breathe plenty of air. Drink cold water. These are nature's medicines.

The Young Man and His Problem

COURAGE

How is it that some men with little native ability, little brain power, succeed in the affairs of life, while others with meagre talent accomplish great things? One reason is that in some men the element of courage is left out of their disposition, while in others it supports them in face of all difficulties. Some men, recognizing their limitations, blame their ancestry, others blame their early environment or education, while a third class recognize that obstacles must only be overcome, and that there is life in the overcoming. These are the men who succeed.

One of the greatest curiosities in business some years since was a bookseller of Augsburg by the name of Winiprecht. He had the misfortune to be born blind, but his courageous spirit enabled him to battle successfully against his privation, and to procure by his industry and intelligence a respectable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consisted of 8,000 volumes, and these were constantly changing. As soon as he acquired a new stock the particulars of each book were read to him and his keen discrimination enabled him to fix its value. By his touch he was able to recognize any volume and his memory never failed him with regard to the arrangement of his shop. His honesty, his politeness, his knowledge of books won for him a wide custom.

"There is a magic in the power of an unbending will that makes us stronger every hour for greater efforts still."

Then banish from you every can't and show yourself a man,
And nothing will your purpose daunt, led by the brave I can."

POLITENESS

Men are naturally inclined to make light of what are known as the feminine virtues. Among these is the virtue of politeness. Yet every one knows from experience that there is no virtue which commands more respect or which is more essential to commercial success. The man who is reasonable and polite, no matter how decided his opinions may be on any given subject, will advance them with suavity and modesty, and he will also listen with attention and deference to those of the persons who may chance to dissent from him. If the object of discussion is to convince another of the correctness of his opinions, his chances will be ten-fold greater in this way than by the less courteous methods of bluff and bluster.

"Civility," said Lady Montague, "costs nothing and buys everything." Here we have the financial value of politeness to a nicety. If one is not polite to his customers they will go to some more sensible trader who is polite. One would rather pay an enhanced price to an attentive dealer than buy at a low price from a dealer who is discourteous.

Three or four rules every business man should follow: Be polite to customers; be polite to employees; be polite to strangers; be polite even to children.

CLERKSHIPS

There are many young people who cannot understand why their services are not more fully appreciated by their employers. Perhaps they will understand why they fail if they read over the rules set down by one of the leading business men of the continent:

1. Be accurate. Do not keep the head of a department at your elbow to check up your work.
2. Be honest. Do not exaggerate nor make promises that cannot be fulfilled.
3. Be reliable. Do not come late and do not leave any of your duties unfinished.
4. Be faithful. Do not scamp your work and do not neglect it when the supervisor is absent.
5. Be polite. Cultivate a refined manner, a pleasant voice, an even temper.

It might not be out of place to lay down for employers a few rules:

1. Be honest. Do not cheat your clerks nor expect them to cheat for you.
2. Be polite. Treat the meanest office boy as if he were a king.
3. Be generous. Pay a little more than the average salary and always be sure to add a little in the form of a gratuity.
4. Be reasonable. Do not overwork and do not scold. The best is not obtained from people by scolding.
5. Be sympathetic. A kind word is often more than money to even the most needy. Kindness is the first characteristic of a gentleman.

SELF-CULTURE

A man receives very little of his education at school. His attainment depends upon his own exertion, after he leaves school. The best the school can do is to give an impetus towards study and to show the way. A man who depends upon his own ingenuity will get along even if he has very little schooling and very little equipment.

Benjamin West, the artist, made his first brushes out of the hairs from his cat's tail. Franklin got his first electricity from the clouds by means of a kite made with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief.

TEMPERANCE

A man to succeed requires to leave liquor alone. This needs no demonstration. Recent experiments have proven over and over again that even a moderate amount of stimulant injures a man's capacity for work. Even when a man feels himself brighter and better as the result of taking a drink, he is not doing better.

Intemperance sends annually to prison on this continent hundreds of thousands of people; it reduces 250,000 children to a state worse than orphanage; it sends 75,000 annually to drunkards' graves, it sends hundreds of thousands to poor houses, and it carries untold misery to two million people—most of them women and children. Intemperance is the mother of crime. The fifty million dollars spent each year on prisons is chiefly due to the amount spent on spirituous liquors.

From a business man's point of view, intemperance is one of the greatest evils, for it not only stands in the way of economy, but is a hindrance to the practice of all the other virtues that are essential to success, such as industry, perseverance, prudence and good judgment.

A business house in one of our growing cities some years ago went to pieces. When asked how it occurred, the manager said: "A glass of wine did it." The house did a large business. It employed, among others, a young man of talent and smartness. He was sent out to collect funds, was very successful and at the close of his tour found himself with a large sum of money in a southern city. He telegraphed home his success and announced that he would return home on Monday. On Sunday he made the acquaintance of some strangers who after some general conversation invited him to take a glass of wine. He knew nothing more till Monday. His money, watch and jewelry were gone and he found himself bankrupt and penniless. He telegraphed his house. The news came at a financial crisis and the firm was ruined.

HE HEARD A VOICE

Destiny is speaking. The voice of God is heard in the wind, in the water, in the forest, in the jungle, in the city and in the street. The man who can hear that voice is a child of destiny. An American preacher remarks: "Out in a Denver court, four years ago, a judge pronounced sentence on a 12-year-old boy for stealing. He committed him to jail. From the boy's mother, who was a spectator, there burst a heart-piercing cry. That cry went to the heart of the judge, and then he asked himself if this sentence was best for the boy. Would it be well to send that boy to jail to be a companion of hardened criminals? The question answered itself. The sentence was revoked. From that day to this, Judge Lindsey has been asking, not how to punish boys, but how to save them. He is a friend and helper of boys, and it is as such that multitudes of boys go to him rather than as a judge."

TWO CLASSES

"God divides men into two classes, Spiritualists and Sensualists. Body men and Spirit men. Let the body master the soul—and you have a sinner. Let the soul master the body—and you have a saint. Paul affirmed, 'I keep the body under.' He restricted his body and fed his soul. Those were sad words of Darwin: 'For years I have not been able to endure a line of poetry.' A famished saint was he, but a splendid soul with all."

AIM HIGH

Aim high. Be noble in your aspiration. Be intense in your ambition. Believe in your vision. Fondle your dream. Exercise the faith which would attempt the impossible. Believe that all things are possible for you. Remember that there is always room at the top. Be satisfied with nothing less than the supreme place in your profession. "Such was the motive which animated the American orator and senator, J. C. Calhoun. When at Yale College on being ridiculed for his passionate devotion to his studies, he replied 'Why, sir, I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress.' And when this saying was greeted with a laugh, he added, 'Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years I would leave college this very day.'" You are never defeated until your spirit is broken. So long as you have courage, enthusiasm, spirit and determination you are the master of your soul and stand a fair chance of winning in the conflict of life. Fortify your soul. Strengthen your will. Garrison your spirit. Rein in your emotions. Inside victories prepare the heart for outside conquests.

THE FALLEN

By John Vance Cheney

Toll the slow bell,
Toll the low bell,
Toll, toll,
Make dole
For them that wrought so well,
Come, come,
With muffled drum
And wailing horn
Of dolorous horn
The solemn measure slow
Toll and beat and blow;
Put out all glories that adorn
The sweet, unheeding morn.
Come, come;
To the muffled drum
And the sad horns
Bring flowers for them that took the
thorns.
Knell, knell, let the slow bell
Be struck with the troubled drum;
Come, come,
The solemn measure slow
Toll and beat and blow;
For them our beauty and our might
Gone on the unreturning way,
For them that took the night
That we might have the day.

Hark! voices, joyous voices break
From the green martyr-mounds;
"Wake, wake!"
The Lord our God, once more he saith,
This hand made all—it made not death.
Let the blithe bells ring,
The May air sing;
Strike the quick drum,
Smite sorrow dumb;
Blow the glad horn,
This glad May morn;
Lift the valiant measures high
Of the proud earth and sky
For them that tent
Beyond the firmament,
And on the field of light
Still gather to the fight.

"Blow the glad horn,
This glad May morn;
Staunch, undaunted measures blow,
Gathering courage as they go,—
Valiant measures high,
Carolled of earth and sky;
Set the bright, triumphal stave
For them that fought so well,
That faltered not nor fell;
For them and all whereso yon colors
wave,
Unto the four winds given
And the proud earth and heaven.
There believe and battle they
Whose face is toward the day,
The ever-living light,
Where is no night,
Where is no death nor shadow of the
grave."

Newton, with a prism, a lens and a sheet of cardboard explained the composition of light and the origin of colors. Watt made his first model of the steam engine from an old syringe. Rettenhouse, calculated eclipses on his plow handle. Sir David Wilkie, the artist, having no pencil and canvas, used a burnt stick and the barn door. All these men had will. A poor boy who had never been to school and who became a great scholar, explained it by saying: "All a man requires in order to learn anything is to know the letters of the alphabet."

The man who wishes to cultivate his powers will make use of all his spare moments. Ferguson learned astronomy while watching his sheep on the hills; Drew learned his philosophy while cobbling shoes; Miller taught himself geology while working as a day-laborer in the quarry.

Catalogue Houses a Necessity

The growing demands of the public for greater choice and a wider range of styles have brought catalogue houses into existence.

Through the medium of their catalogues the dwellers of the smaller towns and villages and likewise those who live in the rural districts, so far as selection, service and values are concerned, enjoy all the advantages of shopping in the larger cities.

The Mail Order business has assumed such enormous proportions that the establishment of purely Mail Order houses has become a necessity—houses that devote their undivided attention to the needs and care of out-of-town customers.

It was this consideration that prompted Christie Grant Limited to establish a purely Catalogue house, and its rapid growth, since its organization is proof positive that it is a public convenience to the degree of being an absolute necessity.

Its capital has been very substantially increased, so that it is now financially one of the strongest merchandizing concerns operating in Western Canada.

Its close connection with Stobarts Limited places it in a peculiarly fortunate position in the matter of buying goods and in the securing of merchandise to fill orders received by mail.

Christie Grant Limited enjoys to the fullest extent all the advantages of the wide connection in the leading markets

baby, and wondered that God dared make anything so awful in its helplessness.

No terror that ever came into a man's mind in thought of going out of this world would have compared with that terror of coming into it.

And lo! we came—and a mother's love bent over us. Oh, the marvelous and perfect ministry! Little—and yet because little, so unutterably dear. Weak—yes, omnipotently weak. Waited upon day and night with a service unwearied, a service that found its heaven in its ministry. The power that made a mother is the power that I can trust for ever and ever. A mother is the "Fear not" of nature to our hearts.

Now may we think of our gracious God speaking to us: "Come, let us reason together, my child. There was a time when thou wert all want, and in that time didst thou lack anything? Was not every want anticipated and perfectly supplied? And the love that fashioned the mother for thee at the beginning of thy life is the love that still holds thee dear, caring as surely and sacredly for the wants of manhood and of old age as for the wants of the little child."

School and Home

The distinguishing feature of school life and influence is the fact that in its government and conduct are involved three several responsibilities: the par-



Construction Camp near Bear Creek, B.C.

It may interest our readers to know that every man employed in this camp is a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly.

of the world built up by Stobarts Limited during their forty years of trading in Western Canada.

Christie Grant Limited has also the abundantly stocked wholesale warehouse of Stobarts Limited to draw upon at any time that any catalogued line may be temporarily out of stock.

These two advantages mean better value and better service, better value on account of better purchasing facilities, better service on account of a wealth of merchandise being always available.

At the present time Christie Grant Limited has its large staff of artists busily engaged in the preparation of its Fall and Winter catalogue. This catalogue will be larger and better than any of its predecessors, and will be ready for mailing at the usual time.

Some of the Spring and Summer catalogues remain for those who write for them.

Why Should I Worry?

If we could have anticipated our coming into this world no dream of horror could ever have seemed so dreadful.

If we could have stood and said: "I am going into that strange world the most helpless thing in it. Of course, I shall know nobody, and, of course, no one will know me. I shall not be able to understand their language and I shall not have the sense to know my own wants, much less to tell them to any one else. I shall be so little that, of course, no one will care for me; I shall be in everybody's way and quite unable to get out of it." Oh, the agony of it, that cruel loneliness! The angels surely shuddered the first time they saw a

ents', the teacher's and the boy's. When these three are equally felt and acted upon we shall have the perfect system of education. Meantime, the thing that comes nearest to it is such a private school as one occasionally finds. I know that private schools are not possible for every one, nor even for many as compared with the vast throng of our population, but those who can command this system for their children are wise to do so, even at considerable sacrifice, provided they can command it at its best. I do not enter largely upon the subject of public schools because it never entered largely into my special problem—but I have studied the matter enough to hold a decided opinion. Public schools were created to meet a necessity, or, rather, were evolved from the necessity itself, and, in its way, there is nothing finer, as yet, than the school system of this country. Doubtless it will continue to improve upon itself, as it has improved upon what went before it, but when all is said in its praise that can be said there still remains, and always will remain, the fact that children were never intended to be brought up "in platoons." It is a substitute method—as orphan asylums and Sunday-schools, and day nurseries are substitute methods—better than anything which the majority of children would have otherwise, but only a distant approach to what they are meant to have, ought to have, and what they will have when the law of evolution has worked its way with us a while longer.

Our most successful men in America to-day are those who never lift a wine glass to their lips.—Edward Bok, journalist.

CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

POULTRY AND EGGS FOR SALE

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Eggs from beauties, \$2.00 per 15. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 6

HATCH Rhode Island Reds for winter layers. Settings \$3.00. W. A. Chant, High Park Avenue, Toronto. 6

PRIZE-WINNING WHITE ROCKS—Eggs \$2.00 per 15. Reduction on larger orders. A. Gayton, Manitou, Man. 6

EXPRESS PAID—Barred Rocks, laying strain. Eggs \$2.00 per setting, delivered free. Balmossie Farms, Hafford, Saskatchewan. 8

WHITE WYANDOTTES—Stock or eggs, prize winners, hardy and vigorous, heavy layers. War prices. H. Rundle, Brighton, Ont. 7

EGGS—From record egg-producing stock. White Wyandottes, Single Comb White Leghorns. Settings \$1.50. Free delivery. Mrs. Howell, Langenburg, Sask. 7

PAKENHAM'S SILVER CAMPINES won at Ontario Winter Fair (Canada's greatest show). Eggs at reasonable prices. Write for circular. W. E. Pakenham, Box 10, Norwood, Ontario. 6

BABY CHICKS—From Guild's famous laying strain of Barred Rocks, egg record 200, lay when five months old. Chicks 20c each, eggs \$1.50 per 15. Clinton Poultry Yards, Clinton, Ont. 6

PARTRIDGE ROCKS—Partridge Wyandottes, White Orpingtons, White Langshins, White Rocks, Buff Rocks, Black Minorcas. Eggs, grand pens, three dollars fifteen. Frank Webber, Guelph, Ont. 7

BABY CHICKS, DUCKLINGS and hatching eggs; poultry and fruits form paying combination. Strawberry plants, 100, 70 cents; 1,000, \$5; currants, 10 cents; gooseberries, 15 cents; raspberries, 5 cents; rhubarb, 10 cents. Fruit trees, perennial flowers, roses, dahlias, pansies, etc. Carriage prepaid. Catalogue free. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, near Vancouver, B.C. 10

REGAL WHITE WYANDOTTES—America's finest, champions at New York State Fair for ten years; 100 fine, vigorous, well matured cockerels, \$2, \$3 and \$5 each; hens and pullets \$2 and \$3 each; eggs for hatching from record laying, prize winning pens, \$3 and \$5 per setting; send one dime for Regal White Wyandotte Book telling all about White Wyandottes; catalogue and mating list free. John S. Martin, Box 146 R, Port Dover, Ont. 8

FOR SALE

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. \$50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

PONY OUTFIT—Single or double. Empire cream separator. No 35, 3 seated Democrat, platform gear, capacity 3,000 lbs. Real bargains. Frank E. Hatch, 443 Greenwood Place, Winnipeg, Man. 6

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles \$5.50 carriage paid return mail. Lovely robes, day and night gowns, flannels, etc., finest materials. Everything necessary for instant use. Lists free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. 9

BUSINESS CHANCES

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!—Send for free magazine, 1,200 bargains. Farm lands, business chances, any kind, anywhere. Our service free to buyers. Western Sales Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 6

CASH—If you want to sell your real estate or business or other property, any kind anywhere quickly for cash write us. We bring buyers and sellers together regardless of distance. Buyers located free. Established 1893. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 6

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the Real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 471, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 10

PATENTS AND LEGAL

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. The old established firm. Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 5 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

\$50 TO \$150 MONTH PAID MEN AND WOMEN—Canadian Government jobs. Common education. Examinations frequently throughout Canada. Sample questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W. 177, Rochester, N.Y. 6

WANTED—Persons to grow mushrooms for us at their own homes. From \$15 per week upwards can be made by using small waste space in cellars, sheds, yards, or gardens. We furnish full instructions. Illustrated booklet sent free on request. Address, Montreal Supply Co., Montreal, Can. 6

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 109 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description, price, terms. O. O. Mattson, 36 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 6

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

PONIES

SHETLAND PONIES AND HEREFORD BULLS, pony vehicles, harness, saddles. Write for particulars. J. Marples, Hartney, Man.

STAMPS FOR SALE

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Salesman to sell Dirk's Red Mite Killer to general stores, druggists, and grocers. Also agents for same in every town and village. Marshall & Marshall, Niagara Falls, Canada. T.F.

SONG POEMS WANTED for publication. Experience unnecessary. Send us your verses or melodies to-day or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 67, Washington, D.C. T.F.

DR. JANET E. FERGUSON, 290 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Free consultation regarding your ailment. Correspondence invited. Nervous diseases, Gout, Rheumatism, Infantile Paralysis successfully treated. T.F.

BROADENAXE HAIR FOOD

Grows hair like magic. Will not dye but nourishes the color glands to natural action. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price \$1.00, postpaid. Broadenaxe Co., 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg. (Mrs. M. Ferguson.) Established 9 years. T.F.



FREE Violin Outfit for selling 25 pictures at 25¢. Post cards at 10¢. Order your choice. G. W. BATES CO. Dept. 641 Chicago

THE LABEL
on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.
Send in your renewal NOW

The Philosopher

THE ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO

One hundred years ago this month was fought the Battle of Waterloo. The eighteenth of June, the anniversary of that conflict, which was a small affair, indeed, when compared with modern battles in point of the numbers engaged and the ground actually covered, but great in its effect upon the moulding of history, falls this year on a Friday. The battle was fought on a Sunday—as Tennyson sings in his noble ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington:

"Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do,
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo."

Waterloo was fought in an area decidedly less than is contained within the limits of the city of Winnipeg. Wellington's victory was a victory of staunchness and will-power. It is one of the most remarkable developments in all history that the French, in the forty-five years since Sedan, have become a doggedly resolute people, own brothers to the bull-dog British breed. They have given superb proof of this in the present war. May the day be not far distant when the Waterloo of this war will come, and the Allies shake down the spoiler whose atrocities on land and on sea have made new pages in history, that can never pass out of human memory—the Belgian atrocities, poisoned wells, poisonous gas on the battlefield, incendiary bombs rained from the sky on unprotected villages and towns, the murdering of non-combatant men and women and children at sea, and all the other savageries and barbarities of homicidal mania against which the Allies are defending civilization.

BRITANNIA AND THE WAVES

The crew of a German submarine enquired of the crew of a sinking British ship, "Does Britannia rule the waves now?" They misunderstood the import of the anthem, "Rule, Britannia," and, indeed, misquoted a line of it. In the poems the guardian angels who "sang this strain," say:

"Rule, Britannia. Britannia, rule the waves.
Britons never, never, never will be slaves."

The misquotation made by the crew of the German submarine sets forth a boast, which is not voiced in the anthem, instead of the inspiring exhortation of the guardian angels of Britannia, that so long as Britannia makes it her policy to hold command of the sea, she will never fall beneath the tyrant's yoke. That Britannia does hold command of the waves is proved by the fact that German shipping has long since been swept from every one of the seven seas, and that the German submarines have never succeeded in getting near a transport carrying British troops to the continent. If passenger vessels and merchant vessels had not preferred to take their chances, instead of moving in and out of the British home waters in flotillas convoyed by destroyers, the German submarines would not have been able to perpetrate the atrocities which will be a stain on the German name as long as human memory remains.

OUR SHADOWS

It is an old folk tale, with a deep meaning in it, which tells of the man who sold to the devil his shadow. That, he thought, he could easily spare; there was nothing else he had which was so utterly useless to him. But he soon found that when his shadow was gone, a bond of sympathy between his fellow men and himself was gone also. Men feared him and women fled from him. The sunshine that fell where his shadow ought to have been divided him from all the rest of mankind. He learned that a man's shadow is that outward manifestation of himself which shows that he has been touched, like others, by the light of heaven. Just as pain in the body is the stricken nerve's appeal to the heart and brain for help, so grief is the same sort of natural appeal to our spiritual forces in time of distress. The human mind cannot comprehend perfection except through imperfection. We could not know happiness but for grief. There are philosophies, called religion, which may be summarized in the one phrase, "Do not grieve." That injunction is the quintessence of self-centred stagnation. If one has no griefs of one's own, there are others' griefs in abundance to be shared. And the sharing of others' griefs is practical religion. Do not grieve, unless you must—but since you must grieve, remember that there is good even in grieving. Alas for one who is too blind to see that there is far more than grief in grieving.

THE BRYCE COMMISSION'S REPORT

The report of the British Commission upon the Belgian Atrocities, of which Viscount Bryce, long the British Ambassador at Washington, is chairman, sets forth unanswerably and convincingly the proofs that the horrible flood of German murder, rape and arson in Belgium was deliberately planned, authorized and directed by the German Government, which

deliberately ordered its generals and soldiers to do the things they did, in order to destroy the nerve and spirit of the Belgian people, and to make the French and British and all other peoples quail before German military might. It was the deliberate carrying into operation of the German policy of Schrecklichkeit, or Terribleness. If anywhere in the world there was doubt in regard to the German atrocities in Belgium, that doubt sank with the Lusitania. Now the report of the British Commission sets forth the positive evidence. "For all who know Viscount Bryce," says the New York Tribune, "and no European is better known in this country, his name attached to this fatal document is as final as that of the highest court." The whole civilized world realizes now what a sacrifice has been made of Belgium, and what the Belgian men who are in the ranks with their noble King are fighting for, while their women and children remain within the German lines exposed to all that will make the memory of Louvain and of a score of other such memories endure side by side with that of St. Bartholomew's massacre as landmarks in the history of human shame.

MORNING AND EVENING OF LIFE

It comes naturally, perhaps, as a reflection of regret for the happier days of childhood, that one should speak and write of those days in a manner almost of sadness. But usually the poems and other writings in this strain are by men and women not more than middle-aged, who on revisiting the scenes of their childhood idealize their memories and sentimentalize themselves into a gentle and agreeable melancholy. It may well be believed that the man or woman, who after threescore or more years' experience of life, after decades of struggle, success or failure, achievement or disappointment, revisits childhood scenes after an absence of half a century or more, will see them in a truer light and will recall the joys of childhood, without any distorting idealizations or sentimental melancholy, but with something of the real feeling of childhood coming back again.

WOMEN AND THE WAR

In the lands across the ocean whose men are engaged in fighting, the women have an active and necessary part to perform, and they are performing it well, just as in our own country the women are bearing their full share of the work caused by the war, in addition to their burden of anxiety and sorrow. The men at the front constitute the army for fighting; the women at home constitute the army for preservation, which is nationally as important. Imagine what sort of homes Frenchmen would have had to go home to after even the comparatively short war of 1870, if the women of France had not bravely done their part. Imagine how much longer it would have taken to raise the thousand millions of francs levied upon France by Germany. War is not all fighting. Strategy on the grand scale is made up of factors which, on their surface, seem far removed from connection with decisive operations. But they count effectively in producing results. Important among these factors is women's work in war-time.

MOVIES IN QUEEN ANNE'S TIME

In looking over an old volume of the Tatler recently, the Philosopher noted that in the Tatler for December 29, 1709, appears an advertisement under the title "Never Seen Before," which declares that at a certain place in the Strand, in London, "will be publish'd for the first Time a PICTURE, finely drawn, by an extraordinary Master, which has many curious and wonderfully pleasing Motions in it, all natural. It is after the manner of the Foreign Moving Picture formerly shown in Fleet-street, but with greater Variety, and far exceeding that." The following month the Tatler contained another advertisement announcing that there was "to be seen daily at the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet-street, a new Moving Picture, drawn by the best Hand, with great Variety of curious Motions and Figures, which form a most agreeable Prospect—"

This Picture was never expos'd to Publick view before the Beginning of the present year, 1710." In this connection it is to be noted that in a poem of John Gay's, "The Fan," there is a reference which may be regarded as helping to explain the nature of the device:

"In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Thro' the small circle of a convex glass,
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies."

Gay's poem was written in 1711. Queen Anne was then on the throne. Two centuries have passed away, and now moving pictures are looked at every day by countless thousands of people all over the world. But we are reminded of how much is forgotten from age to age by the fact that the moving pictures advertised in the Tatler and mentioned in Bay's poem so mystify us.

THE DIFFERENCE

The secret of British naval greatness lies in the courage and skill of the splendid British sea-faring population. Germany gets a large proportion of the men in her navy from the fields of Bavaria and the industrial towns of Silesia. They are in the navy as the result of the German system of conscription. Every man in the British navy is a free volunteer. The Prussian, as between the army and the navy, prefers the army. It was noted in the London papers, after the North Sea fight, that more than one German who had been a waiter in London, was rescued from drowning. The Teuton is dragooned into a sense of duty, and does his duty doggedly—though it is an insult to a good and faithful beast to liken to the dog the German creatures combining the ferocity of a wild animal with the lust of a degenerate human, whose atrocities on land and sea have horrified all right-minded humanity. The man of British blood, like the man of French blood and our other allies in this life-and-death struggle in defence of civilization, is fighting at the prompting of deep conviction. The difference explains, among other things, why the German will become a murderer of non-combatants, a slaughterer of women and children, at the word of command, and why the German ships in the battle off the coast of Chile ploughed through the British men swimming in the water, while British men in the North Sea fight cheerfully risked their lives to pick up drowning enemies under gun-fire.

THE COMING RETRIBUTION

A correspondent of one of the London papers states that a German whom he encountered on the frontier of his own country exclaimed more than once in the course of a brief talk, "Wir Deutschen furchten Gott und Kriegsende!" That is, "We Germans fear God and the end of the war!" And why should they not? Has not Germany violated Divine ordinances as well as human laws? Has not Germany ruthlessly outraged the most sacred principles? It may well be believed that desperation has now taken possession of the Germans—that they are struggling against what they know and that they realize that their defeat is inevitable, and are striving to delay as long as possible the retribution that cannot be averted.

THE GERMAN DOCTRINE OF THE STATE

Viscount Bryce, whom it seems more natural to speak of as James Bryce, explained in an address in London recently the German theory of the state. To English-speaking the world over, said Lord Bryce, the state is the nation under another name, and consists of the people who form the nation. But to the Germans the state is a mystical something which exists by itself apart from the people, and which is supreme, being merged, of course, in the self-proclaimed divine right of the German Emperor to rule. The great outstanding thing about this German doctrine of the state, which the German people are taught to believe in with a religious fervor, is that the state is exempt from moral consciousness and is above moral sanction. Thus it is that the obedient Germans in the army and the navy commit atrocities at the bidding of their superiors, the fundamental principle of Kultur being that orders from Berlin supersede the laws of Heaven. This doctrine has been built up by German professors as the instrument to enable the designs of Prussian militarism to be carried out. As Frederick the Great said, "I take what I want, and then I set my pedants to work to justify what I have done." The German doctrine of the state will have to be driven out of the heads of the German people by this war.

GERMANY'S LONG-NURSED DESIGNS

The Empire in which Canada is one of the self-governing nations, and the ideals for which our Empire stands are the chief obstacles in the way of Germany's carrying into operation her boast that it is her Divinely appointed mission to dominate the world. This purpose has shaped all German policy. That is why German intriguing had been going on in Egypt, in India and in South Africa for years before the war began. It was with that purpose unceasingly in view that Germany watched with malignant vigilance the domestic controversies in Great Britain and the other things which to German eyes seemed to be symptoms of British decadence. That was why Germany sought cunningly again and again to sow distrust between Great Britain and her Allies who are now fighting shoulder to shoulder with us in this great struggle; and why, at last, Germany sought to bribe Great Britain by what Sir Edward Grey denounced as "an infamous proposal," namely, to sacrifice France. Germany hates everything British, because she envies everything British, and because British honor and British clear-sightedness and British steadfastness have foiled her. It is to save ourselves and the cause of civilization and human progress from the deadly consequences of Germanism that we are at war.

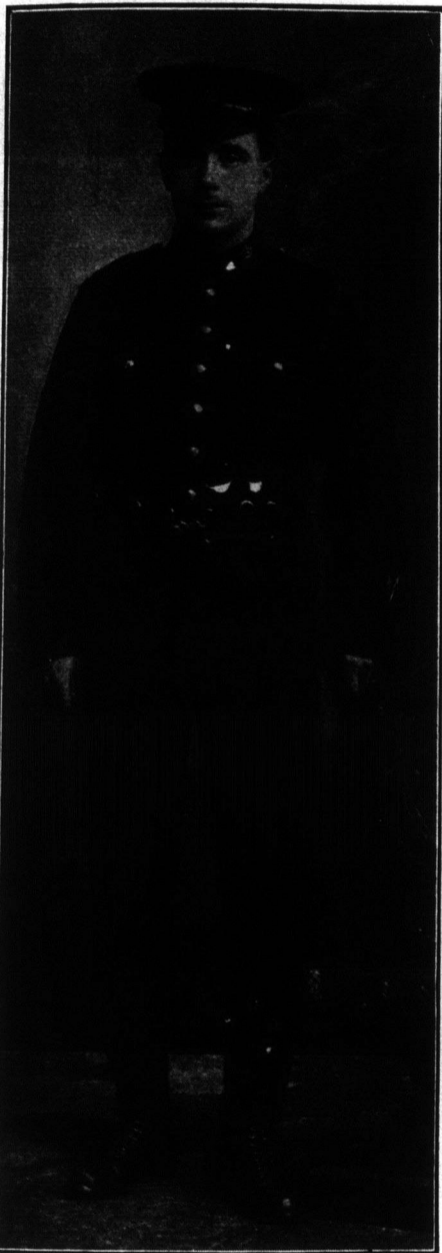
The Fight at Langemarck

Graphically Described by Charles L. Doig in a Letter to a Friend.

Readers of The Western Home Monthly will no doubt be interested in the following letter from a member of its staff. They may also be interested in the fact, that from the staff of the publishers of this magazine, no less than fifteen are now fighting the Empire's battles on the Plains of France and Belgium. Several of them participated in the great struggle at Langemarck, where Canadians, as fighters and defenders of the British flag, won immortal fame.

May 1st 1915

Dear John—By this time no doubt you will have read of the magnificent work done by the Canadians, and believe me,



Lance-Corporal Charles L. Doig

A member of The Western Home Monthly staff who went to the front with the 106th Winnipeg Light Infantry, attached to the signalling section.

we deserve a share of praise. We certainly stepped in at a critical moment and by sheer doggedness saved the situation. There were overwhelming numbers against us, but the boys stuck at it for a couple of days and nights without either food or water. It was no picnic, and how I managed to come through unscathed beats me.

It was about six o'clock on the evening of the 22nd that the Germans commenced shelling the town where we were billeted. At this time a few of us were playing ball in the street when all of a sudden a "Jack Johnson" whizzed over our heads and dropped about a hundred yards from us. Every one of us made a dash for the shelter of the doorways, and a good job we did, for every pane of glass in that street fell smash in the road. I looked around to see if anyone was hurt and then I thought it best to make for the orderly room. I just got there when another shell hit the house where five of us were quartered. Shells continued dropping all around and I took a chance with two others to run to our billet in an endeavor to save our kit. When I reached the house it was practically a

heap of ruins, and all my "junk" buried underneath. It did not take me long to get back to the orderly room; I believe I smashed the 100 yds. record.

Orders were given for the battalion to advance up the road as the Germans had broken through. I threw on my equipment and overcoat, snatched up my rifle and hiked off. As we rushed up the road, shrapnel, "Little Willies," "Jack Johnsons," "Coal Boxes," etc., were bursting all around, and we had some narrow escapes. Our battalion was not very long going up that road, and we were passed by the Turcos (French troops), who were retiring. At this juncture the fumes from the German shells were terrible and nearly overcame me altogether. Water ran from my eyes, and I could hardly breathe. At last our battalion halted at a farm house, used as headquarters by the Brigade staff. The colonel of the 10th told the men there were some Germans in a wood where four of our guns were posted, and we had to drive them out. Not a man was dismayed, every one was eager to get at 'em. Off went our battalion towards the wood, with the signallers behind running out a line of 'phone wire. The sergeant had charge of the party with the wire and I was to his right with the remainder. About 200 yards from the wood our men formed into extended order, and the 16th Battalion did likewise, as our supports. Slowly our men advanced until within 75 or 100 yards of the wood, when the Germans opened a terrible rifle and machine gun fire on us. We all dropped flat, and, believe me, I lay there for half an hour with those bullets whizzing all around, wondering when my turn was to come. Presently I heard a great shout; then another, and as the firing had ceased somewhat we knew that our boys were after them with the bayonet. I got my party on the move and we dodged and rested until we came up near the wood where lots of our wounded men were. We could not find the battalion then, so we assisted some of the wounded back to safety. The bullets came over in sheets, and how I escaped beats me. Our battalion dug themselves in for the night, and kept this large force of Germans at bay.

The rest of the Canadians assisted in keeping back the great rush all along the line. It would have been a sad day for all of us if the Germans had broken through. Our boys put up a splendid fight and deserve the credit that has been bestowed upon them.

The day following the charge I was asked to take a despatch to the firing line from headquarters. It had to go at all costs. The sergeant came with me in case I got hit, for our route was right through open country, and really I thought I would never get back, but I got through all right. Our battalion was taken out for a couple of days to reorganize and we are now nearly up to strength again, having been reinforced by some of the 2nd Contingent. They are now in the reserve trenches.

I am feeling fine now, and hope you are likewise. Remember me to all the boys, and show this letter to anyone.

I remain,

Your old pal,
"Chick" Doig.

Misplaced Precision

"Oh, I just love cake, and it's awfully nice!" cried little Dorothy, regarding her chocolate-frosted dessert with high approval.

"You should not say you 'love cake,'" reproved her mother; "say you 'like' it; and don't say 'awfully'; say 'very.' Don't say 'nice,' but 'good.' And by the way, the word 'just' should be omitted, and also the 'oh.' Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly."

"I like cake; it is very good," repeated Dorothy.

"That is much better," said her mother. But Dorothy was far from being satisfied. "It sounds as if I was speaking of bread," she said with an air of disgust.

The Government Blue Book

recently issued, contains the impressive story of Life Insurance in Canada.

Over \$1,200,000,000 was held in force at the end of 1914.

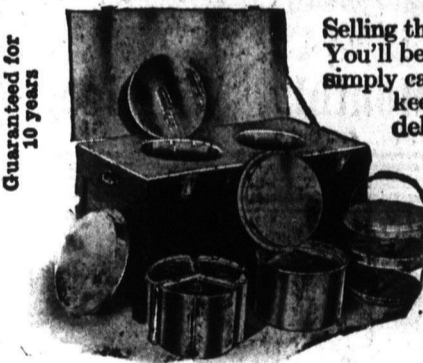
Of that large amount The Great-West Life held more than one-twelfth, and for eight successive years has stood first of all the Companies for new Canadian Business.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG

Ask for pamphlets and personal rates. State age nearest birthday.

WE ARE MAKING SPECIAL TERMS on 1,000 "New Idea" FIRELESS COOK STOVES



Selling them on Easy Payments to meet the times. You'll be delighted with one of these Cookers, you simply can't imagine the comfort it gives to house-keeping. It makes the most nutritious and delicious foods. Made of panelled oak, lined with heavy pure Aluminum and perfectly insulated, equipped with "Wear Ever" Aluminum utensils, cake and pie racks, complete in every detail. Write for complete particulars to-day. Act quick while they are sold on Easy Payments. Address

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WINNIPEG, Man.



To Saskatchewan Farmers:

Under an arrangement entered into between the Company and the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association for the purchasing and handling of supplies for farmers in Saskatchewan, orders from this province should be sent to the central office of the Association in Moose Jaw.

Whether you wish to

BUY Farm Necessities or SELL Your Grain

it will pay you to keep in mind the Pioneer Farmers' Co-Operative Organization of the west. We sell—

implements of all kinds—Hay Rakes, Mowers, Binders, Plows, Harrows, Manure Spreaders, etc., etc.

Gasoline Engines and The Grain Growers' Special Light Tractor. Lumber and Building Supplies. Fencing and Posts. Binder Twine and a hundred and one other farm needs of highest grade at fairest prices.

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Agency at
NEW WESTMINSTER
British Columbia

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases everyone—it will delight him or her also.

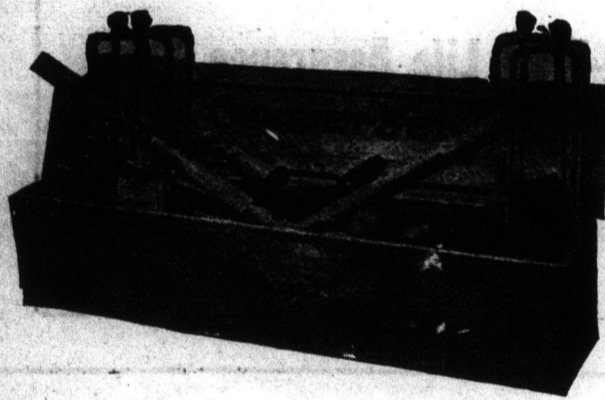
Play Ball At Our Expense

BOYS!

Here is your chance to get absolutely **FREE** a Complete Baseball Outfit.

The set comprises a catcher's mitt, baseball bat and regulation ball and each piece is thoroughly guaranteed.

OUR OFFER: Send us three new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly and we make you a present of this complete Baseball Outfit.



GIRLS!

Wouldn't you like to play croquet this year? Well, we have a first class croquet set — for four players — all ready to ship you without it

costing you a cent. Just send us in three subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly and the croquet set will be sent you **FREE**.

Summer is here NOW so act quickly. For any further particulars address

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

A Week from Micky's Diary

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Miss Mae McGeoch, Seaforth, Ont.

saturday the 6
The whole gang was just cumming up from the rink when who did we bang into right off the reel but Unkle Dick. Unkle Dick is ma's bruther and its lucky for him that he aint pa's becaus pa says if he had a relashun that was as big a fool as Unkle Dick he would shanghi him on board a ship bound for the west indes or maybe the feje ilans. i like Unkle Dick fine. he aint a bit tite with his muneey.

Well gentlemen he says as sober as a judge am i to congratulat the vikters or comiserat the vanquisht?

i dont know what comiserat meens says skinny brown but we trimmed them 24 to 7 and lookit my i would yu?

it dus look a triffl abnormel says Unkle Dick grinning whats the other fellas like?

he's got two says skinny.

Well Micky old top says Unkle Dick to me are yu redy to go home yet? the horse is round the korner at tomsons livry barn. i kinda hated to leeve the fellas but Unkle Dick lets me drive some times when im with him so he gave the fellas a doller to by hot dogs with and we went.

I am just cumming to the part whare Unkle Dick says we acted like a pare of blind lunatiks but he says it wont happen again because bad luck like that only cumes once every five reincarnashuns. Unkle Dick went to collej. i gess thats whare he got all the big words.

Howsomever i was telling Unkle Dick about the game and had just got to whare i was put off for sending jack berry into the bords when we turnd the korner and had a head on collishun with a girl cumming the uther way. i yellid and Unkle Dick groned and the girl said darn rite out loud when she hit the sidewalk and she meant it too. then none of us said anything for about a minit. Unkle Dick says he had to swallo for times and lik his lips twice befor he could say anything and then he said oh did yu fall?

beleve me that was sum questshun when thare she was sitting on the sidewalk.

why no she says i just sat down here for a rest and befor we could do anything or say anything she got up and walked away.

Micky my luv says Unkle Dick have yu ever notist any sines of mental dencity about me at any time?

naw i says i was kinda flabbergasted miself. we'll never see her agen.

i trust not says he but if we do i'll know her. id reconise that voice in a thousand. better remember it in your prayrs tonite Micky. just menshun it cazhully that

you would consider it a faver if it could be arranjed that we should never meet agen in the fucher. i'll bet she has a nasty disposishun.

gee i hate sundays.

sunday the 7

munday the 8

im gonna quit saying my prayrs. its just wasting time because ive met her agen and her names miss manning and she bords near us and shes my new teecher, wouldnt that jar yu? i dont think she nose me tho and anyway she hasnt a nasty disposishun. i havent told Unkle Dick yet. he says he's thinking of going to the war. i gess he would go for shure if he knew miss manning was so near.

tuesday the 9

i like miss manning fine. she's a craker-jack at skating and playing hokey. she can play rings around any of us kids. she is teeching us how to play combinashun because she says combinashun is the sekret of all good hokey playing. she says if we keep our heads and play combinashun that we can beet the hill skool. she cums down after for and coches us. she's a good sport and she's got red hare.

wensday the 10

i told Unkle Dick about teecher to dey. not about her being the wur we nearly sassinated but what a good skater she was and all that but he only yawnd and said a red headed amazon! good nite! whare your tast Micky? Unkle Dick maked me mad.

thursday the 11

Unkle Dick has seen teecher and think he's sorry for all the things he said about red headed amazons. we were down on the pond me and Unkle Dick and sum of the kids playing hokey. we were having a pretty good game when sum of the kids hollered here cums teecher. i saw Unkle Dick look round for sum plase to hide but thare wasnt any.

hello boys she called and the minit Unkle Dick heard her voice he knew it and i heard him give a grone. i dont think she nose him tho. we pikt up sides agen and put Unkle Dick and teecher at center. i was at left wing on teachers side and we beet them hollo. teecher chekt Unkle Dick to a stand still and he hardly ever tuched the puck and when he did she took it away from him every time. Unkle Dicks wind is no good. after the first ten minits he took off his cote and then his cap went into the diskard and at the end of the first half the steem was rising of him and floting over the tops of the trees. i bet he swet off ten pounds.

i ast Unkle Dick if he didnt like teecher and if he took back all the things he had said and he said Micky my boy we have been frends but if you ever tell her what i said about her red hare etsetra i will brake every bone in your body. Of course im not afrade of him but whats the use of having a frend if yu cant stick to him so said i would be mum as an oister.

friday the 12

Unkle Dicks got hokey on the brane i think. he's at the pond most of the day. teecher must be getting tired of it because she wasnt down to the pond atall today. yo cant depend on wimmen.

Unkle Dicks been awful grouchy tonite. if he doesnt watch out he will have a nasty disposishun like he said teecher had.

saturday the 13

this has been a turrible exsiting day. i never had so many things happin to me all in a heep befor. i better start at the be-gining or i'll get all mixt. as soon as dinner was over me and Unkle Dick beet it down to the pond with our skates and hokey sticks and had a dandy praktis. i wanted to call for teecher when we went past her howse but Unkle Dick wouldn't let me. he said that likly she wouldnt be cumming anyway.

the rest of the kids came down after a wile and then teecher came and we had an awfl good game tho teecher lookt kinda mad when she saw Unkle Dick thare. Unkle Dicks playing has improoved a lot and teecher didnt have it all her own way like she did the other time but still we beat Unkle Dicks team 16 to 8. as i said befor Unkle Dick played better and didnt puff so much.

The People Are the Best Judges

What is it that has kept the Sherlock-Manning Piano Factory running with a full staff ever since the beginning of the war? What is it that has compelled us to enlarge our plant no less than five times since the founding of the business? **Public Confidence.**

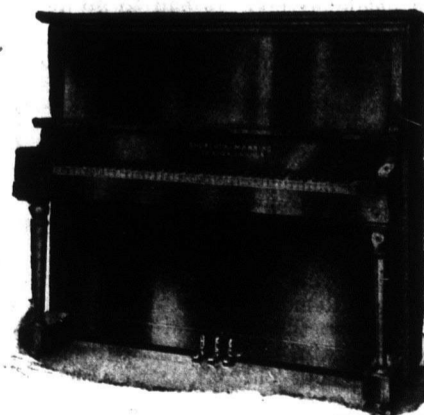
We have won the confidence of the Canadian people, and consider it a priceless asset in our business. The people are the best judges, and they pronounce the

SHERLOCK-MANNING 20TH CENTURY PIANO
"CANADA'S BIGGEST PIANO VALUE"

For years we have sold a piano containing the highest-grade action, hammers, strings, etc. for \$100 less. Our claims were investigated and proved by 1,200 Canadian families who bought Sherlock-Manning Pianos last year.

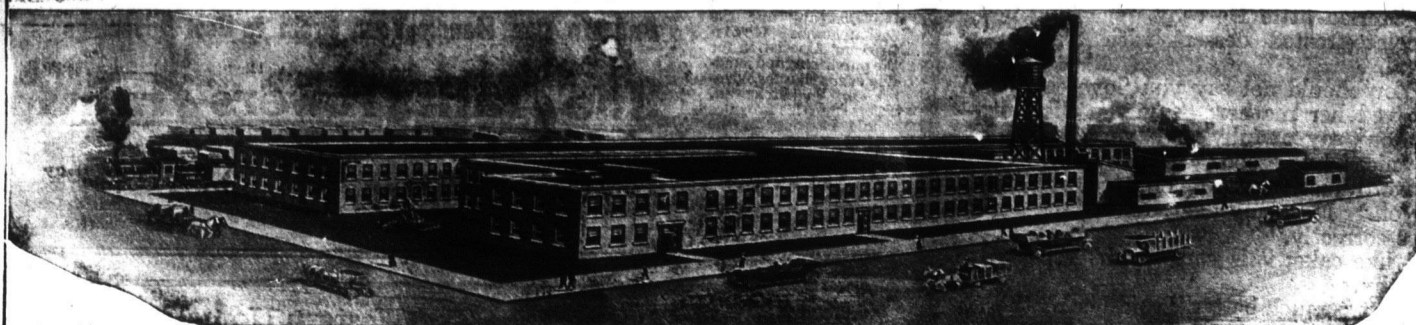
SAVE \$100 YOURSELF

We repeat our offer—the best piano that can be produced, for \$100 less and backed by a ten year guarantee, behind which stands the great plant you see below.



Chippendale—Style 75

Write Us To-day Just send a post-card to Dept. 14 requesting the proof and a copy of our handsome Art Catalogue A **FREE**.



Sherlock-Manning Piano Company, London, (No Street Address Necessary) Canada

after the game was over i heard Unkle Dick ast teecher to go for a skate but she said thank yu but i much prefer skating by myself.

Unkle Dick just bowd like he had a poker inside of his swetter and didnt say anything and went and skated by himself but he lookt kinda wite around the gills.

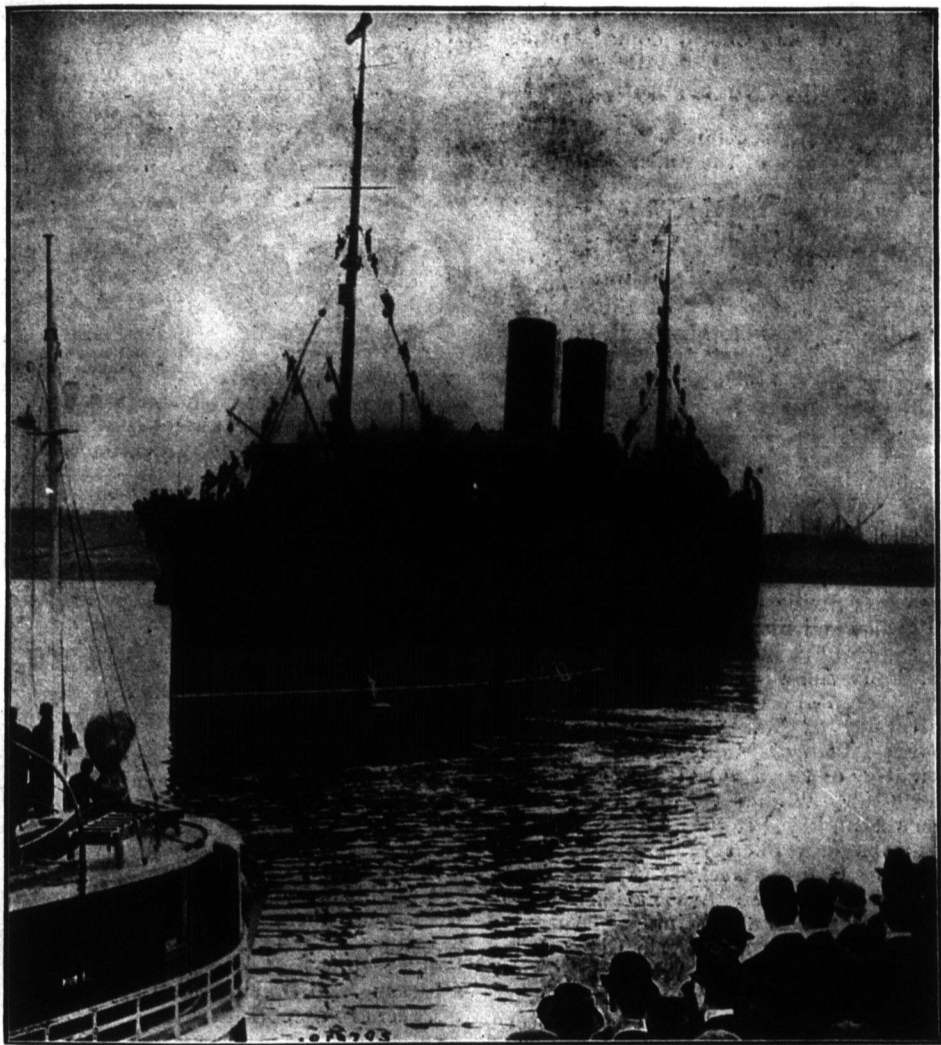
teecher smiled at me like an anjel and offered me the end of her hokey stick and we skated up to the north end of the pond. i was never up thare befor but i knew thare was sum bad holes up thare and i told teecher that but she said theyd be frozen over by this time but if i wanted to go back the chansen were good. she akted as if she was soar about something but i dont know what it could have been. we wun the mach eesy.

of corse im no quiter and i went on with her and just as i expekted we struck one of them blame air holes and down we went. the currant was awful strong and when we tried to crawl out on the ise it would nearly pulled us under. we hollered for help but nobody heard us and i started

The Art of Shopping

Too many of us start out on a shopping tour with but vague ideas of what we are to get. We foolishly fancy that a sight of the goods will bring inspiration. This mistake is our undoing. When our purchases are finally spread before us in the quiet of our own homes, and we examine them at leisure, we discover that they are not what we want. Whatever good qualities they may have to recommend them they do not suit our own particular needs. The lamp which we thought such a beauty is decorated in colors which jar with all its surroundings. The dress goods which seemed so attractive on the counter is too heavy or too thin, too light or too dark, as the case may be.

Then comes a weary, and often unsuccessful attempt to make exchanges, and in the end we have spent an incredible amount of time and strength upon an apparently simple matter. As the heroine in a recent magazine caricature ex-



Canada's Answer to Ypres: Rushing More Troops to the Front.

The Dominion's answer to the British losses at Ypres, even as the heavy casualty lists were being published, was to hurry more troops to the front. The first part of the answer was seen when the palatial new C. P. R. liner "Metagama", commandeered when she struck Montreal on her maiden voyage, left Montreal crammed with troops for Europe on May 6th. The photo shows the S.S. Metagama pulling out of Montreal Harbor with 3,000 troops on board.

saying my prayers agen and teecher says with her teeth chatering, oh Micky im afrade we're going to be dround and its all my fawlt.

Aw gwan i says but i didnt know what els to say until i heard some wun yelling to hold on a minit longer and thare was Unkle Dick cumming down the ise likity split. i took a long breth and another grip and the next thing i knew Unkle Dick was hawling me out at the end of his hokey stick. teecher made me go first. shes a brik.

when we got out teecher sat down on the ise and started to kri like sixty and Unkle Dick stood besid her looking like he had been drawn thro about forty not holes. after a wile she looks up at him with a kind of a grin and says i supose we're even now for that vilent assawlt yu and Micky comited on saterday.

what says Unkle Dick stutering. oh she mimiks did yu fall? it was Unkle Dick to a T.

He lookt like six sense but i near die laffing.

then teecher began to shake all over and Unkle Dick takes us wun on each side of him and we beet it down the ise for home.

i heard pa tell ma that she better prepair to welcum a sister-in-law. he says he met Unkle Dick and teecher going to the theater and he said he never saw a man who lookt so completely gone.

i wonder if yu have to ware a standing up koller at a weding.


claims, "It is not shopping which tires us, but changing the goods afterwards!"

The fact is that for us who have not the tact the larger part of shopping should be done in our own homes. Every proposed article of clothing, and every article of household furnishing should be considered in its relation respectively to the clothing and furnishings already possessed. The principle is the same whether we have much or little to spend.

Johnny Canuck

This stirring patriotic song which made its first appearance in the December issue of The Western Home Monthly, and which has since met with great favor, has now been published in sheet form by the Whaley-Royce Company of Winnipeg. Proceeds from the sale will be donated by the Author, Dr. Hugh Mackay of this city to the Red Cross Fund. Among the many splendid contributions which the war has called forth, Dr. MacKay's song ranks high. It rings true to the spirit of Canadian loyalty. The song is dedicated to Major-General Steele, now commanding the Second Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and the frontispiece is taken up with a splendid colored portrait of him.

Readers of The Western Home Monthly can have copies from the Publishers of the song at 50c.



NATIONAL PATRIOTIC WEEK

WINNIPEG July 1st to 10th

Arrange Your Vacation To Be There

Ten days of unlimited fun, sport and enjoyment, including Dominion Championship field and track events, aquatics and a host of other special attractions

The purpose is purely patriotic. The net proceeds will be devoted to the benefit of the soldiers at the front and dependents through the Patriotic Fund and Red Cross Society. You have enjoyed annual midsummer visits to Winnipeg in the past. The Carnival this year will surpass the Exhibition which has been suspended.

Partial Program Day by Day

- THURSDAY, JULY 1: Children's Day—Dominion Day Parade to Exhibition Grounds. Children's Playfest and Gymkhana. Pony Races. Dominion Day Sports. Professional Football. Outdoor Songfest. Relay Race.
- FRIDAY, JULY 2: Business Day—This day devoted to business downtown; no sporting program. Special Sales and Reception Features at all stores. Public Reception in Industrial Bureau. Two Band Concerts. Night Carnival.
- SATURDAY, JULY 3: Horse Show. Formal Opening Day. Amateur Sports and Baseball. Twenty-mile Road Race. Band Concerts. Folk Dances and Drills. Evening Auto Parade. Down-town Night Carnival. Military Parade.
- MONDAY, JULY 5: American Day—Lawn Bowling Tournament. Billiard Tournament. Baseball. Horse Show. Track Athletics. Down-town Carnival at Night.
- TUESDAY, JULY 6: Ladies' Day—Lawn Bowling Tournament. Driving Club Horse Racing. Baseball. Billiard Tournament. Horse Show. Lacrosse. Band Concerts. Night Carnival Down-town.
- WEDNESDAY, JULY 7: Civic Holiday—Lawn Bowling Tournament. Dog Show. Poultry Show. Horse Racing. Professional Baseball. Burlesque Racing. Billiard Tournament. Horse Show. Dominion Championship Track Athletics. Band Concerts. Night Carnival.
- THURSDAY, JULY 8: Dominion Championship Day—Lawn Bowling. Dog and Poultry Shows. Horse Racing. Baseball. Whippet Races. Championship Track Athletics. Horse Show. Night Carnival. Band Contest.
- FRIDAY, JULY 9: Patriotic Day—Lawn Bowling. Dog and Poultry Shows. Automobile and Motor Cycle Races. Band Contest. Lacrosse. At night, Mass Meeting at Convention Hall for presentation of prizes and patriotic addresses.
- SATURDAY, JULY 10: Regatta Day—Lawn Bowling. Dog and Poultry Shows. Horse and Auto Races. Band Contest. Billiards. Regatta and Aquatic Sports

Come and bring your friends. Winnipeg will welcome you to the greatest gala event ever held in Western Canada.

Reduced Fares on all Railroads

Particulars at your Local Station

The Song Divine

There's music, music everywhere
In earth and sky and sea,
To souls attuned to rare response
Of mystic melody.
Each life is one essential note
In some celestial song;
So strike thy note on earth that it
Ring clear, and true, and strong
With vibrant echoes that shall fill
Some chord else incomplete
In that eternal symphony
That surges round His feet.

There's music in each inmost heart
Which as we set it free
Resolves life's discords into one
Transcendent harmony,
Merging in that exhaustless song
That was, and is, will be:
That wave of sound that breaks in one
Supreme doxology.
To swell that mighty chant glad soul
Make thou thy constant aim:
Redeem thy voiceless years, and know
Thy silence were thy shame.

—Grace Hartman.

LET ME DO YOUR COOKING 100-PAGE STEAM COOK BOOK FREE

Why worry, watch and fret over a hot stove all summer when a hundred and one other duties demand your attention. There is no drudgery nor extra work in cooking for hired help when you have an

IDEAL Combination STEAM COOKER and BAKER

All kinds of food may be cooked at one time, by steam, under pressure, with no intermingling of flavors. All the natural juices and flavors of the food are retained. Nothing can burn or dry up, and will cook a whole meal over one lid on a common wood, coal or oil cook stove. Five sizes. Best family size, No. 20, price prepaid, **\$10.00**

Ideal Fireless and Steam Cookers are manufactured by the Toledo Cooker Co., Toledo, Ohio. Send for catalogue and further information to

LOUIS McLAIN
Canadian Sales Agent
288 Princess St. Winnipeg

As a special introductory offer to the farm women of Western Canada, I will accept this coupon as \$1.00 in payment for one of these steam cookers. **WHM AGENTS WANTED**

Size No. 20.

The Famous Automatic Bench Power Washer



Every housekeeper is interested in a good washer, therefore we know the following features of the Automatic Washer will interest you.

- (1) Simplicity of Design, having a strong steady angle-iron frame assembled with malleable castings, and designed to take up small space.
- (2) A Reversible Swinging Wringer, which swings over all tubs, thereby removing the necessity of lifting heavy tubs. Wringer has safety release, which eliminates danger of torn clothes and injured fingers.
- (3) Has a removable side bench which can be hung out of the way when not in use.
- (4) A Universal Rod can also be attached, by which you can run a Churn, Cream Separator or Mangle, either while washing, or at any other time you may desire. This special advantage is found only on the automatic washer.
- (5) A Five Year Guarantee goes with each machine. We also give you an extra rinsing tub with each purchase.

A complete catalogue will be sent you on request, either for the power or electric washer. A card will bring you full information.

RUSTAD & WHITE, 243 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.

The National Patriotic Carnival
Winnipeg, July 1st to July 10th

A great National Patriotic Carnival will be held in Winnipeg from July 1st to 10th. The purpose is purely patriotic. It is not a profit sharing undertaking, and no individual or organization will benefit financially by it. Net proceeds of all events will be divided to the worthy Red Cross and Patriotic Funds equally; to help sick and wounded soldiers at the front, and to take care of the mothers, wives and children of our

men who have been left behind. Reduced fares will be in vogue on all railways, so that doubtless a large number of out of town readers will come into Winnipeg for the event.

The Winnipeg Industrial Bureau took up the preliminary work on the suggestion of a delegation of business interests, to organize this patriotic tournament. Representatives of all organizations who were likely to contribute to the success of the project were called together. Following this preliminary step, these organizations, representing a total membership

of over ten thousand, met and enthusiastically endorsed the idea.

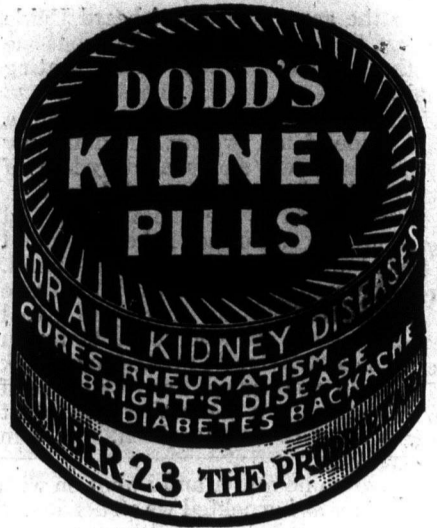
The entire programme is to be organized and conducted along legitimate lines, with attractions elevating and educational, and all sports clean. The proposed opening Dominion Day Parade will be of such a patriotic character as never before witnessed in Canada. Every success-bringing method will be brought into play by united action of all of the various organizations who are participating. As a citizen-wide movement, aiming for the greatest possible financial success, in the sole interest of the worthy and patriotic causes mentioned, the management ask for the cordial and financial endorsement of Western Canada generally in the undertaking. National Patriotic Carnival interests are your interests, the interests of all Western Canada. The estimated financial requirements to enable the Patriotic Carnival to carry out the plans that have been considered as adequate for advertising, printing, distribution of literature and the holding of the big opening Dominion Day Parade, together with the awarding of suitable diplomas, purses and prizes is \$25,000, details of which can be obtained on application to the secretary.

Again your attention is called to the aims and objects of the undertaking. No individual or organization will profit by it. Donations towards the National Patriotic Carnival will enable those in charge to carry out plans on the basis outlined, which if done, will increase the gate receipts and make your contribution to the Red Cross Society and Patriotic Fund produce financial results tenfold.

Among the organizations, athletic bodies and societies taking part in the National Patriotic Ten-day Tournament, are the following: Military District No. 10; City of Winnipeg Fire Department; Winnipeg Horse Show Association; Dominion Championship Track and Field Sports; Army and Navy League; Veterans' Association; Highland Cadets; Knight Templars and Sister Organizations; Knights of Pythias and Sister Organizations; Cantons—I.O.O.F.; Boy Scouts; School Cadets; Pony Show; Winnipeg Driving Club (speed events); Winnipeg Parks Board; University of Manitoba; Public School Board; Ladies' College (Havergal); Daughters of the Empire; Women's Canadian Club; Women's Press Club; Women's Equality League; Labor Council; Manitoba Law Society; Manitoba Lawn Bowling Club; Baseball Associations; Manitoba Lacrosse Association; Manitoba Motor League; Winnipeg Automobile Club; Motor and Cycle Club; Winnipeg Rowing Club; Winnipeg Canoe Club; Winnipeg Swimming Club; Winnipeg Musicians' Association; Western Billiard and Bowling Association.

The Carnival will be inaugurated on July 1st, Dominion Day, by a huge parade, consisting of ten sections, and without any doubt will be the most pretentious that has been seen in Western Canada.

Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. Chas. F. Roland, Secretary of the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau, who will be glad to give any additional information which any of our readers may desire.



DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE

to get a \$4.00 Vacuum Clothes Washer for only \$1.75. Best and most complete Vacuum Washer. Washes tub of clothes in three minutes. Washes anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest blankets. Used for rinsing, bleuing or dry cleaning with gasoline. Abolishes labor of wash day. Saves rubbing and wearing out of the clothes. Women's card \$15 and \$20 machines for it.

Sent to any address postpaid, complete with exhaust protectors, which prevent splashing and a 26-inch handle for only \$1.75.

ORDER TO-DAY. DON'T WAIT. AGENTS WANTED.

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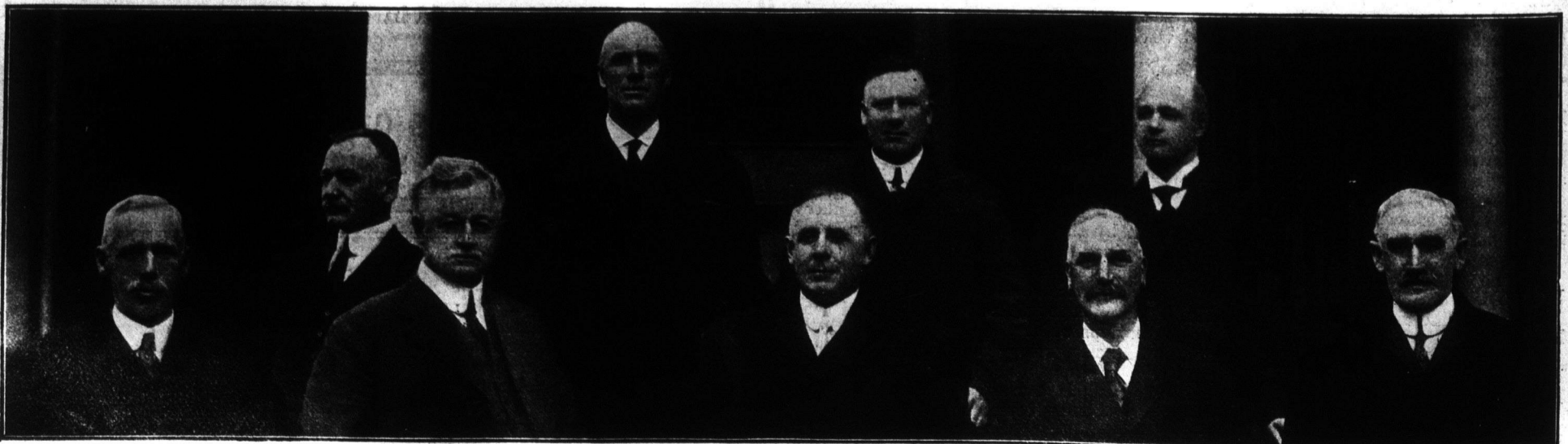
The Cause of Dyspepsia.
The Symptoms and The Cure.

THE CAUSE.
Too rapid eating, eating too much, and too often, improperly chewing the food, eating too much stimulating food, and indulging in improper diet generally.

THE SYMPTOMS.
Variable appetite, rising and souring of food, heartburn, wind in the stomach, a feeling of weight in the stomach, in fact a feeling that your stomach has gone all wrong and that the food you eat does not seem to agree with you.

THE CURE.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
Mrs. E. Williamson, Wheeler, Ont., writes: "I have been a sufferer for years from dyspepsia, and could scarcely eat anything. I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and I am entirely cured. I have not been troubled since I took it, and that is two years ago. I can now eat anything I wish."
B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MANITOBA'S NEW CABINET



Hon. W. Armstrong, Provincial Secretary. Lieut. Governor's Secy. Sir Douglas Cameron, Lieut. Governor. Hon. V. Winkler, Minister of Agriculture. Hon. Tom Johnson, Minister of Public Works. Hon. T. C. Norris, Prime Minister. Hon. A. B. Hudson, Attorney General. Hon. Dr. Flornston, Minister of Education. Hon. Edward Brown, Treasurer.

Young People

Ears of Corn

By Mary E. Q. Brush

Dinner was over at the farmhouse and Tirzah Ann was clearing away the dishes. The rest of the women folk had gathered in a little group near the sunny south window of the living-room.

"Brush-braid wears the longest, they say, but accordin' to my notion, velveteen bindin' looks the most genteel," the dressmaker, Serepta Clementine, was saying as she held up Ruth Ellen's new blue skirt.

The prospective wearer and her mother hovered over the garment with an absorbing interest, though neither said anything, because Grandma Harris, brisk, black-eyed, and voluble, was nodding her sharp, little chin and giving shrill endorsement to the dressmaker's opinion.

Grandma Milton's massive figure loomed in the background—somehow it seemed as though she were always in the background—as she tried to put in a word of advice now and then, but nobody heeded it, and the decision in favor of using velveteen instead of braid was made quite contrary to her mildly uttered protest. Whereupon, Grandma Milton plucked her blue gingham sunbonnet from its nail behind the kitchen door and sallied forth from the house with ponderous tread and grim visage.

"Where be you goin', Mother Milton?" the farmer's wife called out in a tone as careless as her grammar.

"Goin' out to the cornfield to pick a pumpkin! Guess you folks hev forgot that if we're to hev pies fur Thanksgiving, they've got to be made to-morrer," was the reply flung back with the shutting of the outer door.

The quartet around the blue skirt exchanged glances.

Something of the beautiful day's balm and blessing strove to banish the perturbed feeling struggling within Grandma Milton's heart. The hard, angry look in her eyes was submerged in tears; less tartness and rancor were in her tone as she turned into the serried ranks of the corn.

"Where be I goin', John's wife asked me," she said to herself in a quavering voice. "I expect she didn't care! Nobody cares much where I go or what I do, as long as I don't git in the way. An' as fur my advice, nobody cares fur that, nuther! If I could have talked to Ruth Ellen alone I could hev made her see how much more economical the woollen braid was than that slimsey velveteen. But lawdy me, it don't matter—only it's jest like the way I'm always treated. John's wife's mother—that Jane Eliza Harris—she's got it all to say. An' to think that this is the place I worked for an' helped pay for—my home where I was mistress fur so many years!"

Quite out of breath, Grandma Milton sat down on a shock of corn which the wind, or playful children, had tumbled over, and fanned herself with her sunbonnet.

"That big feller over there in the fifth row," she said, reflectively, "I'll take that one an' steam it this afternoon an' early in the mornin' I'll make the pies—that is, if Jane Eliza Harris don't take it into her head to make 'em. Humph!"—with a sniff, "I'd like to see the folks a-eatin' her pies! Crust as tough as my old rubbers an' fillin' as tasteless as punk! Jane Eliza's no cook an' never was! But she's a master-hand at talkin' an' makin' mischief!"

Grandma Milton's brow was clouded again.

Then she continued in one final, vehement outburst that thrilled with the pent-up misery of days of loneliness, bitterness and wounded pride, "Day after to-morrer will be Thanksgiving and I know I ain't got the feelin' in my heart suitable for the day. Seems as though lately I wa'n't nothin' nor nobody. I'm gettin' so that I feel in the way—an' in my own home, too! As for bein' thankful—here Grandma Milton paused, lacking words.

She lifted a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. The mist being cleared away she gazed down through the rustling ranks of the corn to the very end of the field, and even far beyond, where the broad south meadow stretched its acres. Farther away still was the little village at

"The Corners," where the brick church stood, its spire turned to gold by the sunbeams.

"Oh, the little old church!" sighed Grandma Milton. "It seems as though it'd be jest like a bit o' heaven if we could all go together to Thanksgivin' service in the old church once more. It'd kinder bring back the good old times. My! how thankful I'd feel! But it ain't to be—it ain't to be!"

And dolefully shaking her head, Grandma Milton went toiling up the path, the great yellow globe of the pumpkin tucked under her arm.

Hardly was her broad, plump back lost to view behind the raspberry bushes bordering the field, when there was a vigorous little rustle among the long, dry leaves of the corn and a slender figure and boyish face appeared from behind a large, tied-up shock.

Young Robert Milton's face wore an unusually sober expression and there was a little quaver of tenderness in his tone as he exclaimed, "Poor dear grandma! I never realized before just how she felt! I don't believe the rest of the folks do, either! And something's got to be done! I'm going to tell Ruth Ellen and mother and"—a satisfied, determined nod and a cheery whistle completed the sentence.

The weather changed a few hours before Thanksgiving Day; blue sky turned to gray and balmy breeze to cold northern blast with a hint of snowflakes in it.

"I'd better dress warm," she said, to herself. "I expect it'll be a chilly walk over to the church. Once I thought I'd ask John to hitch up an' let me ride, but then, thinks I no use in all that bother, seein' it's for me alone. Only," here the old woman's lips quivered a little—"only it'd seemed kinder nice if somebody had suggested it—jest suggested it!"

Swathed in the big blanket shawl and her own gloomy reflections, Grandma Milton went down the stairs. It seemed

unusually still in the lower hall; only the ripple of Tirza Ann's song and the sound of the opening and shutting of the oven door and the smell of roasting turkey floated in from the kitchen.

"Sakes alive! I wonder where all the folks!"—Grandma Milton began the sentence, but ended it abruptly as she opened the hall door. For behold, there on the porch stood the whole Milton family, while the Milton team hitched to the two seated carriage awaited at the front gate!

"Oh, there you are, grandma—we've been waiting for you!" Robert called out cheerily, "we're all ready for church! What! didn't think anybody was going—and on Thanksgiving Day, too! Sure we are. Come let me help you in and tuck the robe around you; father's going to drive and Ruth Ellen and I will walk; but we'll meet you at the church."

"At the church!" Grandma Milton repeated to herself. Muffled up in shawl and carriage-robe her face peered out at her companions, inviting explanations;

A Real Darnless Stocking for Boys

Your dealer sells them in Black and Leather Shade Tan. Cost no more than the ordinary kind. Look for Buster on the box!



Buster Brown Says—

"I can wear these stockings without ever getting a hole in them, and you know me. I am not too careful. The best thing I ever did was to put my name on this hosiery, so mothers would know how to buy Darnless Stockings."

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Don't spend hours and hours darning stockings. There is no need for it. Buy your boys Buster Brown Stockings—made of the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, knitted double or treble where the wear is the hardest. Save money, too!

BUSTER



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed. Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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but none were forth-coming. Farmer Milton was busy with the team of young horses, gay and mettlesome in the keen frosty air; his wife and her mother were discussing the respective merits of sage and summer-savory as seasoning for turkey-dressing. Both women, however, had been solicitous for Grandma Milton's comfort, when the latter had taken her seat in the carriage, and even Jane Eliza Harris had gone so far as to ask, saying in a tone of honied blandness, "I do hope you put on your long-sleeved wrapper this morning, Melindy; I did mine. Such a change in the weather. It does beat all, don't it?"

The carriage soon stopped in front of the church. A few minutes later all were comfortably seated in the old Milton pew, and Grandma Milton, her head dizzy with delight, was looking up at the pulpit adorned with flame-colored maple leaves and late goldenrod and asters, and with dear-old Dominic Masters' benign, saintly face above the flowers, as his quavering voice gave out the hymn, "Come ye thankful people, come!"

Thankful? Oh, wasn't Grandma Milton thankful as she sat there in the old pew with all the family around her! And her beaming glance even embraced Jane Eliza Harris!

But after the service was over and everybody had returned home, the bountiful dinner was eaten and Grandma Milton's pumpkin pies praised to their maker's satisfaction, the old lady whispered to Ruth Ellen: "This has been a real happy day. I wa'n't expectin' it would be. I never thought I'd git what I wanted so much! You see I was out in the cornfield day before yesterday—picking out the pumkin, you know—an' I was feelin' dretful blue an' discouraged, an' I says to myself how glad I'd be if your pa an' ma an' all of us could go together to the old church on Thanksgiving Day. Yes, I had it so on my heart that I spoke right out loud, the tears a-rollin' down my cheeks!"

Whereupon Robert who had overheard the whisper, leaned across the table and said, his eyes twinkling meanwhile:

"You spoke your wish aloud in the cornfield, grandma? Don't you know that the corn has ears?"—and then everybody laughed at the old lady's puzzled face.

Baby Bear in the Water Barrel

By Frances Margaret Fox.

There was no well and there was no cistern in the Three Bears' house. They went to the river for water to drink, but just outside the back door there was a rain-water barrel. Every Saturday, if there was no water in the rain-water barrel, the Three Bears used to carry water to bathe in. They took their baths one at a time in a big wash-tub.

One Saturday night, when all three had taken their baths and were tucked away snug and comfortable in their beds, it began to rain.

"It is raining!" said Father Bear, in a big voice.

"And the ducks will be so happy!" murmured the little Baby Bear, in a sleepy voice.

It rained all that night and all day Sunday. Father Bear told Baby Bear stories.

Monday morning the sun shone bright and warm. Mother Bear said it was a beautiful day for washing clothes.

"But, Baby Bear," said she, "whatever you do, don't go near the rain-water barrel, because you might fall in."

Baby Bear was not always good. While his mother cleared the breakfast-table, Baby Bear thought he would look at the outside of the rain-water barrel. Next he lifted one paw as high as he could, and reached the top of the barrel. He could not see in, so he turned the clothes-basket upside down, which is the same thing as bottom side up, and then he climbed on top of it. He could look into the water-barrel.

For a few minutes Baby Bear had a good time playing in the water. Then he leaned over to see if he could see the bottom of the barrel, when splashity-splash! he fell in head first.

Mother Bear heard the splashity-splash! and ran out in time to see Baby Bear's feet going down, down in the water. Father Bear ran by leaps to the rain-water barrel.

"Poor little Baby Bear!" wailed Mother Bear when Father Bear pulled the little fellow out, all dripping wet.

The first thing Father Bear did was to pound Baby Bear on his back, to get the water out of his lungs. When Baby Bear had been scrubbed dry, Mother Bear wrapped him in a blanket and put him in Father Bear's big chair. Then she made him some hot ginger-tea, and compelled him to drink it while it was hot, hot!

"I'll never climb up and look in the water-barrel again!" promised Baby Bear, when he sat wrapped in the blanket, watching his little shirt and trousers flapping on the line.

And he never did.

A Shining Bee

By Julia H. Johnston.

Once upon a time a large family of children were found in a sad state of mind. Every one of them had a trouble of some kind and seemed to be holding it up over the rest to keep every bit of brightness away. There was to have been a picnic and it rained so that no one could so much as think of going out of doors. Some things that had been promised had not come home, and there was great mourning over this. One child had a bad pain, and another had broken her doll and said her heart was cracked in two over it, it was something serious.

Now while these children were brooding over their dark things, in came the

Director-General, who was in the habit of telling them all what to do.

"What have we here?" she cried. "I never saw so many dark and distressing sights at one time anywhere. Each one of you seems to have something black. It will never do in the world. Come now. You must polish up all these dark things, or we shall none of us be able to get along."

So the Director-General dealt out some fine powder, which was a mixture of content, thankfulness, and good temper, and set each child of them all to shining up the particular bit of blackness in hand. "We will have a shining bee," said the Director-General. "We will all be as busy as possible at the same work, and keep on shining up our dark things till they are really agreeable to have around."

So they all fell to work with a will, and as they rubbed away, the children's faces too, grew brighter, and by and by, after the shining bee, all these dark troubles were polished up till they shone, and, although nothing new had been given them, the children were all happy and cheerful once more.

Neighbour: "Hullo, Jones, how are you? Haven't seen you in the garden for quite a time, and you never come and see the wife and I now. Why is it?"

Jones: "Well, the fact is, old chap, that it's not through ill-will or bad feeling, or anything like that, you know, only you and your wife have borrowed so many things from me that when I see your place it makes me feel quite home-sick."

Asthma is Torture. No one who hasn't gasped for breath in the power of asthma knows what such suffering is. Thousands do know, however, from experience how immeasurable is the relief provided by that marvellous preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. For years it has been relieving and curing the most severe cases. If you are a sufferer do not delay a day in securing this remedy from your druggist.

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The Home Doctor

Fat Passengers

Had he lived in our day of steam, electricity and motor cars, Daniel Lambert, most famous of fat men, would not have been driven, as he was in his own day, to having a special vehicle constructed for his conveyance. Other stout men, somewhat less fat and less prosperous, who had to make use of ordinary coaches built for human beings of standard size, experienced and made a vast amount of trouble, as Mr. J. B. Walkenside, writing recently of coaching days in England, has amusingly shown.

Mr. Benning of Bath having been refused a place in the coach because of his corpulence, on the excuse that the places were all engaged, made no demur, but coming early to the starting-place, simply got in, pulled down the blinds, settled himself comfortably, and fell asleep.

Other passengers arriving and peeping in at his enormous bulk, protested to the hostler that it was impossible to travel with such a giant. The argument awakened Mr. Benning, who lifted the blind, drowsily declared that he should not get out, but if anybody chose to pull him out he would offer no resistance, and went to sleep again. When he again woke up, at nearly an hour past midnight, he looked out to see at what town the coach was stopping—and found himself still in the inn yard at Bath. The horses had been quietly taken out during his nap and put to another coach which chanced to be in the stable awaiting minor repairs, and he had been left behind.

An immensely fat Quaker of Huddersfield, having been first refused transit unless he would go as lumber at ninepence per stone, although even then he was assured he would be an inconvenient variety, since he could not be split for better packing, as was usual, was finally told that he would be accepted as a passenger, but he must pay for two places.

"I will not dispute thy decision, friend. I shall need them both," he assented, good humoredly, and paid the money down.

The next morning he made an early appearance, accompanied by a sister as fat as himself, and the two climbed into their places, from which it was impossible to dislodge them. Neither could the other intending passengers squeeze in with such an elephantine pair, and the proprietor had at last to consent to send them on by post-chaise.

"I applaud thy decision, friend," commented the huge Quaker, placidly. "Rachel and I are not unsocial, and doubtless we should have enjoyed the gentlemen's company had no mishap occurred. But had we chanced to lurch upon them in descending a hill, I fear the conversation so interrupted would never have been resumed. Rachel is tender-hearted, but she weighs three hundred pounds, and I myself am four and forty pounds heavier. It is best that our fleshy burden should afflict ourselves alone."

Abscess

The name given to a collection of "matter," or, as the surgeon calls it, "pus." An abscess is the result of inflammation which has proceeded to a certain stage—that of "suppuration." Beyond the formation of matter, inflammation may extend to produce mortification or death of a part, so that the formation of an abscess represents a kind of half-way house in the course of the trouble. Abscesses may form in almost any part of the body. The symptoms are a certain amount of swelling, throbbing pain, with general redness of the part and a rise of temperature. The treatment of an abscess resolves itself, first, into the encouragement of the early formation of matter and the opening of the abscess so as to allow the matter to escape. The sooner this simple operation is effected in the case of large abscesses the better it is for the patient, inasmuch as there must always exist a certain amount of danger in respect of the matter being absorbed from the abscess and conveyed to other parts of the body, where like effects may be produced. Abscesses which it is intended should come to a head, so that the matter may be got rid of, should be continuously poulticed, care being taken that no poultice is allowed to grow cold. Hot fomentations continually kept up may be used

as a substitute for poulticing. When the abscess is opened, it should be thoroughly cleansed with hot fomentations to which a little boracic acid has been added. The best dressing for an abscess after it has been opened is carbolic tow, or a dressing composed of some disinfectant gauze. The dressing will require to be changed at least once a day so long as any matter is absorbed by it. Occasionally small abscesses may be prevented from coming to a head by resting the part and by smearing over the swelling a combination of 1 drachm extract of belladonna and 1 drachm of glycerine. Cold water dressings, kept continuously applied, may also effect the same end, that of preventing suppuration.

Styes

Styes are little localized inflammations of the roots of the eyelash bulbs. They indicate, as a rule, that a child's health is below par, and they ought to be attended to for reasons of health as well as beauty. In the early stages, the eyes should be bathed with hot boracic lotion in the strength of a teaspoonful of boracic powder to a tumbler of hot water. When the styte has formed, the eyelash should be pulled out to let the matter escape. A little boracic ointment should be rubbed along the lids. A child who is subject to styes should have the eyes examined, as an error of refraction will cause irritation and inflammation of the lids. Good, nourishing food, plenty of fresh air and sleep will very soon make a difference to the general health.

Weak Ankles

Weak ankles in childhood are fairly common. They ought to be treated by effort directed towards strengthening the muscles and ligaments of the joints. Make the child do tip-toe exercise and skipping exercises with a rope, night and morning. These skipping exercises are excellent for developing the child generally, and make a splendid game in the nursery. The ankles also may be bathed every night with hot water, to which salt has been added. There are certain preparations of salt sold by the chemist, which can be used for the purpose, which makes the water almost as good as salt water from the sea. Massage of the ankles with a little olive oil, combined with this treatment, will very soon improve the condition of the joint. This is a beauty point, but it is also of health importance, because a child whose ankles "give" cannot walk well, is less graceful, whilst weak ankles mean constant tiredness in any occupation in after life which entails constant standing.

When Bathing Baby

(1) *Don't* put hot water first into the bath; this is especially necessary to remember if there are small children toddling about the nursery. A doctor knew of a little creature being scalded to death by falling into a bath half full of hot water while the nurse had gone to fetch a can of cold water.

(2) *Don't* use much soap in washing an infant. No matter how excellent and "superfatted" the soap may be, there is always some alkali in it, and this is too drying to the delicate skin of a baby. A lot of soap removes too much of the natural oil of the skin, and this is a great loss to the nutrition of the child.

(3) *Don't* use powder on the baby's skin, or but very, very little of it. Grease is ever so much better—a little vaseline or lanoline. Just a slight smear of either is an excellent protection from chafing.

It is usually safe to say that when a child is pale, sickly, peevish and restless, the cause is worms. These parasites range the stomach and intestines, causing serious disorders of the digestion and preventing the infant from deriving sustenance from food. Miller's Worm Powders, by destroying the worms, corrects these faults of the digestion and serves to restore the organs to healthy action.

Gained 30 Lbs. in Few Weeks Never Felt So Well

Was Pale, Weak and Thin, and Had Nervous Headaches Before Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is truly wonderful what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does for women who are weak, weary and run down in health. New, rich blood is what is needed in nearly all such cases, and because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new blood it brings cure—not mere relief, but actual cure—in the great majority of such ailments.

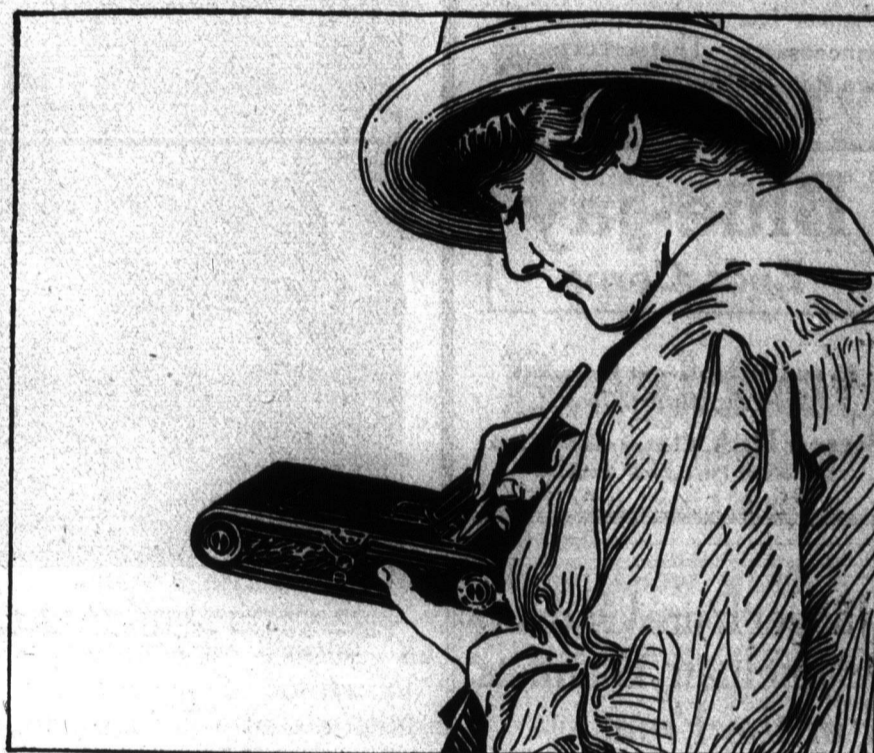


With an abundance of rich, red blood coursing through the veins the nerves are strengthened and vigor and vitality are carried to every organ of the human body.

With the nerves properly nourished headaches and neuralgic pains disappear, appetite improves, digestion is good, you sleep and rest well, and gain in strength and weight.

Mrs. H. Laich, Cannington Manor, Sask., writes:—"You will remember me writing you last spring. Well, I gave up my doctor and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This treatment cured me rapidly and I was soon myself again. I was pale, thin and weak, suffered from stomach troubles and liver complaint, and frequently had sick, nervous headaches. "I was surprised to find that in a few weeks' time I had gained 30 pounds in weight. I never felt so strong and well in all my life. Headaches never bother me any more, and I am grateful for the cure. If people would only give this medicine a fair trial they would certainly be cured."

Everywhere people are talking about this great food cure, which cures in Nature's way, by supplying the ingredients to form new blood, and so overcome weakness and disease by an abundance of vitality. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



Write it on the film—at the time.

Make every negative more valuable by permanently recording, at the time of exposure, the all important date and title. It's a simple and an almost instantaneous process with an

Autographic Kodak

Whatever is worth while in hand camera photography is found in the Kodak. So simple that the amateur can make good pictures from the very start, using dependable, non-breakable Kodak films with which the camera loads in daylight. The cameras themselves are accurate and reliable in every detail, the lenses are of the highest grade and the shutters work with a precision that is a mechanical delight. Kodak films may be developed without a dark room or may be mailed to your finisher—the Kodak printing processes are simple in the extreme. Indeed Kodak has come to mean "photography with the bother left out" and it's less expensive than you think.

The latest Kodak feature is the Autographic idea. A little door in the back is opened and you write on the red paper of the Autographic Kodak cartridge any data that you like—the date or the title of the picture, or perhaps you photograph a friend and then he writes his name on the red paper. Or you can write down the details about the exposure for future guidance—the condition of light, the shutter speed and the stop opening used. In photographing the children you write down their age at the time the picture was made. In using the Kodak in a business way, there are always details of the utmost importance that can be jotted down, which will add to the future value of the photographic record. When the date or title or whatever it may be that is written on the red paper, is exposed for a second or so to the sky the door is closed again and upon development such writing is found to be permanently imprinted on the film—occupying the intersecting space between negatives.

Whether photography interests you from the business side, or for the home and travel pictures, or from the standpoint of the pure pleasure of picture taking—the camera becomes doubly useful, doubly fascinating if it has the Autographic feature. There's no extra charge for Autographic film and Autographic Kodaks are sold from \$7.00 up.

Ask your dealer or write us for "Kodak on the Farm," a beautifully illustrated booklet that you will enjoy. There is no charge.

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Were Ended This Way

Countless women have told other women about **Blue-jay** plasters. Now a million corns a month are ended in this scientific way.

Women who know **Blue-jay** do not suffer corns. When one appears, they put a **Blue-jay** plaster on it. That ends the pain. In 48 hours the corn is gone forever, with no soreness left.

If you can't believe it, ask your friends. Half of them have probably ended corns with **Blue-jay**. If you still doubt it, ask us for samples. Try them on corns of your own.

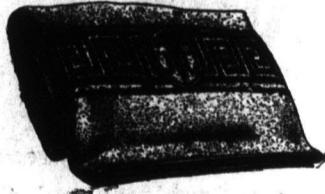
Don't coddle corns. Don't pare and keep them. Don't use old-time treatments. A famous chemist has made corns utterly unnecessary. That sort of torture is a thing of the past.

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The Treasurer of the Supplementary Equipment Fund for Nurses writes:—

"I take the opportunity of thanking the Jaeger Company for the interest and trouble they have taken in executing the order and expressing our satisfaction as to same.

You may be interested in hearing that the nurses were delighted with their rugs and the friends who contributed to the fund, equally pleased; all agree that there is nothing better than a good Jaeger, for lightness and warmth, I consider they have no equal.

The order was for 146 Blankets to be supplied in a week."

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27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

A Calm View of Germs

We all know that we live in the midst of a countless army of invisible organisms, and that to them we owe many of our most painful and dangerous diseases. With regard to them we stand, as it were, between Scylla and Charybdis,—the Scylla of ignorance or indifference, and the Charybdis of worry and fear—and it is hard to say which is the worse. The germs are here, and therefore we ought to inform ourselves about them, and take proper precautions against them; but it is wrong to let ourselves be thrown into a panic. Common sense should remind us that in spite of the omnipresence of germs, infection of any sort is rare.

It is not necessary to become a monomaniac upon learning that money is generally "filthy lucre" in another than the Scriptural sense. We like to handle all we can get of it, and generally do so with impunity. At the same time we know the germs are there, and we ought to remember that the human mouth was never intended as a receptacle for coin.

It is disagreeable to reflect that hands are usually dirty things, but it is true. The most scrupulous person cannot keep a sterilized hand, except by living in a rubber glove, and then the glove would be dirty! The human hand is meant to do

small amounts taken at frequent intervals. Nor does the large amount you drink after exercising or when perspiring in hot weather repair the loss from "insensible perspiration," for at such times you only quench your thirst, which is a hurried demand of the drying cells for nutriment due to the unusual loss of water.

To keep in perfect health and so prevent the arteries from growing brittle in middle age, you should drink two or more glasses of pure, cool water every morning before eating breakfast. Between meals a glass or two should be taken. Do not wait for thirst, but try to keep the moisture of the body at a perfect balance.

Do not drink iced water at any time. Bad complexions and troublesome indigestions may often be traced to its habitual use.

A Child's Complexion

The sun during June is often hotter than later in the year, and it is a good plan for the mother to prevent skin blemishes, and the roughness and redness which some children suffer from every summer. The best plan is to rub a little cold cream into the skin every night at bedtime, whilst if there is any irritation, a bottle of Calamine Lotion should be kept in the nursery and



Owing to shortage of horses the R.F.A. at Salisbury are being taught to ride mules which serve the purpose extremely well and become so docile as to allow the Tommies to perform circus tricks on their backs. Our picture shows some of the R.F.A. going through some of their trick riding performances.

things with; you cannot do anything without touching things, and that means contact with germs. But there is little danger if we keep our hands as clean as we can and observe a few simple precautions.

Most important of all, we can learn to keep our hands away from our faces. That is a rule that parents and teachers should teach the young in the habit-forming period of life. The hands should not even be used to wash the face with unless they have been thoroughly washed themselves, and the eyes should never be touched by them.

Finally, let other peoples' towels and brushes alone. That is a measure of protection you owe not only to yourself but to them.

Drinking Water

Every twenty-four hours there passes out through the pores of your skin about a quart of water. This "insensible perspiration" goes on in the body of every healthy man without his knowing it. This evaporation from the skin is necessary in order that the body may remain at an even temperature, and able to resist sudden chills, severe cold or extreme heat. At the same time, a still greater amount of water is passing out of the body through the lungs and other organs.

Now if you allow the body to part with all this water without supplying the loss, every tiny cell in the system is robbed of its opportunity to grow, and one of the many ailments due to poor cell growth is bound sooner or later to develop. Thus, the importance of drinking enough pure water to keep the tissues of the body supplied is at once apparent.

Water taken in great quantities and at long intervals is not so beneficial to you as

dabbed on any inflamed area of skin or midge-bites, etc., with a little sponge or cotton-wool. Never rub vaseline on to a child's skin before it goes out of doors, or you will cause burning and pain. Vaseline is quite a good thing to use at bedtime, but the hot sun makes it into an irritant if a child goes out after it is applied.

Salt Water

Salt water is an excellent thing for strengthening the ankles, and every child loves to "paddle." So that if you happen to be at the sea, by all means let the little ones wade in the water, but do not let them remain long enough to contract chill. If a child is allowed to stand about for an hour or longer in cold water, the circulation is disturbed, and he may have a severe "liver attack." It is better to allow children to paddle for ten or fifteen minutes, and then dry the legs briskly and make them run about on the sand. Warm sun-up days should always be chosen, and paddling discouraged if the water and atmosphere are cold and depressing.

Fact, not Fancy

"If you please, ma'am," said the servant from Finland, "the cat's had chickens."

"Nonsense, Gertrude!" returned the mistress of the house. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."

"Was them chickens or kittens that master brought home last night?"

"Chickens, of course."

"Well, ma'am, that's what the cat has had."

Was Troubled With Nervous Prostration.

Many people although they know of nervous prostration do not know what the symptoms are. The principal ones are, a feeling of fright when in crowded places, a dread of being alone, fear of being in a confined place, a horror of society, a dread of things falling from above, fright at travelling on railroad trains, and disturbed and restless, unrefreshing sleep, often troubled with dreams.

Mrs. George Lee, Victoria Harbor, Ont., writes: "I am writing to tell you of the experience I have had with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was so nervous I could not do my own work, I did not want to see any one, or would I go any place. My nerves were bad for three years, and my heart was so bad it made me tremble all over. I took three boxes of your pills, and I never was better than I am now. I weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Strawberries

AND

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TOASTED

Corn Flakes

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PER PACKAGE

Partly fill the dish with strawberries, cover with sugar and let stand until sugar is dissolved, then add Corn Flakes and serve with whipped cream.

KELLOGG'S

Corn Flakes

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

During the past month it has been my joy and privilege to visit Nellie L. McClung in her new home in Edmonton and readers of this column will be interested in learning something of how she is settling down in new surroundings. Already she is a power in Edmonton and workers along lines of social and economic reform are leaning on her and looking to her for all kinds of assistance, and they are not looking in vain. She will take a very active part in the coming campaign for total prohibition of the liquor traffic and has promised six weeks of lectures and talks throughout the province.

She has not forgotten her old friends in Manitoba, the men and more especially the women with whom she worked for so many years, and she is frank in saying that she misses them and often longs for them, but the fact that she has been lonely is not preventing her from work in her new home. Going about the city and meeting men and women in various lines of activity I was amazed, much as I knew her capacity for work, at the amount she has accomplished. Her home is a beautiful sunny windowed house on a quiet corner and the young people of Edmonton gravitate to it as naturally as the needle to the pole.

For the two months preceding the campaign for prohibition Mrs. McClung has refused all lecture and recital engagements and will devote herself to the new book "The War that Never Ends" and which is the eternal struggle of humanity towards equality of opportunity.

This book, of which I have been privileged to read a few chapters, will be a great asset to women's organizations all over the country, dealing, as it does, briefly and concretely with some of the great problems which to-day are puzzling the world of men and women. It is easy to predict that a chapter of it read aloud will take the place of a speaker at many a meeting of homemakers, grain growers and home economics. The style is provocative of discussion. It does not claim to be the final word on any problem but is designed to start people thinking and discussing. Thus working their way to the solution of problems for themselves. Anyone who has ever had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. McClung speak will instantly visualize her behind the printed page. At the same time the style will attract and hold those readers who have never seen her.

The book will be out by the first of October. Each chapter will have its leading thought concreted in a line or two of verse at the beginning.

This is a little story of a personal experience which Mrs. McClung was kind enough to give me for readers of the "Quiet Hour."

A Daughter of The Empire "Have you any chickens?" I asked one of the keepers of the stalls in the North Edmonton farmers' market.

"I have plenty!" he answered readily—"but say," he added quickly—"I wish you would buy from the woman over there in that stall at the door. She's come a long way, and she is anxious to get home. She's a young English girl—she's outside now seeing after her pigs but I'll go for her."

Who'll say that chivalry is dead? This grizzled old homesteader is surely holding up his end of it!

He came back with the young English girl dressed in a rough serge suit, opossum furs, and shoe-packs.

"Is it true that you want chickens?" she said.

I declared that it was quite true, although from the moment I saw her I was interested in her far more than in the finest chicken that was ever turned into a pot-pie.

"How far did you come?" I asked.

"Seventy-five miles," she said, "north-west of here. It took us three days."

"Who came with you?" I asked—she seemed so young to me.

"One of the neighbor's boys," she said, "a lad of eighteen."

"Where are your people?" I asked. The chickens were forgotten by this time.

"My brothers are all in the army," she said steadily, "and I am looking after things myself."

I had almost expressed my sympathy before I noticed the look on her face. So I extended congratulations instead.

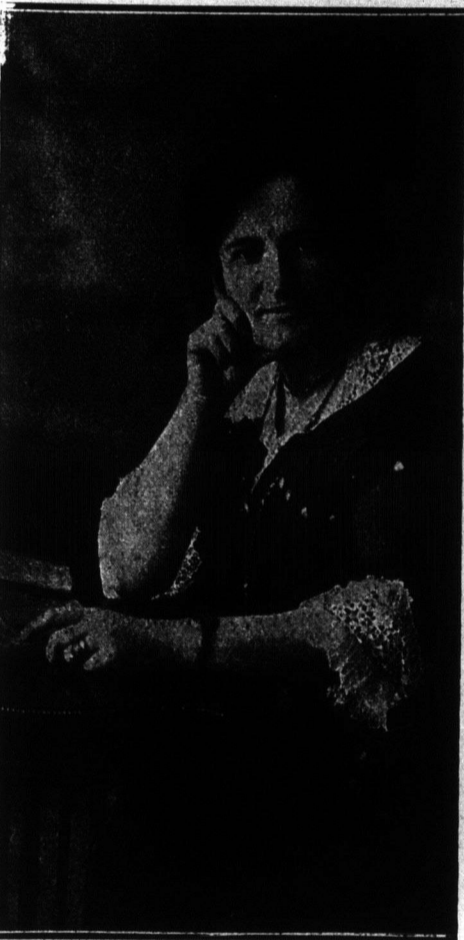
"Do you live alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "since my young brother went—of course it is not so bad—I have the horses and stock to look after, and I have a cat too."

"I'll take all the chickens!" I said, "and what else have you?"

That's how it happened that she came home with me that night, and I had the great pleasure of entertaining this brave daughter of the empire, who stays by the stuff—while her menfolk go out to fight!

"I would have gone home," she said simply, "if I had been a trained nurse, but I am not, and they do not want women in England now. My sister—who is a nurse—had booked her passage to Canada when the war broke out, but then she stayed of course, and is now



Nellie L. McClung

nursing wounded Belgians in the country house of a friend of ours."

"How many brothers have you?" I asked her.

"I have three," she said "and they are all in the army now. My eldest brother is at the front, and of course we have not heard from him since. He had a very good post in Brazil, but he went home directly war was declared, and he was very fortunate in being taken in at once. My other two brothers, who were on the farm with me, tried to go with the first contingent from Edmonton, but it was so slow here the elder went home at once, and was taken in the cavalry too. My young brother just went a month ago."

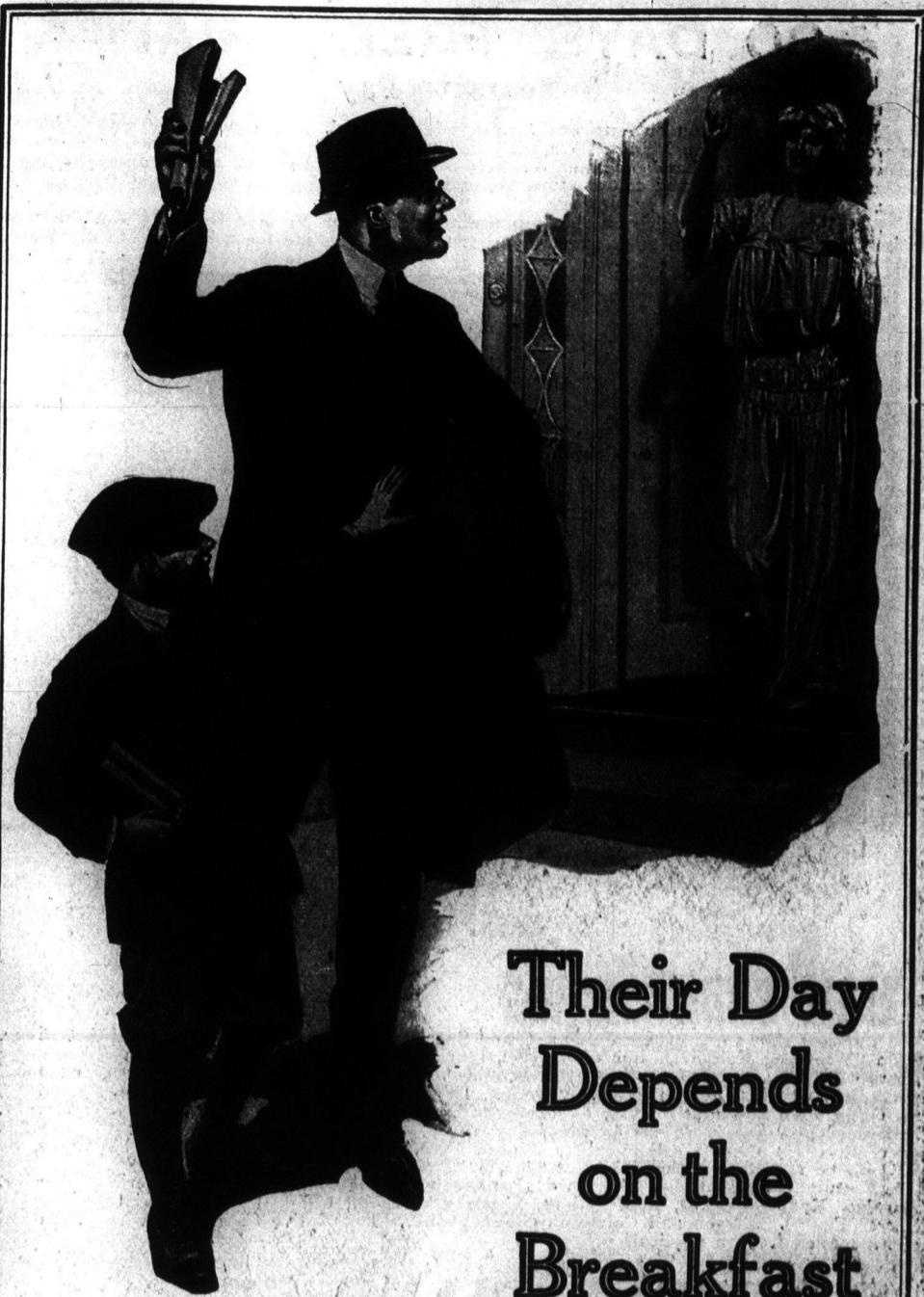
Then she explained the reason for his delay.

"It was the money for the passage home," she said simply. "We had to sell a horse, but we managed it all right, and he fixed up the house for me—it is quite comfortable now,—only of course things freeze when the fires go out."

(Yes—I know that sort of a house. I can feel its cold draughts blowing over my feet now!)

"Were you never afraid to live alone?" I asked.

"There was nothing else for me to do," she said after a pause. "You see we have put quite a bit of money into stock, and we would have to sell for very little if we sold now—I have been very glad that I was here to keep things going. A young friend of ours just had to leave his. He



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divided his stock among the neighbors, and let them take off his crop. He was gone in three days after he knew war was declared—he had enough money for his passage. Of course, if he comes back the neighbors will give him back his things, and if he doesn't come back, it will not matter to him then. All the young men in our neighborhood have gone, except the lad who came in with me, and he is trying to raise the money for his passage. He is just eighteen," she went on, "and his mother feels pretty badly, but of course she is willing. He'll have the money before spring—he is trapping wolves and selling the pelts."

The S.O.S. call of the Empire has surely carried far, and it has not fallen on deaf ears!

The next day, having disposed of all their stuff, she and the boy started back on their seventy-five miles drive. A blinding snow storm overtook them and they got off the trail and were lost all afternoon. At twelve o'clock they came to a settler's shanty and there found a welcome for the night. The next day they set out again and in three days safely arrived at home.

And yet our Dominion Government, in their kindly fatherly way, refuse to grant homesteads to such women as this. They may endure all the hardships, the loneliness, the cold, the privations, the labor—(against which there is no law,) but they cannot have the reward; the free land is not for them, no matter how hard they work.

So this brave girl, and others like her, will go through all the hardships of colonization, but if she wishes to own land she must pay for it. Free land is only for men. Women are too weak and too sweet, and too frail to have an even chance with men.

Surely the men who can face justice in this must suffer from moist strabismus.

A Job for Mother

"Is it possible," groaned Mrs. Parker, watching, from behind her curtain, five young hopefuls variously employed in her backyard, "that those boys ever had mothers?"

"Well, at least it is probable," laughed her neighbor. "Most boys have. What are they supposed to be doing?"

"Piling wood."

The neighbor laughed again. "Not really?" she exclaimed.

She had reason to doubt it, for one boy had found an old iron spoon; with it he was vigorously pounding the resounding sides of a metal wheelbarrow, producing thereby, an almost deafening noise. A second lad, having stripped the snowberry bush of all its fine, juicy crop, was engaged in hurling the berries at his companions. The third, seated comfortably on the platform of the clothes-reel, was busily employed in reducing a pile of originally perfectly good flowerpots to fine dust, by pounding them with a large stone; an absolutely needless performance, of course. The fourth was chopping aimlessly at an old tin coffeepot with Mrs. Parker's freshly sharpened axe. Only one of the five was making any pretense of piling wood, and he was merely pretending.

"I'm supposed to be down town," explained Mrs. Parker. "I started, but decided to telephone instead."

"Are they working," asked the neighbor, "by the hour or by the job?"

"By the day," groaned Mrs. Parker. "I wanted that wood in before it rains—the weather man predicts showers. But they don't know what it means to work. And they certainly have no notion of square dealing."

There must be a great many mothers with boys of this far too common kind—boys who will shamelessly accept good money for work that they have shirked or left undone. Wouldn't it be a good idea for mothers to look into this little matter—this very important little matter—to make sure that the extra quarters and dimes that their sons gleefully acquire from time to time are honestly earned?

A boy should certainly be taught that any work that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. That if he is paid for an hour's work, he should give an hour's work, in exchange for the perfectly good coin he is to receive.

This is an idea that every mother can, and should, instill into her son's youthful mind.

That most boys stand very seriously in need of this particular branch of training, is something that no one who has ever furnished odd jobs to boys will doubt. It is a rare boy, nowadays, that really knows how to work, or knowing how, really works when he is paid by the day or by the hour.

But, for the boy's own good, for the sake of the fine honesty that should be his all through life, his mother should show him the virtue of giving an hour's work for an hour's pay. He is not likely to figure this out for himself. His mother or his father must do it for him. And it is just as well to begin early, for the desire to earn money displays itself before the boy is fairly out of the kindergarten.

A Real Vacation

One little woman whom I know, had an ideal summer last year. Heretofore her vacations had been a misnomer, sometimes spent in a seashore cottage with endless company, and sometimes in a resort hotel with children and herself to dress for three meals a day, not to mention the efforts it required to keep those children quiet and well-behaved.

This was the seventh summer of her married life, and she called it her "Sab-batical" summer, and resolved to have for once a real vacation.

On a trolley trip in April she spied a bungalow, set away back from the road, on the edge of a little wood and marked "For Rent." The location was ideal, and two days later she had rented it.

Her main object was to live the simplest kind of a simple life, and this is how she went about it:

When the time came for the summer sewing, instead of the usual fancy clothes, six plain, one-piece dresses were made for her of percale and lawn in beautiful patterns, not too light. Eight gingham dresses in kimono style, guimpes and bloomers to match, were made for each of the three little girls. Hot mornings no guimpes were needed, while cool mornings the gingham ones were to be used. Six white guimpes each were also made, and the extra summer sewing was done.

Barefoot sandals were provided for each child, and tan stockings for emergencies.

Her one faithful servant was to share this vacation, as far as possible, so plans were made to minimize the work.

The food was wholesome, but plainly cooked. Fruit, cold cereal and milk were the rule for breakfast. Appetizing sandwiches with baked beans or eggs constituted luncheon (always eaten picnic style in the woods when the weather permitted). A hearty dinner was served at five o'clock, but all pies and fancy puddings were tabooed.

On wash days the sheets, towels, gauze shirts and night gowns were taken from the line, smoothed with the hands and put away unironed.

Bedtime was seven o'clock for the children, nine o'clock for mother, and her refreshing sleeps were indescribable.

No books were taken along, but extra magazines subscribed for, which provided reading matter for the entire family. No letters were written; post cards, it was understood, were to be the order of the summer.

Friday father came, and on Sunday all walked a half mile to church, each child reserving her favorite gingham dress and best white guimpe for the occasion, while mother wore a summer silk from the year before.

Was she lonely? Never! There were long hours of rest and quiet between breakfast and bedtime, with sometimes a walk, although more often reading and mending on the porch; but never a strain to get three children and herself dressed for a hotel table, and no weary, aching body from a sudden influx of company.

In the fall she returned rested and rejuvenated, to enjoy doubly the luxuries she had denied herself during the summer.

Not Practising What He Preached

"Then you don't think I practise what I preach, eh?" queried the minister, in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years, an' ye haven't resigned yet."

About the Farm

A Chapter on Dogs

A boy and a dog often become such friends that their attachment to each other is noticeable. This is most often the case when the boy has to work alone and to play alone a good share of the time, and so naturally gets more pleasure than usual from the companionship and real comradeship of his dog friend.

The ordinary boy cares but little for the dog's pedigree, but is more interested in the way he plays and the number of clever tricks he can be taught. The boys who are living on our large dairy farms here are proud to own smart sheep dogs which can be so easily trained to drive and herd sheep, and cattle as well. These are not only valuable as herd dogs and watch dogs, but are fine field friends as well.

How Dogs Were Named

The collie has a Celtic name that has no special meaning except that given to any bright young puppy as a sort of a nickname. The best of these early sheep dogs were trained in Scotland to help the shepherds in their work.

sharp heads, strong wiry frames, and the large noticeable ruff of long hair around their necks.

These dogs are very sensitive in nature and are easily spoiled for usefulness by the harshness of an ignorant or careless trainer who attempts to teach by rough words or blows. A shrinking collie pup cannot be trained by this method. If any of Brother Bill's boys try to train young dogs of this breed they must remember to be very patient and careful with them or some of the valuable animals may be spoiled in the making. Many have made this mistake.

About the only time when there is any excuse for cuffing a fine collie pup is when he is caught in the act of sucking an egg which he has broken himself. The treatment a young dog gets has much to do with its disposition. When one has a puppy of this breed he will find that, with proper teaching the dog is not likely to become mischievous or to learn bad tricks or habits.

A puppy is naturally quite full of life and play, and will hunt up some sort of mischief unless amused and romped with and made much of. After the fun he will probably lie down and



The Haying Season in the Gladstone District, Manitoba

Spaniels were so-called because the original breed of this type come from Spain. The Blenheim spaniel was named from the Blenheim Palace, where this dog first gained popularity in the time of the great Duke of Marlborough. In the same way the King Charles spaniel owes its name to that merry monarch. Fox terriers did not gain their name from the likeness to the fox, but from the fact that formerly they were used in hunting foxes. Many years ago they were sent by their masters down the fox burrows to draw and kill their quarry. It was in those days a saying that a good fox terrier never came out of a burrow without the fox. He either brought out his prey dead or never came out alive himself.

The bulldog used to drive cattle and was trained to meet the rushes of his enormous charges by gripping them in their tenderest spot—the nose. Thus in time he became known as the bulldog. The dachshund is a German dog, and as his name indicates when translated, was used for hunting badgers. Hence his name—badger dog. Among hunters in the fatherland this breed is still popular, although as a rule they are now too delicate to face such a ferocious fighter as the badger.

Spitz dogs are so named owing to their sharp noses. This is also a German name; spitz meaning sharp pointed. Another name for this breed is Dalmatian dog, because his native home was in Dalmatia.

The Collie and His Training

The Scotch collie is now known almost all over the world. This is one of the most beautiful and intelligent of the whole family of dogs. Collies have been trained for hundreds of years among the Scottish sheep herders, and thousands of stories might be told of the wonderful work that has been done by these splendid dogs with the shaggy outer coats, soft thick under coats, bright keen eyes, small ears drooping at the tips, long

behave himself. Boys are sometimes the same, aren't they? Remember, then, that good times, kind usage, and plenty to eat are necessary in the best training of the young collie. Dogs that are half fed on poor food do not develop into the best sort of helpers.

Some men have told us that a dairy farm is no place for a dog, because the cows should never be worried by anything, and the dog would only help to cut down their yield of milk. Such a complaint is never heard where the right kind of a dog, well trained, is used to help drive the cows. We have seen a good collie sent to get cows that were away out of sight. After a few minutes we would see them coming along over the hill, without hurry, the good dog always behind them and starting those along that stopped to graze.

A snapping, vicious dog is no animal to keep on a farm, or anywhere else. The puppy's education, if well begun while he is a puppy, will make him as valuable and affectionate as a collie ought to be. It is better if he has but one master and teacher, and that this teacher knows how a dog of this sort ought to be trained.

It is rather a hard matter to tell just how to train a collie to herd and drive sheep or cattle. A few of the rules given us by those who know will, however, be good for us to learn.

Never throw anything at a collie, nor kick nor strike him. All young dogs are sensitive, and the collie particularly so. They cannot be taught to do things by command. If you want to teach the collie pup to do something, do it yourself when the dog is with you. If an animal is to be started in any direction start toward it, and the dog will soon get the trick. If he is too rough or fast, show him by calling him back gently or stop him by a long cord. If he feels the pull on the cord at the same time you speak to him he will soon learn to heed when you tell him to come back or to hold steady.

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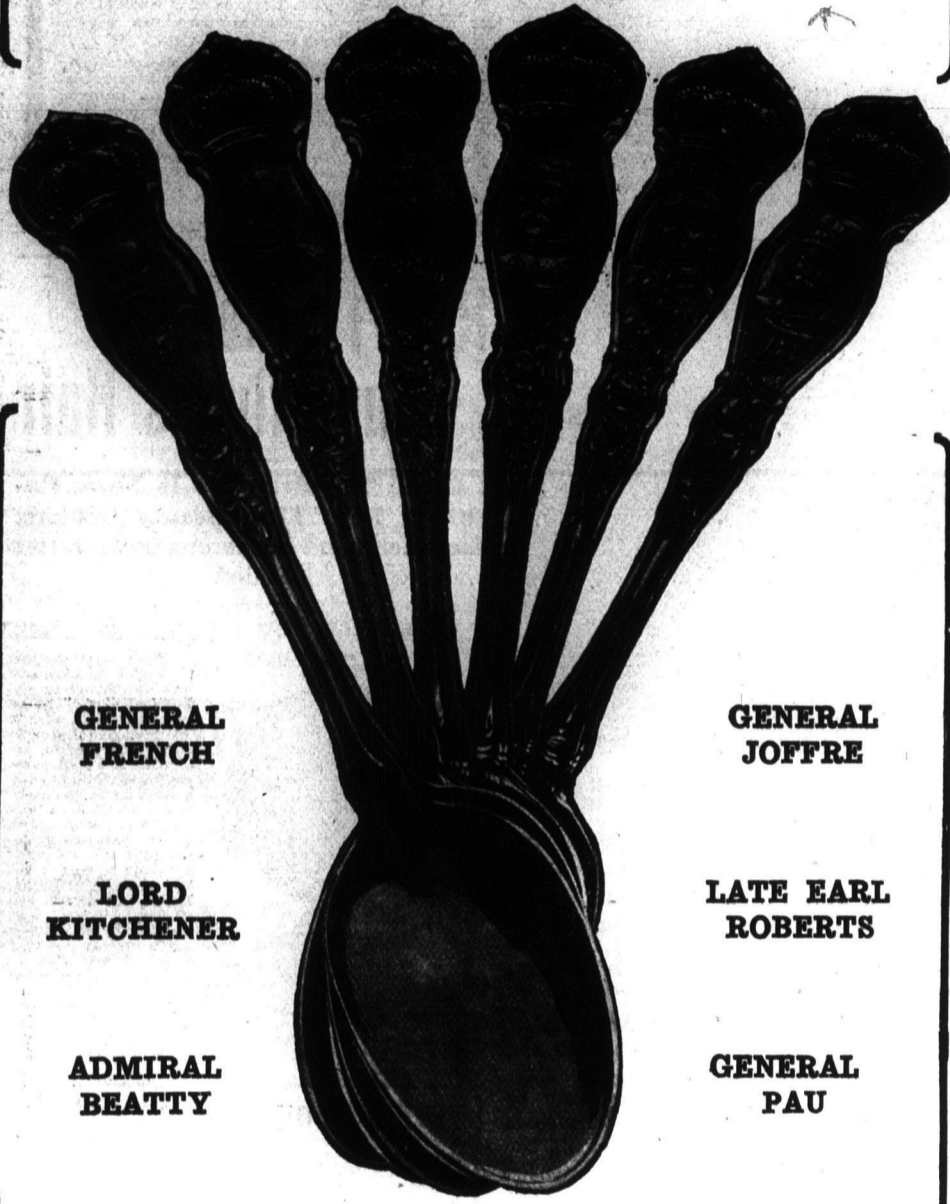
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After once being taught, the collie will work hard to please you, and you may then begin to tell him to do the things which you have taught him. He will do anything for you that he knows how to do.

The best place to keep the dog is in the barn. That should be his home. A chained dog is not contented, and is likely to become cross and snappish. Keep the farm dog in good spirits, and give him as good care as you do your bicycle, or the farm machinery, or the other live stock, and it will be a delight and a most profitable thing to have a good dog.

The Cow is not always at Fault

When the returns from the dairy business are not satisfactory it is not at all unusual for the owner to make the complaint that his cows are poor and for his friends to advise him to obtain better ones. The explanation is plausible and the remedy is easy to suggest, but it often occurs that the explanation is not correct and the remedy is impracticable. It is much easier to blame the cows than it is to carefully investigate the cause of their short comings and it is pleasant to do this than it is to admit that the owner may be more deserving of blame than are

blame for the shortcoming of which he has complained should be placed on the owner rather than on the cow.

There are various ways in which conditions may fall below a proper standard. There are farms on which the cows should be better protected against sudden changes of temperature from extremes of heat and cold, and from exposure to storms. During warm weather if there are no trees in the pasture some kind of artificial shade should be provided so that the cows can get away from the direct rays of the hot sun during the middle of the day. Hot weather has a more or less depressing influence on stock of all kinds and when cows must stand it without protection and be tormented by flies there is always a decrease in the milk yield. In the winter time good warm well ventilated barns are of course very essential. All causes of discomfort should be removed as fully as possible. It is useless to expect that a cow will do her best if she is not satisfied and contented.

On many farms the principal efforts for improving the conditions and thus increasing the productiveness of the cows should be directed toward the feeding. Changes along this line may be made with great advantage. They may involve the giving of larger quantities of food or the use of more expensive materials in the ration.



Right Hon. David Lloyd George at Llandudno, Wales, inspecting Welsh Recruits

his cows. But easy and pleasanter ways are not always the right ways. They sometimes lead those who follow them far astray.

Comparatively few cows have ever reached the limit of their possible productiveness. The great majority have an actual and a potential accomplishment, what they did and what they have the capacity for doing. The quantity of milk which they yield is below, and in many cases it is far below what it might and ought to be. If the animals are judged by their present productiveness they must be ranked as poor cows. But if possible yield is made the basis of judgment I am perfectly satisfied that many of them will go into a higher class.

It is perfectly natural that the owner of a cow that never yields more than a very moderate quantity of milk should be dissatisfied with her. But in a great many probably in the majority of cases, much can be said in behalf of the cow. She has never been given any special care and attention. She has never been placed under conditions which would enable her capacity for milk production to be determined. No intelligent and consistent efforts to find whether she can do better than she has done has ever been made. It is true that she may not be a valuable milk producer, but it is not fair to the owners to condemn her as inferior until she has had a fair and adequate test. She should not be put in the class of poor cows until well directed efforts for her improvements have been made.

Whenever conditions are at fault, they should be corrected, and the cow should then be given a fair period of probation. If this is done it is not at all improbable that a good part of the

Or they may require the use of the same materials in different proportions or some change of food stuffs which will not increase the cost of keeping.

On some farms where the convenience of the owners is regarded as of greater importance than the welfare of the cows greater regularity in the times of feeding would be of marked benefit. The water supply, too, is sometimes at fault. Where this is deficient or the quality of the water is poor the yield of milk will be only moderate and the character of what is produced will probably be bad. In cases like these all adverse criticism should be withheld from the cows and be bestowed upon the owners. The only profitable course to take where the dairy does not yield a fair profit, is to find out whether the cows are inherently and consequently hopelessly inferior or whether their low rate of production is due to the conditions under which they are kept. If the conditions are not favorable the first thing to do is to improve them. Then if the cows seem to be well and are contented with their surroundings but still fail to be productive, careful experiments in changing their food should be made. The present rations may keep them in good health, yet may not enable them to produce large quantities of milk. Or the kind of feed may be sufficient to maintain the cow and leave a surplus from which milk can be made.

While the cows are on the pasture little attention is paid to their feeding so long as the grass is abundant, but in addition to the grass other feed can be given with benefit. I have for years practised giving my cows some ground grain in addition to pasture and I am sure I have been well repaid in the increased quality, and quantity of the milk.

It is of t has or I be incr I at mos muc C harc into poor keep univ resp to r are that tabl read teres John W hay, nutr chem stitu hay i per horse work hay i and with hay i of me case in bo able. groun becau leave more right see a moult mead dition

It is from liberal feeding that a large part of the profit of the dairy comes. If one has cows that are only paying their way, or perhaps not quite doing that, it will be well to try all reasonable means to increase their production. If this is done I am confident it will be found that in most cases the capacity for production is much greater than has been supposed.

Cows that have been regarded as hardly up to the average may develop into superior animals and the apparently poorest one may prove to be well worth keeping. This, however, will not be the universal experience. Some cows cannot respond to even the best directed efforts to make them more productive. They are lacking in capacity to such an extent that they are hopeless subjects for a profitable dairy and the sooner they are made ready for the butcher the better the interests of their owners will be served.—John Underwood.

Pasture

Seeds and Meadow Hay

With reference to the feeding value of hay, there is a wide divergence in the nutritive value of different samples. In chemical analyses of the digestible constituents the albuminoids in average clover hay is given as 7 per cent., as against 5.4 per cent. in average meadow hay; but horse-owners who want hard work, fast work, and hard condition, buy meadow hay in preference. Hunters, racers, hacks, and fast carriage horses are rarely fed with "seeds" hay. The quality of "seeds" hay is, on the average, not so good as that of meadow hay. It is made earlier in the case of the "first cut," and later in the case of the "second cut," and the weather in both instances often proves unfavorable. It cuts a heavier crop to the ground, and is, for this reason, as well as because of the nature of the stems and leaves of the clover plant and rye-grass, more difficult to manage and catch just right than meadow hay. We certainly see a great deal more spoiled, badly saved, mouldy, or overheated "seeds" hay than meadow hay; and, perhaps, the bad condition of the samples left for consumption

on the farm, more than the constituents of the hay itself, is responsible for the prevalence of digestive troubles and broken-wind.

Hay Quality

The quality of hay depends on no small extent on the soil on which it is grown, and is also affected by the maturing. The general conclusions arrived at are that as the plant matures the proportion of water nitrogenous matter, fat, and ash decreases, while the proportion of carbo-hydrates increases. As albuminoids are much more valuable than carbo-hydrates, and the greater the percentage of albuminoids in a given sample the more easily and perfectly it will be digested, it follows, as the plant grows older, that not only its nutritive value, but its digestibility also is diminished. Hay that in making has suffered much from rain and exposure and has undergone fermentation contains much less soluble matter than that which is well made, and hay that has become unduly fermented or "mow-burnt" not only loses in feeding value, but may, in addition, cause derangement of the digestive and urinary organs.

How to Recognize Good Hay

Good hay should be of a bright greenish-tint, if well saved, and of a pleasant aromatic odour; have a hard, firm, crisp feel, stems tough, flexible, and of medium length; heads showing inflorescence, and any seeds present firmly adherent to the spike, and free from dust or mildew. Hard hay is especially esteemed for horses, since it indicates that the best grasses predominate, and that they have been well harvested. Blanched, brittle, mouldy, bad-smelling, or highly fermented hay should be rejected by the purchaser, although horses like overheated hay well enough, and we have seen them eat stuff so black that it resembled charcoal. Slightly heated it does no harm, but badly mow-burnt hay acts as a diuretic, producing excessive thirst and a general falling-off in condition. Overheated hay is largely employed to give a "nose" to chaff cut from inferior fodder. Clover hay should be bright, clean, firm and flexible, free from mustiness, mould or dust, and have most of the leaves adherent

to the stem. Musty hay is very evident to the senses, and is due to stacking while wet or to wet getting into the stack. Its use is not only dangerous, but represents a serious loss of nourishment. It is often sought to improve it by salting or spicing, but this, although it may make it more palatable, does not make it more nutritious.

Best Hay

The feeding of old and new hay is an important matter, and particularly at this season. Very often old hay is sold off and new stacks are commenced prematurely for home consumption, because the old hay is the most valuable and generally the most saleable. In the trade, hay is considered new up to the end of September, but others consider it new until it is a year old. There is no doubt that hay is best when about a year old, but it is obvious that it cannot be kept at that, and in many cases the season's stacks must be commenced before. No new hay, however, should be used before November. Prior to that it has not the feeding and conditioning qualities of old hay; and new hay, like new oats, is apt to occasion digestive derangement. New hay causes some horses to "scour" badly. New hay contains more moisture than old, but this is difficult to detect by any ordinary method of examination. It is usual to regard new hay as greener than old, but this depends on circumstances, and may be very misleading in the case of a well-saved sample. We look for perfection in hay when it is about twelve months old, retaining its colour and aroma. The length of time that hay retains its nutritive properties is about two years from the time of cutting. After that it deteriorates.

Concerning Soap

Soap is the best means of removing dirt from men and things; but unless it is made of the purest materials, carefully and conscientiously compounded, and used in moderation, it is likely to irritate the skin and make it susceptible to disease. Soap is the chemical compound of an alkali—soda or potash—with the acid part of fat. Potash soap is the soft soap

that all housewives used to make. They always had barrels half-full of lye into which they threw the refuse fat from the kitchen. The ordinary hard soap, both for the laundry and for the toilet, is made from soda, and its irritating qualities depend on the amount of free soda it contains, on the kind of fat that is used, and on what is used to adulterate it.

It ought to contain no free alkali at all, but even if there is none, some of the soda is set free when the soap is put into water. Soaps in which there is a certain amount of free fat in addition to that combined with the soda have been recommended on the theory that when the soda is thus set free, it combines with the free fat of the soap before it has time to attack the fat of the skin. Whether that actually happens or not is uncertain.

The fat that is used should not be rancid, and it should be capable of taking up a large amount of alkali. Tallow and olive-oil are particularly useful in soap-making. Olive-oil forms, or should form, the base of Castile soap, but unfortunately this soap is often adulterated with other fats, which are more harmful.

Cocoonut-oil makes a soap that lathers well, but is rather irritating, and cotton-seed-oil soap is said to be still worse.

Benzin and paraffin derivatives added to washing soaps increase their cleansing properties, but unless they are used with great care, they are likely to irritate the skin of the laundress. Eczema and other skin troubles can often be traced to the use of cheap and dishonestly made soaps. Be very careful, therefore, to select as your toilet soap one made by a responsible manufacturer.

Sand Bar Ferry, near Augusta, Georgia, is a flatboat affair, frail and rickety. Two timid ladies, hesitating to cross, plied the negro boatman with questions about it.

"And are you perfectly sure no one has ever been lost here?" they demanded.

"No, missus," replied the ferryman. "No one ain't never been los' here. Marse Jake Bristow done got spilled out and drowned last week, but dey found 'im again nex' day. We ain't never los' nobody, no, ma'am."

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Can You Help?

Manitoba, March 10, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for a long time, and always look forward to the coming of the next issue. I am a farmer's son, and think farming as good an occupation as any. I am much interested in homesteading, and would like to take one up in the near future. Now could some of your readers kindly tell me where some good homesteads and pre-emptions could be got. Would prefer Saskatchewan. All information will be thankfully received.

My address is with the Editor.
Thanking you in anticipation. I will sign myself,
Farmer's Son.

The New Tariff

Halkirk, Alta., Mar 14, 1915.

Dear Sir—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for quite a number of years, and have found something in each issue that has been worth to me as much, and more, than the subscription price per year. "The Philosopher" is certainly as good reading as anything one can get hold of in any paper. "The Young Man and His Problem" is worth in the year fifty times the subscription price, and there are also other pages that are very valuable, especially to the bachelor; not only to men of that species, but women bachelors also, as there are a few of the latter around the country.

The correspondence department is very interesting to me at least. I notice a few letters on "Hail Insurance" in March number, and I concur with "Alberta Farmer" in what he says, and add something a little stronger. In place of red tape, I would say "graft," for there certainly looks to me to be some of that around with so many seeking the office of collector, etc.

Why should I who has never been hailed have to pay insurance on another man's crops. Might as well pass a law making everyone pay insurance on stock. I have forty head of horses; why not make the grain farmer help pay the insurance on my stallions and mares.

I see one writer "scout" says he believes he can get along all right without the fair sex. I do not know about the "all right" but I believe he could exist. It sure is not living to go out and do a day's work and have to come in and do the cooking. We hear of a few bachelors going "batty" now and then, and it is a wonder to me there are not more, the way some of them live is certainly beyond human expression. I have been into several shacks in this district that I, for one, would hate to have to live in. I have also been into some where there were women, and they were no better. I might also say I have been into a few inhabited by bachelors kept as clean as any woman could do.

I would like to say something on the new tariff changes. They are not going to do the government very much good and agriculture a great deal of harm. The manufacturers are the ones who will benefit by the change. There is not a man I have talked to that would not rather pay a toll tax of as high as ten dollars rather than have the duty on implements and foodstuffs raised. We have to pay it any way, and I would rather have the government get it direct than pay the government through the tariff say, one dollar, and the manufacturers two dollars, which is about what we will have to do if these laws pass.

I guess I better quit for this time. Wishing this paper every success, which it certainly deserves. I will sign myself
Doc., Eng.

Production and Destruction

Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 27, 1915.

Dear Editor—Having been a silent reader of your most worthy paper for about 4 years I take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the good and also pleasure I have derived from it. It is essentially a home paper, and as such performs its duty with a wider and cleaner scope than any other it has been my privilege to read. May good luck attend you in all your efforts.

As I have some spare time on my hands, I think I may as well make my debut in your correspondence column, that is, if this epistle passes the w.p.b. I was very much struck by the letter by "Thistle" on "Patriotism," as it so happens I have been thinking along the same lines for some time. To be a true patriot, in my way of reasoning, a person must be prepared to live for his country, as well as to die for it, just as a true Christian does for his faith. Thinking of the soldier as the only true patriot is just as erroneous as thinking of the martyrs as the only true Christians. What of the noble men and women who have lived lives of service and at the same time had every chance to suffer also? But the life of their cause demanded they should live.

If therefore all the young or rather eligible men did become soldiers, production would almost cease, and the country's trade be ruined. Therefore by becoming patriots these men would ruin their country in a way in which any enemy could scarcely hope to. Of course, such a state of affairs is only an illustration, as no government would allow such to exist.

Production is even a greater factor in war than destruction, and as war exists both are necessary. Morally, production is elevating, while destruction degrades those participating. But to come back to the point, every citizen or subject of a country is capable of being a patriot be he soldier or bootblack.

The definition of a patriot may differ with different people, but to me it is this: One who loves his country and lives for its welfare, and also for the welfare of humanity in general.

Well, I guess I'm getting a trifle long, so I'd better close with sincerest wishes and best regards to all the readers and correspondents. Yours truly—
Right Ho! Thistle.

Will Always be a Subscriber

Saskatchewan, Mar. 9, 1915.

Dear Editor and Friends—I have been a subscriber to the W.H.M. for past four years and hope to be for as long as I can raise the price of subscription. Would like very much to hear from any of the readers, will try to make my letters interesting and will answer all promptly.

If any readers would put me in touch with any one desiring board in country, with all privileges of a home either a convalescent or any other I'd be very grateful. Will close wishing the editor and all the many readers of this most valuable magazine success and more prosperity in 1915 than previous year. Sincerely,
"Blue Bell."

A Challenge

Sask., April 18, 1915.

Dear Editor—I am writing a few lines and hope you will be able to give me a small space in your paper. Well first I might say, I had an answer to my last letter, but the reader took it the wrong way and I got a good letter, also a good talking to. Now I hope the other readers saw it as I meant it. I must say "True Blue's" letter of "Good Sound Advice" was a good one. I am 21 years of age, and I had travelled about 4,000 miles when I was 19 years, and I have gone another 6,000 miles in the last two years. I can say I have known people of all kinds, and I say you have to live with a person before you can say you know them.

Now "Freda" says "Dido" writes and says he is making a cushion, and a hearth

Don't Allow Your Bowels To Become Constipated.

If the truth was only known you would find that over one half of the ills of life are caused by allowing the bowels to get into a constipated condition.

When the bowels become constipated the stomach gets out of order, the liver does not work properly, and then follows the violent sick headaches, the sourness of the stomach, belching of wind, heartburn, water brash, biliousness, and a general feeling that you do not care to do anything.

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A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c. (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.

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Household Suggestions

Chili Sauce—Boil together two dozen ripe tomatoes, three small green peppers, or a half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one onion cut fine, half a cup of sugar. Boil until thick; then add two cups of vinegar, then strain the whole, set back on the fire and add a tablespoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful each of ginger, allspice, cloves and cinnamon; boil all five minutes, remove and seal in glass bottles.

Corn Oysters—Corn oysters are appetizing, and make a dainty lunch or supper dish. Remove the corn from the uncooked cobs. To a large cup of the corn add one level tablespoon of flour, and the yolk of one egg, one-half teaspoon salt, and a little pepper, and the last thing before cooking, add the beaten white of the egg. Drop in spoonfuls into hot fat, or in a well greased frying pan. This same mixture may be used to fill either red or green peppers. The peppers must first be boiled whole for fifteen minutes, then a little square cut in them, and the insides carefully removed and the corn put in. Bake in a quick oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

Apple Catsup—Peel and quarter a dozen sound tart apples; stew them until soft in as little water as possible, then pass them through a sieve. To a quart of the sifted apple, add a teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of pepper, one of cloves, one of mustard, two of cinnamon, and two medium sized onions, chopped very fine. Stir all together, adding a tablespoonful of salt and a pint of vinegar. Place over the fire and boil one hour, and bottle while hot; seal very tight. It should be about as thick as tomato catsup so that it will just run from the bottle.

Pimento Cheese Sandwiches—Two table-spoons butter, one teaspoon salt, one cup diced cheese, one small can pimentos, one

half cup milk, one teaspoon cornstarch, a dash of red pepper. Graham or white bread. Put cheese, milk, butter, cornstarch in double boiler and cook until smooth, then add seasoning, and the pimentos cut into small pieces. When cold spread between thin buttered slices of bread. Sufficient for 25 sandwiches.

Excellent Oat Meal Drop Cakes—Two eggs, one cup shortening, half butter, and half lard or good dripping, two cups sugar, one cup very sour milk, two cups rolled oats, one teaspoon vanilla, one rounding teaspoon soda. Cream the sugar and shortening, with a tablespoon or two of the milk, well together. Add the well beaten eggs, then milk, with the soda dissolved in it, and the oats and flavoring. Stir in flour enough to make a batter that will drop from a spoon. Drop on a buttered pan and cook in a moderate oven. A cupful of raisins or currants and some nuts make a change. I often make part plain and then add a little fruit and some nuts to the rest of the batter.—Mrs. Driscoll, Wash., U. S.

A Savoury Dish—Into a frying-pan lay two or three slices of salt pork, fry until crisp and brown; on the top lay two cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes chopped small. Sprinkle over a little pepper. When browned on the under side, fold in half as you would an omelet. Serve hot.

Lemon Cream Tart—Cream well a cupful of sugar and half a tablespoonful of butter; beat in the yolks of two eggs and juice and grated rind of a lemon. Next add a cupful of hot milk and a little over, set aside to cool. Lightly stir in the well-beaten (stiff) whites. Fill into some flaky pie-crust, and bake from half to three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Toffee—Ingredients: Two lbs. sugar, one-fourth lb. butter, one tin Swiss milk, one teacupful milk, vanilla. Method: Put sugar, butter, milk into a clean pan, and keep stirring till it boils, then add the Swiss milk, and let the whole boil for half an hour, not too quickly. Stir continually as it is apt to burn. Add vanilla before taking from fire. It should be sugary when ready. If put in a cool place when poured out, it should be ready for cutting in ten minutes.

Bread

Gautier, one of the foremost dietitians of the day has described a loaf of ideal bread in these words: "Good bread ought to be light, resounding and well raised. It should give a minimum of twenty-two per cent of a golden crust, brittle and difficult to detach from the crumb. The latter ought to be elastic and to have large cavities in it; if, after the bread is cool, it is moderately compressed between the thumb and index finger, the crumb should not stick together, but should slowly return to its original volume; it should not cling to the fingers which knead it. Good bread should absorb a great deal of liquid without being dissolved when it is moistened. It ought not to rub away under the fingers. The color of the crumb ought to be very clear, yellowish-white and slightly translucent; its sweet odor of wheat should recall neither sourness, mouldiness nor fermentation. Dried in the oven without being baked, good wheat bread should not lose more than thirty-six per cent of its weight."

After standing twelve to fifteen hours the bread becomes "stale," a condition due to chemical changes within the loaf. Since about two per cent of the water within the bread has escaped, it is not less wholesome, while at the same time, it is more accessible to the digestive juices.

Many people do not like the crust edge of the bread, as also the "heel," yet in discarding it they throw away the most valuable portion of the bread, for it is more nourishing than the crumb; is more soluble in water and richer in nitrogenous matters in the proportion of two to one; and is also more digestible.

Graham Bread

For graham bread, take one pint of buttermilk or sour milk and add one teaspoon of soda, one-half cup sugar, one cup flour, one-half cup cornmeal, two cups graham flour, one-half cup molasses, and one teaspoon salt. Bake one and one-half hours.

A soft graham bread may be made as follows: Mix the ingredients in the order given, adding sufficient warm water to make a soft dough—one and one-half quarts graham flour, one pint white flour, two teaspoons salt, one cake compressed yeast, one-half cup molasses, two table-spoons butter (melted), about three cups warm water. Beat thoroughly and set in a warm place until it is quite light. Then beat down again and fill bread pans half full. When light again put to bake in a moderate oven and bake three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Arizona Brown Bread

The materials required for this brown bread are: one cupful of baking molasses; one cupful of graham flour; one cupful of white flour; one cupful of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of baking powder; one-half teaspoonful of baking soda; one-half cupful of chopped English walnuts. To make: Put the baking powder in the white flour; sift it in a bowl, also the graham flour; add the milk, stir well, then add the molasses in which the soda has been mixed; stir thoroughly, then add the nuts. Put the mixture into a well greased oblong baking pan, about four by ten inches; bake in a moderate oven twenty to twenty-five minutes; try with a broom splint to see if cooked sufficiently; if the splint comes out dry, it is done; if wet or sticky, bake a few minutes longer, being careful not to let it burn. This is good hot or cold.

Johnnycake

Various kinds of bread, having meal as their basis, are the corn foods most generally in use. Of these "johnnycake" and "hoecake" are perhaps the most popular. Both are easily digested. Butter, or some other form of fat, should be eaten with both kinds of cake for two reasons: because, as in the case of rice, it prevents the corn from forming into a sticky mass in the stomach; and because the butter supplies an abundance of fats and a slight amount of proteins, in which, particularly the fats, cornmeal is somewhat lacking. On this account cane and corn syrups and molasses should not be eaten as a "spread" with these corn breads, since the molasses, like the meal, is composed chiefly of carbohydrates, and oversupplies the body with this element.


Stuffed Tomatoes

Peel medium-sized tomatoes. Remove thin slices from top of each and scoop out the center. Sprinkle inside with salt; invert, and let stand for half an hour. Fill with pineapple and celery cut in small pieces, and English walnut meats, broken in small pieces. Granish with parsley, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Inspiration in Entrees

Those who are abroad this summer will return with many new ideas. Especially suggestive are many of the entrees. Translucent strips of cucumber, served with a spoonful of Hollandaise sauce as an accompaniment to a bit of fish, will probably be a novelty to the average housewife. If she dines at the same place a few weeks later she may be served with diced cucumbers, boiled with cream sauce, or again, they may be quartered, dipped in butter and fried in a little oil or butter. These all taste good and are easy to prepare. They are worth remembering, particularly if one of the home group is convinced that cucumbers in their natural state are indigestible.

What has the appearance of delicate leaves of lettuce served with a slice of boiled tongue is in all probability the out leaves of the salad cut into ribbons and cooked like spinach, always with the ubiquitous onion in the water for flavoring. Small carrots scraped, parboiled and roasted around meat are a favorite vegetable



Kootenay Steel Range

The Range that Lasts a Lifetime

The EXTRA HEAVY FIREBOX LININGS in the "KOOTENAY" are made of **FAMOUS SEMI-STEEL**, which is almost indestructible.

The HEAVY DUPLEX ROLLER GRATES used in the "KOOTENAY" have two faces, one for wood and the other for coal. Turning the Shaker Handle changes from one to the other in the twinkling of an eye.

Did you ever notice, when your fire goes out, a few pieces of coal or wood left in each end of the firebox? The "KOOTENAY" has a **DUPLEX DRAFT** operating from the front and the end, which means you have a dandy even-burning fire, with no dead ends—a **SAVING OF FUEL**.

The **POLISHED TOP** on the "KOOTENAY" is a bright, smooth, easily-cleaned surface, that does not soil clothes, hands, or utensils. It does not require to be blackened, but can be easily cleaned by simply wiping it off with an oiled dust cloth.

The picture shows how easily the **DAMPERS** on the "KOOTENAY" are operated from the front—no reaching across the top of your range over steaming vessels—no scalded arms or scorched sleeves, because the **DAMPERS ARE IN THEIR PROPER PLACE**.

The **NICKEL-PLATED STEEL OVEN**, made of American Ingot Iron, is **RUST PROOF**, and is a dandy **BAKER**. Can be washed out with soap and water like a china dish.

Remember the "Kootenay" is Guaranteed

A "Household Guide" and Recipe Book FREE

A reliable source of information on domestic questions, with a mass of tested recipes that will make the "KOOTENAY" still more valuable to its users, has just been compiled for us from all the best available sources. We will gladly send a copy of this book (as long as the edition lasts) to ALL who fill in and mail the attached coupon.

McClary's

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a copy of "Household
Guide."
W.H.M.

with foreigners. The carrots are basted frequently and cooked in all respects as our American cooks roast potatoes around beef. If the carrots are large the process is the same, except that they are either first halved or quartered according to their size. A mould of boiled rice seasoned with curry and topped with a spoonful of chopped mushrooms browned in butter is something of a novelty in rice serving and plain boiled rice as a foundation for half a baked tomato is another vegetable arrangement which the observing woman will do well to duplicate as an accompaniment to steak or roast beef. Potato that stands by of all American households is practically the only vegetable not encountered in the French and Italian restaurants. Rice and beans in unlimited variety are used instead.

Green Peas—Peas, if really young and freshly picked, should never be ruined by much cooking. If you rinse them in cold water after shelling you will need not more than a cupful of water to a pint of peas. Cover them tightly and watch to see when they are steamed through. You will be amazed at the short time it takes. There will be no water to drain off. Just add butter, pepper and salt, toss lightly, and serve at once.

Stuffed Cucumbers—A perplexing question to the house wife with a garden of her own is how to use up large cucumbers. They are delicious when stuffed and are a favorite dish of vegetarians. Mix together one-half of finely chopped nuts, a good-sized onion shredded, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and another of chutney if handy. Season with one table spoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Remove the skin from four good-sized cucumbers and take out the seeds. Fill the sections with the above force and fasten together with strings. Heat six tablespoonfuls of olive oil and brown the sections of cucumber in it on all sides. Pour over them a half cupful of water and allow them to bake slowly for an hour and a half, basting frequently.

Fried Cauliflower—Parboil in salt and water a good-sized cauliflower. When done through, though still firm, drain, cut into small pieces and lay out to cool. Dip each piece in a whipped egg, roll in grated bread crumbs and fry on both sides in boiling butter. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve very hot.

Cream of Pea Soup—Shell the peas, cover a pint of them with water, cook until tender and season with one teaspoonful of salt and a sprig of mint. Remove one-half of the peas and press through a sieve. Cook thoroughly two tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter which have been blended in one quart of hot milk. Then add the pressed peas and the water in which the peas were cooked. Just before serving add one cupful of whipped cream and the whole peas.

Lettuce as a vegetable—Put a good-sized head in boiling water for five minutes. Plunge in cold water, remove quickly and dry in a napkin. Put some thin slices of bacon in the bottom of a pan, put the lettuce-head on top, cover with soup stock and bake for about an hour in a slow oven. When the liquid has cooked down almost to a jelly, lift out the lettuce, season with salt and pepper, and pour over it a white sauce as for cauliflower.

Cabbage with Cream Sauce—Never cook cabbage long. It should always remain crisp as it is much more digestible so. With a sharp thin knife shave a nice, small head of young cabbage fine. Pour over it a pint of boiling water and let it boil gently for ten minutes. Then pour off the water, draining it in a colander. Add to the cabbage half a pint of rich milk or enough just to cover. When the milk comes to the boil add a heaping teaspoonful of flour moistened to a paste with a little milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add a teaspoonful of butter and turn into a heated dish and serve.

Minced Cabbage.—Parboil tender white cabbage and put into a chopping bowl and chop fine. To a quart of chopped cabbage put two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour in a saucepan and stir smoothly. Then put in the cabbage and salt and pepper to taste. Add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and stir constantly for five minutes. Heap up in a heated covered dish. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

Sour Milk Cakes

Dark Raisin Cake—One cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one cup chopped raisins, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon cloves, one-half nutmeg. Mix sugar and flour. Add eggs and milk. Add flour, soda and spices, and floured fruit. Bake slowly for one hour.

Cream Cake—Two eggs (broken in one-half pint cup), fill with thick sour cream. One cup sugar, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon baking powder. Mix and bake in two layers.

Raspberry Cake—Two eggs, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup raspberries, two cups flour, one tablespoon sour milk, one teaspoon soda. Mix as for the other cakes.

Chocolate Cake

Three ounces of butter and lard (mixed). Three-quarters of a breakfastcupful of sugar. One and a half breakfastcupfuls of flour. Two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Two eggs. Half a cupful of milk. One teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

Beat butter and sugar well together. Add eggs one by one, beating well. Mix the dry flour with the carbonate of soda and cream of tartar, and add gradually to the mixture. Last of all the milk. Well grease two sandwich-tins and put half the mixture into each. Bake in a quick oven. When cold, ice them by putting a quarter of a pound of icing sugar and one and a half teaspoonfuls of any good chocolate powder into a basin. Mix well together, and make into a paste with a little boiling water. Spread the paste over the cakes with a broad-bladed knife. Flavouring may be added.

Gingerbread

I consider the most economical and inexpensive cake to be gingerbread. It is so substantial and satisfying for the children.

One pound of flour. Four ounces of dripping. One or two eggs. Milk and water (about half a pint). Four ounces of cheap brown sugar. Two teaspoonfuls of ginger (freshly grated). Half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

Rub dripping into the flour. Mix in ginger and sugar.

Warm together the treacle and milk (take a little for mixing with carbonate of soda). Beat up the egg.

Mix carbonate of soda with all milk and treacle, add to the egg. Pour into the flour, slowly beating all the time until bubbles come on the top.

Pour into a Yorkshire pudding tin, and bake for one hour.

To Clean Gloves

Procure a wide-mouthed bottle (a fruit bottle with screw top and rubber ring is excellent for the purpose), roll up each glove, but not tightly, lay the gloves in the bottle, as many pairs as will half fill the bottle may be put in for cleaning.

Fill up the bottle with petrol. Screw on the lid and put away from open fire. Leave till the following day, then squeeze out one glove at a time, replacing the lid securely.

Lay the glove on a towel on a table, and rub quickly with another clean cloth or towel.

The glove may be put on the hand for cleaning, to get at the fingers better.

Rub finger tips, palms, wrists—all the dirtiest parts—hard and as quickly as possible, as the petrol evaporates quickly. Take one at a time from the bottle and clean in this way till all are done.

Hang in the open air to get free from smell.

A little French chalk rubbed over them is an improvement.

Don't throw away the petrol. The dirt falls to the bottom after a time, and the petrol can be poured off and used several times.

Always keep the lid tightly screwed down to prevent petrol evaporating.

The most delicate kid, suede, or any kind of gloves may be cleaned successfully in this way, indeed almost any article of wearing apparel may be cleaned with petrol.

Summertime Suggestions

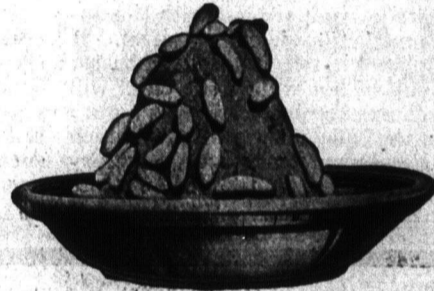
On the Use of Food Confections

When berries come, mix them with Puffed Wheat or Rice. Blend the fruit with these flaky morsels which taste like toasted nuts. Puffed Grains, you'll find, will add as much as do the cream and sugar.



For a dairy dish, at supper or bedtime, float these grains in milk. These are toasted whole-grain bubbles, crisp and airy, delightful to the taste. And nothing else made from Wheat or Rice has every food granule exploded. That means easy, complete digestion.

Garnish ice cream with these Puffed Grains. It is like adding nut meats to it. Use Puffed Rice in candy making: It tastes like nuts but is far more flaky. The candy crumbles easily.



Let boys at play carry a pocket of Puffed Grains. Salt them like peanuts or butter like popcorn. In Puffed Grains, every atom feeds. And they do not tax the stomach.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar reveal but one delight. Millions of pounds are being served at other times than breakfast.

Bear this in mind. The more you serve these grains in puffed form the better for all concerned. Prof. Anderson's process best fits them for food. It makes confections of them. It does in a thorough way what cooking does in a half way. It breaks up the nutriment cells.

The handiest foods in your house this summer will be your Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

PETERBOROUGH, Ont. SASKATOON, Sask.

The Home Doctor

Hot Water vs. Medicine

Faye N. Merriman

The average child is dosed too much, both for its future and its present welfare. More often than not the delicate little stomach suffers more in attempting to throw off the effects of the drug administered than it does with the trifling disorder which disturbs the little one. Preventative measures keep a child well, but if these have been neglected hot water will usually set the child's system right.

Hot water is an excellent physic and corrective of stomach trouble in any form, and with a little lemon juice it is an excellent cure for colds. A cup of hot water night and morning will keep the child's bowels regular, the little stomach clean and healthy and the liver active. When actual sickness occurs the hot water is better given in small quantities at regular intervals during the day and very little food allowed. It is often surprising how quickly the disordered condition will be remedied.

Most children that have been accustomed to hot water from the time of birth drink it eagerly and learn to ask for it, but it is often difficult to induce a child that has not the habit, to taste of it. Some mothers sweeten the water or add flavoring but it is best taken in its pure clear state. I have known enthusiastic mothers to add so much sweetening to the water that the medicinal value was destroyed.

Care should be taken that the water is not too hot as a child that has been burned once will rebel at tasting the hot water again. The better way is to coax the child to taste it, comparing it with the unpalatable medicine usually given. If given the choice between a dose of castor oil and a cup of hot water, the child will naturally choose the latter.

Much of the colic of early infancy which many mothers seem to consider a necessary evil may be avoided by the generous use

of hot water. Fill a nursing bottle half full and when the child cries give it to him, taking care that it is not too hot. He will be as contented with it as with a bottle of warm milk and the little stomach will feel much better. To the mother who over-feeds her infant the hot water bottle will prove a godsend, keeping the child as quiet as the bottle he cries for, and being much safer. I do not think the value of hot water can be much overrated.

My own child, three years old, has had the hot water habit since he was three months old and I often wish he had had its benefit earlier. He never has had a touch of colic or stomach trouble since, excepting during his second summer when he had a light touch of inflammation of the bowels brought on by eating grapes.

The same year he had a touch of measles during which I kept giving him hot water, as much as he could be induced to swallow, and very little food. In five days he was all over the attack and although friends who hooted at my hot water treatment told me that no child could get over an attack of measles in that time and not suffer for it later on, I have never seen any after effects. With the measles the child's private organs became blistered, and I was assured that that was an unfailing symptom of a complication of measles and chicken pox and the advice hurled at my head would fill a volume. Through it all I continued my simple treatment and in five days he was well. Before taking it, he was exposed to the disease in its dreaded "black" form as it swept through a family of five, all adults but one. He did not sicken until the last one was upon the road to recovery and has never been ill since.

If he seems ailing or "out of sorts" I increase the amount of hot water and decrease the amount of food until he is in perfect condition again. He has learned to ask for his cup of hot water if he does not feel well, but it is only under unusual circumstances, such as an over amount of sweets, that he ever feels indisposed.

Hot water should be the family doctor in the home, both for children and adults and should be well recommended as such for he charges no exorbitant fee and if called in early enough will prevent diseases as well as cure them. Try him.

Clean Hands

Most persons who take any pride at all in the preservation of habits of ordinary cleanliness take it for granted that their hands are clean, for this would seem to be the very foundation of personal decency. In all cities the large department-stores, as well as the drug-stores, are fitted with a vast assortment of things that are solely for the care of the hands,—manicuring tools, files, polishers and whiteners,—leading one to suppose that much thought and care are directed to the beautification of the hands, and as a natural deduction that here, at least, cleanliness might come even before godliness.

It is sad to be obliged to suggest, nevertheless, that most persons have hands that are not washed often enough and not washed thoroughly enough.

The bacteriologists tell us that if half a dozen people simply dip their hands into a basin of water, and then remove them without any effort at cleansing, the water will be found to swarm with bacilli. One shudders to think what would happen to that water if a few of the average cooks or bakers or handlers of fruit should dip their hands in it.

It is the food question that makes this matter of clean hands so vital. All the food we eat must first pass through human hands, and sometimes through many of them. It has been proved that typhoid fever can be transmitted to others by a person who has long ago recovered from the attack, and that it may be and is done through the agency of dirty hands. A case has been reported where a cook infected member after member of the families she worked for, although she had been a well woman herself for years.

As to food, we are perhaps more at the mercy of our cooks than of any one else. The food may be, and probably is, not really clean when it is delivered at the kitchen door, and it rests with the cook herself so to handle it and clean it that it shall be free from germs when served to the family.

Some dirty hands are harmless, and some apparently clean hands are dangerous. A hand covered with the soil of gardening may be a terrible sight, and yet there may not be a dangerous germ on it, whereas the pretty hand of the girl who goes out without gloves and holds a car strap or touches a railing may be invisibly soiled with teeming multitudes of germs, some of which she will convey to her mouth with the next piece of candy she eats.

Hands should always be most carefully washed before food is touched, never mind how harmless the previous occupation may seem; and gloves should always be worn when one is outdoors.

Facts About Yourself

The average number of teeth is 32.
The weight of the circulating blood is 29 pounds.
The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds 6 ounces.
The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any animal.
A man breathes about 20 times a minute or 1,200 times in an hour.
The average weight of the brain of a man is 3½ pounds; of a woman, 2 pounds 11 ounces.
Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hoghead and one and a quarter pints of blood pass through the heart in one hour.
The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at sixty years, 60. The pulse of females is more rapid than that of males.

There may be other corn cures, but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

JUST A FRAME OF BONES

Thought he would die.--Still more proof of the amazing powers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British remedy of world-wide popularity

"Had it not been for Dr. Cassell's Tablets I believe I should never have worked again; I hardly think I could have lived." These are the words of Mr. Ernest W. Barrett, of 32, Cecil Road, Gloucester, England, a young man now in the perfection of health and vigor. And he goes on: "The Tablets cured me of a long and serious illness when all methods I tried had failed, and now I am as well and fit as anyone could wish to be."

"It is eight years since the trouble came on. I caught a cold, which turned to pleurisy and rheumatic fever, and for nine weeks I lay between life and death. When at length I could be taken downstairs I was a wreck of my former self, wasted to a frame and weak as a baby. One side was all drawn up, and if I tried to straighten myself the pain was intense. I used to hobble about on sticks, or get my father to take me out just a little way leaning on him all the time. But instead of getting better I got worse, all the medicine I took proved quite useless. It was thought I was going in a rapid decline, and that nothing could save me. I was just a frame of bones by this time, and I can't tell you how weak and miserable I felt.

"However, my father chanced to read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and got me some. I shall never cease to be grateful for the result. I began to mend almost at once. Slowly my strength returned, I brightened up, got an appetite, and it was just wonderful how I built up flesh. At the present time I am a little over the weight for my height, and in the very pink of condition. I have never had a day's illness since Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me."



Mr. Ernest W. Barrett.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

This is a recovery complete and genuine, and the account related, true beyond all question, is given out of sheer gratitude for new health, strength, and vitality brought about by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. This reliable and thoroughly tested remedy is now in world-wide repute for

Nervous Breakdown, Neurasthenia, Kidney Trouble, Malnutrition,
Nerve Failure, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Wasting,
Infantile Weakness, Anaemia, Stomach Disorder, Palpitation,

and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All Druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 6 cents for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Woman and the Home

The Twilight Witch

The twilight witch comes with her stars
And strews them through the blue;
Then breathes below the sunset bars
A breath of meadow rue;
She trails her veil across the skies
And mutters in the trees,
And in the wood, with fiery eyes,
She wakes the mysteries.
The twilight witch, with elf and fay,
Is coming down the slumber way.
Sleep, my dearie, sleep.

The twilight witch with windlike tread
Has entered in the room;
She steals around your trundle bed
And whispers in the gloom.
She says: "I brought my steed along
My fairy steed of gleams,
To bear you, like a breath of song,
Into the land of dreams.
I am the witch who takes your hand
And leads you off to fairyland,
The far off land of sleep."

All in the Family

Perhaps Jonathan Higgs did not know he was a hard man with his family. It is possible to look at things from a selfish angle so long that you grow blind to everything except your own wants. One day early in spring, when Jonathan was ready to drive into town, his wife gave him thirty-five dollars that she had been saving for months from her butter and egg money.

"Go to the furniture store," she said, "and get the new parlor carpet. They know the one, for I had them lay it away for me a month ago."

All day Mrs. Higgs went about her work singing. But when Jonathan came there was no roll of carpet in the wagon; instead, hitched to the back of the wagon, was a new cultivator.

"I found just the cultivator I needed," he explained, glibly. "I didn't think I could afford to get it until you gave me that thirty-five dollars."

"But my carpet?" His wife's eyes were wet, and she bit her lip to keep it from trembling.

"Oh, the old one'll do!" he said, with light contempt. "What's the use of spending money for a carpet? It ain't good to eat, and it don't make you any money. Now that cultivator will make me a hundred bushels more corn."

"But it was my money." Tears at her disappointment and her husband's injustice could not be kept back longer.

"O pshaw," said Jonathan, lightly, "it's all in the family!"

The old carpet was full of holes, so Mrs. Higgs tore it up, and left the floor bare all summer. But Jonathan did not mind at all. The crops were good, and one day in the fall Mrs. Higgs and one of the girls went to town to buy the week's supplies. All the men were busy sowing wheat.

The farmer wrote a check for a hundred and sixty dollars, and gave it to his wife.

"Maria," he said, "get this cashed at the bank; then go to the hardware store, pay them a hundred dollars, and tell them to send out that gasoline engine they were showing me. It is too hard work for me and the boys to pump water for all the stock this winter. And stop at the clothing store and tell Mr. Jones to send me that suit I tried on. Get him to take off two dollars if you can. And you can pay that thirty-dollar account at the grocery store, too."

It was dark when Mrs. Higgs and Mary drove up that evening, and when Jonathan went out he was astonished to see a new buggy trailing along behind the wagon. And there were other things in the wagon that gave him a further shock.

"Maria," he asked, sharply, "did you order that engine?"

"No."
"Did you get my suit?"
"No." She handed the lines to one of the boys. "Nor I didn't pay the grocery account," she said, coolly. "You can't eat

a suit nor a gasoline engine nor a receipted bill, and they don't make you any money.

"I got a new buggy to save wear on the wagon, a new parlor carpet that will save coal by keeping the floor warmer, and a new range that'll cook food right. And I got a new churn and a lot of kitchen things to help me and the girls do the work—they will keep us from wearing out, and save funeral expenses."

"But it was my money, and I told you —" gasped the amazed Jonathan.

"Oh, yes," said Maria, lightly, "but it's all in the family. Take hold here, and you and the boys get these things unloaded."

There was something so resolute in her tone that he took hold, and held his tongue.

Are You Suffering From Poison

Sounds rather a strange question, doesn't it?

And very likely you think it doesn't apply to you. But consider a moment. Perhaps it does.

I expect you've often heard the expression that So-and-So's mind has been POISONED against somebody else.

We all know what that means. It means that evil thoughts have been put into So-and-So's mind.

And when we hear of it we deplore it. But I wonder if it ever occurs to us to speculate as to the number of times we poison our own minds.

We do, you know. We cultivate thoughts which work the deadliest harm on our characters, just as a slow poison would work havoc on our bodies.

Take, for example, the habit of jealousy. Some of us allow jealous thoughts to creep into our minds until they become so jaundiced that they are almost past praying for.

It is just as though we allowed a deadly poison to creep in and work destruction on all our finer instincts.

For jealousy can become a habit. Its influence creeps on like a corrosive poison, and before we know where we are it has gained a tenacious hold.

But the thing to do is to prevent this. I suppose there is hardly a woman among us who has not at some time or other felt herself ill-used by Fate.

And usually, just at the moment when we are feeling particularly sorry for ourselves, we can call to mind some acquaintance who seems specially blessed by Fate.

IT'S NATURAL that we should feel a little envious. But we must take care not to let this little germ of envy grow and ferment until it becomes an active poison.

I think there is no more unhappy person in all the world than the woman who lets herself become a prey to jealousy.

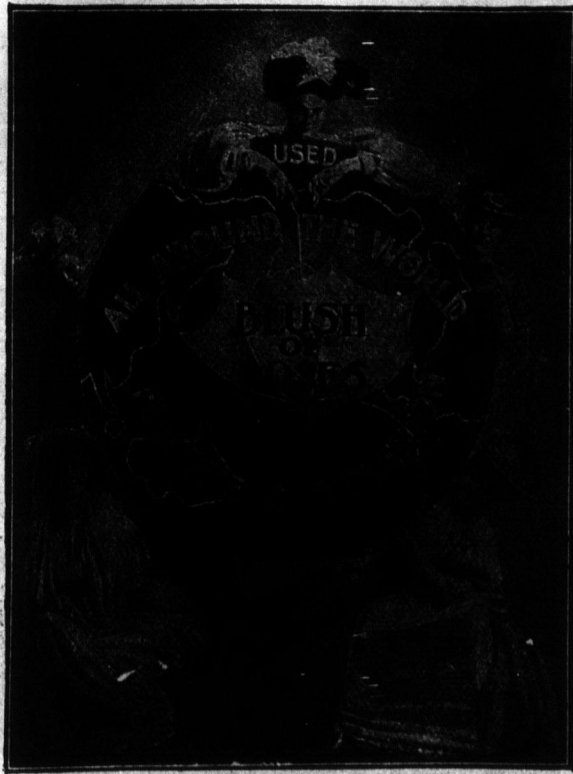
She cuts herself off from all joy. For she can extract no true pleasure out of anything she possesses or anything she does. "Comparisons are odious," indeed, when they lead to heart-burnings and jealousy!

Why not cultivate the habit of CONTENT? Or if we can't be completely contented with our own conditions, we can at least refrain from jealousy of others.

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day, through the years. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.

A Ready Weapon Against Pain.—There is nothing equal to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil when well rubbed in. It penetrates the tissues and pain disappears before it. There is no known preparation that will reach the spot quicker than this magic Oil. In consequence it ranks first among liniments now offered to the public and is accorded first place among all its competitors.

FREE! FREE! TO LADIES



A Bottle of Blush of Roses

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

Write For Free Trial Offer

Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the
T. EATON CO. LTD., TORONTO and WINNIPEG

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

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Moles and Warts successfully removed. Eczema and acne treated. Facial treatments. Scalp treatments. Soft water Shampooing. Manicuring.

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Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1914-1915 Spring & Summer Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also a concise and comprehensive article on Dress-making, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

Dr. Vermilyea's TOE-KOMFORT

(The Tissue Builder)
CURES FOOT AILMENTS
As a general all-round foot remedy for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Chillsbains, aching feet, excessive perspiration, etc., it has no equal.
At Shoe and Drug Stores or by mail on receipt of price. Trial size 25c., extra large size 50c. Free sample on request.
Vermilyea Mfg. Co.
216 8th Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.

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THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

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Fashions and Patterns

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

The new lingerie frocks are lovelier than ever, and they lend themselves so charmingly to the lines of the new fashions. The jaunty boleros, full comfortable skirts, and the Empire effects are so suitable for soft embroideries, voiles, nets and silks.

Sleeves are made with more fulness below the elbow and at the wrist. Some with one, two and three puffs. Mosquitare sleeves are also charming for summer gowns.

White washable net with macrame lace will make a pretty frock, made with a gathered guimpe of the net, with short puff sleeves, and a bolero with square neck and shaped lower edges, joined to a skirt that shows rows of shirring and a wide band of the lace above the hem. The lace in narrow width to trim the bolero.

White, with or without a touch of color, will be very much in vogue for the summer.

A charming suit of this class is made with a short jacket that has narrow shoulders, close fitting sleeves and body portions cut with a jaunty and becoming flare.

Tunic effects are still shown, and are popular among women of conservative tastes, who are not prone to follow extreme fashions.

Shirt waists show yoke effects, strapped or self formed plaits, and convertible collars. Skirts are smart with hip yokes, pockets and flounce sections. So popular have wide skirts become, they are shown even in bathing suits.

Charming middy blouses are shown, for sports or outing wear. A chic model is made with the back cut with an ex-

simple design of braiding or a trimming of braid would be suitable.

Dainty frocks for big and little sisters, in Empire, surplice and long waisted style, are nice in organdie, lawn, challie or dimity. Frills and ruffles of the material are in good style, and quaintly pretty.

Long waisted dresses with tunic or double skirts are nice for embroideries, for voiles and bordered materials.

1225-1229.—Lady's Coat Suit—Jacket, 1225—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt, 1229—Cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 8½ yards of 44-inch material for the suit for a 38-inch size. This calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each.

1209.—Lady's House Dress—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of

quires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 6 year size. Price 10c.

1233.—Girl's Dress—Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for a 6 year size. Price 10c.

1226.—Lady's Waist—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size. Price 10c.

1223.—Girl's Dress—Cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. Price 10c.

1219.—Lady's House Dress—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 2¾ yards at the lower edge. Price 10c.

1221.—Set of Lady's Over Waists, Vestee and Collar—Cut in 3 sizes: Small,



Taffeta promises to be a style leader in dress materials for the coming months, and it certainly is serviceable and attractive. A charming gown is shown of flowered taffeta, made with a surplice blouse in kimono style. The waist is cut low at the neck, and finished with a flat collar, in fichu style, of shadow lace. The skirt has three flounces, headed with corded shirring.

Empire coats are new and suitable for wear as part of a suit, or as separate coats.

The new one piece tailored frocks appeal especially to the home dressmaker, on account of their simplicity. These dresses are made without linings and with waists that close in front and fit rather snug. The skirt may be joined to the waist at the regulation waistline, or a few inches above.

A very smart walking costume comprises a skirt of voile, cut in seven gores, a blouse of fine Brussels net over soft silk, and a simple bolero, sleeveless with low neck and wide armysys.

tension at the side seam, that overlaps the front, and is caught there with sash ends that tie at the centre front. The collar is notched over the fronts in deep points, and cut round in shawl style at the back. In sailor style it would be more youthful and jaunty. The sleeve in elbow length is cool and comfortable.

Charming dance frocks may be developed for young girls, after the quaint and popular styles of the moment.

Taffeta in a pretty apricot shade would be lovely made with headed ruffles on the full skirt, finished at the edges with velvet ribbon. A short girdle, simple shirred waist and sleeve edges, the waist cut round in "baby" style, would be charmingly pretty.

Suspender dresses are new and most popular for young girls. With a blouse of white or ecru wash silk or crepe a two-piece or four-piece circular skirt of sand color or blue gabardine, or voile would be excellent. The belt arranged at natural waistline, and to it the suspender straps would be fastened. A



44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 2¾ yards at its lower edge. Price 10c.

1210.—Boy's Blouse Suit with Knickerbockers—Cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material for a 6 year size. Price 10c.

1207.—Girl's Dress—Cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material for a 12 year size. Price 10c.

1208.—Lady's Combination Drawers and Camisole—Cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Price 10c.

1220.—Lady's Dressing Sack—Cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Price 10c.

1231.—Girl's Dress with Guimpe—Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years—It re-

quires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 6 year size. Price 10c.

1203-1191.—Lady's Costume—Waist, 1203—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt, 1191—Cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and 2¼ yards of 27-inch material for the over-b blouse. The tucker requires 2¾ yards, and the sash 2½ yards of ribbon, for a medium size. This calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each.

1230.—Costume for Misses' and Small Women—Cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a 16 year size. The skirt measures about 3 1-3 yards in the 16 year size at its lower edge. Price 10c.

The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

IS there some condition of your skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one you want it to be?

Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily?

Perhaps your complexion is being marred by that disfiguring trouble—conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the condition that is keeping your skin from being beautiful—

—it can be changed!

The Woodbury treatment described here was first formulated and published four years ago. Since that time it has brought to thousands of people the lovelier complexions they have longed to possess.

They have read it, tried it, felt such a difference the first time they used it that they adopted it as their daily method of cleansing. Here it is:

First the lather

—then the ice

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then—finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

This is what happens—

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the old skin dies, new forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny, old, dead particles. Then, it cleanses the

First the lather, then the ice, then—gradually, but surely—the charm of "a skin you love to touch"



pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day cannot help taking on that greater

loveliness for which you have longed.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change

it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once!

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you can't keep the
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Use this treatment persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

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