THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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PRISCILLA'S CHANCES

By Louise Forsslund

Author of "The Story of Sarah," "The Ship of Dreams," etc.

"'I saw de oldt ladty py de beach . . den I valk home mid her drough de snow'"

Successful Dutchtown Stories

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, MADE FROM "DUTCHTOWN" MODELS, BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH

Old Billy Blom sat smoking his pipe of contentment, his red and gray striped stocking feet on top of the table instead of the stove, so that he might look out of the window at the baymen trudging homeward at the end of the day's work: while Mrs. Billy busied herself about the stove and the table with preparations for supper. Priscilla sat watching the two, a new dream-light in her eyes, a brooding tenderness, while her lips quivered with the unmistakable signs of a sweet secret struggling to be free.

"Ve been marriedt feefty year coom this May," Billy remarked very suddenly, and Priscilla started, shutting her mouth in swift alarm over her secret.

"Priscilly," went on the unconscious old Dutchman, "you can't neffer git a goldting veddin' yit."

The young spinster shook her head as if in sorrow, while Billy did likewise with his heavy Dutch pate.

"Too badt—Priscilly! I dond't see vhadt de mens vas a-dinkin' off. Didn't you neffer haff no chance, mine dear?"

Priscilla's secret came so near choking her that she gurgled like a little child; but Mrs. Billy's bristles popped out all over.

"Vall, dhot's joost like a man!" snapped the old lady. "Neffer hadt no chances, eh? You joost go oudt andt hundt from here to de Nordth Star andt you von't findt a vomans vhadt neffer hadt no chance. Priscilly, you tell him apout some of your chances."

Priscilla, looking at the grin of delight steadily growing broader on Billy's face, as it always did whenever he succeeded in teasing the old lady, laughed as she answered:

"Well, let me see. There was the half-witted son of the blacksmith—everybody knew about that, I thought. He used to bring me old horseshoes for good luck. He stutters, you know, 'S-s-s-*say*, Priscilla,' he used to ask, 'wh-wh-wh-why don't you love me?'

"'B-b-b-b-because!' I used to answer. Now, you know, I couldn't take him."

There was an anxious note of enquiry in Priscilla's statement, but Billy shook his head dubiously.

"You mighdt haf madet a man oft aim. Many a feller goes to de church a plock-headt, and cooms oudt mid sober, sound sense—dhot's honest."

"Poor thing! I don't wonder," murmured Priscilla.

"Vall, ho on," demanded Mrs. Billy, who wished Priscilla to vindicate herself thoroughly from the charge of no proposals. "Tell him who else you hif de mitten."

A swift, deep blush spread over Priscilla's face.

"The ones I have given the mitten!" she stammered. "Why a girl can't tell those things. They were mostly a good-for-nothing lot of fellows, though, and that's a fact."

"Hoodt-for-noddings, eh?" Mrs. Billy had grown very hot. "Are ve hoodt? Billy vent into de beer-saloons before I marriedt him. He vas drunk two dimes alreadty in de oldt country."

Priscilla sat up straight and stared at the model, temperate old Dutchman, but Mr, Blom only grinned like a boy proud of an escapade and nodded as he said: "Ya-ya, yes-yes, oom-oom. Dhot's honest!"

"Why, Mr. Blom! Drunk! You? Mrs. Billy, weren't you afraid to marry him?"

"Na!" with a smile. "He vas like efery odder man. A man's neffer no hoodt till he hits him a vife."

"You kin neffer tell how he vill turn oudt till te hits marriedt," Billy sagely agreed.

"But, my goodness!" persisted Priscilla. "How could you fall in love with a man that drank like that"

"I got blindt yit," answered Mrs. Billy. "You can no luff till you git blindt. Den vhen you kin see no more, luff cooms—ya, ya, ya, ya! The trouble mid you Priscilly, is dhot you got eyes too sharp." Mrs. Billy's own material eyes were too weak to see the pink once more deepening in Priscilla's cheeks. "Coom now," she coaxed, "tell us vhadt vas de troubles mid dem odder mans. Dhot school-teacher—now—Meester Vheelcox?"

Priscilla's coloring grew so intense that it must have pained her, but Mr. Blom, deaf to what was going on, happily smiling in his reminiscences of the courtship days of long ago, saved the girl an answer by speaking his thoughts.

"I saw de oldt ladty py de beach. I stoodt dere mid anodder feller andt she pass by. 'Ah-ha!' I say to mineself, 'dere hoes a hoodt von. I ho for her!' Andt I vent. Deedn't I, oldt ladty?"

The old lady smiled and flapped her eyelids down as an indication of blissful, secret knowledge.

"Was that the first time you saw her, Mr. Billy?"

"Oh, my no! I seen her plenties off times, but I neffer dink she vas sooch a hoodt von till dhot day. Den I valk home mid her fife miles drough de snow."

"It is true love that comes in winter-time they say," murmured Priscilla, and, in a dream all of her own, she looked out of the window at Mrs. Billy's snowy garden.

Mrs. Billy's voice fell with an amusing note of consolation upon Priscilla's ears as she said:

"Summer or vinter, it cooms so quicker dhon a dunderstorm. You can't tell vhen he cooms. Maype, vhen you ho home to-nighdt alreadty, some von vill see you pass by andt say: 'Dere hoes a hoodt von. I ho for her!"

Priscilla's dimples began to show, her eyes to sparkle, but she grew serious and asked meditatively: "And does it go as quickly as it comes? That's the question."

Neither of the old folks answered, and Priscilla, looking at the two faces, grown to resemble each other through long years of companionship, felt reassured, and, at the same time, ashamed. She leaned forward, her hands folded across her knees, and addressed the old lady:

"Do you remember de first dime you valked home drough de snow mid me mine dear?"

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"You should have seen the way your husband acted when you were in the hospital last winter having your eyes treated. He was the most forlorn creature I ever saw in my life. You came home sooner than I expected, you know. And when Mr. Billy met my fat'.er on the street the next day he said: 'Vill you please pe so kindt as to do me a favor, Mr. Green? Tell Priscilly everyding's all righdt—everyding! I got mine oldt ladty pack!'"

Priscilla's voice broke. Mrs. Billy turned her face away, and Billy deliberately shut his eyes, on the principle of the ostrich hiding his head. Then, "Ahem!" said Billy and the old lady murmured:

"Dem vas terribly days, Priscilly, for me, too."

Silence fell in the room while, from without, came the murmur of people and loud, the cry of Billy's old pet gander.

Priscilla aroused herself, and, looking the old wife squarely in the eye, demanded: "How did that miserable man over there propose?"

Billy held up his forefinger with a mysterious "Ah-ha!" while Mrs. Billy smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"I dunno," said she.

Billy twisted up one corner of his mouth, and, wrinkling his cheeks in one tight winking of the eye, he vowed: "I dunno, needer."

"Vall, vall, vall, vall, vall! Do you hear dhot now? He's forgot alreadty!"

"Vall, you forgot, too!"

"Who says so?" Mrs. Billy was quite indignant, but meeting Priscilla's quizzical glance the old lady flushed all over her wrinkled face and knelt down to shake the stove.

Priscilla grew pensive. "Of course," she said, "You loved each other very, very much?"

"I dond't know dhat needer," retorted Mrs. Blom.

Priscilla laughed, and, turning to the grinning old husband, remarked: "You must have had a hard time winning that woman."

Billy poked a broom-splint into the end of his pipe as he replied with an air of carelessness: "It was no so hardt."

Mrs. Billy turned into a delightful specimen of a porcupine as she stepped back: "It vas hardt enoot, I guess! Andt it vuldt haf been so hardt as neffer vas eef I hadn't vanted to see Amelica."

"She dought she vas a-marryin dhot man—vhadt you call him?—Kreestopher Coloombus."

"And when she found out that it was only you what did she say, Mr. Billy?"

Billy's powers of invention had given out, so he could only retreat under cover of his uplifted finger and a mysterious: "Ah-ha! Ah-ha! Priscilly!"

Priscilla had a new, perplexing, pure and fragrant beauty about her to-day and an abnormal amount of curiosity.

"Well, no doubt," she said after a while, "you got along very well together then, when everything was new, and you get along very well together now, but, in between—how was it? Did you ever fight?"

"No sir! No, siree!" The old lady was very positive. "Vhen he coom into de house madt I neffer say von vordt to him till he get gladt agin andt somedings nice to eat; and vhen he coom into de house andt see me madt he neffer say a vordt. And so ve neffer hadt no badt fighdts."

"Ve hadt von or two hoodt fightdts yit," remarked Billy with a serene smile.

"Ya-ya. But vhadt off dhot?" said Mrs. Billy. "Dem vas de cheapest kindt off pepper ve couldt puy. Andt pepper vas a verry hoodt ting eef you know how to use de shaker. Dem quarrels vas noddings, Priscilly. Vhen dey coom ve both rememper dhot both of us moost pe a leetle wrong. Dere neffer vas no quarrel in dis vorld yit vhere de whole blame vas on one sidet. So vhen you git a husbandt, Priscilly, andt a quarrel cooms oop, evfen eef you know you vas righdt, you ho into de corner andt you say to yourself: 'Vhere vas I wrong, eh?'"

Priscilla was looking down at her fodded hands—hands which she knew would some day be locked fast within another's fingers. How long before the two would be a perfect fit? How long before her restless fingers would cease to find moments when they would flutter to be free.

"Vhadt vas you a-dinkin' ott, Priscilly?" the old lady asked. "Two cookies andt a glass off milk for your doughts."

"I dell dem to you for noddings," interposed Billy, looking at her.

"She vas a-dinkin' apout dem odder mens. She vas a-dinkin' apout dhot reech oldt pachelor peau dat she hadt in New York alreadty. Ve heerdt all apout dhot. Couldn't you ketch him, Priscilly?"

The old lady reached out her hand and patted the girl's smooth fingers. "Vhy couldn't you luff him, leetie girl?"

Priscilla's soft laugh rang through the dusky room. "You'll never tell, will you?" she said. "I visited his sister for ten days once, and every morning I had that man for breakfast. If you want to find out whether you can live with a man just make a practice of eating breakfast with him. He may be the finest fellow in the world at the dinner-table, and a grouty, disagreeable old bear in the morning. And the worst of it is that you have to eat just as many breakfasts in this world as you do dinners."

"It vas too padt you vent to veesit dhot vomans," remarked Billy, and Mrs. Billy said positively:

"You was too particuly, Priscilly. You neffer vill findt a man vhadt prings de same face to preakfast vhadt he prings to dinner midoudt he pe a nighdt-vatchmans. I heard say dhot vas de reason vhy dem vomen-folks in New Englandt gifs dere oldt mans pies for preakfast. Dey vant to foot him andt make him dink it vas dinnerdimes."

"I wish I had tried that on Mr. What's-his-name," said Priscilla, thoughtfully. "But then there was something else—at all three meals. He had a dog—a little spotted cur with a chewed-off ear and no tail to speak of—that he had picked up in the street. And do you know where that would sit while we were eating—no matter how many people were present, nor how much beautiful china and glass there was on the table? Where do you think?"

"In a chair py de table," Mrs. Billy answered promptly.

"No, sir! He sat on the table—right between my place and the old bachelor's And sometimes he would drink out of my glass and sometimes he would walk across the table for something that he liked better on the other side!"

Billy had brought his feet to the floor and taken the pipe out of his mouth, which mouth was now wide and round with amazement.

Mrs. Billy had put down her knitting, and now she brought her hands together with a resounding clap: "Vall, vall, vall, vall, vall! I neffer! I neffer deedt! Billy, do you hear dhot? Priscilly, dond't you neffer ho to dhot house agin. I vouldt haf took dhot dog py de neck andt flung him oudt off doors. yit. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear,! Dey neffer deedt sooch dings in de oldt country."

Billy was too shocked for words. He could only grunt disgustedly, while Priscilla leaned back and smiled.

"He was the man who said that girls are divided into two classes," she stated: "those that tell that they want to get married and those who tell lies. So I thought that I would show him. You don't think I did wrong, do you?" added Priscilla, demurely.

The old lady was very positive in her denial and very angry; but Mr. Billy put back his legs and his pipe while he seemed to reconsider the question.

"Vall, I dunno. He was awful reech, dhot man. Andt he seemedt to know a lot apout girls. Andt, pesides, you couldt haf kilt de dog."

"She couldn't haf kilt all de dogs in de vorldt," declared the old wife. "Eef a man vill pe a fool mid von critter he vill pe a fool mid anodder."

"And besides," said Priscilla, "I liked the dog better than I did the man. I always agreed with him when he used to say: 'The more I see of men the more I like dogs.'"

"You vas righdt apout dhot mans," vowed Mrs. Billy, but the old Dutchman stuck to his guns.

"Vall, I dunno, yit. I heerdt vonce apout a girl vhadt marriedt a reech oldt man vhadt vas so stingy he nearly starvedt her to death. Honest, he gif her so little to heat dhot she joost went andt hung her teeth on a hook py de door. Andt do you know vhadt she done to dhot reech oldt deffel? She deedn't do a ting but git him vay oop in de top off de house von nighdt, den grease de stairs andt holler, 'Fire!'"

"Vere did she git de grease?" demanded practical Mrs. Billy. Billy simply spluttered over his pipe in the twilight and the old lady turned her attention once more to Priscilla.

"He vasn't the right von, mine dear; dey none of dem vas," she said. "But de righdt von he vill coom some day. Eef he vas to von endt off de voridt and you to de odder you vouldt come togedder joost de same. Vhadt ees to pe vill pe."

"Do you really think so," murmured Priscilla. "I almost believe you."

She looked smilingly out of the window; then, with a quick, sly wave of her hand, rose to go.

"Somepody's at de door," said Mrs. Billy.

"Let me go." Priscilla quickly crossed the room and laid her hand on the latch. A clear, decisive knock sounded in the panels. Then, upon the old people's ears, the girl's voice fell soft and with unusual music.

"No, I will not—I cannot let him in to-night, my dearies. It is the Principal of the school, Mr. Wilcox—and —and——" Priscilla opened the door, and against the pale evening light they could see her slim figure standing close beside another, larger form. A masculine voice murmured a few words, and then Priscilla's indescribably sweet and tender laugh sounded soft and low.

"I have promised to marry him. Good-night," she said, and quickly and shyly closed the door.

The old people heard the crunching of two pairs of feet in the snow, and, peering out of the window saw the man and the woman pass down the path and out of the gate. There both the young folks turned and waved their hands at the dusky windows.

Mrs. Billy sighed almost enviously. "Do you rememper de first dime you valked home drough de snow mid me, mine dear?" she asked with her shoulder pressed close to Billy's.

"Ya ya-ya!" he rejoined, slipping his arm around her waist. "But dis snow vas nodt von half so deep as dhot."

"Vall, I guess nodt!" The old lady was happy once more. "Andt I tell you somedings, Billy: I neffer knowed dhot day vhedder ve vas a-valkin drough snow or de hay fields."

"Nor me needer," said Billy. "I been a-vonderin' a hoodt many dimes eef you vas as pig a fool dhot tay as your oldt Billy."

Two famous kings of the foothills, Western Canada.

The Bridal Mirror.

By W. S. HAMILTON.

JUST a moment. The bride turned her delicately flushed face appealingly from one to the other.

"You are just perfect!"

"You sweet, you!"

"You are too lovely for anything!" The bridesmaids danced about their beautiful friend madly. "He—he isn't fit to touch your slipper—the old owl!" The youngest knelt at the bride's feet and looked up adoringly.

But the bride was slowly turning pale. In a few minutes the marriage ceremony would bind a motherless girl forever to the man of her choice. She was not thinking of her dress, or of her lover, or of the sacrament. An ineffable longing for a mother's blessing was choking her. She must be alone, or she must die.

"Go," said the bride solemnly; "you have been very dear. Leave me, and when all is ready send him up to me."

Dimly the bridesmaids understood. They kissed and wept and went. As the last face beckoned her good-by on the landing the girl locked the door and ran to her bed like a fluttering dove. There she knelt. Her diaphanous veil covered her head and shoulders. Her long train shimmered behind her.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she called, as if in prayer; "no one will ever know; no one can ever know but you. I want to put my head in your lap. I want to cry in your arms. I want you to pat my cheek and say, 'There! there! child!' Mother! I can't do it!"

* * *

With the indescribable motion of a strong nature casting off weakness, the girl arose. She had only a few minutes more to herself—the last she would really have in all her life. She dashed her handkerchief over her eyes, went to her mirror, and peered into its full depth critically. Then her heart halted.

It was very old, and was said to be a bridal mirror which had been brought over from France in the century before the last. It was made in the style of a pier-glass nearly five feet tall. On each upper corner a cupid was dropping orange-blossoms which floated down the sides, terminating in a bridal wreath below.

It was as graceful as it was ornate and sentimental as it was effective. Long ago the gilding on the frame had worn off, leaving the woodwork opalescent, with an undertone of gray, with gleams of gold suggestive of purple—iridescent, almost like one of those vases entombed in the island of Cyprus and brought to light after a thousand years.

Neither had the glass been replaced. Behind, the silver was not so much worn as that it seemed to have lost its virtue. The image that it returned was often indistinct in outline and obscure in detail. This was an impression rather than a portrait. In a dim light the reflection was rather a suggestion than a reality.

As the girl peered into the mirror which used to hang in her mother's room and had reflected the faces of so many brides upon their wedding morning, she saw herself as she was, not as she was masked. Sincere and naive, yet she did not always wear her heart upon her face.

* * * *

She saw a wreath of wavy, rebellious hair peeping out beneath the stately veil; a broad, low forehead, smooth, unwrinkled by a quick disposition. Her eyes were soft and wide, appealing for the tenderness they now revealed. Her cheeks were delicate and pink, quick to pale and flush, dimpled with the desire for happiness, and ending with a full generous line in a round and tender chin. Her lips lay in a beautiful curve, always ready to part, expressing sometimes too easily the emotions of her soul.

"Mother," she cried, "teach me, for I love him, I love him."

She saw an affectionate, enthusiastic girl, craving sympathy, giving it eagerly with her whole heart—a generous, sensitive woman, the kind that coldness would contract, and ardor would expand to her highest value. Ah, but she was proud as she was passionate; one read that in the haughty, upward sway of her head, and in the curling carmine lips! She saw in the sensitive face which returned her gaze an infinite capacity for good—and also, to her horror, a great possibility for evil.

Her lover had never measured the power over her pulsating heart that his words, his looks, his gestures carried. And what a strange lover he was! The bride bent forward and peered into the glass with catching breath. How could that kind of a man choose this kind of a girl? It was the Arctic wooing the tropics. Cold, undemonstrative, self-possessed, unbending, Josiah Cotton seemed to be a statute carved in ice. He had courted her with the unemotional regularity of a machine.

This young descendant of a staid Puritan stock had the restraint of a judge and the gravity of an old man. He had proposed to her with the masterful sang-froid that made "No" a psychical impossibility, and he had accepted her young, fervent life with a calmness that seemed almost an impiety. Had he no heart to be touched by the glowing face she saw in the glass?

Once, exasperated by his lack of demonstrativeness, she had flung herself on the sofa in tears. She would have given her life if he had taken her in his arms and soothed and loved her as she needed.

But he was no man to be moved out of his composure by a woman's tears, even if they fell from the eyes he held most dear. With an inarticulate sound he turned his back upon her and left her alone to what proved to be the crisis of her life. With her lips she called him a brute—but with her heart she loved him. How she loved that man! Every asset of her being was deposited in his keeping. There was something at once beautiful and pitiful about her way of loving. She was obsessed, and glorified in her surrender. Such love as hers could not fail to move his composure and melt his glacial nature. She felt, she knew, that he loved her as much as he was capable of loving, and she would teach him how to unbend and show her those tender attentions which fill a woman's imagination and are her life.

"Mother!" she cried, challenging herself in the mirror, "teach me, for I love him, I love him!"

* * * *

As the bride pleaded with the mystical the mystic answered. In the old mirror a strange transformation took place. From out of the depths of the time-worn glass another face slowly arose while her own dissolved before it.

History is full of instances where an overwhelming call, made under a great necessity, compels the attendance of the desired. Mirrors are mysterious, and no embodied soul may fully understand them. Like the human eye, they receive upon their sensitive hearts impressions which are indelibly imprinted there, and who shall say that the glass which receives you and stores you up daily shall not give you back under appropriate conditions? For the mirror sees all things, and reflects all things, mysteriously keeping to itself

the negatives of all
As the girl looked,
mother arose before
sea of glass. It was
was the same beautifu
surface of the bridal
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the answer to the w
the motherless bride.
Then with quick re
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hands, and looked wi
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perishable love.
The bridal mirror
What memories of lo
treasured in its hear
retina, so sensitive to
bride, reflected the
figures gravely.

FRIENDS IN

A brown-haired, blue-ey
Grown weary and tired
Climbed up on my knee
In her simple, childish
"Have you any friends
That you sometimes w
Can you guess how the
me
Like a minor melody?

I thought, as I sat in
With that wee one on
Of my little blue-eyed
Whose summers numbe
She went from my arm
One spring-time years
And left in my heart t
That only mothers kno

I thought how the bab
Grew lonesome, and lo
Once more on his brea
With hair of sunset g
And one summer eve h
To search for our baby
And I know full well h
But he never came bac

Do I ever want to see
Oh! child of the violet
My heart is gone on be
To the hills of Paradis
Some day I shall feel
Drop balm on my wear
Mine, only, and mine
Though earth and Hea

—Ebe

A FRIENDLY

When a man ain't got
feel'n kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang da
won't let the sunsh
It's a great thing, O n
a feller just to lay
His hand upon your
friendly sort o' wa

It makes a man feel cu
the tear-drops star
An' you sort o' feel a
region of the heart.
You can look up and
you don't know wha
When his hand is on y
a friendly sort of

Oh, the world's a cur
with its honey an'
With its cares and bit
a good world after
An' a good God must ha
leastways that's wh
When a hand rests on
a friendly sort o'

—James Wh

FOR LOVE IS

Why do we wound when
When still we love at
Why do we not appreci
That which is lost, ere

the negatives of all impressions.

As the girl looked, the face of her mother arose before her as if from a sea of glass. It was not a dream; it was the same beautiful face which the surface of the bridal mirror had reflected so many times before. It was the answer to the world-old cry of the motherless bride.

Then with quick reverence the girl dropped to her knees, clasped her hands, and looked wistfully into that mysterious presence, receiving the benediction she so keenly craved. As she gazed she saw the lips part in blessing—then slowly, inexorably, the beloved face faded away, sank again into the depths of the sea of glass, and the girl was looking at her own pale, comforted face.

There was a resolute knock. Throwing a passionate kiss at the mirror, and all it meant to her of past and future, the bride ran to the door. She hesitated, and with a blush unlocked it shyly.

There on the threshold stood the man who was to be her husband, and who was the lord of her heart. With pressed lips the bridegroom bent and composedly kissed his bride upon the forehead. But she turned up to him a face beautiful in utter trust and surrender—a face glowing with an imperishable love.

The bridal mirror was left alone. What memories of love and life were treasured in its heart! That silver retina, so sensitive to the cry of the bride, reflected the two departing figures gravely.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

A brown-haired, blue-eyed wee one,
Grown weary and tired of play,
Climbed up on my knee to ask me
In her simple, childish way:
"Have you any friends in heaven,
That you sometimes want to see?"
Can you guess how the question thrilled me
Like a minor melody?

I thought, as I sat in the twilight,
With that wee one on my knee,
Of my little blue-eyed baby
Whose summers numbered three;
She went from my arms to heaven
One spring-time years ago,
And left in my heart that sorrow
That only mothers know.

I thought how the baby's father
Grew lonesome, and longed to hold
Once more on his breast our baby
With hair of sunset gold.
And one summer eve he left me
To search for our baby of three,
And I know full well he found her,
But he never came back to me.

Do I ever want to see them?
Oh! child of the violet eyes,
My heart is gone on before me
To the hills of Paradise.
Some day I shall feel their kisses
Drop balm on my weary heart,
Mine, only, and mine forever,
Though earth and Heaven apart.

—Eben E. Rexford.

A FRIENDLY HAND.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's
feel'n kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an'
won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for
a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder, in a
friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes
the tear-drops start,
An' you—sort o' feel a flutter in the
region of the heart.
You can look up and meet his eyes;
you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder, in
a friendly sort of way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
with its honey an' its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses; but
a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
leastways that's what I say
When a hand rests on your shoulder in
a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

FOR LOVE IS BLIND.

Why do we wound where we love most,
When still we love at any cost?
Why do we not appreciate
That which is lost, ere 'tis too late?

—Anonymous.

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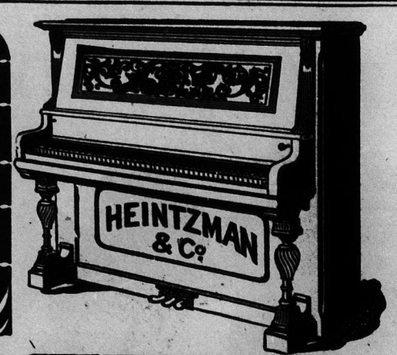

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DETECTIVE KITTY.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Kitty and I were ironing at the long table in the kitchen, when we saw John Windsor striding across the snow-covered meadow that divided our two homes. Kitty was my sister, and as sweet and pretty as her name—Kitty Clover.

"There comes John," she said, glancing through the window at her side. "Wonder what he's coming for?" with an arch look at me.

John was my lover, and we had been engaged for a year. It was not generally known, though. Young people in the country keep their love affairs "private," you know, or imagine they do. But John and I "kept company," and our neighbors considered it a settled thing.

"Coming to see me, I suppose," I answered, quietly, and Kitty pouted.

"Oh, Sylvia," she said, "there is no use in trying to plague you. I do love to tease people, but you and John are as prosy as an old married couple. I don't believe I should be were I in your place."

I laughed at her remark then, and forgot it; but remembered it afterward.

John swept the snow off his boots with the door broom, and came in without the ceremony of knocking. He was a great, tall, brown-faced, handsome fellow, with laughing blue eyes and a womanish mouth.

"Morning, girls," he said, throwing off his fur cap, and pushing back his brown curls. "Hurry and get that ironing done, for you have got to prepare for a party to-night."

"A party!" we echoed, in a breath. "Where?"

"Down to Mrs. Rivers. Didn't get the invitation till last night. I was told to invite all the young folks, and shall call for you girls at seven this evening, if you will go. The school teacher boards at Mrs. Rivers, and I suppose this party is more to get her acquainted with the young folks than anything else."

"Who is the school-teacher?" Kitty asked.

"I don't know," John said. "Some girl from the city, I believe"

Kitty and I finished our ironing, and told mother of the party.

"You are going, of course," she said. "And what are you to wear is the next question."

And then we were buried deep in a discussion of apparel for the next half hour.

At seven that evening we were on our way to Mrs. Rivers'. Half a dozen sleighs had taken lead already, and more were behind us. We were a merry set that trooped into Mrs. Rivers' ample kitchen half an hour later. A score of young people had clustered about the huge stove, and from an adoining room came sounds of merriment and laughter. After dismantling, and smoothing curls, and braids, and settling skirts, we joined the group at the stove. Ten minutes later the whole party had assembled, and Mrs. Rivers moved toward the chamber door, saying:

"If you are all here I will call down Miss Palmer. I thought it would be better to present her to you altogether, and then there would be none forgotten or missed. Lizzie, run up and bring down Miss Palmer."

Lizzie disappeared, and a little hush fell upon the group, while we watied for her reappearance. She came, after a moment's absence, and with her—this. A small girl below the medium height; a figure of matchless symmetry, robed in all the extravagance of the prevailing fashion. Long golden hair, deep blue eyes, and a round, full face, with that peculiar tawny complexion just tinged with red in cheeks and lips. The mouth not large, yet a peculiar draw at the corners, which gave the face an almost cruel expression at times. The chin round, and nose slightly turned up.

This was what I saw as Mrs. Rivers led her around the circle and presented her to each one in turn.

"Sylvia, I hate her already," Kitty whispered to me, after she had gone the rounds, and our circle had begun to scatter.

"Why, Kitty!" I cried, in surprise, "what ails you? That did not sound like my sweet little sister."

"I don't care," she answered, her cheeks flushing hotly. "I never felt so toward anybody in my life before. When she looked at me with her cruel, wicked, blue eyes, I felt like striking her. She is not a good girl, I know, and I can never like her."

Had it been any other girl in the world but Kitty, I should have supposed her burning with envy toward this fashionably-attired, attractive

"Morning, Girls," he said, throwing off his fur cap.

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Later in the eveni
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ment.
"Oh, Sylvi- W she cri

stranger. But I knew there was not an atom of envy in Kitty's sweet nature, and this was an entirely new phase of her character.

Later in the evening, when Miss Palmer had drawn an admiring group about her, and was entertaining and amusing all by her wit and bright satire, I sought Mrs. Rivers.

"Where is Miss Palmer from?" I asked, idly, after we had exchanged a few commonplaces.

"From the city," replied Mrs. Rivers, with a beaming countenance, for she was extremely proud of her young boarder's beauty and polish. "From the city, my dear. Her father was a wealthy merchant, but through a partner's dishonesty became bankrupt. Poor dear! she has been accustomed to wealth and luxury, and this is a great downfall to her. But she says she would not consent to be a weight upon her father's hands, and much against his desires, she applied herself to teaching. I hope you young folks will make her stay as pleasant as possilbe, poor dear!"

We had games and forfeits that evening, and music and dancing.

Miss Palmer was foremost in it all, and had no lack of partners and admirers. She was very gracious to the young men, but a little supercilious toward the girls, we thought. John was very attentive to her, and I thought she favored him more than any other.

"Pretty girl, that Miss Palmer, is she not?" he said, as we rode home.

"Yes, quite," I answered, calmly, but Kitty interrupted:

"No, she is not pretty. There is deceit and hypocrisy written in every feature. I feel my flesh crawl when her hand touches mine, and the sound of her voice is as full of treachery as her face."

"Dear me!" laughed John. "I did not know you could be such a little spitfire, Kit! Now, if you were a young man, you would think Miss Palmer very delightful."

Kitty did not answer, and little more was said until we reached home.

"Oh, Sylvia," cried she, as soon as the door closed, and we were seated by the stove. "I must tell you what she said to me to-night. We happened to be sitting quite apart from the rest, and she began to talk to me. 'Quite an interesting circle of young people in this neighborhood,' she opened with. 'Quite,' I responded; I could not bear to talk with her. 'What a fine-looking young man Mr. Windsor is,' she said next. 'Is he a resident of this neighborhood?' 'He is,' I answered. 'Ah! is he a farmer?' she asked next, looking me through with her cruel blue eyes. Her glance nettled me, and I looked her boldly in the face and said: 'He is a farmer, and one of the richest men in the country, if that is what you want to know. I do not know the exact worth of his real and personal estates, but will ask him, if you desire me to.' I was almost frightened, after I had said this, for that cruel look came at the corners of her mouth, and that sharp gleam in her eyes. But she only said, 'Thank you. You have told me all that I care to know.' But I tell you to be watchful, Sylvia, for she means to marry John Windsor."

"Why, Kitty,' I said, in surprise, "how jealous and suspicious you have grown suddenly. She is welcome to John, however, if she can get him."

I laughed at Kitty's suspicions, but in my heart I echoed them. John rode by our house almost daily, sometimes stopping for a few moments, but oftener without pausing. I knew he went down to Mrs. Rivers', and soon the whole neighborhood was ringing with the tale of his infatuation. Miss Palmer became the one theme of conversation, and was the belle of every gathering. More than one young rustic worshipped at her shrine, but John was the favored one. I had a few weeks of sharp, bitter strife with my heart, and then I cast him out forever.

"What are you writing?" asked Kitty, one evening, as she came upon me seated at my desk.

I passed her a note I had just completed, freeing John from his engagement.

"Oh, Sylvia," she cried, "don't send it! John will get over his passion for that girl, and come back to you by-and-bye."

"And do you suppose I would accept him if he did?" I asked, hotly. "I have ceased to love or respect him, and do you suppose I can ever feel either again for him?"

"I don't know; I could," she answered, softly, and for the first time I suspected that my sister loved John Windsor.

I sent the note, and received a grateful look from John's eyes at our next meeting.

The winter wore away, school closed, and still Miss Palmer lingered. The warm spring came, and she applied and was accepted as teacher of the summer school in our neighborhood, which brought her within a stone's throw of John's home. She boarded at Deacon White's, just across the way, and every day found them together, and gossip declared them betrothed.

I did not pale nor pine through all this. I think my affection for John was never very deep, for I really grieved very little after those first few weeks, and I found the society of other young men quite as agreeable. But sweet sister Kitty grew moody and nervous, and she flushed and paled at the least excitement, and her eyes were like restless stars.

"Oh, Sylvia," she would say to me over and over, "I know that Aurelia Palmer is not what she seems to be. I know she is not a true, pure woman, and John Windsor will curse the day they ever met if he marries her. If I could only find out something of her past life. I do not believe the story she tells."

Kitty alone fostered these suspicions, for Miss Palmer was quoted, and copied, and admired, and imitated by old and young throughout the neighborhood. John was called a "lucky dog" and a "fortunate fellow" by all his friends. Never had any stranger made such a stir in our little town as this yellow-haired girl.

Girl, I say, yet sometimes I thought she was far past the years of her girlhood. In the strong light her face showed marks and lines that either sorrow, sin, or years might have plowed. Yet she said her age was nineteen, and at times she looked even younger.

"Kitty," called mother from the pantry one summer evening, "won't you run over to Mrs. White's, and borrow a drawing of tea for me? I am just out."

Kitty ran down the street toward Mrs. White's and I went on with the seam I was sewing.

She came back after some moments had elapsed, and I saw by her face that something had happened.

"Did you see Miss Palmer?" I asked, by way of beginning.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly, "I saw her, and"—coming nearer—"I have obtained a clue. She drew her handkerchief from her pocket just as she passed me in the path, and this scrap of paper fell at my feet. I picked it up and read it without hesitation. It seems to be a portion of a letter. See." She handed me a piece of paper, which seemed to be the corner of a letter. On one side was a date—"Dunlap Station, Aug. 10, 18—;" on the other, these words, "For Heaven's sake, don't deceive any—" There the paper was torn. and below was another incomplete sentence, "Come back to me and Lilla, and—" This was all. The writing was unmistakeably done by a masculine hand. But this was a great clue in the eyes of Kitty.

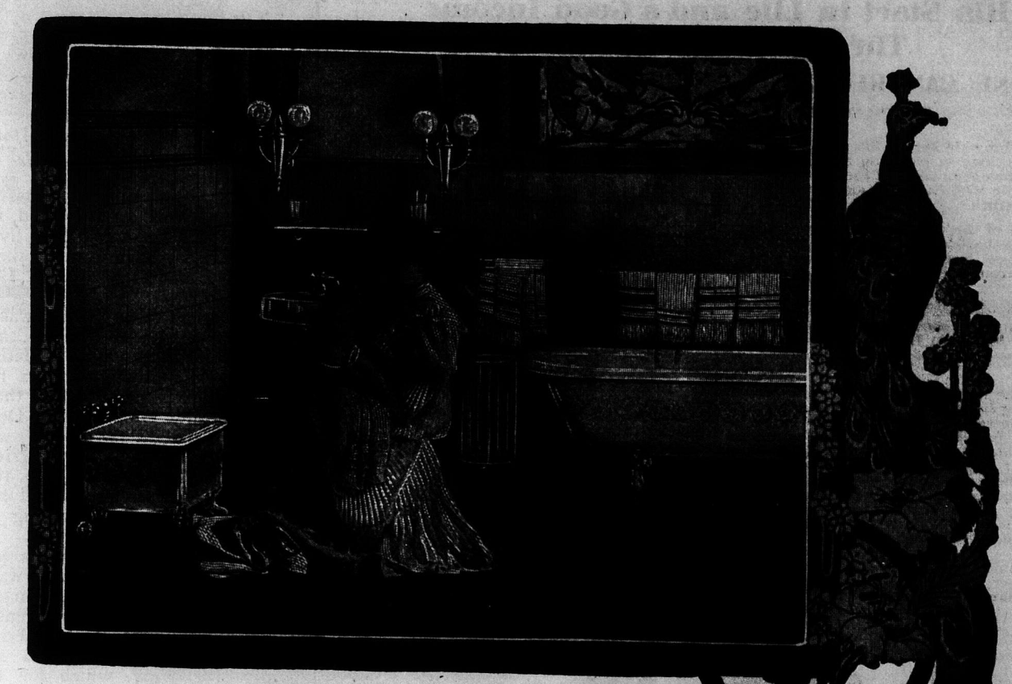
"Do you know what I mean to do?" she said. "I am going to Dunlap Station. I have passed through there several times going to Aunt Sarah's, and it is only a day's journey by rail. And Dora Smith lives there, too; and, you know, we used to room together at the academy."

And here Kitty danced in delight at this new thought that had just occurred to her.

"Father," said Kitty, at the supper table that night, "I want to take a little journey. May I? I want to go to Dunlap Station and visit Dora Smith. You know, she visited me last fall, when she lived in York. Can I go?"

"Kitty does need a little rest," spoke mother. "She has workd hard all summer, and is not as well as I could wish her. It would do her good to take a little journey."

So it was settled that she should go, and she took the morning train in the



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[From New York World, July 1st, 1906.]

To settle the wide spread discussion as to the value of astrology in planning one's life, an investigation has been made of the experiences of several people who have had an opportunity to find out the truth.

As a result of the remarkable things learned, arrangements have been made whereby all readers may secure, free of charge, a horoscope of their lives from the leading astrologer of the age.

That one should fail to take advantage of this opportunity is shown by the happy experience of Mr. Benjamin H. Robinson, of Charlemont, Ontario. His story, just as he told it, is as follows:

"Some time ago I became interested in astrology. Having heard of several people who have learned some remarkable things about their future from a learned astrologer in the United States, I decided to write to him for information about myself. Like many other young people, I had been hesitating and halting between two opinions. Two ways were open to me, but knowing nothing of the future or whether my business enterprises would prove successful or not, I was undecided what to do.

"At the time I wrote to the astrologer, Prof. Edison of Binghamton, N. Y. I had about made up my mind not to take a certain journey which I had been thinking about. But when I received my horoscope it told me that I was to take a journey and to do so by all means, even if I did not want to go at first. It went on to state that something would occur to my lasting benefit and happiness, because of this journney, and that I would receive help in money, love, business or employment.

"Well I acted on Prof. Edison's advice and went on my journey, which was to take my examinations for an engineer. I passed, and to-day I am able to earn from $80 to $100 per month.

"According to my horoscope, I am likely to lose some money or property in 1907. Some people might say they wouldn't want to know these things beforehand, but I feel that now I am on my guard, I will be able to reduce the loss considerably, and perhaps, altogether.

"It was really wonderful the things that were told in my horoscope. It pointed out all of my evil tendencies and thus gave me a chance to overcome them. Nothing ever gave me such power to control circumstances and conditions, or so much knowledge of myself. By showing me how to awaken and develop all possibilities and powers that lay dormant within me. I found a complete mastery over my affairs.

"I hope that my experience will be the means of persuading many others to have their horoscope prepared by Prof. Edison. The knowledge it has given me has already shown me how to largely increase my earnings so that I can now earn from $80 to $100 per month, and the other information it gave me was equally valuable. All those who wish to learn how much astrology has done for me I will gladly advise if they write me."

Surely Mr. Robinson's experience furnishes a lesson for everybody who wishes to succeed in life. That astrology is an accurate science has been proved beyond all question of doubt. In order that all readers may be able to plan their lives and improve their opportunities for success, arrangements have been made by which every reader can secure a horoscope or reading of their life from Prof. Edison, the same astrologer whose skill moulded the destiny of Mr. Robinson. His wonderful forecasts have earned for him the title, "The Wizard of the Stars." The work and ability which he places at your service must not for a minute be judged by the so-called horoscopes offered to the public by those who know nothing whatever about this interesting and instructive science.

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Benj. H. Robinson

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Just as Mr. Robinson was shown the way to increase his financial welfare, just as he was guided by astrology to the business for which he was best adapted, so all those who secure a horoscope of their lives from this same gifted astrologer will be able to better their financial condition, increase their social prospects and make their life more complete, more successful and far more happy.

Understand that it will cost you nothing to secure a reading of your life from Prof. Edison. In order to help all readers in the race for success in order that they may learn how greatly an accurate and scientific astrological reading helps one to plan and develop one's life, Prof. Edison has arranged to give a free horoscope or reading to all who write for it. All that Prof. Edison asks is that you send him a two-cent stamp to pay the cost to return postage, together with your name, address, sex, the day, month and year of your birth, and whether you are married or single. He will then send you a scientific and accurate astrological reading of your life by return mail, without any obligation on your part. Simply mention this paper and address your letter directly to Prof. Edison, 85 Sixth Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

adjoining village two days later. Little did our honest parents suspect the real object of her journey.

"If I do not discover anything," she said, "no one need ever know that I expected to. But if I do, I shall write to you immediately."

One week after her departure we received a letter speaking of her safe arrival and her warm reception at Smith mansion. Another week passed, one more, and then I recived a long, closely-written letter.

"Dear sister," it ran. "I have found it all out, and it is worse than I expected. Let me tell you how it all happened. As soon as I could, after my arrival, I began questioning Dora about the people in Dunlap. I asked the name and history of every person we met on the street, and poor Dora thought I had grown wonderfully inquisitive; but not a clue to our mystery could I get till a few days ago. On Tuesday, a small bill was sent in to Dora from a mercantile establishment. I sat near her when it came, and my heart leaped in my throat when I saw the writing. It was written by the same hand that wrote the scrap I had in my possession. I knew it, and when Dora went out I compared them. They were exact. Dora came back soon.

"'I am going to Dunlap's to pay that bill and do a little more shopping,' she said. 'Would you like to go?'

"Of course, I went. On the way I asked her who made out her bill, and she answered:

"'Mr. Dunlap, the young merchant. Why?'

"'Oh, because the writing looked familiar,' I said.

"I looked at Mr. Dunlap with interest, I assure you. I found him to be a very handsome young man, of about thirty, I should say, but with the most sorrowful dark eyes you ever saw. Dora made her purchases, and then I heard her say:

"'How is Lilla to-day?'

"You may imagine my sensations.

"'Not as well,' he answered, in a low tone. 'I think she will not live long.'

"After we passed out I asked Dora who Mr. Dunlap was, and if Lilla was his child.

"'No,' she said; 'there was a sad story connected with the two,' and then she told it. Mr. Dunlap's father was a well-to-do mechanic, with a fine wife and three children—Robert, the young merchant, and Amanda and Delia, two beautiful daughters. Delia was the eldest of the three, and married early and well. Robert went into the mercantile business as an errand boy, and at last came to be a leading business man in Dunlap.

"Both the parents and this son worshipped Amanda, and she was given every advantage for education and culture. But at the age of seventeen she eloped with her drawing master, a man of low birth, and who had a wife and family still living, which she knew at the time. This was a death-blow to the poor mother, who died before a greater sorrow came.

"After traveling some months with this man, as was afterward ascertained, Amanda parted from him, and took board in a distant village, and taught music, under the name of Luella Lester. Here she made the acquaintance of a wealthy young merchant, and was legally married to him, and bore one child, a fragile girl, named Lilla. Through the reverses of fortune the merchant became bankrupt, and his wife fled the morning after the fall, where or with whom none could tell. She had left a note, telling him where her parents lived, and to carry the child to them. This he did, and learned the whole shameful story from the lips of her brother. Robert and his father both resided with the married daughter then, as the wife and mother had died, and they took the child of their lost one in their midst while the deserted and deceived husband became a wanderer. This is the story, dear sister, that I heard, and little did I sleep that night. The next morning, while Dora was busied with her household duties, I told her I was going out for a walk, and to purchase some gloves. I went to Mr. Dunlap's store, and asked him for a private interview. He looked surprised, and I do not know just how I told my story. But I did at last. He sat with his face buried in his hands, and when he looked up his eyes were full of terrible pain.

"'I thank you,' he said, 'for this that you have told me, painful as it is to me. I had heard from my sister once in the last year. She wrote to me that she was teaching, and asked for news of her child. I wrote in answer that her child was failing daily, and requested her to come back, and we would never speak of the past. But she never replied to my letter, and I had feared something of this kind. When do you return home?' he asked, after a moment. I told him next week, and he is going with me. So prepare father and mother for our coming.

"Yours, KITTY."

This was Kitty's letter, that I received in the midst of a merry throng. It was Miss Palmer's birthday, she said, and a merry company had gathered at Deacon White's, where we had games and feasting in honor of the occasion. Here Kitty's letter was brought to me, and I read it, while from the other side of the room came the merry laughter that Miss Palmer's bright sallies provoked. Do you wonder my heart turned faint and sick, and I had no part in the merriment

A few days later Kitty and Robert Dunlap came. We all tried to hush the matter up and keep it as quiet as possible.

Miss Palmer fainted at Deacon White's table when her brother came in, and that set people to wondering and gossiping. Her school came to an abrupt close, of course, and she left the neighborhood with her brother soon after. We tried to keep the truth from John, but he insisted upon being told why their marriage which was to take place in September, was to be broken off. So Robert had to tell him all.

The gossips set all sorts of tales afloat, but the worst was never fully known beyond our family, though a portion of the truth got abroad.

The woman went back to her old home, but secluded herself from the world, and she died a few months after the grave closed over her little daughters' form. The husband and father came after she had passed away, to take his child to a home across the sea, but found both mother and child no more.

Robert Dunlap came down to the country occasionally, and at last induced me to go back and stay with him, as he lost a great deal of time journeying.

John has recoverd from his sorrow and griet and Kitty reigns over his household, happy in the belief that he never loved anybody else quite as well as he does her. Well, he ought to love her. But I would not change places with her.

AS SOON AS LENT COMES IN.

The nolidays seem long ago; bridge whist is on the wane.
Cotillions, too are nearly through; Lent's almost here again.
I've been so gay all winter that I feel I'm steeped in sin.
A new leaf I shall turn at once as soon as Lent comes in.

I feel my own unworthiness, indeed I really do.
I've spoken short to mother and I've shaken little Sue.
I took that silly Tommy Brooks away from Nettie Gwynne,
But I'll make reparation, though, as soon as Lent comes in.

I'll give up sweets and soda then, and though I don't like fish
I'll eat mushrooms on toast and crabs cooked in a chafing dish.
I'll go without meat, that I love on fast days and I'll pin
My curls way back beneath my braid as soon as Lent comes in.

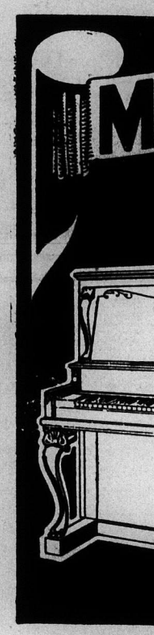
Our rector has a lovely face (a widower, they say.
My tailor suit of black, with furs of lynx, I'll wear each day.
His eyes are of the softest brown, he has a square cut chin.
A white tulle bow I'll wear with my black suit when Lent comes in.

My gown of helitrope will do, I think, on pleasant days;
'Twill match the violets I'm sure to get from Freddy Hayes.
I'll take a class in Sunday school if I can stand the din—
I'm sure to meet the rector there, as soon as Lent comes in.

I'll try to lead a godly life (how very strange 'twill seem)—
The gown for Easter that I plan will simply be a dream.
But I must dress—'tis opera night, twice every week I've been.
Without regret I'll give it up as soon as Lent comes in.

—Irene E. Benson.

The
NEW



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PHONE 4

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"So big and

The Best Bargains ever offered in Manitoba

— ON —

NEW and SECOND-HAND PIANOS and ORGANS

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DURING the last four months we have been obliged to take a great number of Second-hand Pianos and Organs in trade. Most of these goods have been taken from parties who bought Pianola Pianos. A great number of these are practically new, and could be got together under no other conditions. Now is your chance to secure a fine Piano or Organ at about half the regular price.

One Nordheimer Piano, walnut case, regular $500, same as new, sale price - - - - $385

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One Fischer Piano, used three months, regular $400, sale price $260

One Harmonic Piano, rented two months, regular price $375, sale price - - - - - $286

One Mason & Risch Grand, regular price $1,000, used for concerts, good as new. This is a snap. Will go at this sale for - - $650

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Doherty Organ, five octave, mirror top - - - - - $45

Vogal & Lincoln Organ, plain case - - - - - - $28

Cornwall Organ, six octave, mirror top - - - - - $55

Every one of these Pianos and Organs have been thoroughly gone over, and are guaranteed in good condition. All Organs sold at this sale will be taken in exchange on a Piano at any time within two years at the full price paid.

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Weddings and Brides.

WISDOM IN WEDDINGS.

"I've been to just the lovliest wedding," a wise girl said to some friends recently. "Don't you know, people are awfully queer about weddings? They either overdo or underdo—if that expression is permissible. A any rate they are unnatural.

"Now. Leila, who is just married, announced in the very beginning that she should have her wedding at home, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and that she shouldn't wear any gloves, nor a veil, nor march in.

"And she didn't. You never saw anything so simple and natural. When we got to the house, there she was mingling with her guests greeting this and that one, just as if it was a simple afternoon tea. And people couldn't be stiff and unsocial. They had to unbend. Berkeley had a chance to speak with his new relatives to-be, and so it wasn't so hard for him after the ceremony.

"After we all got there, there came a little hush, and Leila and Berkeley were making their way to the corner of the room which was banked with flowers, and where the minister stood. And then they were married.

"It seemed to me just as it should be. There, surrounded by those she loved best, in her own home, simple and natural, she put her hand in his and repeated the words that made them one. There was no show, no strained, unnatural situation, nothing to distract from the solemnity of the moment. It must have been a precious one for her.

"So big and overshadowing are the wedding fixings nowadays that most girls when they go up to the altar and are married can't remember one word of the marriage service. People's minds are distracted by everything, and the real meaning of it all escapes them. I shouldn't think they'd feel half married, the folks who do things the conventional way. They are not natural themselves and I should think they'd expect to wake up and find it all a dream."

THE OUTDOOR CEREMONY.

If one is so fortunate as to live in the country an out-door wedding can be made very pretty, but, of course, there is always the chance that the whole thing will be spoiled by rain. One wedding was celebrated in an apple orchard when the fruit trees were in bloom and was so pretty that every girl there wanted one like it.

Two little nieces of the bride stretched the white ribbons through the long aisles of trees, and then came the bridal procession, the bridesmaids and groomsmen ahead, singing the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin." The bride was very simply gowned in white organdie, with a wreath of wild crab-apple blooms in her hair and the service was read under a wide-spreading canopy of blossoms. Afterward, the company adjourned to the house for refreshments.

Rustic arbors are easily improvised at any desired place for such an occasion, and common fish net, with twigs thrust through the meshes and fastened on the other side, makes a very effective drapery where a curtain or screen is needed. Any appropriate flowers may be used for decoration

As for the wedding ring, as many and supper served afterwards at small tables on the lawn.

AFTER YOU ARE MARRIED.

Very few young women nowadays but what feel the necessity of putting forth even greater efforts to make themselves attractive after they are married than they did during the period of their courtship. Sensible, practical, twentieth-century girls regard such matters in their true light and realize that it will require a little more tact and diplomacy to hold your husband's love and admiration, now that you are married and with him almost constantly, than it did to win him. Before you were married he used to see you only in the evenings when you were prepared for his coming by being tastefully and becomingly attired, hair dressed in the most attractive manner possible and your whole appearance the very pink of perfection.

Most assuredly, after you are married and live with him in the close relationship of husband and wife you will not be expected to be always so perfectly groomed and carefully dressed as when you received him at your home of an evening, but still you need never be dowdy and you can wear neat, pretty house dresses instead of old wornout shirtwaists and frayed and bedraggled skirts. You can always have your hair combed and done up, no matter what you are doing, if you are determined to always look your best in his eyes. It is not only in your appearance that you should strive to make yourself attractive but in your actions and manners as well. You should interest yourself in the things that interest him so that you may be companionable to him and so that you may be able to talk intelligently with him on subjects that appeal to him.

SOME WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

If her wedding day be rainy, her life will be sorrowful.

Saturday is an especially unlucky day to be married on.

It is unlucky for a bridegroom to stand at the junction of cross roads or beside a closed gate on his wedding morn.

In going or coming from a wedding, it is unlucky to meet a funeral. If it be a female the bride will not live long; if a male, the groom.

It is a bad omen to break a dish on your wedding day.

If a girl meets a newly wedded pair, their first child will be a girl; if a boy, a boy.

The girl who gets the longest piece of what is called "bachelor's cake" at the wedding, will be the first to get married.

To be lucky, a bride must wear gray for her travelling dress.

It is bad luck for the best man and bridesmaid to walk home together from the church if they are engaged.

In Germany, Thursday is the unlucky day to be married on.

In England it is considered unlucky if a bride does not shed tears on her wedding day.

Snow on the wedding day foretells a happy marriage.

A betrothed pair must not sit at the same table with a newly married pair, or they will all be very unlucky.

ORIGIN OF VEIL AND RING.

The origin of the wedding veil is, quite appropriately, shrouded somewhat in mystery, although there are given several possible origins. The most probable of these says that originally the wedding veil was a sort of canopy, held over the couple by attendants, much in the same fashion as the canopy of flowers is held over the peasant bride on the stage; this canopy was merely a cloth which, came in time to be held only over the bride to hide her blushes; then, finally, it came to be a part of the bride's costume, worn as a sort of head dress.

As for the wedding ring, as many origins have been attached to it as to the veil, nearly all of them being equally beautiful. Everyone is familiar with the ring as meaning constancy, fidelity unbroken love, enduring forever; the circlet, having no end, signifying "Eternity." Pliny tells us and seems to believe, that the wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand because a vein runs from this finger straight to the heart of the wife, so that a ring worn on this finger is right next the wife's heart, while yet it is in sight of all the world. The ring was probably selected as a wedding token on account of its convenience; it need not be removed with different garments, its plainness making it possible to wear it with the richest as well as the poorest of garments. It is also as appropriate to wear in the halls of splendor as in the humble cottage.

THE MATRIMONIAL STORY.

Recently, some interesting statistics in regard to marriage have been compiled, with the following surprising results: Taking up a section of the country having just 1,000 people in it, of all ages and all shades and nationalities as they run, 579 of the individuals will be unmarried, 365 will be living in a state of wedlock, while 56, for one reason or another, will have been widowed. Out of the 1,000 weddings, representing a thousand men and a thousand women, 109 women will have married at 19 years, while only 10 young men will have found the heart and the means to accomplish the evident wish. This will mean that at least ninety-nine young women at this age will have married men older than themselves. Indeed, it may be taken for granted that 109 of them did so, for at the age of 19 years and under, the young man's fancy always runs toward a woman much older than himself. Even at 29 years old the women lead the men in marriage, the record showing 580 women to 515 in comparison. At 44 years, however, the chances of the man improve materially in his showing of 255 to 208, while at 54 years he has 220 chances of finding a bride where the woman has only 103 chances of some husband taking her.

"Marry in May and repent for aye," may be an old couplet that has influenced Cupid, but in 1,000 weddings only 41 will have been celebrated in May, as compared to the 145 to the credit of June. July, with its summer resort opportunities and its outings and picnics, cuts a considerable figure in the accompanying chart, while December with 110 weddings, and January, with 139, rank next to June.

Looking East across Okanagan Lake at Peachland, Okanagan Valley, B.C.

LAMENESS

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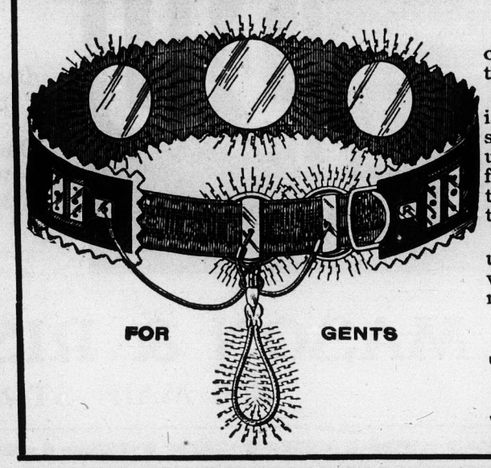

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They are giving entire satisfaction and cannot be beat, so the wearers of them tell us. We are only asking $5 for this belt and it will do the work of a belt costing three or four times that sum.

Write us for full particulars. When ordering state whether for a lady or gentleman.

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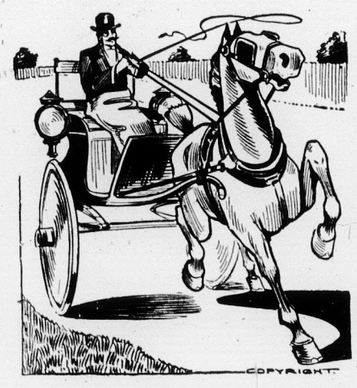

AN AUTHORITY. Prof. Shaw, formerly of the Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont., and now editor of the St. Paul Farmer, says:—This is to certify that the ingredients used by Mr. W. G. Douglas, Winnipeg, Man., in the manufacture of his Carnefac Stock Food have been submitted to me for my opinion regarding their value. I may say with reference to them, I am satisfied they are healthful. If properly blended they should make a splendid tonic for live stock, more especially when the digestion is not in the best working order. They will act as an appetizer, and will also tend to stimulate the digestion so that when fed to animals not in good condition of thrift the result should be to quickly improve their condition. I would suppose that this food would be especially healthful in feeding horses in preparing them for spring work, and putting in tone the stomachs of cattle, sheep and swine that have been pushed too hard in feeding. It should also render good service when fed to calves that are not prospering because of indigestion.—THOMAS SHAW.

The Carnefac Stock Food Co., Winnipeg.

Thomas Coltrin Keefer, C.M.G.

The subject of this sketch, Thomas Coltrin Keefer, C.M.G., the eminent canal and railway engineer, resides at the "Manor House," his beautiful country home, overlooking the mighty Ottawa river at Ottawa, Ont. A finer type of sturdy Canadian manhood would be hard to find. Standing fully six feet two inches in height, with massive shoulders on which is set a magnificent head, denoting a high degree of intelligence, he is a distinguished looking figure on the streets at the capital of Canada.

Rockliffe Park, one of the beauty spots of Ottawa, was sold to the city a few years ago by Mr. Keefer for a mere trifle. The owner felt that the city should have Rockliffe Park for all time and he did not want in after years to have it fall into the hands of private parties. He is a thorough Canadian gentleman, a son of the late George

T. C. KEEFER, C.M.G

Keefer, of Thorold, Ont., and was born November 4th, 1821, and educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Mr. Keefer was employed on the Erie and Welland canals, 1838-45, and as chief engineer of the Ottawa river works 1845-48.

In 1849 he gained Lord Elgin's prize for the best essay on "The Influence of the Canals of Canada on Her Agriculture," and about this time published his "Philosophy of the Railways." The following year found him employed with the surveys for the navigation of the rapids of the St. Lawrence, etc., and he was sent by the Canadian government to assist the United States Consul to report on Canadian trade with the United States. In 1852 he went to New York to assist in a second report on the same subject; these reports leading ultimately to the reciprocity treaty of 1854.

In 1851 he made preliminary surveys for the Grand Trunk Railway and for the railway bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and was appointed Canadian Commissioner for the International Exhibition at London, England.

Mr. Keefer was nominated engineer to Montreal Harbor Commissioners 1853. He has constructed water works for the cities of Montreal Hamilton, and Ottawa, and has been largely engaged in harbor and bridge engineering.

For some time he acted as chief engineer to railways in Upper and Lower Canada. He was a Commissioner to the International Exhibition, London, 1862; Executive Commissioner for Paris Exhibition, 1878, and a member of the International Jury for Architecture and Engineering—Officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1869-70 he published a series of letters advocating a transcontinental railway for Canada. In 1886 was vice-president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, New York, and Chairman of the Royal Commission at Montreal on ice floods in 1887; was president of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, and in 1888 president of American Society of Civil Engineers.

Mr. Keefer was elected a member of the Royal Society of Canada, 1891, and acted as International Commissioner for deeper water-ways between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic in 1895. He is a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers and was created C.M.G. in 1878. The LL.D. degree conferred by McGill University, Montreal, in April, 1905, completes this brief record of the remarkable and worthy career of a distingished Canadian.

Although in his eighty-sixth year his intellect is clear and he is, altogether, a most interesting personage.

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The only real life insurance is protection from disease and ill-health. Modern Science has provided for this in

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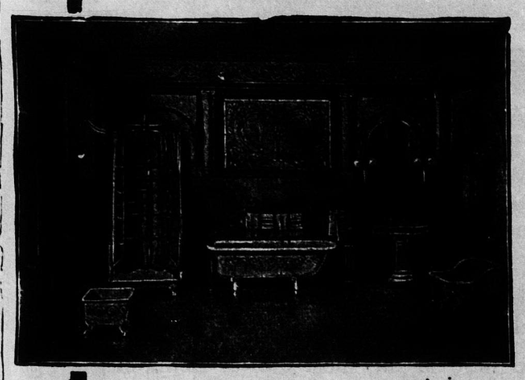

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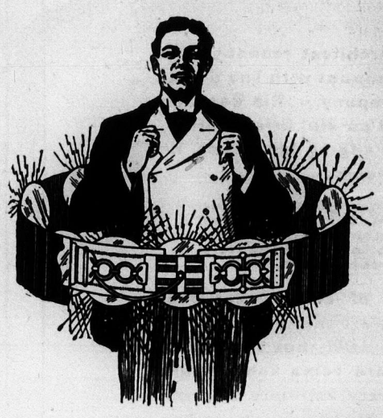

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Strength of body—strength of mind. Who would not possess it if he could? It is nature's greatest gift—our most valuable possession. Without this strength life is a failure, with it everything is possible. Almost every man was made strong, but few have been taught how to preserve this strength. Many, through ignorance, have wasted it recklessly or used it up excessively, leaving the body exhausted, the nerves shaky, the eyes dull, and the mind slow to act. There are thousands of these weak, puny, broken-down men dragging on from day to day who might be as strong and vigorous as ever they were if they would only turn to the right source. Electricity cures these weaknesses. It gives you back the very element you have lost. It puts new life into the veins and renews the vigor of youth. For 40 years I have been curing men, and so certain am I now of what my method will do that I will give to any man who needs it my world-famed DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY, FREE UNTIL CURED. You pay nothing down, you deposit nothing, you risk nothing; but upon request I will furnish you with the Belt to use, and if it cures, you pay me my price—in many cases not over $5.00. If you are not cured or satisfied, return the Belt to me and that ends it.

As I am the originator of this method of treatment and have made it a great success, there are many imitators of my Belt; but my great knowledge, based upon 40 years' experience, is mine alone. My advice is given free with the Belt.

This offer is made especially to men who lack strength and vitality, who have drains, losses, impotency, varicocele, etc., but I also give my Belt on the same terms to sufferers from Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sciatica, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles

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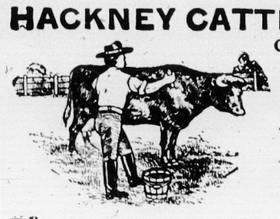

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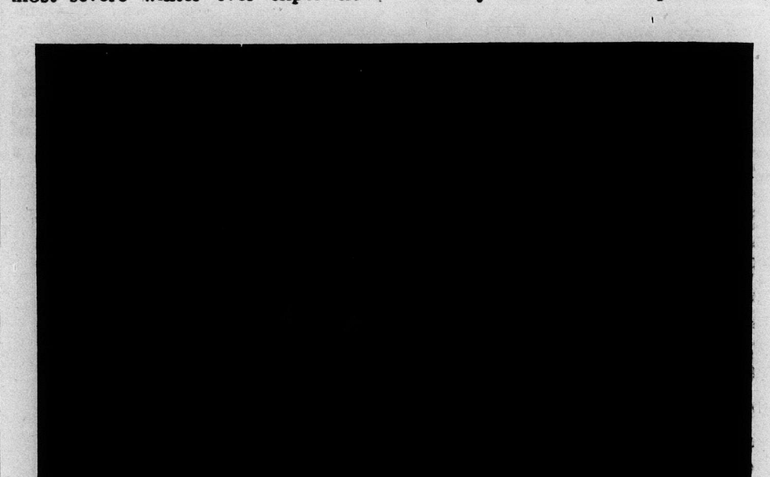
Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux.

Postmaster-General and Minister of Labor.

By Joseph Troy.

Unusual political or social emergencies produce men to meet them. The greater the obstacles presented and the more difficult the barriers to be removed, only tend to develop character and unfold minds equal to the occasion—to throw into greater relief the strong spirits and resourceful tactics of the giants in each succeeding age. And now that the most severe winter ever experienced in the West has gone to furnish history, the thoughtful reader will cast about him and analyze the conditions most responsible for whatever suffering was experienced. Among these the prime factor is to be found in the social conditions which made possible the shortage of fuel in the Western Provinces. The labor problem has taxed the ingenuity and skill of the ablest intellects in modern years and its solution is still puzzling the economists of every nation. Its condition rendered the coal strike at Lethbridge last September possible and curtailed the fuel output to such a degree as to threaten the whole Western community with dire distress. The sufferings then experienced rivetted the attention of Canada upon this field of development and brought home in an especial manner to the legislators convened at Ottawa the necessity of grappling at once with this vital problem, and of endeavoring to furnish some solution whereby the recurrence of such a catastrophe would be reduced to a minimum. The gigantic task naturally fell to the Department of Labor, and the remedies for the solution of the labor problem in the production of commodities necessary to life brought into prominent relief the baby of the cabinet and the subject of this brief sketch.



HON. RUDOLPHE LEMIEUX.

Mr. Rudolphe Lemieux was born November 1st, 1866, and is consequently but forty-one years of age. He studied law at Laval University and was called to the Quebec Bar in 1891, becoming a member of the law faculty of his Alma Mater in 1896. A Liberal in politics, he was one of a leading band of young politicians who, during the Liberal opposition at Ottawa, did much to mould public opinion in his native province and he

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devoted all his energies to the perfecting the party's organization, and injecting his own energy and enthusiasm into the Liberal ranks, which resulted in the victory of 1896. In 1894 he married the eldest daughter of Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. In 1896 he was elected member for Gaspe for which constituency he was again returned in 1900 and again in 1904, and in this last year also for Nicolet. In 1904 he was made Solicitor-General. In 1905 he accompanied Hon. Mr. Prefontaine on the last journey of the deceased Minister of Marine to Paris. On Jan. 30 of last year he pronounced over the bier of his late colleague a funeral oration marked by rare eloquence and feeling. The ability of the young Solicitor-General made a deep impression at the time and on March 1st he was presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. When the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth was made Minister of Justice, Rudolphe Lemieux was appointed his successor as Postmaster-General and Minister of Labor.

Thus it is that the youngest of the Cabinet Ministers, during the last session of the House, made his debut as a statesman in charge of a government measure of far-reaching and vital importance to the whole nation, but in a particular manner to the western part of it. His ability to cope with a situation of such magnitude was very soon made apparent. A close student of the labor questions of other countries, he had the salient and objectionable features of their legislation thoroughly canvassed, and the logic and fairness of his arguments in favor of the bill which he offered, combined with a parliamentary finesse and tact which he displayed in his conduct of the measure through the Commons, gave ample evidence of his potentialities for statecraft and popular leadership. But the placing upon the Statute Book to a measure to become law is far from being a satisfactory or practical solution of the particular phase of social life which it is destined to serve. No matter how good the law, the application of it at times brings it into disrepute and causes it to defeat the very end for which it was drafted. Here, again, during the late troubles in the collieries of the Kicking Horse Pass and the Crow's Nest, the farsighted wisdom of the young Minister of Labor saved the situation. His legislation—radical though it appeared in this country—was to stand the test of public criticism, where its weaknesses, if any, would surely be brought to light. And moreover it was a new departure—a novel method of adjusting the differences between capital and labor. All eyes were turned to the head of the Labor Department, Rudolphe Lemieux stood in the limelight of public criticism. The appointment of a chairman of the investigating committee was necessary and the representatives of every shade of politics were eagerly canvassing the situation. Who would receive the appointment? And here again the young Minister of Labor showed his insight and wisdom. The shrewdest diplomat was necessary, a man of undoubted integrity and business ability, a person of high standing and unblemished reputation, who could command at once the confidence and respect of both disputing parties. And such a one was found in Sir Wm. Mulock, ex-Postmaster-General and Organizer of the Department of Labor. That the differences were amicably adjusted without the intervention of the Department detracts nothing from the value or practicability of the measure, but rather emphasizes the necessity of it if such were wanting. The machinery was in working order and the conditions offered an opportunity of elucidating to the parties concerned, and through them to the whole country, the scope and meaning of the new law.

Rudolphe Lemieux gives exceptional promise of achieving high distinction in Canadian public life. Forty-one years of age, he is thoroughly equipped for a most successful career. In history, law, political economy, and belles lettres his education is thorough. He is a finished master of both French and English and an eloquent and forceful speaker. Born of French parents he is British from conviction and possesses the dominating traits of both nationalities. And thus in his native province it is not surprising to find those who see in him a leader in politics and future prime minister.

Mr. Lemieux might be termed a self-made man. His success is due to severe application and industry combined with natural talent of a high order. In his chosen profession, as in public life, he has been ever a constant and industrious student. As a master of British Constitutional Law and of parliamentary procedure he has few equals in the Commons, and during his busy life he has found time to write a treatise on "The origin of Canadian Law."

Part of his early training he secured in the ranks of journalism and he has contributed many thoughtful essays to leading reviews. Always a close student, he studies hard before he speaks and his utterances well thought out, go a long way in public life. He is broad-minded and tolerant to a degree, and his sentiments have been applauded with equal enthusiasm by Montreal and Toronto audiences.

Personally, Mr. Lemieux is one of the most approachable men in Parliament. Always dignified, courteous and obliging, he exhibits many of the traits of his leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The Golden Leaves: Swinburnian.

If my friend comes back to the bustling town
Ere the Golden leaves come rustling down,
How shall he see, and how shall he hear
The luring lustre of mead and mere,
And the sweet last words of the dying year?

When the golden leaves come rustling down,
Lettered in amber and gold and brown,
And vine-crowned autumn tricks fields and slopes
Of harvest richer than spring sown hopes.

How shall his inmost spirit know,
At gaze in the glorious gulfs of glow
Of the blending of blessing and balm and prayer
That fills and thrills and stills the air.

In the long bright glamour, before the snow?
How shall he see, and hear, and know,
If he hastens back to the bustling town,
Ere the golden leaves come rustling down.

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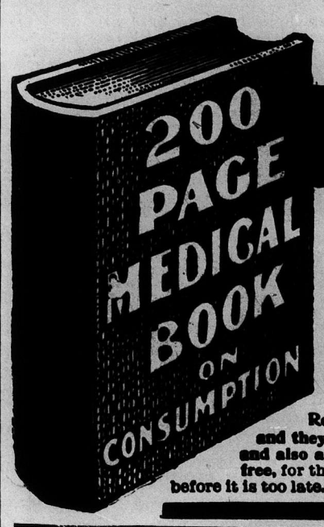

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Correspondence

The exchange of letters, or in other words, the letters mailed us to be forwarded on to some writer in these columns reached high water mark so far as numbers were concerned in May. Seven hundred and eighty-seven letters were re-mailed during the month. We regret exceedingly that we are quite unable to publish all the letters addressed to this department as they come to hand. However, we hope to publish all of them in time and will give every writer a fair show. Please put a two cent stamp on all letters intended for re-mailing from this office. Always sign your full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Answer to the Irish Girl's Revenge.

Note.—The following lines are intended as a reply to a poem that appeared in these columns in January, 1907.

Could you tell me, Mister Editor, the girl across the sae,
Who was callin' down Sur Wilfred, in the rale ould Irish way.
She says she's bringin' truble, in the ship, that she will sale,
Shure! he knew that she was cummin,' providin' she don't meet a whale.

If the ship is safely landed, and he'll see the swate coleen,
She'll say he's the finest gintleman that she has iver seen.
All Canada is proud of him, they take him by the hand,
For he welcomes here all nations, to our happy prosperous land.

Don't get pickley and crochety, ye maidens far away,
But cum wud smilin' faces, from ye'er home across the sae,
Fur the bachelors are waitin', and they're prayin' ye would cum.
It's not Laurier that wants ye. God allows him only one.

But he likes to see his subjects, as happy as himelf,
If he sinds that invitation, it mought keep some off the shelf.
So come along, ye shamrocks, the heather and the rose,
We'll welcome all ye coleen, and be ye'er lovin' beaux.

I'm waitin' fur an Irish girl, with eyes of softest blue,
Auburn hair and soft of speech. I'll treat her kindly, too.
If Sur Wilfred made that blunder, it's the furst one in his loife,
And a man in his position, shure, he meets all kinds of stroife.

"E. J. C."

In Want of a Wife.

Afraid of Goody-Goody Kind.

Calgary, Alta., April 13, 1907.

Editor.—I read with great interest the correspondence page of your paper and it is quite evident that there are many lonely bachelors in this Western country. Many of these same bachelors seem to have very decided opinions about the ideal women. I have a goodly number of brothers and cousins who have always been my companions and I know by this time that there are not two boys alike. Here and there one comes across a misguided youth, but if he is at all youthful, there is always the hope that he will improve. My opinion is that if girls would be as nice to their own brothers as they are to other girls' brothers the boys would all be a great deal improved, and the girls would find that they had very entertaining, jolly, good natured boys at their beck and call.

I notice some girls are very much opposed to a man smoking or drinking. I do not mind the smoking, but I certainly do not approve of a man using intoxicating liquors, even if it is a very occasional thing. When a man writes that he does not smoke, drink, play cards or dance, I am always inclined to doubt the veracity of the statement; it is a little too goody-goody.

Hoping that this letter is not too prosy for a space in your valuable paper, I will close with the request that you will kindly forward the enclosed letter to "Only One of the Many, and greatly oblige.

"Toba or Not Toba."

Like Country Baches for a Change.

Calgary, Alta., April 13, 1907.

Editor.—I am very much interested in your correspondence columns and should like to express my thanks for your very interesting magazine while I have a chance. I think some of the views expressed by the lonely bachelors very interesting, except those who think it no harm to indulge in an occasional "glass." Though born and bred a town girl, I have no objection to the country bachelors at all. Indeed, I rather like them for a change.

"Lulu."

English Boy Invites Correspondence.

Sask., April 13, 1907.

Editor.—Having been a reader of your valuable paper for the past six months, I take the liberty of asking that a little space be devoted in your columns for this letter, in the hope of gaining a few correspondents of the fair sex. I am a bachelor, aged 23. I have a homestead and a team of horses with which I intend to break as much as I can this summer. I was very interested in the letter written by "Myra." She certainly knows what she is talking about. She is quite right when she says the bachelors are lonely. I have been batching myself now for three years and am still at it, so I know just about what it is like. I dare say it will be worse for me this summer as my homestead is in a new country and not many settlers in yet. Hence my reason for writing in the hope of gaining a few correspondents. I see by some of the letters written by the young ladies that they do not approve of the man who smokes and drinks. Well, I do not see any harm when it is taken in moderation. I am a smoker myself but do not touch spirits. I think there is nothing so loathsome as the man who drinks till he is not capable of doing anything but sleep. I think the Japanese proverb is very true, viz., First of all the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and then the drink takes the man. If any young lady about 18 or 19 years of age, would care to waste a two cent stamp on me, she may be sure her letter will be answered. I may say I am English and have been out here quite a little while now. I will sign myself.

"English Boy."

Willie Hits a Few High Spots.

Carstairs, April, 12, 1907.

Editor.—Believe me, it is with mingled emotion that I now take my pen in hand, and will be pleased to have you forward letter enclosed to some lady of your acquaintance (young widow preferred), who is willing to jump into double harness and trot down the course of life with yours truly.

Am not particular as to size, color, or financial circumstances, but nothing under nine or over ninety.

I do not swear, drink nor play poker, and once during an open air service I held the preacher's hat, while he pleaded on behalf of the ebony heathens in darkest Africa. Will also state that I have talked to all the girls in this neighborhood, with tears in my eyes, but without success, and I fondly cherish the hope that some "Bedelia" will some day allow me to gaze into her face and murmur "goo-goo." Living in much suspense, I beg to remain, yours to a cinder.

"Willie, (On the Lone Pine Ranch.)"

On the Alert for Tall Gentleman.

Calgary, Alta., April 13, 1907.

Editor.—I have been following up your correspondence columns and notice that the interest is increasing more and more, judging from the number who write and exchange letters, etc., so I have at last decided to air my views as to what character the opposite sex should follow:—He should not touch whiskey at all, nor any intoxicating liquor. I do not object to smoking in moderation. Men are often so conceited of their good looks that they think or appear to think that every girl is infatuated at first sight, whereas if they only stopped to think a minute, they would see themselves as others see them, especially young ladies of good taste. I like a man to have an opinion of his own always, but not too much stick-to-it-tiveness.

I play the piano a little and also sing enough for my own amusement, and would admire a man with an ear for music also. As I am only 5 ft. 2 inches in height and have black hair, I am on the alert for a tall, well-built fair gentleman. Would prefer living in town or not more than six miles out.

Hoping you will not think I am encroaching on good nature and wishing you every success in your present endeavors, I remain, your faithful reader.

"Molly Bawn."

Batching Not Just the Thing.

New Warren, April 14, 1907.

Editor.—As I have been reading your correspondence columns with great interest would like to correspond with the lady who signs her name "Prince Albert Lassie." I am a farmer and would like a helpmate, as batching is not just the thing. Would you be so kind as to send this letter to that Prince Albert Lassie and oblige.

"Farmer George."

Should be a Subscriber.

Willow Range, April 11, 1907.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your valuable paper, I have the privilege of reading its contents, and enjoy its perusal very much, especially the correspondence columns. I note with pleasure the sensible views expressed on matrimony and also the good will shown by the fair sex to help us lonely bachelors to be more content.

Will you kindly forward the enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie." I would like to hear from some other young lady also.

"Energetic Farmer."

Busy Time Ahead for this Writer.

Alberta, April 12, 1907.

Editor.—Please give the following space in your columns. A few remarks in regard to letter written by "Woman's Friend," at Moose Jaw, Sask.

I will ask all Western Home Monthly readers if they can, after careful thought, say and believe such a thing as 99 per cent. of all young men today are not fit companions for any honorable woman; then God pity us men, but I will say that I feel confident that the greater share of readers will agree with me that "Woman's Friend" greatly mistated herself there.

I am but a young man, have a good education, have travelled over a good share of the U. S. and a great deal of Canada and have therefore seen much of the above mentioned life.

I will say to "Woman's Friend," there are many just such men as she spoke of, but thank God there are also a goodly share of as true, honest, and good gentlemanly men, to watch and help the other class a step upward when possible. Also, many young men from the best and highest families, starting out in life who have too much pride to be started in business by their fathers or widowed mother's money. Such young men will come to just such a country as this, to get enough money to go back and start their future career with, and I ask again, is it just to condemn these with the other class? I ask all readers, what does your mind tell you?

On the other hand, I have had business experience, and have come in contact with many men of both classes, and whatever path of life we may follow we will always find members of the good, and a few bad with them.. I will say nothing of the opposite sex, as I believe in uplifting mankind, and this can not be done in that way. I do not wish any reader to form a wrong opinion of me from above facts, for although I have other business besides farming and ranching, I admire a true, manly farmer. But around me, or if in my power to prevent it, no farmer's wife should have anything whatever to do in the line of outdoor work, and the manly farmer will not have it. I believe in living an up-to-date life and that excludes the above, with liquor and tobacco, which every true man should help to keep under his feet. The lady who wrote on woman's duty to make home attractive and calling herself "The Duchess," shows a splendid lot of developed and educated common sense. I shall answer and explain any point which any reader of either sex may not understand or agree with me in, no matter if they may be far north of Central Alberta, back east or out West.

"Forward Boy."

Don't Want a Mail Order Wife.

Nanton, April 14th, 1907.

Editor.—As I have just finished reading some of the letters on the matrimonial page of your paper, I will hereby add my quota to the already largely patronized pages.

I very much appreciate the view "Myra" takes of life and living. I think she must be a girl of noble character. I hope she will write again. Some of the letters in your columns portray very plainly the characters of the writers and I, for my part, would not waste pen and ink, much less valuable time, to correspond with some of the more frivolous, comprising those who really write with matrimonial intentions. Marriage is too sacred to be trifled with. It was first instituted by God and to be a success it must be sanctioned and blessed by God. This blessing cannot be obtained except where true and unselfish love exists and this love cannot posibly be fostered in the heart without a mutual, personal acquaintance. Many a home is entirely ruined because of the lack of true, pure, unselfish and holy love.

It is true, there are many lonely bachelors in this Western country and they would be better off to remain so than to run the risk of getting a wife whom they could love, through the aid of any correspondence columns. Men have their faults, as also have women, and love must mutually exist that the house be filled with sunshine and happiness.

I am a young man striving to live a Christian life. I am unmarried, and am not seeking matrimony by correspondence. Nevertheless, if anyone should fancy writing to me, I will be pleased to start a friendly correspondence.

"Bon Ami."

Lots of Good Girls in Ontario.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 23, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading the letters in the Western Home Monthly. I find them very interesting.

I have just come from Ontario and I am just now on a visit to my married sister, who is a subscriber of your valuable paper. I thought I would like to

write a few lines, hoping you will please find space for them in your excellent paper. They might brighten the heart of some lonely bachelor, for some of them are more to be pitied than laughed at. It seems too bad to hear of many living the best part of their life alone (for it must be lonely), but I think it must be their own fault with most of them that they have not got a helpmate. They think that girls ought to seek them up, but it is not so with most of us, for we can make a good, respectable, independent living for ourselves unless we get a good upright temperance man in comfortable circumstances to share each other's joys and sorrows There are lots of fine girls in Ontario that would make good wives if they only had the courage to come out here.

I notice how many tell about land and prosperity, they tell about their good looks and so on, but not one tells of their disposition, which is the most important part By seeming gay we grow to what we seem by the spirit of helpfulness and contentment. A cheerful spirit is a continual feast which we each may have by going to its true source within personal magnetism on the art of pleasing each other, studying each other's ways and means. How much more happiness there would be in the homes. Life is just as we make it. Any respectable Protestant bachelor over thirty years who is fond of music and flowers, desiring to write to me are welcome to do so. They can get my right address with the editor. I will cheerfully answer them. Hoping this will be sufficiently interesting to print in your magazine as I don't expect to be here long, and thanking you for doing so.

"Blue Bell from Ontario".

Got the Goods Right With Her.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 30, 1907.

Editor.—I have read the letters of your numerous correspondents for some months with unbounded interest and it seems to me that your splendid magazine is doing a good work for the young men of the West and for some of the girls of the East. Your columns pave the way, at least, for a correspondence that may later lead to acquaintance and possibly matrimony. But I judge that few marriages will result directly from correspondence because I think every right-minded girl will want to see and know a man before she seriously thinks of marriage. And the young man, no matter how lonely he may be in his bachelorhood, will properly want to personally know the girl who may some day bear his name.

I am of medium height, weigh 125 pounds, have dark hair and brown eyes. I have been told that I am attractive, but will leave that question to be decided later. I have a liberal education in the truest sense of the word. I am a farmer's daughter, raised on a large fruit and grain farm in Ontario, and early learned the details of housekeeping from a Scotch mother. I attended the public and high schools, and passed my examinations successfully fo. a teacher's certificate. I attended normal school and taught for one year. Then I decided to enter business life, took the regular commercial training in a business college and finally reached the position of head-bookkeeper and stenographer in a business office in Toronto. I have been told hat I have exceptional business and financial ability and am confident that I could help a husband in the various details of life. Over two years ago I resigned my office position to take up the profession of nursing and when I graduate I will have knowledge and experience that should be useful in a home.

So far my life has been too busy to think of suitors, or lovers, or aught but my ambition, but now that the goal is in sight I must confess that my hopes turn more readily to a home and the duties of a wife than to a profession and the duties of money-making. I would gladly correspond with a man of good habits and would prefer a man who is fond of good books, who is ambitious to succeed and not only in amassing a competence but in every walk of his daily life. In fact, should want a husband who would not only be a companion, helpmate and lover, but who would always be my warmest and staunchest friend. With such a man, the details of what a wife's duties shall be fade into insignificance. Each will strive to lighten the load for the other.

Now, you may give my address to "Bachelor Chris," if he writes for it. Also to 'Bobof Saskatoon," and "W. K." of Three Hills.

"Edith Lyle."

Farmer John After "Birdie."

Indian Head, Sask., April 11th, 1907.

Editor.—For some time I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthy and I find it very interesting, especially the correspondence page. I find some very nice letters in it. I am a bachelor, about 24 years of age, and would like to correspond with some young lady. Will you please send me the lady's address who signs her name "Birdie" in your paper. "Farmer John."

Broncho Bill Wants English Widow.

Content, Alta., April 20, 1907.

Editor.—Having seen in your correspondence columns of February the letter of an English widow, aged 35, Protestant, who arrived at Red Deer, Alta., from England last year and who requested you to kindly forward her address to a steady, sober man, with a view to becoming acquainted, I beg you to accede to her request. I am 36 years of age and am a homesteader, with a place on the banks of the Battle River, and am anxious to become acquainted with a good woman of similar age. Trusting you will favor me with a reply at your earliest convenience, I feel it my duty to say that in doing so you will place me under a deep obligation to you. "Broncho Bill."

A Letter from Jane Eyre.

New York City, March 30. 1907.

Editor—It is some months since I saw a copy of your excellent magazine, but I have been told that enquiries are still being made, and letters are being forwarded to me. I have not received these letters—perhaps because I am now many miles from the little Ontario town to which they have been sent. I am very sorry that I neglected writing you to discontinue forwarding letters but I did not imagine that months after my letter appeared, viz: May 1906, that replies to it would still be forthcoming. I thank all those who have taken the trouble to write, and regret my seeming discourtesy in not acknowledging their letters. I am sure,

THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN

The Little Mail-Fit Man

Will present **free** to every reader of this paper who places an order for one of our celebrated Mail-Fit Suits, two of the best premiums ever offered to the Canadian public.

WE WILL GIVE FREE:

One extra pair of Pants (made to measure), and
A strong, serviceable Suit Case.

We will refund your money if the special suits or the free gifts are **not exactly** as represented.

Write us to-day and we will send you, **free of any charge,** a handsome range of patterns, including our wonderful value Blue and Black Serges and Cheviot Tweeds, and the latest New York Fashion Plates. Then **judge for yourself** of the values at **$11.85, $13.85, $15, $17.50** and **$20.** Our home measurement system is so simple that we require only five measurements (which anyone can take) to enable us to give a **perfect-fitting** tailor-made garment.

All goods are shipped ten days from receipt of order.
Live agents wanted.

THE MAIL-FIT CLOTHING CO., 505-9 **ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.**

THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN THE LITTLE MAIL-FIT MAN

You can get Highest Prices FOR CREAM

FROM THE

National Creamery and Produce Co., Ltd.

BECAUSE

WE have the largest Creamery in Western Canada, with a churning capacity of over 25,000 pounds per day. We are thus able to buy our supplies in large quantities, and at the lowest price. This enables us to reduce the cost of making a pound of butter to the minimum.

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

Thus, you see, we reduce the cost of making as low as possible, while we realize the highest market price for our product. Our patrons get the benefit of this, for our expenses are lower, and we seek no larger profit than any other creamery.

Our average price for butter-fat last year was 22 cents. per pound. We expect to do as well, or better, for our patrons this year. We remit promptly by Express Money Order, by which you are insured against loss or inconvenience.

Ship us a few cans of cream on trial, so that we can show you how satisfactory are our methods of doing business.

The National Creamery & Produce Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

PAINTS

AINTS ..FOR.. HOUSES

Your local dealer handles them. Barns Wagons Carriages See that all packages bear our name.

SHINGLE STAINS

(Creosote)

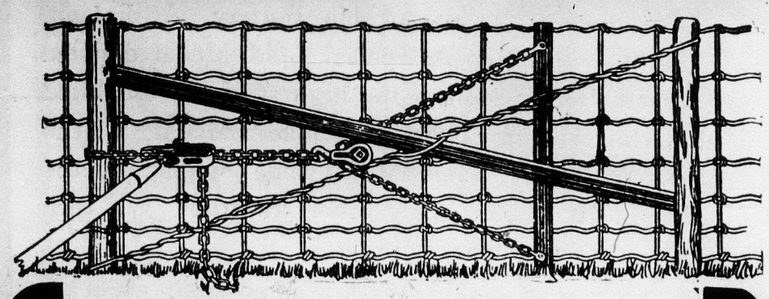
The best is always the cheapest in the long run. You cannot go wrong if you follow above direction, which is a *guarantee of quality*. Write for color cards or any information you require.

The Canada Paint Co.

Limited

WINNIPEG, Man.

HOW TO BUILD A GOOD FENCE



Our new folder on "Erecting Fences" will tell you and if you will follow the instructions carefully when you are through you will have a good job.

It's full of valuable and interesting information on fence building and tells how to erect woven wire fencing in the quickest and most substantial manner.

No farmer, fence man or any one interested in fence construction should fail to write for a copy. It gives all the information required for building fences and we send it

FREE!

In addition there is also a complete and very interesting description of the manufacture of fence wire. Persons who have never had the privilege of visiting a wire mill will find this article of especial interest.

It also has an article quoted from a bulletin issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture on the manufacture of concrete fence posts, showing how posts made of this most useful and durable material can be manufactured at home. Don't fail to write for a copy today. Ask for our folder called, "Erecting Fences." Remember it's free. Address

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., Dept. H, Winnipeg, Man.

judging from the letters I received last year that there are some fine manly fellows among the writers and I sincerely hope that one and all will be successful in their search for a congenial friend and comrade.

"Jane Eyre."

Write Them, Andy.

Benito Man., March 17, 1907.

Editor.—Send me the address of "Sally" at Carnduff, also "Dark Eyed Malden," Brandon. "Andy Jones."

Defends the School Mam."

Lumsden, April 6th, 1907.

Editor.—In your January number I read a letter written by "Observer," who denounced girls in general, but the "School Mam" in particular. Why? In my opinion it is for the same reason that Mr. Fox said the grapes were sour. Now, that luscious bunch of grapes "Observer" was after was a certain pretty little "school mam," but, alas! she was just out of his reach. So he takes him pen in hand and pens a letter to one of Canada's leading magazines. Evidently she cared more for performing her duties than she did about making love to an old bachelor; well done, school mam. Now, a girl that would make a good wife is not such a "scarce article" as "Observer" seems to think. Most of them have a good deal of common sense, as "School Mam" seems to have had. No man, unless he were himself very ignorant, would reject a girl because she was educated. Does "Observer" object to girls being educated? I am not "on the hunt for the goods," but yet I know many girls who ought to come up to "Observer's" standard. But, alas! they are educated and would not suit him? I will correspond with any of the fairer sex, especially school mams. "Pedagogue."

Take Pity on Him, Girls.

Wakopa, March 9, 1907.

Editor.—I have often heard of your invaluable paper, the Western Home Monthly, but only just lately have I had the pleasure of seeing it, and I decided, after a careful perusal of its contents, to send my subscription immediately, as one cannot get a good thing too soon.

Your correspondence columr soon attracted my attention, and after carefully reading all the letters from your many writers I decided to have my say re matrimony. I noticed that one of your charming correspondents said that "we poor bachelors" could only cook porridge, well, I only wish I could have the honor of entertaining her for a few days, and she would find that a bachelor's menu consisted of something more than porridge and potatoes in their jackets. Although I say it myself, I can cook pastry as good as many young ladies, and a bit better than some, and other things as well, and there are plenty of bachelors who, without doubt, are much better adepts at the culinary art than myself. But still batching is by no means an ideal life, and after a man has been "batching it" a few years, he is apt to look around for his ideal, not a housekeeper to be a slave to him. As to an ideal, I am not easily suited. I want a real true woman in every sense of the word, one who could cheer a man when despondent, a partner of his joys and troubles, who would always have a smiling face and a kind word, who would make a proper man of a man in every way, and one who could sing or play to him while he sat in an easy chair with a good pipe of tobacco in his mouth, resting from his day's work. Now, some of your fair correspondents, I notice, greatly object to "my lady nicotine," but I really don't see why they should be so hard on a "poor bachelor for having a smoke; probably if they were in my position at present they would be back-biting their neighbors, which would be worse.

Regarding myself, am an Englishman, 20 years of age, 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and weigh 172 pounds, am a teetotaler, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. As to looks, well I guess I would suit provided the lady in question was not too particular. Now, I want some of the charming correspondents of your paper to write me, as this is an awfully lonesome spot, having had no train since the beginning of December and I have had difficulty in killing time during the long evenings, so hurry up, girls, and write. I greatly enjoyed reading letters from Cheerful Bessie, Irish Lassie, Aurora, One of the Lassies and Pauline, and would like to hear from some of them.

"For the girls they used to kiss me
Oh, I wish they would do it now!"
"Wakopa Boy."

Rocanville, Sask., March 18, 1907.

Editor.—Enclosed you will find two letters. No. 1 to "Aurora," No. 2 to "Pauline." "Rube."

Valley River, March 18, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward letter to "One of the Lassies," in your February number. "Luke."

Gladstone Man., March 30, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward my letter enclosed to "One of the Lassies," Portage la Prairie. "Bobbie Jones."

Young Englishman Gets Interested.

Rlta., March, 1907.

Dear Sir.—I have taken considerable interest in your correspondence columns and should like to take advantage of same. I am a young Englishman and have been out here three years. I should be glad if you would send me the names of "Prairie Queen" and "Blonde," Sask., whose letters appear in your January issue. "Chinook."

"As Good Fish in the Seas as Ever were Caught."

Swan River, March 16, 1907.

Editor.—I have been greatly interested in your magazine, particularly the correspondence columns. I think that "Limber Jim" who speaks about the cruel way in which he has been treated by girls who left him to go for a drive with someone else, is rather chicken-hearted to be done out of a girl by someone with a horse and buggy without even murmuring until too late, and then to hide himself as it were. I think that any fellow could, if he liked, work hard enough to be able to buy a horse and buggy so that he could drive his girl around, sooner than have to take the back seat as Limber Jim" does when someone comes along with a horse and buggy. As for saying that it drives a man to drink because his girl leaves him for another who is well dressed, I think that it shows a great weakness on the man's part, and that instead of spending his money in drink, he should buy some good clothes and then perhaps he would be able to run in opposition to the newcomer. I have been treated that way, but have not started to drink and do not intend to. 'Limber Jim says he gets his own meals and does not want to see any girls at all, but I differ with him. I get my own meals, and have no hard feelings with the girl who left me, for there are still "as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." I have a horse and buggy and put in a good time. I hope that "Limber Jim" will soon form a good opinion of the girls and crawl out of hiding. "Rocky Ned."

Sask., March 14, 1907.

Dear Sir.—Will you please forward the enclosed letter to "One Fair Maid[illegible] of Alta.," in the February number, and oblige.

"Jim Jam."

Caron, Sask., March 30, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward this letter to "Cheerful Bessie" in February number. "Nels."

"Blue Eyed Joe" Takes Pen in Hand.

Griswold, Man., March 15, 1907.

Editor.—I take pleasure in reading your excellent magazine. It is a splendid publication for young and old.

I am a bachelor farmer of 23, and would like to correspond with some young lady of about my own age. I don't want, neither do I expect, a woman to take the place of a hired man, that is not my idea of a life partner. If I am ever so fortunate as to get a wife, I intend to assist her to enjoy life with me better than she ever enjoyed life before we hooked up. I believe where true love exists life is worth living. The girl from Portage la Prairie who signed herself "Ane of the Lassies," certainly must know a few things about the requirements of us bachelors. The girl who signs herself "Pauline," came pretty close to the mark also. "Blue Eyed Joe."

Cameron, Man., March 12, 1907.

Editor. —Please re-address my letter to "One of the Lassies," Portage la Prairie. "Jim."

A Bachelor, 24, With Homestead.

Alberta, April 10, 1907.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber, but my neighbor takes your magazine and he and I exchange reading matter from time to time. I read the correspondence columns in your excellent magazine with interest. I am a bachelor, 24 years old, and have a homestead. I would like to correspond with some of the lady writers.

Please send my address to the lady writer in February number who signs herself "One of the Lassies," also to "Pauline." "The Brown-Eyed Boy."

Holmstown, April 13, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter as per slip of paper attached to envelope.

Lake Frances, Man., April 12, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to young "English Girl," London, Ont., whose letter appeared in your March issue and you will greatly oblige a bachelor. "In Misery."

Nutana, Sask., April 13, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward my letter to "English Girl," London, Ont.

"Chicago Terror."

Nutana, Sask., April 30, 1907.

Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie."

"Frosty."

Cardston, Alta., April 12, 1907.

Editor.—Send enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie." "Piker."

Carstairs, Apr
Editor. — Please forward en
"Prince Albert Lassie." You
noble work for us bachelors.
"Lo

High Bluff, Man., Apr
Editor—Re-mail enclosed let
Eyes," Portage la Prairie.
"Su

Yellow Grass, Sask., April 14,
Editor.—Please forward
enclosed herewith to "Prince
the other to "Scotch Girl."

Waldeck, Sask., Apri
Editor.—Please forward
ter to "Prince Albert Lassie."
"Peck's

Heward, Sask., M
Editor.—Please send the
ter to "Cary."

Canmore, Alta., Apr
Editor.—Please send th
"Fancy Free" from Red De
in your March number.

Strathmore, Apr
Editor.—I am a rancher
cumstances and would lik
acquainted with the you
signs herself "Blonde," in
ary number, 1907. "S

Lakeview, Apri
Editor—.Please forward
letters as follows, (1) "P
Lassie," (2) "Nothing Too
Irish," (3) "Edmonton
March number. "Simp

Sunny Slope, Alta., April
Editor.—Send enclosed le
lish Widow," Red Deer, A

Hargrave, Man., Marc
Dear Sir.—Please forwa
closed letter to "Sloppy S
holm, Alta., and oblige.
"Pri

Mortlach, Sask., Marc
Dear Sir.—Please send
letter to the lady signin
"Pauline," in the February

Must Address This Of
Forrest, Man., Marc
Editor.—It is with gre
that I open your mag
month. I think it is an ide
what I term a "cracker-ja
you would send me the ad
young ladies signing them
rie" and Blonde." I ha
friend a little bit my senio
also like a companion an
him to write to you.

Chinook Shoots One
Lineham, Alta., March
Editor.—I have taken con
terest in your corresponde
and should like to take adva
same. I am a young Eng
have not been out here thr
should be glad if you would
names and addresses
Queen," Yorkton, and "Blo
letters appeared in your Ja
ber.

Alberta, March
Editor.—Being an intere
of your valuable paper, I w
have you do me a favor by
the enclosed letter to "Sau
Weyburn, Sask. "Casey at

Tommy Wants Introd
Calgary, Alta., Mar
Dear Mr. Editor.—As I
subscriber to your valuabl
over a year, I take great
reading your correspondence
time it struck me that I
in. I would like to have
ence with some of these y
and I wished to be introduc
I am a fair fellow, of goo
am a Christian, a Methodis
total abstainer since I was a
never touched tobacco in
never use bad language. I
family and have been in C
three years. I am a home lover, a
"Tomm

No Objection to Woman Wr
Sask., March
Editor.—I take great
reading your correspondenc
every month. I have lived o
last 20 years. The women
the men do their work so
keep their crop of grain
things from getting destro
lieve that if women look af
the meals at the right tim
the house in good order that
should be expected of them.
some women like to raise
they think men don't look
close enough. As far as
concerned, it is all right for
to be able to do it, as it n
the menfolk are away and
get home to do it. All g
learn to play if they get the
it helps to make home hap
girls think it is the man's pla
first, well, it really is, but I

Carstairs, April 11, 1907.
Editor. — Please forward enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie." You are doing a noble work for us bachelors.
"Lonely Pete."

High Bluff, Man., April 13, 1907.
Editor—Re-mail enclosed letter to "Brown Eyes," Portage la Prairie.
"Sunny Jack."

Yellow Grass, Sask., April 14, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward one letter enclosed herewith to "Prince Albert Lassie," the other to "Scotch Girl."

Waldeck, Sask., April 13, 1907.
Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Prince Albert Lassie."
"Peck's Bad Boy."

Heward, Sask., May 1, 1907.
Editor.—Please send the enclosed letter to "Cary."

Canmore, Alta., April 17, 1907.
Editor.—Please send this letter to "Fancy Free" from Red Deer, who wrote in your March number.

Strathmore, April 14, 1907.
Editor.—I am a rancher in good circumstances and would like to become acquainted with the young lady who signs herself "Blonde," in your February number, 1907. "Strathmore."

Lakeview, April 19, 1907.
Editor—.Please forward the enclosed letters as follows, (1) "Prince Albert Lassie," (2) "Nothing Too Good for the Irish," (3) "Edmonton Girl," all of March number. "Simple Simon."

Sunny Slope, Alta., April 10th, 1907.
Editor.—Send enclosed letter to "English Widow," Red Deer, Alta.
"Big Jim."

Hargrave, Man., March 14, 1907.
Dear Sir.—Please forward the enclosed letter to "Sloppy Soby," Claresholm, Alta., and oblige.
"Primrose IV."

Mortlach, Sask., March 16, 1907.
Dear Sir.—Please send the enclosed letter to the lady signing her name "Pauline," in the February number.
"Tiger."

Must Address This Office, A. J.

Forrest, Man., March 29, 1907
Editor.—It is with great pleas that I open your magazine every month. I think it is an ideal magazine, what I term a "cracker-jack." I wish you would send me the address of the young ladies signing themselves "Carrie" and Blonde." I have another friend a little bit my senior who would also like a companion and I will get him to write to you. "A. J."

Chinook Shoots One at Us.

Lineham, Alta., March 29, 1907.
Editor.—I have taken considerable interest in your correspondence columns and should like to take advantage of the same. I am a young Englishman and have not been out here three years. I should be glad if you would send me the names and addresses of "Prairie Queen," Yorkton, and "Blonde," whose letters appeared in your January number. "Chinook."

Alberta, March 21, 1907.
Editor.—Being an interested reader of your valuable paper, I would like to have you do me a favor by addressing the enclosed letter to "Saucy Kate," of Weyburn, Sask. "Casey at the Bat."

Tommy Wants Introduction.

Calgary, Alta., March 8, 1907.
Dear Mr. Editor.—As I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for over a year, I take great pleasure in reading your correspondence page. This time it struck me that I should join in. I would like to have correspondence with some of these young ladies and I wished to be introduced to them. I am a fair fellow, of good habits. I am a Christian, a Methodist. I am a total abstainer since I was a boy, and I never touched tobacco in my life. I never use bad language. I am of good family and have been in Canada over three years. I am a home lover, age 27.
"Tommie."

No Objection to Woman Writing First.)

Sask., March 20, 1907.
Editor,—I take great interest in reading your correspondence columns every month. I have lived out West the last 20 years. The women had to help the men do their work sometimes to keep their crop of grain and other things from getting destroyed. I believe that if women look after getting the meals at the right time and keep the house in good order that is all that should be expected of them. Of course, some women like to raise chickens as they think men don't look after them close enough. As far as milking is concerned, it is all right for everybody to be able to do it, as it may happen the menfolk are away and not able to get home to do it. All girls should learn to play if they get the chance, as it helps to make home happier. Some girls think it is the man's place to write first, well, it really is, but I think it is just as much theirs. Some say if a girl writes to a man first, she is no lady, but I think rather different. I object to men making a slave of themselves using tobacco, drinking liquor and using profane language. I am a total abstainer. a Methodist and a Canadian by birth. I am five feet, 6 inches, weigh 160 pounds, fair complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes and 23 years old. I have 320 acres of land, and modern machinery to work it. I have not done any batching yet as I have been living with my father and mother, but expect I will have to do it this summer for a change.
"Pet Boy No. 6."

Western Rover Gets Move On.

Weyburn, Sas., Feb. 14, 1907.
Editor.—For some time past I have been thinking of writing to your correspondence page but have neglected to do so. I am a farmer, but don't have to batch, for I have neighbors with whom I board. I think the ladies are too hard on us poor boys, just because we take a drink or smoke a little they think that is dreadful. As for myself, I don't do either What spare money I have I spend in travelling and think I reap more benefit from it than those who spend it in drink. I am not looking for a slave, but a wife of whom I could be pround of, also one I could love. for I will never marry until I find my ideal. I would be glad to hear from some young ladies so will send you some letters which you will please forward to "Fancy Free," "Duchess," and "One Fair Maiden of Alta."
"Western Rover."

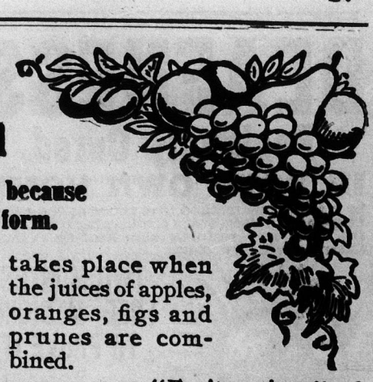
Likes Her Dark and Tall.

Wolseley, Sask., March 18, 1907.
Editor.—I read your paper regularly and I think your correspondence column is just the thing for the young people, as it gives them a chance to express their views on matrimony, and then they have a chance of selecting for themselves a life partner. I am a bachelor myself, 22 years of age, medium height and weight and passably good looking. I have curly hair and brown eyes. You will do me a favor by sending my letter to some nice young lady between the ages of 18 and 21. I would like to correspond with one of dark complexion and tall. Wishing the paper all kinds of success, also the lads and lassies, I remain.
"Angeleno."

A Hot Roast for "Woman's Friend."

Sidney, Feb. 25, 1907.
Editor.—Will you please allow me, through the correspondence columns of your valuable paper, to ask the correspondent who signs serself "Woman's Friend" to explain one or two items which appeared in her letter in the January number. She says, "Ninety-nine per cent. of the gentler sex are good, pure and true, and the remaining one per cent. are stranded through man's instrumentality." Again she says that "ninety-nine per cent of the young men one meets nowadays are unfit companions for any honorable woman." Does she take her figures from Moose Jaw alone or the country at large? I myself have been in most parts of our own country, Canada, as well as in other countrie across the sea, and I have been a very keen observer of the different characters. Go to any city and show me the "one per cent." of the "gentler sex," stranded through man's instrumentality. I, a man, am ashamed to class such as "gentler sex." How many of our young men who go to the cities from the country who, before they went, were model young men, have been led into all kinds of debauchery through the influences of these human feminine sharks who parade the streets, for what? "Seeking whom they may devour." I have had the luck (if I may call it so) to have been in Moose Jaw, and as I have not one of the vices which so disgust "Woman's Friend,' and take an occasional walk and enjoy the fresh air instead figuring out statistics, or studying "What a young wife ought to know," and consoling herself with the happy thought that no shark could gobble her up, she might have derived a two-fold benefit. There was I within reach of the ninety-nine virtuous virgins, but, alas, they were too neglected, they did not have oil in their lamps so must wait in the dark until another "model" makes his appearance in Moose Jaw. I feel sorry from the bottom of my heart for the Moose Jaw ninety-nine goody goods if they allow the imaginary nonsensical counsel of "Woman's Friend" to stand between them and happiness. I know quite a few good, sound young men in Moose Jaw who would make ideal husbands and fathers. Let "Woman's Friend" take the field first and visit some home for incurables, and take back to Moose Jaw a sample of her ideal cripple or blind. or why not have a deaf and dumb mute (he can't swear, anyway). I can almost picture "Woman's Friend" with a sour disposition, not fascinatingly beautiful or excruciatingly ugly, who the young men of Moose Jaw give a wide berth to. I am afraid, dear Editor, that I am trespassing too much on your valuable time and space, so thanking you in anticipation, I am.
"One Per Cent."

Fruit Cures Constipation



"Fruit-a-tives" cure Constipation because they are Fruit Juices in Tablet form.

Constipation means a disordered liver. When the liver is weak, bile is lacking. And it is the bile—which the liver excretes—that flows into the intestines and moves the bowels.

Fruit is the great liver tonic. It invigorates the liver and causes more bile to flow into the bowels.

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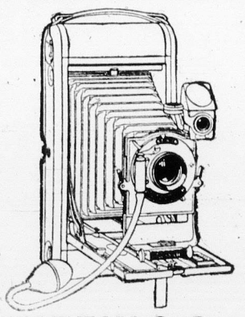

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From the Valley o' the Shadder.

By Carrie Blake Morgan.

The window of the verandah was opened with a sudden dash, and the head and shoulders of Miss Jane Bates were thrust through the aperture.

"Nancy!" she called, in a tone of suppressed frenzy—"oh, Nancy! *can't* you manage some way to keep sister Becky downstairs for a few minutes? Poor little Dick Swiveller's havin' another fit."

Nancy, on her knees scrubbing the veranda steps, dropped her brush precipitately and sprang up.

"Land sake! it's too late, ma'am; she's started upstairs this minute."

"Oh, Nancy! whatever shall I do?" moaned Miss Jane, imploringly.

"She staggered to her feet and tried to climb up the bank, but slipped and fell back into the road."

"Chuck 'im in the closet, quick," suggested Nancy.

"Oh, but he's havin' such an awful fit, frothin' at the mouth an' clawin' straws out o' the mattin'! Oh, I dassn't touch 'im!"

"Throw a quilt over 'im an' roll 'im up, then he can't scratch you," urged Nancy.

But there was no availing quilt at hand, and Miss Jane glanced distractedly from the struggling little creature on the floor to the snowy spread on her bed. The sound of a stately step at at the head of the stairs roused her to action. She dragged the immaculate spread to the door, rolled the unfortunate little animal in it, and was just closing the closet door on both with frantic haste, when the door of her room opened, and Miss Rebecca Bates looked in, with eyes that saw everything, even the white corner of white bedspread visible beneath the closet door.

"What's the matter, Jane?" she demanded.

"M-matter?" stammered Miss Jane.

"Yes, matter. What is the matter with you?"

"N-nothing, sister Becky."

"You look flurried."

"I-I've been talkin' to Nancy through the winder."

"Oh! You better be careful, Jane. At your time o' life it ain't safe to indulge in such excitin' pastimes; it might bring on heart-failin', er nervous prostration."

Poor Miss Jane knew that ironical tone too well to venture a reply. She tremblingly turned to the window and began arranging the disturbed curtains.

"What's become o' your bedspread, Jane?"

"I t-took it off; it needs washin'," stammered Miss Jane, and immediately whispered to her conscience, "It does need washin'—*by this time.*"

"Needs washin', eh?" went on the measured, merciless voice of Miss Rebecca. "Since when 've you took to keepin' your wash in your closet?"

"Clo-closet!"

"Take care, Jane! if you don't stop tryin' to say big words I'm afeard you'll choke. You've really got to be more careful. At your time of life——"

A faint little wailing "meow" came just then from the depths of the closet, reaching the ears of both spinsters simultaneously, with distinctly different results. Miss Jane grew red, then pale, and the b that draped and re-draped the curtains trembled visibly. Miss Rebecca simply paused in her speech and glared at her sister for the space of two seconds, then she strode forward and laid her large, firm hand on the closet door. The next instant a little white kitten staggered weakly out into daylight, trailing a corner of the spread after him and aiming straight for Miss Jane. She caught him up in her arms and burst into tears.

"Poor kitty! Poor little Dick Swiveller!" she sobbed.

Miss Rebecca took on the air of an outraged sovereign.

"Has that cat been havin' a *fit?*" she sternly questioned.

A nod of the head and a fresh burst of tears was Miss Jane's sole reply.

"Is it the *first* fit he's had?"

"N-no."

"Jane *Bates!*"

There was genuine consternation, mingled with stern reproval, in Miss Rebecca's voice and attitude. Miss Jane cowered and shrank, but clung to the kitten.

"Jane," said Miss Rebecca, drawing her head up to its highest altitude, "you are the first Bates who, to my knowledge, ever broke a promise, er stooped to sneakin' trickery to hide a fault. What've you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, sister Becky, only—only—" Miss Jane's thin little voice broke and fell to a squeaking whisper—"only he's so little an' helpless, an' so unfortunate, I co-couldn't help it."

Miss Rebecca's lips curled scornfully.

"Well, you'll help it now. No Bates is going to break her word for the sake of a cat, if *I* know it. You'll kill that cat now with your own hands, accordin' to your promise."

"Oh, sister Becky, I can't! I can't!" wailed poor Miss Jane.

"You can, and you shall. You rec'lect

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"But, sister Becky, he'
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hearted Miss Jane.

"That's old; I've hea
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Miss Jane shuddered a
kitten to her breast.

"Mayn't I give 'im
Becky?"

"No," thundered Miss
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Miss Jane straightened

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as well as I do the solemn bargain we made the day you brought the critter home. I told you we didn't want it—that it would only git fits an' have to be killed, like all the cats you've ever had; an' I told you that, as we'd turned off the hired man, there'd be nobody to kill it; an' you up an' promised as brave as brass that you'd kill it yourself, the *first time* it had a fit. You've broke your word, an' now it's my business to see that you mend it."

"But, sister Becky, he's so little, so young; he'll outgrow the fits if we give 'im a chance. Maybe he'll never have another, sister Becky. Let's wait a few days, anyhow, an' see," pleaded tender-hearted Miss Jane.

"That's old; I've heard it before," sneered Miss Rebecca, untouched. "I was a fool to give way an' let you keep the varmint when you brought 'im home, because the fact is it's bad luck for us to have cats, bad luck for us and the cats too, as I've told you often before. It's settled, you understand, that you've got to kill that cat, an' right away, too. Now, how'll you do it? Take your choice o' shootin', hangin', poisonin', er drownin'."

Miss Jane shuddered and pressed the kitten to her breast.

"Mayn't I give 'im away, sister Becky?"

"No," thundered Miss Rebecca. "You don't poke off no fitty cat on nobody. I'm ashamed of you, Jane Bates! Don't you know that breakin' your solemn word is—is *perjury* in the sight o' the Almighty?"

Miss Jane straightened up and her lips tightened. She went slowly from the room and down the stairs, the kitten still in her arms. Miss Rebecca followed her closely.

"Nancy," said Miss Jane, almost quietly, "will you bring me the chloroform you had for your toothache?"

"Yes'm."

"An', Nancy, bring one o' sister Becky's rubber boots from the closet under the stairs."

"Yes'm."

"What on earth do you want o' one o' my boots?" demanded Miss Rebecca.

"I can't chloroform the kitten without a boot, sister Becky; an' since you've sent the hired man away there's no boots on the place but yours."

"Jane Bates, are you cracked? Chloroform a cat with a gum boot!"

"*In* a gum boot, sister Becky," gently corrected Miss Jane. "I've read somewheres that that's the way to do it. Thanks, Nancy. Now, please hold the boot while I slip 'im in."

Down into the dark depths of the gum boot plunged little Dick Swiveller, head first. Then Miss Jane suddenly remembered that she ought to have put the sponge in first, saturated with chloroform.

"He's such a tight fit, I can't ever get it in past 'im," she said. "I'll have to shake 'im out."

But Dick Swiveller refused to be shaken out. He was not only a "tight fit," but he had set his little claws into the flannel lining of the boot, and he hung on desperately. Miss Jane shook and twisted and squeezed the boot, but all in vain.

"Gimme holt o' his tail," said Miss Rebecca, grimly. But Miss Jane stood guard over the defenceless little caudal appendage.

"You shan't hurt him, sister Becky," she said.

"Well, I'd like to know what you're goin' to do, Jane Bates?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sister Becky," admitted Miss Jane, helplessly.

"You might sew up the top o' the boot an' smother the little beast."

"Oh, sister Becky, please don't say such awful things! You *can't* mean it!"

"Cut a hole in the toe o' the boot an' poke the sponge in," suggested Nancy, who, by the way, was a young person fertile in expedients.

"Oh, Nancy, the very thing!" said Miss Jane, with a sigh of relief.

"Hold your tongue, Nancy, till you're spoke to," snapped Miss Rebecca. "I was just goin' to say, Jane, that as you've got the critter in there an' can't git 'im out, an' as I don't care to wear a boot with a cat in it, the boot's ruined anyhow, an' you may as well cut a hole to put the sponge in. Anybody could think o' that, I reckon," with a withering glance at Nancy—"if they want to be fool enough to ruin a three-dollar pair o' boots fer a cat. Fer my part, I don't see what we're comin' to!"

Miss Jane, penknife in hand, bent down and carefully made an incision across the toe of the boot. Miss Rebecca gasped at sight of such ruthless waste of good material, but held her peace and watched the insertion of the chloroformed sponge with intentness.

"Hold the boot-leg shut, Nancy," she commanded: "he's tryin' to back out."

Nancy held the boot-leg, and poor little Dick Swiveller's efforts to escape the deadly fumes were vain. Miss Jane, on her knees beside him, grew very pale and trembled violently.

"It's like—murder," she whispered. "I don't see why it *ain't* murder!"

"Don't be a fool, Jane," was her sister's withering rejoinder. Some moments of silence ensued, during which the unfortunate kitten gradually succumbed to the powerful drug, and all sign of life and motion ceased within the boot.

"There, now, he's dead as a door-nail," announced Miss Rebecca conclusively. "Chuck 'im in the crick, Jane, boot an' all; I'll never wear it again."

"Nancy," quavered Miss Jane, "would you—just as lief——"

"No," interposed Miss Rebecca, with a stern shake of her iron-gray head. "No, you'll do it yourself, Jane."

And Jane did it. She took up the dreadful boot with gingerly touch and went slowly out, through the door-yard and across the county road, to where the creek rippled and glinted in the red light of the low afternoon sun. She gazed into the swift water and shivered. She shut her eyes, held her breath, and threw the boot as far as she could.

Miss Jane had never cultivated the art of throwing; it was against Miss Rebecca's principles for a female Bates to cultivate any art that was not strictly feminine and lady-like; hence Miss Jane had a most imperfect knowledge of the amount of force required to project an object a given distance, and it was

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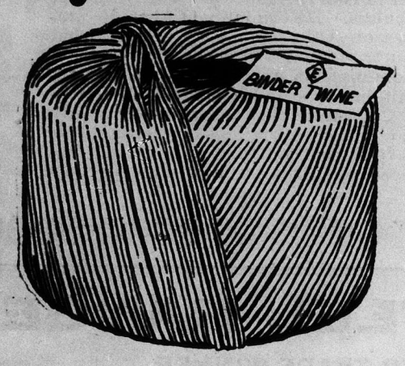

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certainly not through any design of hers that the boot and its ghastly burden alighted, with a soft thud, in the tall rushes on the opposite shore of the stream. The "thud" and the fact were alike lost upon Miss Jane, for as the boot left her hand she turned and fled precipitately to the house, fully persuaded that she had consigned the lifeless remains of her pet to the chill sepulture of the "crick."

As she ran, her thin lips quivered and tears rolled down her face. When she was safe inside her own room the conviction that possessed her burst again into words:

"If it ain't murder, I'd like to know *why* it ain't."

She sat down by her window, and the hands that had been wont to caress little Dick Swiveller now lay empty and idle in her lap. She saw the sun go down behind a bank of purple clouds; saw the clouds gradually rise and spread over the firmament, and a stormy night close in. Still she sat on gazing into the fast-gathering blackness and finding it a fitting background for visions of her meagre, miserable life, past, present and prospective.

"I s'pose I can't never have another kitten," she said to herself brokenly. "Becky won't let me. Oh, it seems as if I don't want to live if I can't have nothin' to—to—*love*."

It had been dark nearly an hour before she finally aroused to the consciousness that the rain was beating in upon her and soaking the sleeves of her print gown. She closed the sash and drew the curtains, and, groping for matches, lighted the lamp. Then she began taking the hair-pins out of the hard little knot of hair at the back of her head. The thought crossed her mind that she had never had enough of anything that tends to make life beautiful and desirable, not even hair.

'But if I had ever so much I reckon Becky wouldn't let me do nothin' with it," she muttered, with a pathetic little sigh of resignation.

But, though her hair was not abundant, it was soft and wavy, and as she brushed it she recollected how little Dick Swiveller had delighted to play with it whenever he had found it straying unconfined over her pillow.

"Dear little thing, he never knowed there wasn't enough of it," she thought. Again her eyes overflowed, and she fell on her knees by the bed and sobbed.

But suddenly she flung up her head and choked the sobs back to listen. Was she dreaming, or was she haunted? A faint little "meow" that had a startlingly familiar sound came to her from somewhere out in the stormy night. A curious chilly sensation ran over her. A murderer, however irresponsible, doesn't like to hear the voice of his victim crying in the night; and Miss Jane regarded herself as a murderer.

But presently she so far overcame her trepidation as to open the window and put her head out to listen. For a minute or two all was darkness, and there was no sound save that of the rain and wind. Then gradually her eyes made out a small white object on the veranda steps. "Nancy may've left a rag——" she began, but paused as she became conscious that the white object was moving

"M-e-o-w!"

Miss Jane's heart leaped into her throat.

"God bless my soul!" she gasped, and, seizing a shawl, she crept stealthily out into the passage and past Miss Rebecca's door, then on down the stairs and through the deserted living room to the door that opened upon the veranda. As softly as possible she undid the fastenings and opened the door a few inches, and in a moment the small white object had crept through and was rubbing its cold, wet little sides against her feet.

"M-e-o-w.

"God bless my soul! It's little Dick! Alive! *Alive!*" she almost shrieked, her first impulse being to proclaim the miracle from the house-tops. But a second thought suggested Miss Rebecca and the advisability of keeping the wonderful resurrection a secret from her. Of course she must tell Nancy. Such a secret was too great for one slender breast to hold. But in the meantime the little wailing mouth must be stopped, or sister Becky would surely hear. A fire! warm milk! that was what was needed; and, smothering the wet little creature in her shawl, she groped her way to the kitchen.

The coals smouldering in the wide fireplace were easily kindled into a blaze, and soon little Dick Swiveller was drying himself on the warm hearth and lapping milk with a relish that proclaimed him anything but a spook kitten.

A great load had rolled off Miss Jane's heart. She might be a murderer still, in act, but not in result. Her poor little victim still lived, chloroform, gum boot and "crick" to the contrary notwithstanding. Oh, how she loved the little creature for coming back to her! how she fondled him and shed joyous tears over him, while she cast about in her mind, nervously, for some way to insure his safety henceforth for evermore! So engrossed was she with him and her thoughts that she did not hear the soft opening of the door, nor the cat-like tread of Miss Rebecca, until that personage was standing over her, and saying, coolly:

"Huh! come to, has he? I reckon you hadn't sense enough to tie a stone to the boot! Give 'im to *me*."

Miss Jane clutched the kitten and sprang up.

"You can't have 'im, sister Becky!" she said, and there was a look in her eyes that Miss Rebecca had never seen there before. Every bit of the instinct of motherhood that heaven had implanted in poor Miss Jane's soul sprang now into sudden life. Miss Rebecca was incapable of interpreting that look. Dick Swiveller himself had not less of the maternal instinct than she. So she only repeated more loudly the command:

"Give 'im to *me*, Jane."

"You can't have 'im, sister Becky."

"Jane *Bates!*"

Miss Jane was very pale, and Miss Rebecca could see that she was trembling violently; but her eyes did not waver and fall as was their wont before the terrible orbs of her sister.

"Sister Becky," she said, lifting her hand impressively, "don't you try to fly in the face of a miracle like this. Hain't you ever read in your Bible that all bein's are created free and equal, an' have a right to life, liberty, an' the pursuit o' happiness? Hain't you ever read them words in your Bible, sister Becky?"

"Don't know but I have," admitted Miss Rebecca, for the words certainly had a familiar ring about them. "But that don't refer to cats, Jane."

"Yes, it does, sister Becky; an' 'Thou shalt not kill' refers to cats, too, just as much as to people; an' if it don't, I'd just like to know *why* it don't!"

"Stuff an' nonsense!" cried Miss Rebecca, contemptuously. "I've had enough o' this foolery, Jane Bates. Gimme that cat."

A flash shot from Miss Jane's pale-blue eyes. She took a step forward.

"Take care, sister Becky," she said; "take care! If you touch 'im, I'll *run off!*"

For an instant Miss Rebecca was staggered by the unheard of audacity of the threat. Then she laughed, as disagreeably as only Miss Rebecca Bates could laugh.

"Run off!" she echoed, scoffingly. "*You* run off, at your time o' life. You look like it! I reckon you'd run back a deal faster'n you went. Now——"

Miss Rebecca broke off to make a grab at the kitten, but Miss Jane eluded her, and darted to the door.

"It's no use, sister Becky," she said, turning her head for an instant; "he's been murdered once an' drownded, an' he shan't be ag'in. He's come back to me from the Valley o' the Shadder, an' I'm goin' to stan' by 'im."

Before Miss Rebecca could reach the door it had closed forever on Miss Jane Bates and little Dick Swiveller. Miss Rebecca locked it, and went back to her bed chuckling. But she lay awake, listening all through the stormy night.

Meantime, poor frightened, desperate Miss Jane went splashing along through the storm and darkness, keeping to the middle of the muddy county road to avoid losing her way.

"I'll take 'im to the parsonage," she said to herself. "I've always been sorry Becky had that fallin'-out with the minister's wife, but I declare it seems 'most providential now; Becky won't

durst to go there after 'im."

But the parsonage was
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torrents, and the wind blow
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"Oh, Eben, is it *you!*" she
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"Why, Jennie Bates, is it
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Cherry Trees in blossom on Ra

durst to go there after 'im."

But the parsonage was two miles away; the rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind blowing hard in Miss Jane's face, so that before she had covered half the distance she was soaked, chilled, and almost exhausted.

"I reckon I—can't—make it," she gasped, at last, and sank down on the wet bank at the roadside. "Becky said I'd come back; but I won't—not if I die—right here."

She buried her cold face in the kitten's warm fur, and the little creature purred responsively. Perhaps it was the kitten's purring, or the rain beating on her uncovered head, or both, that kept her from hearing the sound of approaching wheels until suddenly a one-horse vehicle, with a single occupant, was almost upon her. She staggered to her feet and tried to climb up the bank, but slipped and fell back into the road, almost beneath the feet of the startled horse. In a moment the man had sprung from the buggy and was lifting her up.

"Hope you're not hurt, ma'am?" he said, sympathetically, in a voice that Miss Jane knew—a voice that she had once known better than she knew her own, but which of late years had not often sounded in her ears,

"Oh, Eben, is it *you!*" she said, with a little sob of gladness.

"Why, Jennie Bates, is it *you!*" he echoed. What is up? Why in the world——"

"Oh, Eben," she interrupted, "won't you let me ride with you as far as the parsonage? I'll explain as we go along."

Miss Jane blushed a little, under cover of the darkness, as she felt herself lifted up in a pair of strong arms and snugly tucked into the buggy. Then, as they moved slowly on, she introduced little Dick Swiveller, and told, as coherently as she could, the tragic tale of his death and resurrection and her midnight flight.

"I reckon you think I'm foolish, Eben," she said, in conclusion, "to take on so over a kitten; but I can't help it. This ain't no common case, ner no common kitten. It's just as if the poor little thing 'd come back to me from the Valley o' the Shadder, an'— Oh, Eben, he's all I've got in the world!"

Eben Richards cleared his throat once or twice as if to speak, but he did not do so, and finally Miss Jane said, timidly:

"As you don't say what you think about it, Eben, I reckon you think I've done wrong."

"Jennie, if you'll let me, I'll tell you exactly what I think about it," he answered. "I'm just thinkin' what a dear, lovin' little woman you are, an' how I'd almost be willin' to swap places with that kitten, fer the sake o' knowin' that you cared fer me a little. I hain't changed a bit, Jennie, since that night, twelve years ago, when your sister Becky come between us an' sent me to the right-about. I hain't cared fer no other woman, though goodness knows I hain't had any hopes about you, knowin' how you've always let your sister rule you with a rod of iron. But now, Jennie girl, you've made a break fer liberty at last, an' —— Why, here we are at the parsonage!"

As he lifted her from the buggy his arms closed about her as though they meant to stay.

"Jennie, you've been a many a year gittin' ready to come to the parsonage with me; you ain't goin' to go back on me now, are you, dear?"

"Oh, Eben, don't, please don't," pleaded Miss Jane, tremulously. "Sister Becky'd say it was dreadful, at my time o' life, an'——"

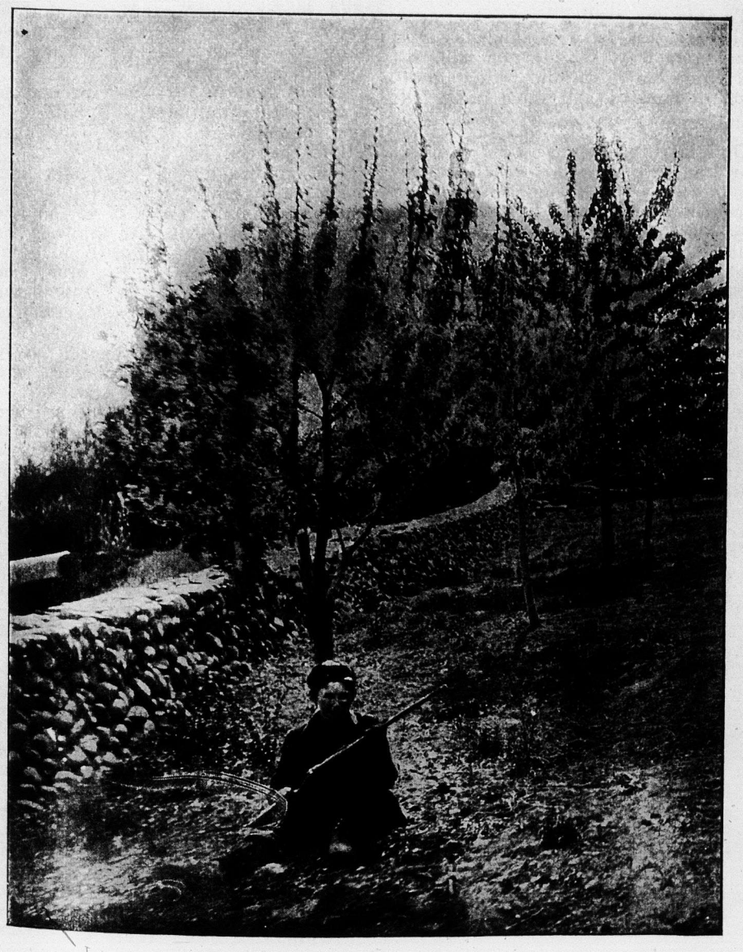
"Sister Becky be—smothered!" quoth Eben. "Your time o' life, indeed! How about my time o' life, Jennie?"

"Oh, but it's different with men, you know, Eben. Why, I'm thirty-seven, Eben."

"What of it? You're twelve years younger'n that to me, dear; you're the same little blue-eyed girl I made love to so long ago. Kiss me, Jennie girl."

It is probable that in that supreme moment the conviction was borne in upon Miss Jane that she was born to be ruled by somebody, for she meekly complied with Eben's command. And little Dick Swiveller, finding himself in rather cramped quarters, lifted up his small voice in protest. He said:

"M-e-o-w!"



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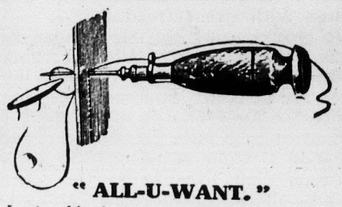

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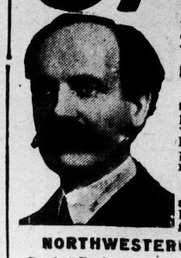

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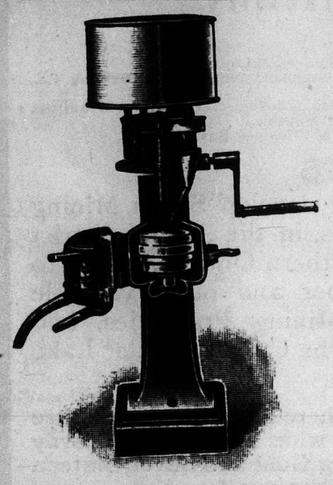

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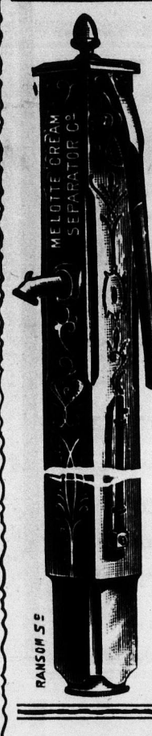

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The Light of the Star

A Love Story of the Theatre

By HAMLIN GARLAND

It was hard for Douglass to go—very hard; and if Helen had showed the least sign of relenting he would have stayed. But she did not. She laughingly said: "I am adamant. My face is as flint. You saw how intuitive, how sympathetic, Mr. Olquest was. You are not needed here."

"Is that true?" he asked, searching her face.

"I am speaking as the actress to the playwright. Go!" She pointed tragically to the door. "Your poor old lonely mother wants you."

"There are six in our family and fourteen grandchildren."

"Then your overworked mother needs your presence."

"She's a very calm and placid nature. I get my moods from my father."

"Well, then, go on your own account. You're better already. The mere thought of going home is tonic. I shall miss you, but I know it will do you good."

* * *

His heart was heavy as he entered the car, but gradually the thought of home and his parents began to ease the ache of his heart. It seemed a long time to go hungry for the sight of his Helen—"and yet she is right: I am worked out. It is time I had a mouthful of mountain air."

His brother was shocked at the change in him. He could not understand how fourteen months of New York could reduce George to the color of a cabbage and leave him limp and inert. "Fast pace they set there in the metropolis. I reckon you'd better key yourself down to Rossville for a while. Look at me!"

The playwright smiled: "I haven't indulged myself too much. You can't hit a very high pace, Walt, on two dollars a day."

"Oh, I don't know. You could breathe the bad air of the theatre every night if you climbed high enough. Honestly, now, what's the meaning of it all?"

"I've been working."

"Shouldn't do it. Look at me! I never work and never worry. I weigh two hundred pounds, eat well, sleep like a doorknob, make about three thousand dollars a year, and educate my children. What were you really up to. You wrote in your usually cryptogramic way of doing some theatrical work. What have you been doing?"

The playwright spoke guardedly of his ventures. "There's nothing more wearing than producing a play."

"I'll belive you," said Walter. "I think the writing of one act would kill me. It must be exciting business. My advice is, slow down to Rossville time, loll, talk to the old folks; come over and eat Mellie's dinners once in a while. And drop in here any time; it won't turn a hair of my business."

"The advice of the big, easy-going brother was obviously sensible but hard to follow. The mail each day brought a letter from Helen, who was studiously brief in news of the play and almost equally careful of using words of affection. They were frank, good letters, intimately friendly, but nothing more, and young Douglass was dissatisfied and said so. He poured forth his own thoughts and feelings with great freedom:

"Do you know the old wonder of you is coming back? When I think of you as the 'Glittering Woman' my nerves are shaken. Is it possible that the mysterious Helen is my Helen? I am mad to rush back to you, to prove it, dearest. I came across a lithograph of you as Charlotte Corday the other day, and all the old-time awe and admiration and wonder swept over me again. I have not said anything about my Helen to the people—I haven't the courage; but of the great and kindly interest in my work I speak copiously. Mother thinks you are at least forty—the family knows how old the various 'Maggies' and 'Ethels' and 'Annies' of the stage are—and even Walt takes it for granted that you are middle-aged. He saw something in a paper about us the other day but considered it only a good joke. If my next play succeeds then I shall take courage, but not here, for with you shining like a fixed star, far in the east, I am as humble as a boy at Christmastime.

"I am amazed at my temerity as I run over the weeks of our acquaintance. If I had not been filled with the colossal conceit of the young author, I would never have dared to approach you. In my present mood the clerk at the Embric would transfix me with his eagle eye before I could ask if you were in.

"I don't say the mood will last. If my next play should succeed, if it should make a barrel of money and cause the others to succeed, I am capable of soaring to heights of audacity that will startle even you, my Glittering Goddess."

To this she replied:

"I care not to what audacity you wing your way, if only you will rest and come back to me your good, sane, undaunted self once more."

* * *

Douglass returned on Monday morning, two days before the opening of the play. Helen and Hugh were waiting for him on the Jersey City platform, and the sight of her robbed him of all caution. He rushed towards her, dropping his valise heedlessly in the path. He would have taken her in his arms, but she stopped him with an outstretched hand. She was gay and apparently self-possessed, for she cried out: "How well you look! I was right, was I not, to send you home?"

"I am a new being," he answered, with deep meaning.

Hugh was unexpectedly cordial, almost fraternal. "How are you, old man? Move right along. I'll bring your box."

"Helen hurried on to say, "You are just in time for dress rehearsal. Do you want to see it?"

"I shall leave that decision to you."

"Then don't go. It's too late to make any considerable changes, and, really, Mr. Olquest has done wonders with it. I have left it all in his hands. You'll enjoy the performance better."

"You are radiant again," he said, looking at her with eyes of adoration. "You did well to leave the theatre 'dark' till Wednesday, only it's so much more added to the debit side of my account."

"Oh, there are other things to consider. In the first place we get a larger delegate of critics, and, after all, you writers of plays are seeking publicity."

"Oh, by all means let the slaughter be general," he exclaimed. "I'd as soon be slain by a thousand as one. When I'm dead I can't be deader."

As they mounted to the upper deck of the ferryboat, and the "mast-hemmed Manhattan" with its spread of glittering, wintry sea broke upon them, his shoulders lifted with joyous inhalation: "After all, this is our great city. It is the only place where life is diverse enough to give what the dramatist requires. I begin to understand what the actors feel when they draw a long breath and say, 'Thank God! I'm in New York.'"

"It's the only city where an aritist can be judged by his peers. I suppose that is one reason for the feeling I have for it," she answered, thoughtfully.

"Yes, it's worth conquering. I'll make my mark on it yet," and in his tone was a note of self-mastery, of conscious power. "It's a city set on a hill—to take it brings great glory and lasting honor."

She smiled up at him. "You are indeed your old-time rugged self—the man who 'hypnotized' me into taking his play." She turned to her brother. "Hugh, I've changed my mind about those balance-sheets. Wait till Thursday morning. I want Mr. Douglass to enjoy the first night of the play."

Hugh looked grave. "I reckon he'll sleep a good deal easier tonight if he don't see 'em."

* * *

On the New York side they found an auto waiting for them in charge of Henry Olquest, a quiet young fellow, whose thin, dark face lighted up with genuine admiration and friendship.

"How well you're looking, old man! You seem full of 'sand.' That's right; things are coming your way now."

"I feel like jerking 'em my way by the hair of the head," replied Douglass, reaching out his hand.

"My! the air out there in the West must be something fierce. Well, I'm glad you're wearing fighting clothes; you're going up against the whole gang Wednesday night. They all took tickets with joy."

"They sent in for 'em," interrupted Hugh; "they anticipate a 'killing;'" and then Helen and her lover were left to themselves.

The air was crisp and clear, and the streets seemed wonderfully clean, especially as the cities of the middle West were blocked with snow. The young lover's spirits rose to a dangerous height. "I am living now!" he said, with glowing eyes. "I'm in the world again, and I do not intend to run away."

Some of his exaltation fell away from him after Helen left him, and he regretted his decision not to attend the rehearsal. He did not see her again until the next afternoon at five o'clock. He met her as she came out of the stage door, weary but smiling.

"The rehearsal to-day was a performance!" she exclaimed. "Oh, but I am tired!" she said as she entered the carriage. "Talk to me! Tell me more about your visit. What did your people say? Did you bring me pictures of them? Tell me of your mother."

He did as she bade, and she listened gravely till he began to quote Walt, then she smiled. "I like him; tell me more about him. Isn't he superb! He's our antitype, isn't he? Does he talk as well as you say, or are you polishing him?"

"No. Walt has a remarkable taste in words. I've always said to him, 'Walt, you're the literary member of the family,' and he replies, 'I know it, but it's such a job to drive a pen all day. Besides, words limit the imagination. Writing takes all charm from my vision.'"

"I wonder if we have lost some-

thing by becoming urban. ures are intense, as he won't they wear us out? us tomorrow night, and th your brother going leisure his wife and babies and h don't know—sometimes married woman suffers su cap on the stage. Sometim of giving it up for a year to see how it would seem dallied with the thought. I can't afford to leave sometimes I feel that I'd li for a year. Once an acto actor, they say, but it hundreds go back to priva opened her eyes suddenly "Don't take me too soler only tired. Now, you run dress and come back and us, and then we will go Dusè. I have been eager and this is my only op know what that look me think I should rest. I s bed all day tomorrow. want to see a play from side of the footlights; b escape part of the New monium."

As Douglass walked th day he was again aware pervading power of Hel whose glorified face in of a Sister of Mercy and girl lithely dancing filled dow. The posters were the advance notices in the fully composed. If—if should succeed;

An old boyish superstit his mind. "Three times This was his third play, fore it must succeed. In dressed and went to the was further uplifted by t tion of meeting a grea writer and a visiti critic land who had written "Enid's Love," praising and literary grace. A engagement delayed the and they did not enter the orchestra was fi overture. They greeted simply and cordially and with flattering promptne to enjoy the opening w play.

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The audience filled the the utmost seat, but Do too well the indiscrimin people to the theatre on be moved by its numbers thing subtly reassuring, alting, went out from seated there. Expectan over them; they were no type, these people. He could detect in them the of satisfaction with which sit down to read a new b loved author. "If I could place like that," he said.

When Helen came on s a greeting almost frenzi and each point in the pl plauded instantly and Auditor, actress and aut singularly harmonious re cries for Douglass began of the first act, and his great critic, said with a wave of the hand, "Y your audience. These here after an intelligent s other plays."

At the end of the sec enthusiasm forced him t self at the box, and at th third act Hugh rushed in hoarse. "Come," he said go on with Helen," and behind the scenes.

Helen met him with a with excitement.

"My brave boy! You they are calling."

Half dazed, weak, an with emotion, he perm lead him forth into th glare of the stage. backed away from him, fingers to the audience a if to say, "I leave him to the real Star."

In an awesome silence own voice:

"Friends! I thank you

thing by becoming urban. Our pleasures are intense, as he says; but won't they wear us out? Think of us tomorrow night, and then think of your brother going leisurely home to his wife and babies and his books. I don't know—sometimes I doubt—a married woman suffers such a handicap on the stage. Sometimes I think of giving it up for a year or two just to see how it would seem to me." She dallied with the thought. "Of course, I can't afford to leave now, but sometimes I feel that I'd like to try it for a year. Once an actor always an actor, they say, but it isn't true—hundreds go back to private life." She opened her eyes suddenly and smiled. "Don't take me too solemnly. I'm only tired. Now, you run home and dress and come back and dine with us, and then we will go and hear Duse. I have been eager to see her, and this is my only opportunity. I know what that look means. You think I should rest. I shall stay in bed all day tomorrow. Tonight I want to see a play from the other side of the footlights; besides, we'll escape part of the New Year pandemonium."

As Douglass walked the city next day he was again aware of the all-pervading power of Helen Merival, whose glorified face in the dress of a Sister of Mercy and as a young girl lithely dancing filled every window. The posters were novel and the advance notices in the press skillfully composed. If—if the play should succeed;

An old boyish superstition came to his mind. "Three times and out!" This was his third play, and therefore it must succeed. In this faith he dressed and went to the theatre. He was further uplifted by the expectation of meeting a great American writer and a visiting critic from England who had written him about "Enid's Love," praising its sweetness and literary grace. A prior dinner engagement delayed the great ones and they did not enter the box till the orchestra was finishing its overture. They greeted the author simply and cordially and took seats with flattering promptness in order to enjoy the opening words of the play.

* * *

The audience filled the theatre to the utmost seat, but Douglass knew too well the indiscriminate rush of people to the theatre on holidays to be moved by its numbers, yet something subtly reassuring, almost exalting, went out from the people seated there. Expectancy brooded over them; they were not of holiday type, these people. He fancied he could detect in them the same feeling of satisfaction with which they would sit down to read a new book by a beloved author. "If I could only win a place like that," he said to himself.

When Helen came on she was given a greeting almost frenziedly cordial and each point in the play was applauded instantly and intelligently. Auditor, actress and author were in singularly harmonious relation. The cries for Douglass began at the end of the first act, and his guest, the great critic, said with a smile and a wave of the hand, "You've found your audience. These people are here after an intelligent study of your other plays."

At the end of the second act the enthusiasm forced him to show himself at the box, and at the end of the third act Hugh rushed in, white and hoarse. "Come," he said, "you must go on with Helen," and hustled him behind the scenes.

Helen met him with a face radiant with excitement.

"My brave boy! You have won; they are calling."

Half dazed, weak, and trembling with emotion, he permitted her to lead him forth into the terrifying glare of the stage. Then Helen backed away from him, kissing her fingers to the audience and to him as if to say, "I leave him to you! He is the real Star."

In an awesome silence he heard his own voice:

"Friends! I thank you. I didn't know I had so many friends in New York. Two minutes ago I was so scared my teeth chattered"—a gust of laughter arose—"but I assure you I am perfectly calm and entirely self-possessed now. I feel that I am among those who like my work. But I warn you that the fourth and last act has something to say to you. If you like me as well after that—well, I shall not be able to sleep tonight. All that a playwright can ask is a fair hearing. That I feel you have given me, and I am grateful."

His little speech pleased his auditors and they cheered again. Helen at the wings greeted him with a convulsive little hug of his arm. "You did it most beautifully; you were scared, though; I could see that."

"You deserted me," he cried. "You led me into the crackling flames and ran away."

* * *

As they entered her sitting-room she turned, with a finger to her lips, a roguish light in her eyes. "I'm going to tell you something—I can't conceal it any longer—'Enid's Love' ran to the capacity of the house last week."

"What! No! Impossible!" he shouted.

"We had twelve hundred and eighty dollars on last Saturday night, eleven at the matinee. Here is a check for your royalties on the three weeks."

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Avoid the Daily Dispute.

By Helen Oldfield.

An English dean of the past generation was accustomed to present every couple whom he united in the bonds of matrimony with a card, upon which were printed four "golden precepts"—nuggets which a miner might have described as dug from the same pocket of the same lode of the same mine—viz.:

"Avoid the first quarrel as a deadly danger."

"Never both get angry at the same time."

"Never dispute each other; it is both unprofitable and undignified."

"Remember always that 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

Bulwer says that "There is no sweetness in lovers' quarrels which compensates their sting," and if this be true of lovers during the period of courtship, it is much more so when the two have become husband and wife; when their interests are, or ought to be, identical; when that which affects the one must of necessity reflect in greater or less degree upon the other. Quarreling rarely pays, in any case; never, perhaps, unless one can free one's mind and depart, shaking the dust from one's feet; between husband and wife, if the quarrel be serious, it is suicidal to happiness.

It might reasonably be supposed that during the honeymoon, if ever, the failings of the beloved one would surely "lean to virtue's side, that love would lend its rose color to every word and act; that each of the newly wedded couple would be so eager to please the other, to give way, that there neither would nor could be any possibility of disagreement between them. Experience proves the contrary, with all exception the favored few; those who are in perfect sympathy, or who know each other thoroughly [illegible]tment of values, of conditions, is taking place, and the period is electric in its possibilities of storms and misunderstandings.

People who are in love should realize that the more deeply they are in love the greater is the necessity that they should be on their guard to avoid a quarrel. There are two good reasons why this is so; the one is that love is keenly alive to the least breath of disapproval, intensely sensitive to anything like a hasty word, and is apt to imagine that any slightest lack of devoted attention upon the part of the beloved object shows a waning of affection; the other is, that almost all young lovers are prone at first to regard each other as more than common clay, and to resent the discovery that he or she, who has seemed scarcely lower than the angels, is but a fallible mortal after all.

Moreover, the extreme desire to please often defeats its object and unnecessary sacrifices make one or both uncomfortable. The first quarrel between newly married people is much to be deprecated, and may usually be avoided by the exercise of a little good humored explanation. A man is said to have once boasted to Archdeacon Paley that he and his wife had lived together for thirty years without ever having a difference of opinion. The Archdeacon answered: "Very praiseworthy, indeed; but how extremely dull!"

Nevertheless, it must be doubted whether Paley was right. It is possible that an occasional difference may add the spice of variety to life, but too much pepper is not desirable, and the piquancy of disputation can easily be overdone. Its natural tendency is to degenerate into nagging and the effort to get the last word. This, the last word, is among the most dangerous of infernal machines, and the husband and wife who struggle for it are about as wise as though they were to contest the possession of a lighted bomb! There was once a man who said: "I would not mind my wife's having the last word if it were really the last; but there are always so many last words!" which is but another way of putting King Solomon's famous saying that "The b[illegible]ning of strife is like the letting out of water."

Young people sometimes appear to fancy that the mere act of going through the marriage ceremony will give them domestic happiness that, in short, it is a case of the old fairy tales, in wh[illegible]ve are told: "They were married and lived happily forever afterwards." On the contrary, marriage is but the beginning of a fuller, broader, more strenuous life, in which the two must carve out their own fate, whether for weal or woe; must "seek peace and pursue it," else they may find strife springing up in their pathway. Those who would be happy in married life must acquire the constant habit of patient continuance in well-doing, in bearing and forbearing, in believing the best, hoping the best, with the love which is charity that "never faileth." As a quaint old English writer hath said: "Newly married people should burn up in the fire of thie ardent affection all little ways which are disagreeable to each other." The trouble, however, is to sort these ways out in love and charity. "Marriage, like government, must be a series of compromises."

George Eliot tells us that "marriage must be a relation either of entire sympathy or of conquest;" and it is sadly true that much of the marital discords which unfortunately [illegible]ts is due to the ill advised struggle for supremacy. "They go to church and say: 'I will,' and then straightway one or the other says: 'I won't' and then trouble begins."

Yet, as already said, only the fewest quarrels (and they not between those who love) but might be avoided by a little gentleness and love in the beginning. "Trifles make up the sum of life," and most differences, whether between friends or lovers, have their roots in [illegible] seeds! One is ashamed, afterwards, to think how slight the so-called cause of variance was at first, how easily the breach might have been healed. "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth." [illegible]at things happen only once or twice in most lifetimes; small things are in the aggregate by far the more important."

There was an old Athenian law which required that a newly married couple should, as soon as they were alone together, eat a quince in partnership, in token, this fruit being the symbol of good will, that their conversation should thereafter be mutually pleasant. If only this rule were stringently observed, how many sins of the tongue were left undone, how many bitter quarrels would be avoided!

It is often said that manners are out of date, that courtesy nowadays is considered old-fashioned, and politeness to those of one's own household altogether unnecessary. Which is a pity, all round, both for men and women, since not only quarreling, "wrangling, and jangling," but neglect and indifference, as well, are impossible to true happiness. Love may be careless, but finished courtesy, never!

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The [illegible]

On a fine morning [illegible] 1861, the frigate *Melpo* Her Britannic Majesty' in which I was a lieute fax, N.S., under orders n[illegible]udas, there to refit, proceeding to the coast watch over English int pointed headquarters t Munroe, her captain be take his time on the pa

We had entered the and were sailing quiet our signal midshipma Captain E—w—t.

"A Danish barque in weather bow!"

"Mr. Haines," comma tain, " ask her name a assist her."

"Aye, aye, sir," officer.

In a few minutes the tered at our mast-head were brought to bear o

There was some dela vessels are not generall communications by si however, the midshipma

"The Copenhagen—in and provisions—scurvy

"Martin," said Cap addressing our first li Mr. Edwards take m board the barque to see require, and have the c send what he finds ma Dr. Trimble had bett him and see to the sic wards to come to me fore starting."

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In accordance with tain's private six-oared ned, and the assistant myself, having receive from our respective chi to board the Copenhager she wanted, and signal ship, when the necessary be sent after us in one boats.

I carried with me, h pounds of pork, some b rum and lime juice, as vegetables from the offic doctor taking also alon few medical comforts.

The Copenhagen was a off, and as we had our fi were under canvas only made no attempt to "cl chant vessel; besides i short pull in his fast gall

As we rowed toward astonished at the Dan attempt to close us.

"Have you ever been the world before, Edw Trimble of me, as we we barque.

"No; why?" I returne

"Then you have neve the effect of the Gulf St

"No, I have not; thoug a good deal about it."

"I have seen its evapor as to become a thick fo could scarcely call it a f more like an immense va a very handsome mirror room was completely des

As he said this we ha Danish vessel and I ga thought to the subject o sation. Once on board ched spectacle came unc The vessel was a fin craft. On the deck lay crew, in the last stage her captain being appare man with sufficient energ us.

I have seen starvati forms; in poor Ireland du ine of '46, when America generously sent assistanc gate Macedonian; and a Cape of Good Hope, whe destroyed their cattle an till the ground because a told them that a mighty

The Stricken Crew.

By Emerson Bennett.

On a fine morning in the fall of 1861, the frigate *Melpomene*, one of Her Britannic Majesty's finest screws, in which I was a lieutenant, left Halifax, N.S., under orders for the Bermudas, there to refit, preparatory to proceeding to the coast of America, to watch over English interests, her appointed headquarters to be Fortress Munroe, her captain being allowed to take his time on the passage.

We had entered the Gulf Strea and were sailing quietly along, when our signal midshipman reported to Captain E—w—t.

"A Danish barque in distress on the weather bow!"

"Mr. Haines," commanded the captain, " ask her name and how we can assist her."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the officer.

In a few minutes the bunting fluttered at our mast-head, and all eyes were brought to bear on the stranger.

There was some delay, as merchant vessels are not generally very smart at communications by signal; at last, however, the midshipman reported:

"The Copenhagen—in want of water and provisions—scurvy bad on board."

"Martin," said Captain E—w—t, addressing our first lieutenant, "let Mr. Edwards take my galley, and board the barque to see what she may require, and have the cutter ready to send what he finds may be wanted. Dr. Trimble had better accompany him and see to the sick. Tell Edwards to come to me for orders before starting."

"Very good, sir," replied Martin.

These orders directed me to go on the duty which led to the events I am about to narrate.

In accordance with them the captain's private six-oared boat was manned, and the assistant-surgeon and myself, having received instructions from our respective chiefs, proceeded to board the Copenhagen, find out what she wanted, and signal back to the ship, when the necessary articles would be sent after us in one of the large boats.

I carried with me, however, a few pounds of pork, some biscuit, a little rum and lime juice, as well as some vegetables from the officers' mess, the doctor taking also along with him a few medical comforts.

The Copenhagen was about two miles off, and as we had our fires banked and were under canvas only, our captain made no attempt to "close" the merchant vessel; besides it was only a short pull in his fast galley.

As we rowed toward her, we were astonished at the Dane making no attempt to close us.

"Have you ever been in this part of the world before, Edwards?" asked Trimble of me, as we were nearing the barque.

"No; why?" I returned.

"Then you have never experienced the effect of the Gulf Stream?"

"No, I have not; though I have read a good deal about it."

"I have seen its evaporation so great as to become a thick fog, though you could scarcely call it a fog, for it was more like an immense vapor bath, and a very handsome mirror in our messroom was completely destroyed by it."

As he said this we had reached the Danish vessel and I gave no more thought to the subject of our conversation. Once on board a most wretched spectacle came under our eyes. The vessel was a fine, well-found craft. On the deck lay the helpless crew, in the last stage of starvation, her captain being apparently the only man with sufficient energy to speak to us.

I have seen starvation in many forms; in poor Ireland during the famine of '46, when America so nobly and generously sent assistance in the frigate Macedonian; and again, at the Cape of Good Hope, when the Caffres destroyed their cattle and would not till the ground because a prophet had told them that a mighty spirit would come amongst them to lead them to victory and the extermination of the white man. I have witnessed these and other scenes of famine suffering, but nothing to compare with that presented by the scurvy-stricken crew of the Copenhagen.

"Hand up the provisions—quick! quick!" I cried, and began myself serving out the small supply we had brought with us. There was a strange, eager silence as each man's wants were attended to.

The doctor went on to examine the wretched crew and apply such remedies as he chanced to have, while I signalled the ship for what provisions were needed.

So much taken up was I with these occuptaions that I paid no attention to anything else till, having completed what I was about, my attention was drawn to a strange haze forming to windward. Then I recalled the conversation which had been commenced between the assistant-surgeon and myself. Calling him up to me I said: "Trimble, is that anything like the kind of fog you spoke of?"

As I spoke I pointed to the hazy appearance to windward.

"Something of the sort," he answered, "though it does not appear to me exactly what I have usually obsrved. Still I think you will do well to keep the ship in sight."

While we were speaking, old Davis, the coxswain of our boat, came up.

"Please sur," he said to me, touching his hat, "that there haze to win'ard be'ant a good sign. There be one o' them nasty fogs a-coming on, mark my word sur."

Without replying to his remarks, I ordered him to send our men to the ropes for trimming sails, as I now understood why the barque had not closed us. Not one of her crew had sufficient strength to move, with the exception of the skipper, and he was too weak even to manage the helm, having barely strength to make signals to us. As he afterward told me, he had these ready bent on with weights, so that they would run themselves up.

Taking the helm, and directing Trimble to note the Melpomene's bearings, I shaped the course for her. The haze had already began to form into a dense fog; but, as the frigate was in full view of us, I had no anxiety or fear that anything unusual would occur.

I have often thought since that my mind was distracted, and its power of reasoning dulled by the misery around me; but, be that as it may, in ten minutes from the time I had first noticed the misty appearance, I found myself enveloped in a dense fog, or, rather, vapor cloud, which hung round the barque and brought on a feeling similar to what one experiences in going into a Turkish bath. Our thermometer leaped up fifteen degrees, and our respiration was painfully affected; though only for a short time, as in a few hours the feeling wore off.

In the meantime, I endeavored to communicate with the Melpomene by a system of sound signals similar to that inventedby Morse. I tried first with a fog-horn belonging to the barque, but, as it had not been taken care of, I could only get a grunt out of it; I next experimented on the barque's bell, but it was a miserable article —cracked and almost soundless.

All the time we could hear the frigate's steam-whistle, with which she was signalling to us. But we not only could not return it, but had the further mortification of discovering, by the sound of the whistle growing fainter, that she was leaving us.

Such being the state of affairs, I proceeded to see how matters stood in the way of provisions, and on enquiry found that there were thirty pounds of biscuit and two gallons of water in the gig beyond what we had brought with us by special design for the sufferers of the Copenhagen. Men-of-war boats, when at sea, always carry a small supply of provisions, a

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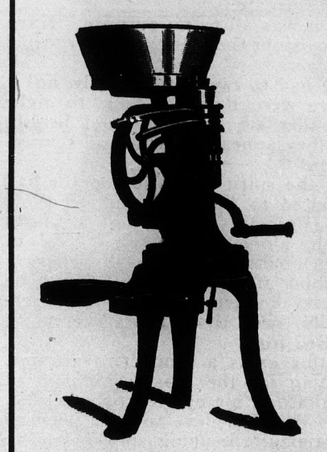

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bottle of lime-juice and a little rum; and as none of us had had our dinners, there now seemed a chance of our having but a very poor one.

"What do you think of this state of affairs?" I asked of Trimble.

"My opinion," he answered," is that this fog may last for the next twenty-four hours, and during that time we may lose our ship, so would husband such resources as are left us. But what on earth are we to do with these unfortunates." he enquired with a pitying glance at the famished crew of the Copenhagen.

"Upon my word, I don't know. I suppose we must share our biscuit with them.'

I now called Davis and directed him to put a trusty hand in the gig and drop her astern, at the same time telling him that the Melpomene must wait till evening for our first meal.

"Well, sur; I thinked there wor sum'at when I left the frigate. I wor on the conn, an' I seed the beromiter a-goin' up werry fast; so I knowed some natral feenominhon wor a-goin' to take place."

"Why did you not mention that before, Davis?" I demanded.

"Because, sur, I thought you 'ud larf at me."

"Well, it's a pity you did not; it might have saved us from being in this fix. But, Davis, we must take good care of what food we have left; the frigate has evidently parted from us, though I have no doubt but that she will be in sight when the weather clears."

As I spoke a gun boomed through the fog, but it was difficult to make out its direction. The barque had on board of her an old Danish brass six-pounder, but not a thimbleful of powder; so here, again, I was prevented from exchanging communications with the frigate.

Under these circumstances, feeling no anxiety, and only that, should the worst come, we might experience the inconvenience of empty stomachs for a few hours, I determined to lay the barque to, as I felt certain that our captain would do the same with the frigate, and that we should find her at no great distance when the fog lifted.

By this time, it being four o'clock in the afternoon, I ordered my boat's crew to haul up the gig, and served out a biscuit and a half, with a little rum and water, to each man. Trimble and myself taking part with them in their frugal repast.

We were not troubled by the merchant seamen, as whatever medicine or stimulant the doctor had given them had put them into a sound sleep long before our dinner hour, from which they did not awake till late in the evening.

But when they did, they were in the most ravenous state, loudly demanding food.

What was I to do? Give them our remaining biscuit? There was only a small quantity, and what would it be among thirty men—the number of the barque's crew. Only a morsel to each.

As they had eaten a hearty meal so recently, I thought they might go without anything more till we got the promised supply from the frigate; so I told them, through their captain, who spoke French, that I had nothing to give them.

They would not believe my statement. Food we had—they knew it—and we must share it with them. They were hungry; I had only seven men; I must supply them. Food they would have.

I again told them, more firmly, that I had nothing for them. They reiterated their disbelief, and said they would search my boat. I now directed the boat's crew, in a low tone, to be on the alert, and that they must, at all risks, prevent their provisions being taken from them. I added that we might be in the fog for perhaps another twenty-four hours, and so separated from the frigate.

Whether the Danish sailors understood me or not, I cannot say; I have thought since that they did; but, at any rate, it was evident that they believed that there was a good stock of provisions in the boat; indeed, their captain himself hinted that he knew as much.

To pacify them, I promised if they would wait until morning they should see what we had got, and that then we would share it with them.

I said this, being satisfied that there would be no need to keep our few biscuits from them in the morning, as in all likelihood we should be alongside the frigate.

But it was all to no purpose. Have the provisions they declared they would and *at once.*

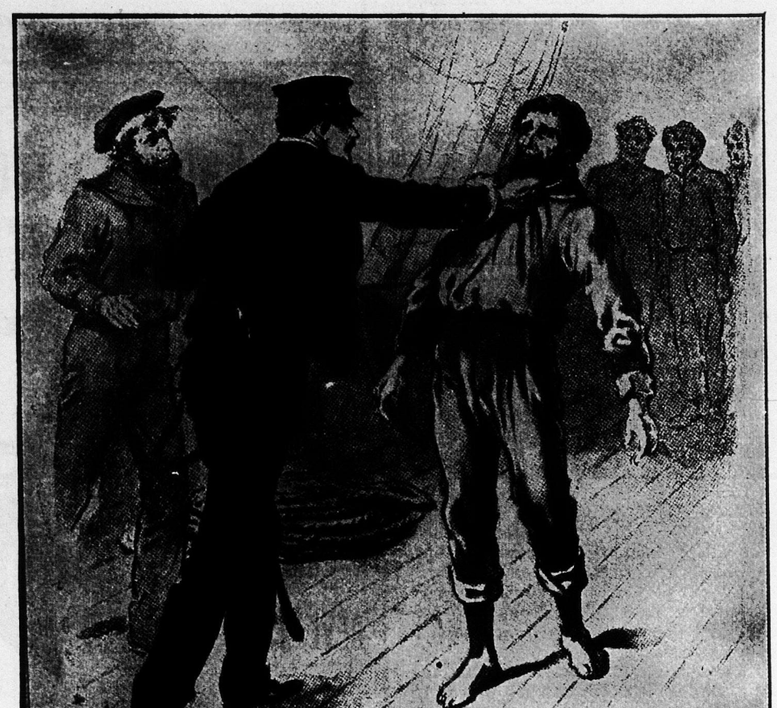
So I had to say, determinedly, no!

There were thirty of them to eight of us, but we were in good health, while they appeared feeble and scurvy-stricken.

Still the spirit which the doctor had distributed to them had imbued them with a certain amount of artificial strength, along with a good deal of "Dutch courage." I saw there was a likelihood of trouble and it would be necessary to act promptly and energetically, even though violence might be called for.

At this crisis a thought struck me. Watching for the most prominent of the agitators, my eye fell on one who, to this day, I believe to have been an Englishman. Stepping quickly up to him, I seized him by the collar and the next moment he was a prisoner in charge of my boat's crew.

I then told the others that I would instantly hang their shipmate to the



"Stepping quickly up to him, I seized him by the collar."

yard-arm if they made any movement toward searching our boat.

Of course this was only a threat; and I scarce knew how it might result. Fortunately, it had an effect that in the end perhaps proved the salvation both of myself and boat's crew.

The Danes showed dissatisfaction at their comrade being arrested—almost threatening a rescue; but, after clamoring a while, they went forward and below into the fore-peak of the barque. But I knew it was only to deliberate, and, perhaps, return more determined than ever. Hunger was urging them to desperation.

And the dread of what might ensue now urged me also to adopt a desperate course. An idea had suggested itself on seeing them go below; and hastily, but silently, hurrying forward with Davis by my side, we clapped on the forecastle hatch and at once secured it with the combining-bar. We had them now safe as in a trap.

We could hear their threats and loud clamor, but heeded neither one nor the other.

I now divided my men into two watches, Trimble taking command of one, myself the other; Davis being placed in charge of the provisions, as I knew him to be a trustworthy man.

Morning broke with the fog still enveloping us and I began to feel our position really perilous, particularly as Trimble reported that he had not heard a single gun from the frigate during the whole of his watch. The last one that had been heard was about half-past eight the evening before. Still, judging from appearances, I had hoped that the breeze would freshen and clear the fog by noon.

Nor was I disappointed. About half-past eleven a.m. it lifted and we could see the horizon all round us.

The horizon—but nothing more! No Melpomene!

Here we were on the wide ocean, in the same situation as the stricken crew we had come to rescue from distress and starvation.

And, if anything, we were in a worse position; for we knew not what these desperate men might be tempted to do.

Perhaps fire the ship.

A moment's reflection brought up before me the real peril of the situation.

It was truly appalling.

We had still left a few biscuits—about fifty in all.

The food we had given the unfortunate Danes had only increased their sufferings, and their cries coming up through the closed hatch were heart rending. But what could we do for them? To have released them would have been to seal our own destruction. Under the delusion that we were well provisioned, and half insane with their sufferings, they might have set upon, torn us, and perhaps done worse. The captain and two or three others were still on deck, a guard of the Melpomenes keeping watch upon their movements.

All day long we kept a lookout for the frigate, but she was nowhere to be seen; and as the sun went down our hearts sank along with it. We ourselves began to realize the pain of hunger in all its dread reality.

Another night passed; again the autumnal sun rose in its glorious splendor, ushering in to many a day of pleasure, but to us one of hunger and desolation.

The unfortunate crew of the barque had for some hours been silent, tired out; the poor wretches had, we supposed, fallen asleep.

My heart smote me as I thought of their starving condition.

But the safety of myself and those entrusted to my care should be thought of before anything else; besides, we had nothing to satisfy their hunger, and were helpless to assist them.

At this crisis the lookout man, who had been placed at the royal masthead, sang out in a clear voice, that rang cheerily in our ears, the startling words:

"Sail ho!"

Everyone seemed silent-stricken at the cry, and I, seizing my telescope, rushed to the mast-head.

For a moment my eye was dazzled by the bright noon-day sun, but, as I became accustomed to the glare, I could make out a ship's royals on our ice-beam. My experience told me she was a man-of-war.

Hailing the deck, I directed Davis to trim sails, set studdin' sail, and keep the vessel three points free, at the same time sending the look-out man on deck to assist in working the ship and taking his place myself.

In about an hour I could distinguish our "chase" to the first reefs of her topsails, and now I was certain, from the rake of her masts, and my knowledge of the movements of our fleet, that she was a frigate.

Just as I made this discovery a cry ascended from below, and, looking down, I saw my men endeavoring to prevent the barque's crew from coming on deck, through the cabin hatch *abaft!*

Not waiting to ask myself how they had thus reached the after-part of the ship, I seized the main-royal back-stay, and in an instant was upon deck.

The struggle for a time was desperate, but the poor, starved remnants of humanity could not withstand the strength of the Melpomenes—which, if anything, was increased by their late abstinence—and, in a few minutes we had the Danes secured, hand and foot, and once more stowed away.

I now sent Davis to the mast-head with orders to keep a sharp look-out on the strange ship. From this time all was anxiety as to whether we had been observed by the frigate. How I longed for a gun or some other means of communicating with her! Suddenly a hail came from Davis aloft:

"By the Lord, sur! there goes a gun!"

As he spoke, a dull boom came across the ocean wave and we knew we were sighted.

Then another gun, and another, till by sound signal the frigate had spelled her name. She made out "Melpomene."

The scene that followed is beyond description. We, the officers, forgot our positions and so did the men. We only knew we were human beings, with brotherly feelings., and that salvation from a fearful death was near at hand. We laughed, we sang, and Trimble would have at once released our prisoners, thinking, as they were now assured of safety, there was no need for keeping them any longer in confinement. But I believed it better—as they would have only a little while longer to suffer—that they should remain where we had made them fast until the frigate's boat boarded us, and this plan was adopted.

How different were our feelings under the setting sun to those we experienced at its rising!

The captain of the Copenhagen was our guest and a little doctoring soon gave him strength enough to enable him to communicate the particulars of how he and his crew had got into their distressed situation. The barque had taken departure from Falmouth for Boston with a full cargo, and was in her eighty-seventh day out when we boarded her. She had been detained by rough weather, with a succession of adverse gales, until her provisions had given out and the men had got stricken with scurvy. In all probability had the Melpomene not sighted the barque all on board of her would have perished.

On asking the Danish skipper how his men had come up abaft from the fore-peak, he explained it by saying that, the cargo consisting partially of dry goods, a kind of "wind-passage" had been made for the super-cargo, and through that they had found their way.

After having provisioned the Copenhagen we sent her on her way rejoicing; and a few months afterward Trimble and myself received a handsome pair of epaulets, and the men five sovereigns each, from the owners of the barque.

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Just Think Of It! ! ! !

OUR GUARANTEE

This is Important.

This Company guarantees to recall your stock for you at any time after one year from date of your purchase of same, from the Fiscal Agent of this Company, provided you are dissatisfied and desire to sell same, in which event this Company agrees to deliver you 8 % over and above the price you paid for same, or any other amount over and above the foregoing, that this Company may be able to obtain for said stock. This offer remains valid for six months after one year from date of purchase.

F. C. VINCENT, Fiscal Agent.

This protects your investment absolutely and the **continued and positive advance in the price of the stock of this Company,** which is bound to go upwards by leaps and bounds, makes this possible, and guarantees the fulfilment of the foregoing agreement. This guarantee is backed by over $200,000.00 assets.

Write for High Art Prospectus To-day

IMPORTANT

Do not invest with a Mining Company that cannot show Smelter Returns.

Smelter Returns on Double Eagle Ore show $70 Per Ton.

Smelter returns are the only absolutely reliable and unquestionable proof of a mine's productiveness, reliability and stability. A mining company that cannot show smelter returns is still a prospect. You can purchase stock in a fully developed and equipped mining property at the low rate of 15c per share. Assays from $44.20 to $8,261 per ton and over $5,000,000 worth of ore blocked out and lying on the ore dumps. The Famous Camp Bird, Liberty Bell, Tom Boy and Smuggler Union Mines are in the same district as The Double Eagle Mines. All have paid millions of dollars per year to their stockholders and none have stock for sale. The Double Eagle is as good, if not better, than any of the aforementioned properties.

San Miguel County, in which The Double Eagle is situated, produced over $4,000,000 in precious metals in 1906.

GOLD! SILVER! IN GREAT ABUNDANCE

The Famous Double Eagle Gold Mining Company

THERE ARE A FEW GOOD MINING ENTERPRISES. THIS IS ONE. WE INVITE YOUR INVESTIGATION.

Read this advertisement very carefully. IT MAY MEAN FORTUNE TO YOU.

Announcement Extraordinary

The Double Eagle Gold Mining Company, incorporated under the laws of Colorado for $3,000,000 divided into 3,000,000 absolutely non-assessable shares.

PROPERTY

The property of the Company is located in Bridal Veil Basin near the city of Telluride, and right in the very heart of the rich gold and silver bearing district of San Miguel County, Colorado.

It consists of twelve very rich claims and three mill-sites, and comprises about 130 acres. The Company owns this property in fee simple, and there is no incumbrance or indebtedness on same.

Immediately surrounding this company's property are the famous Smuggler Union, Liberty Bell, Tomboy, Nellie and Camp Bird Mines.

These companies earned upwards of $4,500,000 last year. The Double Eagle property is more advantageously situated and its ore assays far greater values than any of the foregoing companies.

Over $200,000 Already Expended in Equipment, Development and Purchase of this Property.

This Company owns its property outright. Not a prospect, but a thoroughly developed and equipped mine.

PRESENT EQUIPMENT

The company has erected on its property one fully equipped mill with a capacity of ten tons daily, a blacksmith shop, a machine shop, power house and dynamo room, a bunk house, assay office and laboratory and other minor buildings, all fully equipped. The machinery and buildings are all in splendid condition, and as good as when installed.

WATER POWER

Within 150 feet of the mill runs Bridal Veil Creek, and this stream has been utilized by this Company to provide about 80 horse power. A turbine has been installed which gives us sufficient power for all present needs. One hundred horse power more can be generated on our water rights. We have no expensive fuel costs.

DEVELOPMENT

The various claims of the Double Eagle Group have been opened up in eight different locations, and to date work has been done, as a result of which there is now upwards of 3,000 feet of tunnelling, drifts, cross-cuts, winzes and upraises. These cuttings, cross-cuts and drift upon eight true fissure veins from four and a half to twelve feet wide.

VALUE OF ORE DEPOSITS

Assays and smelter tests show that the average value of the Double Eagle ores are upwards of $80.00 per ton. Assays show from $44.00 to $8,261.00 gold and silver values per ton. The Company has now over 150,000 tons of this high grade ore blocked out, and also about 140,000 tons of low-grade ore, averaging about $10.00 per ton, lying on the dumps, only waiting increased facilities to be turned into cash.

This developed mining property is located in the heart of Colorado's richest district.

THE COMPANY'S OFFER

This Company now offers to the public its treasury stock at twenty-five cents (25) per share. This is an unparalleled offer. Seldom, if ever, is the opportunity presented of purchasing stocks in a property of this character at this low price. The price of this stock will advance to thirty-five cents in a very short time.

THE COMPANY'S PURPOSE

Is to increase the mill capacity to 200 tons a day; to install a 200-ton cyanide plant; to install aerial tramways; to equip the shafts with electric hoists; to increase the water power; to continue underground development, and to purchase other very rich claims on which the Company now has option. It is to accomplish the foregoing that the Company is placing on the market 1,000,000 shares of its treasury stock.

ESTIMATED EARNINGS

This Company confidently expects to pay dividends of at least 30 per cent annually. This means that at twenty-five cents per share your investment will earn you 120 per cent and each share you now pay twenty-five cents for will then be worth $2.00, i. e., $62.50 will buy 250 shares. Thirty per cent dividends on 250 shares will net you $75.00 per year; in addition your stock will probably be worth $500 on the market. Just think what $1,000 will do, if invested in this stock.

THE COMPANY'S OFFICERS

Pres., J. H. HARRINGTON, of the Harrington-McCormick Commission Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Vice-Pres., WM. PEET, President of Peet Bros. Soap Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Sec'y. and Treas., C. C. COURTNEY, State Agent of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., Kansas City, Mo.

DIRECTORS

HARRY HALDEMAN, of the Sonora Chief Mining Company..... Kansas City, Mo.
J. T. GOODELL, Cudahy Packing Company..... Kansas City, Mo.
E. E. TOMLINSON, Traffic Manager, Swift & Co..... Chicago, Ill.
Z. F. CRIDER, Crider Bros. Com. Co..... Kansas City, Mo.
J. H. KETNER, Prop. Hotel Washington..... Kansas City, Mo.
J. LINDERMAN, Farmer and Real Estate..... Kansas City, Mo.

REFERENCES

The foregoing gentlemen earnestly urge you to inquire of **ANY BANK IN KANSAS CITY, Mo.,** or any **MERCANTILE AGENCY,** as to their character and high standing. They are men of the very highest integrity and are trusted and are respected business men of Kansas City. **F. C. VINCENT,** Fiscal Agt., Suite 435, Gibraltar Bld., Kansas City, Mo.

THIS STOCK WILL ADVANCE TO 35 CENTS PER SHARE SHORTLY

The Double Eagle Co. has already spent over $200,000 in Development and Equipment of its 12 rich Claims.

If you PURCHASE DOUBLE EAGLE NOW you permanently increase your income. Bear in mind that this is a Developed industry and not in any respect a prospect. It costs you nothing to inquire. Cut out the coupon, mail to-day.

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$ 25	Buys	100	Shares,	$ 5	Down	$ 5	Per	Month.
$ 40	"	160	"	$ 8	"	$ 8	"	"
$ 75	"	300	"	$ 15	"	$ 15	"	"
$ 100	"	400	"	$ 20	"	$ 20	"	"
$ 250	"	1000	"	$ 50	"	$ 50	"	"
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$1000	"	4000	"	$200	"	$200	"	"

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PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

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Double Eagle Mining Co.,
435 Gibraltar Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me all information and High Art Prospectus of The Double Eagle Mining Co.

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE: Be sure to state how many shares you wish reserved in your letter.

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DISC HARROW SPRING PRESSURE DEVICE

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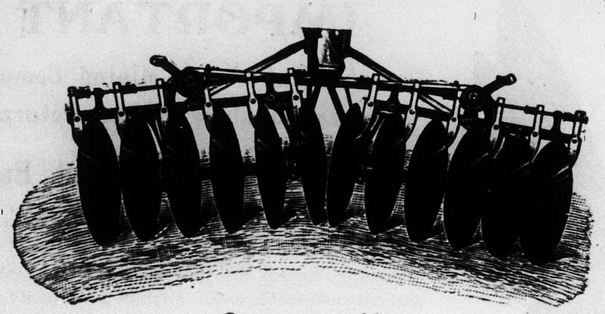

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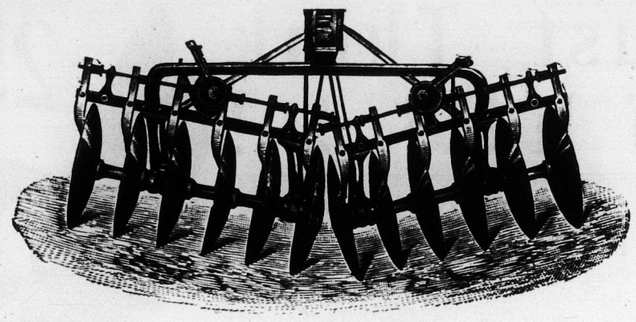

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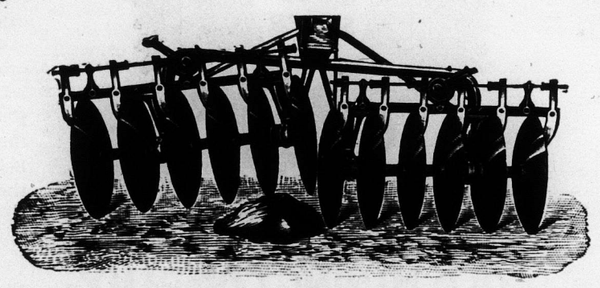

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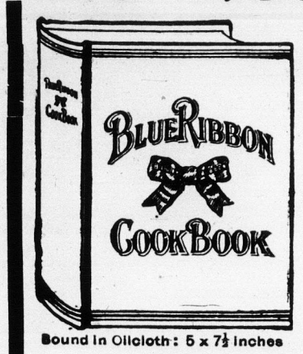

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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ENEMY. Fifty per cent. of the genius of generalship is wrapped up in having a clear conception of the plans and ability of your enemy. Napoleon once said if you fight long enough you will teach your enemy how to defeat you, thus recognizing the fact that great generals study each other's tactics. Wellington affirmed that the chief business of a general was to discover, if possible, what the enemy proposed to do. Grant said that he had, when he began to practice the science of war, a certain healthy fear of the enemy, but that he had not been fighting very long before he discovered that the enemy was just as much afraid of him as he was of the enemy. To know your enemy and not only match him, but to overmatch him—this is the secret of war.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S MOTTO. Nelson was a born fighter. Had his calling not been upon the sea, he would have made a great name for himself as a commander of land forces. He believed that attack is the best form of defence. The enemy was never compelled to look for Nelson. Nelson was always looking for the enemy. His motto was: "Where there is room for the enemy there is room for me." He was one of those men who are always looking for work—and finding it. To him a difficulty was a luxury. An easy task had no inspiration for him. Like the British bull dog, he was looking for trouble and finding it. He loved a difficult problem. It afforded him an opportunity

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UPS AND DOWNS. A leading politician in New York city recently gave a free dinner to six hundred homeless, friendless tramps,—drunkards, outcasts and jail birds. The invitation was without money and without price. Any man who was hungry or thirsty or tired was thoroughly qualified to attend. Among that circle of 600 ruined men there were college students, educational experts, merchants, who once had had a name for success and wealth; politicians who had at one time occupied leading positions in the city and State by the voice and vote of the people. Such a sight would make any thoughtful man humble and sober. Some of the strongest men fall.

THE COURAGE OF SAVONAROLA. Lorenzo the Magnificent and Savonarola, the prophet of Florence, had had many a difference and dispute witn reference to the affairs of the city of Florence. Again and again they had quarrelled. Savonarola would not bow to Lorenzo and Lorenzo would not submit to the demands of Savonarola. But in his dying hour, Lorenzo the Magnificent sent for the faithful prophet of Florence, saying: "He was the only priest who ever dared to differ with me." Here was a preacher who never flattered—never feared the threats of his enemies and never yielded to the pressure of circumstances. Oh, brave Savonarola!

INSPIRATION OF AN IDEAL. Over the window of William Carey's shop there hung a sign which read: "Second Hand Shoes Bought and Sold." It was a cobbler's den, and to all outward appearance nothing more, but inside there was a big heart and a throbbing brain. Yonder on the plain wall of the humble shoemaker's shop hung the map of India and in the heart of the earnest workman the living but as yet unexpressed motto, "India for Christ." Years afterward when he turned his face toward India his neighbors said, "There goes a fanatic on a fool's errand." Today he ranks as one of the world's great missionaries. His life was made glorious by a splendid ideal.

CARNEGIE AND GAMBLING. Andrew Carnegie was once a telegraph operator—about forty years ago—before the secrets of the telegraph cypher screened the business transactions of the American continent. He knew the gamblers and speculators of a past generation. In his book "The Empire of Business" (and a great empire it is!) he takes the public into his confidence when he says concerning the prominent speculators of his early days: "I have lived to see nearly all the speculators ruined men." The man who gambles himself into success gambles himself out of success, as a rule. The fascinations of the "game" very often lead a man beyond the limits of sound judgment. Gambling is not business. It is one of the mild forms of insanity with which the sons of men are afflicted.

BE ORIGINAL. In society men are prone to copy each other. They think alike, talk alike, walk alike, speak alike, act alike and live alike. Tell me your church, and I will tell you your theology. Inform me as to your political party, and I will intimate your particular prejudice. Let me know in what school you graduated, and I will tell you the principles for which you stand. Tell me as to your social classification and I will know something as to your personal preferences. Whisper to me the name of your particular clique and I will reveal to you some of the particular characteristics which belong to you and your clique. Let me ask you a question: Do you belong to the common type or are you original?

SELF CONTROL. Bismarck was present at a council of war when the representatives of the kingdom and the coming empire refused to accept his plans and suggestions. So he reasoned and argued and pleaded, until finally he threatened to resign if they refused to act in harmony with his ideas. At length, after much persuasion, they consented and the meeting adjourned. When the last minister of state had passed out of the room, Bismarck turned to a tray containing half a dozen wine-glasses and began to smash each one of them against the wall of the castle with an impetuosity which seemed to border on insanity. His private secretary exclaimed, "Count, you are not ill, are you?" "No," responded Bismarck, "I am not ill, but I feel like breaking something." All strong characters are possessed of great energy, but when a man feels like "breaking something" and surrenders to that feeling, he shows his weakness rather than his strength. Emerson once said "Energy is reserve." The man who is strongest is the man who has the most perfect control of himself. To "break something" is not so kingly as to be perfect master of yourself. Master yourself. Hold the reins tight. Remember you are king—or ought to be.

ARE YOU IN DEBT? A.e you in debt? If so, don't be discouraged. Debt is by no means always a good thing but many good men have been in debt. Samuel Wesley, the father of the great John Wesley, spent months in jail for debt. Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," was almost driven out of his lodgings for debt when his friend, the old philosopher, Samuel Johnson, came to his rescue. Abraham Lincoln stood and saw his surveying instruments and saw his horse and harness sold for debt, at public auction, not knowing that a friend stood by ready to buy them off. Robert Burns, in his dying hour, writes to a friend asking for the loan of three pounds and concludes by saying, "Save me from the horrors of a jail." Gen. U. S. Grant was compelled in his declining years to hand over all the trophies of war as security for debt. Sir Walter Scott wrote twenty novels in ten years in a heroic effort to reduce his debts, and died struggling with his financial burdens.

COMPOUND INTEREST. What you do to-day, if well done, you do for all time. Money is not the only thing which bears compound interest. A poem which is worth $2.00 to-day may be worth $200 ten years from now. For instance, Senator Chauncey M. Depew says that a farmer came into his law office at Peekskill, N. Y., the first day he opened it, and asked a question with reference to the settlement of an estate. Depew looked into the matter and gave a written opinion concerning the case, for which he charged the farmer the amount of $5. The farmer told him that he would never succeed if his fees were so exorbitant, so he returned one dollar and seventy-five cents change. Twenty years afterwards a gentleman came into Depew's office in New York City and asked exactly the same question which the farmer had asked. The interview lasted one hour, for which his client handed him a check for five hundred dollars.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS. Several years ago a great convention was held in the city of Chicago. Perhaps the greatest convention in the history of the world. It was called "The Parliament of Religions." Every form of religion, well nigh, on the face of the earth was represented. They sang Cardinal Newman's hymn—"Lead Kindly Light," and then united in offering the Lord's Prayer, beginning "Our Father Which Art In Heaven." The sight was one beautiful to behold. But a more practical form of religious union is in operation among us. Recently an old-fashioned orthodox Christian was taken sick in the city of Boston and taken to a Unitarian hospital. The specialist who performed the surgical operation was a Swedenborgian. The doctor was a Methodist. The lady nurse was a Baptist. The waiter who served the meals was a Roman Catholic. The clergyman who was called in to pray with the patient was an Episcopalian, and they were all lovers of God and doers of good

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CHOOSE YOUR WORDS. Great men are very often remembered by some short sentence which they uttered in a moment of inspiration, never thinking that the words would be remembered beyond the moment which witnessed their birth. Disraeli: "The day will come when you will hear me. Napoleon: "There shall be no Alps." Cæsar: "The die is cast." Webster: "Union and liberty, now and forever; one and inseparable." Grant: "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Lincoln: "With malice toward none and charity for all." Garrison: "I will not excuse, I will not equivocate." Nelson: "England expects every man to do his duty." Paul: I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." Each one of these sentences is short, crisp and ringing. They have lived in the memory and imagination of humanity. They teach us to know the weight of a word and the value of a sentence.

WHAT DO YOU STAND FOR? Every man is the incarnation of a thought. There is for each one of us a peculiar and predominating characteristic. In the life of the great man some leading feature of his character is chosen by the people and carried into a popular phrase or appellation. Gladstone was "The Grand Old Man," Wellington was the "Iron Duke," Cromwell was known as "Ironsides," Shakespeare has gone down in history as "The Myriad-Minded," Luther was "The Solitary Monk," General Grant was labelled "The Silent Man," Garrison is known as "The Liberator," Lincoln has been crowned with the title of "The Emancipator," David is spoken of as "The Sweet Singer of Israel," while Abraham stands alone as the possessor of the supreme name, title and appellation, "The Friend of God." What do you stand for? "What is thy name?"

N YOU KEEP A SECRET? Can you keep a secret? This is the test of friendship. How sweet to be able to talk over your difficulties with a friend and know that your secrets will be guarded as though they had never been uttered. The man who cannot keep a secret is not worthy of a noble friendship. There are sisters who dare not confide in their sisters, and brothers who would not trust their secrets with members of their own family. True friendship is the foundation of love and the rock on which all true home happiness is built. Just after the marriage of Wm. E. Gladstone, he said to his wife, "Shall I tell you nothing and you can say anything, or shall I tell you everything and you say nothing—which shall it be?" She chose the latter and the great English statesman told his wife everything and she said nothing. The best secret society I know of is the society of honor, built on the foundation of character.

THE MEN ON THE OTHER SIDE. Grant was a general who seemed to be fearless. There existed a logical foundation for his courage, however. He said to himself, "I may be afraid of the enemy but then the enemy is just as much afraid of me." He matched his strength over against the strength of the enemy and counted that if there were some respects in which his army was weak—the enemy was not altogether without points of weakness. Generalships consists of two things—First, to know your own strength and ability; second, to know the strength and ability of your enemy. Wellington's sudden appearance on a certain field of battle caused great cheering and applause. Wellington turned toward the enemy and said, "Yonder is a great commander; but he is cautious, and will delay his attack, to ascertain the cause of those cheers; that will give time for the sixth division to arrive and I shall beat him"—which he did.

FREE EXCURSION TO THE WEST KOOTENAY

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TO ALL WHO BUY ONE OF OUR TEN-ACRE FRUIT FARMS

If you join our excursion, you will see the coming fruit and vegetable garden of Canada, and we take you through one of the finest scenic waterways of the world—over 100 miles boat trip on the Arrow Lakes in the West Kootenay.

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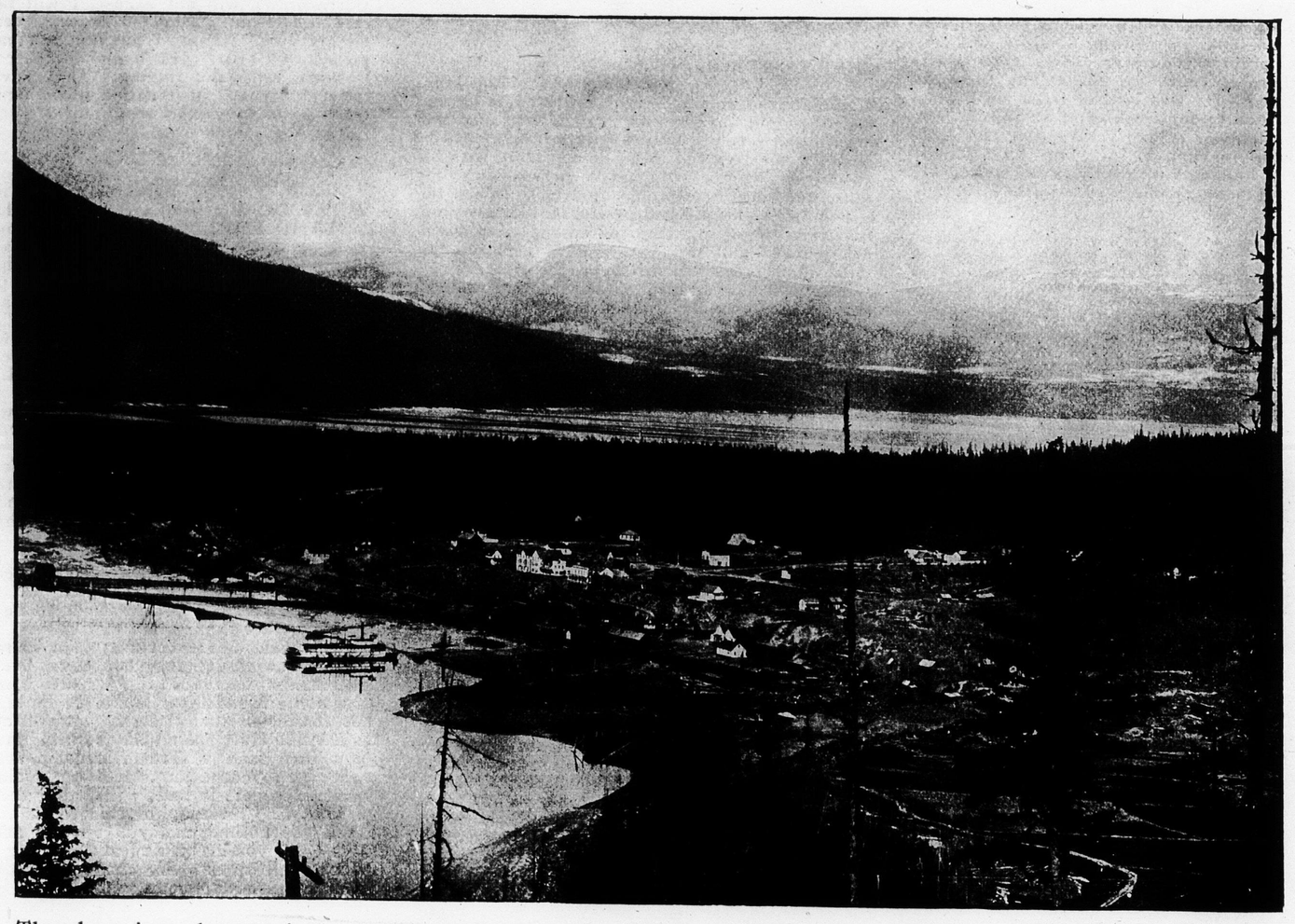

The above is a photograph showing the town of Nakusp, West Kootenay, and a portion of the 8,000 acres of our land.

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By taking advantage of our excursion you will have the opportunity of seeing the country to good advantage, as we have made plans for special boat service. Don't forget that we cordially invite you to join our excursion.

The excursion will leave Winnipeg on the evening of Tuesday, June 18th. Your ticket can be procured at any Station along the C.P.R., giving you special rate. We will procure berths for you at Winnipeg on three or four days' notice.

The rates are the same from all points West to Regina. If you desire to go to the Coast, purchase a $60 Ticket. This allows a stop-over at the Kootenay, and is good for Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.

We can show you the best buying in Western Canada in our Fruit Lands. You cannot beat our terms.
Location and Climate ideal.

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Premier Ro

The death of W. F. not only to the depart which he was connecte whole. His unswervin abiding faith in her fu were a support which more and more as the aspirations are realize progress of Winnipeg sonality was such that influence upon any con I have had, possibly, closer relation with hi fairs are concerned, t While he found it ne discharging his public and determined stand in every case his actio votion to the interests but command admirati

What Life

First of all, life me gratitude to God who of my existence on wh to that Eternal Powe scious Past, beneficent ent of this world—a w beauty that we can save Heaven! To be such a paradise, made can delight the eyes me sufficient cause fo if I were to try and c just the one joy of s beggared of all words glorious Opportunity be wasted,—a way of in which to make use Nature and education little space wherein to as possible, and to say can to my fellow-crea with me along the sa ward! I have known my view of the "mea as phases of difficulty learn to triumph. Th course which are purp conquered, and I have them to be Heaven's guise. Life means to of Itself, but the prom I live it joyously, devo ly—accepting it, not a ment, doomed to disp thingness,—but as a di which, when it shall 'End,' will have place ginning.—Marie Corel

Insanity

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What the World is Saying

Premier Roblin's Tribute.

The death of W. F. Luxton is a distinct loss, not only to the department of government with which he was connected, but to the province as a whole. His unswerving loyalty to Manitoba and abiding faith in her future greatness necessarily were a support which will be felt and appreciated more and more as the fulfilment of his hopes and aspirations are realized in the development and progress of Winnipeg and the West. His personality was such that he exercised a powerful influence upon any community in which he lived. I have had, possibly, during the last 17 years, a closer relation with him in so far as public affairs are concerned, than any other individual. While he found it necessary in conscientiously discharging his public duties, to take a strong and determined stand upon many questions, yet in every case his action was prompted by a devotion to the interests of Manitoba that could not but command admiration.

What Life Means to Me.

First of all, life means to me an unceasing gratitude to God who gave it. There is no day of my existence on which I forget to give thanks to that Eternal Power who, out of an unconscious Past, beneficently called me into the Present of this world—a world so lovely in its natural beauty that we can imagine nothing lovelier,—save Heaven! To be allowed to dwell at all in such a paradise, made fair with everything that can delight the eyes or charm the senses, is to me sufficient cause for hourly thanksgiving, and if I were to try and count up the blessings which just the one joy of sight bestows, I should be beggared of all words. Life means to me a glorious Opportunity of which no moment should be wasted,—a way of spiritual progress—a time in which to make use of all the best powers which Nature and education have bestowed upon me,—a little space wherein to perform as many kind acts as possible, and to say as many kind words as I can to my fellow-creatures who are journeying with me along the same road onward—and Upward! I have known pain and sorrow;—but in my view of the "meaning" of Life, I take these as phases of difficulty over which my soul must learn to triumph. They are the obstacles in the course which are purposely set before me to be conquered, and I have over and over again proved them to be Heaven's kindest intentions in disguise. Life means to me not only the blessing of Itself, but the promise of a Higher Life,—and I live it joyously, devoutly, hopefully and lovingly—accepting it, not as a mere 'chance' arrangement, doomed to disperse in a purposeless Nothingness,—but as a divinely appointed schooling, which, when it shall arrive at what is called the 'End,' will have placed me happily at a new Beginning.—Marie Corelli.

Insanity in the Future.

It has been said that if a large majority of the people were insane they would take control of affairs and shut the sane people up as of unsound minds. It looks as if that day might be approaching. In addition to those people who are considered insane enough to be confined for their own good and the good of the public, there are now to be found many who are insane while commiting a certain act, but right away after it is done they are sane enough to be trusted to go until another attack comes on. Financial insanity is the latest form. One man afflicted with it stole $100,000 from the bank with which he was connected under the delusion that he could corner the cotton market of the world through supernatural aid. Another man, while insane, concealed his property from his creditors, and was adjudged financially, but not legally, insane, and alowed his freedom both from prison and from the madhouse. It will be apparent to every one that there are probably a very large number of people afflicted with forms of insanity similar to that which beset these men. Under a mistaken notion those who have hitherto considered themselves of sound mind and judgment and who have been held by others to be sane, have called such acts as these theft and fraud. Under the allurement of the new classification it would seem not so impossible that a very large number of people might become afflicted with this new form of insanity.—The Watchman.

The Flaw in Modern Marriages.

One of the greatest, if not the greatest, of social problems to-day lies hidden in a gradual change in the way in which people regard the question of marriage. The diminishing sense of the sanctity of marriage may be due to the increasing recklessness and hurry of our modern life; it may be due to the lessening dislike of the divorce proceedings and to the growing temptation of divorce as an escape from momentary and trifling incompatabilities; it may be due to an increasing worship and desire for wealth as the guerdon of success that is replacing glory; it may be due in some sense to all that. But its real cause is the setting up of other pretexts, other motives, other incitements to marriage than affection. That must be the one and only incitement, motive, pretext, or the structure of the community and the happiness of the individual will shatter together.—Princess Estelle de Broglie.

Canon Cody on Universities.

The address of Canon Cody, of Toronto, at the Manitoba University banquet on Friday evening last is recognized as one of the ablest pronouncements on this question ever made before a Manitoba audience, and in point of influence will undoubtedly be the most important university address ever yet delivered in the West. It is worthy of particular note that so prominent a leader in the Anglican Church should, after unsurpassed opportunity for studying this question, pronounce so emphatically for an institution of strictly provincial character. In thus declaring himself Canon Cody spoke as a member of the commission upon whose report the reconstruction of Toronto University has been based. We congratulate those who in Manitoba have sought so patiently to find a way by which a logical Provincial institution may be established without injustice to vested rights that to their argument and plan there has come so strong and enlightened a contribution from the best experience of another province. We need here the Board of Governors which, like that of Ontario's University, is appointed by and subject to the Provincial Government. We need in Manitoba also the institution supported absolutely by the Treasury of the people. In the case of Toronto University there has been a larger deference to denominational interests than the conditions in Manitoba demand. Logic and principle require that the Senate of the University also be appointed by the Government of the Province and be subject in the last analysis to the people only. The Board of studies, which in Toronto does more or less homage in its membership to denominationalism, should in Manitoba be a committee of the Senate apponted by the Senate. We rejoice that university re-adjustment if not yet ideal, is at least facing right and moving forward with rapid strides. After arguments which we have heard in Manitoba, Dr. Cody's message sounds inconoclastic, as are the words of all reform.—D. B. Harkness.

The Value of the Great Lakes.

The value to this western land of the magnificent water system constituted by the Great Lakes and the rivers that connect them with the Atlantic, is something that is not always appreciated; and the average person does not realize the extent of the commerce that passes over these bodies of water. It is somewhat surprising to learn, for instance, that the tonnage that passes the Soo canal is treble that which goes by way of the Suez canal. It is also interesting to know that the U. S. and Canadian merchant marine of the Great Lakes is exceeded by that of only two other nations on the globe, namely, Great Britain and Germany. The commerce of the Great Lakes consists not only of wheat and flour going east, and general merchandise coming west, but it also embraces very large shipments of ore, lumber and coal. Besides this, the passenger traffic upon the Great Lakes is rapidly increasing, and when the attractions of the route become more widely known to tourists, this branch of the lake commerce is bound to become even greater. The importance to Western Canada of this magnificent waterway may be appreciated by considering the statement of the Commercial West that "it costs less than one-tenth of a cent a ton a mile to carry freight by the Great Lakes, as compared with nearly eight that by rail.—The Nor'-West Farmer.

King Edward's Diplomacy.

During the last six years Great Britain and Germany may be said to have changed places so far as their positions among the Great Powers of Europe are concerned. Six years ago it was England that enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being "splendidly isolated," while Germany counted among her friends two at least of the great continental powers.

Today, Germany, if not actually in the same position of "splendid isolation" as previously occupied by Great Britain, can hardly be said to stand where it did with its allies or to loom so large upon the world's political horizon, while Great Britain now counts France, long its traditional enemy, among its closest friends and Italy and Spain as friendly in something more than the cautiously diplomatic sense of the term.

The reversal of the positions of the two countries must, beyond all question, be to a very considerable extent credited to His Majesty King Edward. Without doing anything that could possibly offend Germany, King Edward has nevertheless succeeded durng the few years that he has reigned in making friends where previously Great Britain was either cordially disliked or eyed askance. He has shown himself in the truest sense a great diplomat, but a diplomat of a very different school to that of Bismarck.—Regina Leader.

The Country's Railways.

On June 30, 1906, according to the blue book, there were in the country 21,518 miles of completed railway, 21,353 of which were in active operation, besides 4,085 miles of sidings, showing an increase for the year of 917 miles. Of this mileage the Canadian Pacific operates 8,506 (5,169 owned and 3,337 leased); the Grand Trunk, 3,111 miles; Intercolonial, 1,483 miles; Canada Atlantic, 453 miles (396 owned and 58 miles leased); and the Canadian Northern, 2,482 miles (2,131 owned and 350 leased). These figures, of course, are far from giving anything like an adequate idea of the raiload expanision now in progress throughout the country, referring as they do merely to the mileage in actual operation, and ignoring the immense amount of construction work now actually in hand by the C. P. R., G. T. P., and C. N. R., which within the next three years will add from four to five thousand miles to Canadian railways.—Regina Leader.

Railroads and Wrecks.

The public has lost all confidence—if it ever had any—in the railway companies' investigation of their own wrecks. It is not satisfied with the published information that fifty lives were blotted out because a signalman blundered here or a locomotive-runner made a mistake there. It wants to know what checks are in force, here or elsewhere, to guard against such blunders. It wants to know whether engineers are given a printed rule that the block signal at danger is not to be passed under any conditions, and are privately instructed that it is permissible to take chances so long as their train is under "control," which may mean and often is interpreted to mean a speed of thirty miles an hour or more. It wants to know whether those who travel by rail are entrusting their lives to men who may have been working long hours and be drowsy from lack of sleep when they should be alert to watch for a signal. Already it has been found that the engineer of the locomotive which telescoped the train at Terra Cotta had had only eight hours sleep in the forty-eight hours preceding the disaster. The recent epidemic of terrible wrecks makes it probable that the year ending June 30, 1907, will show a worse record than any previous year. That conditions are actually growing worse instead of better is further confirmed by the tabular statement of collisions and derailments. It will be seen that collisions increased from 6,224 in 1905 to 7,194 in 1906, and derailments grew from 5,371 in 1905 to 6,261 in 1906. These train accidents cost the lives of almost a thousand persons and maimed a whole army of nearly 12,700 more.—Engineering News.

PREMIUMS for Royal Crown Soap Wrappers

DESSERT FORK (per ½-doz.)

Rogers Triple Plate. for 275 Royal Crown Wrappers, or 90c. and 25 Wrappers.

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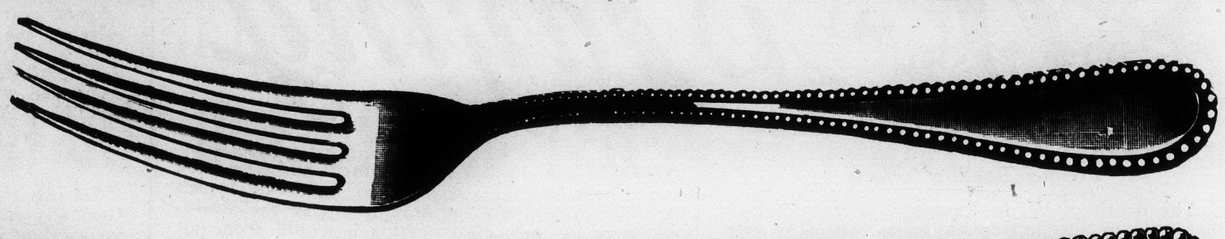

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Rogers Triple Plate, for 300 Royal Crown Wrappers, or $1.00 and 25 Wrappers.

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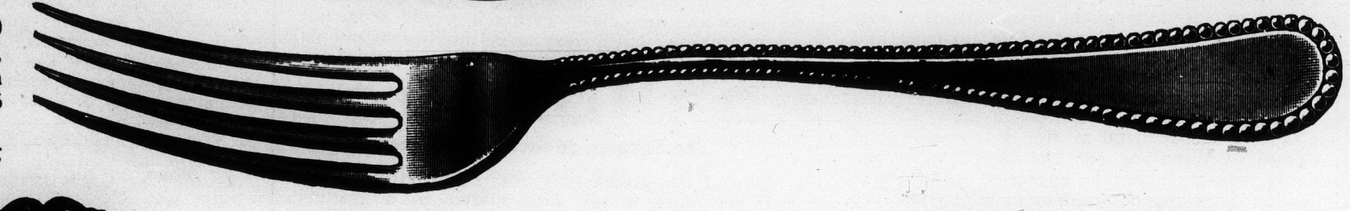

CAKE BASKET (Satin Engraved)

Quadruple plate, on white metal, for 475 Royal Crown Wrappers, or $1.50 and 25 Wrappers.

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Quadruple plate, on white metal, for 475 Royal Crown Wrappers, or $1.50 and 25 Royal Crown Wrappers.

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These are all First Class Goods, nothing Cheap or Shoddy.

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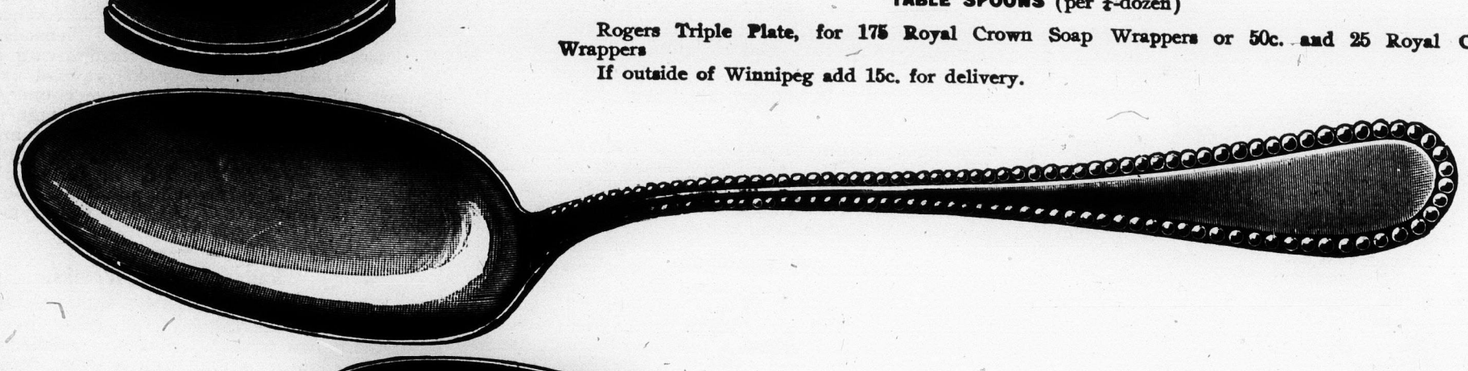

DESSERT SPOONS (per ½-doz.)

Rogers Triple Plate, for 275 Royal Crown Wrappers, or 90c. and 25 Wrappers.

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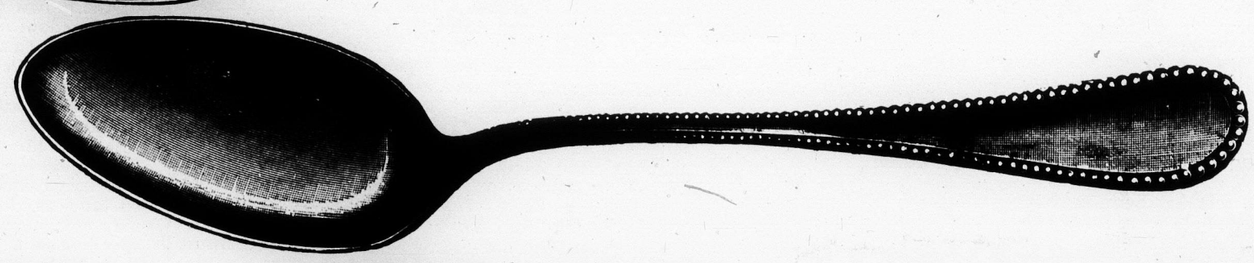

TEA SPOONS (per dozen)

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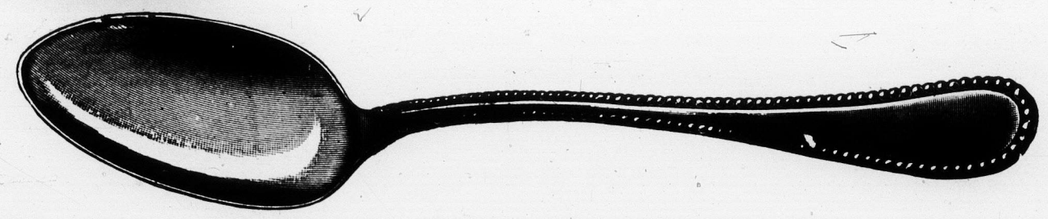

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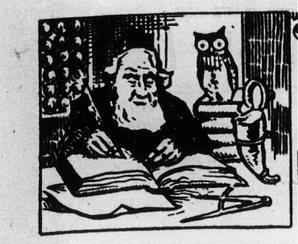

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THE PHILOSOPHER

For the last two or three months there has been a feeling of commercial unrest throughout the West. In some instances the feeling has even been panick. The causes of depression have been mainly two, viz.: the backwardness of the spring and the tightness of money. But there was no real cause for disquietude. The seeding has been done, and well done, and already the banks are loosening up. We have taken the opportunity before to say that nothing short of commercial earthquakes can arrest the progress of this country. Its backing is too good. Immigration is larger this year than in any previous year, and it will grow larger as the years come and go. Then, too, the railway companies are expending vast sums of money on extension and equipment, to say nothing of manufactures and industries that are coming and will come. Yet, with all these signs of prosperity, there will always be spring unrest. It can hardly be otherwise in a country like ours, where there are so many small and untrained capitalists and so much speculation. Many of our young business men lack the sense of proportion. They are on the ragged edge of everything. Most of them, a few years ago, knew little of business, but where opportunities were so many and so good, they took them and have made money; but they lack the poise and calm of the seasoned financier, thus they are often panicky. There is no reason for the blues. This country's future is before it, not behind it. Only let us be wise and eliminate the gambling spirit for that of sound investment and all will be well.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE WEST.

Dr. Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago, and editor of The World To-Day, has made a careful investigation of the present condition of Chicago Packingtown. The results are published in The World To-Day for May, and inasmuch as a large proportion of the people of the United States and Canada are dependent upon the packing houses of Chicago for the meat they eat, his story is of general interest. Professor Mathews' investigations appear to be quite thorough, and he had the assistance of two scientific members of the University, who are experts in bacteriology and sanitation. The conditions in the packing houses were found to be greatly improved and utterly different from those described by Upton Sinclair in "The Jungle," which were never really true. At present the utmost attention is paid to sanitation, cleanliness and to the healthfulness of the products of the packing houses. The animals are inspected by the State federal inspectors before and after killing, and all meat discovered to be diseased is sent to the rendering tanks under the care of inspectors to be converted into fertilizer and low grade fat. All the employees in the packing rooms are required to wear clean frocks and aprons, which are laundered at the expense of the firms, and manicurists for the girls in the canning department are provided by the companies. The people will be glad to hear of these improvements for their faith was sadly shaken by "The Jungle."

CLEAN MEAT.

A writer in the "Craftsman" quoted in the Literary Digest complains that American artists are too much given to choosing foreign subjects and devote too little of their energy and talent to the portrayal of American life and scenery. A collection of paintings by American artists is apt to exhibit an array of subjects like this: "The Seine at Night," Firenze in the Moonlight," "A Venetian Nocturne," etc. These are all good subjects, and American artists have as good right to use them as any one else. Yet the criticism in the main seems well founded. Not that all American artists should confine themselves to American subjects. Some men are born with the love of the picturesque and the antique. Ancient civilizations appeal to them as new lands can not. But after due allowance for temperament and taste, the artists of North America should give due prominence to subjects found in their respective countries. These subjects are not hackneyed; they are fresh, and s prising by their exquisite beauty and grandeur. If the humdrum life of the city means anything to the Canadian artists more than humdrum, if there is room in his soul for the splendor of the mountains, deserts and great plains; if farming regions reveal themselves to him in other terms than mere wheat and corn and hogs, then he ought to find his subjects in these things.

CANADIAN VS. CONTINENTAL ART.

Seldom does a month go by without the public hearing that there is something doing in Saskatchewan. The new province has, with commendable energy, addressed itself to its own provincial organization, but it has done more, it has entered new territory, so to speak. It has struck out for itself with refreshing originality, and has persistently refused to take older provinces for its guides in all things. Its latest move is agricultural education. The old-time farmers' institute has not filled the wide-open Saskatchewan bill. With a thirst for new knowledge, this province has weighed the farmers' institute in her delicately poised balances, and found it wanting. She proposes to organize classes along the different railway lines for the systematic study of the various questions relating to agriculture. Meetings will be held fortnightly or weekly, when a competent lecturer will be in attendance to conduct the work and prescribe reading along the line under consideration. The subjects treated will be soil cultivation, plant growth, dairying and live stock breeding.

SASKATCHEWAN'S AGRICULTURAL NEW MOVE.

In a remarkable book, "The Conquest of Bread," by Prince Kropotkin, just issued, the author arraigns capital for curtailing the output of manufactures in order to keep up prices, and calls attention to the fact that we have the spectacle at times of men working only three days in the week, while others have nothing to do, and the prices of the necessities of life kept at a high figure in order that the capitalists may make more profit. "What we want," he says, "is to arrange things so that every human being born into the world shall be assured the opportunity in the first instance of learning some useful occupation and of becoming skilled in it. Next, that he shall be free to work at his trade without asking leave of master or owner, and without handing over to landlord or capitalist the lion's share of what he produces." From this striking study laboring men may learn that limitation of output always results to the disadvantage of the workers. There may seem to be a temporary advantage in limiting the production of one man so that another may have some work to do; but it results in increasing the cost of the product, and that will inevitably decrease the amount of work done, or drive it elsewhere. The freeing of labor from all wrongful disabilities is a moral question and ought to be separated from all unethical complications. If the working man ever obtains the full rights that are his, and just so far as he advances toward victory, it will be by movements which are justified in morals.

POINTS FOR LABOR UNIONS.

The Vermiform Appendix, like many other antiquated things, is doomed to die the death. But it is to die a natural death; it will vanish of its own sweet accord from the interior of humanity without the intervention of the knife. This discovery has been made by Dr. Robert T. Morris. Dr. Morris is a professor of medicine and his word should have due weight. Instead of opening as it formerly did, to receive apple seeds, tacks and other incidentals of the quick lunch bill of fare, the appendix is showing a tendency to shut up tight and roll in of itself. By and by it will be rolled up so tight that it will dry up and vanish. The involution of inrolling appendix causes humans to think they have dyspepsia. Normal involutions of the appendix, Prof. Morris says, may begin in the early years of life, but most of the patients he has seen are more than 25 years old. This shows, the scientists say, that the appendix is not afflicted with that foolish haste which characterizes us, but is calmly proceeding to eliminate itself from a place where it is not wante

THE PASSING OF THE APPENDIX.

The feeling is silently but strongly growing that Lord Strathcona will be the next Governor-General of Canada, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will succeed him as High Commissioner, with the title of Lord Athabasca. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished for." It is safe to say that no appointment would be so popular as that of Lord Strathcona to the vice regal throne. His genuine humanity, his distinguished career, his thorough knowledge of Canadian affairs, coupled with his vast munificence, have given him a large and abiding place in every Canadian heart. We think, too, that to all political parties, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be a popular choice for the High Commissionership. Whenever Sir Wilfrid goes abroad we are proud of him. He is a safe man, and never fails to reflect credit upon Canada. His utterances are not narrow. He speaks the language of the statesman and the patriot. Whatever our political bias may be, we all admit that the Premier is seized with the vision of Canada as a great nation. Coupled with these gifts is that of urbanity, polish, poise and consummate tact. Sir Wilfrid has all the virtues of versatility with none of its vices.

LORD STRATHCONA AND LORD ATHABASCA.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Chemistry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture and the U. S. Govenment's pure food expert, is saying some interesting things these days about the deterioration of foodstuffs in cold storage. His testimony is that food suffers generally from cold storage. "Milk begins to deteriorate right away, and so does cream. Eggs also begin to deteriorate immediately. Fruit is improved for about three months. Meat improves up to about six weeks, but after three months for meat, you can see that it has reached the maximum and then begins to go down. I do not care how hard it is frozen." Dr. Wiley is, however, a firm believer in cold storage and believes most foods improve when properly kept for a short time. About oysters the learned chemist is very pronounced. "An oyster is dead an hour after it is opened and is not good. It loses its flavor." The oyster lover will be shocked to hear this bit of sad news. But science is relentless. "Oysters ought not to be frozen. That ruins them, and as soon as they thaw they are dangerous." He maintains that the bivalve should be shipped alive and in the shell, and said the greatest outrage of the oyster trade is to soak oysters with fresh water and swell them up, making them look fat. The Doctor is down on gelatine also. "The gelatine factories are the dirtiest in the world. No one wants to run the risk of getting lockjaw by taking a powder or a pill or eating cream."

PILLS, POISON AND OYSTERS.

The early rising fad appears to be going "out of fashion." Of course, with some it never was a fashion. We mean it is going out with those who have preached it as a boost and practiced it as a luxury. These are they whose early rising tire is being punctured by the sharp edge of intelligent medical authority. A well-known doctor says, "Almost as many people have been killed by the early rising habit as by over-eating. Instead of making a man healthy, wealthy and wise, early rising lowers his vitality and results in brain fag and early decay." We must heed the call of the bed in the early morning rather than that of the alarm clock if we are to live out our 100 years. All this is bad news for the man who briskly jumps out of bed at the cock-crow. He will quote proverbs in reply—that hoary-headed one about the early bird catching the worm, for example, but as the boy who loves his bed said to his father, "it is the early worm that gets caught." Intemperance in early rising, like every other excess, is sure to bring its own penalty along with it. It is well known that the early riser often compensates himself for his greeting to the dawn by frequent naps in the afternoon or evening. If you must rise early, don't boast of it. Indeed there are few things in the way of bragging that will compare with what an English essayist calls "the insulting triumph," the outrageous animation of the man who has dressed by candle light in December.

THE EVILS OF THE EARLY RISING HABIT.

Local Treatment for Women's Disorders

The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health.

There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh, new, living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about seven years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had seven years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membrane, and oppresses the nerve centers. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

To obtain relief, it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result, and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why **ORANGE LILY** is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional:—

Dr. Coonley,—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until three years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I underwent an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him three or four months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teacup without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for **ORANGE LILY**, and the third treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed, until seven tumors had been expelled, three large ones and four small ones. I know if it had not been for **ORANGE LILY** I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—Mrs. George Lewis, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being sacredly confidential, but occasionally some patient feels so grateful for being cured that she is willing to make the matter known for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive scientific remedy for disorders of the female functions. As explained above, these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female troubles as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. **ORANGE LILY** has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves.

I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that **ORANGE LILY** will cure her, that I hereby make the following

FREE TRIAL OFFER.

I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give you noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your own home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of **ORANGE LILY**, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, enclosing 3 cent stamps, Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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The W. C. T. U. The provincial convention was a success and there is promise that the Dominion organization will gather in Winnipeg in September next. Scattered here and there throughout the West are a few women who had the privilege of attending the Dominion convention when it met in Winnipeg, I forget how many years ago, but when Mrs. Ella Williams, of Montreal, was president. No one who saw Mrs. Williams preside could ever forget the impression of her wonderful personality. "The ablest presiding officer I have ever seen," was the dictum of a noted English M. P. who was in Winnipeg at the time and attended several sessions, and he added, "I have sat in great conventions and councils in every part of the British Empire."

Her grand, strong face and gracious smile come before me as I write, though she has been in heaven for more than ten years. May her spirit be with the Dominion gathering in September. Just to think that she and Mrs. C. P. Dolsen are together once more. They were such congenial souls and had the W. C. T. U. so much at heart.

To return to the Provincial gatherings just closed. The attendance though not so large as had been hoped for, was representative and enthusiastic, and the summing up of the year's work very encouraging. Mrs. Asa Gordon, of Ottawa, was the chief speaker, and the women felt more than repaid for the effort of getting her here. She certainly succeeded in stirring up much needed enthusiasm on the question of the extension of the franchise to women. It was not my privilege to see as much of the convention as I would have liked to do, so I am going to quote a few sentences from a summing up of the convention by Miss Florence Randall, who writes the "Women's Work" in one of the daily papers. Attending women's gatherings of all kinds is her daily portion and she speaks with the authority of ample and occasionally painful experience. The woman who attends as delegate does not grasp the fact that the reporter has still hours of work ahead of her after the talkee-talkee of the afternoon or evening is over, and she herself is able to take much needed rest. Praise from such conscientious writers as Miss Randall is praise indeed, and any criticism offered should be carefully conned and regarded for future occasions on the well-known principle that "the onlooker sees more of the game."

"Summarize, my good woman, if you have only three minutes in which to give a ten-minute report. One after another came as sheep to the slaughter of the gavel, sitting down in the midst of a sentence with the gist of the matter still to be recorded. Scarcely any, save Mrs. Kelly, the corresponding secretary, and one or two others, made her report the least bit interesting to the general public, which had been specially invited to attend in order to learn what the union was doing. I mentally applauded when Mrs. Ferguson, of Pilot Mound, one of the brightest women in the convention, stood up, after a page of the Flower Mission report had been read, and said: "I think this itemizing of every orange and every egg should not be given. It holds us up to ridicule, in my opinion." Just an informing report, given brightly, would have made all the difference in the enjoyment of the afternoon.

"The convention, seen not from haphazard moments, perhaps unduly emphasized, but from the general standpoint, should be most encouraging to the women, few in number, but strong in purpose, who have struggled against a great evil with but the weapons of love, and tears and prayer. Many have joined them and a better understanding has been obtained of their work by outsiders.

"The one thing that impressed the president most was the fact that women were growing, mentally and spiritually. The interest taken was more general, knowledge was specialized and was becoming accurate and expert, more women were learning how to speak, and how to marshal facts convincingly."

The Women's Edition. I hope that many of my readers were fortunate enough to secure a copy, for though it was very badly printed, it contained a wonderful store of information about women and their work in the Canadian West. I had expected to have in my column a number of the cuts of the women who had labored so abundantly to make the edition a success, but, although the women paid the newspaper the price asked for the cuts, that institution refused to give them up, claiming, I believe, that as the cuts were furnished at a reduced price, they still had a claim on them. It is rather a funny proceeding. Worked out in other things it would amount to this: If A sold B a horse (for any reason) for a reduced price, A would still have the best right to the horse, although B had paid the price asked for it. It is an odd tangle, but in the meantime the newspaper has possession of the cuts, and the committee that were responsible for the issue of the paper do not seem to be able to bring them to reason. Printed on the smooth finished paper of the Western Home Monthly, the cuts, which were all made new for the Women's Edition, would have been real pictures and women readers all over the country would have had the pleasure of seeing the faces of the women whose good deeds have made their names familiar to the West. However, better luck next time. It is a long lane that has no turning

What to Read. If you have not read Kate Douglas Wiggins' Chronicles of Rebecca try to secure it. It is not an expensive book and it is one to keep. It is delightful from cover to cover; in fact, it is Kate Wiggins at her very best.

The particular chapter I wish to call attention to here, is that of the flag raising. There has been endless talk about Roblin and his flag policy, but it would be better if every school district was engaged in promoting national sentiment through the flag. It is nearing towards July 1st, though no one would suspect it from the weather, and the schools could not do better than celebrate Canada's birthday by a flag raising such as is described in this book. Above all, let the girls of the school make the flag, with the help of a few of the older women. Correct designs can be secured in any standard dictionary and the bunting can be bought at any general store. Flags made in this way will not only cost less and last longer but they will mean far more to every child in the school. No more beautiful flag waves today than the Union Jack; the history of its growth is the history of the Empire. No child can possibly read it without a thrill of pride at belonging to a country with such grand traditions. It is just about time that our flag—my flag—your flag—should be rescued from the hands of the politicians and given the placeanddignity in the minds of the growing children that it should have.

I was chatting with a Scotchman

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LIVER COMPL

The liver is the largest gland in
office is to take from the blood
which form bile. When the liver
inflamed it cannot furnish bile to
causing them to become bound and
symptons are a feeling of fulness
the right side, and shooting pains
region, pains between the shoulde
of the skin and eyes, bowels irre
tongue, bad taste in the morning,

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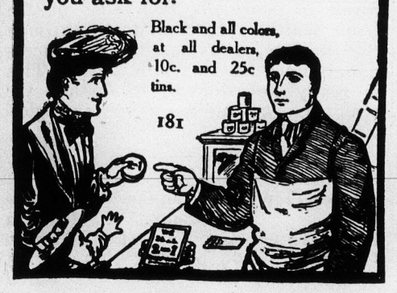

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptons are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc

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The Winnipeg Couch Co.

108 Bon Accord Block

WINNIPEG MANITOBA.

HOMESTEAD WANTED.

Can you locate me on a Good Homestead for $100? Must be heavy black soil without sand. Describe land. May buy additional quarter section. Address, Homesteader, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

the other day, who resides in New York, and speaking of his first visit to Winnipeg, he said, "I was never here before, but it was like coming home when I walked up Main street and saw the Jack flying. I have lived in New York for years, but I always feel an alien and an outsider. The Union Jack for me." That is how we all ought to feel, and flag raising, with appropriate ceremonies on July 1st, would be a step in the right direction.

Broom and Bucket and Soap.

This is a hint to the over-zealous housewife:—

Broom and bucket and soap!
Soap and bucket and broom!
And the odor of steamy suds
Flitters through every room.
And Mollie is crabbed and cross,
With her hair in a straggling coil.
If I venture to come near the house
We're sure to get into a broil.

The chairs are set out in the yard,
The bric-à-brac all in a pile.
The minister's coming to call—
I wonder if Mollie can smile!
The curtains are all put to soak,
And there on the fence, right in sight,
Are garments we've worn since the flood,
In fearful and wonderful plight.

And after the turmoil is o'er,
And civilization again
Has made of our humble abode
A place for the children of men,
My life will be useless and vain,
For comfort and peace will have fled;
My face will grow haggard and wan—
I know I shall wish I was dead!

From earliest dawn till the sun
Has sunk in the fathomless sea,
Commands and entreaties and rules
Will be fired in a torrent at me.
And "John, clean your feet at the door;"
"Don't rumple that tidy, I say;"
"Do put out that horrid cigar;"
"Don't sleep on the pillow-shams, pray!"

"Oh, John, take your feet off that stool,
Your great clumsy shoes are so rough,
You'll crumple those sweet zepher flowers—
I'm sure I have told you enough!"
No man with a wife and a home
Can harbor content for a day
Till after the calendar marks
Six months from the first day of May!

A Stampede for Gold.

Mr. Duncan McIvor, a prospector of experience, who was recently sent out to the Cobalt country by the Winnipeg-Cobalt Prospecting and Developing Company to put a gang of men to work to open up the big silver calcite vein on their Abitibi properties, reports that ice still blocks the Abitibi Lakes and river, and that there is a big crowd of prospectors camped at McDougall's Chutes waiting for the ice to clear preparatory to a first class stampede to the new gold fields of the Abitibi. Forty gold claims, reported to be rich, were staked out on the islands of Abitibi Lake last fall. Twenty-four of these were purchased from the Mosher Brothers by the Timmins interests, who are chief owners of the famous Larder mines at Cobalt. The fact of the Timmins becoming purchasers of these claims at a reputed large price, stamps the finds as genuine. Those who have been through the Abitibi country say that it will one day throw Larder Lake into the shade for the value and extent of its gold deposits. The Winnipeg-Cobalt Company, with characteristic energy, will have prospectors in the new gold fields in the first rush. They have all the necessary equipment of canoes, outfit, etc., on hand and the right kind of men for the work.

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to buy your hair goods. As a special inducement to out-of-town customers we are giving a beautiful Parisian fancy Comb free with every purchase of $5 and upwards. The retail value of these combs is $2 each, and we sold many at that price to city customers before deciding to give them away to our patrons in the country. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue containing a wealth of information about the hair, which we will gladly mail you free.

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20 " "	4.00	20 " "	2.50 " 3.50
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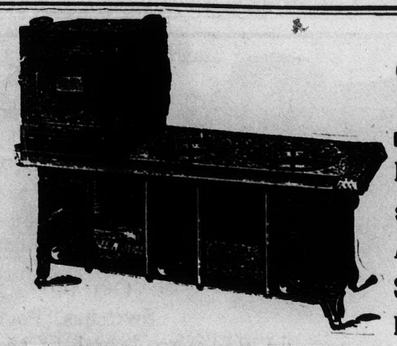

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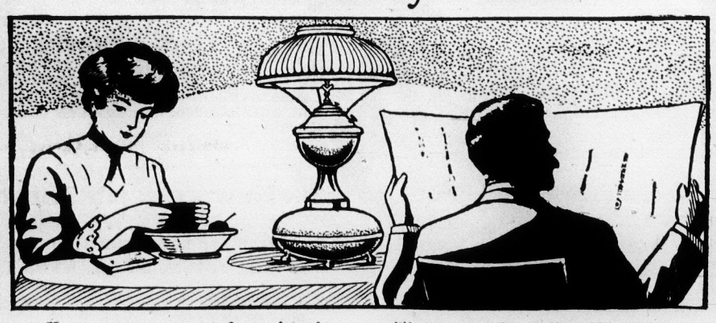


For your own comfort, it's important what kind of light you use for your country home.

Kerosene is objectional because it consumes the air in the room and throws out heat—

And there's the constant danger of explosion and fire.

Why not make a change, this summer, and use a Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp?

The Beck-Iden produces the only known artificial light that resembles sunlight.

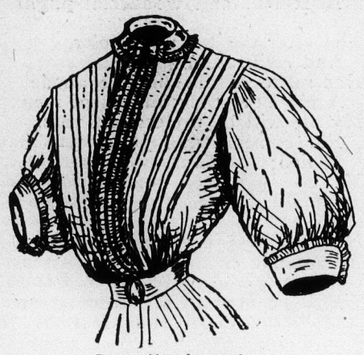
It consumes one-fifth the amount of air that kerosene or coal gas light uses up.

It's absolutely free from odor, when burning, does away with the bother of trimming wicks, cleaning lamp chimneys — and cannot explode.

For full description, cost of light per hour, etc., write for booklet. 5

Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp Co., 86 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

Tub Dresses. That is the suggestive name given by manufacturers to certain lines of wash dresses that are very much in vogue this season. It is an excellent name, for the dresses stand the tub without damage and are an altogether safe and satisfactory investment. These tub dresses are made principally of blue or white duck, the blue being either a decided turquoise or a navy with white dots; the last named is very popular. The majority of the dresses are made in jumper style and body and skirt fastened together, giving a princess effect, which is very pretty. Not a few of these dresses are buttoned right down the back of both bodice and skirt and open like an apron to be ironed. The long row of white pearl buttons right down the back has a very smart



Lawn Tourist Waist.

look, especially with the dark blue dresses.

The white ducks are extremely serviceable and with them the joining of skirt and waist is generally made with a band of strong insertion of a fairly open pattern. It gives a pretty touch to the dress to have a ribbon of the color of the flowers or ribbons on the hat tacked inside this band of insertion.

With these dresses guimpes are worn, white always with the blue, but a novelty is to wear a guimpe of pale yellow muslin with a dress of white duck.

White canvas shoes will be the proper thing with all these gowns.

I really think that this summer it pays to buy ready made white muslin gowns. I have never seen them so cheap as they are this season at the big houses, and no doubt this will also be the case at stores in rural towns. Very many of these gowns have inserts of lace in both flounces and skirt proper. They are beautifully put in and very strong and this is a most difficult line of dressmaking for the amateur to achieve with any degree of success.

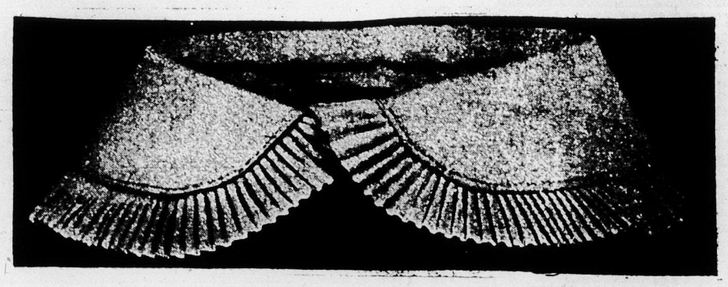
Again, it is doubtful if you could even buy the material retail for what these gowns are sold for, and best recommendation of all, they are ready to put on with the first hot day.

For those who make their own, let me say that a novelty is to have the skirt to the knee and the balance of the skirt a deep flounce. This flounce is only just eased on across the front breadth and the insertion that forms a panel on each side of the front width is carried down through the flounce, thus giving a princess panel effect to the whole gown. This is really not difficult to do and the result is certainly worth the additional labor.

Lace Gowns. I am going to describe, in detail, a lace gown I saw at the Robinson Company, Ltd., because there is not another like it in the West, and if any summer bride is still undecided as to her wedding gown, this is a chance to have something unique, unless, alas, it is picked up before this reaches you. However, the description will be interesting in itself. The gown is what is known as a tailored lace princess. That sounds like a contradiction in terms but it is not. The lace is heavy all-over Irish crochet cut on strictly princess lines, but instead of seams the various pieces are joined by narrow insertion of an open pattern [illegible]aby Irish and triangular inserts of the baby Irish occur all round the skirt. The very bottom of the skirt is cut in deep scallops and between the scallops is filled in with row upon row of ruffles of Val lace set on a strong foundation of fine Brussels net. The waist is cut with Vandykes of the all-over lace, running to the neck, and these are filled in with Vandykes of the baby Irish running down, while across the bust, to give width and fulness at the bottom of the Vandykes, a tiny half bolero of the baby Irish is arranged. The sleeves are of the up and down Vandykes of both lace and are finished with ruffles of the Val.

The dress is made over a well-boned slip of India silk with a ruffled drop of white chiffon. This gown is $120 and all the baby Irish is hand-made. It is a gown that would clean and do over for years and look swell, while a rag of it was left. When it was done for as a gown, at least three all-over lace blouses could be made from the skirt.

Another gown seen at the same time, is one that any girl, with time and patience, might achieve for herself. The entire dress was made of inch wide strips of white satin ribbon and inch and a half wide strips of white insertion. The strips are made running down from the skirt to the knee and then the flounce is made of them running round. A very novel effect is produced by cutting the bottom of the skirt at the knee in shallow scallops and fitting the flounce round them. This makes it have a most charming ripple when it is on. The drop under this dress was of fine book muslin



Stiff Peter Pan, Edged with Tourist Frilling.

with an 18-inch knife ple
with narrow Val lace.

Many of the light silk, eolinne summer gowns underslips of book muslin cheaper to make, last lon getting soft, and can alwa dered at home and for gowns often give better the thin silk slips.

Point d' Esprit. The point are even more popular tha and there are as many in white. By the way, for b the rule applies about the lin slips, only there is mo in getting the muslin thi enough to give good resul

I saw a very effective other day of black poin made very full, with two carried to the knee. The

tucked across the same wa and plain in the back. sleeves were also tucked. worn over a drop of fine muslin elaborately decor bias ruffles edged with blac over it a second drop of bla

The chiffon gave the net s rich look and the muslin h in place.

Never try to make a ch on the machine. They easier made by hand, and t danger of puckering.

Chiffon drops are not for you can get a quality enough for the purpose yard and as it is double fo not take much. You do n any trimming on the chiffo silk or muslin slip is prop med. All that the chiffon for is to soften the fall of net.

Tourist Waists. This cu from t facturers and foretells the waist for later summer tra looks good to me for all round. There is a tendency styles in waists for travellin ing, and sheer linen lawn smart tourist ruffle down pleat and roun cuffs and smart and easily launder a great consideration to th must do her own. This cla is very effectively develope gee silk or in the heavier ma as Rajah. I saw a who golden brown Rajah silk day, with this class of wais

Russet shoes and a hat of ed panama with a puggere soft silk in Roman strip about as smart a travellin any woman could wish for.

Collars. Peter Pan coll with tourist r the smartest thing out. collars will lead for t weather and the woman wit neck has cause to rejoice. more skinny sister the fold stock will be the thing. growing tendency to wear lars with a smart bow.

with an 18-inch knife pleating edged with narrow Val lace.

Many of the light silk, muslin and eolinne summer gowns have these underslips of book muslin. They are cheaper to make, last longer without getting soft, and can always be laundered at home and for very thin gowns often give better results than the thin silk slips.

Point d' Esprit. The gowns of point d' esprit are even more popular than last year and there are as many in black as in white. By the way, for black gowns the rule applies about the book muslin slips, only there is more difficulty in getting the muslin thin and fine enough to give good results.

I saw a very effective gown the other day of black point d' esprit made very full, with two inch tucks carried to the knee. The waist was tucked across the same way in front and plain in the back. The short sleeves were also tucked. This was worn over a drop of fine black book muslin elaborately decorated with bias ruffles edged with black Val and over it a second drop of black chiffon.

The chiffon gave the net such a soft rich look and the muslin held it well in place.

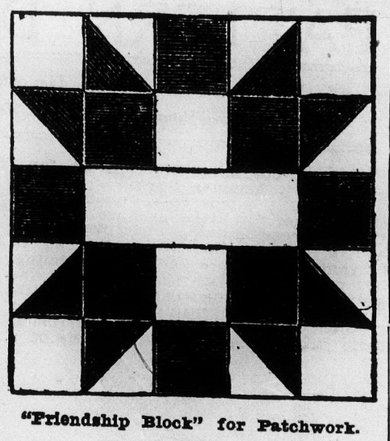
Never try to make a chiffon drop on the machine. They are much easier made by hand, and there is no danger of puckering.

Chiffon drops are not expensive, for you can get a quality quite good enough for the purpose for 60c. a yard and as it is double fold it does not take much. You do not require any trimming on the chiffon, if your silk or muslin slip is properly trimmed. All that the chiffon is needed for is to soften the fall of the lace or net.

Tourist Waists. This cut is direct from the manufacturers and foretells the style of waist for later summer travel, but it looks good to me for all the year round. There is a tendency to plainer styles in waists for travelling and outing, and sheer linen lawn with the smart tourist ruffle down the front pleat and roun' cuffs and collar is smart and easily laundered, always a great consideration to the girl who must do her own. This class of waist is very effectively developed in pongee silk or in the heavier make known as Rajah. I saw a whole suit of golden brown Rajah silk the other day, with this class of waist.

Russet shoes and a hat of unbleached panama with a puggeree band of soft silk in Roman stripes made about as smart a travelling suit as any woman could wish for.

Collars. Peter Pan collars edged with tourist ruffles are the smartest thing out. Turn over collars will lead for the warm weather and the woman with a pretty neck has cause to rejoice. For her more skinny sister the folded muslin stock will be the thing. There is a growing tendency to wear linen collars with a smart bow.



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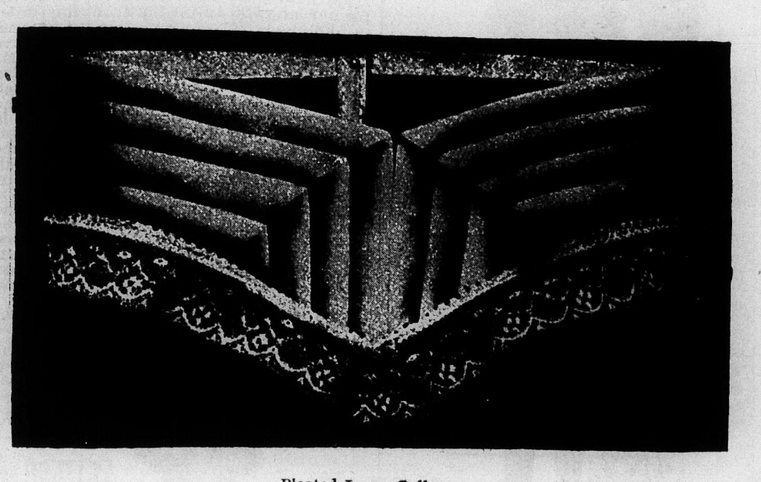
This is very pretty pieced of red and white or blue and white, any colors preferred, or of odds and ends.



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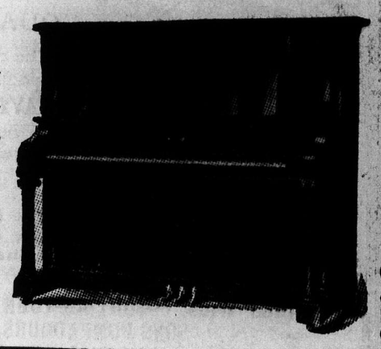
any Piano made you'll find incorporated in the Morris, and some particularly strong features not shown in other makes.

A few moments spent in listening to the Morris will reveal many good reasons why you should select one.



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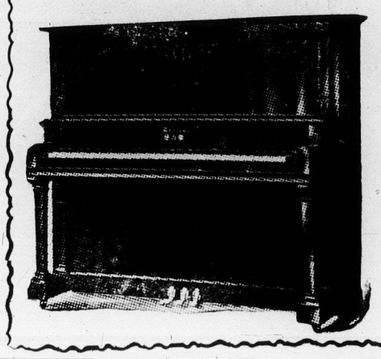
Ask yourself this question and satisfy yourself about the answer before you buy a piano. The result will be that you will buy a MORRIS.

The cheapest piano is never the best. Our pianos cost a little more at first but are cheapest in the end. The Morris Pianos first of all possess quality. Quality of tone, quality of material, quality of labor and quality of reputation. Then and only then is considered the question of price; and, by the way, that is a good way for you to do, Mr. Piano Buyer. First quality, then price.

When it comes to price there is no dealer in Winnipeg that can do better. That fact you can easily find out for yourself.

Investigate our one Price System.



The Morris Piano Co.

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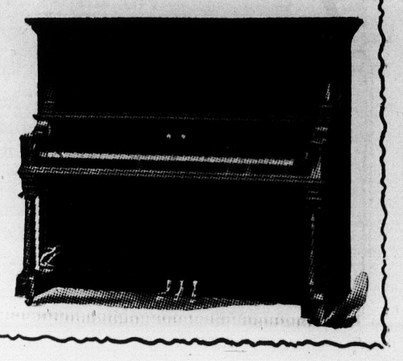

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Appearance should not be THE essential of a piano. It should be AN essential.

The New Scale Williams are masterpieces of architectural beauty. They are ornaments to every home. They lend an elegance, a refinement, that nothing else can fill. They are made in all woods and colors to harmonize with the drawing-room, parlor, den and hall.

The veneers for the New Scale Williams Pianos are of every fine kind of wood—principally MAHOGANY from Spain, Brazil and the West Indies—WALNUT, from France and the Circassus—QUARTERED OAK AND SATINWOODS from the southlands.

There are four veneers on the case—two inside and two outside. They are cross banded—that is, the grain of each veneer runs in a different direction from the one next to it—thus adding strength.

The case of the

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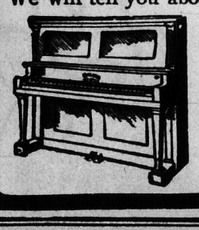
is made of five thicknesses of hardwood. All woods used in the New Scale Williams—in case as well as action—are seasoned for three years after reaching Oshawa. Then they are perfectly dry—can never swell or shrink—and wear like iron.

Every New Scale Williams receives seven coats of varnish. Each is allowed to sink in the wood and dry, before the next is put on. This gives the brilliant, lasting finish that is so admired. The sympathetic touch—the magnificent tone—the sweetness and volume of the New Scale Williams are fully in keeping with its exquisite appearance.

These features and many others are illustrated and described in our Booklets. May we send the three? FREE, of course. We will tell you about our Easy Payment Plan, too.



THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO. Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

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HAIRLENE gives new life to the hair.

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No streaks — even, lustrous colours that won't wash out or fade.

No stains—hands and utensils as clean as after washing.

In soap-form—no powder to fly about and waste.

"Madame" (the English home-magazine) says: "Maypole Soap is really wonderful. Dyeing becomes the easiest thing in the world with its help."

All dealers'—colours, 10c.—black, 15c. Send 10c. (for black, 15c.) for dainty booklet, all about dyeing—and full-size cake to try—mention colour.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

4177—A Charming Little Gown for Summer Days.

Some of the most pleasing modes of the summer for little girls are found in the different guimpe and over-blouse effects. The fashion is not only suited to youthful wearers and very becoming, but practical for warm days, when the guimpe may be omitted and the little maid be as comfortable and happy as freedom from all discomfort can render her. The dress sketched consists of a

full waist and sleeve caps and a circular skirt laid in box plaits and attached by a waistband.. The style of the gown is excellent for attractive adornment and may be developed in chambray, gingham, linen or mull, while many find pongee very good for small gowns, as it launders well and wears splendidly. The medium size calls for 3⅝ yards 27 inches wide.

4177—sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6871—An Attractive Negligee.

It is during the warm days that a woman takes keenest delight in her negligees and these are therefore a part of her wardrobe which she does not fail to provide. A very restful and pleasing gown which suggests the kimono in style is sketched and will prove most charming for the home sewer to fashion. It is box pleated front and back to yoke

4152—A Small Pinafore Apron.

There are pinafores for little folks and pinafores for big ones, but the style belongs unquestionably to the former and an apron built on this order is sketched. The neck edge is finished with a band-yoke, which is attractive by reason of its trimness, while similar bands outline the armholes. These also act as a strengthening for edges which as the garment wears, are apt to become torn and frayed. The waist portion is prettily full in front and back, several shirrs at the yoke edge regulating the fulness. The skirt is a straight full one, which protects the dress completely. The effect produced by this apron is that of a guimpe and over-dress and every mother will like it. Any of the apron materials, such as cross-barred muslin, lawn or Swiss would be suitable. For the medium size 3 yards 36 inches wide are needed.

4152—sizes, 3, 5, 7 and 9 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6865-6866—One of the New Ideas in Gown Creation.

The woman who is an artist in dress never fails to take pleasure in a new mode which adds becoming lines and allows her to array herself in a pleasing manner. The wave of Oriental influence which has swept the fashion world during the past year leaves its effects here and there in the new gowns and perhaps the most decided indications at present to be seen are the various sleeve effects of which the Mandarin shown here is most popular. This is quite in harmony with broad shouldered effects and carries out the wide armhole styles to perfection. The frock is developed in one of those supple silks which lend so much fascination to the present feminine dress. The waist is gathered at the yoke and shoulder edges while the skirt is tucked about the top and lengthened by a full flounce. The bands which effect the Mandarin sleeve are separate and made of a trimming fabric such as embroidered bands or lace, the yoke and sleeve bands corresponding. The skirt may be finished in short round or instep length, while the sleeves may be long or end at the elbow. The light cloths, crepe de chine, batiste and mouseline are suggested. 14⅜ yards 27 inches wide being needed for the medium size.

Two patterns: 6865—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6866—6 sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c. but

either will be sent upon receipt of cents.

Special Offer—These patterns with one year's subscription Western Home Monthly—all t 50 cents.

4128—A Charming Little Empi

The modes for grown-ups a most quaint and fetching when to the apparel of the little bec a very attractive example is s the small Empire coat. The sk tion is circular, fitting the waist and rippling prettily at the he deep collar is a very becoming giving the long-shouldered eff offering an opportunity for t

The model is of broadcloth, with cuffs and buttons of velvet, but taffeta or pongee might serve. sleeves may be full-length or and are exceedingly well shape front of the coat is double-breas the shield may be worn only w sired. The design is a bit differe the ready-to-wear styles and t will appeal to the particular The medium size requires 2 yard inch material.

4128—sizes, 3 to 10 years.

The price of this pattern is 15

Special Offer—This pattern, w one other pattern in this issue, with one year's subscription Western Home Monthly—all th 50 cents.

4171—An Attractive Style for

The semi-fitted coats are es pleasing upon young girls, and a Fashion considers them par exc no better mode can be chosen. T suit shown is one of the sma models buttoning in single-b fashion and ending below the h trig rolling collar and cuffs are in a darker linen, the button covered with the same. The sk seven-gored one with its fulness box plaits and stitched flat o

either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—These patterns together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4128—A Charming Little Empire Coat.

The modes for grown-ups are often most quaint and fetching when adapted to the apparel of the little people, and a very attractive example is shown in the small Empire coat. The skirt portion is circular, fitting the waist exactly and rippling prettily at the hem. The deep collar is a very becoming feature, giving the long-shouldered effect and offering an opportunity for trimming.

The model is of broadcloth, with collar, cuffs and buttons of velvet, but a serge, taffeta or pongee might serve. The sleeves may be full-length or shorter and are exceedingly well shaped. The front of the coat is double-breasted and the shield may be worn only when desired. The design is a bit different from the ready-to-wear styles and therefore will appeal to the particular woman. The medium size requires 2 yards of 54-inch material.

4128—sizes, 3 to 10 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4171—An Attractive Style for Linen.

The semi-fitted coats are especially pleasing upon young girls, and as Dame Fashion considers them par excellence, no better mode can be chosen. The coat suit shown is one of the smart new models buttoning in single-breasted fashion and ending below the hip. The trig rolling collar and cuffs are shown in a darker linen, the buttons being covered with the same. The skirt is a seven-gored one with its fulness laid in box plaits and stitched flat over the hips. This insures trimness about the top and full ripple at the hem. The suit may be made without difficulty and may be developed in any of the seasonable materials. For the medium size

4⅞ yards of 50-inch material are needed.

4171—sizes, 14, 15, 16, 17 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6880—Smart Style and Becomingness.

It's a white season and shirt blouses of every style will be par excellence. A very trim shirt waist in linen showing narrow tucks at either side of the front closing and wider ones on the shoulder ending at yoke depth is sketched and recommended to all lovers of good style. The narrow plaiting edging the front plait is a late suggestion for adornment and may be used or not as desired. The natty shirt cuffs

are trimmed in like manner, while this also appears on the collar. The waist is one not difficult to fashion, but suggestive of good taste and representing the best of the new fashions. Any of the seasonable waistings may be used, the medium size calling for 3 yards of 36-inch material.

6880—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bus measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

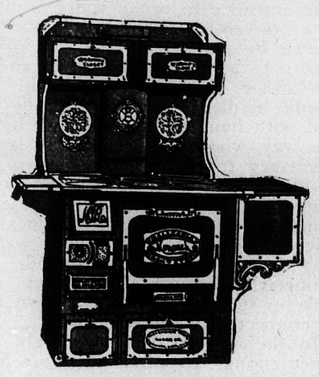
Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

June is the Month of Weddings . .

A "MONARCH" MALLEABLE RANGE

Would be a nice Present to make.

A GIFT TO BE REMEMBERED. THE PRIDE OF THE KITCHEN



"The Stay Satisfactory Range."

Made of Malleable Iron throughout. Constructed on scientific principles. Built both to cook and look. Highly polished. No blacking necessary. A rub with a dry cloth does the work.

Perfect Fire Control is assured in the "Monarch" by the Duplex Draft. A hot fire in less time than it takes to think. Durability and economy on fuel are two important features of the "Monarch."

Drop us a Post Card enquiring for booklet "The Range That Saves" which tells the full story of the "MONARCH" and is yours for the asking.

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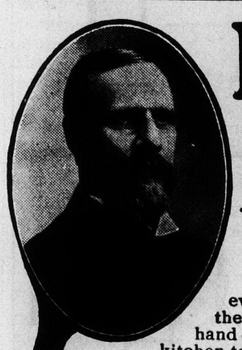

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Liberal Time Payment Plan

So if it isn't convenient for you to pay all cash, you can pay for the Cabinet on such easy terms that you'll never miss the money—while all the time you can be enjoying its benefits. And my Kitchen Cabinet is not only useful—but ornamental as well—and any woman will be proud to own one. It not only simplifies cooking—but it keeps your kitchen always neat and tidy and does away with all the clutter of cooking and baking.

If you are thinking of replenishing your home furnishings you cannot invest in **anything** that will give as much genuine help in your housekeeping as the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet—and once you use it you'll find the regular weekly—monthly—and yearly housecleaning is no longer a bugbear. Your kitchen and pantry take the biggest part of your time—and make the hardest part of your housework—but if you'll use my Cabinet you can cut out all the kitchen drudgery and use the extra time for pleasanter work or recreation.

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ORIGINAL PLANS

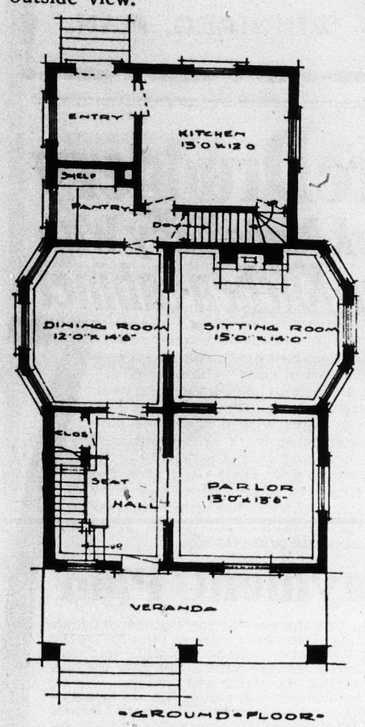
Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

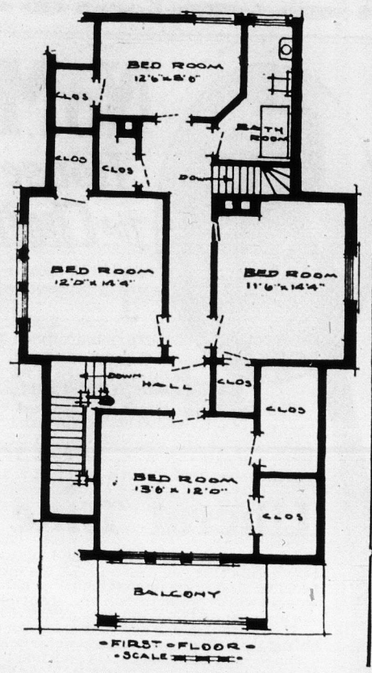
This arrangement makes a compact and low cost story and a half cottage, and is most frequently selected by people who do not keep a servant. The rooms are all of good proportions and the whole is modern in every respect. There is a porch the entire width of the front with field stone columns. The dining room and sitting room both have bay windows and the latter has also a pretty fireplace with seats built in at either side. There is an arch between hall and parlor. The parlor, sitting room and dining room open into one another by means of sliding doors. A pleasing effect is obtained by having the upper sash of dining room windows glazed with simple colors of cathedral glass, which excludes the hot rays of the summer sun and at the same time gives a pleasant tone to the light of the room. A metal rod running across on the inside, level with the horizontal dividing rail of the window, may be made to carry curtains, which will exclude outside view.

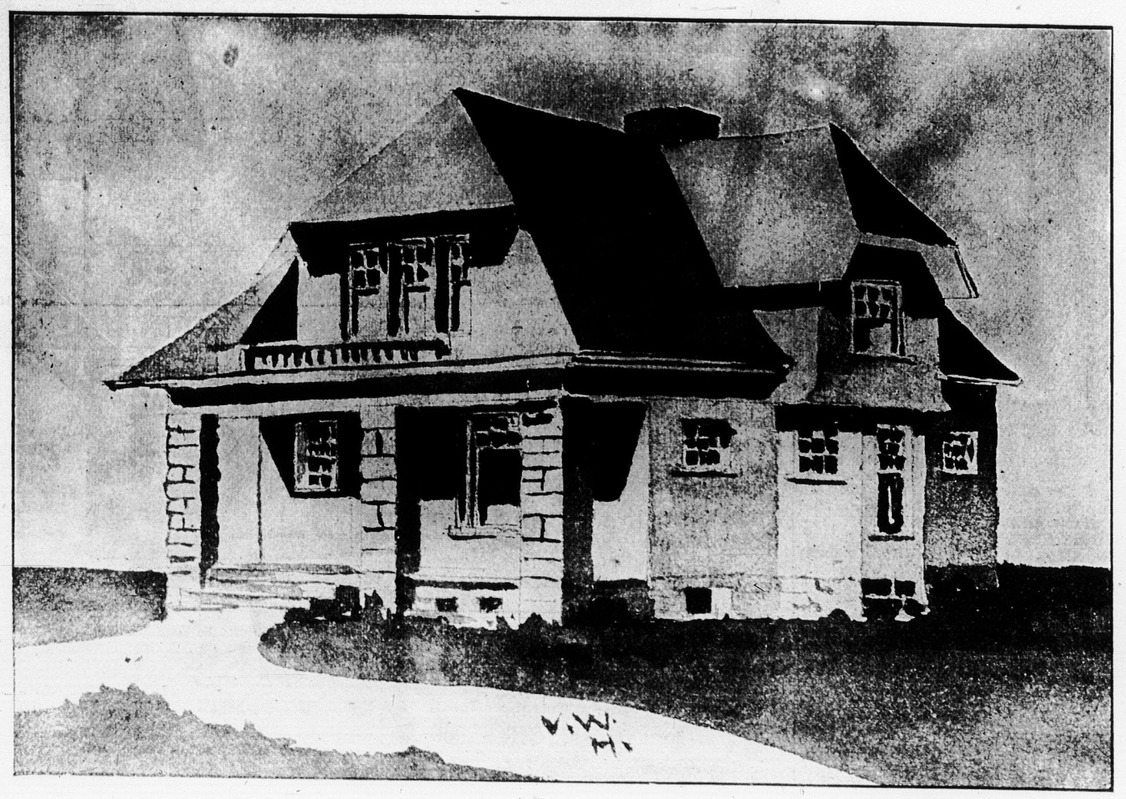
The pantry serves as a passage way between dining room and kitchen. The entrance to cellar stairs is placed in a convenient corner of kitchen, as shown by plan. At one side of the sink may be the cistern-pump, and on the other side, the well-pump. It should be placed back against the wall and with handles that are well out of the way when not in use. It is not necessary to place the pumps in the yards of low-cost houses, as is so common. If a driven well is used it could be driven so as to be next to kitchen sink. If it is a dug well it may be placed on the outside and connected through lead pipes with sink on the outside. The cistern may be connected in the same way.

In the upstairs hall is merely wall space enough to admit of doors leading into the various rooms. There is a small window which lights this hall. All the bedrooms are provided with ample closets and there is a linen closet at the head of rear stairs, while the front room has two closets.

The entire finish is fir. The basement is full size and contains all necessary bins and partitions.







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The Month's Bright Sayings.

Mrs. Fred Reynolds: An ideal may become an idol, and idols are easily overthrown.

Beerbohn Tree: The philosophy of life is to make capital out of one's misfortunes.

Pearl Humphrey: When men have nothing else to think about they invariably turn their attention to the failings of women.

Magistrate Daly: As a warning to you and other furious motorists, I shall inflict a fine of $150 with the option of two months in gaol.

Arthur Symonds: Books should be taken in doses no bigger than music or pictures. There is more drunkenness in a book than in all the vineyards of France.

Goldwin Smith: Had Thaw been a poor man justice would have taken its course. Being very rich he was able to hire chicane in sufficient force to defeat the law.

Daily Mail: The happiest people one meets are those who could not run a quarter of a mile to save their life, and the saddest people in existence are the men who perform systematic exercises for their good health.

Father Bernard Vaughan: No man is sent into the world to be a lasting failure; every man who is doing his best according to the light that is in him, and the opportunities offered him, is a success.

Father Lacombe: I will not live much longer, but the die is cast, and although Americans, Germans, Galicians, and others are coming in rapidly, the English-Canadian influence will always predominate in the West.

Moore Ede: Success in life means the accomplishment of a purpose; therefore, the first requisite of success is that a man should have a purpose in life—should know what he desires to be and to do.

Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain: The eloquence of reason is greater than the eloquence of passion as a force in moulding human opinion. Eloquence means speaking out, speaking plainly, speaking simply, speaking fully, and speaking forcibly.

George R. Sims: A woman's strength lies in her tears. She can obtain all that man can bestow upon her by crying for it. Her tears are her tyrannies. A man's tears are his weakness. The pleasure of gaining his ends by a little weeping is denied him.

Lady Colin Campbell: I think fencing is one of the best recreations, for it exercises all the muscles without any undue strain. It quickens the intelligence and the perceptions, it teaches good manners and a good carriage, and it can be enjoyed at any time of year, indoors or out without any troublesome paraphernalia.

W. Jennings Bryan: I venture to suggest that the world's peace would be greatly promoted by an agreement among the leading nations that no declaration of war should be made until after the submission of the question in controversy to an impartial court of investigation, each nation reserving the right to accept or reject the decision.

Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, M.P.: The responsibility of the good or bad government of the people of this kingdom rests, in the main, with the members of the religious organizations of the land. It is well, therefore, that the churches should be trained to look steadfastly at the enormous aggregate of indigence and human wretchedness lying unredeemed in a country, the richest under the sun, for the government of which they are primarily liable.

Office and Field: Think of it! "A business which is so universally condemned by the press." What words can express the loathsome condition of public sentiment which would allow a business to be "universally condemned by the press" after it has done the good that life insurance in New York has done. Insurance men owe a duty to the public; that duty is to educate the public; and they neglect that duty at their peril.

Sir Wm. Mulock, M. P.: Much could be done by the general public, not only to save themselves from the inconvenience arising from a shortage in the coal supply at any particular moment and also to save the mine owners and miners from loss, by laying up a reasonable supply of coal in advance of actual requirements. It is very improbable that the mines will be able at all times to send out daily a sufficient quantity of coal to meet the daily wants of the public, to say nothing of the interruptions which are liable to occur owing to the breaking down of machinery, explosions and other uncontrollable causes.

Mr. Lewis: With every respect to Mr. Roosevelt, I am bound to quarrel with his determination not to have another term. And I warn the public that its rights are paramount, and he must continue should it so prefer. In picking its presidents, the public alone is judge. No one may stand at the popular elbow and direct the popular choice. No man may say he will, no man may say he won't be president. Those are not questions for the individual. The White House is not to be looked upon in the light of a compliment. It must not wait upon the interest, the preference, the modesty, the vanity, the caprice, the ease of any man.

Charles R. Keyes: Responsibility for nine out of ten of the frightful railway wrecks of the past few years can be definitely fixed; and the results admit of little debate. It lies not altogether with the man at the throttle, the overworked trainman, or the lonely station telegrapher. It rests directly at the doors of the higher officials, from the president down to the division superintendent. With legal recognition of this fact capital punishment, the extreme penalty for murder, assassination, and massacre, may some day soon be meted out to these men in high position the same as to any disciple of Cain.

Rev. Geo. W. Gray: The price of a beautiful young woman in Chicago today is $50. Inside of an area one fourth of a mile square, lying near here in Halsted street, I have found 257 resorts and 1,759 fallen women. By our investigations we have discovered that when a pretty girl comes to Chicago from the country districts she is made a target for the agents of vice. She is watched, it may be for a week, perhaps a month, and again she may be hounded for years until she falls into the traps that are set for the young, the beautiful, the virtuous. Apart from the moral side of the question, look at the financial side of it. More than $20,000,000 is expended each year in this traffic of shame.

Premier Roblin: Personally, I feel that I have lost one of my best friends. as I have known him for nearly thirty years, and I can say regarding W. F. Luxton what can be said about very few men who have occupied so prominent a position in the public life of the country, and that is, that I never knew him do a mean or dishonorable thing. Willing to take, as he was free to give, hard knocks at times, yet he never struck below the belt and those opposed to him have reason to endorse what I have said as to his honor and his spirit of fairness in as far as discussion of public matters was concerned. Manitoba and the west in his death have lost one of their best friends.

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Reaburn—Sec. 17, T. 13, R. 3, West 1st, $8.50 per acre.

Miniota—S. W. Sec. 13, T. 15, R. 27, West 1, $13.50 per acre.

Rossburn—N. E. Sec. 27, T. 19, R, 24, West 1st, $8.00 per acre.

Lipton—Sec. 23, T. 24, R. 12, West of 2nd, $11.50 per acre.

Bittern Lake—640 acres, East half and N. W. Sec. 28, S. W. Sec. 33, T. 47, R. 21, West of 4th, $10.50 per acre.

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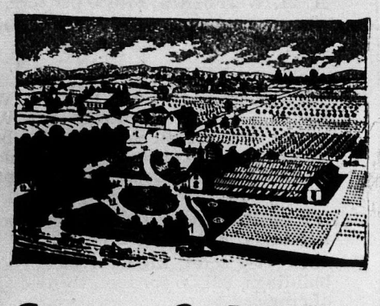

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CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

Nature Shows Us How to Sleep.

By Dr. Thomas L. Brunk.

If we search nature's secrets among the lower classes of animals and in the construction of the human body, we certainly will find that she designed a plan that all animals seem to follow.

Man is the only animal that sleeps on his back, and with all his boasted superiority, all his learning and study of the minute things in nature, he still persists to choose the "back down" position while asleep. Some, of course, sleep on their sides or sharp edge of the body, and the majority of people believe that such a pose is decidedly the best.

In our advancement in medicine, hospital construction, technique in operation, nicety in the art of nursing, and in elaborate hygienic details for the preservation and attainment of health, the one great provision nature intended for the recuperation of fatigue and lost health has manifestly been ignored, overlooked, or neglected.

Sleep is nature's provision for rest and repair, yet by our injunction of "Sleep on your back and don't move," we impose a position on the patient that in many cases does serious harm. Anatomical facts prove that nature never intended us to sleep "back down." Many serious ailments develop from positions taken while asleep.

Survey the whole field of lower animals having a vertebral column. Not one sleeps on its back. The sloth is said to sleep at times while clinging to branches of trees back downward. This is the only possible exception. The dog, cat, horse and cow sleep on the right abdominal side. This fact, coupled with the one that they never fail to select this position when they seek repose, should cause us to seek a reason for such consistency.

Conclusive evidence that man should sleep on his liver or right chest and abdomen we find in the anatomical structures in the chest and abdomen. The ligaments holding in place the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys, intestines and other visceral organs are designed to hold these organs from falling forward, not backward. At a remote geological period, when man went on all fours, these ligaments were all brought into full use. While nature has adjusted itself to new conditions to some extent, ligaments that were in man during the pliocene period, three or four million years ago, are still of the same number, in the same location, and of about the same size. Therefore, to comply to the demands of nature, we should attempt at all times, and especially during sleep, to assume those positions that allow of the greatest freedom to each organ, that it may discharge its functions best.

There are many economies in the practice of sleeping on the breast. The circulation is better with the viscera downward and their weight away from the great aorta artery, which carries the blood from the heart and away from the large vena cavæ, which carry it back again. These large vessels lie against the vertebral column and behind the heart, stomach, liver, intestines, uterus and bladder. When lying on the back these heavy organs press upon these vessels, and naturally retard the circulation and make the work of the heart harder all night.

It is a well-known fact among physicians that old people who lie on their backs for a few days do not usually die from the disease that brought them to their bed, but from an effusion of serum from the blood into the cavities, due to a retarded circulation. In hospitals, under intelligent management, such patients are made to change their positions frequently to avoid this stagnation of blood.

Better digestion is induced by sleeping breast downward, as the full stomach is not resting upon the great solar plexus of nerves that lies just behind it. When this large mass of nerves, nearly as large as one's hand, is pressed upon or irritated, digestion is disturbed and often stopped. Sour stomach, gas, and heart-burn are the result, and along with it sleeplessness and dreams.

Sleep face downward is sounder and one goes to sleep much sooner than when one sleeps upon the back. The blood, in coming from the brain, all collects at the back of the head, just inside of the skull, at a place called the torcular herophili. While the face is downward, the flow of the blood from this point is downward, and hence freely drains the blood from the brain. With the blood out of the brain, sleep is sound and dreams light and pleasant; with the head reversed, the blood is forced to flow up-hill, which is evidently averse to free circulation. If the brain remains congested, it causes wakefulness and racking dreams.

Snoring is caused largely by the tongue falling back into the pharynx during sleep, so filling the pharyngeal space that the air has difficulty in getting into the lungs. Lying with the face downward prevents this, because the tongue gravitates away from the pharynx, leaving it open and free to the admission of air.

During colds, or nasal and pharyngeal troubles that produce discharges, sleeping with the face downward gives a freer outlet to the secretions from the nose and mouth without their first going back into the throat to irritate the membranes there and disturbing the sleep, or by drying out the mouth by inducing mouth breathing. The writer has found that while on the back the turbinate bodies in the nose swell more than they do when on the face. This is an important discovery, for every one knows that the most disagreeable feature of a cold is the closing of the nose at night so that mouth breathing is induced.

To Get Rid of Ants.

A fresh meat bone is an effective trap for ants. They will collect upon this in great numbers, and can then be scalded. To drive ants away, chop some onions and place around the troubled plants. Sometimes Aster plants are attacked by white root-lice, and ants congregate to feed upon the nectar exuded by the lice. In that case dig around the plants, removing the soil to the roots, and place in the cavity a handful of tobacco dust. This will rid the soil of both lice and ants.

A $10 CASH AWARD

For the Stockowner reporting the Best Results from the use of Hackney Stock Food.

Ten Dollars, in cash, will be given for the best testimonial, received by July 1st, 1907, as to the results received from the use of Hackney stock Food.

In order to enter this contest it is only necessary to obtain a 25 lb. pail of Hackney Stock Food from your dealer and report the results, stating who you obtained the Food from and for what purpose it was used, etc.

If you are not entirely satisfied with the results obtained from the use of Hackney Stock Tonic, your money will be refunded.

Many farmers are receiving splendid results every day but do not let their neighbours know about it, so the Hackney Stock Food Co., Winnipeg, decided to hold this trial contest.—Advt.

Kooten

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trees and bushes to
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WE are offering for sale a number of choice ten acre lots of Fruit Lands at HOWSER LAKE, WEST KOOTENAY, B. C. In these lots one acre will be cleared and planted with fruit trees and bushes to order, the selling price including this. Water rights are included and ample timber for building and fuel is readily accessible. First-class cash markets for all produce raised. Railway station two miles. Post office and general store, one mile. The climate and scenery are magnificent, and there is good boating, hunting and fishing.

The following letter signed by each member of the first party of seven settlers who purchased land for fruit-growing from this company at Howser Lake was recently received. Each of the party was given a fortnight to thoroughly examine the allotment picked out for him, with the option of changing or withdrawing altogether. All retained their lots and in addition state as below :

"We, the undersigned residents of Howser Lake, British Columbia, who purchased ten acre blocks of fruit land from Messrs. Oldfield, Kirby & Gardner while at Winnipeg, desire to express our great satisfaction with the soil, climate and scenery. The soil is fully up to the description given us, the quality being proven by the results already attained by the earlier settlers on the lake, while the scenery is grand and beautiful beyond description."

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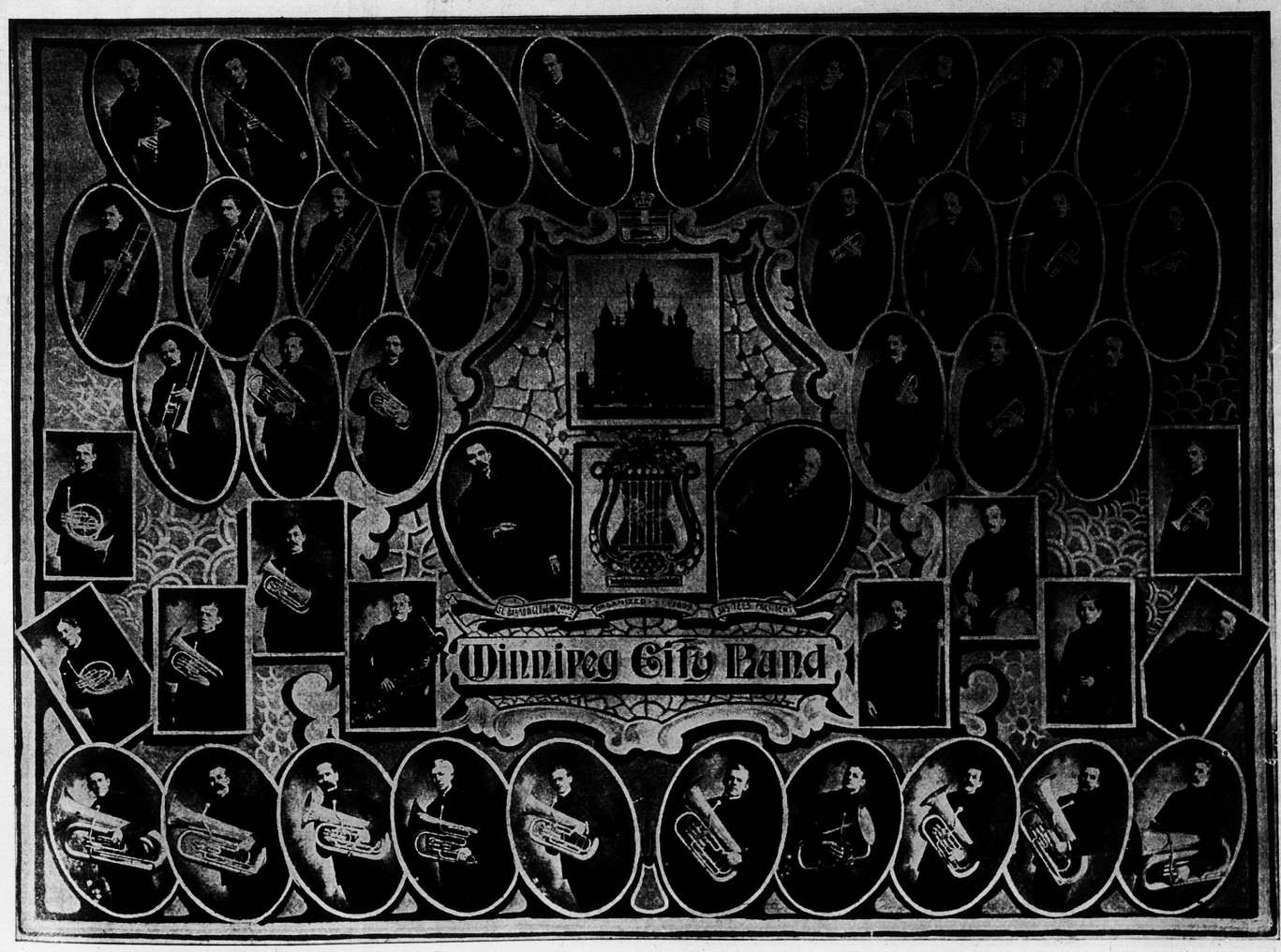

There are very few bands in Canada that have the prominence of the Winnipeg City Band of which the above is a good photo. This splendid organization was formed in the year 1889 and was the outcome of what was then known as the Citizens' Band. The late James Tees was president at its inauguration with Mr. S. L. Barrowclough bandmaster, which position henow occupies. From its inception the band has raised the standard of its music, and at the time of writing its reportoire comprises most of the standard overtures. Last season the manager of the famous Duss Band wrote that there were many travelling professional bands in the United States that did not play as well. Mr. Barrowclough, the bandmaster, is well-known throughout Western Canada. He is the Western Manager for the celebrated Morris Piano, Choirmaster of the Central Congregational Church Choir, and manager of what is known as Barrowclough's Orchestra. The Band has just purchased completenew set of Boosey compensating instruments, as well as a new outfit of uniforms. The uniforms were purchased from the T. Eaton Co., and are the best fitting and most complete the Band have had.

Poetry of the Hour.

Claim.

Yes, we love our Western city,
With its brief poetic name,
Where the rapping, tapping hammer
By day and night sings "claim,"
If you do not own a bit of land
We Westerners don't blame,
For we welcome all the tenderfoots
To a claim,
claim,
claim.

Welcome the city parson
With his patent leather boots,
With his dainty, gentle parsoness,
And their ministerial shoots;
We will not dub them "city kids,"
Nor any other name;
They are as welcome as May blossoms
To a claim,
claim,
claim.

From Toronto to Manitoba
Come the teachers in a stream,
With their charming dress and manners,
They're the bachelors' sweet dream;
They have come to stay, God bless them,
They are sure to change their name,
For our young men know just how to file
On a claim,
claim,
claim.

And the farmers with their knowing ways,
So quiet, calm and bland,
Know a good thing when they see it
In the shape of prairie land;
And they bring their lovely daughters
Who are bound to light a flame
In the breast of all our bachelors
With a claim.
claim,
claim.

DO SOMETHING.

Do something for somebody, somewhere
While jogging along life's road;
Help someone to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.
Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.
Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish
Cheer up with a little song.
Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed—
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.

—Rev. J. S. Cutler.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO-DAY?

O the deeds we will do in the days to come
And the words that we mean to say
Will lighten the hearts of the sin-sick souls,
But what shall we do to-day?

O the burdens we'll lift from the hearts of men,
O the tears we will wipe away,
And the songs we will sing to the falter-ings ones—
But what shall we do to-day?

To-day is the span of our life, no more
Can we measure or clasp or mould,
There may be no morrow for us, dear heart,
No future to use or hold.

O let us give from our store at dawn,
Give 'till the gloaming fades away,
All we may do for the sons of men
Is the good we can do to-day.

—Ruth Sterry.

A Song of Brotherhood

The blessings of a brighter day bloom from a cherished past,
And glad and golden is the way that leads us on at last
Into the asphodelian lands where fade-less flowers are spread
To greet our feet by, hallowed hands of our remembered dead.

The faith that once was in eclipse, wrapped by the clouds of wrong,
Has felt the touch of loving lips that thrill with tender song,
Till it has risen to redeem the race from its despairs
And realize that splendid dream of our unanswered prayers.

Where once the fields were drenched with red beneath the blackest night,
Now greenest grasses grow instead, and lilies blossom white;
And like a vibrant silver bell now rings the robin's note
Where once the battle-song of hell belched from the cannon's throat.

The only chains are links of love, where once were prison bars,
And garland placed the wounds above have hidden all the scars.
We lightly climb life's sunny slopes, where naught the music mars
That lifts the heart to higher hopes and sets it 'mong the stars.

Our feet have found the solid rock of broader brotherhood;
Our souls have safely met the shock, and all its woes withstood;
The newer birth is ours at last, and nothing now remains
To point us to the poignant past—its passions and its pains.

The darkness of the years is gone, the shadows hurry by,
While fingers of a damask dawn spread beauty on the sky.
On haloed heights a rarer glow shall crown the heart's demands.
And love's sweet springs shall fairer flow from out life's bitter lands.

—Selected.

The Charm of Checkered Gingham.

I've seen some fifty summers, an' I'm gettin' bald an' gray,
But still my memory's so keen I recollect that day
As if 'twas yesterday, when I to school first went, in pride,
A neighbor girl in gingham dress slow trudging by my side.
'Twas also her first day at school, and, ah, I thought her sweet,
As hand in hand we ambled on adown the village street;
For proud I was as some bold knight, enchanted, I confess,
And wholly captivated by her checkered gingham dress.

Somehow a gown of gingham, if 'twas checkered, pink or blue,
Kept weaving spells about me as I taller, older, grew.
For the same girl held my homage when I'd passed the bounds of youth,
Wearing, oh, much longer dresses, but of gingham still forsooth!
Grown bold, I then went wooing, and our courtship so progressed
The day that I was twenty-one I all my love confessed
To her, and plighting there our troth I slipped love's first caress
With my arm around the waist-line of a checkered gingham dress.

I've read that purple velvet is preferred by royalty,
But there's nothin' looks so regal as a checkered dress t' me!
An' I'm sure 'twas not a satin gown, nor silk of wondrous sheen,
But one of pretty gingham that was worn by Sheba's queen!
My wife asserts she's passed the age of colors, so she wears
A matron's garb of black, but oft she laughingly declares
She knows that I with Heaven won't be satisfied unless
Each girlish angel present wears a checkered gingham dress!

FRIDAY

It's heaps of fun to be a boy
When Friday comes along;
That day a boy don't mind a bit,
No matter what goes wrong.

Sometimes on Fridays we are good,
A reg'lar model class.
The teacher smiles at three, and says
"The first line rise and pass."

We get our hats; our books we strap;
And whistling a tune,
We hurry out. There's nothing like
A Friday afternoon.

You say it's odd that Friday should
A part so noted play?
Just ask a boy. He'll tell you why:
The next is Saturday.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

Now like an angel with his white wings furled
He sleeps—so beautiful, so young, so pure!
Touch not his spirit, visions of the world—
A little space, and he shall feel thy lure
And rise and follow with resistless feet!
Stir not his dreamless slumber. Fluted and sweet,
Lo! in my arms he lies.
He knows me near.
But when he wakes a wonder and a fear
Live for a moment in his crystal eyes,
As of an alien here.

—Mary Burt Messer.

Wealth without Work or Worry

Study this picture with the fact in your mind that this unique bit of City Building was but 3 years ago an open prairie. Between one Sunrise and its setting we sold these lots, which are now adorned with snug little Cottages and handsome homes for just $150 each. They are not to be had now at three times the price. Why? Because the New C. P. R. shops employing from 1500 to 2000 men necessitated homes being erected on the spot, for the accomodation of this industrial army and their families.

This great record is about to be eclipsed in the case of **Grand Trunk Entrance,** the name given to the New townsite adjoining the G.T.P. Workshops and Yards which will give employment to the greatest horde of railway builders the world has ever seen in one spot.

The land is in the very finest condition either for building upon or for gardening purposes—in every sense **perfect for a working man's home.**

$10 will buy a share in this great prosperity but it is **absolutely needful** to delay not one day in securing it as already the same rush has begun that characterised our Sale of C.P.R. Town.

The price of each lot is only $125. Terms—a first payment of $10 and the balance in monthly payments of $5.

Write us at once for our illustrated booklet **"Multiplied Dollars"** and you'll find Wealth in the very Wind of your prairie home.

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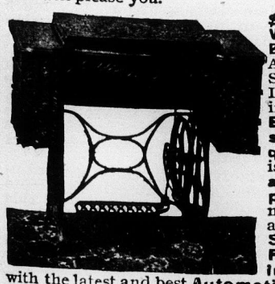
For $26.50 we offer the **Wingold High Arm Automatic Lift Ball Bearing, 5 drawer, Drop Head Cabinet** the most beautiful **French Polished Oak Cabinet,** most handsomely finished in every detail a **regular $75** machine for only $26.50; **fully guara 10 years** and **three months free tr you decide whether you keep the or not.** We consider this one of th Bargains in Sewing Machines ever he is made by one of the largest and m manufacturers. If you want some this will please you.



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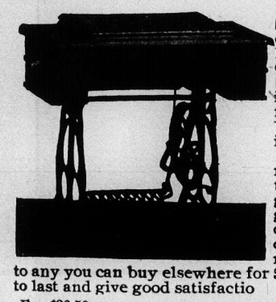
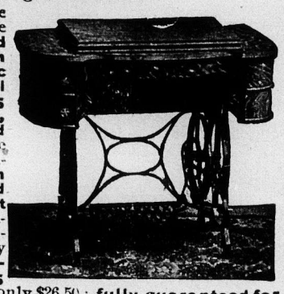


$18 Buys the Economy five drawer drop head Solid Oak Cabinet, the **best** machine in the world for the money. While the price is **extremely low,** some might think it too cheap to be good, yet we guarantee it to do the work required of a machine equal to any you can buy elsewhere for $65. It is made to last and give good satisfactio



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In the World of Music.

The past month has been a red letter one for Western music lovers, as we have had in our midst two great musical celebrities. Reference is made to Madame Schumann-Heinck and Miss Marie Hall. Miss Marie Hall, who was en route to Australia, managed to play in all of the important Western cities, where her exquisite violin playing will be remembered for many a day. Marie Hall, the English violinist, first came into fame four years ago, when she astounded a London audience by her playing. She is the daughter of a poor old harpist. He sent her, when 11 years of age, to compete for the Wesley scholarship in London, which she won. Poverty forced her to give up her studies. One day Canon Fellowes heard her playing in the streets of Bristol, and assisted her with the means to pursue her studies. Then Kubelik heard her play and had her sent to Prague to study under his old master. Lately she has, it is said, been earning $2,500 a week with her violin.

Winnipeg can boast of a capable and clever stock company. They came into possession of the old Winnipeg theatre last September and they are still with us and going strong. Their success has been truly phenomenal and plays from dramatists like Hall Caine, Anthony Hope, Henry V. Esmond, J. I. Clarke, and in fact from all the leading playwrights of the day have been presented to crowded houses.

In Rebecca Warren they have a leading lady who is an emotional actress of the first degree, while if George Alison, who plays the leading masculine roles, could be persuaded to forget that he was acting when on the stage and thereby infuse just a wee bit more realism into his parts, his success would be more pronounced.

The Claude Amsden Company (whom we remember as the former Roseian Co.) have been touring the West with a repertoire of several plays, the most successful being "The Governor's Wife." This play abounds in humorous situations and clever dialogue and its interpretation was productive of continual laughter. As the Governor, Mr. Amsden was highly amusing in his endeavors to hide his little peccadilloes from the keen eyes of his wife, in which latter capacity Miss Hazel Davenport appeared to great advantage. John Harvey, as the melancholy musician in search of his hat, is also worthy of a special word of commendation and the Thelma of Miss Eleanor Jenkins, was very effective.

This is a good clean company and one well worthy of support, which is quite a relief these days when such a lot of dramatic truck is being sent us from across the line.

Arbor Day was celebrated with concerts in Brandon, Portage la Prairie and several other Western towns. At Portage la Prairie one was given in the Opera House under the auspices of the 20,000 club and proved a great success.

The program varied and included oratory, essays and vocal and instrumental music.

The musical features included selections by Miss May Mawhinney, Mrs. Counsel, P. K. Matus and Hugh Baly.

Miss Mawhinney was in excellent voice and rendered "Nightingale's Song," "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" and "Spring" as her first number with splendid effect. "Villinelle," the second number, was sung with a finish and purity of accent and tone that was generally pleasing, while as an encore "Mary of Argyle" proved a delightful addition to the program.

Mrs. Counsel was heartily received and encored. She sang, "(Oh, for a Burst of Song" and "Indian Love Lyric" in a manner which marked her as a vocal artist of rare talent and she responded graciously to encores.

Mr. Hugh Baly, as a 'cello soloist, possesses exceptional ability and brought down the house with his exceptionally clever renditions.

T. Bonne Millar filled the position of accompanist most creditably.

Daniel Frohman writes interestingly in the current issue of "The Bohemian," regarding Arthur Wing Pinero, whose latest play, "His House in Order," is one of the season's successes. Mr. Frohman recalls this incident: "I once asked Pinero to write me a play of a certain style, and to emphasize my predilection for the subject, I suggested a considerable preliminary payment, which my one-time experience with Sardou taught me might gain instant approval. Mr. Pinero pondered over the matter for a day or two, but at the appointed hour said, 'Your offer is generous, but I can't see my way clear to accepting it. I must write according to my own subjects and my own convictions. But I am at work on a piece. As soon as it is done I will send you the play as usual. Produce it if you think the public will like it. If not, it doesn't matter.' The play turned out to be 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'—his greatest work. I did feel timorous about producing it. I thought our public was not ready for a theme that indicated so radical a change in my policy of productions at the Lyceum, in spite of the fact that it was a great work. George Alexander, for whom it was written in London, was equally diffident. I suggested to the author a tentative series of matinees. Curiously enough, Alexander made a similar suggestion. But the play was ultimately put into the evening bill at the St. James' Theatre, and I produced it in America with the Kendals. It was much criticized here, but it became and is a masterpiece.

At the Walker Theatre we have had either something remarkably good like Marie Hall, Schumann-Heinck and Gilbert Shorter, or else American Comic Opera. We have already dealt on the performances of the first two artistes and it only remains to touch on Gilbert Shorter's recital which took place on May 13th.

The theatre was well filled by a most appreciative audience, and altogether the recital was something to remember as a delightful social and artistic event.

Mr. Gilbert Shorter's best numbers were Lord Lytton's "At the Opera" and "King Robert of Sicily," also Ailey's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." In these he displayed a well-balanced dramatic power which carried his audience with him. The latter number especially, and "At the Opera," were tense with delicate climax and emotional rapport.

As a great favorite with the audience, however, was Little Beryl—a child of rare talent, as naturally dramatic and gifted of expression in her numbers as she is a child. Nothing could be sweeter dainties, or more enjoyable than her "Catechist," "Social Inequality," "Take Care Little Girl," and "Lullaby." To these tit-bits of childhood she carried an infantine felicity which carried the quaint, ever sweet dream back even through the years to her elder audience. Also in the two sketches in which she took part with Mr. Shorter and Mrs. Ward, she displayed unusual gift for a child, and a charm that rang true and natural.

Madame Lilian Adams proved herself a graceful, accomplished performer on the piano, with pure intonation and mastery of technique. Her own compositions displayed this to advantage, while Mrs. (Rose Murray) Ward, in both her sketches of Mr. Shorter, showed merit considerably above that of the regular professional.

Mrs. E. M. Counsell appeared only once, singing three selections, but added, nevertheless, much to the enjoyment of the evening. Her "Laplander's Love Song" was particularly well rendered, with its plaintive passion, as also her "Two Lovers," a mother's heart throb. She has a voice of fine range, clear, sparkling timbre, and perfect enunciation.

Bouquets were the order of the evening, a welcome sight indeed considering the lateness of the spring, and encores were quite as numerous.

Enjoyable Recital.

Rhys T... s' pupils and their friends at Winnipeg assembled at his studio on the evening of May 13th when the following programme was given and heartily enjoyed:

Mezzo Soprano—"My Ain Folk" .. ..L. G. Lemon.
Miss M. McBeth.

Baritone—"Angus Macdonald" ... .Roeckel.
Dr. J. P. Howden.

Contralto—
(a) "Pictures in the Fire" ..
(b) "Mammy's Lullaby" ... .A. N. Jamison.
Mrs. E. Nuttall.

Soprano—"Dawn, Gentle Flower" . ...Sterndale Bennett.
Miss Jean B. Duncan.

Tenor—"Ashore" .. ..H. Trotere.
Mr. Rowland Pritchard.

Contralto—"In a Chimney Corner" ....Cowen.
Miss C. M. Hood.

Bass—
(a "Entreaty" .. Wilson G. Smith.
(b) "The Chorister" ... .. Sullivan.
Mr. W. 'Davidson Thomson.

Soprano—
(a) "Dost Thou Love Me?" .. .. Melvin-Taylor.
(b) "In Spring-time" ...
Miss Anna Corinne DuVal.

Contralto—"A May Morning" ... . L. Denza.
Miss Gertrude Spark.

Bass—"The Mighty Deep" .. ... Jude.
Mr. Hugh A. Moat.

Contralto—"Thou Shalt Bring Them In" .... Handel.
Miss Eva Eagleton.

Margarea. Anglin left for Europe on May 4 to spend the summer.

A determined crusade for grand opera in English has been started by the London Truth.

"The Prince of Pilsen" has been heard in every state in the Union, in England and South Africa, and it will soon be introduced in France and Australia.

Joseph Murphy has returned to New York from Florida, where he had three month's fishing and otherwise enjoyed himself.

Fritzi Scheff sailed on La Loraine for Havre on May 2. She will go to Paris and Biaritz before settlir for a long visit at Carlsbad.

Jessie Bonstelle closed her engagement in New York on May 4, and went to Buffalo to enter upon her stock engagement.

LUBY'S

Parisian Hair Renewer

restores gray hair to its youthful natural color and beauty. Cures Dandruff and makes the hair grow strong and healthy.

All Druggists.

FRECKLES
MOTH-PATCHES
DISCOLORATIONS

There is no longer any need of having a spotted, blotched, sallow or discolored complexion, one that looks unwashed or diseased and anything but healthy. Don't feel sensitive or uncomfortable any longer, but use

PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

the one remedy above all others that makes bad complexions pure, clear and all that could be desired. A Boston, Mass., lady writes: "I have used one bottle of your complexion purifier and wish to thank you for all it has done for me. Send two more bottles." If your complexion is bad, try it.

Price $1.50, three for $4.00, express paid

CONSULT US FREE

by mail regarding any skin, scalp, hair or complexional trouble. Send 10 cents for books and sample White Rose Cream.

Graham Dermatological Institute

Dept. W., 502 Church St., Toronto

Oxydonor

Absorb Oxygen and be well.

To those suffering from chronic or acute disease—to all who have been pronounced incurable and who are discouraged with drugs or threatened with operations—we say

"Try Oxydonor"

It is invaluable in all Nervous Disorders, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Asthma, Pneumonia, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Blood and Skin Diseases, etc.

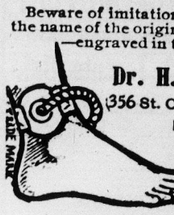
OXYDONOR will last for life, with care. It will serve the whole family. And is the perfect self treatment.

16 Austin Ave., TORONTO.

"I was suffering with a very bad attack of Nervous Prostration, when a friend advised me to try one of your OXYDONORS. I am very thankful now that I decided to get one, as I am almost cured, and can recommend it to all sufferers. We have also used it on our little boy for colds and fevers with good results.

JOSEPH RIDLEY.

Beware of imitations. The genuine bears the name of the originator—DR. H. SANCHE—engraved in the metal. Look for it.

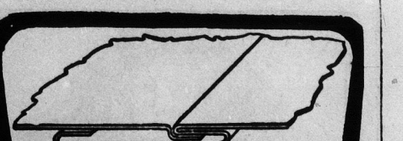


Dr. H. Sanche & Co.

356 St. Catherine Street West, MONTREAL. 15

61 Fifth Ave. Detroit, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHIC POST CARDS.—Send 10c. and we will mail you a complete set of 10 highly colored Photographic Souvenir Cards showing views of unusual scenic and historic interest, and prove a valuable addition to your collection.—**Post Supply Co.,** Box 21, 137 Waltham, Mass.



See that Lock

It is the perfect fitting, patented side lock on

EASTLAKE METALLIC SHINGLES

no other shingles have it. This famous device makes Eastlake Shingles the easiest and quickest laid—and also insures the roof being absolutely leak proof. Eastlake Shingles are fire, lightning and rust proof.

OUR GUARANTEE—We guarantee Eastlake Metallic Shingles to be made of better material, more scientifically and accurately constructed, more easily applied and will last longer than any other. Eastlake Shingles have been made since 1885.

Our cheapest grade will last longer and cost less than the best wooden shingles. Our best Metallic Shingles should not be mentioned in the same breath with any other roof covering, shingles, slate or tin. Write us for reasons.

The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited,
Manufacturers, Toronto and Winnipeg

41

For Table Use—
For Kitchen Use—
For the Dairy—

Windsor Salt

is Best. Pure—fine—well-savoured.
Grocers'—everywhere.

130

Choose a Profession That is not Overcrowded

There is a great and growing demand for skilled Refractionists throughout Canada. In each town and village there is an opening for an eye specialist, whose practice will be fully as large and calling just as dignified as that of the doctor, the surgeon or the dentist. A three months' course in

The EMPIRE COLLEGE - - - - OF OPHTHALMOLOGY
LIMITED
358 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

will fit you for this lucrative field. Diploma and Degree of Doctor of Optics granted. Only chartered College of its kind in Canada.

Write for Announcements.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Testimonial.

Montreal, July 19, 1906.

Dear Dr. Tuttle.—It gives me great pleasure to say a few words for Tuttles Elixir, the greatest liniment of the age. We, sir, have freely used it for many years on our horses and ourselves with the most gratifying results. it has no equal. It allays pain, cures lameness, and is a sure antidote for many ills when taken internally or applied externally. As a wash, reduced, it leads them all. I use nothing else. It took wind puffs off Josephine's limbs and they never came back. We used Tuttle's Elixir on Queen Alexandra (2.23¼) and Josephine (2.17¼) always as a wash. Every horseman should keep it on hand.

W. N. Phelps, (A. M.),
East Alburg, Vermont.

A Handsome Catalogue.

The Acme Harvesting Machine Co., Peoria, Ill., U. S. A., has just issued a handsome catalogue containing a fund of information to all who are interested in farm machinery. We are indebted to this firm for the copy they sent us. The illustrations are a credit to the artist who produced them and the letter press is good and the type used clear and readable.

A Successful Furnace.

With this issue of the Western Home Monthly the McClary Manufacturing Co., of London, Ont., commence their advertising for this year, using a series of ten attractively illustrated ads. The illustrating in these ads. is the work of an artist, as can readily be seen, and while the quality of the drawings is of a very high order, every ad. leads with a practical feature of the furnace. From glancing over the ten advertisements you are quickly impressed with the many good features of the "Sunshine." The reading part is also very clear and forceful. The McClary Co. claim to be the largest manufacturers under the British flag of stoves, ranges and furnaces, employing over twelve hundred people all the year round. Their London factories cover nearly three city blocks and are considered to be about the best equipped in the world.

The McClary business was established in 1852 and has grown steadily since the beginning. Branch warehouses have been established in all the leading Canadian cities and a large force of travelling salesmen are constantly calling at every city, town and hamlet in the interests of this mammoth concern. The McClary Co. freely admit that a large measure of their growth is due to carefully planned and persistent newspaper advertising, which is a strong evidence of the influence and force of the Canadian press.

Corrugated Sheets for Barns.

With the price of lumber soaring to almost prohibitive prices, it remained for the ingenuity of brainy men to solve the question of cheaper and better material for barn construction.

Corrugated galvanized sheeting for barns known as the "Acorn Brand," is being sold by Messrs. Clare & Brockest, Winnipeg. This galvanized covering will protect your building from lightning, prevents fires from the outside, is easily and cheaply applied and will last for a generation.

It will be to the advantage of every farmer or others interested in solving the problem of modern barn construction, to write Messrs. Clare & Brockest, Winnipeg, for a copy of their new illustrated catalogue on barn construction. This book contains testimonials from users, who write in glowing terms of the advantage in using corrugated galvanized sheets instead of lumber. When writing, please mention this paper.

A Correction.

Alfred A. Codd & Co.'s advertisement on page 39 of our May issue contained a typographical error which requires some explanation.

The word "Estey" was spelled "Esty," and after the words "Estey Reed Organ" there should have been a period.

The majority of our readers no doubt understood the general tenor of the advertisement, but to those who may not have fully comprehended the true meaning we offer this explanation. It was one of those mistakes which printers will sometimes persist in making.

"Success" Manure Spreaders.

The manure spreader has proven to be an absolute necessity to every farmer. In addition to the great saving in time and labor, which in itself is a great deal where labor is as expensive as in this country, its worth must be considered from other view points as well. Farmers who use a manure spreader know well that a light top dressing of manure evenly spread will increase the yield by fully 25 per cent. and the crop will ripen some ten days earlier.

The use of manure increases the productiveness of the land and consequently enhances the value of the farm. The "Success" manure spreader, sold by the Paris Plow Co., Winnipeg, gives general satisfaction and the demand for them is rapidly increasing. Every farmer should write for a catalogue, free for the asking, telling all about this very successful and valuable machine. A post card will bring you a catalogue. When writing please mention this paper.

THEIR BUSINESS GROWING.

Makers of Magic Baking Powder to Build $30,000 Addition to Plant.

It will be of interest to housekeepers throughout Canada to learn that E. W. Gillett Company, Ltd., are building a $30,000 addition to their already large factory. Since their establishment, this company have gone on steadily progressing and for the past few years the growth of the business has been very rapid, as the merits of the goods manufactured by the company became better known. Magic Baking Powder and the other standard articles manufactured by this company as our readers know are recognized as household staples.

Orange Lily a Medicine for Women.

Judicious advertising of an article of merit is sure to lead to success. A few short years ago, Orange Lily, a medicine for local treatment of women's disorders, was comparatively little known about to women of Western Canada. In some of the older provinces in Canada it was better known, and the many testimonials which poured in on the discoverer of this medicine, Dr. Coonley, of Detroit, convinced the management that the efficacy of the medicine was being appreciated by women sufferers throughout America. Last autumn Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, of Windsor, Ont., who is the Canadian manager for "Orange Lily," made arrangements to have a series of advertisements appear in this magazine, with a view to bringing to the attention of women sufferers in Western Canada the curative merits of Orange Lily. That her judgment was sound in arriving at such decision is now quite evident as the demand for "Orange Lily" from women sufferers throughout the West is largely on the increase. "Orange Lily" is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by the T. Eaton Co., Ltd. Drug Department, and the sales have shown a marked increase of late.

Prevention of Consumption.

The following points and suggestions regarding the prevention of consumption, which deserve the attention of everybody are gathered from a recent article by Dr. Knopf, of New York, which is to be found in the Medical Record of November 18th, 1905.

There are more cases of advanced tuberculosis to be treated than any other disease.

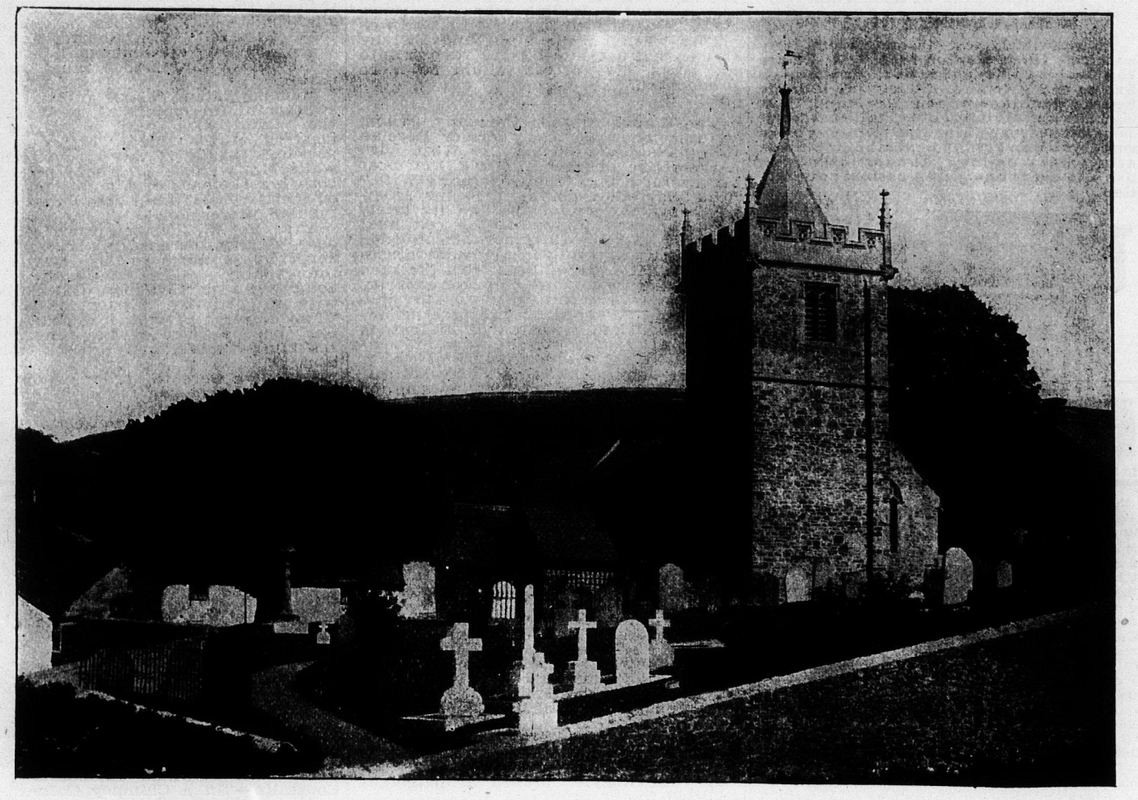
There is no disease where so much can be done to render the patient comfortable and hopeful as pulmonary tuberculosis in the advanced stage.

There is no disease where one case in a family can more readily become the cause of infection of other members, particularly in the stage where the consumptive begins to be confined to the close association of the family members only.

It is extremely important to remember that advanced consumptive patients who are able to go about, perhaps able to work at their ordinary calling in the office or factory, when ignorant or careless, constitute the greatest danger to the health of the community. They must be considered as the most frequent cause of infection. The careless, ignorant or helpless consumptive, when confined to bed, can do little more than infect his room, but the advanced patient able to follow some calling can, if he is careless, scatter 7,000,000,000 bacilli every day with the greatest ease.

Of all tuberculosis patients, he should be the most carefully instructed and should be most deeply impressed with the fact that carelessness in the disposal of the sputum is dangerous to himself as well as to his neighbors.

As yet, people generally have not been educated up to the point at which they are willing to carry and use a pocket flask or cardboard purse. Being desirous to conceal their condition, they are extremely reluctant to do anything which would call attention to their infirmity. Some way less likely to cause remark must be found. Probably the



A typical English church and churchyard. Timberscombe Church, Somersetshire, England

best that can be done in
is to suggest that tub
should have two pockets
some material which ca
cleaned and that they sh
one of these pockets very
kerchiefs or bits of cheese
cheap material cut like
which when used can be
other pocket and there k
close of the day, when
easily destroyed or steriliz
after their return home.
they can escape observatio
same time secure their fel
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so simple a precaution as
so easily within the reach
thinking man, is available,
use of it, would seem to
than criminal neglect.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LI

**The Largest Order Ev
In Canada.**

The wholesalers are th
of the drug trade. When
druggists stock any prepa
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sign that it is in increas
Probably the largest order
in Canada for a standard
recently given to Fruit-a-t
by The National Drug a
Company of Canada, Limite
100 gross (14,400 boxes)
tives" or "Fruit Liver Tab
Inside of two months,
Drug and Chemical Co. so
quantity, and purchased a
100 gross.

These orders of 200 gros
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sale of "Fruit-a-tives" has
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this excellent preparation.

This fruit remedy no do
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of newspaper advertising
told the story of "Fruit-a-
many of our people, its v
be known only to the few.

Real merit and newspa
tising mean success.

Feeding and Veterinary

Is the name of a valuab
published by The Hackney
Co., of Winnipeg. It conta
tion as to the best method
and also instructions regard
vention and cure of disea
stock and poultry.

Any stock owner can ob
these books, free, by wri
Hackney Stock Food Co.
that our subscribers will fi
very valuable to them.

Hail Insurance.

The formation of hai
companies has greatly mi
risk which farmers were
in days gone by.

Life insurance was concei
on a practical working bas
men who saw the need of
tion it would give to cou
sands of families.

Fire insurance was inst
safeguard against loss by fi

Hail insurance, just as
the grain grower as either o
is now conducted in such a
enable the farmer, at a sma
insure his crops against
The destruction of a cro
about as dire a calamity to
who needs the money it wil
as would be the loss of his
by fire.

Scarcely a season passes
some part of the country
by a hailstorm which leav
tion and often total destruc
crop in its train.

The farmer who happens
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to have his crop insured is
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his good judgment and fore
is the time of year when
should make up his mind a
out a hail insurance policy
not already done so.

The attention of our
directed to the business ann
in this issue of two Weste
hail insurance companies, viz
tral Canada Insurance C
Brandon, Man., and The
Farmers' Mutual Hail Insur

Let me mail you free, to
samples of my Dr Shoop's
and my book on e'ther dys
heart or kidneys. Address me,
Racine, Wis. Troubles of
heart or kidneys are me-el
of a deeper ailment. Don't
common error of treating
only. Symptom treatment
the result of your ailment,
cause. Weak stomach nerv
side nerves—means stomach
always. And the heart and
well, have their controlling
nerves. Weaken these n
Here is where Dr. Shoop's
has made its fame. No ot
even claims to treat the "ins
Also for bloating, bilious
breath or complexion, use
Restorative. Write for my
now. Dr. Shoop's Restorati
all druggists.

best that can be done in the meantime is to suggest that tuberculous men should have two pockets lined with some material which can be easily cleaned and that they should carry in one of these pockets very cheap handkerchiefs or bits of cheesecloth or other cheap material cut like handkerchiefs, which when used can be put into the other pocket and there kept until the close of the day, when they can be easily destroyed or sterilized by boiling after their return home. In this way they can escape observation and at the same time secure their fellow workmen and associates against danger. When so simple a precaution as this, and one so easily within the reach of every right thinking man, is available, not to make use of it, would seem to be little less than criminal neglect.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

The Largest Order Ever Given In Canada.

The wholesalers are the barometers of the drug trade. When the wholesale druggists stock any preparation extensively, this fact may be taken as a sure sign that it is in increasing demand. Probably the largest order ever placed in Canada for a standard remedy was recently given to Fruit-a-tives Limited by The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, calling for 100 gross (14,400 boxes) of "Fruit-a-tives" or "Fruit Liver Tablets."

Inside of two months, The National Drug and Chemical Co. sold the entire quantity, and purchased an additional 100 gross.

These orders of 200 gross, aggregating 28,800 boxes, show how large the sale of "Fruit-a-tives" has grown; and proves, too, that people all over the Dominion are fully alive to the value of this excellent preparation.

This fruit remedy no doubt has real merit, yet were it not for the best kind of newspaper advertising, which has told the story of "Fruit-a-tives" to so many of our people, its virtues would be known only to the few.

Real merit and newspaper advertising mean success.

Feeding and Veterinary Advice

Is the name of a valuable book just published by The Hackney Stock Food Co., of Winnipeg. It contains information as to the best methods of feeding, and also instructions regarding the prevention and cure of disease amongst stock and poultry.

Any stock owner can obtain one of these books, free, by writing to The Hackney Stock Food Co. We are sure that our subscribers will find this book very valuable to them.

Hail Insurance.

The formation of hail insurance companies has greatly minimized the risk which farmers were subjected to in days gone by.

Life insurance was conceived and put on a practical working basis by clever men who saw the need of the protection it would give to countless thousands of families.

Fire insurance was instituted as a safeguard against loss by fire.

Hail insurance, just as necessary to the grain grower as either of the others, is now conducted in such a way as to enable the farmer, at a small outlay, to insure his crops against hailstorms. The destruction of a crop by hail is about as dire a calamity to the farmer who needs the money it will bring him, as would be the loss of his outbuildings by fire.

Scarcely a season passes but what some part of the country is visited by a hailstorm which leaves devastation and often total destruction of the crop in its train.

The farmer who happens to get his crop hailed out on which he has no insurance is often subjected to great distress, while his neighbor who happens to have his crop insured is usually envied by his less fortunate brother for his good judgment and foresight. This is the time of year when the farmer should make up his mind about taking out a hail insurance policy, if he has not already done so.

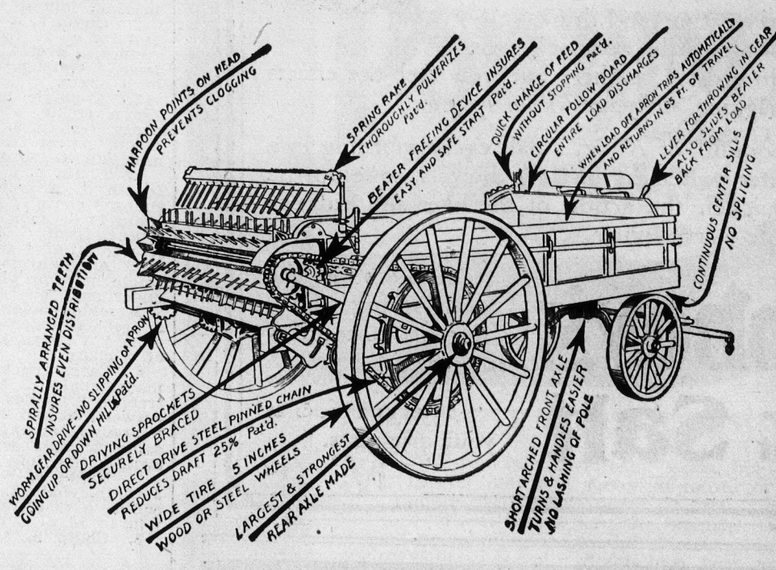
The attention of our readers is directed to the business announcements in this issue of two Western Canadian hail insurance companies, viz.: The Central Canada Insurance Company, of Brandon, Man., and The Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Co.

Let me mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr Shoop's Restorative, and my book on either dyspepsia, the heart or kidneys. Address me, Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Troubles of the stomach, heart or kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—means stomach weakness, always. And the heart and kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write for my free book now. Dr. Shoop's Restorative sold by all druggists.

"SUCCESS" Manure Spreaders

THE BEST INVESTMENT A FARMER CAN MAKE.

Few farmers realize the importance of putting manure on top of the growing crop. This is where it does the most good, and when evenly distributed with a Manure Spreader at the rate of about six loads to the acre will increase the yield 25 % and cause it to ripen 10 days earlier, which is very important these short seasons.



The "Success" always pleases.

Selby, Sept. 7, 1905.

Paris Plow Co., Ltd.

Gentlemen,

Last fall I purchased one of your "Success" Manure Spreaders and have found it very satisfactory. Four of my neighbors have used it also, and it has convinced us that Manure Spreaders are a great benefit to the farming community.

Yours Truly,
M. P. Hudgin.

Send for free 50-page Catalogue.

The PARIS PLOW CO., Limited, WINNIPEG.

A Message to Weak Men

Spring is here, and it is a time of the year that, with its changeable climate, brings out the defects in all men. If you are not equal to these sudden changes of weather, be sure that this condition will manifest itself now. If you have not taken care of yourself through the winter months; if you have overworked; if you have been careless in diet and your blood circulation is sluggish and your system is full of impurities, now you will pay the penalty; now you will feel the loss of that vital energy that makes life worth living. Now is the time when weak men suffer the most; the time when their weakness is a constant worry to them. What would you not sacrifice to regain your lost manhood, to be able to hold up your head and feel that you are the equal of any man? Here is the chance for you weak, sickly men to regain your lost vigor and energy, to become men of power, bounding with the vim of life and strength in every vital organ and muscle of your body. Men have come to me almost without hope, discouraged, and I can point to these men today, after their having worn my

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT,

happy, enthused and shouting with gladness in the possession of the full vigor of perfect manhood. These men will at any time be glad to tell you what I have done for them. If you have thought much of your trouble you know that the force which keeps up the health and strength of your body is nothing more or less than electricity. All the motive power in your body is born of electricity. That is what you lack, and that force given to your weak organism, as I will give it, will renew your strength. You will be able to enjoy life. You will be strong again.

The confidence I have in the wonderful curative power of my Belt allows me to offer any man or woman who can give me reasonable security the use of the Belt at my risk, and they can

PAY WHEN CURED

Dear Sir,—I was greatly troubled with backache, so much so that I had to quit work several times, but after I bought your Belt I wore it for forty days and it did wonders for me. Now I can do any kind of work and never feel a pain in my back. It has completely cured me. Hoping others will do as you advise, I remain, —Hormidas, Lamoureaux, Alta.

Dear Sir,—The Belt which I purchased from you nearly three years ago was all that I could expect, as my back never bothers me at all now except when I get a cold, then I wear the Belt a few nights, perhaps two or three, and I am alright again. Thanking you for the goodness of the Belt and the benefits I have received, I am,—O. Stockford. Altamont, Man.

Call To-Day—FREE BOOK

This book should be read by every man. It tells facts that are of interest to every man who wants to remain young in vitality at any age. Call if you can, if you can't send coupon for our beautifully illustrated 84-page Free Book.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,
112 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Please send me your book, free

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Saturday until 9 p.m.

Write Plain.

Winter's High Living Tells in the Spring

Too hearty eating and drinking—late hours—too little exercise—pass unnoticed in frosty weather, but you feel the effects now in a "sagging" of your whole system.

A teaspoonful of Abbey's Salt every morning in a glass of water will clear out the bowels, tone up the stomach, quicken the action of the liver and kidneys and make life worth living.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

Abbey's is the ideal spring tonic. Try it to-morrow morning.

25c. and 60c. at your druggists.

138

SEND A SAMPLE OF YOUR HAIR.

We will quote you a price on whatever length switch you desire. All Dorenwend's Hair Goods have a well established reputation for quality and style. Our representatives in Germany buy only the best natural human hair, which is used in all our Hair Goods.

DORENWEND'S WIGS AND TOUPEES.

They will positively take the place of your own hair. Now don't say it can't be done, for it can, if you get a Dorenwend production. There is no other made that compares with them either for naturalness, comfort or wear.

Write for Ladies' Circular or Circular on "Baldness." Mention this Paper.

THE DORENWEND CO. of Toronto, Ltd., 103 and 105 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Three Favorites on the Farm

Heavy coiled steel wire fence, hard steel wire lock that does not rust or slip and kinks both wires. All heavily galvanized and is replacing other makes of fencing using lighter gauged wire. Can be erected as cheaply as barb wire and

DOES NOT INJURE STOCK.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. BUY THE BEST. AGENTS WANTED.

The Great West Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,

76 LOMBARD ST., WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Western Home Monthly is the best magazine for the price in America. One dollar in advance will pay for three years' subscription. Remit to-day.

Work for Busy Fingers.

A Handsome Plate Doily or Centre-piece.

Chain 10, join.

1. Chain 3, for 1st treble, 20 trebles in ring, join to top of 3 chain.
2. Chain 6, a treble between 3 chain and 1st of 20 trebles, * chain 5, miss 5 trebles, a treble between next 2, repeat from * 4 times, chain 5 and join to 3d of 6 chain.
3. A single under 3 chain, chain 3 for a treble, 6 trebles under same 3 chain, * chain 3, 7 trebles under next 3 chain, repeat from * 4 times, chain 3, and join to top of 3 chain.
4. Chain 4, a treble in next treble, (chain 1, a treble in next treble) 5 times, * chain 2, (a treble in next treble, chain 1) 6 times, a treble in next treble, repeat from * 4 times, chain 2, and join to 3d of 4 chain.
5. A single under 1 chain, chain 3, a treble in same place, (chain 1, 2 trebles under next one chain 5 times, * chain 2, 2 trebles under next 1 chain, (chain 1, 2 trebles under next) 5 times, repeat from * 4 times, chain 2, and join to top of 3 chain.
6. Catch back under 2 chain just made, chain 8, * miss 3 groups of trebles, 2 trebles with 3 chain between, between 3d and 4th groups, repeat from * around, ending with 1 treble under same 2 chain where the row started, chain 3, and join to 3d of 8 chain.
7. Chain 6, * 7 trebles under next 3 chain, chain 3, repeat from * around, ending with 6 trebles under last 3 chain, join to 3d of 6 chain.
8. Chain 5, * a treble in 1st of 7 trebles, following, (chain 1, a treble in next) 5 times, chain 2, repeat from * around, ending with a treble, with 1 chain between, in each of 6 trebles, chain 1 and join to 3d of 5 chain.
9. A single back under 1 chain last made, chain 5, * 2 trebles under next 1 chain, (chain 1, 2 trebles under next, chain 1) 5 times, chain 2, repeat from * around, ending with 1 treble under the chain where 5 chain started, and join to 3d of same 5 chain.
10. A single in each of next 2 stitches, bringing you to centre of 2 chain, * 2 knot-stitches, miss 3 trebles, fasten between next 2, repeat from * around, fastening last 2 knot-stitches where 1st 2 started.
11. Make 1 knot-stitch, catch in last knot made, * 2 knot-stitches, fasten in next knot, repeat from * around, join.
12. Make 1 knot-stitch, catch in last knot made, chain 3, 2 trebles in same place, * chain 3, 3 trebles in next knot, repeat from * around, join to top of 3 chain representing 1st of 3 trebles.
13. Catch back under 3 chain, chain 8, * a treble under next 3 chain, chain 5, repeat from * around, and join to 3d of 8 chain.
14. * make 5 doubles under each of 3 chains of 5, chain 3, 3 trebles under next 5 chain, chain 3; repeat from * around.
15. * miss 1st of 15 doubles, 13 doubles in next 13, chain 3, 3 trebles in 1st of 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in last of same 3 trebles, chain 3; repeat from * around.
16. * make 11 doubles in 11 doubles, missing 1st and last of 13 doubles in last row, chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles under 3 chain, chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 3; repeat from * around.
17. * make 9 doubles over 11 doubles, missing 1st and last, chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in 1st of next 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in last of same 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in next 3 trebles, chain 3; repeat from * around.
18. * make 7 doubles over 9 doubles, missing 1st and last, (chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles) twice, chain 3, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 treoles twice, chain 3; repeat.
19. * make 5 doubles over 7 doubles, missing 1st and last, (chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles twice, chain 3, 3 trebles in 1st of next 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in last of same 3 trebles, (chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles) twice, chain 3; repeat.
20. * make 3 doubles over 5 doubles, missing 1st and last, (chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles) 3 times, chain 3, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 3, 3 trebles in next 3 trebles) 3 times, chain 3; repeat.
21. A double in 2d of 3 doubles, * (chain 3, 3 trebles in next 3 trebles 3 times, chain 3, 3 trebles in 1st of next 3 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles in last of same, (chain 3, 3 trebles in next 3 trebles 3 times, chain 3, a double in 2d of 3 doubles, chain 3, catch back in top of 3 chain last made to bring the scallops together, and repeat from *.
22. Make 8 trebles under 3 chain, a double in 2d of 3 trebles, all around. This row will close the scallops, if preferred, so that there is no need of catching at top of 3 chain.

Riboon may be run in and out the spaces formed by 13th row.

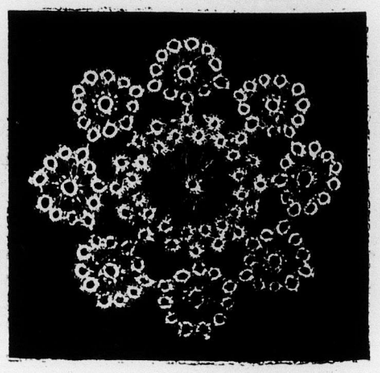
This doily may be called "many in one," since the 5th row completes a very pretty tidy wheel, the 9th row a little doily, the 11th or 12th a still larger doily, and the whole, especially with ribbon run in the spaces suggested and tied in a pretty bow at one side, makes a very pretty bureau-mate. If desired, the edge may be easily applied to a round or oval linen centre.

A Handsome Plate Doily or Centre-piece.

Tatted Tumbler Doily.

Begin in the centre with a ring of (1 double knot, 1 picot) 15 times, 1 double knot, close. Fasten off and tie thread securely. Make the picots not less than ½ inch long.

2. Make a ring of (1 double knot, 1 picot) 6 times, 1 double knot, join to picot of centre, (1 double knot, 1 picot) 6 times, 1 double knot, close; leave ¼-inch thread, make another ring, leave ¼



Tatted Tumbler Doily.

inch, make a 3d ring like 1st, next picot of centre and to ring by 3d picot at side; leav make a 4th ring, joining to by 3d picot; repeat around, a double row of 5 rings e last to 1st, and fasten off. T a pretty wheel for tidy or c pose. If desired, the long pic centre may be darned to Teneriffe work; or a simple wheel may be woven around ring.

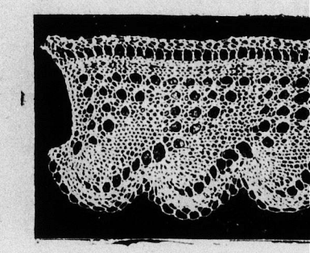
3. Begin in centre of roset ring of 1 double knot, (1 picot knots) 10 times, 1 picot, 1 do close; cut and tie thread. Star 1st picot, leave ¼-inch thread ring of (2 double knots, 1 times, 2 double knots, close; inch thread, draw through nex center ring, leave ¼ inch, m ring like 1st, and join to 3d side. Repeat until you have around the centre, cut and ti Join each rosette to a picot of centre of doily, thus: (2 dou 1 picot) 4 times, 2 double k to centre picot of ring in cent then finish the ring. Join the by middle picots of rings at s ing 1 ring between this and which is joined to wheel. Th 6 "free" rings outside. Miss the wheel between the joinin will be 8 rosettes in the doily.

As made, this is a lovely medallion for a shirt-waist.

Triangle Lace.

Cast on 19 stitches, knit acr

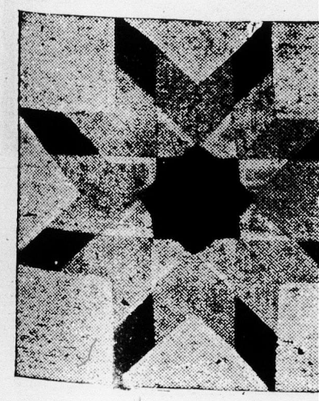
1. (Knit 2, over, narrow) tw 6, over, narrow, knit 3.



Triangle Lace.

2. Over twice (making a loo the needle), purl 1, knit 3, pur 7, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
3. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit narrow, knit 3.
4. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3 knit 12, purl 1, knit 2.
5. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit narrow) twice, knit 6, over, narr 3.
6. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3 knit 7, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, purl 1, knit 2.
7. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit narrow, knit 3.
8. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, knit 14, purl 1, knit 2.
9. (Knit 2, over, narrow) (over, narrow) twice, knit 6, ov row, knit 3.
10. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3 knit 7, (purl 1, knit 1) twice, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
11. Knit 2, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 3.
12. Over twice, purl 1, knit 1, knit 16, purl 1, knit 2.
13. (Knit 2, over, narrow (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 6, ov row, knit 3.
14. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3 knit 7, (purl 1, knit 1) 3 times, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
15. Knit 2, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 3.
16. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3 knit 18, purl 1, knit 2.
17. (Knit 2, over, narrow) (over, narrow) 4 times, knit 6 narrow, knit 3.
18. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, knit 7, (purl 1, knit 1) 4 times, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
19. Knit 2, over, narrow, k over, narrow, knit 3.
20. Over twice, purl 1, knit row, 5 times, draw 5 previous over last narrowed, knit 11, purl 2.

Repeat from 1st row. This is nice pattern for trimming garments, and in Saxony or sil pecially desirable as a finish for skirts.



National Star Quilt Block.

inch, make a 3d ring like 1st, joining to next picot of centre and to preceding ring by 3d picot at side; leave ¼ inch, make a 4th ring, joining to preceding by 3d picot; repeat around, making a double row of 5 rings each. Join last to 1st, and fasten off. This makes a pretty wheel for tidy or other purpose. If desired, the long picots of the centre may be darned to represent Teneriffe work; or a simple ribbed-wheel may be woven around the centre ring.

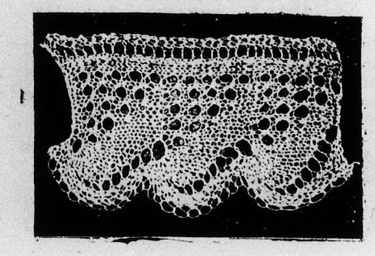
3. Begin in centre of rosette with a ring of 1 double knot, (1 picot, 2 double knots) 10 times, 1 picot, 1 double knot, close; cut and tie thread. Starting from 1st picot, leave ¼-inch thread, make a ring of (2 double knots, 1 picot 9 times, 2 double knots, close; leave ¼-inch thread, draw through next picot of center ring, leave ¼ inch, make next ring like 1st, and join to 3d picot at side. Repeat until you have 11 rings around the centre, cut and tie thread. Join each rosette to a picot of wheel in centre of doily, thus: (2 double knots, 1 picot) 4 times, 2 double knots, join to centre picot of ring in centre wheel, then finish the ring. Join the rosettes by middle picots of rings at side, missing 1 ring between this and the ring which is joined to wheel. This leaves 6 "free" rings outside. Miss 1 ring of the wheel between the joinings; there will be 8 rosettes in the doily.

As made, this is a lovely inset or medallion for a shirt-waist.

Triangle Lace.

Cast on 19 stitches, knit across plain.

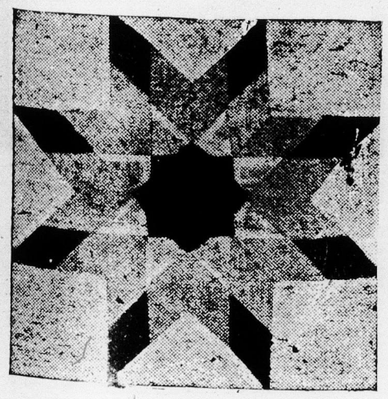
1. (Knit 2, over, narrow) twice, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 3.



Triangle Lace.

2. Over twice (making a loop around the needle), purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 7, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
3. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit 11, over, narrow, knit 3.
4. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 12, purl 1, knit 2.
5. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, (over, narrow) twice, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 3.
6. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 7, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
7. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit 13, over, narrow, knit 3.
8. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 14, purl 1, knit 2.
9. (Knit 2, over, narrow) twice, (over, narrow) twice, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 3.
10. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 7, (purl 1, knit 1) twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
11. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit 15, over, narrow, knit 3.
12. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 16, purl 1, knit 2.
13. (Knit 2, over, narrow) twice (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 3.
14. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 7, (purl 1, knit 1) 3 times, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
15. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit 17, over, narrow, knit 3.
16. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 18, purl 1, knit 2.
17. (Knit 2, over, narrow) twice, (over, narrow) 4 times, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 3.
18. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 7, (purl 1, knit 1) 4 times, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2.
19. Knit 2, over, narrow, knit 19, over, narrow, knit 3.
20. Over twice, purl 1, knit 3, narrow, 5 times, draw 5 previous stitches over last narrowed, knit 11, purl 1, knit 2.

Repeat from 1st row. This is a very nice pattern for trimming undergarments, and in Saxony or silk is especially desirable as a finish for flannel skirts.



National Star Quilt Block.

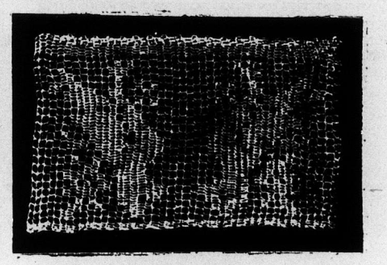
"National Star" Quilt Block.

This pattern is especially designed for using small pieces. The diamonds are 1¼ inches on each side, or may be made as much larger as wished; the center square is 1¾ inches, the corner squares 2½ inches. The points of the star are red, the double row of diamonds of blue and center of red. The quilt may be set with alternating white blocks, or be made entirely of piece work as preferred.

Sparrow Lace.

Make a chain of 85 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, (chain 2, miss 2, a treble in next—forming a space) 22 times, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, (miss 3, 3 trebles, each separated by 2 chain, in next) 3 times, turn.
2. Chain 6, (a double under 2 chain, chain 3) 5 times, a double under next 2 chain, chain 1, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, * 4 spaces, 1 block, 17 spaces, 1 block, turn. Remember that 4 trebles constitute a block, counting the 1 that helped form preceding space, 7 trebles stand for 2 blocks, 10 trebles for 3 blocks, and so on, adding 3 trebles for a block after the 1st.
3. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 17 spaces, 1 block, 4 spaces, * 4 trebles in 4 trebles, (3 trebles, separated by 2 chain, under the loop over the 3 trebles in 2d row back) 3 times, turn.
4. Like 2d row to *, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 4 spaces, 1 block, 11 spaces, 1 block, turn.
5. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 1 space, 1 block, 3 spaces, 1 block, 2 spaces, 1 block, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 3 spaces; like 3d row from * to end.
6. Like 2d to *; 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 2 spaces, (1 block, 1 space) 4 times, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, turn.
7. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 5 blocks, 5 spaces; like 3d from *.
8. Like 2d to *; 5 spaces, 6 blocks, 3 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 2 blocks, 4 spaces, 1 block, turn.
9. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 6 spaces; like 3d from *.
10. Like 2d to *; 6 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, (2 spaces, 1 block), twice, turn.
11. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 5 spaces, 1 block, 2 spaces, 7 blocks, 1 space, (1 block, 2 spaces), twice; like 3d from *.
12. Like 2d to *; 1 space, 6 blocks, 2 spaces, 7 blocks, 7 spaces, 1 block, turn.
13. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 3 spaces, 6 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 3 spaces, 1 block, 2 spaces; like 3d row from *.
14. Like 2d to *; 1 space, 1 block, 5 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 8 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, turn.
15. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 1 space, 13 blocks, (1 space, 1 block) twice, 4 spaces; like 3d from *.
16. Like 2d to *; 5 spaces, 1 block, 3 spaces, 9 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, turn.



Sparrow Lace.

17. Chain 3, 3 trebles, (2 spaces, 4 blocks) twice, 3 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 4 spaces; like 3d row from *.
18. Like 2d to *; 11 spaces, 2 blocks, 4 spaces, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 1 block, turn.
19. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 4 spaces, 1 block, 17 spaces; like 3d row from *.
20. Like 2d to *; 22 spaces, 1 block, turn.
21. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 22 spaces; like 3d from * to end.
22. Like 20th row.
23. Like 21st row.

This completes one bird, with the 4 rows of open spaces between the two. Repeat from 19th row back to 1st row, if you want the birds to face each other, or from the 1st row if they are to be worked in regular order. The insertion is made by omitting the edge, simply having a selvedge of 4 trebles at each side. The edge may be as much deeper as desired, or another than that described may be substituted. A very simple and pretty edge is made as follows: After the 4 trebles at the lower side, (chain 3, miss 1, fasten in next) 5 times, turn.

2. Chain 6, fasten in last 3 chain made, (chain 3, fasten in next) 4 times, chain 3, 4 trebles in 4 trebles, and so on.
3. After 4 trebles, (chain 3, fasten in loop) 5 times, turn.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for piles, and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

THE Greatest of Tonics
PSYCHINE
(Pronounced SI-KEEN.)
FOR ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' SUCCESSFUL RECORD

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"My son had a terrible cough and was wasted to a shadow. Doctors said he could not live. He used Psychine, it cured him."—Mrs. J. Ranger, Brockville.

"After taking $5.00 worth of Psychine my lungs are well and life is again worth living."—Mrs. I. Richards, Marriotts Cove, N.S.

"My lungs are now sound as a bell after using Psychine."—H. Robbins, Bridgeburg, Ont.

"Psychine saved my life."—A. Walden, 7 Cornwall St., Toronto.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominon Lands in Manitoba Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

When writing advertisers, please mention Western Home Monthly.

Round the Evening Lamp.

Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, &c.

No. 1.—RIDDLE.

Three and thirty "what d' ye thinks" sitting in a row,
And bigger every day they got as fast as they could grow;
All of them had heads, but not a single one an eye,
And so, whatever happened, they really couldn't cry.
One had on a purple dress, which looked green in the light;
Another was a little one, and very like a fright;
Another had a crooked back, but most were fat and round,
And I saw a mighty army of them sitting on the ground.
Wrapped in and out with foldings, spread loose and thick and deep,
They cuddled in among them all when they went off to sleep;
Sleep, sleep it was the whole day long, and sleep, too, all the night,
Oh, they were very stupid things—not one of them was bright.
Yes, three and thirty "what d' ye thinks" sitting in a row—
What shall we call these wonders? Come, tell us, if you know.

No. 2.—WORD SQUARE.

A word square consists of a certain number of words all of the same length, which, when arranged one beneath another, will read the same across and downward.

1. The cry of a wolf.
2. A monster.
3. A small bird.
4. A fast.

No. 3.—TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

1. Gives right to.
2. A prince.
3. A token of victory.
4. A sylvan deity.
5. A creator.

To solve these five puzzles, find for each picture (or set of pictures) a word, or words, that will describe it, and then transpose the letters of the descriptive word or words so as to form another word which will answer to the definition below the picture.

No. 4.—LADDER.

Uprights:

1st, a great statesman.
2nd, a Southern poet.

Rounds:

1st, parched with heat.
2nd, a mental image.
3rd, a girl's name.
4th, an English title.
5th, shortly.
6th, to reverberate.

No. 5.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

What architectural edifice does this picture suggest.

No. 6.—PROBLEM.

Bought 516 yards of linen at 75 cents per yard, which sunk 1½ per cent. in bleaching. After keeping it 6 months it was sold on six months' credit at 20 per cent. advance on a yard. What was it sold for per yard, and how much was made by the operators, allowing 7 per cent. interest on the money invested?

No. 7.—PLANTED FLOWERS.

1. Plant a certain planet, and what will come up?
2. Plant part of an Indian's weapon, and what will come up?
3. Plant a bright sunrise, and what will come up?

No. 8.—NAMES OF AUTHORS.

1. A color, a preposition, and a letter.
2. A number, near, and a relative.
3. A combustible material, and an elevation.
4. Near the ground, and a measure.
5. Shiver, and a blade.
6. A road, and one-fourth of the earth's surface.
7. A color, and a pebble.
8. A metal, and the man that works it.
9. When the hen hatches her eggs what shall we do?
10. Where the grain grows, and how much of it.
11. What the thief does not do, and what he does.
12. How to gain knowledge.

No. 9.—REVERSALS.

A title of honor among the Turks;
Reversed, hoar frost, on the ground as it lurks.

A nautical term much used, it is said;
Reversed, means knocking, you have read.

To prepare for the press, every one knows,
Reversed, alternately ebbs and flows.

Less than the whole, in an axiom true;
Reversed, will catch rats, mice, and flies, too.

No. 10.—BEHEADED RHYME.

Fill the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded; the third blank with a certain word, and the fourth with the same word beheaded.

Oh, what a pretty little —— —
Every one about three —— —
Long;
Every one rich music —— —
With a throat full of sweet —— —
Song.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the July number of The Western Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in May Number.

No. 1. Anagram Puzzle.—1. Seat, east, teas, eats. 2. Plea, peal, leap, pale. 3. Meta, mate, tame, team, meat. 4. Levi, live, evil, vile.

No. 2. Problem.—60 marbles.

No. 3. Pyramid.—

T
E R E
T R A I N
H U N D R E D
E L A T E R I T E
R E P R E S E N T E R

No. 4. Flower Puzzle.—Balloon-vine, Canaray-vine, Alyssum, Candytuft, Buttercup, Tulips, Cockscomb, Foxglove, Catchfly, Bachelor's Buttons.

No. 5. Steps.—

Afar
arch
chin
into
tone
need
eddy
dyke
keno
nose
seal
alle
leaf
afar.

No. 6. Illustrated Rebus.—"Man looks before and after, and sighs for what is not."

No. 7. Beheaded Rhymes.—1. Craft, raft, aft. 2. Shark, hark, ark. 3. Spill, pill, ill. 4. Blow, low, ow (e). 5. Charm, harm arm.

No. 8. Connected Word Squares.—

C A L L P E L T
A S I A E R I E
L I E S L I K E
L A S S H O T E E M
H I V E
O V A L
W A R T E L L A C E
A J A R A N O N
R A R E C O R D
T R E E E N D S

The Bear Objects!

It takes two to make a bear hunt—and one is the bear. The hunter wants to feel that his Ammunition is just right.

Dominion Cartridges

are made for all the popular Rifles, Winchester, Marlin, Savage, etc., in various Calibres and can be absolutely depended upon at all times. No miss fires or hang fires—and absolute evenness. The lower price is simply the absence of duty. Dominion Cartridges are made in Canada.

This trademark guarantees quality. 2-07

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WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tireder than when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE REPUTATION OF

JOHN J. M. BULT

has been built up by reason of the QUALITY and STYLE of the CLOTHING made by him—and the

GOOD TAILORING

introduced into all his work

PRICES are as follows:—

Frock Coat and Vest ...	from $16.00
Dress Suit (silk-lined)...	„ 21.00
Lounge Suit	„ 14.00
Norfolk and Knickers ...	„ 16.00

An application for PATTERNS is desired, so that the variety of designs and the economy effected by ordering direct from

LONDON,

can be proved.

A choice of Tweeds, Flannels, Cheviots and Serges may be had. Kindly state which required—and the colour—when writing for patterns. Self-measurement forms on application. As a register is kept of all Customers' measures, an accurate fit is guaranteed.

CASH TAILOR, 140, Fenchurch Street, LONDON, ENGLAND.

D.J.K.

THE Hoover Digger

Clean, fast work. It stands the wear and tear.

Favorite in every great potato growing district. Get free catalog.

The Hoover-Prout Co., Lock Box 67, Avery, O.

That WEAR FEELING

is a sure sign of sto trouble. Your blo carrying poisons d from your undigested your system is clog stomach, liver and bo That is why you feel even your sleep fails fresh you. Mother Se Syrup assists the sto liver and bowels. Beg day and take it after meal. It will cure yo

MEANS INDIGESTI

"I had suffered for y could not sleep at n and felt as tired when up as before I went to I went to hospital, and tried many remedies. last I took Mother Se Syrup and obtained mi lous results, and am an entirely different Your medicine has me and I am gratefu H. COUSINS, 94 Delisle St. Mo

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IS THE SURE CU

Price 60 cents per bottle. Sold every

A. J. WHITE & Co., Montre

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thi ma cou like to u

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Sign above, put in envelope and mail t

SHAW CORRESPONDENCE

393 Yonge St., Toro

When Writing Advertisers Kindl The Western Home Monti

Nordheim Piano

in the house is an evidence of c and refinement.

The Nordheimer is consider connoisseurs the equal of an superior to many makes in market.

The Nordheimer is a sta Piano having stood the test of ti

A pure, sympathetic, powerfu of matchless volume and reso which has made the Nordh famous.

Write for illustrated booklet all information.

NORDHEIMER PIANO

THE PULFORD BLOC

DONALD ST. - WI

That WEARY FEELING

is a sure sign of stomach trouble. Your blood is carrying poisons drawn from your undigested food; your system is clogged—stomach, liver and bowels. That is why you feel tired; even your sleep fails to refresh you. Mother Seigel's Syrup assists the stomach, liver and bowels. Begin today and take it after every meal. It will cure you

MEANS INDIGESTION

"I had suffered for years; could not sleep at night, and felt as tired when I got up as before I went to bed. I went to hospital, and also tried many remedies. At last I took Mother Seigel's Syrup and obtained miraculous results, and am now an entirely different man. Your medicine has cured me and I am grateful.'—H. COUSINS, 94 Delisle St. Montreal

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IS THE SURE CURE.

Price 60 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere.
A. J. WHITE & Co., Montreal.

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SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
393 Yonge St., Toronto.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

Nordheimer Piano

in the house is an evidence of culture and refinement.

The Nordheimer is considered by connoisseurs the equal of any and superior to many makes in the market.

The Nordheimer is a standard Piano having stood the test of time.

A pure, sympathetic, powerful tone of matchless volume and resonance which has made the Nordheimer famous.

Write for illustrated booklet with all information.

NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.,
THE PULFORD BLOCK
DONALD ST. - WINNIPEG

TEMPERANCE TALK.

During the past thirty years there died in Europe, as the result of alcoholic drinking, 7,500,000 people. This is more than died as the result of all the wars of the whole nineteenth century.

The New York Central Railroad keeps a considerable number of men employed always in the yards at Suspension Bridge, New York. These men have been compelled to patronize saloons in the neighborhood for their lunches, and this has led additionally to drinking. The company proposes now to provide a lunch car for the men, as a business proposition, to keep them from the saloon and to do its duty in helping them to effectiveness in working-men. It is another symptom that the entire business world is waking up to hostile measures against the saloon.

One sickens at the thought of trying to describe the effects of the liquor traffic upon the careers of men and women, undermining health, character, material prosperity, happiness—every form of well-being. He who would vote to give it license and the protection of government because of the financial return it will bring, would vote to agree to the proposition of the train wreckers, would barter for gold the character of his sons, would sell the honor of his daughters for the dirty money of the professional ruiner of womanhood.

Mr. Tennyson Smith, of Birmingham, England, has made his mark in Canada. In the principal cities of the province of New Brunswick the largest public buildings have been packed to excess, and hundreds have been turned from the doors night after night, great crowds assembling outside the doors fully an hour and a half before the time announced for the meeting. Thousands of pledges have been taken, but the most valuable effect of the work has been the permanent results achieved in the binding together of the temperance people to demand the better enforcement of the prohibitory law under the Scott act.

In the commissioners' report to the Kaiser, it is shown that the German people have consumed alcoholic liquors during the past year to the amount of $750,000,000. The Kaiser's commissioners report that drinking is steadily on the increase, this increase amounting to $125,000,000 per annum in late years. When the Kaiser read this part of the commissioners' report he cried, "An increase of six hundred millions in five years! Why, the Yankees themselves could not stand it." Reports show that there was a long discussion between the Kaiser and the commissioners as to the possibility of reducing this tremendous amount.

One of the most pleasing of latter-day developments looking to a solution of the saloon problem is the new attitude of labor unions toward it. At least a dozen organizations, which have a membership of about 180,000 show a marked antagonism to the saloon. The secretary of the Journeymen Tailors, for example, says that all of its officers are decidedly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that, although formerly very few tailors were sober enough to work until after the second or third day following Sunday, now "you will scarcely find a single member of the organization that is an habitual drunkard." The secretary of the International Order of Blacksmiths says that all of its officers do everything possible to oppose the influence of the saloon among its members, and that none of the local associations meet in halls connected with saloons.—Home Herald.

The results of temperance agitation in the United States have been well summed up by National Superintendent Baker of the Anti-Saloon League in the following words: "Thirty three millions of the people of the United States live in territory where the saloon is legally prohibited, and during the past twelve months two and a half millions of our people have abolished saloons from the territory in which they live. Kentucky, in the past six months, has driven the saloons from twenty-six counties by a majority vote in these counties, of upward of twenty-two thousand, freeing a population of one hundred and fifty thousand from the immediate presence of the saloon. Tennessee has extended the Adams law to the entire state, which means that within a short time the saloons will exist in only three or four cities. Alabama has just passed a county local option law, which, it is predicted, will abolish the saloons from all but three of the counties within the next two years."

Since these words were uttered Colorado's new local option law has been signed by Governor Buchtel, and the outlook is more optimistic than ever.

A campaign has been waged in Boston for several months against liquor advertising in street cars. Mrs. Fred E. Britten has led the attack, and the sequel is a letter from Robert M. Durnett, secretary of the Eastern Advertising Company. "Our company," says Mr. Durnett, "controls the advertising space in 95 per cent of the street cars in New England for the next ten years. I have given orders that from this time on no solicitation be made and no advertising be taken for liquors, beer, or any other article coming in the line of intoxicants. We have one contract running now in the surface cars and a small one in the elevated that we shall be obliged to carry until the contract terminates or suffer heavy damages; but after these expire you may be assured that there will be no more advertising of this kind in our cars." It is said that this will mean a loss of $180,000 to the company in advertising this coming year.

A peculiar problem is being discussed in the Province of Prince Edward Island. The suggestion has been made that one jail, centrally situated, is ample to meet all the needs. The plan heretofore has been a jail in each county, but oftentimes it has happened that all of them have been empty, and it never happens that all of them are full. The Charlottetown Guardian points out that the percentage of population that is criminal, in Prince Edward Island, is the smallest of any province in Canada, and therefore there is no need for a prison in each county. This is a striking tribute to the benefit of the prohibitory law.

Fact and Fiction.

"Come, Guy, and for the sake of old times let us drain a social glass together," said Charlie Ross to his old college chum as they met at the corner one day.

"I thank you, Charlie, but . . . not indulge. Since last we met, three years ago, I have learned that there is both a fact and fiction about this habit of indulging in intoxicating beverages."

"What do you mean, Guy Carson,—a fact and a fiction about indulging in intoxicating beverages? Please explain."

"Well, the first fiction about an alcoholic beverage is that it is a food. The fact about such drink is that a gallon of ale contains less nourishment than a penny loaf; that a glass of wine contains less food than could be put on a three-penny piece; that a glass of spirits contains about as much nourishment and is about as satisfying as the bite of a mad dog. A famous chemist says:—Beer, wine and spirits contain no element capable of entering into the composition of the blood or the muscular fiber. All physiologists admit that alcohol is incapable of forming any part of the body. And Cameron goes so far as to assert that it cannot be converted into brain, nerve, blood or muscle."

OSHAWA Galvanized Steel SHINGLES

They do cost less The cheapest good shingle is the "Oshawa." Good for a century's weather-wear. Guaranteed for 25 years without your even painting—"Oshawa" double-galvanized shingles need no paint to outlast any roofing there is. Make roofs fire-proof, too,—guaranteed in every way you want. Cheap in first cost as common wood shingles, yet more durable than slate. Sold under a written guarantee that really means something to the buyer.

You can't afford any other kind

Easy to put on With a hammer, a snips, and horse-sense anybody can roof buildings right with "Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles. They need no cleats. They lock on all FOUR sides. Made in only one grade—of 28-guage semi-hardened sheet steel in the patented "Oshawa" way

"Oshawa" Shingles are an investment, not an expense.

Lightning proof, too More than 100 farm buildings were damaged in Ontario alone last year by lightning. Not one of them would have been harmed if they'd been "Oshawa"-roofed. These shingles insulate a building—make it safe against every element. Let us tell you what it will cost you to roof the "Oshawa" way.

Get our free book 'Roofing Right' before you Roof a Thing

The Pedlar People Of Oshawa

Montreal 321-3 Craig W.	**Toronto** 11 Colborne	**London** 69 Dundas
Ottawa 423 Sussex	**Winnipeg** 76 Lombard	**Vancouver** 615 Pender

Bone Spavin

No matter how old the blemish, how lame the horse, or how many doctors have tried and failed, use

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it doesn't make the horse go sound. Lameness cured by a single 30-minute application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages, durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Covers over one hundred veterinary subjects. Read this book before you treat any kind of lameness in horses.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

GOSSIP OF INTERESTING THINGS. ADVERTISED ARTICLES ARE THE BEST.

(See Harper's Magazine for January, 1907).

"Because it does not pay to advertise a poor article, nearly all the products which are widely advertised in high class periodicals are *the very best of their kind*. Not because the manufacturers are noble philanthropists, better than other men, but just because being wise men of business, they know it is throwing money away to tell the public, month after month, about an inferior thing. Their wares have simply *got to be the best* to justify their advertising.

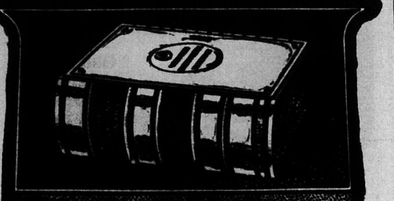
Probably no one article has justified its advertising better than "Baby's Own Soap." It has now been before the Canadian people for the last 30 years and its sales have been increasing all the time.

The secret of its widespread use is its absolute purity and delicacy. *There is no soap like it.* It is sold as low as is consistent with its exceptional purity and quality.

Its popularity has given rise to many imitations, all of which cannot but be inferior as they are sold more cheaply and the manufacturers give a larger profit to the dealer.

Therefore insist on being supplied with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" —Don't accept substitutes.

Get what you ask for. 11-07



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Besides an accurate, practical and scholarly vocabulary of English, enlarged with 25,000 NEW WORDS, the International contains a History of the English Language, Guide to pronunciation, Dictionary of Fiction, New Gazetteer of the World, New Biographical Dictionary, Vocabulary of Scripture Names, Greek and Latin Names, English Christian Names, Abbreviations, Metric System.

25,000 NEW WORDS.
2380 Pages. 5000 Illustrations.
Should You Not Own Such a Book?

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY. Largest of our abridgments. Regular and Thin Paper editions. 1116 pages and 1400 illustrations.

Write for "The Story of a Book."—Free.
G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.
GET THE BEST.

ELECTROCHEMICAL

Rheumatic Rings....

Are Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia, also Female Disorders arising from Uric Acid. The Electro-Chemical Ring is not an ignorant charm or faith cure, but a scientific medium for the elimination of uric acid from the blood. The secret, the power, the merit in this ring lies in the combination of the various metals of which the ring is made. No matter what the trouble is, if it is caused by excess of uric acid, the Electro-Chemical Ring will effect a cure. Looks just like any other ring, can be worn day and night. We guarantee these rings to do all we claim, or will refund the money. Send size of finger when ordering.

Mailed to any address on receipt of $1.00.

The E. E. KARN CO., Limited
COR. QUEEN & VICTORIA STS. TORONTO, CAN.

GOLD WATCH and RING FREE

We positively give BOTH guaranteed, Solid Gold Laid, finely engraved GENT'S WINDWATCH fully warranted timekeeper; ring, of solid 7mm Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a fine quality Rhinestone Solitaire, and Size as first ordered. For selling only 20 pieces of handsome Jewelry at 10c. each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you both watch and ring described; also a chain, Ladies' or Gent's style. HAMMOND WATCH CO., Dept 109 CHICAGO

Among the Flowers.

Old-Fashioned Posies.

In my garden are the Pansies
And a host of flowers new,
But the golden-corymbed Tansies,
And the virtue-giving Rue,
And the modest blushing Roses,
Have been banished far away—
All the dear old-fashioned posies
Of our great-grandmother's day.

Where the Honeysuckle, clinging,
Lent its nectar to the air,
Now the Moonflower vine is swinging
Not so sweet, but passing fair;
And the laggard drone-bee dozes
In the Amaryllis gay—
But I long to see the posies
Of our great-grandmother's day.

Oh, for one frail sprig of Clover,
Of the kind our mothers knew,
Where the brown bee, busy rover,
Drank his fill of honey dew;
All that memory discloses,
This the sweetest dream for aye—
Visions of old-fashioned posies
In our great grandmother's day.

About Snap-Dragons.

Among the most beautiful of summer flowers are the improved varieties of the old-fashioned Snapdragon. The plants are easily raised from seeds, grow in bushy, compact form, begin to bloom early from seeds, and throughout the autumn are a mass of gorgeous and beautiful spikes of bloom. The flowers are not only large and of exquisite form, but are delicate in texture, and exhibit a wide range of attractive colors and variegations, some as richly striped and spotted as a Calceolaria.

Recently the Snapdragon has become popular for bedding purposes, and when tastefully grouped they are very successfully used in that way, as their even

Improved Snapdragons.

growth and free and continuous blooming make them well adapted for that purpose. Those who have grown them in pots in the house in winter, speak enthusiastically of their value for winter blooming. If seed-bearing could be avoided the bloom would be even more free and continuous. As it is, however, the plants sometimes exert themselves seed-bearing. When this occurs, cut off the tops and let the plant renew its growth from the stem at the base.

If not allowed to bloom too freely the first season the plants will endure the winter and make a fine display the second season. The engraving fairly represents a well-grown plant of this handsome flower.

A Bed of Pansies.

The Pansy is perhaps the most popular of gaden flowers, the plants being hardy, early, free and continuous blooming, and the flowers large, of exquisite texture, and rich and varied in color and variegation. They are easily produced from seeds sown in the spring, and the little plants set six inches apart in a bed shaded during midday, will bloom throughout summer and autumn. The finest strain of seeds is of German development, and shows superior plants and flowers. To have the best success it is important to secure seeds of a fine strain. The seeds germinate in from twelve to fourteen days after sowing.

Pruning the Lilac.

Cut off the clusters of Lilac bloom as soon as they begin to fade, and prune out weakly or dead bushes. This will insure vigorous bloom next season.

Prairie and Rambler Roses.

Prune the old wood from these as soon as the bloom fades, and encourage new growth, which will bear the flowers next season.

Seedling Geraniums.

When these fail to bloom the first season transplant them as soon as danger from frost is past to a sunny bed of sandy soil and let the plants take care of themselves. By this means they will mostly soon develop flower clusters and become useful blooming plants.

Soil Turning White.

A sister complains of the soil around her house plants turning white. It is possibly a fungus growth. Stir some lime and sulphur into the surface soil, and see that the drainage is good.

Remedy for Mildew.

Recently the use of sulphuric acid has been recommended as a remedy for mildew on roses. One-sixteenth of a pint of acid is diluted with thirty-one quarts of water and an application given with a sprinkler or fine syringe on alternate days, five or six times. It does not discolor the foliage, and is regarded as an effectual remedy. Avoid making the liquid too strong.

Rose Bugs.

Rose bugs (beetles) are easily destroyed upon Daisies by sprinkling the flowers with water into which is stirred paris green—a teaspoonful to two gallons, keeping well stirred while applying. The material is not so effective upon Roses, as the insects enter and work in the heart and at the base of the flower, and the poison does not reach them.

Boston Fern.

Give this fern leaf-mould, sand and well-rotted manure, making a rich liberal compost. It does not grow well in a heavy soil. Shift it into a larger pot as the roots begin to crowd, placing charcoal in the bottom for drainage. Water liberally while the plant is growing, and shade from the hot sun. It likes a rather cool, moist atmosphere.

Fertilizer for Plants.

Perhaps as good a fertilizer as can be obtained for house plants is pulverized sheep manure. It can be obtained of almost any dealer in fertilizers. For many plants fresh wood ashes sparingly applied will be found useful. Pulverized bones or bone meal will be found valuable to promote blooming, where plants have a tendency to grow only branches.

Drooping and Dying.

Geraniums and other plants sometimes droop and die without any apparent cause. If the roots are examined it will mostly be found that they have been injured, either by some enemy, as root lice, wire worms, or the like, or else the drainage is clogged, and the roots have decayed as a result. In the former case, the plants should be taken out, their roots thoroughly washed, then dipped in suds and potted in fresh soil. The same may be beneficial in the latter case, but if the roots are badly affected the top should be made into cuttings and reclaimed in that way.

Pansies.

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong if you have symptoms of Brights or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggists recommend and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

RANKS AS A MASTERPIECE

Facts are most palatable and convincing if stated by disinterested parties. The following letter from H. W. Hudgins, Musical Doctor (Princeton), Mus. Bach., (London) F.L.G.C.M., and teacher of piano, organ and vocal music at Toronto College of Music.

Williams Piano Co., Oshawa, Ont. :— The mechanism is all that could be desired, and the tone is sweet and sonorous and of good singing quality. Altogether, I consider the piano to be a masterpiece of the piano-makers' art. H. W. Hudgins, Mus. Doct. (Princeton), Mus. Bac. (Lond.), F.L.G.C.M.

Consult our nearest representative, or write Williams Piano Co., Oshawa, for handsome descriptive literature and special easy purchase plans. 177

The Williams Piano Co., Ltd.
Dept. W.H.M., Oshawa, Canada.
CROSS, GOLDING & SKINNER, LTD.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Nothing is too Good for a Good Wife

Whatever reduces the drudgery of house work is worth having.

THE NEW CENTURY WASHER

does away with all hand rubbing. You do not require to touch the clothes to thoroughly clean them, and a tubful can be done in five minutes.

It is needed in every home, and you cannot afford to have it. If your dealer has it you should see it at once. Most dealers sell at $8.50. If not, write us and we will be glad to send you a descriptive booklet.

THE DOWSWELL MFG CO. LTD., HAMILTON, CAN

SEWING MACHINES from $13.50 to $35.00

SEWING MACHINES FREE for 20 days' trial. We send out all machines on 20 days' free trial before we ask you to accept or pay for them. If not satisfactory, send them back at our expense. We sell a 5-drawer top-head sewing machine, handsome oak woodwork, for $17.50; a better machine, same pattern, guaranteed for 20 years, sells for $21.50; machines with ball bearings and extra fine woodwork, cost a little more, but only about half what others charge.

Is Delighted with the Sweetheart Sewing Machine.

Brandon, Man., Jan. 8th, 1906.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—All that I can say about the Sweetheart Sewing Machine is that Mrs. Anderson is delighted with it, and thinks that no sewing machine is its superior. I am showing it to my friends and they are surprised, and when they are able to buy one they will ask me to do it.—

Yours truly,
S. ANDERSON.

Our Sewing Machine Catalogue, fully explaining our different styles, free. Write for it.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.

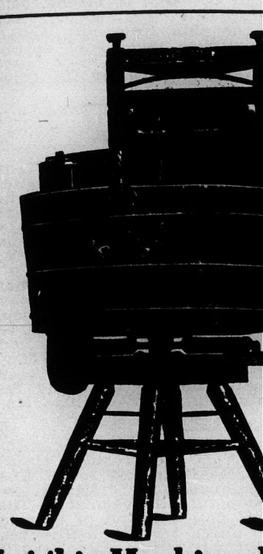
Tobacco Ha

Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy remov the weed in a few days. A vegetable med requires touching the tongue with it occasion

Liquor Hal

Marvellous results from taking his remedy Habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatm dermic injections, no publicity, no loss of tim and a cure certain.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Toronto, Canada.



Let this Machine d Washing Fre

There are Motor Springs beneath t
These springs do nearly all the ha
once you start them going. And this
chine works as easy as a bicycle whee
There are slats on the inside botto
These slats act as paddles, to swin
the same direction you revolve the tu
You throw the soiled clothes into
Then you throw enough water over
float them.
Next you put the heavy wooden cov
clothes to anchor them, and to pres
This cover has slats on its lower s
clothes and hold them from turning
the tub turns.
Now, we are all ready for quick and
You grasp the upright handle on t
tub and, with it, you revolve the tub
round, till it strikes a motor-spring.
This motor-spring throws the t
strikes the other motor-spring, which
it back on the first motor-spring.
The machine must have a little hel
every swing, but the motor-springs,
bearings, do practically all the hard
You can sit in a rocking chair and
washer requires of you. A child ca
full of clothes.
When you revolve the tub the cloth
But the water moves like a mill ra
clothes.
The paddles on the tub bottom dr
water THROUGH and through the cl
swing of the tub. Back and forth, in a
fold, and through every mesh in the
soapy water runs like a torrent. This
away all the dirt from the clothes, in
minutes by the clock.
It drives the dirt out through the
fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING
WEAR and TEAR from the washboar
It will wash the finest lace fabric w
a thread, or a button, and it will wash
carpet with equal ease and rapidity
twenty garments, or five large bed
washed at one time with this "1900 Ju
A child can do this in six to twelve
than any able washerwoman could do
in TWICE the time, with three time
tear from the washboard.
This is what we SAY; now, how d
We send any reliable person ou
Washer, free of charge, on a full m
we even pay the freight out of our o
No cash deposit is asked, no not
no security.
You may use the washer four w
pense. If you find it won't wash as
FOUR hours as you can wash by h
hours you send it back to the ra
that's all.
But, if, from a month's actual u
vinced it saves HALF the time in wa
work better, and does it twice as easi
done by hand, you keep the machine
Then you mail us 50 cents a week
Remember that 50 cents is part
chine saves you every week on yo
washwoman's labor. We intend that
Washer shall pay for itself and thus c
You don't risk a cent from first
don't buy it until you have had a ful
Could we afford to pay freight
these machines every month, if we d
KNOW they would do all we claim f
you afford to be without a machine t
washing in HALF THE TIME, wit
and tear of the washboard, when yo
machine for a month's free trial, an
ITSELF? This offer may be wi
time it overcrowds our factory.
Write us TODAY, while the offer
while you think of it. The postage
risk. Write me personally on
W. H. G. Bach, Manager "1900"
Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

"SO-KUTE" Photos: very e
copied for 25 cents dozen. Original
2 cts, E. A. House, Box 6

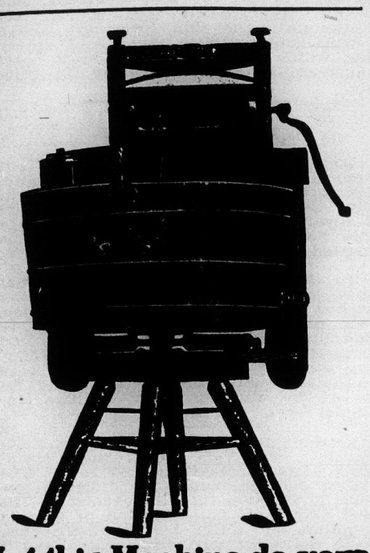
Tobacco Habit.

Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.

Liquor Habit.

Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the Liquor Habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge Street Toronto, Canada.



Let this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub.

These springs do nearly all the hard work, once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the ball-bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move. But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900 Junior" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washerwoman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

* * *

This is what we SAY; now, how do we PROVE it? We send any reliable person our "1900 Junior" Washer, free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washwoman's labor. We intend that the "1900 Junior" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz: W. H. G. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 356 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

"SO-KUTE" Photos: very elegant, 2x3 inches copied from any photo for 28 cents dozen. Original returned. Sample 2 cts. E. A. House, Box 65, Gadsden, Ala.

The Home Doctor.

A pinch of salt taken before meals stimulates digestion.

Bathing in salt water tones up the skin and gives it a fresh, wholesome color.

The gargle must not be too strong or it will act as an irritant and thus defeat the end in view.

cure for hiccoughs is to inhale as much air as the lungs will hold and retain it as long as possible, repeating if necessary, until the hiccoughs stop.

ake tea for an invalid with boiling milk instead of boiling water. It is much nicer and much more digestible—if the milk really boils.

A tub of warm water is the best treatment for a child with convulsions. Be sure the water is not too hot by plunging the arm into it up to the elbow.

For tooth-ache, try warm salt and water applied directly to the affected part. If used once a week, salt will keep the gums healthy and the teeth free of tartar.

The most effective treatment for the complexion begins inside; there is no magic formula for loveliness. Care of the diet and regard for the rules of health are better than a whole drug-shopful of mixtures.

As a medicine salt has a wide range of possibilities. A weak solution of hot salt water used frequently as a gargle is one of the best remedies known for sore throat in its incipient stage.

In even severe attacks of colic a teaspoon of salt dissolved in a cup of cold water has been known to give immediate relief. The same dose will revive a person who has been stunned by a heavy fall, if he can be forced to swallow it.

The wakefulness that comes from taking too strong tea or coffee can be conquered by swallowing a dash of fresh lemon juice when retiring. Place a quartered lemon on a dish near your bed, which can be taken at any time that you discover sleep will not come.

Always keep both food and medicine out of the patient's sight, only when administering it. If there is no medicine closet, set up as a screen, a large book or a paper between them and the sick person. In this way they will not dread the medicine and the food will be more palatable.

Caster oil is the best cathartic for general use, and is especially desirable in case of poisoning. For carbolic acid, give as an antidote, castor oil, olive oil or glycerine. For ammonia, give frequently a teaspoonful of lemon or vinegar and follow with castor oil, but in case of phosphorus, heads of matches, etc., use magnesia instead of oil, as the oil will dissolve the phosphorus.

A young woman who did not have the means to consult a specialist to be cured of stammering, went every day alone into her room and read aloud to herself through closed teeth. It was very tiresome at first but it gave her control of her speech, so that at the end of three weeks she was able to read to the family quite naturally, and at the end of the year, unless under special excitement, could speak and read without any hesitancy.

Very many are troubled with enlarged glands. Milk is said to be one of the best and safest forms of diet for one suffering from this affliction. It should be the pure milk with all the cream and should be given unboiled. Boiled milk is never considered as nutritious as raw milk, for the vitality is destroyed in the cooking. Raw eggs are also excellent given under the same circumstances, but if the patient is a child it will be necessary to give it in sweetened milk. Damp climate is very bad for one who suffers with enlarged glands. It lowers their vitality and prevents them from throwing off this disease.

The following remedy has been thoroughly tested by people suffering from catarrh and in every case it has given relief. It is very harmless and cannot injure one even though it fails to help. It is to be used as a cleansing lotion for the nose and to be put in the proportion of half a teaspoonful in a small glass of warm water two or three times daily: Bichlorate of soda, two drams, listerine and glycerine each one ounce, water three ounces.

The removal of foreign bodies from the ear should always be left to the physician, and is a simple matter in skilled hands if crude and unavailing efforts have not preceded. Attempts to relieve itching or fullness in the ear by scratching with hard substances, as matches or the finger nail, are most urgently deprecated.

It is of the utmost importance during a cold to keep the system from becoming clogged. The old, senseless maxim, "Feed a cold and starve a fever," is responsible for many bad complexions and prolonged colds. The proper method is to eat very lightly and even partially fast. If you will use plenty of stewed fruit in your diet, eat fresh figs, drink hot water on arising and before meals and take nine or ten glasses of water during the day you will be taking the best possible measures to get rid of a cold.

For too profuse perspiration, toilet vinegar in the wash water is a safe remedy. To make it, take one pint of the best white wine vinegar (best cider vinegar will do), and add to it two drams each of the following ingredients: rosemary, lavender, rue and camphor. Let the herbs soak in the vinegar for twenty-four hours, then strain and bottle. The dried herbs can be had of the druggist. A tablespoonful to a pint of wash water is about right.

It is a very common occurrence to see women take up a sharp penknife to clean their finger nails, or possibly use the sharp point of the scissors for the same purpose. This should never be done by any one who cares to have nice, smooth nails, as the sharp metal injures the skin under the nail, making it ragged and giving it an inflamed appearance, and is bound to scrape the under part of the nail, often causing it to split and break off. Orange sticks are not expensive, and can always be had at the drug stores, and these are the best things that can be used to clean the nails. If the flesh under the nail has become stained from ink, fruit, or otherwise, do not try to scrape it out, but wind a little absorbent cotton around the end of a toothpick, wet it in peroxide of hydrogen and thoroughly moisten the flesh under the nail. The stain will soon disappear. If the cuticle about the nail inclines to get ragged, soak the ends of the fingers in hot olive oil; the oil shrinks the cuticle and keeps it smooth and in place. The hands should be well washed at night before going to bed, and a little cold cream rubbed into them.

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

WET?

You may be able to get along without a TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF SUIT OR SLICKER

But can you afford to?

THESE GARMENTS ARE GUARANTEED WATERPROOF LIGHT-COMFORTABLE-DURABLE LOW IN PRICE

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS

TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED. TORONTO, CAN.

"Baby's Own" Soap

—keeps its delicate fragance to the very last fragment, and it is so well made that it will wear to the thinnest wafer.

Albert Soaps Ltd. Mfrs., Montreal.

Beware of imitations and substitutes. 327

Artificial Limbs

WE excel in FIT, WEIGHT, STRENGTH and NEATNESS.

You can get the best in Winnipeg and will be sure of proper treatment.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J. H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, MAN.

When writing, mention The Western Home Monthly.

Central Business College
WINNIPEG, MAN.
CATALOGUES FREE.

In use since the Reign of George IV—and never equalled.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

—makes even a poor Dinner taste Good.

Good Grocers will give you the Genuine!

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., (Est. 1857.) Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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SIMPLE AND LASTING

results are obtained from the use of **Alabastine.** "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," our splendid new book, explains how **Alabastine** hardens and improves with age, will not rub off, and is pure and free from decomposing matter.

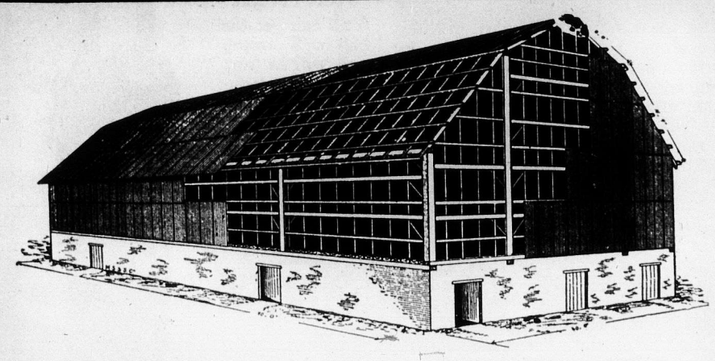
Send ten cents for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents.

Ask your dealer for tint card. NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

THE Alabastine Co. LTD

174 WILLOW STREET. PARIS. ONT.



This cut shows an up-to-date Barn Construction, 40 feet x 70 feet, and the method of covering with Corrugated Sheets. The frame work is light, as the corrugated sheets, when nailed in place, make the building very rigid. This drawing is made from actual plans, and the barn has been built many times with splendid results.

The saving of wood sheeting, as compared with the ordinary barn construction, will cover the difference in cost between wooden shingles and our "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets.

This galvanized covering protects your building from lightning, prevents fires from the outside, is easily and cheaply applied, and OUTLASTS A GENERATION.

Do not make a mistake and put up an old style barn, when you can secure a better and more durable construction for less money.

See the page of barn illustrations in our new catalogue, and write for our book of testimonials with list of users.

CLARE & BROCKEST

WINNIPEG.

Hints for the Housewife.

HOME AGAIN.

We have roamed in the fragrant fields,
We have lived with the murmuring trees,
We have heard the love talk of the birds,
And the whisper of the breeze.

We have rocked on the laughing wave,
Where the breaker tossed its foam;
Now we turn again as the bright days wane
To the happy hours of home.

For not on the mountain-top,
Nor in the softest vale,
Not where the canvas fills and strains
To the boisterous summer gale;

Not in the secret wood,
Though the restless heart may roam
The world around, can joy be found
Like the joy of love and home.

Food and Exercise.

It is a very common idea that when there is an extra amount of work to be done, the best preparation and support for it is to eat an unusually large breakfast.

A little thought will show that when there is an extra demand upon the muscular and nervous system, there is less power to digest food.

The stomach requires a certain amount of energy to perform its functions, and when that is exhausted by labor the food will remain undigested, and add to the fatigue of the day's work. In theory, at least, this proves that the digestive organs should be given less to do during the period of mental or physical strain.

The hearty meal should be taken six or hours before the heavy work, allowing time to digest the food, and gather strength for it.

A practical illustration of the benefit to be derived from this method of dieting is found among the coolies of South America, who carry heavy burdens up the mountains, living for days on cocoa beans, reserving their heavy meal until they reach their destination. It is a matter of history that Sir Isaac Newton when engaged in strenuous mental labor lived upon bread and water, and fasted for long intervals.

Overloading the stomach and overworking the brain at the same time is more dangerous as one advances in age. A large share of the cases of apoplexy occur on a full stomach, and there is no doubt that a neglect of dieting when subjected to mental or physical strain is the cause of many of the sudden deaths, especially among public men.

Care of the Skin.

The cold winds of winter often dry and chap the skin of the face, in some cases causing small, painful fissures in the lips. Beware of the paints and cosmetics which may be urged as a preventive of this condition. Skin specialists say that lasting injury is often done by them.

A veil is a good protection in most cases, and there are applications which are permissible and harmless.

A preparation of equal parts of tincture of benzoin and glycerine with double the quantity of rose water, well shaken together and used immediately after washing the face, keeps the skin soft and is said to prevent freckles.

The best prescription for a clear complexion is exercise in the open air, baths and hygienic dress, with careful attention to diet, and the condition of bowels and kidneys.

Rubbed well into yellowed knife handles of ivory, turpentine restores the color. Gilt frames can be cleaned by wiping with a small sponge dipped lightly in oil of turpentine. Wet the sponge just enough to take off the soil and dry marks. Let the frame dry itself.

THE TOILET.

When the hands have become soft and shrunken by using soda and hot water, rub them with common salt, and it will help to make them smooth again.

The little red blood veins which sometimes show in the face are often caused by exposure of the skin to strong, cold winds. Applications of warm, wet cloths until the skin feels soft, and a gentle rubbing with good cold cream, into which a little distilled witch hazel has been beaten, will remedy the trouble.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To prevent blue spotting clothes put some out on a piece of white cloth, gather up the corners, and tie together. Dip this bag in the water, and squeeze it until the water is blue enough. In this way the clothes will never become spotted.

To clean a mackintosh spread it out on a deal table and go over it carefully with a small scrubbing brush and some soap moistened with rain water, rinse thoroughly in clear, cold water, and hang it on a line in the shade to dry. Any stains which will not yield to soap and water will probably be easily removed by rubbing with a little ammonia.

Kitchen paint invariably has a shabby, dull look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this room. The use of soap increases the difficulty, especially if the paints are varnished. The best plan is to boil a pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash the paint with bran water, and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy.

If you wish to mend your gloves neatly turn them inside out and sew them over and over with fine cotton thread. Silk seems to cut the kid. If there is a tear, set a piece of kid under it and secure it with a few stitches; if you have not the kid of the right color, use a bit of ribbon or silk. Save the best part of the old pair to mend the new. Court plaster will mend a break nicely, but always stiffens the kid.

Woven woolen garments which have become too thin in places to support the extra strain of an ordinary darn can be treated in the following manner: Soak a piece of net till quite soft, and when dry tack on to the thin place on the inside of the garment. The needle should be woven in and out over the net, and a firm foundation being thus made for the darn the mending will be found to be quite satisfactory.

For chapped hands, heat one ounce of cocoa butter and one ounce of sweet almond oil in a double boiler. Stir till thoroughly blended, then add one drachm each of oxide of zinc and of borax, drop by drop. When cool add a few drops of perfume. Rub some of this cream into the hands, then pull on some loose kid gloves. If the finger tips are cut off and a circle cut out of the palm, the results will be happier, as covering the hands tightly tends to make them yellow and ugly.

Every housewife in whose home lamps are used realizes the annoyance that comes of less brilliant light than is given by the new burner. What is not generally understood is that the difficulty arises from dust which settles in the tiny apertures and prevents the free passage of air. If the burners are unscrewed from the lamps occasionally, freed of their wicks and boiled in a solution of washing soda and water they will come forth brilliantly clean, and the light will be once more all that can be desired. Wicks, too, should be more often renewed than is commonly the case, as they are apt to absorb the oil less readily after prolonged usage. Often the simple plan for boiling the burner and fitting it with new wicks will mean all the difference between the discomfort of the dim, uncertain light and the gratification that comes of a clear and bright one.

Gin is the best thing to use to remove tea stains from a white dress. Place the stained part in a saucer, with enough gin to cover the stain, rub with a piece of the same material, press on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron till dry.

Carpets and rugs can be thoroughly cleaned by being hung over a clothes line and having the garden hose turned upon them. This will do no harm to any carpet. Dry in a shady place.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Boys

The Little Brown Wren.

There's a little brown wren th
built in our tree,
And she's scarcely as big as a
bee;
She has hollowed a house in th
of a limb,
And made the walls tidy and n
floor trim.
With the down of the crow's fo
tow and with straw,
The coziest dwelling that every

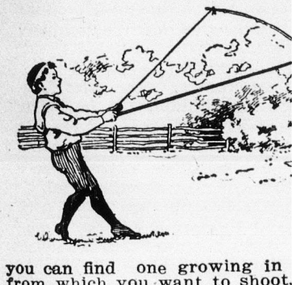
One morning Sir Sparrow cam
tering by
And cast on the wren's house
vious eye;
With a strut of bravado and tos
head,
"I'll put in my claim here," t
fellow said;
So straightway he mounted
pudent wing,
And entered the door without
to ring.

An instant—and swiftly that
knight,
All tousled and tumbled, in ter
flight,
While there by the door on her
perch,
As neat as a lady just star
church,
With this song on her lips,
not call again
Unless he is asked," sang th
brown wren.

How to Make a Siege Gu

It is hardly likely that any
boys will have to stand a sie
hostile force or be actually en
laying siege to the stronghol
enemy, but almost every one
will be interested in this siege
is very simple and easy to m
will shoot a long way, much fa
fact, than you can shoot with a
arrow; farther even than an
will carry.

First you will need a long,
sapling of hickory or some oth
springy wood—oak, ash or hem



you can find one growing in
from which you want to shoot,
the better; all you have to do i
off the branches and cut off the
this is not at all likely. You
ably want the engine of warfa
ed on your own premises.

Cut a tough pole about tw
long and three inches thick at
and carefuly trim off all the
leaving, however, a fork about
from the top in case a limb is
there. If not, never mind, yo
place the fork with a perfect s
Dig a hole two feet deep in
where you wish your siege
permanently mounted. Place
base down, in this hole ar
around it as many large ston
hole will contain. These mus
wedged against the base of
Now fill up the hole with ea
ing it down hard every few in
it is flush with the rest of th

Now bend over the top of th
about two inches from the e
a strong piece of twine abou
long. In the other end of
tie a large knot.

Your siege gun will shoot
sort of ammunition, neither b
arrows, but a long spear or la
this you need a straight stic
long. You must scrape its e
fully until it is perfectly rou
about three inches from one
you may leave square if the st
happen to be four-sided inst
ready round. To the other
stick you may fasten a regu
spear-head if you care to
from iron or sheet tin, or you
a long nail in this end for
point, weighing it with strip
bound around the end of the
catgut or light wire. In the
base end of your spear cut a n
enough to hold the twine,
enough so that the knot on
will not pass through it.

The next and last thing yo
is an iron, brass or wooden
curtain ring, or, if you have
hand, you can easily make on
to take the place of the for
12-foot pole. Take a piece
bone, or a piece of heavy wi
a strong flexible stick, and,
around so as to form a circl
ends firmly together. Now
carefully around two or t
with tape or strips of leathe
bind it firmly to the uprig
about two-thirds of its heigh

Boys and Girls.

The Little Brown Wren.

There's a little brown wren that has
built in our tree,
And she's scarcely as big as a bumble-
bee;
She has hollowed a house in the heart
of a limb,
And made the walls tidy and made the
floor trim.
With the down of the crow's foot, with
tow and with straw,
The coziest dwelling that every you saw.

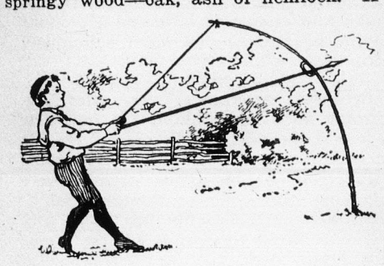
One morning Sir Sparrow came saun-
tering by
And cast on the wren's house an en-
vious eye;
With a strut of bravado and toss of his
head,
"I'll put in my claim here," the bold
fellow said;
So straightway he mounted on im-
pudent wing,
And entered the door without pausing
to ring.

An instant—and swiftly that feathery
knight,
All tousled and tumbled, in terror took
flight,
While there by the door on her favorite
perch,
As neat as a lady just starting for
church,
With this song on her lips, "He will
not call again
Unless he is asked," sang the little
brown wren.

How to Make a Siege Gun.

It is hardly likely that any of our boys will have to stand a siege by a hostile force or be actually engaged in laying siege to the stronghold of an enemy, but almost every one of them will be interested in this siege gun. It is very simple and easy to make and will shoot a long way, much farther, in fact, than you can shoot with a bow and arrow; farther even than an air rifle will carry.

First you will need a long, straight sapling of hickory or some other tough, springy wood—oak, ash or hemlock. If



you can find one growing in the spot from which you want to shoot, so much the better; all you have to do is to strip off the branches and cut off the top. But this is not at all likely. You will probably want the engine of warfare planted on your own premises.

Cut a tough pole about twelve feet long and three inches thick at the base, and carefuly trim off all the branches, leaving, however, a fork about four feet from the top in case a limb is growing there. If not, never mind, you can replace the fork with a perfect substitute. Dig a hole two feet deep in the place where you wish your siege gun to be permanently mounted. Place the pole, base down, in this hole and wedge around it as many large stones as the hole will contain. These must be well wedged against the base of the pole. Now fill up the hole with earth, packing it down hard every few inches until it is flush with the rest of the ground.

Now bend over the top of the pole and about two inches from the end fasten a strong piece of twine about five feet long. In the other end of the twine tie a large knot.

Your siege gun will shoot a queer sort of ammunition, neither bullets nor arrows, but a long spear or lance! For this you need a straight stick five feet long. You must scrape its edges carefully until it is perfectly round all but about three inches from one end, which you may leave square if the stick should happen to be four-sided instead of already round. To the other end of the stick you may fasten a regular barbed spear-head if you care to make one from iron or sheet tin, or you may drive a long nail in this end for your spear point, weighing it with strips of lead bound around the end of the stick with catgut or light wire. In the square or base end of your spear cut a notch large enough to hold the twine, but small enough so that the knot on the twine will not pass through it.

The next and last thing you will need is an iron, brass or wooden ring like a curtain ring, or, if you have not one at hand, you can easily make one. This is to take the place of the fork on your 12-foot pole. Take a piece of whalebone, or a piece of heavy wire, or even a strong flexible stick, and, bending it around so as to form a circle, lash the ends firmly together. Now wrap this carefully around two or three times with tape or strips of leather, and then bind it firmly to the upright pole by about two-thirds of its height from the ground. In fastening it thus use light wire or strong twine over which you have rubbed a piece of soap till it is thoroughly greased.

Now you are ready to fire your first shot. Put your spear through the ring, place the knot in the twine in the notch cut in the butt of your spear, pull back the spear until its head is nearly to the ring, as the illustration shows, and then let it go. If your pole is a good one the heavy spur will be hurled 200 yards or even more.

It is not necessary to have the ring through which the spear passes. It merely makes it easier to aim your shots well, but after a little practice you will find that you can get along perfectly well without it and that your siege gun will shoot just where you want it to. Of course, to attain this result you must be very well accustomed to the strength of the pole and know just how far back to pull the spear and just how high to point it. Still half the fun of the whole thing is practicing till you get it just right. When you have got the hang of the thing get some of your friends to shoot at a mark with you. They will be completely surprised to see how accurate your shots are, while theirs go far afield.

The best kind of spears are made from alder sticks or long reeds, such as grow in marshes. They are very light and you can usually find a dozen or more all growing together, so that you can get a lot of spears at the same time. With these for your ammunition, you will find that your siege gun will outshoot anything your friends may possess, except those who may have regular powder and shot firearms, and even those will have to use something bigger than "22 cal. shots" to beat you.

A Lawn Soap-Bubble Contest.

Outdoor sports form the chief pleasure of the fine summer days, and one of the most delightful and picturesque diversions is a soap-bubble contest on a tennis court or a lawn.

This sport is productive of much fun if the party is divided, with one-half the number of boys and girls on each side of the net. A table should be placed on each side, near at hand, and on it should be a large bowl of soapy water, with a tablespoonful of glycerine added, as this makes them last longer. Clay pipes should be provided for the players, and they should be tied with ribbons denoting the respective sides.

The girls make the bubbles and the boys blow them over the net, and also try to prevent their opponents' bubbles from coming over the net into their court. Each bubble that floats over the net counts fifteen points for the side from which it came, and, of course, the side scoring highest within a given time wins.

Pretty prizes for this sport would be a basket of tiny bouquets of summer flowers for the winning side.

A bubble game may also be played on a long table placed on the lawn and covered with a woollen cloth. Ribbon-

bound wickets should be placed at intervals, and the players, divided into two sides, take turns, by sides, in trying to blow the bubbles through the wickets.

Each player blows three different bubbles for a turn, and scores five points for every wicket passed. If the first bubble is blown through the first wicket, the second bubble is to be blown from there, the player trying to blow it through the second wicket; and the third bubble is blown from where the second bubble passed.

If, however, the first bubble breaks before passing the first wicket, the second bubble must try for that goal before it can pass the second.

This is a very entertaining sport, and it may be varied by offering a series of prizes, as follows: For the biggest bubble, for the bubble with the most brilliant hues, for the greatest number blown from one pipe, or for the longest chain of bubbles.

For the chain of bubbles, a wooden pipe is used in the shape of a mallet, the head of which is a hollow tube like the stem.

In prize contests, the players will find it pleasant to try in pairs, the two pipes having colored ribbons alike, and each player finding his or her partner by matching the ribbons.

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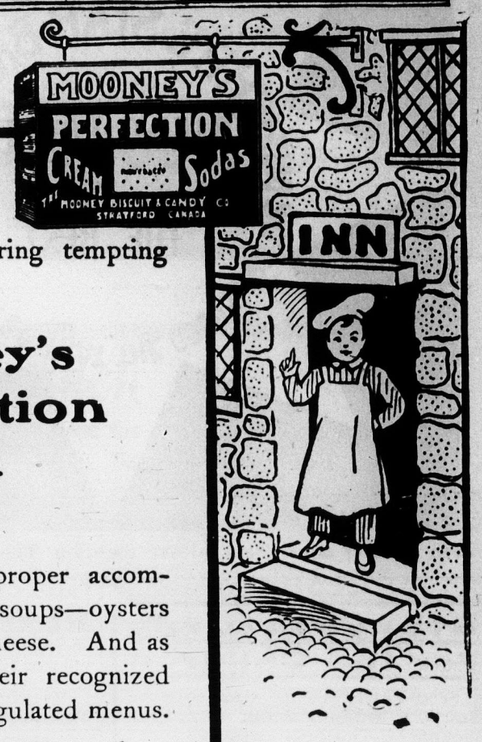

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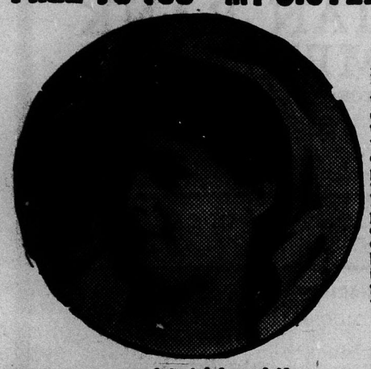

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I will mail, free of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—**you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know** that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.**

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Woman and the Home.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Years are coming, years are going,
Creeds may change and pass away,
But the power of love is growing
Stronger, surer, day by day.
Be ye as the light of morning,
Like the beauteous dawn unfold,
With your radiant lives adorning
All the world in hues of gold.

Selfish claims will soon no longer
Raise their harsh, discordant sounds,
For the law of love will conquer,
Bursting hatred's narrow bounds;
Human love will spread a glory
Filling men with gladsome mirth,
Songs of joy proclaim the story
Of a fair, transfigured earth.

Thaw the hearts that now are frozen—
Thaw them by the rays of love,
And the task that ye have chosen
Will be blest all else above.
For persistent, pure devotion
To the good of all mankind
Is the star of our emotion.
Is the anchor of the mind.

—Gustav Spiller.

Heart and Home Talks.

Nowhere else is there so great need of practising all the "saving virtues" and pleasing courtesies of life as in the farm home, where the family is thrown so constantly together, and isolated from outside companionship so much of the time that each should make himself as agreeable and companionable as possible to the others.

Children are great imitators, and those reared in the farm home imitate the speech and manners of their parents more closely because they come in contact with few others.

Josh Billings put many trite truths into his quaint and homely phraseology. His advice to a father was: "If you want your boy to grow up in the way he should go you must skirmish along that way yourself."

If the father is kind and courteous the son will be.

If the mother is cheery and considerate and sympathetic, the daughter will be.

And if the parents are careful about their personal appearance and their manners, the children will be the same.

The father who chews and smokes and lounges about the home with unkempt hair and beard, and shoes reeking with the smell of the stables, cannot expect his son to be free from such faults and filth.

The mother who goes about all day in a torn, dirty dress with untidy hair, and gives little attention to personal cleanliness, will find her daughter following in her footsteps.

"Company manners" may be taught by precept, but will be found of little use, as the habits of everyday life will unconsciously assert themselves upon unexpected occasions and result in humiliation and mortification.

Reader, if your family has fallen into careless habits that jeopardize not only the happiness of your home but your children's future, institute a new and better order of things.

Anyone can be clean and courteous.

Patches may be accompanied by politeness.

Only rags, dirt, disorder and discord are disgraceful.

The children in the humblest home may have as fine manners as those in the millionaire's palace.

True courtesy springs from the heart, and if love reigns and rules the home the grace of fine manners is easily acquired.

The farm boy may be as courteous and polite to his mother and sister and acquaintances as any young man in fashionable society, and they may receive his attentions with as much grace as the greatest ladies in the land.

It is simply a matter of a little thought. Is it not worth while to give it thought and make your home one of true refinement and happiness?

A Business Man in His Home.

Through a recent misfortune the writer had the good fortune to be for a time the guest in a home in which every interest and care of a sweet and devoted mother was shared by an affectionate and devoted father.

The home was for the time without a maid, and this father, who is a most successful and prosperous business man, did not think it beneath his dignity to assist not only in the care of the children, his usual habit, but in any household task.

Coming into the house always with a cheery word, and engaging in a romp or game with some one or all three of the children, or sitting down to read the evening paper, he was all the time alert for an opportunity to relieve the little wife of some care or task—and they have been married sixteen years.

He helped to dress the children, as painstakingly as though it were the most important business in life for the time being, "hooking up" his high school daughter's dress in the back; carried trays to and from the dining room; emptied ashes; kept coal in the kitchen range fire, and was found on one occasion using the dishmop while tht elder daughter wiped the dishes, having playfully put his wife out of the kitchen with the command that she lie down and rest; and he regularly cooked the beefsteak—and most deliciously too.

Breakfast or dinner over, after performing such tasks about the house as he could, he was off in his automobile or behind a speedy horse to fill some engagement at his office or elsewhere involving the consideration or fulfillment of contracts running up to fifty and a hundred thousand dollars. Business hours over he returned home to find his greatest enjoyment with his family.

I wish that the light of such an example might shine into and make brighter so many homes in which the husbands and fathers are either careless and indifferent, or think it beneath them to share the care of the family and the work necessary to comfortable living in the home. And so I write out this little story of home life with the hope that at least a few of such men may through its reading be led to see their duties more clearly and realize, if they never have before, how much happier they and their family would be and how much more comfortable the home if they would manifest more interest there, and cultivate the habit of sharing its care.

Little Things.

Life is made up of the sum of little things. Little words of love and kindness and helpful deeds sweeten the days and bring happiness to homes and hearts. And it is the little every-day trials and worries which pile up into large discouragements and make life seem hardly worth the attempt to overcome them.

Such little things as an indifferent manner, a single thoughtless, sneering or unkind word or scornful glance leave wounds to rankle in many sensitive souls. It may be that, all unconsciously, we are allowing our daily cares and work to so wear upon us as to bring forth little hasty, impatient speeches that sadly hurt the hearts of "our own" to whom we wish to be only sympathetic, considerate companions and loving wise mothers.

HOUSEHO

SUPERVISED BY THE

COOKING RECIPES

Salmon and Celery Salad enough canned salmon to cupful. Arrange lettuce leav with one cupful of celery cu crosswise slices. Make a mou mixture in the center of the l pour on a dressing made from spoonfuls of oil. three tables vinegar, a saltspoonful of s dash of pepper.

Potatoes with Cheese.—Par into small cubes enough p make a pint; lay them in cold an hour, drain and cook in sa until tender. Place a layer in baking dish, sprinkle thic grated cheese, pepper and salt of butter and a little celery the dish in this way, pour o ful of milk, bake fifteen mi serve hot.

Red Kidney Beans.—Soak o red kidney beans over nig quarts of cold water; rinse with fresh, cold water. Ad onion with one clove stuck i rounding tablespoonful of bu slowly until tender, but not b add water as it boils away. with salt and pepper. Take the onion and turn the beans ter to make a bed on which broiled chops, sausages or ro

Devilled Eggs.—Boil a quantity of eggs hard; when and dip the first into beaten next into oil, and roll them i a small quantity of cayenne little tray by twisting up t of half a sheet of oiled writ place the eggs in it, put on over a clear fire, and shak until the eggs are quite hot while prepare equal quantiti oil and chutney sauce around nish with parsley and serve.

Pieplant Pudding.—Roll cracker crumbs and wash a pieplant. Put a layer of crur tom of pudding dish, bits of a little sprinkle of cinnamon. crumbs with pieplant and plentiful sprinkling of sugar dish with alternating layers. pieplant is done and the cru ened. Enough pieplant shou so that the juice will sufficie en the crumbs. Serve with sugar.

Banana Dessert.—Slice hal ripe bananas, and three tar arranging a layer of banana a layer of oranges in a sprinkle each layer of powdered sugar, and then s the top a layer of sweetene cream which has been fair with a few drops of strawber Have fruit and cream very serve as soon after preparin sible, passing with it fingers cake or macaroons.

Brown Bread.—One cupful meal, one cupful of rye mea ful of flour, mixed together. half cupful sour milk, one-h ful molasses, pinch of salt, h spoonful soda, dissolved in w mix thoroughly. Our grandm their hands to mix brown b warm water to make a thin bake one hour in tin cans. bake in small cans; the l slices look appetizing and ta brown bread of brick oven

Pigeon Pie.—Clean and pigeons. Split and put in with enough good broth to er. Simmer slowly until te out and remove some of bones. Cut the hearts and pieces. Have ready four eggs, sliced. Butter a dee dish and fill with layers of eggs and minced heart and son with salt and pepper, m with a tablespoonful each of flour, and one and one-half broth. Season with salt and pour one-half into the dish. a layer of paste, making an the middle of the crust, and ing the edge with braids, rolls of crust. Bake for on moderately hot oven. Wh done, brush over the top with the yolk of an egg, bea little milk. Serve hot with the gravy.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

COOKING RECIPES.

Salmon and Celery Salad. — Flake enough canned salmon to make one cupful. Arrange lettuce leaves around with one cupful of celery cut in tiny crosswise slices. Make a mound of the mixture in the center of the lettuce and pour on a dressing made from two tablespoonfuls of oil, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper.

Potatoes with Cheese.—Pare and cut into small cubes enough potatoes to make a pint; lay them in cold water half an hour, drain and cook in salted water until tender. Place a layer in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, pepper and salt, with bits of butter and a little celery salt; fill the dish in this way, pour over a cupful of milk, bake fifteen minutes and serve hot.

Red Kidney Beans.—Soak one pint of red kidney beans over night in two quarts of cold water; rinse and cover with fresh, cold water. Add a small onion with one clove stuck in it and a rounding tablespoonful of butter. Cook slowly until tender, but not broken, and add water as it boils away. Season with salt and pepper. Take out the the onion and turn the beans on a platter to make a bed on which to serve broiled chops, sausages or roast pork.

Devilled Eggs.—Boil a sufficient quantity of eggs hard; when cold, peel and dip the first into beaten raw egg, next into oil, and roll them in salt and a small quantity of cayenne. Make a little tray by twisting up the corners of half a sheet of oiled writing paper, place the eggs in it, put on a gridiron over a clear fire, and shake it about until the eggs are quite hot. Meanwhile prepare equal quantities of olive oil and chutney sauce around them, garnish with parsley and serve.

Pieplant Pudding.—Roll bread or cracker crumbs and wash and cut up pieplant. Put a layer of crumbs in bottom of pudding dish, bits of butter and a little sprinkle of cinnamon. Cover the crumbs with pieplant and allow a plentiful sprinkling of sugar. Fill the dish with alternating layers. Bake till pieplant is done and the crumbs moistened. Enough pieplant should be used so that the juice will sufficiently moisten the crumbs. Serve with cream and sugar.

Banana Dessert.—Slice half a dozen ripe bananas, and three tart oranges, arranging a layer of bananas and then a layer of oranges in a glass dish; sprinkle each layer of fruit with powdered sugar, and then spread over the top a layer of sweetened whipped cream which has been faintly tinged with a few drops of strawberry extract. Have fruit and cream very cold, and serve as soon after preparing as possible, passing with it fingers of sponge-cake or macaroons.

Brown Bread.—One cupful of Indian meal, one cupful of rye meal, one cupful of flour, mixed together. Add one-half cupful sour milk, one-fourth cupful molasses, pinch of salt, heaping teaspoonful soda, dissolved in warm water; mix thoroughly. Our grandmothers used their hands to mix brown bread. Add warm water to make a thin batter and bake one hour in tin cans. Be sure to bake in small cans; the little round slices look appetizing and taste like the brown bread of brick oven fame.

Pigeon Pie.—Clean and wipe four pigeons. Split and put in a saucepan with enough good broth to nearly cover. Simmer slowly until tender. Take out and remove some of the larger bones. Cut the hearts and livers into pieces. Have ready four hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Butter a deep pudding dish and fill with layers of the pigeons, eggs and minced heart and liver. Season with salt and pepper, make a gravy with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and one and one-half cupfuls of broth. Season with salt and pepper and pour one-half into the dish. Cover with a layer of paste, making an incision in the middle of the crust, and ornamenting the edge with braids, leaves or rolls of crust. Bake for one hour in a moderately hot oven. When nearly done, brush over the top of the pie with the yolk of an egg, beaten with a little milk. Serve hot with the rest of the gravy.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.

Slice onions very thin or chop them, and put in a frying pan with a tablespoonful or two of butter, and cook until the onions are quite tender; add cold boiled potatoes cut quite fine and heat together until the whole is slightly browned.

Buns.

One pint sponge as for bread: one-half teacup sugar; one-half teacup lard, 1 pint warm water, salt to taste. Mix, let rise till time to bake for supper, then make into small round biscuit, put in pans one inch apart, let rise till very light. Bake in rather quick oven.

Corn Bread.

1 pint corn meal, one-half pint white flour, 1 egg, one-half teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, sweet milk to make rather thin batter: bake in quick oven.

Ginger Bread.

Two cups sugar, 2 eggs, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup butter, one-half teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger, 1 teaspoon soda, 3 cups flour. Bake in moderate oven.

A Date Cake that took First Prize at a Fair.

One-half cup of sweet milk, one-third cup of soft butter, 1 and one third cups of brown sugar, 2 eggs One-half teaspoon each of nutmeg and cinnamon, 2 teaspoons baking powder, three-quarter cup of finely chopped dates. Beat three minutes and bake.

An Excellent Cream Cake.

1 cup of sugar, whites of 3 eggs, 1 cup of thick sweet cream, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, a pinch of salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder sifted with flour enough to make quite stiff. Bake in layers and fill with whipped cream.

Marrow with Cheese.—Slice the marrow; boil in a very little salted water, drain, dip in grated cheese and bread crumbs, place on a tin plate and set in the oven until the cheese is melted. Serve on slices of toast, or on a heated plate with a slice of lemon.

Southern Potato Rolls.—Boil six medium-sized potatoes and mash fine after shaking dry. Add to them a teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar, also a tablespoonful of shortening, half lard and half butter, and one-quarter cake of compressed yeast; let stand in a temperature of seventy degrees for four or five hours or until very light; add sufficient flour to knead well and let rise again in a lower temperature; then cut in rounds, fold over and stand again until very light; bake in quick oven.

Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

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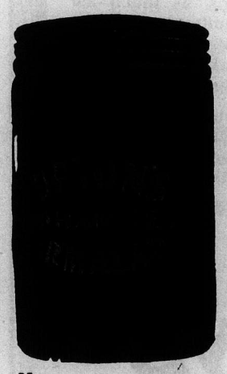

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For choice Pickles, ask your grocer for Blackwood's White Onions, Chow chow, Sour Mixed, Sweet Mixed, Dill Pickles, Red Cabbage, Horse Radish, Tomato Catsup.

If you are not using them, try them.

THE BLACKWOODS, Limited.

WINNIPEG.

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THE BEST STARCHES

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The lower portion of a fire-pot is usually nearly or partly filled with dead ashes, leaving the live, red-hot coals in the upper part. The result is that the upper portion expands much more than the lower.

This uneven expansion causes a strain too great for a one-piece fire-pot to stand. Sooner or later it will split, allowing precious heat and sickening gases to escape.

But the fire-pot of the Sunshine is constructed to meet this condition. It is in two sections. The upper half expands, as much as necessary, independently of the lower. When cool, it contracts back to its original size, fitting to the lower half perfectly.

And this strong, unbreakable, gas and heat-tight, two-piece fire-pot is just one of the many superior features of the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine," write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

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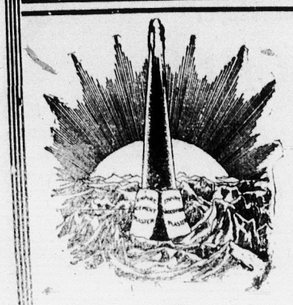

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Winnipeg.

About the Farm.

A good many farmers have formed the habit of keeping money in the house. In one way or another the fact becomes known, is talked about at the corner store, and the tough characters of the neighborhood eventually hear of it. Perhaps the result is an unpleasant interview in the night, which may lead to murder. Banks seldom fail; why should you lose your life defending a little cash?

Looking Backward.

As we look back to the boyhood days on the farm we sometimes wonder what our rush and hurry was all for, anyway. How we rushed about, hurrying to finish one job that we might get at another; finishing oat cutting that we might get at the barley stacking, and so on through the round of farm duties throughout the changing seasons of the year. We continue our cross-examination by asking ourselves if it would not have been better to have worked less hard and then have studied more carefully into things. For instance, we might have taken time to repair the broken binder ourselves instead of getting an expert to fix the machine but we were in a hurry and did not care to take the time for experimenting. And again, we were too busy to have a saddle horse and when we needed to go to another part of the farm or about the neighborhood we walked or took a hard worked field horse. Of course, we would have enjoyed a "saddler" as much as any one and now I wished we had owned one. The old farm would have looked better from the saddle than from the bare back of a large wide-spread draft horse.

Milking Herefords.

While the Herefords are not usually considered of much account as milkers, there is an occasional herd that produce butter in paying quantities. It goes to show that milking qualities are not entirely monopolized by the milking breeds. Yet we always observe that when a beef herd is found that is making a good butter record it is also found that they are cared for and fed according to the best principles of dairying. This is exemplified in the following report of yields and amount and kinds of feed fed by Mr. L. H. Knutson, of Emmons, Minn., who keeps a herd of high grade Hereford cows:—

Yield of milk per cow per year	4671 lbs.
Yield of butter fat per cow per year	173 lbs.
The equivalent in butter would be	217 lbs.
Net returns from creamery per cow	$43.01
Cost of keeping per cow per year	22.00
Net profit per cow	$21.01
Feed was as follows:—	
Pasture	$4.00
Clover hay	6.00
Cort stocks	3.00
Ground corn and cob and bran	9.00
	$22.00

Mr. Knutson writes: "In my herd of cows, like all herds on the average farm, there are some poor cows. If all cows had been as good as the best this report would have been considerably higher."

Bran for Horses.

Bran is one of the feeds that is little used on our farm as a horse feed. It is best used as an occasional feed. For instance, there is nothing better for the welfare of the horse than a bran mash once or twice a week. It is especially beneficial as a feed in the winter time. A feed of bran can be put in a bucket, boiling water poured over it, a small amount of salt added, and the mixture allowed to steam for 10 or 15 minutes. There is nothing that a horse seems to appreciate quite as much as a good bran mash.

Bran is an especially good feed for colts. It can be fed either as a mash or can be fed with oats. The value of it for colts lies in the fact that bran is rich in the mineral matter which goes to make up bone, and bone is what we want to develop in the colts in order to get weight. When fed alone, bran is not an especially good feed as it is too bulky and overbalanced, but it is very valuable as an occasional feed, or in conjunction with other grain, especially with corn. When fed with corn, making up from a third to a half of the ration, it goes a long way towards balancing up the carbonaceous nature of corn.

A Change of Meat for the Farmer.

It cannot be said that farmers do not live well, and yet in a certain sense, many of them do not. As a usual thing, ample food is provided, and when properly cooked, furnishes the best diet that can be had. But in many instances the meat used is not calculated to maintain bodily vigor. The amount of salt pork consumed upon the farm is out of all proportion to the amount of other meats, such as beef and mutton. The practice of using so much pork has come about largely as a matter of convenience. The farmer kills his year's supply of pork in the fall. The part not wanted for immediate use is salted down, and because it keeps this way and is ready for cooking any time without involving further labor, he does not take kindly to the idea of killing a calf or lamb now and then. Vegetables are excellent in their place and there can be no question but that more of them should be used on the farmer's table and in greater variety, but there is no denying the fact that the foremost nations of the earth, England, Canada and the United States, are the greatest meat eaters. Of course, it would not be correct to say that the highest position in the scale of intelligence is owing entirely to the meat eaten, but it does seem reasonable to conclude that there is some relation between the vigor and aggressiveness of the English, Canadians and Americans, and the fact that they are great meat eaters.

Farmers who have ice houses might have the best kind of meat the year around. It is possible for them to have fresh beef and mutton in the frozen state in our climate, all winter. It is possible also for them to kill a sheep or lamb occasionally. The only trouble in this respect is that too few of them have the lambs to kill. They may have also fowls as numerous as they wish. The beef, mutton and fowl supplies, along with good bacon and ham, should furnish the best types of food that are to be found, especially when these are used in due proportion, with such vegetables and fruit as the farmer can readily grow on his farm. We do not believe in farmers selling the best of everything they raise.

To Pickle Cucumbers.

Place cucumbers, preferably, two or three inches in length, in graniteware or earthen vessel, salt liberally and let remain eight or nine hours; then drain. Then pack in jar and pour boiling vinegar over them. Now place near the stove and cover with grape vine leaves to give a nice green color. If they do not become sufficiently green, strain off the vinegar, boil it and again pour it over them, covering with fresh leaves. Continue until they become as green as you wish. Spice or not, as preferred.

POINTS OF A GOOD HOR

A good judge of horses is one a systematic way, can tell the as well as the bad points of t mal which he is judging. A C horse authority gives the fo pointers in regard to selectin horses. A consideration of thes will aid materially in systemati ing and observations.

"If a horse is short-ribbe light in his middle and is nea ways a poor feeder.

"A light-centered horse seldom well, and weight in a draft hor comes from bone, sinew and goes a long way to determine h mercial value.

"A stallion whose feet are c ed and brittle and whose ho puffy and fleshy-looking sh avoided, as such hocks are g associated with a coarseness out his whole conformation and eral lack of quality.

"When a horse is well cou gether on top and has a short must have the length below f point of the shoulder to the the thigh. When so built stand the strain of drawing loads much better than if he long, loose back.

"The front feet and hocks parts of either a draft or a horse that come directly in cont the hard work, and unless t sound and good a horse's us will be very much impaired commercial value very much l

"Before using a stallion groom to lead him away fr Stand square behind him and he picks up his feet and pla on the ground properly, trav both trot and walk clear and c striking the ground first with and then bringing down the he

"The feet should be large a in appearance. The sole of should be concave, the frog plump and elastic, because it buffer to take the concussio acting too severely on the foot, and fetlock. See that both dam have sound feet, free fro and brittleness and are not c There should be no "gu about the hocks of the draft it indicates coarseness. The be large, flat and firm, and wide, especially from a side

COWS NOT CONFINE

Some dairymen follow the of using the closed shed o barn yard for their cows, putt in the stable only at milk They claim that the cows clean by this method, that th freedom, that the milking kept in a more sanitary cond that the manure is all save fine condition.

Superintendent Greggs, of t sota farmers' institutes, fol practice and speaks highly o calls the closed shed where run loose the cows' bed roo kept heavily bedded with s hay and other fodder is fed He puts the cows into stanch long enough to milk them v are turned into the room. enough is used to keep e clean and to absorb all of manure. The sleeping room out with a manure spreader, being the result.

Cows so confined will keep healthy condition, because more exercise, more good air, cleaner and have better appet bor is also saved because cleaning is necessary daily.

The Curse of Flax.

Flax is the poor man's homesteader's means of gett returns. He builds a shack Canada, starts the breaker, and within six months is abl revenue. Sometimes he gets the price of the land from crop, but "all is not gold tha for if the flax seed happens a few weed seeds to infes farm, this revenue maker becomes a money loser, and of much annoyance. In loss may follow as a resul few weeds than the en of the flax crop, even thou be a good one. We cannot t urge our prairie farmers to about the flax seed they s sands of acres of virgin soil turned over this spring, cons which will be put into flax clean seed is scarce and ami that comes with opening a the importance of sowing is too often overlooked. B long distance to get clean s take chances. Better even the flax seed than to han mustard.

POINTS OF A GOOD HORSE.

A good judge of horses is one who, in a systematic way, can tell the good as well as the bad points of the animal which he is judging. A Canadian horse authority gives the following pointers in regard to selecting draft horses. A consideration of these points will aid materially in systematic judging and observations.

"If a horse is short-ribbed he is light in his middle and is nearly always a poor feeder.

"A light-centered horse seldom weighs well, and weight in a draft horse, if it comes from bone, sinew and muscle, goes a long way to determine his commercial value.

"A stallion whose feet are contracted and brittle and whose hocks are puffy and fleshy-looking should be avoided, as such hocks are generally associated with a coarseness throughout his whole conformation and a general lack of quality.

"When a horse is well coupled together on top and has a short back, he must have the length below from the point of the shoulder to the back of the thigh. When so built he will stand the strain of drawing heavy loads much better than if he has a long, loose back.

"The front feet and hocks are the parts of either a draft or a driving horse that come directly in contact with the hard work, and unless they are sound and good a horse's usefulness will be very much impaired and his commercial value very much lessened.

"Before using a stallion get the groom to lead him away from you. Stand square behind him and see that he picks up his feet and places them on the ground properly, travelling in both trot and walk clear and clean, not striking the ground first with the toe and then bringing down the heel.

"The feet should be large and waxy in appearance. The sole of the hoof should be concave, the frog spongy, plump and elastic, because it acts as a buffer to take the concussion from acting too severely on the foot, pastern, and fetlock. See that both sire and dam have sound feet, free from flatness and brittleness and are not contracted. There should be no "gumminess" about the hocks of the draft horse, as it indicates coarseness. They should be large, flat and firm, and should be wide, especially from a side view."

COWS NOT CONFINED.

Some dairymen follow the practice of using the closed shed or covered barn yard for their cows, putting them in the stable only at milking time. They claim that the cows are kept clean by this method, that they enjoy freedom, that the milking stable is kept in a more sanitary condition and that the manure is all saved and in fine condition.

Superintendent Greggs, of the Minnesota farmers' institutes, follows this practice and speaks highly of it. He calls the closed shed where the cows run loose the cows' bed room. It is kept heavily bedded with straw and hay and other fodder is fed in racks. He puts the cows into stanchions just long enough to milk them when they are turned into the room. Bedding enough is used to keep everything clean and to absorb all of the liquid manure. The sleeping room is cleaned out with a manure spreader, big crops being the result.

Cows so confined will keep in a more healthy condition, because they get more exercise, more good air, are kept cleaner and have better appetites. Labor is also saved because no stable cleaning is necessary daily.

The Curse of Flax.

Flax is the poor man's crop, the homesteader's means of getting quick returns. He builds a shack in western Canada, starts the breaker, sows flax and within six months is able to get a revenue. Sometimes he gets more than the price of the land from the first crop, but "all is not gold that glitters," for if the flax seed happens to contain a few weed seeds to infest his new farm, this revenue maker in the end becomes a money loser, and a source of much annoyance. In fact, more loss may follow as a result of these few weeds than the entire value of the flax crop, even though it may be a good one. We cannot too strongly urge our prairie farmers to be careful about the flax seed they sow. Thousands of acres of virgin soil are being turned over this spring, considerable of which will be put into flax, but good clean seed is scarce and amid the rush that comes with opening a new farm, the importance of sowing clean seed is too often overlooked. Better go a long distance to get clean seed than to take chances. Better even hand pick the flax seed than to hand pull the mustard.

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Are the choice of creamerymen and the world's experts on dairying and dairy machinery.

What's Yours?

(Over 800,000 in use—every Highest Award.)

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

REPRESENTATIVES EVERYWHERE.

Difference due to Care.

The average farm flock of fowls lay many more eggs during the summer months than they do in the winter; in fact, some flocks scarcely lay an egg all winter long. Why is this so? Stop and think a moment. Is it because the weather is warm? Or is it because fowls roam the fields in summer, thereby getting exercise, green food, bugs, worms, grit, dry grain, water and dust bath when desired? Give the hen summer conditions in winter and she will lay.

Provide the variety of food that she gets in summer with exercise, water, etc., and she has got to lay. Summer warmth is not important; it is not warm weather that causes her to lay, but the conditions made possible by such weather. True, she can't get bugs and worms in winter, but meat scraps are the same thing. While much warmth is not necessary in winter, a certain amount is essential, for if hens suffer from cold, food is used to keep them warm, and there will be few eggs. It is not so much in the breed as in the feed and care given. Make conditions right and eggs will be the result.

Sanitation.

One of the practical forms which the interest in sanitation is taking, is in very wisely looking after the cleanliness of the back yard.

To have the back yard as attractive as the front is the watchword that is stimulating all sorts of reforms in this direction.

It not only appeals to the aesthetic sense, to have a beautiful green sward stretching away on all sides of the home, but it is a long step in the direction of healthier living.

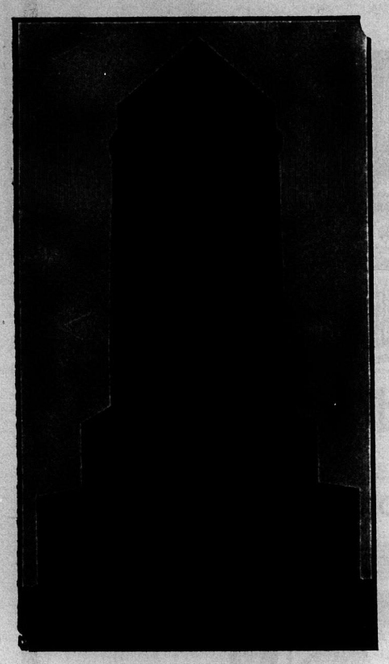
The germs of malaria, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and a host of other ills lurk in the garbage pail, the heaps of wilted vegetables, the greasy dishwater thrown out at the back door and allowed to gutter for itself a shiny path over the surface of the ground.

The outlay in burning or burying the garbage and digging a drain, laying terra cotta pipes, and sinking a well for the waste water, will be small as compared with the bills incident to sickness, to say nothing of weeks or months of suffering.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

RED CROSS GIN

is the only Gin which bears the Government stamp, as a guarantee of age, quality and purity.



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SCOTCH GRANITE MONUMENTS

We have about two carloads on exhibition in our yard here, and expect an 80,000 lb. car about May 1.

We buy at wholesale prices and direct from the Quarries in Aberdeen, Scotland. This means that we can sell to you for 25 per cent. less than any other dealer in the West.

EVERY KIND OF GRANITE AND MARBLE IN STOCK

Write us or give us a call.

IT'S MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

Bed Bug Chaser

Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all Insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try This." We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill 1,000,000 bugs. Leaves no stain, dust, dirt or disagreeable smell. Appreciated by every good housekeeper. Sent, in plain wrapper (by mail prepaid 25c. (We scale price to agents and druggists 25 per dozen.) [illegible] Dept. 23 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

In Lighter Vein.

The Wrong Man.

A number of New York politicians were telling stories at the expense of each other when Representative Sulzer, by way of revenge upon Thomas F. Grady, the orator of Tammany fame, told the following:

"I think that my first meeting with Grady was at Kingston, New York," said Mr. Sulzer. "I had gone to that place to speak at a big campaign meeting. My harangue was interrupted by a fellow in the audience who kept yelling in a stentorian voice, 'Grady! Grady!' I spotted the chap, and when my speech was done I went into the audience near my loud-voiced friend. When I got the chance I asked him why he had shown a desire to break up my oration by his shouts for Grady.

"'Oh!' exclaimed he, 'you mustn't think there was anything personal in my yelling that way. You see, I'm a great friend of Grady's.'

"Soon Grady himself came upon the platform and began to speak; but the big-lunged fellow interrupted him just as he had me by his calls for 'Grady! Grady!'

"'Why!' I remonstrated, in surprise, 'what are you yelling for now? That's Grady himself! You have him; now listen to him!'

"'Ah, gwan with ye,' replied the other; 'that ain't Grady at all! It's the man that gave me a dollar to yell for Grady!"

Man and Wife.

The snow was falling. The day was still and gray and cold. Dr. Parkhurst, shaking the white flakes from his shoulders said:

"I have just witnessed an instructive happening—a happening that might teach us why some marriages do not succeed.

"A man and his wife were walking down a back street. The man had his hands in his pockets. The woman carried a basket filled with cabbage and beets.

"A group of boys danced like imps on a corner. They had snow balls in their hands. As soon as the married couple had passed them, they let drive.

"But only the woman was struck. She got two heavy blows about the head and face. Every snowball, somehow, missed the man.

"He looked at his wife as she brushed the snow out of her ears and hair, and then shook his fist at the boys and shouted:

"'It's a good thing for you, you young rascals, that you didn't hit me.'"

Her Frank Opinion.

Mr. Selflove (who always tries to be quite at his ease over the size of his nose, but who never quite succeeds)—Some people, you know, quite admire a large nose, Miss Frankleigh, and the noble Romans considered the possession of one really an honor. Do you—that is, will you be quite frank and tell me what you think of mine?

She (with eyes and thoughts focussed on a hat across the street)—Oh, I think it's adorable—simply immense.

It s Location.

"Yes," said Subbubs, "my house is quite close to the railroad."

"If I go out that way in the 'n, how can I identify your house when I see it?" asked Citiman.

"Why—er—you can only identify it when you don't see it. It's right back of the Pillman's Pink Pellets advertising sign."

British Election Explained.

In a wrestling match at the Lyceum last week Smith defeated Smyth, Here we have the general election in a nutshell.

Distance Lends Enchantment.

"Tell me, Baron, is it really such a delight to go eighty miles in an automobile?"

"No, the fun only begins when you go two hundred miles—away from home."

A Willing Husband.

"Boss, Ah's lookin' foh work."

"All right, there's a ton of coal on the walk that must be brought up."

"But, boss, dat's no work foh a lady; wife does washin'."

Making Suitable Apology.

"It was very naughty of you to call grandpa a gouty old fossil. Now you say you're very sorry."

"Yes, ma, I'm very sorry grandpa is a gouty old fossil!"

Strictly Honorable.

Congressman J. Adam Bede was consulting with President Roosevelt about a minor Federal appointment in the Minnesota district which he represented. After making several inquiries about the man, the President abruptly said: "Is he an honest man?" "An honest man?" returned Mr. Bede; "why, see here, Mr. President, that man wouldn't rob a railway company—not if he had the chance."

Anecdotal.

George D. Robinson, once governor of Massachusetts, was examining an applicant for admission to the bar who had failed in all the branches of law upon which he had been examined. Mr. Robinson asked him in his most kindly manner if he would like to be questioned further. "Well," replied the applicant, "I would suggest, if you please, that you try me on the statutes." "My dear young man," replied Mr. Robinson pleasantly, "I do not doubt that you are up on the statutes, but I doubt that you will succeed in the law. Suppose you should have the utmost familiarity with the statutes, what's to prevent the legislature from repealing all you know?"

Sparklets.

"Gracious, Janet! what in the world is the matter with Fido?"

"He's got a severe cold, mem. I think he must have left his muzzle off too suddenly, mem."

"You want too much for putting in that coal."

"Tain' de work I'se chahgin' foh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "It's de 'sponsibility of de position. S'posin' I was ter let some er dat 'ar precious coal git stole?"

"We don't have terrorists in our country," said the American.

"No," answered the obstinate Russian. "But isn't the difference largely one of name? When anybody gets discontented and threatens people you call him a crank; but the danger is the same."

"Did Miss Flyppe receive many proposals while at Blackpool?" "Many! Why, receiving proposals has got to be a habit with her. She has got so used to them that she can't even hear a soda water bottle pop without exclaiming, 'This is so sudden.'"

Uncle Josh, fresh from Upcreek, had been inspecting the family ice box.

"Henry," he said, "you told me you was gittin' artificial ice. I've looked at it, and tetched it and if it ain't real ice, by gum, I never saw any!"

First Author.—"Oh, the unutterable monotony of existence! I am thoroughly disgusted with it all. Would that I might completely disappear for a while!"

Second Author.—"Then why don't you marry a famous woman?"

"Why do you avoid making speeches yourself?" asked the friend. "It's better to have someone else attend to the oratory," answered Senator Sorghum. "In that way you can ascertain which of your opinions are unpopular and repudiate them."

Victor Hugo had a very exalted opinion of his own importance. Walking with a friend one day, he abruptly asked, "Can you imagine what I would say to the Creator, should I meet Him?"

"Yes," replied his friend, "you would say, 'My dear confrere!'"

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat, and I didn't feel it when I went out, and haven't felt it since."

Wife: "Weren't you awfully frightened, dear, when you made your first political speech the other night?"

Candidate: "Yes: but I got through safely."

Wife: "Safely?"

Candidate: "Yes, before anybody yelled for me to sit down."

"I wonder," said Farmer Corntossel, who had just returned from a trip to the big city, "why so many young men insist on not gettin' rich."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"They all want to be lawyers or doctors instead o' bein' restaurant waiters or policemen."

In a little town in Ireland lived an old cripple who had won the nickname "Thank Providence," because, though he was very poor, he was continually thanking Providence. When he died his neighbors erected a stone over his grave, bearing the inscription: "Here lies the body of Thank Providence. His soul is in Heaven."

"Your citizens don't object to big automobiles passing through this settlement, do they?" asked the nervous chauffeur.

"Wal, I should say not," chuckled the big mayor. "It is great sport."

"Ah, I am glad you think so."

"Yes, we would rather shoot at an automobile any day than we would a common bar."

Why are tears like potatoes? Because they spring from the eyes.

What is the keynote of good manners? B natural.

What is the difference between a child and an envelope? One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

Why is the letter O the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Because it is found oftener than any other in doing good.

Laurence Hutton cites as the most amusing and, at the time, most perplexing typographical error in his long journalistic and literary career, one which occurred in an article he wrote at the time of the consolidation of the Astor, Tilden and Lennox libraries, in which he was made to express the following remarkable opinion: "New York, perhaps, has never fully realized until this day how greatly it has been enriched by the receipt of the vest buttons of James Lenox!" He had written "vast bequests."

Lord Alverstone, the present Lord Chief Justice, was one day involved in

a collision between two hanson
Being, fortunately, unhurt, he
till the mutual objurgations of t
cabbies had to some extent sul
and then, approaching one of
handed him his card, saying he
be glad to come as a witness if t
went into court. It did find i
into court eventually, and Sir F
(as he then was), had the privil
sitting on the bench beside the
merely as a visitor. The Lord
cabman won, and upon going
the building the learned dignit
the law was pleased to see the
awaiting him. "Jump in, sir,
the jehu, "I'll drive you anyw
I know'd it 'ud be all right v
seen you up there a-squarin'
beak."

He was a young and smart-l
Scots clergyman and was to pr
"trial" sermon in a strange
Fearing that his hair might be
ranged or that he might have a
on his face he quietly and signi
said to the beadle, there being
ror in the vestry, "John, could
me a glass?" John disappear
after a few minutes returned with
thing under his coat which, to
tonishment of the divine, he pr
in the form of a bottle with a
whiskey in it, saying "Ye maun
aboot it, meenister, for I got
special favor; and I wadna ha
ava if I hadna told them it
you."

In England there's a prett
country hotel known as th
Tavern. Close at hand, in th
grounds, is a quaint old ivy-
chapel. If the hotel become
crowded, as it does now an
they put away the guests
chapel. A traveling man o
it one night. At six o'clock t
morning the loud pealing
chapel bell roused the night
who rushed over to the ch
great alarm and encountere
traveling man. "Are you th
clerk?" asked the traveling n
am," said the night clerk;
the jolly row?" "Well for h
sake," said the traveling man
me over a cocktail to pew 13.

An Englishman, while
along the main street in
Me., stepped in a hole in the s
and, falling, broke his le
brought suit against the city
thousand dollars, and engage
nibal Hamlin for counsel.
won his case, but the city a
to the supreme court. Here, a
decision was for Hamlin's
After settling up the claim,
sent for his client and handed
dollar. "What's this?" ask
Englishman. "That's your d
after taking out my fee, the
appeal, and several other ex
said Hamlin. The Englishma
ed at the dollar and then at
"What's the matter with th
asked. "Is it bad?"

Bishop McVicker of Rhode
a man of great physical prop
once visited Japan with Dr.
Brooks, who fell but little beh
in height and breadth. To
minutive Japs the two stalwa
erican clergymen were sources
ending wonder. "We did n
ordinary tributes to our siz
the bishop, "but the wonde
the size of our feet elicited wa
flattering. In entering a J
house you are supposed t
your shoes outside, and never
Brooks and I come out but w
an admiring crowd either m
our shoes or gazing upon the
miration. They were pretty
shoes, I admit."

A Good Medicine requires l
vertising. Dr. Thomas' E
Oil gained the good name
enjoys, not through elaborat
tising, but on its great meri
remedy for bodily pains and
of the respiratory organs.
carried its fame with it whe
has gone, and it is prized
antipodes as well as at home
small, effect sure.

a collision between two hansom cabs. Being, fortunately, unhurt, he waited till the mutual objurgations of the two cabbies had to some extent subsided, and then, approaching one of them, handed him his card, saying he would be glad to come as a witness if the case went into court. It did find its way into court eventually, and Sir Richard (as he then was), had the privilege of sitting on the bench beside the judge, merely as a visitor. The Lord Chief's cabman won, and upon going outside the building the learned dignitary of the law was pleased to see the victor awaiting him. "Jump in, sir," said the jehu, "I'll drive you anywheres. I know'd it 'ud be all right when I seen you up there a-squarin' of the beak."

He was a young and smart-looking Scots clergyman and was to preach a "trial" sermon in a strange church. Fearing that his hair might be disarranged or that he might have a smudge on his face he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry, "John, could you get me a glass?" John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat which, to the astonishment of the divine, he produced in the form of a bottle with a gill of whiskey in it, saying "Ye mauna let on aboot it, meenister, for I got it as a special favor; and I wadna hae got it ava if I hadna told them it was for you."

In England there's a pretty little country hotel known as the Rose Tavern. Close at hand, in the hotel grounds, is a quaint old ivy-mantled chapel. If the hotel becomes overcrowded, as it does now and then, they put away the guests in the chapel. A traveling man occupied it one night. At six o'clock the next morning the loud pealing of the chapel bell roused the night clerk, who rushed over to the chapel in great alarm and encountered the traveling man. "Are you the night clerk?" asked the traveling man. "I am," said the night clerk; "what's the jolly row?" "Well for heaven's sake," said the traveling man, "rush me over a cocktail to pew 13."

An Englishman, while passing along the main street in Bangor, Me., stepped in a hole in the sidewalk and, falling, broke his leg. He brought suit against the city for one thousand dollars, and engaged Hannibal Hamlin for counsel. Hamlin won his case, but the city appealed to the supreme court. Here, also, the decision was for Hamlin's client. After settling up the claim, Hamlin sent for his client and handed him one dollar. "What's this?" asked the Englishman. "That's your damages, after taking out my fee, the cost of appeal, and several other expenses," said Hamlin. The Englishman looked at the dollar and then at Hamlin. "What's the matter with this?" he asked. "Is it bad?"

Bishop McVicker of Rhode Island, a man of great physical proportions, once visited Japan with Dr. Phillips Brooks, who fell but little behind him in height and breadth. To the diminutive Japs the two stalwart American clergymen were sources of unending wonder. "We did not mind ordinary tributes to our size," says the bishop, "but the wonder which the size of our feet elicited was hardly flattering. In entering a Japanese house you are supposed to leave your shoes outside, and never did Dr. Brooks and I come out but we found an admiring crowd either measuring our shoes or gazing upon them in admiration. They were pretty sizable shoes, I admit."

A Good Medicine requires little advertising. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil gained the good name it now enjoys, not through elaborate advertising, but on its great merits as a remedy for bodily pains and ailments of the respiratory organs. It has carried its fame with it wherever it has gone, and it is prized at the antipodes as well as at home. Dose small, effect sure.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS.
TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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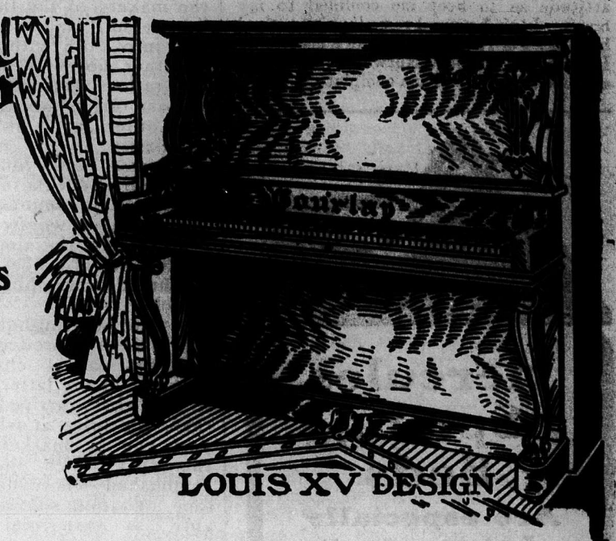
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

MADE IN CANADA.

Gourlay Pianos



Are the Talisman of Happiness in Refined Homes

It is a poor way to value a piano as a decorative piece of furniture or as a means to occasional diversion. Such noble instruments as the

Gourlay Pianos

are designed for higher purposes. Indispensable in a finely appointed home, a "Gourlay" is also the synonym of refinement and purest pleasure.

Authentic in all details of construction and style, every "Gourlay" has the

"GRAND" QUALITY OF TONE

which distinguishes the highest art in piano-building from the merely first-class. If a "Gourlay" is a little high-priced, it is worth the price.

Besides we arrange

PAYMENT PLANS TO SUIT ALL PURSES.

Write us your needs. We ship the "Gourlay" anywhere in Canada on approval, and guarantee perfect satisfaction.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

Head Offices--182 Yonge Street, Toronto.

WILD and IMPROVED LANDS
In the Famous
HANLEY PLAINS
Saskatchewan
For pamphlet giving complete information write **T. O. HAMRE**
P. O. Box 45 HANLEY, SASK.

READ THIS—but understand at outset that our **GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS** are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; $1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.
Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich

WANTED AT ONCE on salary and expenses one good man in each locality with rig, or capable of handling horses, to advertise and introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry specifics. No experience necessary; we lay out your work for you. $25 a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write, W. A. Jenkins Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.
When writing mention The Western Home Monthly.

"IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptives grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

Hercules Spring Beds

Are especially Interwoven

with strong interlocking steel wire. This gives a wonderful durability, and a most comfortable, non-stretching springiness.

Sleep on a "Hercules" 30 nights. If not the most satisfactory bed you ever slept on, return it to your dealer, and he will cheerfully refund your money.

Look for the name on the frame—"Hercules."

Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co., Limited. 85

Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—safest regulator for baby. Prevents colic and vomiting—gives healthful rest—cures diarrhoea without the harmful effects of medicines containing opium or other injurious drugs. 42

Cures Diarrhoea 25c.—at drug-stores. National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Montreal.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Opinions about Women.

If a woman lost us Paradise, she alone can restore it.—J. G. Whittier.

All women are good—good for something or good for nothing.—Cervantes.

A beautiful woman is the only tyrant man is not authorized to resist.—Victor Hugo.

Unhappy is the man to whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—Emerson.

A beautiful woman is a practical poem, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.—Emerson.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both by the beauty of the covering.—Dr. Johnson.

An Imitation Silk.

An imitation silk is now made in England and some of the other European countries from wood pulp. The product is intended to supply the trade with a yarn which will take the place of the product of the silk worm. It is recognized, however, even by the makers of the imitation silk, that its use has limitations. Its fabrication into cloth without the admixture of other fibres is not recommended, but rather distinctly discouraged by a least one "mock" spinner. On the other hand, it is coming into popularity as the material for both transverse and longitudinal stripes and figured effects in cloths, the body of which is composed of either cotton, wool, or worsted.

Obviously, the aim of the inventors of the several processes is to produce a thread resembling real silk as closely as possible in appearance, feel, and wearing qualities. Up to the present a product possessing the two first-named characteristics, but deficient in the latter attribute, seems to have been arrived at. Naturally, then, the price at which the artificial yarn can be marketed must be less than that which the real and well-established silk commands. At this time imitation silk sells for considerably less than real silk, but at a higher price than mercerized cotton, and the exploiters of the patent processes are looking forward to the time when their yarns will have a settled position in the textile trade between silk and the best qualities of mercerized cotton yarns.

The raw material comes from Norway in the form of baled sheets, each sheet being about four feet square. Its price fluctuates from time to time, but 8 cents a pound may be taken as the average cost. After the pulp has been dissolved into a liquid of the required consistency, it is forced through a series of microscopic holes, four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, punched through a thin platinum plate. A "setting" bath (acid) then fixes the filaments so that they can be twisted together to form a workable thread. Usually either 16 or 32 of these capillary filaments go to form what may be termed the "single" yarn.

British census reports of family names give in England and Wales 253,606 Smiths, 242,100 Joneses, with Williams, Taylor, Davis and Brown following in order. For Scotland, Smith leads, followed by McDonald, Brown, Thomson, Robertson, Stewart and Campbell. Murphy is ahead in Ireland, there being 62,600 of them; then come Kelly, 59,900; Sullivan, 43,600; Walsh, 41,700; Smith, 37,000; O'Brien, 33,400; Byrne, 33,000; Ryan, 32,000; Connor, 31,200; O'Neil, 29,100, and Reilly, 29,000.

Drainage.

Newspapers have sown broadcast over the land a vast amount of literature regarding drainage and sewerage, and their relation to the establishment of good sanitary conditions, both in the city and country.

That there still continue to be epidemics of typhoid fever and other diseases which have their origin in impure air and water goes to show either how difficult it is to carry out the principles of a healthy sanitation or the indifference there is concerning the matter.

There are a few practical points in regard to this subject which it would be well to remember. After the first frosts, when vegetation has decayed, and the heavy rains of the autumn have washed impurities into the ground, all collections of water from surface drainage are dangerously full of disease breeding germs.

It should be ascertained without a doubt that wells from which water is used for drinking purposes are not contaminated by this surface water.

In country places where there is no sewerage system it is of the utmost importance to remove all standing or slop water by digging drains leading away from dwellings. The purification of all liquid refuse is effected by simple filtoration, due to the oxidizing properties of the soil. In clay soils much may be accomplished by plowing and mixing ashes or gravel with the earth.

Dry refuse which cannot be fed to animals should be collected and burned as far as possible.

In the beginning of the winter season it is a habit for people with over zealous caution to close windows and doors, without providing for the constant exchange of air so essential to bedrooms, where with a little care good ventilation can be secured without creating a draft.

In houses where there are bath and toilet accommodations, special care should be taken to flush all traps every day. It may be not generally known that the most poisonous germs are inodorous as well as invisible, and cannot be detected by ordinary methods.

Archbishop Bruchesi and Temperance.

After a pastoral visit extending over as many as thirty parishes of the archdiocese of Canada, Archbishop Bruchesi has returned home fully convinced that already a great deal has been accomplished for temperance by the campaign started by him towards the close of last year.

No one realizes more fully than he the difficult task undertaken by the religious authorities, yet His Grace states that he had seen many encouraging signs during his tour, and he believes that, while good has already been done, with the aid of the governing bodies, Quebec will, in a comparatively short time, become the primest mover for temperance in the New World. "Give us," said his Grace in conclusion, "the existence and sympathy of the Government and the municipal bodies, and it will take a comparatively short time to regenerate the whole people."

Photographic Sounds.

A wonderful instrument is the eidophone, which is used to "photograph" sounds. By its aid has been demonstrated the fact that every note of music has its visible form. Certain highly pitched voices, when recorded by the instrument, produced figures exactly like trees, while others gave impressions resembling flowers and foliage. Other notes still produced grotesque shapes suggestive of natural objects. Very curious was the picture produced by recording three notes of music through the apparatus. It was precisely like a tree growing beside a sheet of water.

The Crown Bud.

The crown bud of a chrysanthemum plant is the large bud which terminates a branch. In chrysanthemum culture plants are sometimes grown as a single stem, the side branches and all the buds but the terminal one being removed. This treatment encourages the growth and development of large leaves and enormous blooms. Sometimes a plant is allowed to develop from two to five or more branches with a crown bud on each, the side buds being removed as soon as formed. This method results in large and handsome flowers, giving the plant a gorgeous appearance. Large pots of rich soil, constant and liberal watering, occasionally using a liquid fertilizer, and allowing only the development of the crown buds insures success with these popular autumn flowers.

Oxalis Roots.

When certain species of Oxalis roots are dug in the fall you will find large, tapering roots, in form not unlike a parsnip, but of course smaller and of a peculiar white color. Clustered about the crown is a great number of smaller bulbs varying in size. The strength of the tuber is eventually given to the bulbs, and the tuber dries up, while the bulbs separate, and are ready to form new plants. Other species have peculiar tuberous roots tapering from the crown to a thick base. Others have fibrous roots. All Oxalis propagate readily and are of easy culture.

When this year's accounts are all in and ready to figure, don't forget to give credit to the good wife, sons and daughters, for the excellent work they have done toward helping to keep the balance on the right side of the page.

Of all the new money-making schemes, none of them beats the old-fashioned way of earning a living.

Silence speaketh with excellent grammar.

A botanical clock grows on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. In the morning the flower is white, at noon red, and at night blue, alternations of color being so regular that the time of day can be told from the tint of the flower.

The most highly valued book in existence is a Hebrew bible, which is in possession of the German Government. A few years ago the Pope desired to purchase this ancient volume, and made the German Emperor an offer of $150,000 for it, but was refused.

Whenever you think you have money enough to buy more land, spend the amount, or a portion of it, in an effort to raise bigger crops on the land you already have. It is intensive rather than extensive farming that creates the healthy balance in the bank.

It seems to be an especial feature of the child prodigies of to-day that except, for their musical genius, they are just as other children are. Young Lionel Ovenden, who makes his "Confessions" in the Royal Magazine, is no exception to this rule. He is thirteen years old this month, and a thoroughly healthy English boy, devoted to outdoor games, to boxing and to cycling. His story, in fact, shows astonishingly varied tastes.

A miner who lost his life two thousand years ago has been taken from a copper mine in Chili recently. Copper oxide had mummified his whole body. The mummy is in a fine state of preservation. Coarse sacking, evidently the clothing of the ancient Inca workman, was found with the body, as were also two mallets, one fashioned out of granite and the other out of ironstone. These implements were tied with thongs into bent sticks made as double handles. Both the hide and the sticks were as fresh looking when found as if they had been in use only the day before.

Snails Die Hard.

Snails are slow even when it do dying. A naturalist who mounted a shell upon a card wa prised to find, four years later the warm water employed in s the shell off the mount had revive inmate, which he had long suppo be dried and dead.

Several specimens in another tion were revived in a similar m after they had lain in a draw some fifteen years. These had no glued to a card, but had bee lying loose, and, though freq handled, had shown no signs of l

They were thrown into tepid with the idea of cleaning out the but to the surprise of the own snails were found creeping with more than ordinary animati n the basin when he returned to plete the task.

A Chinese Prescription.

The missionary held up a pe piece of Chinese writing.

"It is a Chinese medical pr tion," he said. "A friend of Dr. Ping Cho, prescribed it to a who had swallowed an overd opium. I will read it to you."

The prescription, translated, f

Two pair of salted lizards, tw and two female.

One ounce ginseng root.

Six dried grasshoppers, three and three female.

One ounce sweet potato stalk.

One ounce walnuts.

One-fourth ounce rattlesnake t

Two ounces black dates.

One-half ounce elm bark.

One-half ounce devilfish claw.

One-fourth ounce hartshorn.

One-half ounce birds' claws.

One-half ounce dried ginger.

One-half ounce old coffin nails.

To these ingredients, which it take a day to assemble, two qu water were to be added, and the was to be boiled down to one-h quantity. The patient was to d small cupful every half hour.

Elephant Ferryboat.

One of the most singular fer the world is found in India, ar started under very peculiar c stances.

A certain native, who lived branch of the Ganges, rescued a from a tiger, and in a transp gratitude the rajah presented hi one of the finest and largest ele he possessed.

Only a rich man could supp elephant, and the rescuer was th ed with absolute ruin, as the would eat him out of house and in a month.

There was no way out of th culty, as, according to the un law, a gift of this kind could given away or sold without sub the giver to punishment, so th owner of the elephant saw staring ruin in the face, the hug ture keeping him engaged all da ing food for it.

His house stood by a turn river where many persons cross as the stream was at times a flood, boats and men were oft ried down and put to great ann

The elephant was bathing in th one day, when it suddenly occu the despairing owner to use it as boat. There was no time when not go over in safety, and the p at once put into execution. A was made for the elephant, with rope as a trace, which was fast a heavy boat, and the animal fully towed it over the river, great delight of the native, w saw in the elephant with the en appetite a source of revenue.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure chil bed-wetting. There is a consti cause for this trouble. Mrs. M mers, Box H 86, Windsor, Ont., w free to any mother her successf treatment, with full instructions no money, but write to her to your children trouble you in th Don't blame the child, the char it can't help it. This treatme cures adults and aged people with urine difficulties by day o

Snails Die Hard.

Snails are slow even when it comes to dying. A naturalist who had mounted a shell upon a card was surprised to find, four years later, that the warm water employed in soaking the shell off the mount had revived the inmate, which he had long supposed to be dried and dead.

Several specimens in another collection were revived in a similar manner after they had lain in a drawer for some fifteen years. These had not been glued to a card, but had been left lying loose, and, though frequently handled, had shown no signs of life.

They were thrown into tepid water with the idea of cleaning out the shells, but to the surprise of the owner the snails were found creeping with even more than ordinary animation about the basin when he returned to complete the task.

A Chinese Prescription.

The missionary held up a beautiful piece of Chinese writing.

"It is a Chinese medical prescription," he said. "A friend of mine, Dr. Ping Cho, prescribed it to a woman who had swallowed an overdose of opium. I will read it to you."

The prescription, translated, follows:

Two pair of salted lizards, two male and two female.

One ounce ginseng root.

Six dried grasshoppers, three male and three female.

One ounce sweet potato stalk.

One ounce walnuts.

One-fourth ounce rattlesnake tail.

Two ounces black dates.

One-half ounce elm bark.

One-half ounce devilfish claw.

One-fourth ounce hartshorn.

One-half ounce birds' claws.

One-half ounce dried ginger.

One-half ounce old coffin nails.

To these ingredients, which it would take a day to assemble, two quarts of water were to be added, and the whole was to be boiled down to one-half the quantity. The patient was to drink a small cupful every half hour.

Elephant Ferryboat.

One of the most singular ferries in the world is found in India, and was started under very peculiar circumstances.

A certain native, who lived near a branch of the Ganges, rescued a rajah from a tiger, and in a transport of gratitude the rajah presented him with one of the finest and largest elephants he possessed.

Only a rich man could support an elephant, and the rescuer was threatened with absolute ruin, as the animal would eat him out of house and home in a month.

There was no way out of the difficulty, as, according to the unwritten law, a gift of this kind could not be given away or sold without subjecting the giver to punishment, so the poor owner of the elephant saw himself staring ruin in the face, the huge creature keeping him engaged all day hauling food for it.

His house stood by a turn in the river where many persons crossed, and as the stream was at times a raging flood, boats and men were often carried down and put to great annoyance.

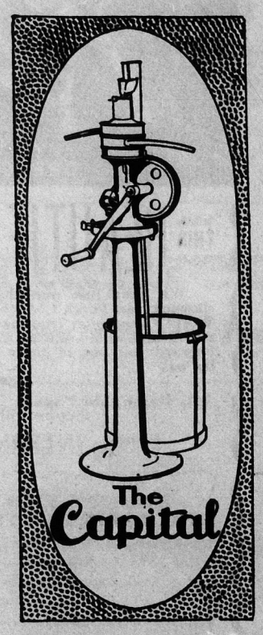
The elephant was bathing in the river one day, when it suddenly occurred to the despairing owner to use it as a ferry boat. There was no time when it could not go over in safety, and the plan was at once put into execution. A harness was made for the elephant, with a long rope as a trace, which was fastened to a heavy boat, and the animal successfully towed it over the river, to the great delight of the native, who now saw in the elephant with the enormous appetite a source of revenue.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box H 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write to her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Double Your Dairying Profits Without Buying A Cow

SUPPOSE somebody offered to swap a ribbon, prize-winning milker for any cow in your dairy-herd, — without a cent to boot? Wouldn't you jump at the chance?



I will do as well as that for you. I will show you how to get as much real money out of an ordinary herd of dairy cows as you'd get by your present methods out of a herd of prize-milkers. I will prove to you there's twice the money in dairy-farming you've been getting, — and you needn't spend any money to get the difference. I will do this just as soon as you write me and say: "I keep so many cows. I get such-and-such a price for my milk—or cream—or butter" (whichever end of the dairy business you follow).

I am not setting any traps for your dollars or your brains. The more skeptical you are, the harder I'll convince you. The best friends I've got among my customers are the men who didn't believe any cream separator amounted to much.

They found out different after they got a Capital Separator and put it to work getting back the money they'd been feeding the pigs and vealing the calves. They found out that the Capital Separator adds over thirty dollars a year to the actual net earnings of every cow they keep. So will you find that out, if you'll write to me and ask for the plain truth about this whole separator idea.

Thirty dollars a year more profits out of every cow you keep for profit's sake, —whether you keep four cows or forty! That is what I promise you. That is what the Capital Separator will get for you—and it is the only thing that will get it. Yes, indeed, I CAN prove it, right up to the handle. Ask me and see.

And I will not only show you why and where and how the Capital gets that extra profit for you, but—I will show you in plain words how you can make that profit with a fraction of the work you have to do to-day to get half as much. That is where my plan for SELLING butter and cream comes in,—my plan specially devised for your special case and your special locality, and which you can work yourself without sharing the profits with anybody.

Maybe you don't need the plan; but I know you do need the separator, and I can prove to you why and where and how you need it, and what it will pay you if you get it.

Half the work you have to do now to make any money out of dairy-farming, —that's another thing the Capital Separator means to you. Half the work, every day in the week; and thirty dollars more a year from every cow.

Half the work,—much less than half the work, maybe, but half at least,—simply because the Capital Separator is the machine that runs with the least elbow-grease and makes by far the least work for everybody who has anything to do with the dairy side of your farm. That's due to three things: the Capital bowl, the Capital gears and the Capital really-low-down whole-milk tank.

The Capital bowl gets all the cream possible out of the milk because it is the bowl that weighs least of any and sends the milk through a wing-cylinder that simply can't let any cream stay in the skim milk. The Capital bowl is as easy to clean as a lamp-chimney—doesn't take five minutes to cleanse it perfectly.

The Capital gears run so easily that a ten-year-old boy can handle the milk of eight cows in twenty minutes, and not be out of breath when the run is over. The mechanism is so perfectly balanced, so nearly automatic, that the whole work of perfect cream separating, twice a day, won't use up as much energy as it takes to carry a bucket of water fifty yards.

The Capital whole-milk tank is the only really low-down tank there is—because it's just as low-down as a tank can be put,—it stands on the floor! That one thing does away with more waste effort, banishes more bother, abolishes more muss and slop, than you'll ever think possible until you've seen and used the Capital.

But all these things, and many more, are things you ought to know about in detail. I can't tell you about them here,—no room to. But if you will simply write to me and ask for the facts, I will show you why the Capital Separator is the one thing your farm needs right NOW,—and I will show you that you CAN afford to get it right now. Doesn't matter if money's a little tight with you,—I can fix it so the Capital will buy itself before you have to pay a cent for it. Write to me and hear the whole story,—it's worth while.

Robert Fergus

National Manufacturing Co., Limited
62 Mail and Empire Building, TORONTO, ONT.

RHEUMATISM.

Dr. CLARKE'S Rheumatism Cure. A marvellous safe sure, cure for muscular, inflammatory and chronic Rheumatism and Gouty conditions. Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct charges prepaid, on receipt of One Dollar

J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe. Ont.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

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

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses, $4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., LONDON, ONT.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Aunt Mandy's Rule for Batter Bread.

"De way I mek's my batte' braid—
  Laws me! Miss May, is dat er fac',
You wants my jes perzackly rule
  Ter tell de folks w'en you goes back!

"Suah, Honey! Dis de way—it jes
  De painest kin' ob t'ing ter mek.
Efen you do like w'at Mandy says,
  'Tain' no sech chence es er mistek.

"Fust sif' yo' meal en drap in salt,
  Den beat yo aigs—how many? Sho!
Dat 'pends depletely on de hens,
  En you's de pusson ought ter know.

"Efen aigs is sca'ce, I uses one.
  'T ain' bes', but I kin mek it do;
But efen de hens is layin' peart—
  Laws! chile, I nebber stops at two!

"Den melt you' sho'tnin'—mos' ob times
  Er spoonful be ernough ob dat.
Some folks likes mo'—ole marsteh he
  Say good t'ings teks er heap ob fat.

"Mos' ways I uses sweet milk, but
  Efen you has butte'-milk ter spar',
'T ain' nuffin' hef es good es dat.
  Jes spill yo' soda in wid ear'.

"How much ob soda en ob milk?
  You sho'ly ain' no cook, Miss May,
Ter need ter ask 'bout t'ings like dat.
  Whar has you lived erfore ter-day?

"Dat's easy es ole Moses' shoes.
  I tek's er spoonful, mo' or less,
Efen so's de milk am right sma't sour;
  Efen 't ain', I puts er smaller guess.

"I mos' fergit de oben, chile—
  De mostes' 'tickler t'ing ob all!
Be suah it jes perzackly right,
  Er else de batte' braid mought fall.

"Heal hot? Ob co'se; jes hot ernough.
  You'll hab ter be de jedge ob dat.
Onless it suit, de braid won' ris.
  Too col,' be suah ter sond it flat.

"En now, Miss May, you knows it all.
  I's proud ter see you writ it down
Ter show de folks how Mandy cooks
  W'en you gits back ter Bostin town."

The Younger Man: "Strange that women can't throw straight." The Older Man: "Yes—er—my wife tells me she threw herself at another fellow—missed and caught me."

"Can't you find any work at all?" "Plenty, sir; but everybody wants references from me last employer." "Can't you get them?" "No, sir. He's been dead twenty-eight years!"

"When I was coming home last night," said Miss Skeery, "I saw a man skulking along in the shadow. Oh, how I ran!" "An' couldn't you catch him?" inquired her little brother, innocently.

Pretty Chorus Girl: "That new chap I have on a string is heir to a million!" Other Girl Friend: "Don't marry him for that; there's a big difference between an heir to a million and a millionaire."

"I suppose," remarked the dear girl, "that you do not believe in love at first sight?" "Oh, yes, I do," rejoined the old bachelor. "If men were gifted with second sight they would never fall in love."

"What would you do ef you found yo'se'f 'twixt de devil en de deep sea?" "That's a close question; but I'll tell you right now; I'd wish ter de Lawd dat I wuz a new Jonah, wid a friendly whale loafin' 'roun."

The Prince Charles Spaniel: "That new chaffeur doesn't know his place." The French Poodle: "He looks vulgaire, How did ze upstart offend?" The Prince Charles Spaniel: "Why, the vulgarian had the audacity to address me by my first name!"

Mr. Stubb (reading): "Down South there is a bank that has a woman teller." Mrs. Stubbs (innocently) "A woman teller? I wonder what she tells, John?" Mr. Stubbs: "Well, if she's like the rest of her sex, I guess she tells everything she knows."

"De Georgy mule," said Brother Dickey, "is de one creetur in a thousan' what don't enjoy de spring season. De furrow looks ez long ter him ez de time betwixt meals, en de high price er cotton gives him dat tired feelin'—kase he well know he got des dat much mo' er it ter plow."

Manager: "I can't do a thing with Smith, the new clerk. I've had him in three departments, and he sleeps all day long." Proprietor: "Put him at the pajama counter and fasten this card on him: 'Our night clothes are of such a superior quality that even the assistant who sells them cannot keep awake.'"

Old Friend: Hello! So you are in trade now, eh? Why did you retire from literature?"
De Writer: Got hungry.

A Winnipeg spinster owns a dog
  One of those high-bred "towsers," (
That's so well bred and nice, 'tis said,
  He never pants—he "trousers."

"Bridget, did you mould the bread as I told you?" "No, mum, I put it in that damp cupboard. Last week's bread moulded itself in there, an' what's the use of takin' extra trouble?"

Stranger. Is the cashier of the local bank a tall man?
Native: Physically speaking, yes.
Stranger: Physically speaking!
Native: Yes; otherwise he is short something like $50,000. That's why he has taken a trip abroad.

"What a comfort the exchange system is," exclaimed one woman shopper to a friend she met in the elevator of a big department store. "Yesterday I bought a hat which I didn't like after I got it home, so today I brought it back and got three pounds of butter and a mouse-trap for it."

The day was warm, the children restless, the teacher impatient. One curly-haired boy was moving his jaws faster with chewing-gum than his brain had ever been known to work. His feet were in the aisle. A smile was on the face of more than one pupil, when the teacher said: "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

William Dean Howells at a Lenten dinner in New York said: "I heard a striking simile the other day. A lady was doing some Lenten marketing—buying eggs, fish, fruit. Pausing before a fruit stand, she examined a heap of pears. 'Are these juicy?' she asked. 'Juicy?' said the dealer, warmly. 'Why, ma'am, they're as juicy as my old pipe.'"

A Baltimore man interested in the education of the young recently visited a kindergarten in that city. After the first exercises, the visitor was asked to put a few questions to the pupils. To a boy of five the caller said: "Have you ever seen a lion's skin?" "Yes, sir," came in ringing tones from the youngster. "And where?" asked the visitor, impressed with the child's earnestness. "On the lion," answered the boy.

Miss Ascum. Jack Hanson isn't fat, is he?
Miss Newitt: Not at all; he's quite graceful and muscular. Why?
Miss Ascum: I happened to mention him to Miss Jilter and she said: "Oh, isn't he disgustingly stout?"
Miss Newitt: Ah, yes. She rejected him some weeks ago, and she's mad because he didn't pine away.

I heard a couple of negro women talking on a car in an amusing manner.
"hahbouts is yo' son, Albert, now?" asked one.
"'He's doin' fine,' was the reply.
"'Is he still preachin'?"
"'No, indeedy,' replied the other. 'He done quit preachin' en went to bahtendin.' Dey's mo' money in it.'"

The irrepressible May Irwin tells of a little New Yorker who had a bath so seldom and wore such dirty clothes that it was more than the teacher and children could stand. So she was sent home to be made more bearable but returned as dirty as ever, accompanied by a sister who inquired what she was sent home for. The teacher explained. Then the sister burst out. "Well, say, me mudder says does our Rosie come here to git smelt or to git learnt?"

Sir John Kirk was once the British consul-general at Constantinople. The sultan had a very savage lion, and he offered it to Sir John, reminding him that as the lion was one of the supporters of the royal arms above the consulate gate, therefore the real brute should be very appropriate. But the Briton escaped the necessity of accepting the unpleasant gift. "I am sure that your highness would never make an incomplete present," he replied, "and when you are able to accompany the lion with a unicorn, I shall be delighted to receive your munificent offer."

Moses Ezekiel, the Roman sculptor, says: "Whenever I see a toothpick, I think of a dinner that was given in Rome in honor of two Turkish noblemen. I sat beside the younger of them. He glittered with gold embroidery and great diamonds; but I pitied him sincerely, for he was strange at our table manners, and some of his errors were both ludicrous and painful. Toward the dinner's end a servant extended to the young man a plate of toothpicks. He waved the plate away, saying in a low and bitter voice: 'No, thank you. I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more.'"

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long, apparentl
plain. The you
wheel relinqui
grip a little an
his eyes to sca
cloud-banks to

"Looks nasty out there," h
ed, as he might have said: "Fi
isn't it?"

"Sure," rejoined the othe
"Bet you a dollar we're in f
Sundry houses scattered
along their way shot by in
startling way, indicating m
on. A white church spire i
tance came rapidly to meet
"We must be getting on.
have you, Kit?"

"Four-twenty. Where are
on the bills to light, anyhow
"Lord knows, I don't. O
certain, I'm not going to hav
Girl get a wetting."

"Never!" agreed the other
thusiasm. They might have
ing of a pet child of delicate
tion.

"Think it's going to rai
cricky, it's raining now! I'l
ahead—look for an open she
Kit. Both sides o' the road,
"Sure. I've got two eyes,
When I say 'Ready,' pull her
The two of them—Georg
and Christopher Dill—were
lows out on a vacation jau
had left the beaten paths
knew and were "discoverin
as Kit said. Kit claimed to
descendant of the Christoph
toric renown. He was fond o
trait may or may not have
claim.

"Here we have it!" he
the machine sped on unchec
"Aren't you going to run
found a place!" he roared ab
"Where?"
"Oh, back there a mile or
"Wouldn't trouble to go back
out here."