

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



NOVEMBER, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA

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Tea--or Near Tea--Which Do You Drink?

There is the highest art in blending tea—art in growing it—art in brewing it—art even in packing it.

Note the new doubly-protective packet of

BLUE RIBBON TEA

Become acquainted with the Tea that represents the real Art of Tea-production. It will then become a permanent acquaintance in your home.

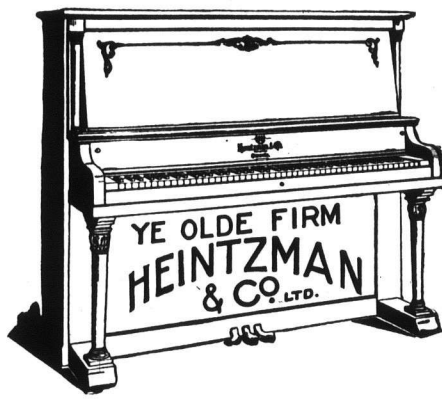
Scientifically grown, blended and packed in the best form of wrapper money can produce, BLUE RIBBON TEA is all a tea should be.

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The Greatest Piano Buying
Opportunity in the His-
tory of Our Business

We have given our customers in the West many remarkable Piano Bargains from time to time. But this Special Sale excels all past records in the exceptional values given. The arrival of new instruments to meet the activities of Fall trade, necessitates the clearance of some of our present stock. For this reason we are releasing a limited number of our least-used Rental Pianos. These are distinctly high-grade instruments, and all in first class condition. Our extensive concert and private rental service allows for the use of none but instruments of unquestioned merit and reliability, with high tonal and actional qualities. It is a unique opportunity for securing a really superior Piano at a purely nominal cost.



Originally Priced at
\$400 to \$500

Present Sale Prices
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EASY TERMS

WRITE FOR OUR REGULAR CATALOGUE OF NEW PIANOS

Genuine Values Guaranteed by
the Reputation of the
House of McLean

In all our long years of service in Western Canada, we have never impaired our reputation for absolute reliability by the sale of an unworthy instrument. When we sell a Piano, it is with a full guarantee of satisfaction to the purchaser. We never make a claim that we cannot stand back of. The name and reputation of the House of McLean is a recognized protection for every purchaser.

WRITE TO-DAY for full particulars and prices of these Special Pianos. Every instrument is guaranteed to give the service expected from a high-grade Piano. Terms can be arranged that will make payments very easy. Do not delay. The number is limited and such a remarkable opportunity is too good to miss.

Also write us for satisfaction of all your needs in every branch of music. We are headquarters for the world famous "Heintzman & Co." Pianos, Church Organs, Victor-Victrolas, Victor Records, Band Instruments, Sheet Music, etc., etc.

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MUSIC HOUSE



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Made to You**

That Dr. Robinson, Dental Specialist, stands for confidence, reliability and quality of work?

If you have not, inquire among your friends—you will find it so.

PAINLESS

The Greatest System of Dentistry known to World of Science and Art to-day

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CROWNED, BRIDGEWORK**

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**Crown and Bridgework
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Bridgework is the modern method of filling space caused by one or more missing teeth—without the use of a plate to cover the roof of the mouth.

It permits the fullest enjoyment while eating and does not interfere with the sense of taste.

It is performed without pain, is permanent, and in every way comfortable, being strong, clean, light and agreeable to the tongue and gums.

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Over Birks, cor. Portage and Smith
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The Western Home Monthly

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

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

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

A Chat with Our Readers

If you anchor your belief to the doctrine that home is the best spot on earth, you are in a special sense eligible for membership in The Western Home Monthly family. Each month hundreds of new names are added to our subscription list. Every additional name strengthens the bulwark of home builders, home dwellers and home lovers. A sum very close to the forty-six thousand mark represents the homes of our subscribers. Counting five people to the average home you can estimate the influence exerted by this magazine. A home is the magnet toward which all good things gravitate, and a nation's homes are its best asset. Our mail box reflects the minds of its readers, and in the minds of all the thought of home is uppermost. Not only do mothers bring their problems to The Western Home Monthly. The fathers ask questions too. A tree breathes through its leaves. A magazine breathes through its correspondence. The more alive it is, the more letters it receives from its readers. What is your home problem? If you are a woman, interested in all pertaining to the home read "The Woman's Quiet Hour" and "The Young Woman and Her Problem." If you are the head of the house and are anxious to keep abreast with current thought, the editorial pages and "The Philosopher" will interest you. Do not stop with this. Read what The Western Home Monthly advertisers have to tell you about the things you should have if you are ambitious to provide an ideal home for your family. Such a home should be well lighted and well heated. It should be of the right color and have the proper trim. It should be a protection against all weather. Your genuine ideal home maker knows that safety, comfort, convenience and style are not incompatible. He makes his house a safe place for his family, a comfortable place and a place which in appearance shall be a credit to himself and to his town. It reflects in every smallest detail his individual taste and his best aspirations. It does this at a minimum expenditure of time and effort to the householder if he takes friendly counsel with the merchant or advertiser who advertises in a great publication like The Western Home Monthly. Every advertiser is glad to answer enquiries from wide-awake readers who have problems to solve. Our readers learn efficiency through our advertising columns not less than through its departments. For the successful advertiser has proved the value of the thing he brings to the attention of the public. We invite correspondence. Let us hear from every man and woman who reads this page.

We urge our readers to take advantage of the special premium offer whereby a handsome Davenport is given free in return for only nine new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

The Davenport is covered in best quality leatherette and as a comfortable sofa is a handsome addition to any room. In a moment, however, it can be transformed into a full sized bed as the following illustration shows.

Owing to their two-fold utility, there is a very big demand just now for davenports and many dealers are asking quite high prices for these useful pieces of furniture.

A HINT TO THE READER

Manufacturers who advertise their goods in The Western Home Monthly do so because they believe that our subscribers are the kind of people who will be interested in their advertisements. We urge you, therefore, to look over the advertisements in this issue and see if there is anything of special interest to you at this time. If you do see something that you want now, or that some day you plan to buy, why don't you sit right down and write to the advertiser and tell him that you saw his advertisement in The Western Home Monthly and that you want to know more regarding his goods? He will be delighted to hear from you, and you can be assured that he will gladly send you all the information you want. Every manufacturer who advertises in this issue is mighty proud to put his name on what he makes, and he hopes some day to make a new customer out of you. That's why he advertises.

If you have not yet renewed your subscription the best time to do so is NOW.

Editor, Western Home Monthly:

I am pleased to write you that superb results have been obtained from the educational advertisements inserted by me in The Western Home Monthly. The latest recruit was enrolled on Friday last. She is a young lady residing at Fenwood, Sask.

Very faithfully,

J. D. A. Evans.

Moncton, N.B., 19th Sept., 1915.

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to thank you for printing my letter in your valuable magazine. Your magazine helps me to pass away many pleasant hours and I wish it would come more often. I drain it dry of reading before I put it down, and it is with a feeling of keen regret that I finish the last page.

Best wishes to The Western Home Monthly and all who read it.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) E. Whelan,



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When Using Our Latest Method we, the

**New Method
Dental Parlors**

guarantee to complete Dental Work of any description without pain, or

REFUND YOUR MONEY

**No person too Nervous
No work too Difficult**

New system Teeth, without plates; crowns, inlays, all kinds of fillings; extractions or any other form of work performed for you by the most up-to-date methods.

Samples of our work shown and estimates given upon request.

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The Best Ever

issued; Skates, Skating Boots, Hockey Sweaters, Uniforms, and Complete Outfits, Snowshoes, Moccasins, Skis, Toboggans.

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T. W. BOYD & SON
27 Notre Dame St. West
MONTREAL



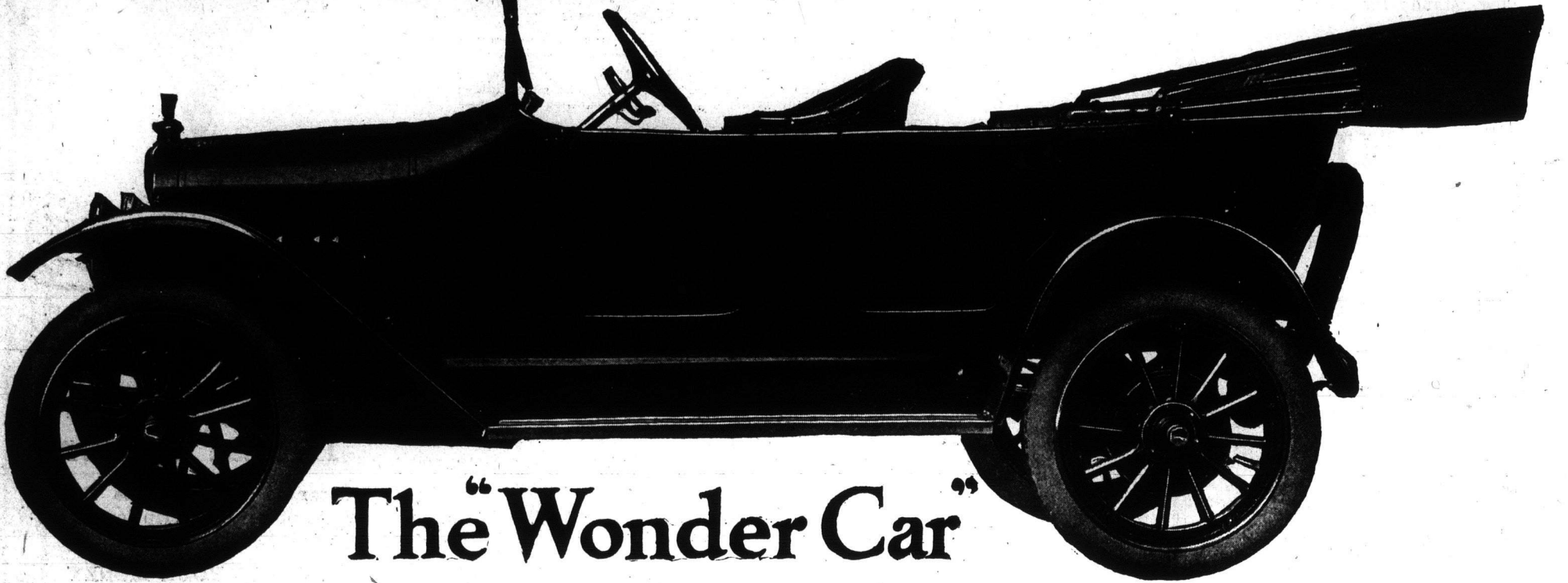
FREE

Write for our descriptive catalogue of sheet music, latest songs, music books, musical instruments and accessories, strings, talking machines and records, pianos and organs, etc., etc. Our catalogue is both interesting, instructive, and a money saver to all music loving people. We prepay charges on all goods shipped to any part of Canada and you are invited to take advantage of our special club rates on music and music supplies. Write for a catalogue to-day and you will enjoy looking through it. Write to-day.

The Austen Music House
North Battleford, Sask.

1916 Maxwell **\$925**

F.O.B. WINDSOR
Including Electric Starter
and Electric Lights



The "Wonder Car"

The Acknowledged Automobile Sensation of 1916

The Lowest Cost Real Automobile

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, in every City, Town and Hamlet, automobilists are lauding the 1916 Maxwell's power,—the 1916 Maxwell's beauty,—the 1916 Maxwell's luxury,—the 1916 Maxwell's complete and detailed equipment.

Everywhere, men who know motor cars, are marveling that \$925 now buys a beautiful, powerful, stream-line, real, complete, full five-passenger car, with electric starter,—electric lights,—high-tension magneto,—demountable rims,—“one-man” mohair top, and every other feature and modern refinement known to the automobile industry.

The Car of Lowest "After-Cost"

Owners of the new Maxwell know that the first inspection, and the first ride, do not disclose the real worth of the "1916 Wonder Car." That only becomes apparent after week-in, and week-out, year-round use. Then it is found that the Maxwell gives matchless automobile service and lowers all economy records for:

- 1st—Miles per set of tires
- 2nd—Miles per gallon of gasoline
- 3rd—Miles per quart of lubricating oil
- 4th—Lowest year-in-and-year-out repair bills

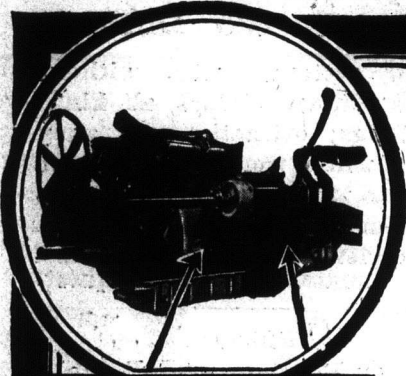
1916 Maxwell High-Priced-Car Features, all included for \$925

Electric Starter and Electric Lights	Electric Horn	Handsome Rounded Radiator and Hood	Easy Riding and Marvelous Flexibility
Demountable Rims	Double Ventilating Windshield (clear vision and rain-proof)	Linoleum covered running-boards and floor-boards	Unusual power on hills and in sand
High-tension Magneto	Aluminum Transmission Housing	Automatic Tell-tale Oil Gauge	Ability to hold the road at high speed
"One-man" Mohair Top	Robe Rail with back of front seat leather covered	Heat-treated, Tested Steel Throughout	Improved Instrument Board with all instruments set flush
New Stream-line Design			
Wider Front and Rear Seats			

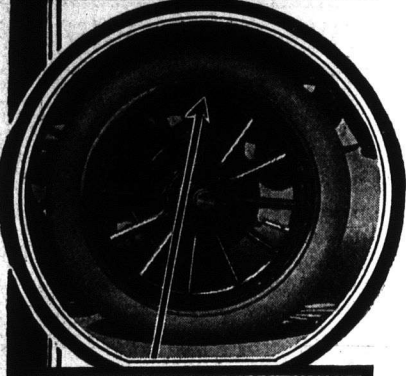
Every feature and every refinement of cars that sell at twice its price
PRICE F. O. B. WINDSOR

Write for 1916 The Maxwell Catalogue, and name of Maxwell Dealer nearest you..
Address Dept.

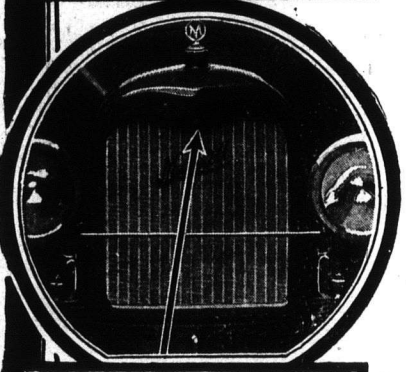
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



4-cylinder Unit Power Plant with enclosed fly-wheel and clutch.

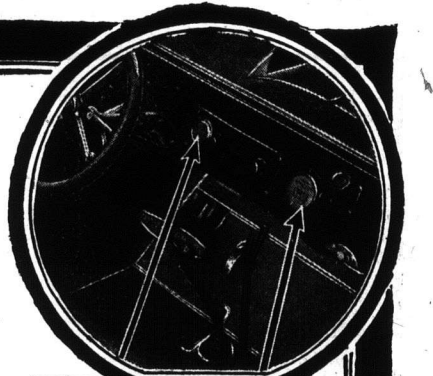


Demountable Rims are regular equipment of the 1916 Maxwell.

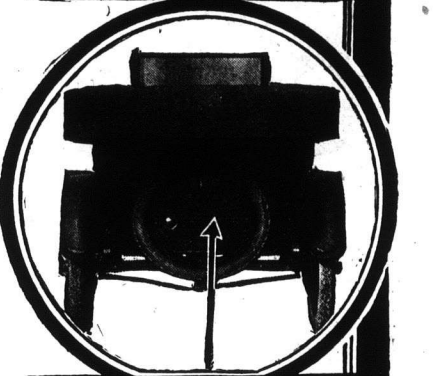


Front view showing the handsome lines of the new radiator and hood.

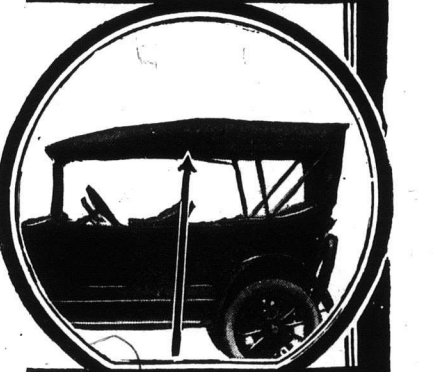
Built complete by the three gigantic Maxwell Factories



Speedometer, fuse box, ignition, lights, battery regulator, all mounted flush on instrument board.



Note the compact arrangement of spare tire carrier, tail light and license bracket.



Perfect-fitting, "one-man" mohair top; quick adjustable storm curtains, rolled up inside of top.

Service and Parts Stations at Winnipeg and Windsor

Editorial Comment

How Goes the War?

When one attempts to recall the doings of the past year he is unable to remember dates and names. One series of happenings has crowded out the remembrance of a previous series. Even such names as Kuroki, Lemberg, Dresden, Von Kluck seem to have a far-away sound, because other names for the time being are before us compelling our attention. What we can recall, however, with great definiteness is the series of emotions experienced during the year of warfare. We have gone from grief to joy and from joy to grief; from hope to despair and from despair back to a hope which is equivalent to assurance of victory. The happenings on the western front, the eastern front and on the seas are recorded in our emotional experience, and even yet we live daily in expectation of some new thrill. As I write, I can but wonder what effect upon my "pathometer" will be produced by the next news from the Balkans or from the trenches at Lens and in the Argonne.

What a succession of feeling is connected with the struggle in Flanders! Deep anger and resentment at a nation which lost her honor and disregarded her promises; admiration for the bravery of a people and a king whose name and deeds will be fondly remembered throughout the centuries; depression when there came news of the fall of Liege and the retreat from Brussels; resentment and holy anger as the news of German atrocities became known to an unbelieving world; fear and doubt as the allied armies moved backward mile by mile towards Paris; joy and praise as step by step the invaders retreated towards their own borders; patient waiting day by day and month by month as two giant forces played with death across the narrow slaughter-zone; pride and admiration mingled with sorrow as there came tidings of the glorious victory at Ypres.

The story of the eastern front has likewise had its thrills; variety was added from week to week by news of victories in Africa, Asia and the islands of the sea. Above all reports of losses and gains at sea have kept our nerves a-tingling, and it is only now, when we are assured of the annihilation of the enemy's submarines, that we can breathe freely—for Britain still is mistress of the seas.

The Balance Sheet

It is a good thing that success or failure does not depend upon one's feelings. Humanly speaking, the issue of the war depends upon men, money, munitions. A glance at the balance sheet indicates that though there is much to cause regret, there is also much to inspire confidence in the outcome. Confidence, however, cannot be placed in human instruments alone.

The Fleets

When the war began the Allies had thirty-nine dreadnaughts and the enemy twenty-two. At present the Allies have seventy dreadnaughts and the enemy thirty—a gain of 100 per cent advantage in a single year. During the year the loss of first and second class battleships has been inconsiderable. At present the Allies possess 86 and the Teutons only 34.

At the beginning of the war the proportion of British cruisers to German was two to one. Since then the Allies have lost thirty-four and Germany has lost fifty-four, so that at the present time the preponderance is more than four to one.

It is difficult to estimate the strength in submarines and destroyers. The initial relative strength of the opposing sides was not far from three to one in destroyers, and five to one in submarines against the Teutons. Owing to the enormous losses of submarines by the Germans in their endeavors to wreck British commerce, the present ratio in submarines must be even more in favor of the Allies.

Since the beginning of the war, England has taken over about twenty-five ocean going steamships of the merchant marine to serve the fleet or the army and, of course, Germany is out of the field completely.

Altogether Germany is in a worse state of naval strength than she was in the beginning of the war, but strategically she is not so badly placed. She dominates the Black Sea and the Baltic, and renders the fleet of Russia useless. The numerical superiority of the Allies has more than doubled since the war began, and in all classes of ships, taken together, she is outnumbered about three to one.

The superiority of the Allies will be strengthened as the days go on. There is no doubt of that. Germany will never be able to reach the British Isles or the British possessions. She must stake all upon success on the land.

Economic Conditions

Economic conditions in Germany must grow immediately worse. England continues to be freely supplied from the markets of the world. Her trade and manufactures flourish. She is becoming wealthy, while her enemies are suffering impoverishment. Even if Germany were to win over Russia and Italy she might still be forced to terms because of her inability to trade with foreign nations

The Losses

At the beginning of the war France had 4,000,000 men, Germany 4,000,000 men, Austria-Hungary 600,000 men, Russia 6,000,000 men, Italy little over 1,000,000 men, England a mere handful.

The population of France was 39,000,000, Germany 70,000,000, Austria-Hungary 50,000,000, Russia 174,000,000.

During the year it has been estimated that the actual casualties were: Russia 5,000,000 men, France 1,800,000 men, England 400,000 men, Italy 200,000 men, Serbia 2,000,000 men, Belgium 150,000 men, Germany (over) 2,000,000 men, Austria (nearly) 2,000,000, Turkey 250,000 men.

The Reserves

The total reserves for the Allies have been placed at 38,000,000 men, that of the enemy at 20,000,000 men. Of course, it is not expected that all of these reserves will ever be brought into action. Germany's annual contingent of 600,000 will more than make up for her killed and prisoners. Austria is not so fortunate. Turkey can as yet supply all losses incurred. Russia can supply every year about 2,000,000 men, but has already lost many in prisoners, and an additional 1,000,000 in battle. France likewise will be able to replace those she has lost. Italy can supply almost 400,000 men a year, and up to date she has lost very few men. Serbia has lost more than she can replace. Britain, on the other hand, has not yet found her strength. A few thousands to begin with, she has already mustered between three and

four million, and her mustering has only just begun. Taking it all in all, if the Allies can combine their forces they can wear out the enemy in a war of attrition. The economic pressure which will force either party to sue for peace will not necessarily be felt seriously for a couple of years. It does not seem as if the crumbling process would begin very soon. It is very certain that Britain is not going to crumble, but it may be that the prediction made at the beginning of the war was not so far from the truth: "The war will be settled when the masses in Germany revolt against the ruling powers."

* * *

The Civil Service

It is a veritable relief to turn from the war to matters that more immediately concern us. One of these is the composition and efficiency of the civil service.

There is no reason why those who are in the service of the Dominion or any of the provinces should not be as well fitted for their duties as men and women in the private offices and factories throughout the land. Moreover, they should give their services to the public rather than to the political parties to whom they owe appointment. It will readily be conceded that we are far from this ideal. In many cases men are appointed to office for political services they have rendered, or they are denied promotion because of political services they have not rendered. More frequently still they are employed because of the service they may possibly render in approaching political contests.

The only way to end this wrong is to put appointments and dismissals under charge of a small non-partizan commission. It should not be difficult to get a good man for the post of chief commissioner, and it should be equally easy to surround him with capable advisers.

The method of operating such a commission would be very simple. If a complete register were prepared showing all positions and the qualifications necessary in each case, and if in another index were kept the names of all applicants with their certificates, their testimonials as to health, efficiency, integrity and the like, there should be no difficulty in selecting the most worthy. There would be few square pegs in round holes. Similarly if every quarter there were presented by the head of each department on the service a statement as to the character of the work of all under his charge, the necessary dismissals and promotions could be made. The most important consideration would be to get competent heads for departments.

If it be argued that under such a plan the ministry would have no power, it may be said that the duties of a ministry should be centred in public service, rather than in securing offices for political friends. It should be a first principle of politics—and the sooner it is recognized the better—that when a man enters the ministry his service should be for his country rather than for his party.

There are some worthy illustrations of cabinet ministers who have risen to their opportunity. If it were not for the pressure of office-seekers, most ministers might do fairly competent work.

A civil service appointed as suggested would make for efficiency and would strike a hard blow at political debauchery. Can any one doubt it?

Some Bear Yarns from British Columbia

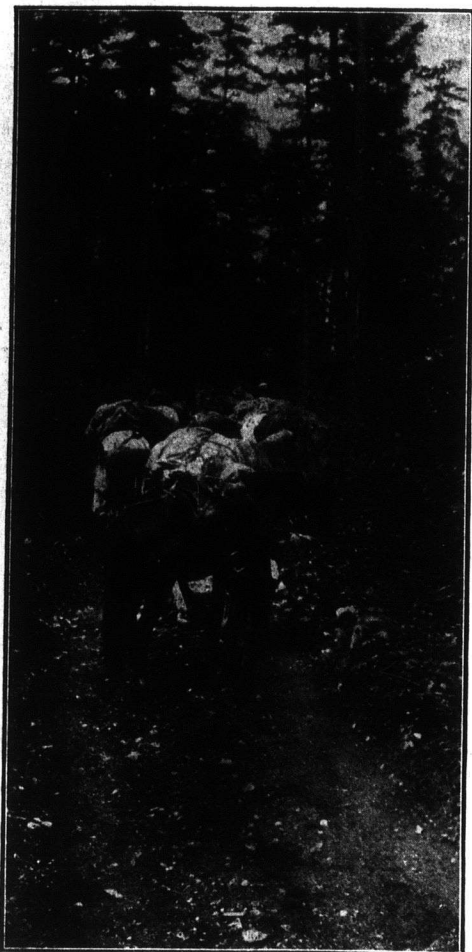
By Bonnycastle Dale.

WE were in the valley of the North Thompson. Fritz had found one of the curious old deserted underneath dwellings of the natives, a sort of half cellar roofed with poles, with grass growing richly on the sods that formed the roof. The lad plunged into the subterranean ancient home for all the world like a ground hog dipping into its hole. I was busy on an adjacent rockslide trying to picture all that remained of a native grave, just a few huge rocks and a litter of small shale-like ones. The custom of these Thompson River Indians had been to make a small trench on the steep side of a hill where a great avalanche of shale and rocks had occurred, in this they placed the body of the dead, rarely they used even a rush mat or a bit of native cloth for a cover. No sooner was the remains of the Indian laid in the trench than the rock slide was started again on its overwhelming path and all trace of the grave was deeply buried for ever. In this case a small tent of poles marked the last resting place of the squat native.

"Oh! please come here!" sounded out of the bowels of the earth. Mr. "Groundhog" Fritz was calling. "I've found something, come here." So there was nothing for me to do but leap into the dark hole. I knew them to be only about five feet deep so in I went.

"Ouch!" said Fritz. "You came near squashing me and breaking this." This was a skeleton. By the aid of my torch I soon found the find was a wolf skeleton, the beast had evidently broken through the earthhouse years ago and perished trying to leap out of the narrow roof entrance.

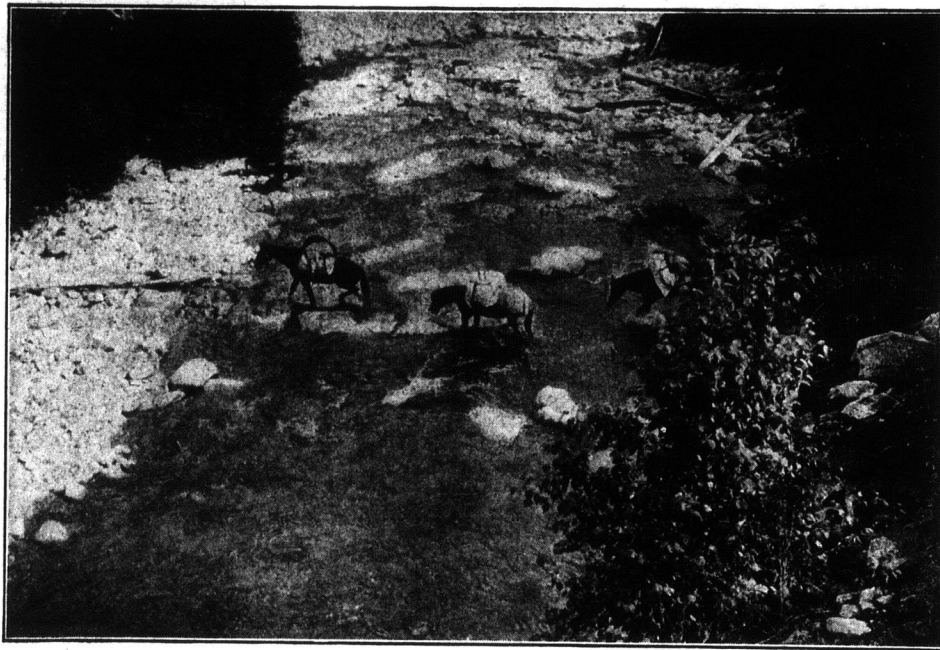
We were travelling along the North Thompson River in B.C. in Kamloops district, a wild rocky mountain game infested region. Our pack train was southern bound along the course of the Canadian Northern Railway construction. It was very odd to see, as we popped out of some cave or earth dwelling, a civilized transport pack train "slop slopping" down the wet trail, to see the laden horses playing a wild game of "follow my leader" across some treacherous mountain river, and to hear the excessively polite language of a packer when his provision laden beast slipped and with all the perversity of packhorse nature fairly rolled in the cooling stream. Soon the iron horse will



Along the trail, North Thompson Valley

go snorting down its steel way bearing passengers along this wonderfully scenic route, or again we would meet the loaded pack trains on the construction right of way, on a narrow trail laboriously cut through the primeval forest and swap lies with them. I found even Fritz's ample store of these to pale into insignificance beside the true story, "why, I seen it myself," of these travellers of the wilds. We had taken a big panther while on the island of Vancouver, and Fritz innocently added only two feet to its length and a hundred pounds to its weight trying to "match up" with a packer's yarn, he should have added many more as I heard the man tell him "and the great bloody beast came back to my ranch that very same night and carried off my sow and five pigs at one bundle in its great mouth." Fritz foolishly asked how long it was. "A bit over twenty feet," answered the ever truthful packer. Fritz sighed "what's the use" and dropped out of the contest.

One day as we were slowly picking our way along an unnamed creek which flows into the North Thompson, as we were plodding along, stopping here to pick up at a deserted native village some rare basalt "scraper" or chisel or axe of the "stone age" or needle of the "bone age," or strange shell beads used for



Packing Horses fording Canoe River, C.N. Railway

ornamentation by these passing, aye! almost passed people, for very few are left alive, we suddenly turned a sharp elbow of the wild animal trail we were on and came plump onto a grizzly slouching along the densely wooded path. Instantly, with a motion too swift almost for so clumsy a looking beast, it leaped into the low swamp cedar and crashed off to safety. We have very seldom been killed out here by wild animals, notwithstanding the awful yarns you hear. After six years wanderings all over British Columbia we have decided the only danger to man is a falling tree. No animal wilfully attacks man in all this great province.

One night, quite late, as a camping place with a bit of fodder for "Buster" and "Ninety," the pack horses—so called as to the former because of his uncanny way of smashing and "busting" everything intrusted to his scrawny back, so called as to the latter because his full name was "Ninety-nine." I had decided, by a tiny streak of work I had found in him, that he was not more than ninety years old, so I, in justice, changed his name. He also had a habit of rolling, but he did this on dry land, so our outfit has a daily choice of being drowned or smashed—and it usually got both. Well! quite late at night we saw a light ahead, a light in the range always betokens human beings, and as neither we nor O'poots, our guide and horse wrangler, had seen a man, red, white or black, for some ten days, we were all guessing what the light be-



B.C. Grizzly Bear and hunter

tokened, as we drew nearer we found it to proceed from a chink, I could hardly call it a window, in a log shack, so Fritz started to whistle "There's a light in the window" as an announcement, and a great grey beard emerged from a door, and an old man followed it. We pitched our tent on his "lawn" (he called it this, and the following he is to blame for:

the stream; in would go a long, black paw and out would flip a big salmon, and off would scamper the two big, fat cubs. They just tore the fish open and ate up the heart and brains, the few eggs left, and a bit of the best meat, and ran off to another wrigglin' fish. Alexander and I decided the cubs had better have the old lady to help den them up in December, so, as these bars are all my ranch animals, I jest clapped him on for the fun of seeing them run, and I set off a-looking for a male bar. I guess Alexander must have nipped one of them cubs, as he was bleeding considerable when he caught up, so I jest washed the cut out, stuck my knife into a spruce blister and rubbed the juice over it, and off we went as spry as ever.—(I'll swear the old graybeard was seventy-five). "I couldn't round up any more of my beasts, so we set off for home, and Alexander bristled like a porcupine when we got near the house. You see we had packed in a couple of young porkers

HARD ON CHILDREN

When Teacher Has the Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher writes: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously." (Tea produces about the same effects as coffee, because they both contain the drugs, caffeine and tannin.)

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation.

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room.

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavor, and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms:

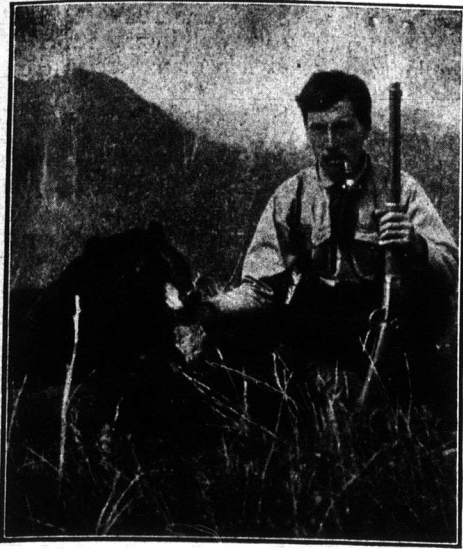
Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

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

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

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.



Common black bear of B.C., harmless to man if left alone

years ago, just before my broncho died, and there had been quite a litter in the log pen last spring. Right behind my very house, after us a-hunting all down the valley, was a nice he bar a-standing looking over our pig pen a picking out of his supper. Well! I was most out of powder and ball, so I whips up my axe, Alexander leaps in, and I got first blood with a neat clip over Mr. Pig-stealer's eye—that's his skin you can see right on my floor. I've killed more than a hundred of the critters with my old 'Maria,' but that's the only one I ever chopped up. Grizzlies is different game altogether. I've killed them and then they have most killed me; but for Alexander's father and mother chewin' at one old dam's heels and ears I had wounded, I guess the old wretch would have everlastingly chewed me into mincemeat. I just spoiled that hide cuttin' into her with my knife; forty-six slits I made 'fore she left go, and we was good ten miles from home, too. Alexander's father and mother they just licked my wounds and whimpered around me, and I got to the shack in two days, an' we did some more huntin' that same fall."

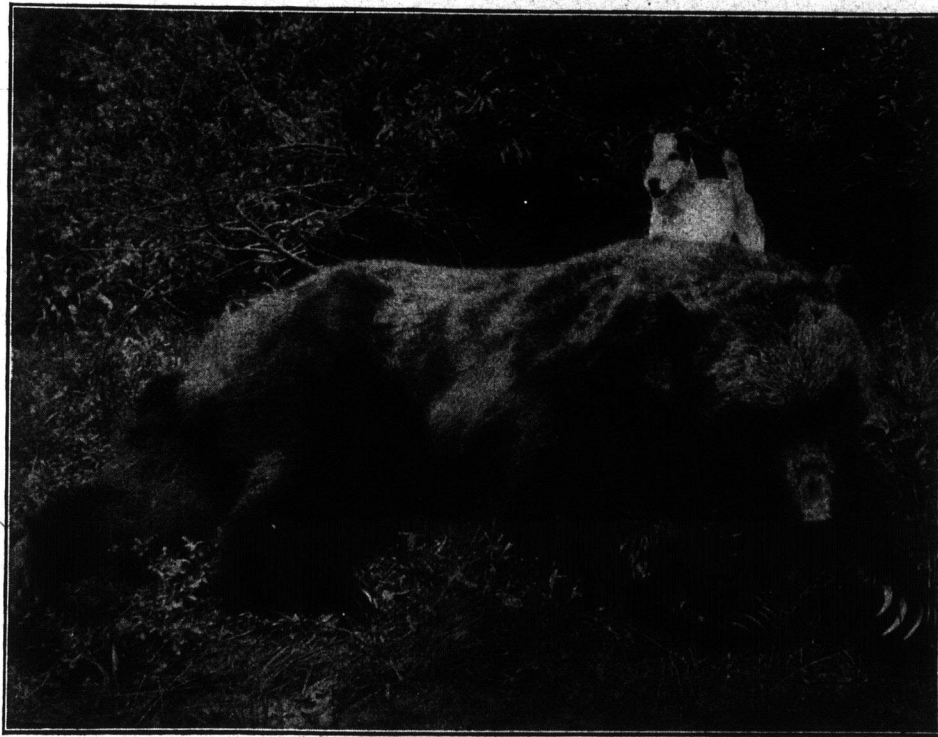
This remarkable old man showed us a heap of fine bear skins, and he had a sort of ornamental name-plate over the door made out of long grizzly claws and the shorter ones of the common black bear—the latter do not show their claws when walking, unless very old beasts, but the grizzlies, are plainly visible. The ancient hunter told us, as all other old hunters have done, that the beasts of the forest do not unmolestedly attack men. We ate a bit of dried bear meat next morning with Alexander the Great and the ancient hunter, and soon they were hidden away by a bend in the creek trail.

We resumed our overland hike along the Thompson, gathering folklore and specimens. A little over a dozen years ago this land and its people were as unknown to the average Canadian as those of the interior of South America. Jessup of New York, president of the American Museum of Natural History, sent in an expedition in the late nineties, but the few remaining natives needed much urging before they would allow their old home and village sites to be excavated. They were an inland people, with very little connection with their far distant sea-coast neighbors, but the sea shells discovered in their graves prove they did trade with them to some extent. The weapons and domestic articles of the ancient people were mainly of stone, laboriously chipped and carved. Pipes, tools, and axes were made from hard and soft stones. Colored earths were collected for paints; copper was made into beads and necklaces—the copper stains on the skeletons proving this. Heaps of bones at various depths tell of the hunt and capture of elk and bear, wolf and beaver, panthers and mink, and many a wood rambler. The women used stone scrapers to prepare the deer-skins for bedding, clothing, travelling covers; the men made rude mortars and pestles to grind the nuts and roots and grains. They made ear-rings of copper for their chosen village beauties, or a nice nose ornament of stone and shells, or they carved the animals' teeth for rude dice to gamble with. The youngsters learned to hunt and carve and to

prepare skins and weapons and ornaments, and so the tribal life went on. As the pipes they made ante-date the white man, they must have used native plants in place of tobacco, as, indeed, there is a plant closely allied to the common tobacco growing wild on these Rocky Mountain plateaus. No doubt this tribe of the North Thompson river traded and copied the Indians of the various mountain plateaus of this huge chain of mountains, which extends clear down to California.

One day, when O'poots and I made a side expedition of a few days' duration, leaving Fritz to mind the horses in the riverside camp, I decided to cut short the trip, fearing I had left the lad too long alone already. O'poots lingered on the trail, hoping for a deer close to camp. I swung silently ahead, camera laden, and came up the trail to the camp on the grassy river flat silently and unannounced—Fritz had been playing a strange game. He had imagined for the time being he was one of the old-time Thompson Indians. With great labor he had constructed a rude earth dwelling,

underground room, pole roof, tree ladder, sodded roof, all complete. He had buried the dead members of his tribe in the ancient custom—a little tapi of sticks covered one, a rockslide another, a hollow log, rudely formed to represent a canoe, held another; all the bodies were made from riverbank clay, and if they harden and petrify, future naturalists will indeed be puzzled. All our bone and copper and stone finds were laid out, and the lad was clothed in a grass mat—very, very scanty indeed. His plump, white body was daubed with the primal yellow, white and red clays, his face was a fearsome black (my precious ink I found out later, and it was India ink, and would last him a while anyway). He had a white nose, a red forehead and two great white rings about his eyes, looking like unto some new baboon, aondrous necklace and ear-rings, some cedar wristlets, and the much too short mat completed his attire. He was pretending to soften and scrape a deerskin. As I called the one word "So-pe-pe" (leap), and leap he did right into his tiny earth dwelling, and emerged a moment later a perspiring, much ashamed lad.



The dead giant and the impudent dwarf

"Unk-Wa"

By H. Mortimer Batten.

IT was the boy's first trip into the woods with his father. A week ago they had left Porcupine Creek, where the boy had spent the twelve happy years of his life, and made their way by canoe through the great chain of lakes to the little known country of the Whitefish Ponds, to the North of Thunder Bay, where, some months previously, the boy's father had pegged out a number of claims.

The old man was now busy with the assessment work, and as the boy was still too small to handle a pick, he was left in charge of camp each day, and thus had plenty of time to explore the surrounding woods.

It was the third day out that he made the great discovery. He was wandering through a poplar grove, quite near to camp, when his attention was arrested by a strange sound. It came from among the trees overhead—a constant grunting and squealing. This way and that it led him, for as soon as he reached the place from which it had seemed to proceed it commenced elsewhere—"Unk-Wa, unk-wa, unk-wa," then a weezy squeal.

At length the boy caught sight of a strange animal resting among the slender branches of a poplar sapling twelve feet above his head. Its back was towards the ground, its fore and hind legs clasped separate branches so that its body was stretched out to full length, and as the breeze moved the tree the animal grunted and squealed laboriously.

"A porky!" cried the boy in delight. He had never seen a porcupine before, so cutting a long branch he proceeded to poke the unfortunate beast in the stomach.

The unexpected happened, as it invariably does when one molests a strange animal. The porcupine loosened its hold of the branches, and dropping with a thud to the boy's feet began to walk foolishly in a circle.

It appeared harmless enough, and the boy stepped up to examine it more closely. Exactly what happened next he did not realize at the time. There was a soft hissing sound, a dry thud, and the boy was aware of a burning pain in his foot. He leapt aside just in time to evade a second lightning sweep of the porcupine's tail, and looking down saw that one of his small moccasins was bristling with quills.

The boy's interest in porcupines died instantly. He limped to his father, sorrowful and tearful, and the removing of those quills was an operation not to be forgotten.

That night, when the two sat over their tiny camp fire, the boy with one foot roughly bandaged in the sleeve of his father's shirt, the old man removed his pipe and began to discuss porcupines. "They ain't worth playing with," he said, "but they're interesting beasts all the same. The greatest fools in all the woods I call them, but there is no animal better able to look after itself than a porcupine. Wolves and bears and lynxes won't touch them. These animals learn when they're cubs what

you've learnt to-day, and what I learnt when I was a cub.

"When your mother and I were living down Sweetwater George, there was one porky used to come round the shanty—walk in and out whenever it took the fit—"

"Tame?" interrupted the boy, regaining some of his lost interest in porcupines.

"They're all tame," said his father. "As I told you before, they fear nothing. Well, at first mother was kind of scared. When she tried to drive the beast out it would turn round and walk towards her. But she soon got used to it.

"If there was a bit of bacon rind anywhere, that porcupine would nose about till he found it. If there wasn't any bacon rind he'd return to his old friend the salted kipper box, and gnaw away at it till the noise set your mother's teeth on edge. It was a dry old box, but must have had a bit of flavor about it. The porky ate it all, 'cept the nails, in less than a fortnight.

"When the box was gone, he became rather a nuisance. You see, a porky has to gnaw something. One morning I heard the cow lowing and straining at her chain. Going to see what was worrying her I found the porky, bristles all spread, gnawing at the manger under her very nose.

"He also gnawed a chunk off the verandah, and one time when your sister Molly left her best doll on the step, where she had been knocking nails in with it, the porky gnawed off the doll's face. He finished off by gnawing a hole in my canoe, and that settled it.

"A porky will just eat anything. I've known valleys so lone and cold in winter time that even the wolves couldn't live there. Yet the porcupines lived and flourished. Their chief food is the bark of young poplar trees, but they can keep themselves fat on any sort of timber that happens to be handy.

"Nature blessed the porcupine more than she has blessed any other animal—save, perhaps the skunk. No animal will tackle a skunk. Nature gave him a brilliant brown and white coat, so that the other creatures could see him coming and make way for him. Nature gave the porcupine a loud grunt, which he utters whenever he walks, and other animals, hearing that grunt, move respectfully aside to let him pass. The porky never moves aside himself, for nature gave him quills instead of brains.

"In the forests across the line porcupines are protected by law. If a man gets lost in the woods, the porcupines are the only animals he can kill without a weapon. They—"

"Are they good eating?" queried the boy.

The old man shook his head. "I wouldn't eat one, unless it was porcupine or starvation. The niggers say that the best way to treat the meat is first to soak it in vinegar for five hours, to make it tender; then bury it in smouldering wood ashes, and let it bake underground for two and a half days. Dig it up and warm thoroughly in the oven, with plenty of butter and salt and pepper. Then dig another hole about twelve feet deep, and bury it for good."

The boy's mild blue eyes were fixed upon his father. He was thirsting for serious knowledge about porcupines.



A well bred pointer

A Man's Job

By Samuel Dike Hooper

"How is it, dad," he queried, "that there aren't any porcupines where we live, at Porcupine Creek?"

The old man filled his pipe and rammed down the tobacco with his thumb. Then he lay back luxuriously, and stared upwards at the stars. "There doubtless were at one time, sonny," he explained, "but each year, you see, hundreds and thousands of porcupines are killed by the forest fires. They can't get away like the hares and deer, and haven't sense enough to try.

"That is why we find porkies in some forests and not in others. They can't travel fast, and it takes them years to find their way back into a country that has been scorched by fire."

"You told me once," said the boy thoughtfully, "that no living man or beast in the world is without its enemies, and can afford to make mistakes. What about the porcupines?"

The old man rubbed his stubbly chin, and jerked his hat over his eyes. "Even the porkies make mistakes sometimes," he said presently. "And I suppose they have their enemies too. I remember once watching a bear cub frisking round one of them. The cub hadn't learnt what you learnt this afternoon, and I guess he thought the porky looked fool enough for anything.

"Well, the cub got all that he asked for, and more. I shall never forget the way the little fellow ran up and down the valley, whimpering and sobbing. Presently his mother came out and cuffed him, but when she smelt the blood she too began to whimper and sob.

"A day or two later when I passed that place I found the cub lying dead among the leaves where his mother had tried to bury him. Some of the quills had entered his neck, and had worked in, as they always do, till they entered the jugular.

"A little further on I found the porcupine lying dead at the foot of a poplar tree. All round the tree, about four feet from the ground, a number of quills were sticking into the bark.

"It was the mother bear that had done it. She had dashed the porky against the tree, time after time, till the life was gone out of him."

"Gee!" said the boy. "That porky made a mistake."

"And as for enemies," the old man pursued, "the porkies have only one enemy that I know of—the fisher. The fisher is the only animal that kills and eats porcupines as a regular thing. The wolf or lynx or bear that gets porcupine quills into its face, is likely to die a terrible and lingering death. The quills work inwards till they reach a vital part, and once I saw an old bear staggering blindly through the forest, the deadly quills having worked into his eyes.

"But nature has so made the fisher that the quills do not harm him. They penetrate his hide, all right, but they do not work into his vitals. They just lie flat under the skin, without even causing irritation, and trappers often catch old fishers that are chock full of quills, yet are as lively and healthy as spruce bugs."

The old man shifted his position, then sat up. The moon was shining over a distant ridge, illuminating the vast chaos of woods and waters that lay below.

"Sonny," said the man thoughtfully, "when nature made these woods he didn't forget much. He may have made the porcupine a fool, but I once heard a saying about angels stepping in where fools—"

He paused, and looked at the boy for new inspiration. But the boy was solemnly contemplating his injured foot.

"Dad," he said presently, "if that porky hadn't seemed such a blamed fool he wouldn't have caught me napping."

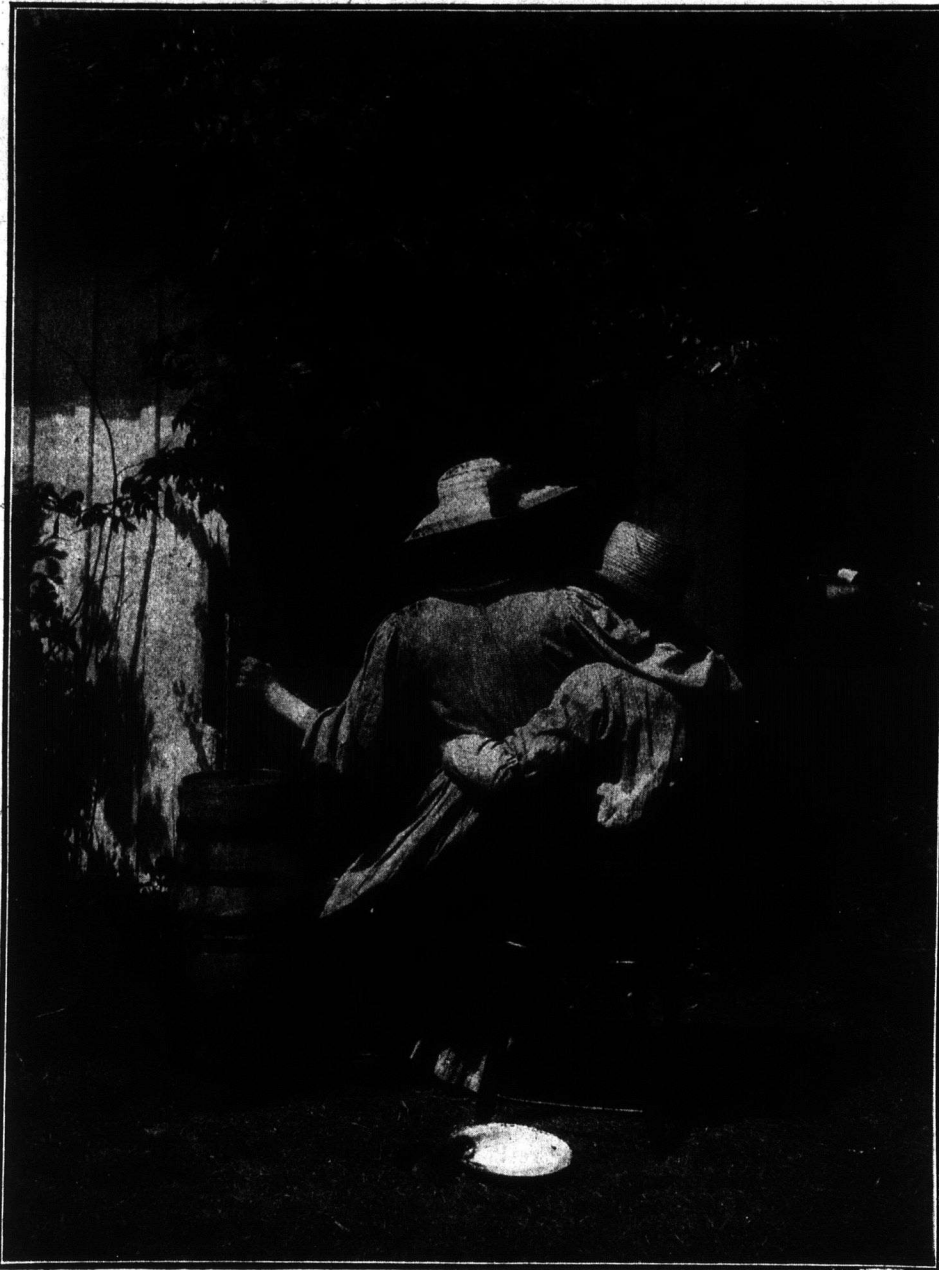
Good Reason

Father. "I wonder why it is so difficult for artists to paint the skies?"

Son (aged four). "They can't, papa, because the paint would drop all over the people."

SEWALL Pope, his breath coming fast from healthful exertion, paused and listened intently. Not an animate sound broke the monotonous stillness of the great Oregon forest. The incessant drip-drip-drip of water from every brush and twig was only varied by the pat of larger drops falling upon his already saturated hat from the firs that towered above him. Then as he listened there came to him distinctly the deep-toned, menacing roar of the swollen river.

It was a "Chinook" in the mountains. The deep, winter snows, harried by the warm breath of the strange, tropical wind, filled every draw and ravine with frothing snow-water, and ever more loudly protesting, the streams took up the fugitive burden.



None to tell but puppy

With a trace of impatience the lad pushed on, scanning the trail searchingly for the peculiar hob-nailed pattern in the soft earth which he had been following. The roar of the river grew louder as he progressed. The very atmosphere of the forest was oppressive. Presently he broke from the forest's cover at the river bank, and a smile of satisfaction lighted his face.

Knee-deep in the back-water of the murky flood stood a lad who might have been his own age. The icy water filled the young woodsman's boots, and surged about his knees unheeded. Floating beside him was a good sized cedar raft to which he had evidently just applied the finishing touches. With his keen, double-bitted axe he was deftly shaping something very like an oar from a tough, dead fir sapling. These things Sewall noted in his first, swift, comprehending glance.

"Hello, Pete. Going for a sail?" he called, cheerily.

"You bet! Want to come along?" And without even glancing up the young ship-builder continued to shave the blade of his oar.

"How did you know I was here?" queried Sewall, with a trace of disappointment at his failure to effect a surprise by

what he had believed to be a clever bit of scouting.

"The dog saw you, and wagged his tail. I knew all the men were busy down below, felling foot-logs. What do you think of my raft?"

Sewall pushed his way through the drenching fronds of the ferns to the water's edge, and looked the craft over with the critical eye of a sailor.

"It's a dandy!" he exclaimed, in genuine admiration. "But what are you going to do with it? You surely can't use it 'till the force of this freshet is spent." And he glanced apprehensively at the angry racing water littered with forest drift which showed that the stream was still rising at its source. "Why," he added, "the men can't even make a foot-

"And if you fail to make the other side?"

"The falls— I've considered that, too."

"But," persisted Sewall impatiently, "it would be different if a man were in danger."

"How different?" flashed Pete, lowering his upraised axe.

"Why—why, I don't know, exactly," stammered Sewall, somewhat confused at the manner of the question. "But of course, a fellow wouldn't take quite the same chances for a little baby that he would for a man who could think and feel. That is, feel with his mind—"

"Stop! Stop right where you are!" cried the young woodsman, driving his axe savagely into the raft, and plunging toward the bank. "You've said just about enough. Yes, too much." And with a splashing rush he gained the bank, and confronted Sewall, his blue eyes blazing.

"So that's how you feel about it, is it?" he demanded, his face working passionately. "Why you—you cowardly tenderfoot—you aren't fit to touch a little baby."

"Don't call me a coward," cut in Sewall, his temper rising.

"You're pretty husky," continued Pete, disregarding the interruption, and "you're a good shot, and we've heard a lot about your football games, but ever since you came here to visit you have made it plain that you felt above washing dishes and clothes, cooking, or taking care of a baby. They think these things are girls' work back where you came from, I suppose."

"Well, they are girls' work, aren't they?" Sewall retorted, flushing angrily.

"Indians think so."

There flashed across Sewall's mind a picture he had seen through the car window crossing the plains that had thrown him into a fury of indignation at the time. Framed in rusty green sage brush and jagged, yellow mesas, it came back to him in all its detail. Again he saw the pompous Indian astride his scrawny Cayuse pony, his head proudly erect, bead-embroidered chest thrown out. Behind him, on foot, toiled his squaw, a cruelly heavy pack lashed to her poor, mis-shapen shoulders, from the back of which was slung a copper-faced papoose. Was it then to such a beast of a man that Pete was perhaps truly likening him? His flush of anger deepened to one of shame.

Pete, also, was thinking of something afar off. "Maybe I shouldn't have said that," he relented. There was nothing but kindness in his eyes now. "You don't mean to be unfeeling. It's just that you don't understand. You never had a chance. Ever since I could walk I have taken some care of a baby. When you feel one of the sweet, helpless little things lean its head against your shoulder, and

FEED CHILDREN

On Properly Selected Food. It Pays Big Dividends

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A mother writes: "Our children are all so much better and stronger than they ever were before we made a change in the character of the food. We have quit using potatoes three times a day with coffee and so much meat."

"Now we give the little folks some fruit, either fresh, stewed, or canned, some Grape-Nuts with cream, occasionally some soft boiled eggs, and some Postum for breakfast and supper. Then for dinner they have some meat and vegetables."

"It would be hard to fully describe the change in the children, they have grown so sturdy and strong, and we attribute this change to the food elements that I understand, exist in Grape-Nuts and Postum."

"A short time ago my baby was teething and had a great deal of stomach and bowel trouble. Nothing seemed to agree with him until I tried Grape-Nuts softened and mixed with rich milk and he improved rapidly and got sturdy and well."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

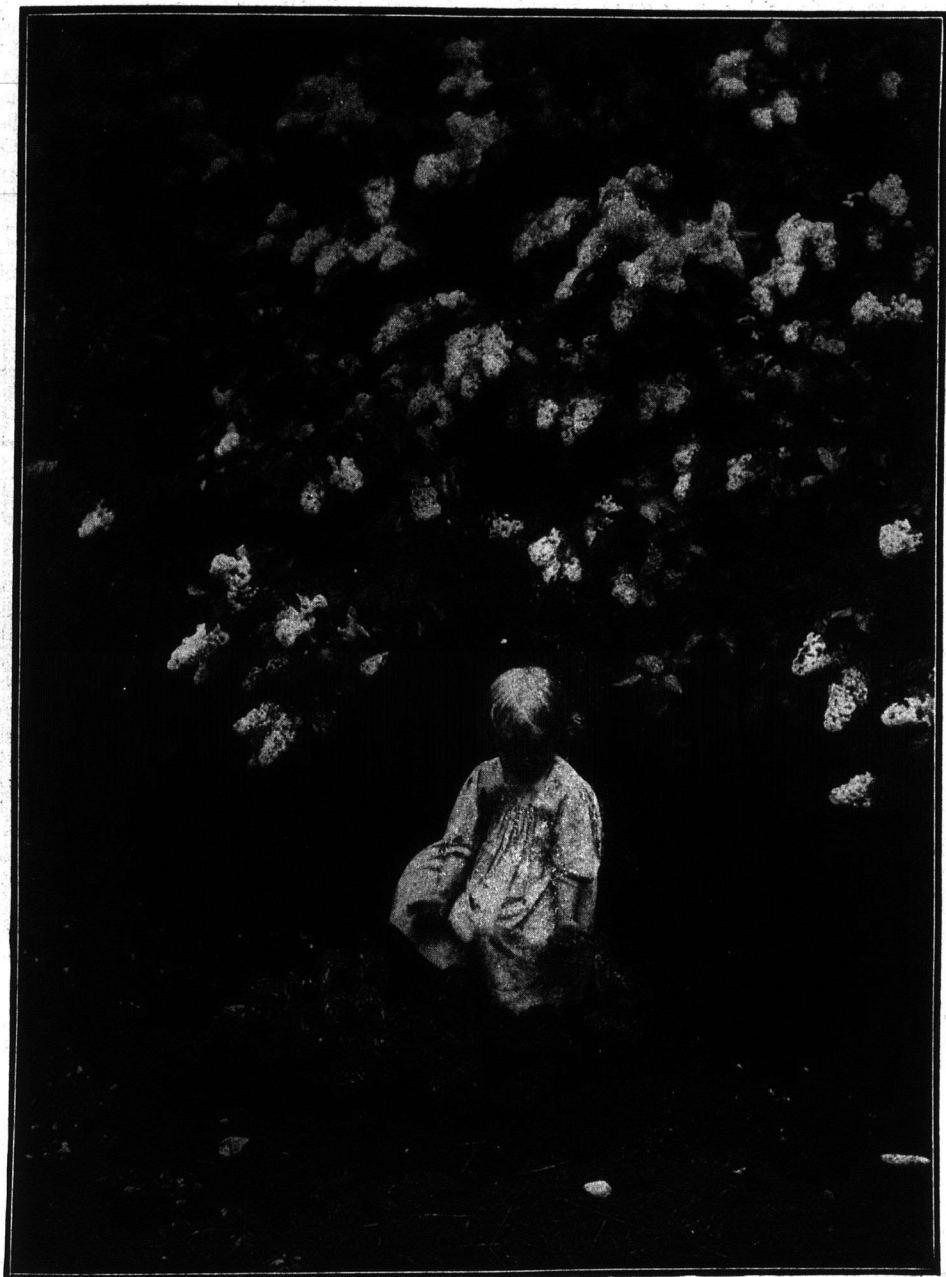
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

reach up and stroke your face with its baby fingers—when they look up into your eyes so innocently, so trustingly—why it stirs something big inside you, and your whole heart goes out to the helpless little mites. And when you think of one of them suffering for lack of food—and so near to us great big people who have plenty—” A great sob, which the lad made no effort to conceal, shook the broad, rain-soaked shoulders. “I—I love little babies,” he murmured. “I know you would if you’d had a chance to know them like I have.” And he reached out impulsively for Sewall’s hand. “I didn’t mean those hard things,” said he, “I’ve been standing in this ice water all the afternoon, and I guess I was just naturally feeling sort of mean, anyway.”

Sewall’s own voice was husky with emotion when he replied. “What you said was true, Pete. I guess I had it coming to me, and that’s why it hurt,” he owned up, manfully, as he grasped his companion’s cold, wet hand in a heat-warming grip.

feet, and any attempt at the oars, was, for the moment, out of the question. And each failure carried them nearer the falls. “Now then! Once more,” shouted Pete, “all together!” No warning was needed. Both knew the price of failure. Sewall responded as he never had done on the football gridiron, and behind him, he could hear Pete echoing his frantic efforts. Slowly, but ever so surely, they were gaining. Yes—there could be no doubt of it. Sewall’s heart leaped within him. An oar outstretched would have touched the fringe of brush that overhung the bank.

Every nerve and muscle tense the boys ground their caulks into the log deck and wrought at the oars with renewed vigor. One more such gain would place them within reach of the low-hanging branches, and the raft might go to destruction alone. Already Sewall had mentally selected a stout hemlock limb as their goal. Then with sickening suddenness there came a sharp crack from behind him. The raft lurched perilously, throwing him to his



Feeding time

“Now I want you to make another oar. I am going with you. I can’t remember ever having lifted my hand to do one solitary thing for a little baby in my whole life. You must let me go.”

And so it was that while something of daylight still lingered in the little gorge, the two boys climbed aboard the rude raft. Together, they stuck their oars into the submerged bank, and with a sturdy heave sent the raft far out into the raging swirl of angry waters.

With resource born of the frontier, Pete had divided the precious cans of condensed milk into two packs. One look at the turbulent flood offered sufficient explanation for this precaution, nor had he over-estimated the hazard.

From the moment the full force of the flood caught the raft in its mighty grasp, they realized that they had entered upon the fight of their lives. At their respective posts the boys tugged desperately at their crude oars. To force the raft shoreward seemed an impossible task. Time and again they would gain a few yards only to have the raft lifted bodily by the wild waters, and tossed back to the foaming crest of the mid stream. In each such crisis it required the quickest sort of work even with their caulked boots, to keep their

hands and feet, and nearly breaking his hold on his oar. He staggered to his feet and cast a frightened glance over his shoulder. There stood Pete, a picture of defiant courage. Feet wide-spread, bare head erect, he grasped the stump of his broken oar. As he met Sewall’s agonized gaze, a brave smile lighted his pale face, and he tossed the useless bit of wood over side.

Then above the rushing wash of the waters tearing at the confining banks there sounded a deep-toned roar—the falls. Sewall felt himself grow dizzy. His knees weakened. He wondered if he could muster the courage to face the issue on his feet, and not cry out.

At that moment he caught a glimpse of a bearded, wild-eyed face staring at them through the brush. The squatter! Their forgotten mission came back to him, and quick as thought he drew out his knife and with a backward jerk slit open his pack-sack. His fingers closed upon two of the precious cans. With a great sob of satisfaction he sent them, one after the other, hurtling high above the brush, far into the squatter’s rude clearing.

He heard Pete’s voice, but it seemed a long way off. The roar of the falls filled his ears. Already there arose before him

“Does Everybody Wear Underwear Same as Me and You, Dad?”

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the white mist that hung always above them. His eyes swam and he set his feet more firmly and braced himself for the shock.

Swept onward with the irresistible force generated in the deep ravines packed with melting snow, the raft swirled around the sharp bend. They had accomplished their mission, but the falls lay before them, and the price was hard to pay unflinchingly. They were but mere boys, after all, though this day they were possessed of the souls of men.

Sewall wanted to call out to Pete, but his tongue and throat seemed paralyzed. Innumerable dear scenes flashed across his mind like runaway movie reels. Instinctively, he closed his eyes.

Then high above the vibrating roar that pounded his ear drums came the splintering crash of breaking wood. The raft was gone from beneath him, and he found himself struggling in the icy flood. To his half dazed bewilderment his outstretched hands encountered rough fir boughs, and his fingers closed on them in a convulsive grasp.

He opened his eyes just in time to see Pete floundering in the water beside him. Letting go the tree with one hand he twisted his fingers into the wet brown curls just as the lad was being drawn beneath the swaying trunk of the broken tree top to which he was clinging, and there he held. He hardly knew, himself, just what had happened except that the raft

The Return of the Beaver

By S. J. Wigley, Edgerton.

For many years the beaver has been rigorously preserved in Alberta; the close season extended from year to year.

Old dams and water-soaked logs were the only traces to show how numerous this wonderful little worker had once been. Naturalists were inclined to think the place that knew him once would know him no more.

It must therefore be a source of gratification to those who have so persistently advocated protection, to know of the return of the beaver to many of its old haunts in the Battle River and its creeks.

The winding nature of the Battle River is partly due to the dams made by the beavers in olden times, the river having to make a fresh channel for itself as is plainly shown in photograph.

Frequently too were lakes formed as the busy little creatures checked the natural flow of springs from the hills and blocked the ravines and coulees with their dams. Such lakes are usually very deep in places, for the beavers were continually adding to their work as the water rose. These old dams and the beaver cut logs composing them may still be seen and traced back and forth across many of our lakes.

Fish are often found in these beaver



View of Battle River near Edgerton, showing old Beaver dam

had fouled the upper branches of one of the attempted foot-logs, the top of which had lodged securely on the further bank. His head seemed to bulge. It pained him intensely, and a nauseating faintness almost caused his hold on the tree to relax. Why didn't someone come? His eyes closed wearily—the roar of the falls became fainter and seemed to recede into the distance until it finally ceased altogether.

When Sewall opened his eyes he was lying between rough, warm blankets. The noise of the waters was stilled. Dreamily, he allowed his eyes to rove about the rude log walls and shake roof of the cabin in which he lay, then back to the curly brown head on the tick beside him. Pete was sleeping quietly. He tried to remember what had happened. Suddenly, there stole upon his confused senses the soft, plaintive crooning of a tiny baby. With an effort he turned his head, and there in the corner towered the huge bulk of the squatter, a little baby nestled in his brawny arms. Sewall smiled weakly with a new understanding as he watched the strong man and the wee babe. "A man's job," he whispered, and with the smile still on his lips he dropped off into a deep, restful sleep.

made lakes, and are probably descendants of those that once came up the streams to spawn before the beaver dams cut off all communication. Geology tells us the beavers are an ancient family, and their skill as builders can only have been acquired through a long course of ages. Man should certainly respect the only other animal besides himself that knows how to fell a tree.

The Indians always had a reverence for the beaver, and tried to pacify his spirit with apologies when they took his life.

In many Indian legends and stories the beaver is often a prominent figure. According to the Chippewyan Indians at Lake Athabasca the king of beavers was killed on the shore of the lake. They point to an area of reddish ochre clay, from which they make paint, as the spot where he died.

The superintendent of a primary Sunday-school said to her classes:

"Now how many of you know the Golden Text? Please raise your hands all of you who can repeat the Golden Text. Only one solitary hand went up and that belonged to a little four-year-old boy who was just out of skirts.

"Now, Carl, I'm glad there is one of you that can give the Golden Text. Come right out here where all can see and hear you and you will put these older boys to shame."

Proudly the little fellow came to the front and was placed upon the table. He stood triumphantly for a moment, then said:

"Rah, rah, rah!
Red Sox, Red Sox!
Rah, rah, rah!"

He Could Supply Specimens

"And what did my little darling do in school to-day?" a mother asked of her young son—a "second-grader."

"We had Nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the boy.

"That was nice. What did you do?"

"I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told teacher we had lots more, and if she wanted I would bring one every day."

The Minister whose Day was Done

By Hugh S. Eayrs.

THE board of elders at Ebenezer had had enough of it. One of them said he didn't want to be un-Christian, but there was a limit to human endurance. Another made remarks to the effect that some people didn't seem to know when they were due to retire. A third said he had thought for a long time that the minister would really have to go, but he had kept silent, sacrificing himself and his convictions on the altar of charitable thought, but that now, when Brother Mandell felt it time to speak, and Brother Talbot really could not restrain himself, he (the conviction-sacrificing one) was convinced that it was his duty to open his mouth. He trusted he wouldn't be misunderstood, but really—and a shrug of the shoulders proved even more expressive.

The situation was this: The Rev. James Postelthwaite had come to Ebenezer twenty-five years ago. He accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate. He was then a man of forty-five, with a good record behind him, and a glowing future before him. In the city church where he had ministered before he came to Ebenezer he had been acknowledged a good preacher, and a better pastor. He had seen the work of his Master prosper under his guiding hand. He had preached sermons that did men good, plain, unvarnished sermons on how to live, and not so very much on how not to live. His life had been the embodiment, week by week, of the texts he had chosen on the Sunday before. He was known throughout the length and breadth of his cure as a good man and a true, and his usefulness was undoubted. He had no time for higher criticism; he had no time for anything but the plain, simple, but beautiful gospel, which had made saints of men and women from time immemorial, and which, faithfully construed and faithfully preached, would go on making saints as long as the world provided the raw material. This same gospel he preached.

Hence his call to Ebenezer, in 1889, when the religion of the fathers of the pewholders in Ebenezer was good enough for those who worshipped then and there. He had ministered for twenty-five years. His people had wanted him to stay. At first he was invited elsewhere, but he gave up his chances to stay with the people he had come to love. Latterly, the chances to move up higher had come less frequently. Invitations ceased to come altogether, and James Postelthwaite began to feel that he would end his days ministering to the folk of Ebenezer in the quiet country town. But for two years now there had been murmurings. Mr. Postelthwaite was getting old. His sermons were "behind the times." The religion of the fathers was not good enough for the present generation. The younger element became more and more prominent in the church, as chairs on the board of elders and seats at the trustee board were vacated by those whom God had called to himself. The younger element wanted a new leader. A block further down Main street, the vicar was a young man fresh from college, with a young man's enthusiasm and a young man's predilections, and a young man's methods. The congregation at Ebenezer began to say: "Mr. Postelthwaite is getting old. He no longer preaches interestingly. Very often what he has to say is suited not to 1914, but to the needs of twenty years ago. We want a change. We want a young man. Mr. Postelthwaite should go." And the board of elders, innocently forgetting the long service of a man who had grown old in their midst, and who had spent his energies for the betterment of their very selves, decided that Mr. Postelthwaite should be asked to resign.

II.

A deputation waited on the old man, at his house one day. With business-like brusqueness, the subject was broached. The speaker didn't want Mr. Postelthwaite to think that Ebenezer was unmindful of what he had been to and what he had done for them. O dear no! But—didn't Mr. Postelthwaite think the church needed, perhaps, a younger man? Didn't Mr. Postelthwaite think that, perhaps, he needed a complete rest? Didn't Mr. Postelthwaite feel that he had come to the time when he might take a house

somewhere, and enjoy the twilight of his days free from the cares and anxieties of a charge? All these and many more hints were thrown out by the kind elder to the old minister. It was astonishing how solicitous the elder was about the minister's twilight days.

And James Postelthwaite knew that he must resign.

That night, he drew his chair before his fire, and gave himself up to thinking. Twenty-five years he had been at Ebenezer. He had seen some changes, aye, he had helped to bring those changes. Men and women had grown older. The very elder who had voiced the feeling of the people had been a curly-headed laddie when James Postelthwaite first came to Ebenezer. He was an old man, an old man, now. Perhaps the young folk were right. Perhaps Ebenezer needed a new and a younger leader. But it was hard to go. Of course, it was natural. Men do come, and men do go. There are some things that are constant in the world, but they seem to be narrowed down to a very few. He thought he had done his duty. He thought he had done what he could. Of course, it couldn't be as good as a younger man's best. But he had done what he could. For twenty-five years he had worked, and toiled, and prayed for Ebenezer. He knew everybody there. He bore their sorrows; he shared their joys. Those twenty-five years had been a means of grace to him. He had hoped they might have been a means of grace to his people. He had become wrapped up in Ebenezer. He hardly knew how he would bear to leave the dear old church, with its so precious associations. But he would have to go. And he was an old man, an old, old man.

It is significant that in the ruminations and reflections of this old minister he never thought once that Ebenezer had been ungrateful. He never thought that his being asked to make room for younger blood was but slight thanks for all he had done, and all he had done. The thought never entered his mind that such treatment was but slight and scant reward. Never for a moment did it occur to him to think that there was something wrong with a world that treated an old man so. For James Postelthwaite was one of those kings among men who are single-minded, who see but the best in a man, whose vision can never include the ulterior and the inferior. He had never once thought of the ingratitude of the folks he had lived with, and lived for.

III.

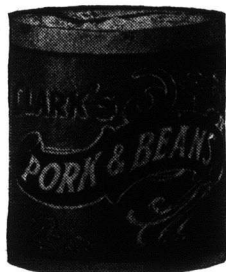
He took down his hat from the peg in the corner, and went out. There had been a time when there was a young wife to kiss fondly, when he left the house—but that was many years ago. God, in His infinite mercy, had called her away, and her husband had never cared to think of another in her place.

The night was harsh. The wind, swirling round the corners, caught up anything that came in its path, sweeping it up and throwing it down. It was raining, too, fast and hard, and James Postelthwaite buttoned up his meagre overcoat, and prepared to face the elements. It did not occur to him that his ingress into the repelling night was suggestive of the journey he must take, when his resignation from his charge took effect. He did not know why he came out. He did not know where he was going. Somehow he felt impelled to get into the fight, between the wind and the storm. On and on and on he walked. Suddenly, startlingly, he heard a cry. He was passing some cottages on the outskirts of the little town, and he fancied the cry came from somewhere near at hand. He stopped to listen. The cry came again, and he thought he located it. On his right was a cottage standing alone. There was a light in the window, and the minister crept close to listen. The cry, more of a moan than a cry, came again and again. He lifted the latch and entered. In a corner was a bed, with a man upon it. He seemed to be in an agony of sweat. Pale, emaciated, shrunken, he was an awful replica of what he might have been, what he once must have been. The minister paused a minute, and went up to the moaning, sobbing figure on the bed. In a moment

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his cool hand was on the fevered brow; his comforting voice distinguishable above the din of the sufferer's incoherent ravings. Here was a soul in torment, and the minister knew it. Here was a man who soon must meet his Maker, and the minister knew that too. It was the old trouble. Dissipation had left its mark upon the now hollowed face. Drink and its accompanists had played awful havoc with the frame that was made in the image of a majestic God-Man, and the sordid days and nights of many a long year had left their earmarks behind. It was too apparent that this was very nearly the last. The dread pleasures of a score of years made any recovery far from even a sporting chance. An infinite deal of disregard for the laws alike of God and man were to result in a sharp fight, of which there could be but one issue, and that the one which the fighter most feared.

Through the long, long night the minister stayed, and staying, prayed for one well-nigh-lost soul. Prayer to Him who was alike the Father of the intercessor and the one for whom he interceded, and pleading with the sinner that even now he might seek God's infinitely precious

grace passed the drear night into the dawning of another day. And the dawning of the new day was the dawning of a heaven in the soul of a man, succeeded within an hour by the dawning of a greater heaven than is given to us to know on earth.

The minister rose from his long vigil, and drew the coverlet over the face of the sinner whom God had saved, and taken home to Himself. Then he bowed his head, and knelt beside the bed.

They found him there, when the sun was high in the sky. He, too, had gone home. In very truth his work was done. The laborer's task was over, and God had taken him to the place prepared for him. He was—so the elders said—no longer fitted for the task of ministering to them. His sphere—the elders said—was no longer Ebenezer. His day of usefulness—so the elders said—had passed. But he put out a hand, strong in the strength of his Master, and taking hold, dragged a man from the gates of hell. And two souls, both equally precious in the sight of a compassionate God, went to heaven that night.

The Kid Intervenes

By W. R. Gilbert

"I DO hope she won't upset everybody!" said The Woman of the World, a little dubiously as she looked up from the long article full of weekly wisdom, so wise that it made one's head ache. "We are so peaceful—and it's a bit of a risk I suppose."

She drew weird designs on her blotter, and stared out at the green of the grass with the sun on it, beyond the cottage garden.

The Girl Who Had Buried All Her Illusions (so she said), looked up from her sewing. "Upset things? Why should she? The Kid is as good as gold—a darling!"

"Oh, good of course! I don't mean like that. I mean—well you know our views and hers are bound to be different, and she may find it difficult to amuse herself. She's so dreadfully young, my dear. She'll be wanting to be dressing up, and having young men to tea. No! I hope she won't spoil things."

The other held up the extremely serviceable garment she was making and surveyed it thoughtfully.

"Good gracious! I should hope not. Men? We want no young men here! Better hint that to her first thing, hadn't we?"

The Woman of the World nodded.

The Woman of the World was married to—and parted from—a husband who was a Philistine. At least that is what she called him.

He knew little or nothing about Literature and Art, and cared less; moreover he had professions for women. So a little rift had widened into a big gulf.

So she sought out a friend most likely to bear her good company, and met with the very one in The Girl—who had just the Great Illusion.

The Girl and The Woman both agreed that the world would be a much pleasanter and happier place were there no men in it. And so they took the "Nutshell" for all the summer months, in order to escape the society of men if possible.

There The Woman of the World wrote the long "brainy" articles, in which her soul reveled, while her companion did the housework and pretended she did not care for illusions.

In their lovely surroundings wars, victories and disasters were forgotten; time seemed to stand still where the Nutshell covered with crimson rambles, nestled cosily.

The Kid arrived at supper time. Her wire had only said "Coming to-day" so they could not meet her, but there she was, with two fat trunks, blouse case, and a hat box, not to mention a bundle of sunshades, all of which her hostesses eyed with some dismay.

"Hallo, you two dears!" she cried. She placed a soft little kiss on the cheek of each and strolled into the sitting room. "Supper! Hoorah! And oh isn't this a ripping spot? Heavenly after town."

She was very young, with wide blue eyes and a quantity of dark hair that refused to be suppressed—no figure, just a slip of a thing. Having rattled off all the news of town, and disposed of a large amount of tea and cake she rose to unpack.

The Woman, in shabby old tweed skirt watched her a little absently, while The Girl in a faded blue frock hovered in the back ground.

The Kid shook out two or three beautiful little dresses, and hung them in the cupboard.

"Haven't you brought a lot of frocks, dear?" said The Woman presently.

The Kid shook a creation of white muslin and pink ribbons vigorously, and laid it out ready for the morning. "Have I?" She shut the lid of the trunk with a bang. "Oh well, you know I have them, and one must wear things."

She eyed the nondescript garments of the other two, and wrinkled her nose a trifle.

"You see," said The Girl, by way of explanation, "there's no one to look at them here, so it does not matter what we wear. Let's go and have some music, shall we? Have you brought any songs?"

"Rather," said The Kid. "Got some ripping new ones. Come along!"

The Kid sang after song until something stirred uncomfortably in The Woman's heart, and The Girl's eyes became full of mist. Dusk was falling, and The Kid's soft voice sang,

"For with Love brooding there, why, no place can compare

With my little grey home in the West—"

"Don't," said The Woman with startling suddenness. "I mean—you sounded as if you believed all the—well—mawkish sentiment one always gets in these songs, dear little Kid. I don't want you to come a cropper—as we have done. You're not old enough to understand, but you must be made to see things as they are—it will save you such lots of pain!" Whereupon they both did their best to make her "see things." They told her that men were pretty much all alike—selfish and deep as the sea. Love, they informed her, was a myth, a mere fairy tale, and if she wanted to be happy, to avoid men like the plague, and make her own happiness. Work—nothing like work—a profession. And so on, and so on. At the end The Kid rose with a little frown. "I don't believe it!" said she, with the great confidence of extreme youth, and went to bed. The other two looked at her and sighed. The Kid lay

in the little, white bed, watching the first faint glimmering of dawn cross the sky—first veils and veils of grey mist; then far away to the east, a gleam of gold. Presently the early morning greetings of the country floated up to her.

The Kid slipped out of bed, with a little chuckle. "Fancy going to sleep again with all that going on!" she said to herself as she thrust her feet into her shoes, partly dressed, and softly she crept down the rickety stairs, noiselessly slid back the bolts, emerging into the garden then into the fields beyond, with the golden sheen of buttercups dazzling in the first rays of sunshine.

The Kid solemnly took off the shoes and waded knee deep on the long dewy grass. It was good to be alive, and as to that stuff about ideals being fairy tales, and all men hateful—

Well The Kid just put her head back and laughed. And then faintly at first, then more plainly she heard "Miow! Miow!"

She listened, and then thrusting her feet into her shoes, she found hidden in the grass the cause, a little black kitten, its paw caught in a steel trap.

"Oh you poor little thing," and bending down she tried her best, but being unused to traps, she did no good. A shadow fell across her, but she never noticed.

"I say," said somebody, "You seem to be in difficulties. May I help?"

The Kid's expression of surprise was a masterpiece. She jumped to her feet and gazed on the intruder in absolute amazement. Her hair hung over her shoulders in two dark plaits and the blue of her eyes exactly matched the blue of her kimono, so The Boy thought, as he stood before her.

"You? Good gracious" said she. "What on earth are you doing down here?"

The Boy smiled. He wanted to say, "I'm with you for the present, so that's all that matters," but what he did say was,

"Oh killing time. Have an uncle living just over the hill, you know."

"I see," said The Kid. "I came down here to stay with a sort of aunt and a girl friend. Isn't it a lovely spot?"

The Boy looked into her eyes for a moment—

"Tip top!" They both remembered the kitten all at once.

"Do get the poor dear out!" she pleaded.

He placed the poor little body in her arms, and they bound up the injured foot with a strip off his handkerchief, and then started for the Nutshell. Half way across the last field she stopped. "I don't think you'd better come any farther," she said demurely, and gave him her hand.

"But, I say—couldn't you ask me to tea?" he said wistfully. "And—and—I say—I—er—it is peace, isn't it? Ever since that quarrel we had at the Mason's dance you know—By jove, you don't know how its worried me because you said you'd never be pals again. You didn't mean it did you?"

The Kid looked down at the kitten and her eyes were very soft.

"N—No!" she said. "No—really I didn't—But I'm afraid I can't ask you to tea, because the Aunt-of-sorts hates men—But let's ask ourselves to breakfast out here in this field to-morrow morning at seven. You bring a thermos bottle of coffee, and I'll bring the eatables, will you? Good. And then we'll talk."

"Right-o!" he said as he watched her out of sight.

Breakfast had begun when she strolled into the sitting room an hour later, clad in a neat sports skirt and white silk shirt. "Awfully sorry, you people!" she apologized. "Overslept. Went out in the early morn to watch the sun rise and—found an adventure." She held up the kitten.

"I'm going to keep it for 'luck,'" she said.

The sun had climbed higher next morning at seven, and the birds sang louder. The Kid, hatless, sat on the grass where a dainty cloth spread itself between her and The Boy. She

poured herself a second cup of coffee, while he wondered just how to begin what he had to say. Unconsciously she helped him.

"Isn't this glorious?" she said presently. "Can you imagine anyone being among all this feeling the freshness, the very pulse of life and remaining 'soured'—not able to 'believe' in anything?"

The Boy eyed her anxiously. "How d'you mean?" he asked curiously. She told him about The Woman of the World and The Girl who had no longer any Illusion—of all they had said.

"But you don't believe all that sort of rot, do you?" he asked.

"Of course I don't."

"I'm awfully glad," his voice took on a deeper tone, "I'm really awfully glad you love the country." The Kid was packing up the breakfast things in a business like manner.

"Are you? Why?"

"Well"—he was pulling the seeds from the long grass—"well I've placed my ideal of life in the country, you see."

"Really." She shut up the basket with a click. "I wonder why?"

"I'll try to tell you," said The Boy earnestly. "You see one's Ideal Life, circles round one's 'Ideal Ladye.' In the city ugly things abound and cruel rumor travels apace—None of these things must come near her, so one places her in the country. She can pay the city visits, but her true haunt must be in the serene calm of the country, of the simple life, close to the heart of Nature. You know the kind of thing."

The Kid's eyes were enigmatic. "Yes, I know," she said. "And you've found her?"

The Boy flung the hayseeds far and wide. "Yes," he said, and his young

voice was suddenly solemn. "Couldn't I come to your place this afternoon? I want to tell you about her."

The Kid pretended to weigh the matter. "You may come to tea," she said graciously. "They're going to see some stuffy old journalist so it's quite safe. I suppose it's not quite the thing to let you come, but I suppose it's all right."

"Of course it is," said the boy with a happy laugh.

"Three thirty!" she cried over her shoulder as she ran off.

The Woman of the World coming out as she was entering, patted her shoulder. "Had a good walk?" she inquired. "Splendid," was the Kid's brazen answer as she ran upstairs.

It was past five, but they had forgotten all about the time.

The Boy knelt at her side, and turning her pink palms upwards, kissed each again and again.

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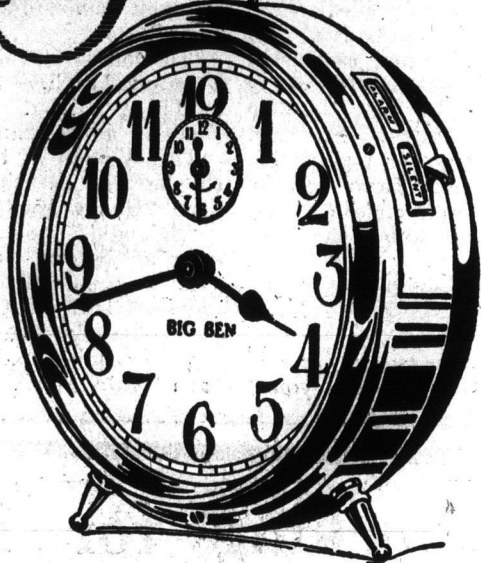
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"Suppose you'd said 'No'?"

She laughed. "You silly boy! But I didn't."

Then she busied herself with a button on her coat. "I'm a minx," she said—"I've got something to confess. I—I wasn't a bit surprised to see you down here. In—fact I came because I knew you were staying with your Uncle."

He caught her to him. "You darling—"

Neither heard footsteps.

To attempt to describe the expression on the faces of the new comers would be futile. The Woman of the World was the first to speak. "Kid," she said in petrifying tones, "What on earth—?"

The Kid faced her without a blush: The Boy's arms still around her. "It's quite all right," she said serenely. "We—well—you see we're engaged!"

After a whole week of lovers-on-sufferance—The Woman and The Girl watched the pair depart for town in a big grey car.

The Nutshell seemed strangely silent that night. "We shall miss her," said The Woman with an unaccustomed sigh. "Them," said The Girl softly.

Next afternoon two people arrived together. One was a big jolly man with

kind grey eyes. He'd come to see his wife The Woman of the World. The other was a telegraph boy, with a wire for The Girl, which said, "Coming down by six o'clock train—meet me—Ronald."

The Woman of the World, looking so different with happy shining eyes found her scrambling into a pretty frock an hour later. "My dear," she said, "The most wonderful thing has happened—Bill and I have patched things up—I've been a fool. Are you going out?"

The Girl pushed the telegram towards her. "I can't understand it," she said. "It's extraordinary. He said he'd never speak to me again," and then she kissed her companion. "I'm awfully glad you and Bill have made it up," she said. "Has he told you?"

"Told me?"

"I sent for him. I hated your being lonely."

"You sent for him? Why my dear child we have been a pair of idiots—Forgive me I wrote to Ronald on your account—just for the same reason. They embraced each other without a word.

The Kid had "upset things" with a vengeance.

A Canadian Prisoner of War in Germany

By Aubrey Fullerton

ELMER L. LUCK is now a teacher on the high school staff of Edmonton, Alberta, but a year ago he was a prisoner in Germany. He was one of the first British subjects arrested on the outbreak of war, and the first Canadian prisoner to be released by exchange, after nine months' internment. What he saw and felt in that time throws a direct light upon the spirit of the German masses, as moved by their rulers, and upon the Prussian treatment of prisoners-of-war. On both points the evidence he gives is significant and informing. "To get out of Germany," he says, "felt like escaping from a dark and dismal cellar."

For three years Mr. Luck had been living in Leipzig, where he was taking a post-graduate course in the University. With him, in a hired apartment, were his two motherless children, girls of five and seven years. Up to the day on which war between Britain and Germany was declared, the consular offices reported clear skies, but when the storm broke there was no time to get away. Immediately the police were on the track of all the foreigners in the city. In ten days British-owned balances in the banks were seized; numbers of suspected spies were shot; stories of British treachery were printed in the papers; and public feeling was quickly stirred to danger point.

The part that the German newspapers are playing in the war must be recognized before one can rightly appreciate the attitude of the common people. The German hatred of the English, as experienced by Mr. Luck in Leipzig, was most bitter and intense, and it was deliberately fed and fostered by the press. Under official inspiration, the papers systematically created at the outset an anti-British feeling, and fanned it into actual flame with daily stories of the most extreme type. The atrocities to which German prisoners in England and Canada were being subjected were a favorite theme that was worked to its utmost.

These fabrications found ready credence among their readers, who naturally enough were enraged, as the authorities wanted them to be, at the reputed barbarity of the enemy. Nothing in any way favorable to the British was allowed in print; only the worst was fed out to the people, and the people, thus deceived, came speedily to hate. In many cases, foreigner-residents found their German friends turned almost overnight into the bitterest foes, who did not hesitate to insult and annoy them. Canadians were especially disliked, because at first it had been assumed as certain that the colonies would revolt from Britain, and when the reverse happened, the general disappointment worked itself out in spite.

On August 31, Mr. Luck was expelled from the University, along with all the other British students. He was then within two weeks of his Ph.D. degree, but the University was as anti-British as the war office, and its order of expulsion was absolute. Four days later, Mr. Luck was arrested in his own house.

"I was awakened in the morning," as he tells it now, "to find a burly policeman standing by my bed. He told me to dress at once and go with him. I was not given a moment to see my children and did not know what was going to happen to them."

"I was taken to the police headquarters and from there to the common jail, where I found fifty or more other Britishers already assembled. Without so much as a preliminary examination, we were consigned to individual cells and I very soon found myself behind prison bars."

"That taste of prison life in Germany has left an ugly memory with me. Our treatment was inhuman. We were let out only half an hour each day and for the rest of the time each prisoner had to sit in his little cell alone. The cells were unsanitary and the food supplied to us could hardly have been worse. For breakfast we had flour soup, which was nothing more than flour stirred up in water, and twice a week we had coffee; for dinner they gave us a stew, thickened with gelatine instead of meat, and some black bread; at supper, more black bread and cold water. We had to be in bed at seven o'clock every night, and up at five in the morning to scrub out our cells."

"There is practically not a Britisher in Germany but has had at least a week of prison experience of this kind and many have been kept behind bars for from two to six months. The treatment given them, in contrast with that which German prisoners have had in England, shows how far Germany has got away from her promises at The Hague."

"As to myself, I was very fortunate. Through the intervention of an American friend, I was released after a few days' imprisonment and found my children safe at home. But a young Belgian whom I knew suffered greatly. He had been a consumptive and had been almost cured at a sanitarium but still needed the best of care and food. He begged to be allowed to buy food for himself, but was refused. The prison doctor actually ordered that he be given fifteen minutes in ice-cold water every day, ostensibly for his own good. When he got out of prison it was all too plain that as a result of his treatment the disease had returned, and in addition to this he learned that his children had been killed by the Germans in Belgium. Sick in body and at heart, he told me there was

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not much left for him, but he prayed for one thing—to have a chance at the Kaiser's life; and I could not find it in me to blame him.

"On November 5, an order was issued from Berlin that all British male subjects should be arrested and put in prison. Strangely enough, an exception was made of any Canadians and Australians who were then free, but all other Britishers were taken to jail. Ten days later, they were marched through the streets and jeered by a war-mad mob.

"From that time all Britishers, English or Canadian, were required to report at police headquarters twice every day, punctually at nine and five o'clock. This was a specially stringent order directed against the British, much easier requirements being made in the case of other prisoners.

"On November 25, I received a sudden notice from police headquarters that I must get out of Leipzig within three hours, and that failing to do so, I and my children should be imprisoned. In that short time I had to make plans for my whole future course. Finally, I decided to go to Chemnitz, the nearest large city in Saxony, for it would likely be easier to lose one's self in a large place than in a small one. Within the allotted three hours we were on our way.

"It was with the greatest difficulty that I found a shelter for our heads in Chemnitz. When the people to whom I applied found that I was British, they would have nothing to do with me. But at last I found an elderly couple who had a son in America and they took us in.

"In January, the papers began to tell about increased abuses of German prisoners in Canada and Australia, and public feeling against all Britishers became as bitter in Chemnitz as it had been in Leipzig. Early in February, we were warned by the police of impending arrest. I at once made friends—a secret and worldly-wise sort of friendship, I admit—with one of the city detectives, and by his conniving, when my arrest came, I was released after only one day's imprisonment. My second term in prison was thus considerably lighter than my first.

"Thereafter I tried several times to escape from German territory, but every effort was unsuccessful and at length I gave it up. Freedom came eventually in April. I have never been able to understand exactly how the machinery was set going in my behalf, but my liberation came at least indirectly through a fellow-Britisher who was temporarily placed in my care.

"He was a young fellow of nineteen years who was locked up in the Chemnitz jail with a tubercular convict. He was in perfect health when first imprisoned, but in three months he had contracted the disease from the other inmate of his cell. In January, I and an Australian friend of his, found by accident that he was not able to sit up, and we finally secured permission to remove him to a hospital. His treatment there was a crime. The doctors and nurses vented their spite on him, denied him whatever comforts he asked for and seemed to delight in tormenting him.

"One morning in the cold spring he was put out of the hospital, and sent, weak, half-clad, and with only twenty-five cents in his possession, to the street. He was able to send a messenger to me, and when I reached him I found him sitting on the pavement. With the greatest difficulty I got him into a family, where he was cared for to some extent, and then I made it my chief concern to get word to the British foreign office.

"Just at that time, it so happened, the foreign office was arranging an exchange of prisoners with Germany. Sixty German prisoners were to be exchanged for an equal number of British prisoners, and on hearing of my sick friend they selected him as one of the exchanges. He had to be carried and cared for, however, and so I was taken for another to accompany him. With my little girls and my sick charge, and with as much of my belongings as the officials spared to me, we finally were allowed to cross the border into Holland. It seemed like

another world, and our departure from there to England was arranged without any further trouble."

Mr. Luck pays a high tribute to the kindness and effective service of the American consular agents in the German cities. They were unfailing friends to the British prisoners, and helped them in numberless ways to secure some measure of fair treatment. With all other avenues of help cut off, these kindly services of the American agents, and of American private citizens as well, were most timely and acceptable.

The story that this student prisoner has brought back with him differs from the press reports that have been sent out from time to time, representing the lot of British and other prisoners in Germany as beyond complaint, for the reason that the carefully organized German system sees that no other reports get out. The censorship in this respect, as in the case of the newspapers, is most exacting. But what prison life in Germany is really like may be inferred from the experiences which Mr. Luck passed through in his nine months of misery, and from the even worse experiences of many other prisoners of whom he knew. One is inevitably led to believe that Germany's treatment of her prisoners, both civilian and military, is as inhuman as her submarine warfare and her ruthless baby-killing.

Road Materials

The first and prime essential of any good road is drainage—surface, sub-surface and side drainage. When finished, the road must shed water. To do this the road must be crowned from 3/8 to 1/2 of an inch to the foot, depending on the wearing surface, and must have an impervious or waterproof covering. There must be an unimpeded slope from the crown to the gutter or to the side ditch. The gutters or side ditches have at least 4-10 of a foot fall per 100 feet, and, if they are earthen ditches, they should have 1/2 foot per 100 feet, and free drainage at frequent intervals into natural creeks, channels or, in the case of a city, with a sewerage system, into the sewers.

In order to drain away the sub-surface water and prevent it from softening the foundations, it is well to lay two lines of tiles.

The second essential, which is an essential of any structure, is a good foundation and this is especially required for roads where the loads are concentrated on such small areas.

Because macadam roads are more expensive than gravel roads in first cost, they should be built very carefully. The materials in the order of their excellence are—trap rock, tough granite, chert, tough limestone, ordinary limestone, tough sandstone.—W. J. D. in "Conservation."

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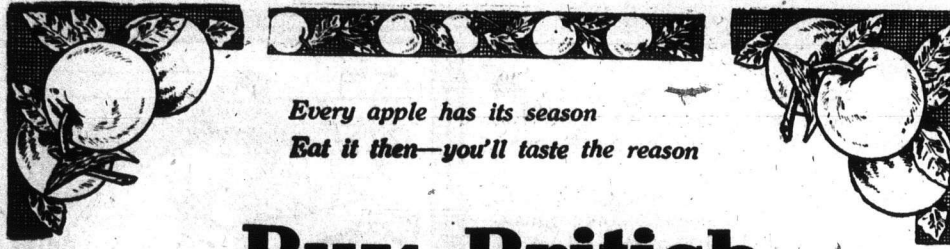
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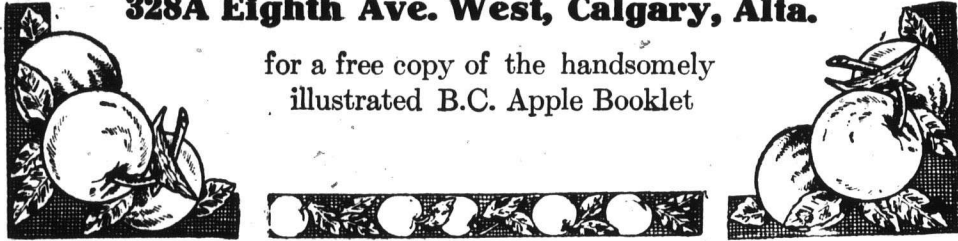
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Woman and the Home

A Hymn of Contentment

George Neumark

Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

play with your dollies, and I'll come again, but your cake doesn't have as many raisins as mother's. I was delighted, and seriously promised to amend the cake before the next visit."

There is undoubtedly something essentially artificial about established conventions. They are gradually adopted as their need is found to make smooth the running gear of social life, but the need for these does not come in child life. The sweetest children are those kept far from the atmosphere of artificial social life. Courteous speech and manner—the kind that come from a gentle heart—come naturally to the child surrounded with good influences. "Please" and "Thank you" and other gentle expressions fall from baby lips, if the baby hears them from father and mother. Quiet, unobtrusive table manners are better than a knowledge of forks and spoons. Consideration for others in the home can be made a matter of love instead of politeness. And the child who is really considerate in the home will not fail outside.

Yet there are mothers who will give the child a party, and then carefully drill the little one in all the requirements of a grown-up hostess. This makes the promised pleasure a laborious affair to the



"The weapon par excellence against air attacks": an anti-aeroplane machine gun post that forms part of the defences of Paris against hostile aircraft.
(From Illustrated London News)

About Manners

By Margaret Blaine

The child made her adieu and pretty speeches with a glibness that was truly startling. The lovely lady who had been entertaining the little ones looked her astonishment and almost forgot to respond in kind. Yet there was something displeasing in it all, though her department was so absolutely correct. We all liked freckled-faced Jimmy's "manners" much better. He bolted up to the hostess and mumbled "Had a nice time." We all knew that his mother had impressively charged him not to forget that, and he was doing it in obedience to her commands, and not at all because he wanted to. Indeed he evidently thought it an inexplicable bit of nonsense.

"Now," said the reflective one, "why did we object to the little girl's pretty manners, and adore Jimmy's awkwardness?"

"The little girl had an artificial air," said the lovely hostess, "and anything artificial about a child is very disagreeable. While Jimmy was—well—natural, you know. Grown-up 'manners' do not fit a child. We always instinctively object to them there, while we forgive anything in the child that is sweet and natural. I once had a very tiny guest say, 'I like to

child, but the mother thinks she is doing her duty in training the child to social usages.

Think for a moment of the most charming people you know. Are they not the considerate, rather than the conventional people? And which would you rather have your child resemble?

The Silk Lined Girl

I read a story about a "Silk Lined Girl." She wore skirts that rustled softly like silk and yet her outer dress was very simple and plain. She always gave the impression of being thoroughly clean and always dainty and neat through and through. The young man who loved her called her his "Silk Lined Girl." I liked that story and I always think of it when I see a girl looking particularly well groomed, looking as if one could be sure that everything about her was immaculately clean and dainty.

One day some friends and I were talking about a certain girl and her lack of popularity, even of friends. "What does it mean?" asked one. "She is certainly pretty and she has a pleasant manner."

"She isn't neat," said another. "Did you ever sit close to her? She doesn't bathe enough to keep her body smelling fresh and sweet. She doesn't wash her

hair. It gets musty and dusty looking. Her underclothes are worn until they are positively indecent. I know," said this woman, "for I lived in the same house with her once. She will put on a new pair of shoes over stockings that are full of holes and stiff with perspiration. She will put on a new dress over a dirty petticoat that's pinned up in a dozen places about the bottom. You always feel when you come near her that she isn't clean, no matter how fine she may look outside."

Now this may be an exaggerated case. You will know that, perhaps, as well as I. You can look about amongst your girl friends and think how many of them will answer this description in any degree—and, perhaps, you will also look yourself over pretty closely and see whether the coat fits you.

Here are a few of the things to be particular about in order to be a "Silk Lined Girl."

Bathing first of all. Keep the body immaculately clean. Water doesn't cost anything, and soap is cheap. You can bathe every day of your life and be out nothing and be in a great deal. That will be a good long step towards being "silk lined." Keep the bowels working freely and properly and that will help to keep the skin sweet and clean. In any other condition it is bound to be sallow, rank, pimply and coarse.

The hair should be washed often enough to keep it alive and free from dust and dandruff. Sometimes once a week is required, sometimes once in two weeks.

tice of looking in the glass at the back of your neck to see that your collar is fastened neatly and attractively.

Let the fingers of your gloves always be sewed up, no matter how shabby they may have to be otherwise. You know somebody has said that you can always tell a true lady by looking at her shoes and her gloves. They may be shabby but they will be as neat as she can possibly make them. And if the shoes and gloves are neat and whole, the rest of the dress can be quite shabby and yet the whole appearance be one of good dressing.

Wear your clothes simply and with as much grace as possible. Don't try to look "fussy." Have your colors harmonize. See that your ribbons are always neatly pressed out, your handkerchiefs clean and whole. Take care of your teeth. Plain water and a brush, or a little salt and water, or a tiny bit of powdered charcoal, or some good tooth paste, any of these will help keep the teeth in order and the mouth sweet.

Arrange your hair becomingly and simply, but don't, for pity's sake, fuss it up with false things. Girlhood is most charming in its own simplicity.

If you follow these directions, no matter whether your dresses are of fine goods or of calico, whether your petticoats rustle with silk or not (and the "not" is preferable) you will still give the impression to all who come near you of being a "silk lined girl."

Hoarseness

Beat the white of an egg, add the juice of a lemon and sweeten with white sugar.



"How I Won 100 to Puffed Rice"

Some months ago we asked users of Puffed Rice to tell us how best to win others. One woman answers this way:

"Invite in the children to Sunday suppers, and serve them Puffed Grains in milk. I did that this summer in my country home, and it won them all. I think I created 100 new users."

That is a sure way. One breakfast of Puffed Rice with cream will win all the children who taste it. Or one supper of Puffed Wheat in milk.

Have One Puffed Grain Day

So we now urge this, for the sake of all concerned. Get one package of one Puffed Grain. Serve it as a breakfast cereal, or mixed with the morning fruit. Salt some grains or douse with melted butter for the children after school. And at night serve in bowls of milk.

Let your folks see these toasted whole-grain bubbles. Let them feel their fragile crispness. Let them taste their flavor—much like toasted nuts. You will find that you've established forever in your home a new kind of food and confection. And these tit-bits will reign at a thousand meals, to everyone's delight.

Puffed Wheat, 12c Except in Extreme West
Puffed Rice, 15c

Bear in mind that Puffed Grains, though, are not mere cereal bonbons. They were invented by a great food expert—Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they have solved a problem never solved before.

Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion. So every atom of the whole grain feeds. Every element is made completely available. Ordinary cooking can't do that. It breaks up but part of the granules.

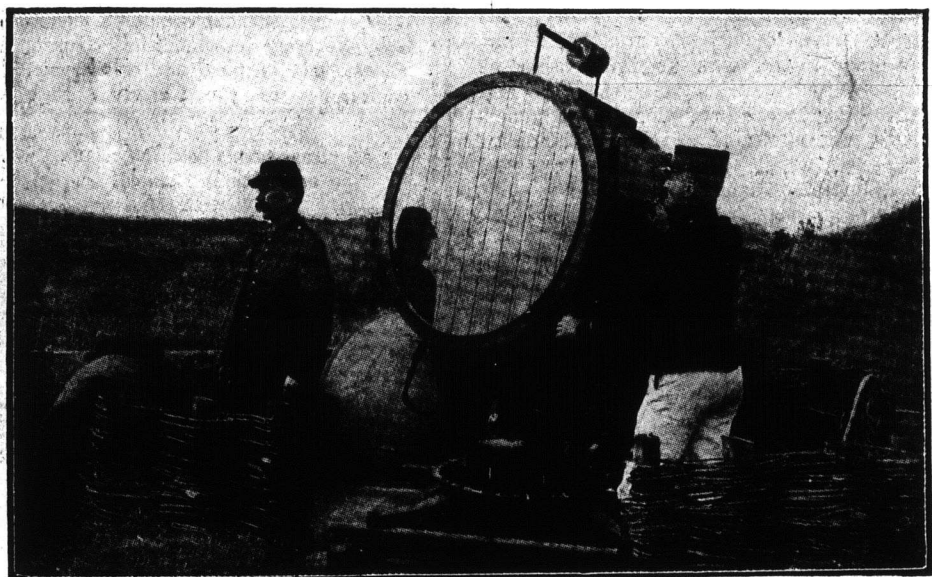
Every mother may well be glad if her children learn to revel in Puffed Grains.

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One of the "eyes" of the defenders of Paris against attack by hostile aircraft: a giant searchlight. (From Illustrated London News)

When you begin to dress the body you must consider your means to be sure, and apportion your daintiness and fineness of attire to your financial condition, but whatever your means or station in life you can always be neat and clean. Let your underwear be as dainty as you can make or buy, but even if it is the cheapest and coarsest, let it always be immaculately clean, or at least never worn until it becomes soiled or tainted in any way with the odor of the body. I've heard or read of people somewhere in some land that wasn't ours, sewing the children's underclothing on in the fall and letting it remain until spring, but that is a condition which we are happily unacquainted with. I have, however, known of people wearing underclothing for two weeks— heavy winter underclothing, and keeping it on to sleep in! That seems to me almost as bad. And let me say right here, that if any of you have been in the habit of sleeping in the underwear that you wear all day, do decide here and now, never to do it again. Take it off and sleep only in your night gown. Put your underwear near where it will have a chance to air, but where it will not get damp. Wash it out if necessary at night, rather than wear it soiled. And see that every stitch is in order, no ruffles hanging, no bands ripped off, no pins taking the place of needle and thread. See that there are no holes in the stockings, and that the heels of your shoes are not run over. Make a habit of looking at the heels of other people's shoes and at the backs of their necks. If you do you will see that a great many girls and women wear shoes that are run over at the side or heels, or with the heels unblacked; and that the backs of a great many dresses are fastened together at the neck in a botched-up fashion that looks careless and untidy. Make a prac-

A New Finger Game
By Jane Belfield

Every mother is familiar with the old game of placing her right hand over the baby's left—his right over her's—her left over his—and drawing out one at a time the hand that lies under all to place it on top—

"Now, baby!"
"Now, mother!"
"Now, baby!"
"Now, mother!"—until the game ends in a whirl of hurrying hands.

It is surprising how they enjoy "Pat-a-cake," played with palms clapped together—then the right and left alternately against the mother's right and left to the tune of:

"Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as quick as you can!
Roll it, and knead it, and pat it with glee—
And bake in the oven for Johnny and me!"

And is there a mother who does not know the old game of Jack and Jill—two little pieces of paper moistened on the tips of baby's fingers—"Blow away, Jack! Blow away, Jill!"

But here is a new one, for I made it up myself. Perhaps you are lying next to baby. He may have just wakened. He may be fretful or ailing and you may have no toy at hand.

Bend your index finger and the one next and move them across the counterpane like a little man walking—make him walk to baby's feet, trot up his small body, saying all the time with a smile as you always do when he looks in your face, "Here comes a little man, walking—walking! Here comes a little man walking along!"

By the time the little man has walked up to baby's chin, that small person will be crowing with delight.

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Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle right away?

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You know that you can buy better clothes and buy them cheaper in England than you can in Canada. When, therefore, we offer to sell you a suit for \$12.50 and convince you that it is as good, if not better, than the suit you pay \$20 to \$25 for in Canada, surely our offer is worth looking into.



The 'Burlington' suit, \$12.50, duty free and carriage paid right to your door.

Furthermore, although the tariff into Canada has been increased 5 per cent, we are not increasing the price of our suits to you.

Remember, we have been doing business in Canada for six years, and that we are the largest Mail Order Custom Tailors in the British Empire.

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All you need to do is to mail the coupon below, and by return post we will send you our Style Book, 72 pattern pieces of cloth and a letter explaining how we do business.

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The War from a German Point of View

With all of us, the wish may be father to the thought. We have thought all along that the German militarists were responsible for this war; that it was a war prompted by pride and ambition. It is well for us to have our conviction fortified by no less than a full-blooded German—a man of education and evidently of high rank. In his book "J'Accuse," the whole case has been stated, even more ably and certainly with more crushing force than in any English publication. Here are a few snatches which after all give but a suggestion of the whole. The book translated as it is into English, can not have too wide a circulation in Canada. It is when we know we are right we give our last man and spend our last dollar.

The Indictment

The indictment against Germany and Austria is that in the summer of 1914 they intentionally brought about the war which they had long prepared for and wished for because they believed the moment was particularly favorable for action.

If Germany had a system of ministerial responsibility such as obtains in other countries with effective parliamentary government and such has been promised to the Prussian people for more than sixty-four years, the Imperial Chancellor and President of the Prussian Council, Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, would be arraigned and condemned.

The Motive for War

The object of this war is to establish for Germany and Austria political control on the Continent and the acquisition of England's sea power in the world. It was resolved by those who planned the war, to represent it to the German people as a war of liberation because it was known that thus and thus only could the necessary popular enthusiasm be awakened. The war is purely a war of conquest born of Imperial ideas and serving Imperialist ends. It is nothing else.

The Guilty Nations

Austria is guilty, either alone or in combination with others, of having provoked the European war. The guilt of Germany is even easier to prove than that of Austria. Never has a crime after its commission been denied with a greater boldness and hypocrisy. I am unable to frame an indictment against England for she has done no wrong, nor can a charge be brought against Russia. She is wholly blameless. The guilt rests exclusively against Germany and Austria.

The Real Instigators

At all times the Junkers have been the controlling influence in the Prussian war. Recently they have been joined by various auxiliary forces—disappointed diplomats, idealists, enthusiasts for colonial positions but chiefly cannon rings. The German people as a whole were distinctly desirous of peace. A well organized press praised the Crown Prince at the expense of the father, played on the Emperor's vanity and love of popularity until he gave up his ambitions for peace and espoused the ideals of the war party. The Junkers and the officers are still the highest caste in the country. They dictate laws and discipline, and morals.

Megalomania

As the Dervishes in the East for hours at a time utter the same formulae of prayer and go through the same contortions with their arms and legs and their bodies until at last they fall down foaming at the mouth and overpowered, so now we have seen the learned men of Germany repeating for months past the same patriotic litanies, the same improved assertions, at all times reaching upwards with their arms and their legs, and indeed their whole body, until in their opinion they and their people surpass all other nations of the earth, and if they do not become like to God, they at least be-

come the chosen people of God. They overpower themselves with their own phrases until they foam at the mouth from sheer patriotism and fall down in adoration of themselves.

A False Blame

There is no truth in support of the assertion that the Triple Entente intended to attack Germany. The exact opposite is the case.

German Freedom

The freedom which the Junkers mean, is this—that any one who thinks, writes or speaks otherwise than is pleasing to governing class, is suppressed, punished and if thought necessary shot dead.

A Bit of History

This last fifteen years since the first Hague Conference are a continuous series of attempts on the part of England to arrive at an understanding with Germany and on the basis of this, to secure a limitation of naval armaments on both sides. On every occasion these attempts have failed because of the poor judgment or ill-will of the German government.

On August 28, 1898, there appeared in the Russian official journal the celebrated Peace manifesto of the Czar. With this manifesto England expressed great sympathy. In Germany the people were equally sympathetic but the government was as immovable as an iceberg. At the second Hague conference, the debate on armaments was excluded at the dictation of Germany, which country also opposed the principle of arbitration.

The Probable Outcome

The possibility of a victory for Germany I regard as wholly excluded. The longer the war lasts, the more surely will German trade, German finance and German manufacture be deprived of their connection with foreign countries. Will Russia be defeated if we get possession of the half or whole of Poland? Will it mean the conquest of Russia? Not in the slightest.

Crushing England

Hundreds of thousands of men might perish in the effort and even if we were over there the might of the people would be irresistible. Our troops deprived of their connection with the home country would be crushed by the enemy. What every deluded German for months back has been whispering to his neighbor is nothing but a daring flight of the imagination which will break miserably on England's unbroken sea-power.

England's Power

It is supposed that Prussianized Germany is able to assume England's position as a world power. England owes her position not merely to the cold pursuit of her interests but to her genius in understanding how to link foreign nations to herself without assimilate them.

To-morrow

God would not have us think about to-morrow

As of some cloud that lies Before our anxious eyes, And fills our hearts with dread of coming sorrow.

How can we tell? The sun may shine, more brightly

Than it has shone before— I know life holds in store More good than ill for those who view it rightly

And He, Whose hand is always wisely guiding,

Can only give His best To those who wait and rest—

Through all life's need in His great love confiding.

Edith Hickman Divall.

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Beginning of Peace River canyon. It was to little point at left of picture that the bear was swimming to from other side when he saw us.

The Land of Great Waterways

I.

The Western Home Monthly takes pleasure in publishing in this issue the first of three illustrated articles on the "Land of Mighty Waterways"—a description of the Peace River country and beyond. This is by long odds the most interesting and authentic description of that district, its people and its wonders, that has yet appeared in print. The writer is Francis J. Dickie, of Edmonton.

TAKE a map of North America, and, looking toward the Arctic Sea which forms the base of this great triangular bulk of land, draw a line through the 54th parallel of north latitude, intersect this with the 102 and 126 lines of longitude west of Greenwich. You will have, in the rude square thus blocked off, the territory of

beside which the Seine and the Thames stand mere trout streams, to which even the Danube and the Neva do not compare. These, the Peace, the Athabasca and the Mackenzie, are wonder waterways thousands of miles long, and rank as sister courses upon the face of the earth with the Amazon and the Mississippi.

In the lower part of this country the waters of the Peace and Athabasca, flowing into Athabasca Lake, form a great rough square around a territory of about a half million square miles. The Peace forms the north and west sides, the Athabasca, the east and south. Over these rivers for over two centuries has passed all the trade goods into the northland and all the fur that came out. The Athabasca, being situated closer to, and offering as it did, a nearer and more direct route to civilization and railways as represented by the city of Edmonton,



Above this point on canyon we did not go.

Mackenzie and the northerly ends of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. This bulk that you have so easily blocked off with your pencil lines will not seem large to you, glancing upon it as you do with the whole continent looming around and beyond it.

Nevertheless, Mackenzie territory alone comprises a vast land of over a million square miles; an immense, fascinating terra incognita; home, as yet, of only the red man, the Eskimo, endless variety of wild animals and a few straggling white fur traders and prospectors. These last are the Anglo-Saxon advance guard of civilization that are to be found moving ever into new lands, indomitable spirits, foremost of Empire builders, blazers of new trails.

Upon the marked space made by your pencil are little black lines representing the water courses of the Peace, the Athabasca and the Mackenzie Rivers. These, too, bulking against the vastness of the continent as a whole, seem very small, and insignificant, and to the average man little idea of their size is conveyed; they seem only average streams. Yet they are mighty bodies,

was the main artery of commerce, although it did not offer the best route.

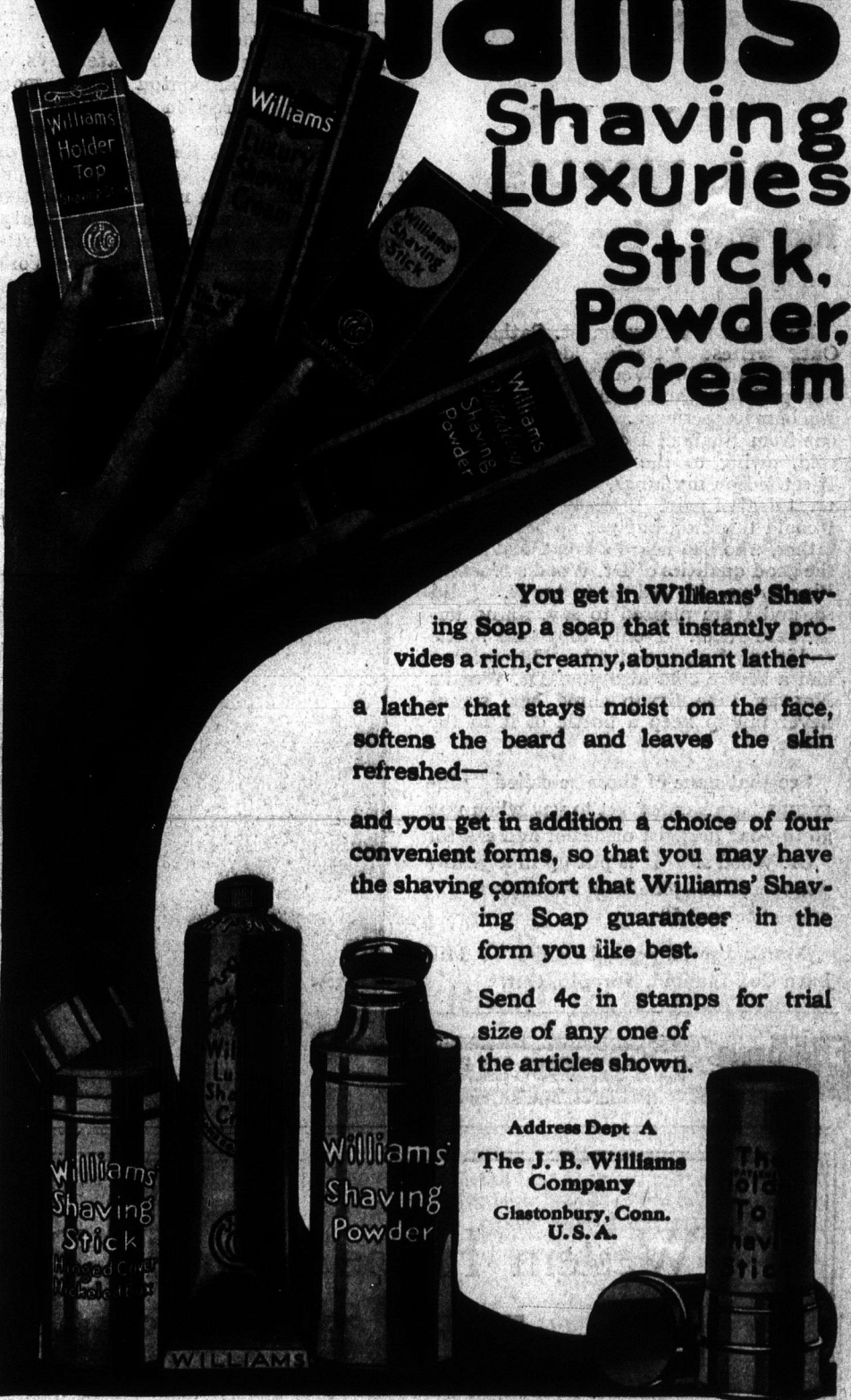
But times are rapidly changing in this lower part of Canada's last frontier and in this part of it, known generally as the Peace River Country, have come thousands of settlers; and, most important of all the steel of new railways. So, by these things, a land long thought of by many as only fit for fur bearing animals and Indians is slowly yielding to the taming influences of the settler with his axe and plow and the iron horse of the railroads.

Much of this land will soon be fruitful farming country; but there will be fur there for many years to come, for, mixed in with the farming land, are long stretches of muskeg and spruce land that will remain inviolate for a century yet. However, the coming of the railways has marked a great change in that it is now possible to travel quickly a long way north. The following two examples will suffice: A scant year ago Peace River Crossing settlement was looked upon as a far outpost from civilization. To-day this same outpost has been reached by the railway grade

Williams'

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Stick, Powder, Cream



You get in Williams' Shaving Soap a soap that instantly provides a rich, creamy, abundant lather—

a lather that stays moist on the face, softens the beard and leaves the skin refreshed—

and you get in addition a choice of four convenient forms, so that you may have the shaving comfort that Williams' Shaving Soap guarantee in the form you like best.

Send 4c in stamps for trial size of any one of the articles shown.

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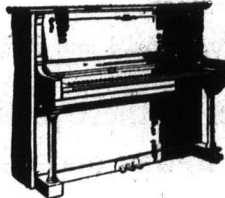


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THE CURE WAS DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

—

Miss D. M. Pickering, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "Having derived great benefit from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I thought I would write and tell you of my experience. When I first came out from England I contracted a severe cold, owing to the change of climate. It settled on my lungs, and caused me a great deal of pain. I tried every remedy I could think of, but got no relief. My father, who had heard a great deal about the good qualities of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, advised me to try it. I did so, and I am pleased to say, found immediate relief. I only took one bottle and it cured me completely. My mother had a severe cold also, and Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cured her, so we never fail to keep a bottle of it in the house."

See that none of those so-called "pine syrups" are handed out to you when you go to your druggist or dealer and ask for "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price, 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. F. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FREE  **POWERFUL AIR GUN**
Big lever action rifle free for selling 20 A.C. and Religious Pictures or 20 pkgs. Post Cards at 10c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 561, CHICAGO

and by snowfall of 1915 will hear for the first time the shrill call of the construction trains' locomotives.

Two lines are now being actively pushed into the north country, one, the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, having for its present terminus the British Columbia Boundary line in the Pouce Coupe country; the other, the Alberta Great Waterways, is pushing from Edmonton in a more northeasterly direction to Fort McMurray, a distance of four hundred miles. Should this line be projected on further, and it will likely be as the country beyond is rich in mineral, civilization will shortly be a mere matter of twenty-four hours ride from the Arctic Circle, and the big game hunter of New York, Chicago and other great eastern centres who has long looked with covetous eyes toward the big game of Mackenzie territory, can ride almost to the hunting grounds with all the comforts of parlor car, pullman and diner. This is no mere, diaphanous dream of a visionary but a very real possibility punctuated by the screams of the work trains now laying track. And by the middle of 1916, should you be standing

in the great depot of some of the eastern cities you may hear the dusky porter cry: "All aboard for Edmonton, McMurray and the Arctic Circle!"

As above mentioned, the most used and oldest method of transporting freight, trade goods, etc., into the north and far out was via the Athabasca River. The way was marked by many rapids and considerable portaging. Now, that the railway has come to within a few miles of Peace River Crossing, most of the goods formerly taken over the Athabasca River will be shipped via the E.B. & B.C. to within a few miles of the Crossing and then freighted across country to the river and barged down it. The Peace joins the Mackenzie by way of Slave River—the Slave being really a continuation of the Peace—and this route, with the exception of three miles of bad water at the Chutes, some sixty miles below Fort Vermilion on the Peace, and the fourteen miles of rapids between Smith's Landing and Fort Smith on the Slave, offers 2,000 miles of smooth sailing clear to the Arctic Sea. At the present time, during the five months in which navigation is open, river steamers operate clear to

the Arctic over the route described. The steamers "Athabasca River" and "Peace River" operate between Hudson's Hope, B.C. and the Fort Vermilion Chutes. On the other side of this three miles of bad water is the steamer "Ft. McMurray," which runs from this point to Smith's Landing and on the return trip touches at Fort Chipewyan. At Fort Smith on the other side of the rapids the steamer "Mackenzie River" operates from there to the Arctic.

So by this manner in summer time the invading of the Arctic is not such a difficult venture and the whole trip from Edmonton to the mouth of the Mackenzie and return can be made for less than a thousand dollars and four months of wonderful sight seeing be indulged in.

In the story that follows, the general beaten path style of travel article so common, has been a good deal departed from, but, as far as it is possible within reasonable bounds, the writer has tried to condense, and at the same time give most of the facts that pertain to this vast land. To deal fully with it would require many volumes, and then much would be left out, for in this land there are many tales that seem unbelievable, yet which must have a basis of truth. Here men accept, as the common every day routine of life, happenings that in the outside world are wondrous adventures. They do great deeds, live strong romances, these men of the northland, and think nothing of it.

CHAPTER I.

At Peace River Crossing the river is already some five hundred miles long and here about a quarter of a mile wide. Up river, a matter of three hundred and fifty tortuous river miles, lies the box canyon of the Peace.

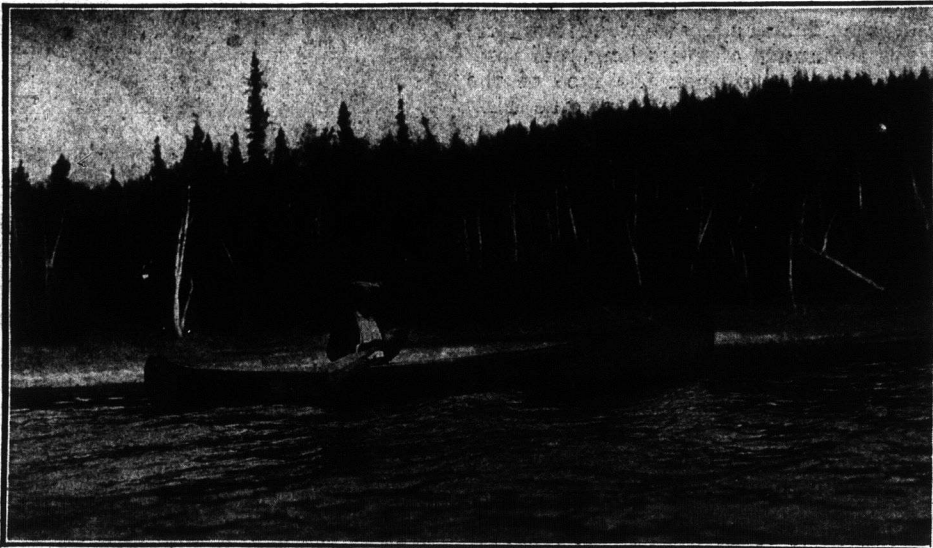
While this is really going backwards and away from the route already mentioned, the sideline trip is worth it, for the canyon is one of the wonders of the northland, and, when the time comes that tourists invade this land, it will be one of the principal points of interest. For this reason a brief description is given.

Four days of motor boat sailing from Peace River Crossing up the river brings you to the mouth of the canyon; beyond this no man can go and live, at least, not up the river.

The canyon is twenty-one miles long and has an average width of about two hundred feet. For the better describing it and because of some of the incidents that occurred at the other end, the writer will begin the story of the canyon from there.

A little before reaching the canyon, the river, almost equally as wide as at the Crossing runs square into the high wall of the mountains that here form the continental divide. The uncompromising rock yields nothing to the piling up waters. The river, though slow flowing, contains an enormous and ever pressing flow of water. Robbed of an outlet through the mountain, it piles up to a certain height, then spreads out seeking another course. This it finds a little to one side and to the east in a narrow canyon, not two hundred feet wide. Two huge shoulders of rock stand sentinels on either side, although at high water even these are submerged. Through this the river plunges, a roaring terrific cataclysm, a boiling, sucking flood, drawing everything in its wake that floats upon the face of the waters. Driftwood and unfortunate, chance-taking animals caught at the beginning of this are rushed into its maw. If the thing be living, it emerges farther down at the end of the canyon, a limp, battered object, unrecognizable as once a thing of life. No one has ever gone down the canyon, at least no one has ever succeeded in getting through alive. There is a story of a band of Beaver Indians who went down the canyon in low water and penetrated safely to within four miles of the end; but here they were caught in one of the terrific whirlpools and all lost their lives.

One morning early in June, myself, Billy the cook boy and Joe the half breed guide arrived at the mouth of the canyon on the northern side and watched the rush of untamed waters from an overhanging projection of rock.



A dug out, Beaver Indian style.

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The Canadians at Langemarck Recapturing the Lost Guns

can be obtained by our readers in return for only one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

This picture, which is lithographed on rich sepia, depicts the critical first period of the Battle of Langemarck. After the line had been partially suffocated by poisonous gases, the Canadians broke all traditions by reforming and launching a Counter-attack on the Germans, forming a square and fighting them from all sides in such an effective manner that the Germans were thrown back and the Canadians were complimented by the Germans, who said had it not been for the "Canadian Rats" they would have broken through to Calais. Incidentally they recaptured guns taken from the French.

The size of this picture is 15x23 and it is very suitable for framing.

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As we watched, a black bear came out from the timbers on the opposite side and started to swim across the canyon mouth, making a wide circle into the main stream to avoid being drawn by the current. When about half way across he saw us and started to swim back; but that momentary hesitation while viewing us, was all too much. He had allowed himself to be carried a few feet too far down. Even at the distance we could sense the sudden terrible fear that had gripped the gigantic brute. We saw the great form, so perfect in muscular development, battle with all the strength of despair against the sucking draw of the beginning of the white water. It was only momentary, then seized by its irresistible force, he went whirling down stream and was swept between the walls of rock, disappearing beneath the broken surface, less than fifty yards below.

For the greater length of the canyon the cliff banks are high and for the most part precipitous. Where they do not rise directly from the water, but slant back, they are covered with a dense growth of spruce and hemlock. A short distance behind the walls the mountain peaks rise high in the air.

Joe had been down the canyon once before a distance of three miles when the water was very high. We established a new record of about four miles, but we had to hang on by our eyelashes and toenails.

And in time it wears upon the nerves. After going three and a half miles the second day we had to stop, for instead of slanting back sufficiently to let us travel as heretofore, the walls rose straight up from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet; they were comparable only to the ramparts on the Mackenzie. This is the limit to the trip down the bed of the canyon, it is impossible to round the point shown in the photograph. So we returned about a quarter of a mile, scaled the bank and continued down the stream along the upper bank of the canyon.

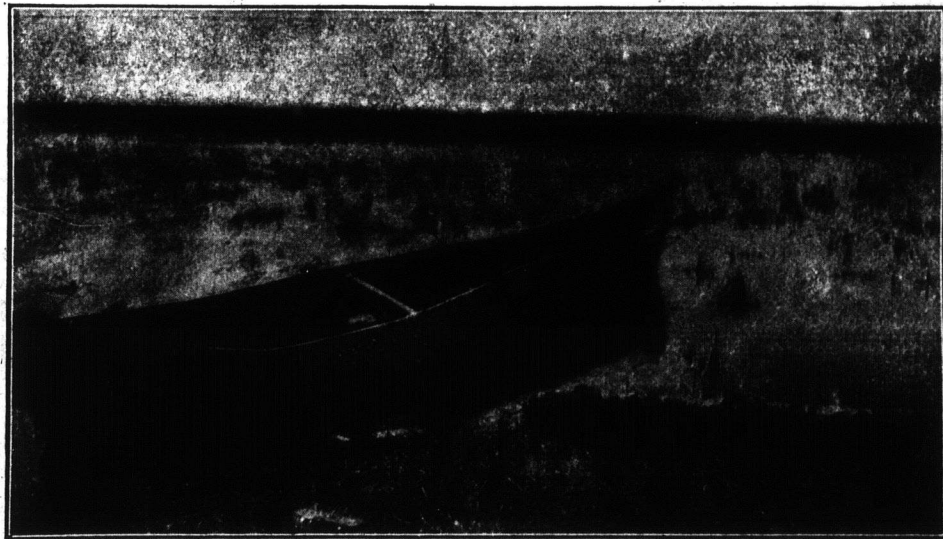
The canyon is very much the same in nature for the remainder of the fourteen miles. Exactly half way through are two scraggy rocks in the river known as the Islands. Their water worn walls rise steep and jagged for perhaps fifty feet, so much has the water worn the foundations that they are supported by the slimmest of columns.

All things considered the canyon, though difficult of access, is worthy of the hardship endured.

CHAPTER II.

But to return to Peace River Crossing.

The Crossing in 1914 and to-day is a straggling, typically frontier settlement of probably two hundred bona-fide residents. During the summers of 1912-13 the land around was flooded with



A Cree dug out made from the trunk of a whitewood tree.

A few hundred yards after leaving the upper valley and while the sun was yet still high we were surrounded by a deep gloom, as though in a dense forest. Here the waters do not light up except when the sun is directly overhead.


We made the first night camp on a little plateau about forty-five feet above the water but which, by its deposit of dead waterlogged tree trunks and branches indicated that at one time it had been submerged. Behind rose a slanting bank covered with spruce, and a little to the left a crag projected over the water. Shortly after supper had been eaten, a big timber wolf walked upon this crag and looked down upon us. Silhouetted there against the red of the evening sky it would have made a wonderful picture. Unfortunately Joe's tastes are anything but esthetic, and before I could train the camera or utter a word, his rifle spat out and the great gray shape went hurtling through the air into the waters below. Here was the first whirlpool of the canyon, or the first one we encountered. The water swirled around and around in the centre a great mass of deadwood wreckage. And into this the body went. was sucked under, appeared again, was lost again, then was caught between some of the grinding logs and ground out of all shape and form into pulseless pulp. From here on, in dozens of places are similar whirlpools, some of them so large and powerful as to bear a distinct resemblance to the famous one of the Niagara. Above and around them for considerable distance the air is full of the weird swirling of the waters. There is no other sound to mingle with or relieve the diapason of the rushing flood.

settlers and to-day there is hardly an available piece of land from there clear through to Dunvegan that has not been filed upon. And certainly, between the two places is some of the most beautiful farming land in the world.

With a railroad promised for here and other points came an enormous boom in land. The settlements of Peace River Crossing, Ft. McMurray, Dunvegan and Grouard became the objective point of numerous real estate sharks; and each and all of these places was hailed far and wide through the press as coming metropolises. None of these places, with the exception of Grouard, had over five hundred of a population. Nevertheless, land for as far out as three and four miles from the centre of the settlement was put on the market as town lots and sold throughout the cities of Western Canada, in Seattle, Vancouver and many Eastern cities. These settlements may be and no doubt will be thriving communities in the future, but only stupendous growth could make valuable some of the subdivision properties here sold.

The real estate men who sold this property are not alone to blame, but the buyers themselves who paid from \$150 to \$500 on propositions that only their children will realize upon. These people bought land without ever seeing it; without any knowledge of its location or of the possibilities of the place it adjoined. Two instances of the results of some of these sales will suffice:

Back of Peace River Crossing settlement is an enormous hill, by rights a mountain. Small powered autos cannot climb it, but have to be towed by horses. Bigger cars take an hour to make the climb. A man had a homestead upon a



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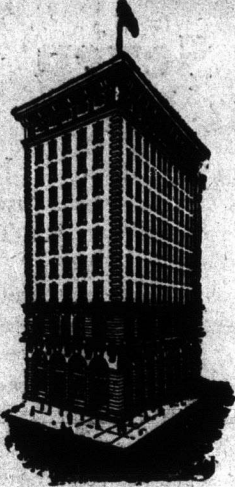
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good piece of bench land on the top of this. It was a good piece of land and might have been profitable but for the hardship of getting machinery, horses and supplies to it. In 1913 when the boom was at its height a bright real estate bought this and put it on as subdivision at \$150 a lot. A man in the East bought one and later came out to look it over. After an all day climb and by aid of a guide he reached it near evening in an exhausted condition. Of course he went back East damning the West and the new land. This was not fair. He alone was to blame. The West in the past has been exploited by speculators and has suffered thereby. But, to the man with a little money, be he farmer, trapper or lumberman, the land districts of the basins of the Athabasca and the Peace offer a home and in the end independence, provided always the comers in be workers.

Regarding the second incident:

A widow, residing somewhere in the East, wrote to one of the agents selling real estate in the town of Grouard stating that she was a laundress and would like to get a lot whose situation in the town would be suitable for her business. Nobly did the real estate man respond. He sold her a lot for \$250. The town of Grouard is on the upper end of Lesser Slave Lake and up until a few years ago was known as Lesser Slave Lake settlement. It is one of the oldest and most famous posts of the Hudson's Bay Company in

At the point where the river leaves the canyon mouth, two hundred and fifty miles above Peace River Crossing, its water level is some twelve hundred feet below the surrounding country. At Fort Vermilion, three hundred miles below the Crossing, this is reduced to between fifty and sixty feet. So the river, as it flows north moves through a depression of ever decreasing depth.

Nineteen miles below the Crossing, and the first point of interest on the river route, is Tar Island. Lying a little to the east of the centre of the river this cigar shaped stretch is about a quarter of a mile long by three hundred feet wide at its broadest. It is a veritable mine of almost pure tar. At the northerly end gas bubbles up continually and through various openings escapes in considerable quantity.

One hundred and seventy miles beyond the Crossing—all mileage is counted from here till you get to Vermilion—is Carcajou Point, French for wolverine. The intervening distance can be briefly summed up as: Monotonous miles of winding, glistening river; towering tree-covered banks, and again green verdured sloping ones that reach back and beyond and away, an endless vista of rolling land some day destined to be peopled with thousands of happy, prosperous farmers. Spruce, poplar, aspen, willow and jackpine greet the eye; rank on rank they move down to meet the water line or bristle solemn facades at the pinnacle of some steep bank.



Steamer towing scows on the Athabasca.

the northland. With the changing of its name and the coming of the real estate booster it immediately became a potential city. In the spring of the year following making her purchase, the lady with the laundry in mind for this new metropolis journeyed there via the water route from Athabasca Landing to Mirror and over the Portage and across Lesser Slave Lake on one of the Northern Transportation Company's boats which here operate. Arriving she hired a man to find her lot and accompanied him. At the eastern end of the town is a long grassy slough, which by the early summer has dried up. At the time the lady arrived all of this land was under water; and here was her lot situated. The man took her out in a boat to it. Truly it was an ideal sight for a laundry. But, the majority of the population are half breeds who make a precarious living taking in each other's washing—at least their mode of livelihood is along such lines, it is the one big mystery of the northland. The woman went back East heartbroken and badly bent financially. The incident would be laughable if it were not pathetic; and is only one of hundreds similar. An all wise government is now taking steps to put through legislation that will limit the operations of wild catters, and the north will not again be subject to such things as took place during the palmy days of 1912-13.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving the Crossing the river moves along at the rate of about three miles an hour. A gently flowing ribbon of sparkling water, mirroring the timbered islands that dot its course, it ebbs through a great trough-like depression some seven hundred feet deep.

Among the darker evergreens the white barked poplars stand out as a pleasant relief from among the sombre shades of the evergreens.

At Carcajou Point in the spring of 1898 a man was found in a dying condition. Crazed with the privations of long wandering and weak from famine he had managed to get this far from out of the wilderness of the north. Oddly enough, and to show what strangely cruel tricks the wilderness plays, he was within a mile of a settler's home when he fell. But this he did not know, of course. And lying face down almost at the water's brink he was found by the half breed settler when it was too late to restore the man to life.

That he was one of a party of gold hunters, that so often have gone into this land never to return, is thought probable. He had upon his person some very coarse flake gold; but nothing that would lead to his identity. The story of his finding is only one of many similar tales of the fate that adventurous spirits have met with in the lonesome places. The human toll of lives that the swift streams and bad Indians of certain parts of the country have taken is many. The fact that there are still bad Indians in America may come as a surprise to many; but, contrary to general belief that all the Indians are now tamed and love the sight of the white man, it may be stated that numbers of white men have met their death in the northland while trying to invade the Indian's country for gold.

The toll of lives taken in this manner, however, pales and fades to insignificance when the trail of '98 from Edmonton overland to Dawson is taken into consideration. To the fact that at the time the rush was on, a feasible route was



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supposed to exist, does Edmonton owe her first coming to the attention of the outside world. The trail to-day is feasible and can be travelled over without any greater difficulties than attend any northern trail. At the time of the rush, however, the route was little known and the people who went in were, for the most part, chechakoos of the worst sort, having little or no knowledge of winter travel in Arctic regions. Many men did go over it, suffering more or less hardships, but still making the trip in safety.

One of the most notable trips and one that again shows the grim humor of the wilderness Goddess in her dealings with men is here quoted:

Leaving Edmonton in the fall of '98, J. R. Donaldson and a party of three started for the Yukon, going via the Athabasca and Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson. From here they travelled what was known as the Porcupine route. They made it, but it took them eighteen months; scurvy, starvation, bad water and accidents beset them, making it a terrible journey. Donaldson himself, during the last two months of the trip travelled with a wounded side, two bullets from an accidentally fired gun passing through his hip into the side inflicting a painful, though not serious wound. Eighteen months of awful hardship, of weary miles of portaging, of long back-breaking hours and days and weeks of canoeing they moved several

solid Teutonic proportions, and next to him, in marked contrast, sits a little dark-eyed French girl. Very lively and talkative is Yvonne, with her little pale face and high-arched brows. A little Polish boy sits on the other side of the room. He has picked up his English wonderfully well, although he still makes funny mistakes. "Joe," I said to him, one day, "What would you say if some one handed you something?" Joe thought seriously for a few moments, and then replied, "I'd say 'good-bye.'" His father makes great efforts to write Joe's excuses properly, but the results of his labor are certainly laughable. The following is a fair sample of an excuse for Joe's absence:—"To Mrs. S.—Dear Sir,—Joe he don't go to school for 6 days. He was been sick, so now he is O.K."

Foreign children almost invariably address their teacher as "Mrs."

I must not forget to introduce you to the little negro boy, whose rolling black eyes and woolly hair make him such a startling contrast to our little German friend. Then we have a fair-haired little girl, with a tongue-twisting name, from the land of the little white father, and of course a goodly sprinkling of English, Irish and Scotch, and so on through about forty children of varying ages, but all in the First Reader. As a rule, their arithmetic comes easy to them, but reading and spelling present many difficulties. When it comes to discerning the difference between "pear," "pare,"

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Tar Island, showing gas emitting tar sands.

hundred pounds of tools and other essentials most necessary to the gold seeker in Arctic regions. Then, showing what sorry tricks fate plays upon even the hardiest and most daring men before they gain their goal, they lost everything when within forty miles of Dawson. At this point they struck a bad piece of river, and before they could prevent it, all were in the water struggling for their lives. The fast running water whisked away their canoes and all the precious long carried burdens they contained. So they came into Dawson, nearer dead than alive, and outfitless.

The Canadianizing of Reinhardt and Ivan

Written by a Western School Teacher

Since the outbreak of the present terrible war, the problem of Canadianizing the foreign children in our schools has become of increased importance. Considering the fact that a large percentage of these children are of German parentage, the difficulties can be easily appreciated.

A schoolroom in the foreign district of one of our western towns is a veritable melting pot, into which are thrown the Teuton, Slav and Anglo-Saxon, with all their natural inborn prejudices, and it is our duty to evolve from this confusion a good sturdy type of Canadian citizenship—truly a gigantic task, requiring no small amount of enthusiasm and patriotism.

Upon entering such a room, it is not always easy to detect those of foreign parentage, although many of the children show marked racial characteristics. In one corner of the room we have the blue-eyed, tow-headed little German, of

and "pair," Ivan and Reinhardt have no easy problem. Even little Olga, when telling me of her deceased cousin who would now have reached the age of sixteen, had a fairly good command of our erratic language when she said: "If my cousin was now, he would have sixteen years already."

Those who are dubious about the advantages of foreign immigration would be inspired and encouraged if they could see these children standing shoulder to shoulder and singing "O Canada," or "God Save the King," with all their might—a little red-haired Irishman beside a Russian Jew, and a dour little Scot side by side with a little girl from Poland. Even the German children, as a rule, sing as heartily as though they had not been raised in an atmosphere of sauerkraut and Hoch der Kaiser.

There is something pathetic about the little faces. Many of these children already know the hard pinch of poverty. The homes of many of them are but poor places, and school is the brighter spot. They rely so completely on "Teacher," that sometimes the responsibility rests heavily upon her shoulders.

Long after the schoolroom is deserted and the children have joyously welcomed their holidays, the memory of their little faces remains with me, faces upon which the sunshine and pathos of life were so strangely intermingled. Surely they are the hope of our grief-stricken empire to-day. Surely it lies within the tiny hands of these little ones, Teuton, Slav and Anglo-Saxon, to gather the torn and ravelled strands of the world's peace, and weave them once more into a beautiful fabric, which by the grace of God shall be broken no more for ever.

S. D.

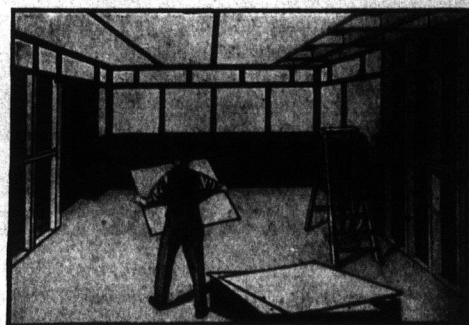
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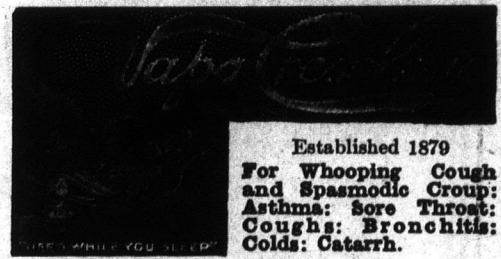
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Pianos	Formerly	Now
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Haines, Mission Oak	\$475	\$295
Bell, Mahogany	\$450	\$295
Heintzman, Mahogany	\$450	\$245
Bell, Fumed Oak	\$425	\$235
Gilbert & Sons, Mahogany	\$400	\$225
Mendelssohn, Mahogany	\$400	\$175
Nordheimer, Walnut	\$400	\$165
Sterling, Walnut	\$350	\$120

Player Pianos

Bell, 88 Note, Mahogany	\$850	\$550
Marshall Wendell, 88 Note, Mahogany	\$750	\$465
Standard Electric, Oak	\$750	\$450
Gourlay Angelus, 88 Note, Mahogany	\$950	\$650

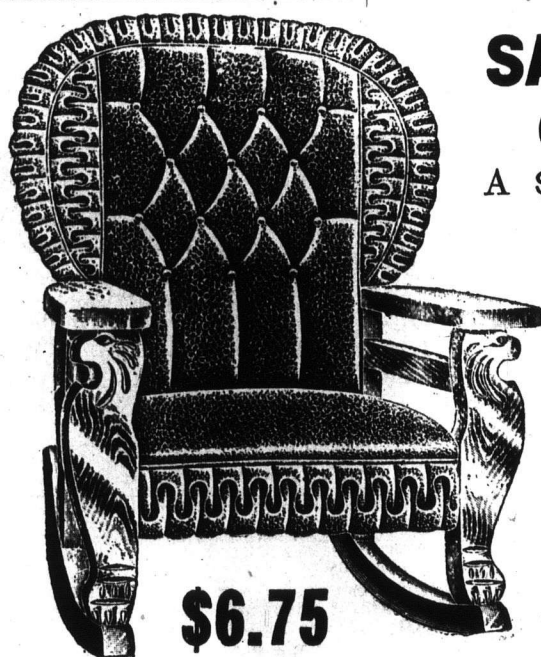
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(See Back Cover)

Temperance Progress Throughout the Dominion

By William J. Battley, Winnipeg Provincial Morality Inspector

We are in the midst of a period of great expansion and progress in this young nation of Canada, and it would not be surprising if the coarser material impulses overwhelmed moral activities. An examination of even a cursory sort brings the proof that such fears are not well founded, and it is pretty safe to make the statement that in no other land and no other time has such material development been accompanied with such potent moral energy nor with more promising moral results. In spite of the lure of wealth-getting and in spite of those crude conditions which invariably obtain in a new land where all attention is absorbed with the making of homes, striking emphasis has been placed upon ethics and the promotion of the moral well-being of the people.

Amongst the organized forces at work for building into the foundations of this great country the solid concrete of religion and morals, none have excelled the movement for placing restraint upon the liquor trade, which is universally recognized as a foe to all the virtues of society.

From one end to the other of this broad country, "Stretching from the Western Wave to where the Rosy Dawn inflames the Sea," wise men and brave have raised the voice of warning against the evil of intemperance and against that business which produces and sustains it. Although fighting an unequal battle against a privileged monopoly, a power able to exert undue influence upon

politicians, little by little legislation has been strengthened in the direction of protecting the people against the traffic, until a general survey of the situation makes, a showing that must surprise many and rejoice the hearts of all the lovers of their race.

The British North America Act, which is the written constitution of Canada, assigns to the provinces the duty of making legislation for licensing and restraining the liquor traffic, and so far most of the law-making of a restrictive or prohibitory character has come from the Provincial Parliaments. In some cases these Legislatures, instead of facing the task of progressive legislation, have shirked the issue by the adoption of local option laws, and thus placed the responsibility, which should have been borne by the province as a whole, upon the smaller municipal units. While this relieved the pressure upon the politicians for the time, it has been used by the friends of sobriety both for the development of a stronger sentiment and for the capturing of large areas for prohibition.

Commencing on the West with the Pacific Province, we start at the bottom of the ladder, for there less progress has been made than in any of the nine members of the Federation. British Columbia has no local option law, but four years ago the license law of the province was amended by the Legislature, and practically every paragraph of the many that were added, spoke of reduced hours

TYPES OF SOLDIERS FIGHTING FOR THE ALLIES



- | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1—Highlander. | 5—Belgian Cavalry. | 9—Japanese. |
| 2—Territorial. | 6—Garibaldian. | 10—Indian. |
| 3—Colonial. | 7—Serbian. | 11—Russian Cossack. |
| 4—Belgian Infantry. | 8—Montenegrin. | 12—Russian Infantry. |

of sale, increased license fees, enlarged sureties for license holders, and for consulting the immediate residents before licenses can be issued. Perhaps the most striking thing about this new legislation is that it extinguishes all claim of vested interest in a license, and makes clear that a license to sell liquor is only a temporary permit of the government which may be wiped out at the end of each license period.

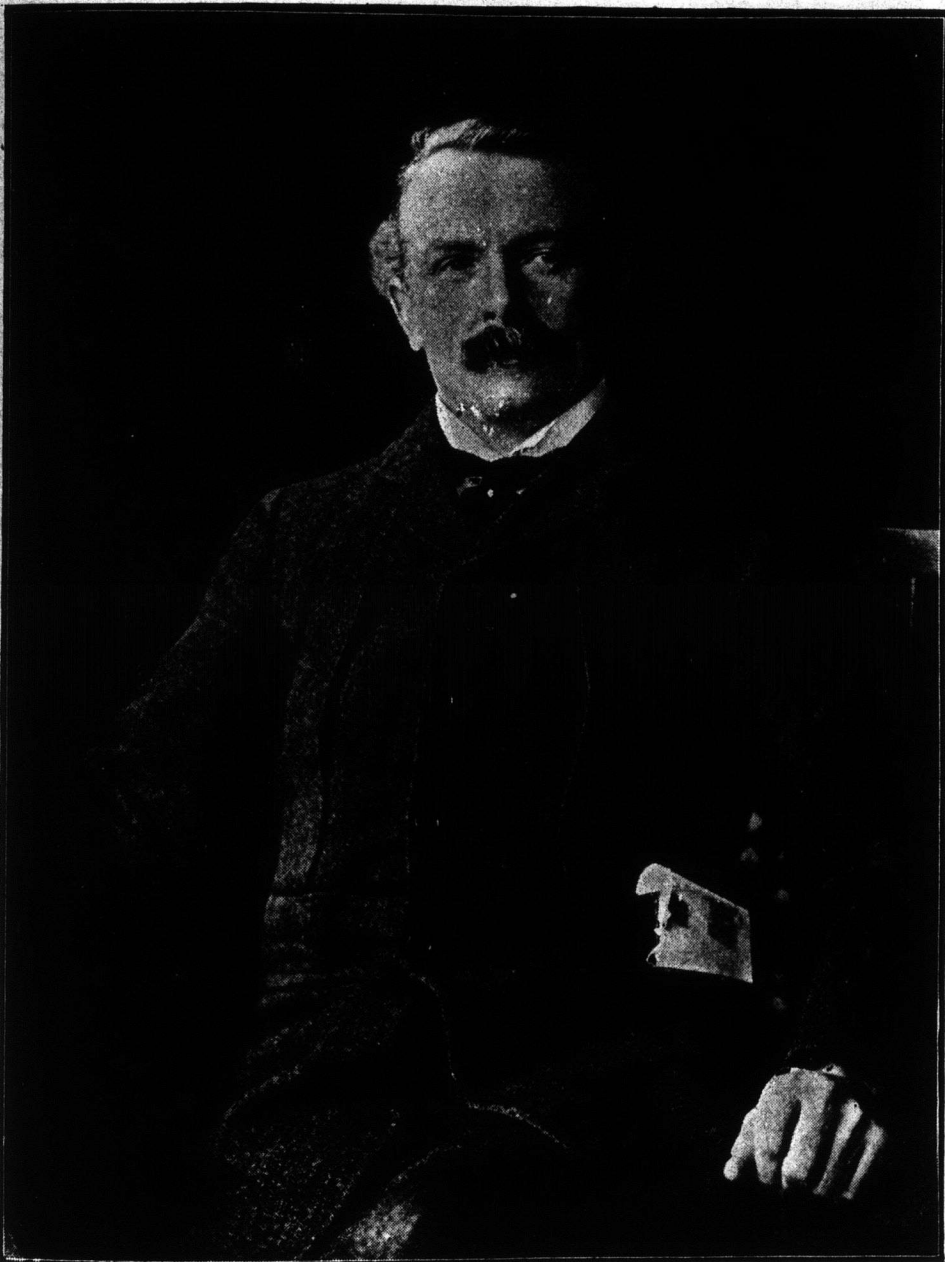
Alberta has pretty stringent license laws, also local option measures, but both of these will soon be statutes of the past, as this province, which for so many years seemed so hard and indifferent as to its progress along temperance lines, has with one stroke utterly discredited the liquor traffic and with no uncertain sound it has approved and accepted a prohibitory measure which goes into effect in July, 1916.

Saskatchewan also had fair license laws, and strong local option measures, but, owing to its progressive government who were able to judge public opinion, these measures have been suc-

ceeded by a government ownership system of the traffic, and while it is true that this system allows certain avenues of sale, it is only fair and just to point out that it also eliminates all private profits. This feature alone has already demonstrated that government ownership of the liquor trade was lessened the evils to the lowest minimum.

In our own Province of Manitoba, 49 municipalities out of 140 are already under local option, and one can safely say that the local option laws of this province are the most drastic measures of their kind to be found anywhere. About 40 more municipalities have been able to keep out licenses under the ordinary provisions of the liquor act. Great as has been the progress which can be measured by wet and dry territory, greater still will be the victory which will soon be won, when the people by their vote capture the strongholds as well as the outposts and free this entire province of the traffic.

We are apt to think of the Province of Quebec as lagging behind her sisters in moral stature and progress, but it is a pleasant surprise to find, that although



The first British minister for munitions; and an orator whose words carry exceptional weight; the Right Hon. David Lloyd George.

As Minister for munitions, Mr. Lloyd George bears on his shoulders a responsibility for the fate of Great Britain's part in the war second only to that borne by Lord Kitchener himself. There is probably no other Minister of the Crown better fitted by nature for the special office in question, and all that the post requires—political courage of the first order, personal popularity and the gift of direct, telling, and appealing platform eloquence. In his remarkable preface to the recently published volume of his speeches since the war began, Mr. Lloyd George puts the situation of the hour in this country in a form that all can understand. "If we are not allowed to equip our factories and workshops with adequate labor to supply our armies because we must not transgress regulations applicable to normal conditions; if practices are maintained which restrict the output of essential war material; if the nation hesitates when the need is clear to take the necessary steps to call forth its manhood to defend honor and existence; if we neglect to make ready for all possible eventualities . . . then I can see no hope. But if we sacrifice all we have and all we like for our native land, if our preparations are characterized by grip, resolution, and a prompt readiness in every sphere—then victory is assured."

(From Illustrated London News)

ceeded by a government ownership system of the traffic, and while it is true that this system allows certain avenues of sale, it is only fair and just to point out that it also eliminates all private profits. This feature alone has already demonstrated that government ownership of the liquor trade was lessened the evils to the lowest minimum.

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this province gave an enormous majority against prohibition in the dominion plebiscite of twelve years ago, 75 per cent of the municipalities have gone "dry." About 700 municipalities are without license, as against 300 municipalities in which licenses are issued. No less than 119 of these dry municipalities were added in a single year. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the dominion local option law, known as the Canada Temperance Act, has been used to banish the liquor traffic, and has closed it out of pretty nearly every part

(Concluded on page 38.)

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Any Station in Saskatchewan

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Size, 94-18 \$35.50

Size, 94-20 \$37.65

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

The Young Man and His Problem

By James L. Gordon, D.D.

SENSUALIST!

There are "moral" men who live in the realm of sense and they are therefore sensualists. See them eat! How they guzzle and gulp. Listen to the smack of their lip. How their greedy eyes are fastened upon the bill of fare. Watch the fork fly back and forth. Mark the spotted condition of the vest. They live to eat, and live to eat again. What they are at the table and lunch counter, they are in their thoughts—sensualists. Luther tells of a nobleman at Vienna who made a great supper, and, in the midst of his mirth, exclaimed, "If God will leave me this world to live and enjoy my pleasure therein for a thousand years, then let him take his heaven to himself!" This man spoke what most men think.

THE YOUNG PREACHER

It's a great thing to be a preacher—even a second rate preacher. Preaching gives the moral tone to the community. Preaching fans the flame on the altar of truth. Preaching keeps alive the heroic sentiment in the soul. If you preach—be a preacher. Prof. Phelps wisely says to all such as choose this profession: "Preach; let other men govern; preach; let other men organize; preach; let other men raise funds and look after denominational affairs; preach; let other men hunt up heresies and do the theological quibbling; preach; let other men ferret out scandal and try clerical delinquents; preach; let other men solve the problem of perpetual motion, of which church history is full. Then make a straight path between your study and pulpit on which the grass shall never grow."

GET YOUR HALF

Compel men to respect your religious convictions. You have a right to your own ideas about God, Christ, the Bible and prayer. Insist on breathing space. Do not be crowded in the matter of your devotional. You have as much of a right to read your Bible and engage in prayer as other men have to cuss, swear, smoke and tell unclean stories. Hold your ground. Two young men, one an outspoken infidel, the other a Christian, were assigned to the same room as students in an academy. The infidel young man said immediately, one thing must be understood, there was to be no reading of the Bible or praying in that room. For answer his Christian chum said: "But half of the room is mine. While I am entirely willing that you should do as you please in your half, I insist upon my right to do as I please in my half; and in my half I propose to read my Bible aloud daily and pray."

YOUR NAME

Write your name somewhere but upon the sands of the sea to be washed away by the incoming tide. Write it on the records of your local church. Write it in the architecture of some noble institution. Write it in the history of your own town. Write it in the production of some noble poem, book or work of art. Do something which will outlast generations. Carve your name on the granite. When Ptolemy built Pharos, he would have his name upon it, but Sostratus, the architect, did not think that the king, who only paid the money, should get all the credit, while he had none; so he put the king's name on the front in plaster; but underneath, in the eternal granite, he cut, deeply enough, "Sostratus." The sea dashed against the plaster, and chipped it off bit by bit. I dare say it lasted out the time of Ptolemy; but by and by the plaster was all chipped off, and there stood the name of "Sostratus."

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE!

All things are possible. There is nothing impossible which really needs to be done. There is always some way to solve the most stubborn problem. If you cannot get over it, you can get under it. If you cannot go through, you can go around. Harry Steele Morrison has recently told of his crossing the Atlantic, as a boy of sixteen, to interview Mr. Gladstone for a New York newspaper. Arriving in London, this venturesome lad at once opened up correspondence with Hawarden, never dreaming that he was trying to see a man who was daily denied to commanding personages. Turned down by a secretary, a son, and a daughter, young Morrison finally got a hearing from Mrs. Gladstone. He told her his mission, and showed her a New York newspaper containing a narrative of his experiences, as well as a drawing of himself seated in the castle, interviewing Mr. Gladstone. The good woman was very much amused, saying that if Mr. Gladstone would see him it would at least be a change for him. Well, Mr. Gladstone did see this strip of a boy, treated him like a king, and sent him away with a new outlook upon life.

A DRUNKEN FOOL

What a fool is a drunkard. How silly he looks! What idiotic words he utters! How tattered and torn are his garments! Red eyes. Unshaven face. Filthy hands. Slobbering lips. Fool! The wife of a drunkard once found her husband in a filthy condition, with torn clothes, matted hair, bruised face, asleep in the kitchen, having come home from a drunken revel. She sent for a photographer and had a portrait of him taken in all his wretched appearance, and placed it on the mantel beside another portrait taken at the time of his marriage, which showed him handsome and well dressed, as he had been in other days. When he became sober he saw the two pictures, and awakened to a consciousness of his condition, from which he arose to a better life.

WARNINGS

Life is full of warnings. Every "cold" you catch is a warning. Every sudden change in the weather indicates the danger of a sudden revolution in other realms. There is no accident which happens to any man which may not happen to you. Life's surprises come through the doors which are not guarded. A gentleman talking recently with a florist in Philadelphia was surprised one evening by the sharp tinkling of a bell. "That is my frost bell," said the florist, and he hurried off to his greenhouses. "The fires had sunk," explained the florist on his return, "the watchman had fallen asleep; but for my frost bell I would have lost hundreds of dollars. That bell is a very valuable arrangement to me," he continued. "An electrical contrivance is connected with a thermometer, and when the mercury falls to a certain point, a bell rings a warning in my house or office. Many a crop of winter fruit and flowers has been saved in the last year or two by the clever little frost bell."

TOO NICE

Certain public speakers are too nice, too correct, too careful, too elegant, too precise, too exact—too, too! Their words are so smooth that they never strike the conscience. Their sentences are so beautiful that they hide the thoughts which they are intended to express. The orator is more than his message. The singer is more than his song. What the world wants is YOU. Dr. Grenfell's interest in medical missions dates from a Moody meeting in East London which the young fellow attended and from which he was nearly excluded by the undue length of some saint's praying. Moody, who was in charge, of course, and who had as strong a prejudice against long prayers as the most impatient of laymen, quietly got up and called upon the congregation to sing "while the brother was finishing his prayer," and Grenfell, struck by Moody's courage and good sense, decided to wait and hear him. The address who followed changed the whole course of Grenfell's life and gave to the world one of its missionary heroes.

THE BRAIN

Why not exercise the muscles of the brain. Get in underneath the brain-cup. Pull your ears. Exercise your eyes. Laugh until your face grows red. Puff out your cheeks. Drive the air, gently, up into the air passages of the head. Shake your head as a dog does his tail. Pull your hairy locks until your scalp is red. Remember—you can exercise your brain. Dr. J. M. Buckeley says: "During the late war, a negro was wounded in the head by the explosion of a shell. He wandered about for several years, to all appearance a driveling idiot, when certain surgeons took an interest in his case, and concluded that the removal of a piece of the skull, which had been driven in and pressed upon the brain, might restore his reason. Knowing that no damage could be done to his mind by the operation, they performed it, and were almost appalled when, after the lapse of so many years, as they lifted the piece of skull and removed the pressure upon the brain, the light of intelligence returned to the eye of the man, who said, 'We were at Manassas yesterday; where are we to-day?'"

BODY AND SOUL

Your body is the shell—your spirit is the hidden kernel. Your body is the rind—your spirit is the fruit and the wine of the orange. Your body is "one-half of one per cent"—your spirit—your soul is ninety-nine and one-half per cent. A soldier lay upon the operating table after the battle of Fair Oaks. His arm had been mangled by a ball from the enemy, and amputated while he was under the influence of anaesthetics. Recovering consciousness, he asked, "Where is my arm? It is my right arm; bring it to me"; and from a pile of arms and legs

his arm was brought to him, and he took the lifeless arm and hand in his remaining hand and exclaimed: "Good-bye, old arm, till we meet again. No more will you wield the sabre or handle the musket in defence of our country; no more will you write letters to mother, and sisters, and loved ones at home. Good-bye, old arm, till the resurrection morning."

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

There is absolutely no person in the world without personal influence. We are, each one of us, influencing persons whom we little imagine would be touched by our thought, word or deed. The influence of one mind on another is hypnotic. Henry W. Crosskey says: "I have heard of a young fellow who was in the habit of betting; he felt that he was on the way to destruction, but the gambling passion was too strong within him to be resisted. He told his Sunday-school teacher that he had given up many bad habits, but that from this one he did not feel able to escape. 'Were you always with me,' he said, 'I might manage it.' 'I cannot always be with you,' replied the teacher; 'but when and where do you gamble?' 'Oh, every day at the dinner-hour; I go down to the public house at one o'clock,' was the answer. 'Well, I will tell you what I will do,' said the teacher: 'every day as the clock strikes one I will pray for you.' The young fellow was conquered. He came after a day or two, and said, 'I shall bet no more. Yesterday I tried to go to the public house, and I could not. I thought what a shame it was that you should be praying for me, and that I should be gambling at the public house, and I could not do it.'"

OUR FATHER!

The greatest fact in theology is expressed in two words—"Our Father." In those two words is revealed the fundamental truth of Christianity—man's sonship with God. That is the great truth which underlies Democracy, Brotherhood, Fraternity, Equality and Liberty. Dickens, in one of his story pictures with all its pathos, tells of a moment in the garret where the ragged newschild of the street is going hence. His little companion in homelessness is trying to comfort the little fellow as his last moments are, by earth's great timepiece, being ticked out. He stoops over his dying playmate and hears from the fever-parched lips the almost inaudible words, "Pray, pray, Joe—pray." He did not know how to pray. But out from his child lips, like the song from the wild thrush, come the words, "Say our Father, Tommie—say our Father." Then the smile that only heaven can give, and which heaven will never take away, swept over the face of the dying child. "O, Joe, that's it. That's sweet. That's enough—our Father."

PRESIDENT WILSON AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The woman suffragists of the United States should be highly pleased with President Wilson's announcement that, voting as a citizen of New Jersey on the 19th of this month, he will mark his ballot in favor of the proposed amendment to the constitution of that State to establish woman suffrage within its borders. This announcement was made almost coincidentally with the announcement that he was to marry Mrs. Norman Galt, and it was further announced that there was no connection between the two announcements and that the President's wife-to-be has not in any way identified herself with the movement for equal suffrage. Mr. Wilson was much criticized by women prominent in that movement in the United States when, speaking as President at Washington, he told a large deputation representing the movement that the way to advance it was convert the State Legislatures, as it was not a matter for the Federal authority to deal with. By voting, as a citizen, for woman suffrage, he will prove to the woman suffrage advocates that he believes in the justice of their claim.

SPARE MOMENTS

Spare moments are moments which cannot be spared—not when you are younger than forty years of age. If you win in the race of life you must lay the foundation before you are in your fifth decade. And, unless you have inherited property, Time is the one vital, fundamental and absolutely necessary ingredient.

"In the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson a convict has taken a correspondence course in architecture. He had to work only six hours a day for the State, the time after that was his own and he improved it; now, he is not only drawing plans for the prison authorities, but is doing work for parties outside. Think of that—you, young men who spend your evenings in saloons and pool-rooms—free—yet frittering away your time and thus wasting your opportunities."

PERFECTION-LY COMFORTABLE

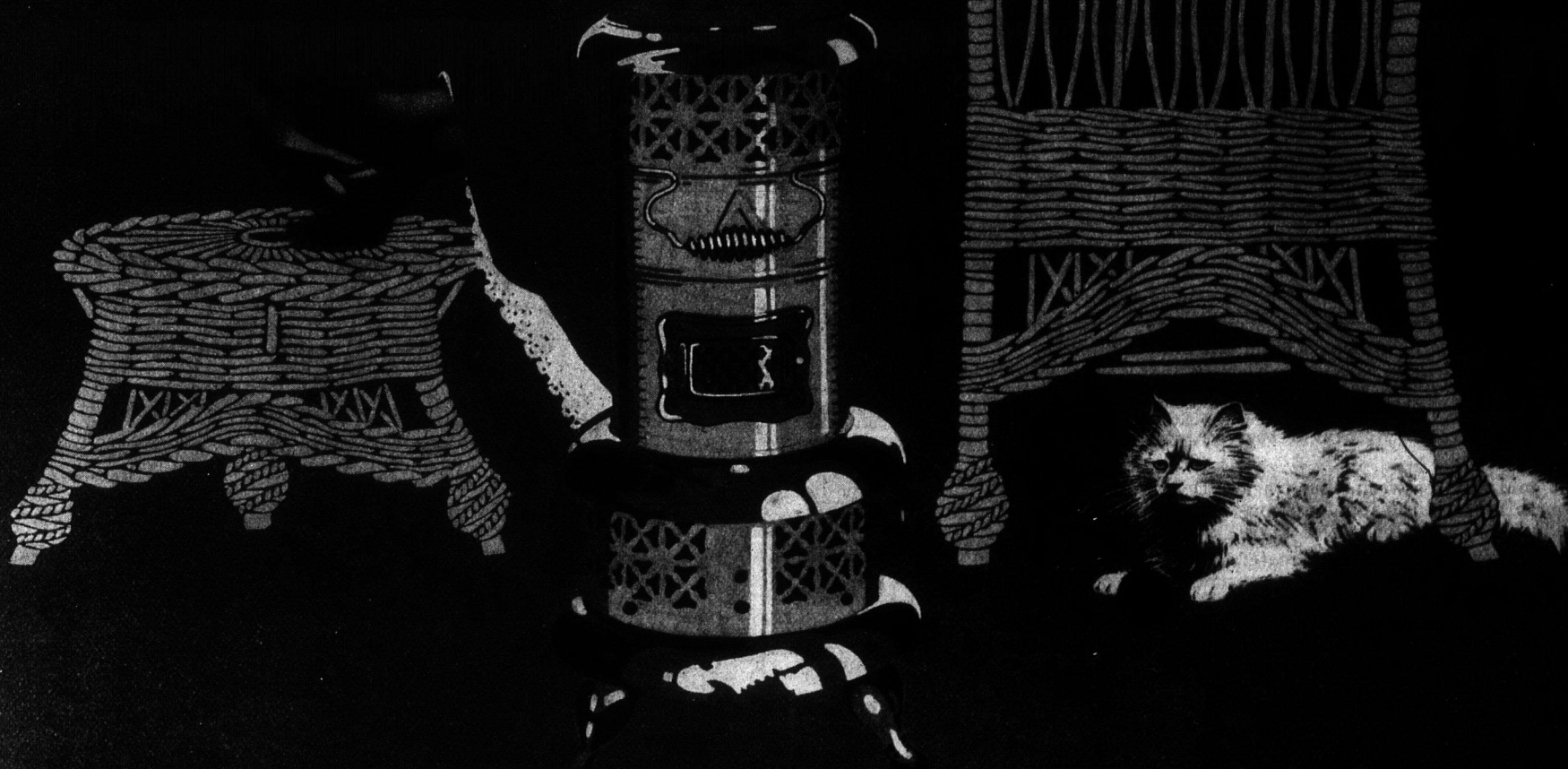
THERE are times in the Fall and Spring when it is "only chilly", not cold enough for the general house heating. And there are pleasant corners of the house which need a little additional warmth, even when the Heating System is at work.

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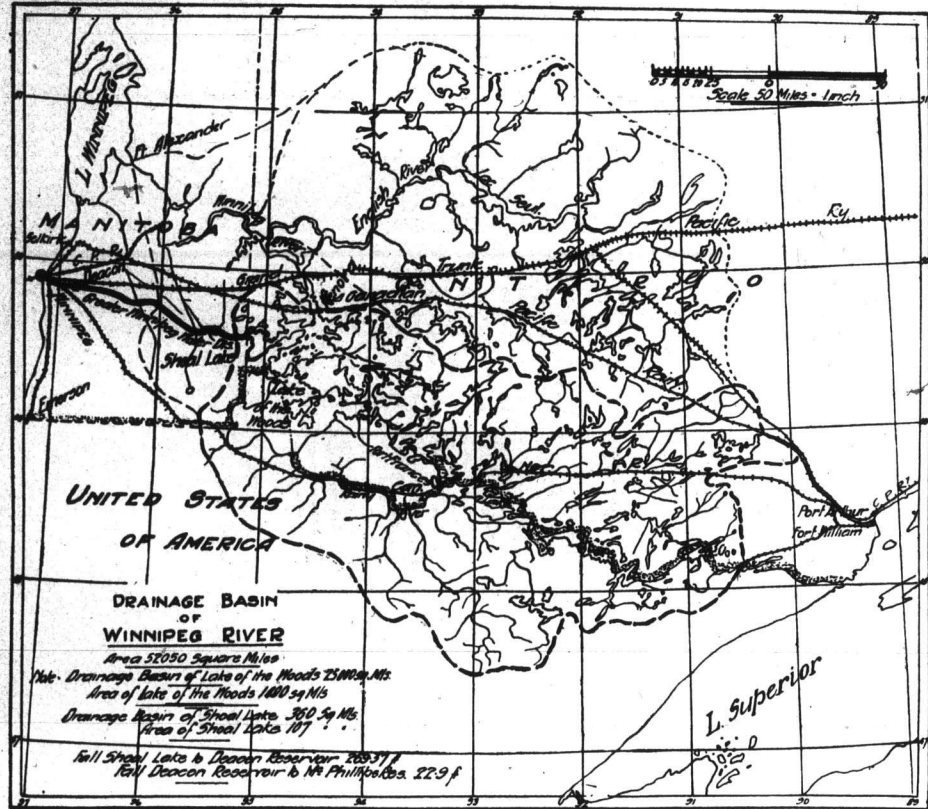
WINNIPEG, Manitoba, now has the cheapest electric power system in Canada, and in 1918 will have the most up-to-date water supply.

A gravity water system will furnish the metropolis with pure cold water, excellent for domestic and manufacturing purposes. It runs through the country to the east of the city. Starting close to the Ontario boundary, where there is a rock-bound sheet of clear water, known as Indian Bay, really an arm of the Lake of the Woods, the water will be conveyed through a concrete aqueduct to within ten miles of the capital. At this point there is what is known as Deacon, the first station east from Winnipeg on 97 miles of railway, which the city built to carry on the construction of this great undertaking. Deacon is so named after the ex-mayor of Winnipeg, he having taken considerable interest in the work in its initiatory stages.

At the south side of the right-of-way, which is from 300 to 500 feet wide, is the railway track, the roadbed for which is highly spoken of, and the track is well fenced with peeled-posts and wire fencing;

Eighty-five million Imperial gallons daily is the supply for which the aqueduct is designed.

The main engineering features of the system comprise: (a) the construction of the 102 miles of railway track, including nine sidings, spurs to gravel pits and yards, the purchase and equipment of rolling stock of 4 engines, 40 air-dump cars, 20 flat cars, 10 box cars, 3 cabooses and 2 coaches; (b) a dyke $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long across the end of Indian Bay and a channel through the peninsula between Indian and Snowshoe Bays, so that the Falcon River now discharges into Snowshoe Bay, thus diverting the brown muskeg water of the river from Indian Bay to Snowshoe Bay; (c) cutting of a great ditch, at some places over 20 feet deep, and placing therein the immense concrete aqueduct with appurtenant works 85 miles in length, from the intake out in Indian Bay to a future 250,000,000 gallon reservoir at Deacon, southeast of Winnipeg; (d) 10 miles of 60-inch steel pipe between the reservoir and the Red River opposite the city; (e) tunnel in the rock under the Red River nearly 1,000 feet long and 100 feet below the surface; and



In the above plan, the drainage basin of the Winnipeg River is shown within the heavy broken lines particulars regarding which are found at the lower left hand corner. The three lines of railway from Winnipeg to Fort William are given and the heavy black line running east from the city is the route of the Greater Winnipeg Water District, terminating at what is known as Shoal Lake, a western portion of the Lake of the Woods at the boundary between Manitoba and Ontario.

and about mid-way between this track and the north fence is the immense concrete aqueduct for the water.

In 1913 what is known as the Greater Winnipeg Water District was incorporated. The territory comprises Winnipeg and the immediately surrounding municipalities, "the object being the securing of water from any permanent source whether within or without the Province."

A board of consulting engineers was appointed to make investigation, and, after an exhaustive study, decided upon what is known as Shoal Lake, at the western end of which is Indian Bay, on the shore of which will be the intake. The lake is just at the border between Manitoba and Ontario. All of the work in connection with the undertaking is, however, within the Province of Manitoba. From this beautiful sheet of water, studded with rocky tree-clad islands, a practically inexhaustible supply of excellent water can be obtained by a gravity line about 100 miles long, the only system of such magnitude in the Dominion.

A special feature in connection with the work is that the financing of the scheme does not interfere with the regular financing of the municipalities. Another feature is that the cost is likely to come considerably within the estimated figure of \$13,045,600, as on the basis of contracts let, it would appear that the total expenditure will amount to \$11,650,000, thus showing a saving of about \$1,400,000.

(f) 2.3 miles of 48-inch cast iron pipe between the river and the present reservoir at McPhillips Street. To Deacon the water will find its own way by gravity and from there be forced by a pumping system to McPhillips Street reservoir, after the consumption of water exceeds 25,000,000 Imperial gallons per day. Before that time the water will flow by gravity to McPhillips Street.

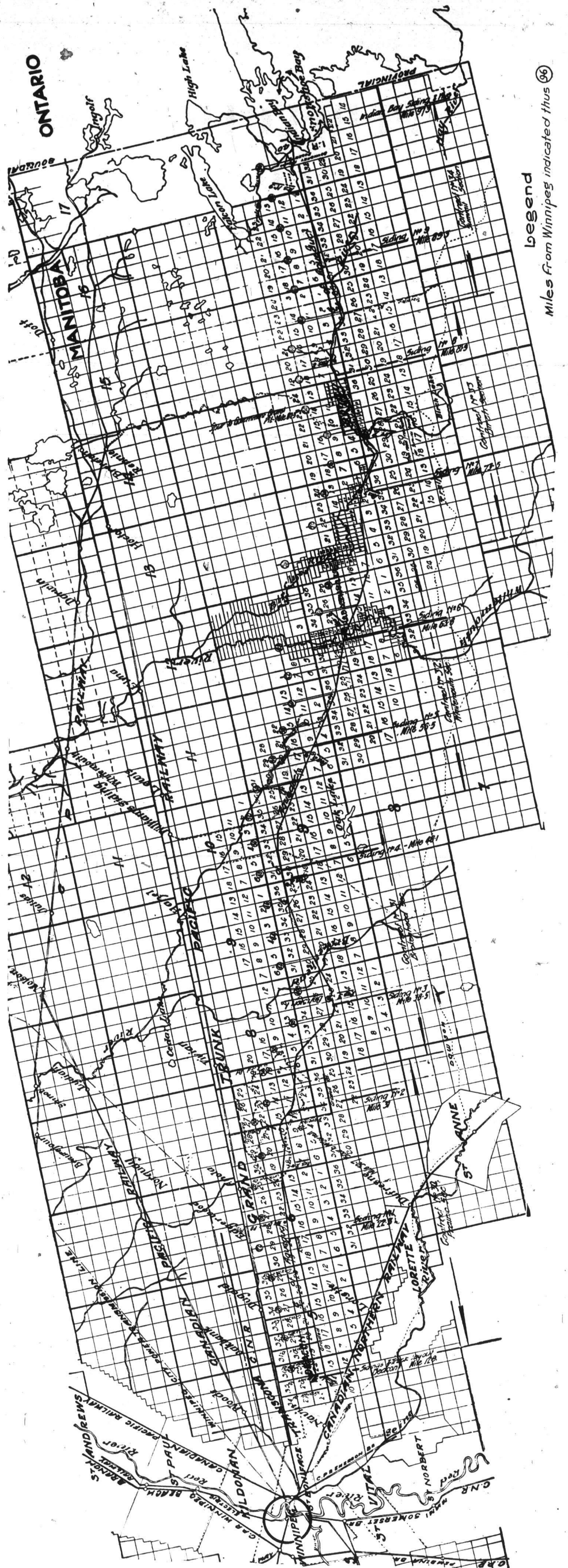
The difference in elevation between Shoal Lake and Winnipeg is approximately 300 feet.

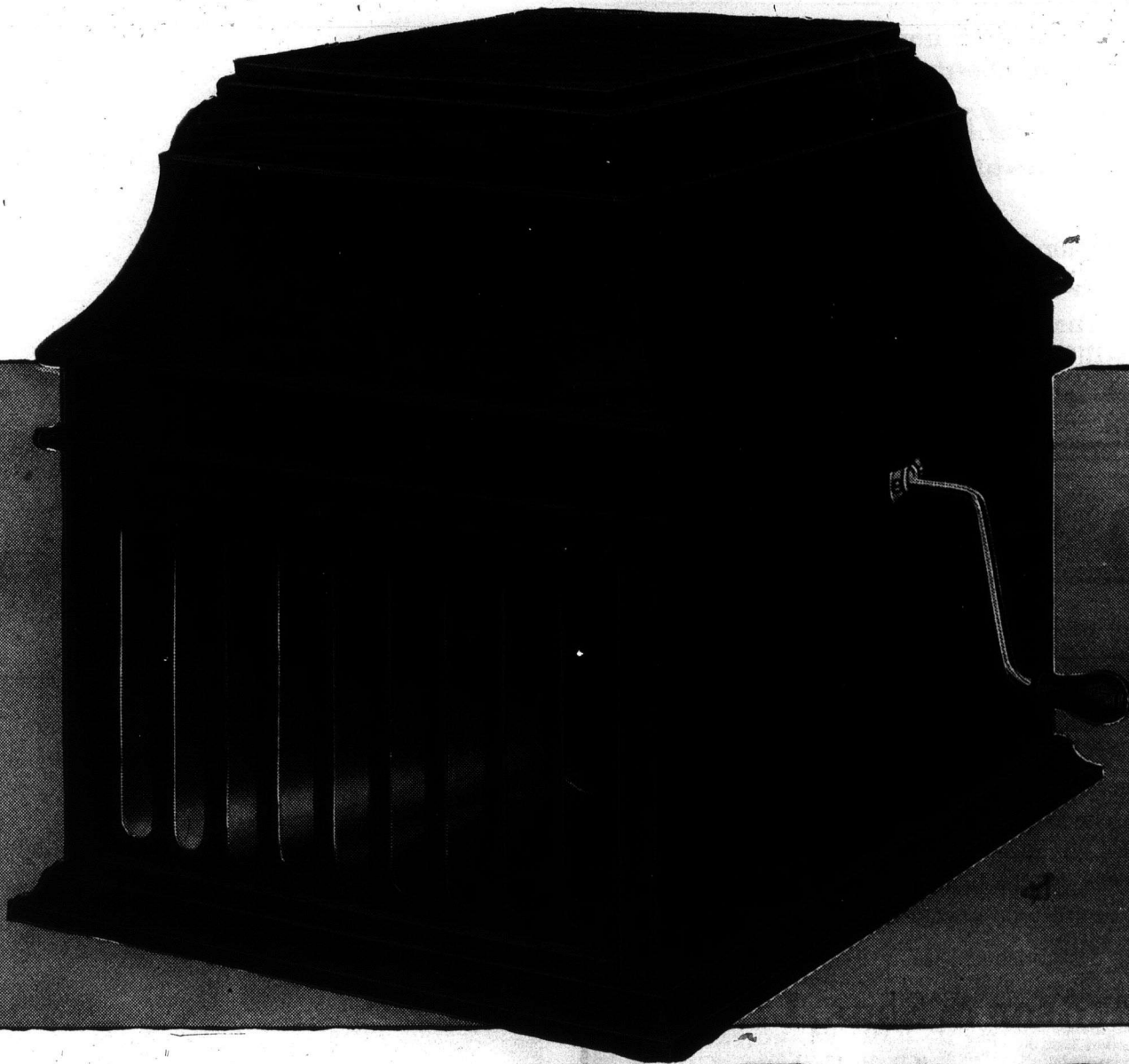
Provision has been made for depressing the pipe line underneath the beds of the various rivers along the way to the city and at about a mile west of the intake there

Route of the Winnipeg Water District Railway

On this page we are pleased to give the first plan published of the Greater Winnipeg Water District route, from Deacon to Indian Bay. The sections of land are denoted in figures and the lots on the rivers are blocked off, although the numbers are too small to be read. The mileage from the city is shown within circles, as explained in the legend. Deacon appears at the west end of the line and Indian Bay at the east, while about the centre is Hadashville. The railway sidings are shown by heavy lines running to lettering and the various contracts are given within "daggers." At the east end of the route a short heavy circle line appears, where the long dyke has been constructed, and immediately south of the black line the channel is to be seen. By means of these the water of Falcon River, which lies in a sort of low spot at this point, is forced around to the north end of Indian Bay, as shown by the darts. It will be noticed that the two bays are about cut in half by the provincial boundary line.

Continued on Page 28





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Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a real home I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement—yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.



Such a variety of entertainment! Hear the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until the tears stream down your face and your sides ache from laughing at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns, the majestic choirs sing the famous anthems just as they sing them in the cathedrals of Europe. Hear the pealing organs, the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, duets and quartettes. You will sit awestricken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All will be yours with the Edison in your home. **Send the coupon today.**

Legend
Miles from Winnipeg indicated thus

Twenty-two years of fair and honest dealing at the back of the name

H. H. Winearls

Grain Commission Merchant
237 GRAIN EXCHANGE WINNIPEG, MAN.

Closest personal attention to large or small consignments

Established 1893

Write for Winearls' helpful hints to grain shippers.
It will save you money.

Grain Growers

Carlot shippers are making money this season. If you are not one of them write us for our memo "About shipping grain." It will be worth your while.

You can sell any time after your grain is loaded when shipping to us. No need to hold until inspected or unloaded. Your disposition instructions closely followed.

Grading carefully checked, quick returns with Government grade and weight, liberal advances on bills of lading.

Your shipments to us get the benefit of our long experience. Our financial standing assures you absolute safety.

Established 1857

James Richardson & Sons, Limited

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

Grain Exchange, Calgary.

FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carlot shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against shipping bills at 7 per cent interest.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

700 W GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

ESTABLISHED 1904

DONALD MORRISON & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION
GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

We handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

References: Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank and Commercial Agencies.

GRAIN DEALERS TRACK BUYERS COMMISSION DEALERS
ACME GRAIN CO., LIMITED
804 UNION TRUST BUILDING, WINNIPEG
CAR LOTS
GET OUR PRICES BEFORE SELLING

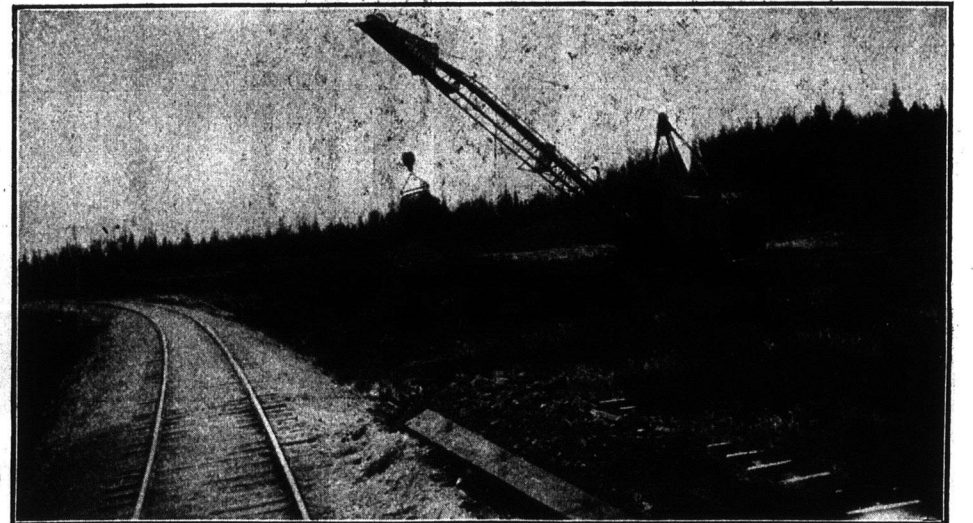
Agents Wanted Where not Represented.

Telephone Main 3790



Hadashville, Manitoba
On the Whitemouth River, showing the foot-bridge from the station grounds on the north bank, over the stream and the engineer's residence on the south side. The main street of the place is a little west of the picture and the depot, to the east. It is a pretty situation for a town.

will be a 9-foot reinforced concrete section in which will be located a "Venturi Meter" by means of which a continuous record will be made of the amount of water passing through the aqueduct. of the right-of-way undertaken. During 1914 the railway was built as well as the dyke across Indian Bay. In the spring of 1915 the actual aqueduct construction was begun and the work will be pushed for



Trench Work on Winnipeg Water System
Showing the great power machinery at work in connection with the undertaking. The well-built railway track is seen to the left, or south, of the right-of-way and to the north the great crane shovels.

Within the boundaries of the District proper, there will be "wyes" or branches, through which water may be carried to the adjoining municipalities. completion in 1918. The undertaking has been fortunate in more ways than one. The adjoining municipalities were quite ready to join, as



At Work on Winnipeg's Waterworks
In the above picture men are depicted in the act of pouring concrete from a wheeled vat through a long pipe into the bottom of the pipe excavation. The vat stands on a narrow gauge railway, of which there are great stretches all along the line of the aqueduct. This railway is used for the carrying of material to the various points where actual construction is being done.

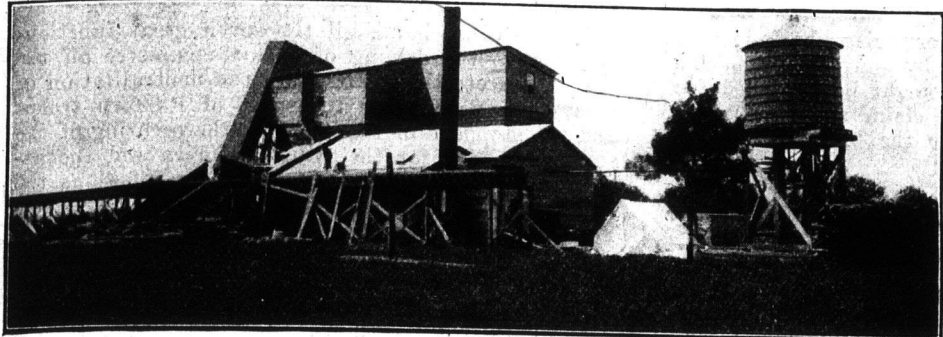
The work was commenced in the fall of 1913 by the placing of survey parties in the field. In the spring of 1914 the final location was established and the clearing the residents of certain sections were crying for water service; the rights necessary were readily granted by the Government; the right-of-way was not difficult to ob-



Contractor's Camp in Winnipeg Water District
In connection with the work of building the new water system for Winnipeg, the best of equipment was made for the comfort of the employees. The above cut shows one of the lesser camps, each of which have been more or less "embellished" through the men planting trees and gardens. At the lower left hand corner the roof of the station is seen and away beyond a good stretch of the roadbed.

tain; drainage was fairly well secured; and timber and gravel were easily obtained. The right-of-way at the western, or city end runs through as nice a level farming

nipeg experts in connection with the "back to the land" movement, and there is now an effort being made to place settlers upon 40-acre farms. There is plenty of wood,

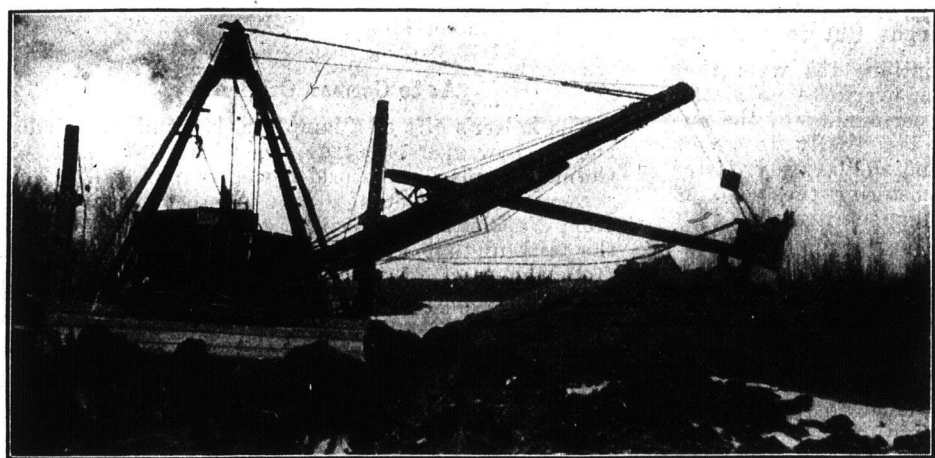


Screening Plant of Winnipeg Water District

In connection with the construction of the new water system for the Greater Winnipeg Water District, the locators were fortunate in being able to obtain all the necessary gravel for the work within short distance of the railway. On the plan appearing elsewhere, what is known as the Government Gravel Pit is shown, about a fourth of the distance from Indian Bay. Here large quantities of excellent gravel have been obtained. There is also a city-owned pit further west. Here, on a long siding, an up-to-date screening plant has been erected, as illustrated above. To the left the incline railway track appears. Upon this, cars of gravel from the neighboring pit are run up to the mill and there dumped into bins or hoppers and then screened to various sizes. By such means the city knows exactly what grade of gravel is going into the work, as the contracts call for the city furnishing all such. It is quite interesting to watch the process of dividing the various sizes of gravel in the mill, the very large stones being the only "hand-picked" of each load. They are cast aside and broken, but the other is separated in the mill. At the right is a large tank, from which water gravitates to various points in connection with the work.

section as there is in the West; then follows a more or less timbered territory not difficult to clear and which is reported to have excellent soil; then a marshy timbered district and next a broken section carrying timber and some rock. Considerable of the territory has been covered by Win-

and good water is not difficult to secure. On the way there is already the beginning of several villages, the largest of which, Hadashville, is nicely situated on a bend in the Whitemouth River, in a prosperous-looking district.



Canal Opening in Winnipeg Water District

At the east end of the 97-mile railway track of Winnipeg's new waterworks, is the Falcon River, which at this point is in rather a low section. To make assurance doubly sure, in connection with the purity of the water, a great dyke, a mile and a half long, was built and the water forced out into Snowshoe Bay and around to the channel was cut through a peninsula and the water forced out into Snowshoe Bay and around to the north end of Indian Bay. The illustration shows the great dump crane working eastward in the channel, the bush at the back of the water being on the western bank of the river.

Tobacco Smoke

Many women have an entirely false sense of proportion in regard to the things that matter in a house. Take the question of smoking and smoking rooms. A woman told me the other day, with an air of virtuous complacency and self-approbation, that she never let her husband smoke in the house, that her three little girls (this with great pride) shunned their father like a person with the plague when they chanced to come across him indulging in the filthy and pernicious habit in the seclusion of the back-yard. Her husband, by the way, is the most temperate of men in smoking as well as everything else. If the question were put fairly to this woman, whether it were worse that her house should smell of tobacco or that her husband should be alienated, I wonder how she would answer it. No doubt by begging the question and denying the alienation. Here is what might be called the common sense method of dealing with the question:

If tobacco smoke is offensive to you, first ask yourself if it actually does your husband harm. Does he smoke enough to injure his health or more than he can afford. If you have to answer no, your duty is plain. Overcome your repugnance. Men do this constantly, for many of them start with a violent distaste which their lives force them to conquer. Except for the most weighty reasons, you have no right to deprive him of an indulgence that is doing him no positive harm. The case is different, however, if you feel in you the call of a mission, if your conviction of the evil of smoking is so overpowering that you must bear witness to it in your acts; if

you really feel that no sacrifice to the cause, not even that of the happiness of your home, is too great. Otherwise, clear your mind of the prejudice that there is any moral value in smoking or not smoking, just as your mother, it may be, had to learn that cards are not in themselves of the devil's manufacture. Smoking properly belongs in another category, the physical category, that contains also exercise and eating.

If, on the other hand, you decide that smoking is doing him more or less harm, this decision opens up another question: Can you, considering his character and your own influence, persuade him to give it up? If you think you can, your course is simple. If you honestly know in your heart that you cannot, here again it is your duty to hold your tongue and make the best of it. If your husband will smoke, it is better for every reason, health included, that he smoke at home than at the club or some less desirable place, where smoking may lead to all the evils it is supposed to carry in its wake. And here we come to our last goal—the smoking room.

Where shall he be allowed to smoke? In a basement billiard room, in a cheerless cubbyhole of a smoking room? But smoking is a sociable occupation. There is no time when the mind of a busy man is so much at home to his family. Do not waste the elementary power of such movements. Have a smoking room if you like for use when your husband has friends; but when he is alone, let him smoke wherever he will regardless of curtains and rugs. Sacrifice your scruples to your common sense. Better yet, let the sacrifice begin at the furnishings of your house, choosing such as will not retain the odor.

CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

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

HELP WANTED

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

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

\$50-\$150 MONTH PAID MEN AND WOMEN—Canadian Government Jobs. Common education. Examinations throughout Canada during fall. Sample questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 177, Rochester, N.Y. 11

WANTED—Persons to grow mushrooms for us during the fall and winter months; waste space in cellars, barns or outhouses can be made yield from \$20 to \$30 per week. For full particulars and illustrated booklet apply Montreal Supply Company, Montreal, Canada. 11

BUSINESS CHANCES

BE YOUR OWN MASTER—Stop wage slavery! Formulas and instructions for manufacturing six big sellers and 100 business opportunities, sent for 10 cents. Write to-day. L. Bottomley & Co., Box 5, Lashburn, Sask. 11

MATRICULATION BY MAIL—If you want to enter any profession, to be a doctor, lawyer, minister, dentist, druggist, civil or mechanical or electrical engineer, graduate in agriculture, high school specialist, or to take a university course, the first step necessary is to pass the matriculation examination. We give instruction in any or all subjects: Latin, French, German, Greek, Mathematics, Science, English, History—and for all universities—Dalhousie, New Brunswick, McGill, Toronto, Queen's Western, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, etc. All studying done in your spare time at home. Write for full information. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. W.H.M., Toronto, Canada. 11

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. R. G. Liss, Minneapolis. 12

WANTED—to hear direct from owner of good farm or ranch for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas. 10

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 109 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 12

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 12

WE HAVE FARMS AND FRUIT Ranches for sale in every State of the United States and Canada, also good business propositions everywhere. Our Bulletin free, on request. United Sales Agency, 36 Andrus Building, Minneapolis, Minn. 14

FOR SALE

1000 ENVELOPES, letterheads, billheads, cards or tags \$1.50. McCreery's Printery, Chatham, Ont. 12

HONEY—Clover honey, 11 cents; dark honey, 9 cents, in 60 lb. pails. Pails 40 cents extra. Wilber Swayze, Dunnville, Ontario. 12

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

HARNESS—The "Square Deal" Brand. Sold direct to users. No agents. Send for my Catalogue B, showing 30 styles. Thos. McKnight, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F.

DOBELL COAL FOR STEAM AND DOMESTIC USE—Direct from mine to consumer \$2.00 per ton at Tofield. Orders shipped day received. Dobell Coal Co., Tofield, Alberta. 13

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—\$50 each. All or spare time. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 353 Cincinnati, Ohio. T.F.

PATENTS AND LEGAL

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

STAMPS FOR SALE

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

AGENTS WANTED

WE WILL PAY YOU \$120 for sixty days, to distribute religious literature. Liberal pay for spare time. Experience unnecessary. Either sex. International Bible Press, Toronto. 11

POULTRY AND EGGS FOR SALE

FREE RANGE BRONZE TURKEYS—Early, beauties, \$3.00, \$5.00. Toulouse geese, disrelated pairs, \$6.00. Peckin ducks, disrelated pairs, \$2.50. White Wyandotte, early. Pullets, cockerels, \$2.00, \$2.50. 10 per cent discount on \$10.00 orders to December 1st. Mrs. Bundy, Sperling, Man. 11

MISCELLANEOUS

FARMERS—One pint superior blueblack ink, 10c. Try it. Dept. F. Manitoba Novelty Co., 648 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, Man. 11

TRAPPERS, ATTENTION! — Raw furs wanted. Get the highest prices with reliable assortment. Send for price list. H. Halmnic, Retail Manufacturer, 267 Main St., Paterson, N.J. 13

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

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

WILLOW FARM DUROC JERSEY HOGS FOR SALE—Five two months old pigs, either sex, \$10 each. Boars and sows to breed in December. Write for prices. N. J. Howes & Sons, Millet, Alberta. 11

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles \$5.50 sent direct return mail, carriage paid. Everything necessary, every outfit warranted new and complete, lists free, delivery guaranteed or money returned. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. 15

PHOTOS—We handle everything for the amateur. Films bought from us developed free, others 10c. Prints from 2 1/2c. up, post cards 50c. per dozen. Send 25c. and your film and we will develop and make 6 prints and pay return postage. The Gas City Photo Co., Medicine Hat, Alta. 11

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Canada

Enclosed find \$.....for..... year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.

Name

Town

Province

What the World is Saying

A History-making Time.

Toronto University has three teachers of history left; the other three are making it at the front.—Toronto News.

But Astronomers Used to Say They Were Canals.

The network of trenches on Mars proves that we named that planet better than we knew.—Halifax Herald.

WILHELM, Jr.

Military experts say the operation of the Allies are patterned on the action of a nut-cracker, with the Crown Prince as the nut. That sounds reasonable.—New York Herald.

As to Making War and Making Peace.

One nation can make a war, but it takes two to make peace, a fact upon which Germany will reflect with increasing seriousness before the year is out.—Milan Corriere della Seta.

Not Worthy of the Name "Canadian."

When the boys come marching home we suppose those Nova Scotia horse dealers will drive over in their automobiles to give them a cheer.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Question.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco has repaid the money borrowed. How many of the folk who have attended the show can say as much?—Los Angeles Times.

Warfare Against Civilization.

Civilization innocently dreamed a year ago that it would never be necessary to invent defences against poisonous gases in warfare.—New York World.

The Waste of Western Straw.

Canada burns every year thousands of tons of flax straw and imports millions of dollars' worth of goods made from flax fibre. The white man is a strange creature.—Toronto Globe.

The Vanished Foreign Commerce of Germany.

According to the vauntings from Berlin, the new German war loan amounts to £600,000,000. Even if it really did, the amount would only be a fraction of the annual value of the foreign commerce Germany here lost by reason of the war.—Dundee Advertiser.

The War and Equal Suffrage.

War has been the greatest modern influence in enlarging woman's sphere of usefulness. Before this lesson of experience opponents of political equality used war as their chief argument.—Vancouver World.

Bounteous Yield of Canadian Fisheries.

Great hauls of fish are reported from both coasts of the Dominion. The waters as well as the land are yielding food in abundance for the benefit of the people of Canada.—Montreal Gazette.

Britannia Rules the Waves.

A British ship has arrived in port after visiting European, African, Indian, Australian and South American ports. What about Germany's sea power, and the Kaiser's vaunts about Germany being "destined to greatness on the sea?"—Ottawa Evening Journal.

IF—

If but an infinitesimal fraction of the treasure, ingenuity and bravery expended on this monstrous business could be diverted to the advancement instead of the destruction of the human race, what a world it might become!—London Nation.

Sea Power.

There may be a thousand lessons that the United States can learn from a year of world war, but only one of them is vital. That is the lesson of sea power as democracy's defensive weapon for the preservation of its life and liberty.—Chicago Tribune.

Not the War the Kaiser Willed.

"I declare before God that I did not will this war," protests the Kaiser. He did not, indeed, will this war, but a much shorter one. There is proof incontrovertible that on three occasions, within a few months of his beginning the war, he boasted that his armies could be in Paris in a fortnight.—Ottawa Free Press.

Not for Freedom, but for "World Might."

Since the war began the Norwegians have lost 46 ships and 76 sailors, mostly by German submarine savagery. The Norwegians might be pardoned for doubting the sincerity of the claim made at Berlin that Germany is fighting for the "freedom of the seas."—London Advertiser.

Basking in Reflected Glory.

A correspondent who has spent several months on the Russian, German, French and British fronts declares that the Canadian soldier can fight circles around any European. Of course, look whose continent the Canadian hails from.—Galveston News.

Russian Faith.

Russia is a country of pity and resignation. Its people accept without a murmur the troubles of the darkness and the night, for their trust that light and comfort will come at last is unshaken. Of all European peoples their faith in the divine direction of the world is the strongest.—London Express.

The Unconquerable Spirit.

A little French girl of fourteen who took her father's place as a baker when he was called to the ranks, and who baked bread for an entire village, has just been decorated by the Government. It will be hard to overcome a country where even the children show such a spirit.—Baltimore American.

The Good Fight Must be Fought Out to the End.

The entente allies must continue the war; they must reject peace or mediation overtures no matter how exalted the motives and personality of the mediator, simply because it is less costly to go on than it would be to stop and deliberately fasten upon themselves and their posterity the yoke of German militarism.—Manchester Guardian.

Not a Neutral, but a Jellyfish.

The man who says that both sides are equally to blame for this war and equally to blame in this war as to the manner in which it is conducted, does not thereby show that he is a neutral. The probability is that he is a jellyfish who tried to save himself trouble by half siding with both sides.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Greatest German "Hero's" Name Kept Secret.

Germany's silence regarding the identity of the submarine commander who torpedoed the Lusitania confesses more eloquently than could any words her true realization of the unspeakable barbarity of that act.—Louisville (Ky.) Courier Journal.

Branded.

On a rock at Jackfish, on the north shore of Lake Superior, a resident of Leipsic, Germany, painted his name and address. Underneath it, some one with red paint inscribed the words, "Baby-killer." "It is thus," says the London Advertiser, "the Kaiser is branding his subjects around the world."—Brantford Expositor.

The Facts Cannot be Done Away With.

The world would be glad to find amelioration for Germany's bloodthirsty crimes. It has no desire to make them out worse than they are, because they are a blot on civilization. But, unfortunately, the facts cannot be denied.—Boston Transcript.

A Danish Utterance.

At the beginning of the war Herr von Jagow emphasized that speed was Germany's greatest asset, while the enemy's lay in endurance. We have now seen that endurance counts. Thus Germany has temporarily gained yet lost, while the allies have temporarily lost yet gained.—Copenhagen Vortland.

German Suppression.

Nor must it be forgotten that the emperor of Russia proposed to the German emperor that the Austro-Serbian dispute should be settled by the Hague tribunal—Sir Edward Grey. Nor perhaps also the fact that Germany suppressed that telegram to the Kaiser and never admitted its existence until it was given to the world from Petrograd weeks after the war began.—New York Times.

Something All the World Knows Now.

The secret of Germany's loss of friendship is her utter selfishness, her utter lack of scruple in the use of the abuse of power, her utter lack of truth in statement or honesty in dealing, her superhuman egoism which makes not only her enemies but neutrals feel that she is a universal peril to liberty and civilization.—New York Sun.

The Seven Great Functions of a Navy.

On the other hand, all the seven great functions of a navy—the driving of enemy commerce off the seas, the protection of its own, the neutralization of enemy sea power, the transport of its own troops and the stoppage of the enemy's, the securing of the supplies needed for the military forces and the assistance in their operations—all these functions the British navy has performed and is performing.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Seven for Freedom.

The author of "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier" hastens to explain that he is not a peace-at-any-price man, and that he does not sneer at boys who are soldiers is evident from this conclusion of his statement: "There are seven relatives of mine now fighting with the Canadian regiments in the trenches of France for the cause of freedom—all Bryans. No! no relation to William Jennings." The author's name is Alfred Bryan.—Springfield Republican.

The British Sea Power.

Victory for the allies depends upon the continued supremacy of the British navy; and the struggle for that supremacy has yet to come. Should our command of the sea be lost, success on land will not avail. When the power of the navy goes all goes. Napoleon realized this great fact of the vital importance of sea power when, with his invading army encamped at Boulogne, he exclaimed: "Let us be masters of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world."—London Times.

As to German Originality.

The Kaiser's gift of a lamp for the tomb of Saladin shows how persistently the least original of Germany's plans of world-power is pursued. The present propitiation of Islam is laboriously copied from Napoleon's efforts in Egypt, when he assured the faithful that Frenchmen had severed themselves from the "sect of the Messiah." About the only things that Germany can claim for her own in this war are the poisonous gases and molten flames. And even these might be traced to a source indicated in Scripture.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Scotland's Response.

How amazingly the call to arms has been answered in Scotland is illustrated by the record of the famous paper-making firm of Pirie and its employees. There were ten members of the family eligible to go to the front. Eleven are serving, one being long past service age. Of the office staff thirty-seven were eligible and sixteen are serving. Of the employees 180 were eligible and 140 are now with the colors, most of them in the Gordon Highlanders, recruited in Aberdeen and the adjacent region.—Duluth Herald.

A Referendum This Month in China.

November 15 is the date fixed for a vote in China on the question of retaining a republican form of government, or returning to the monarchical system. The President, Yuan Shih Kai, is credited with being the prime mover in the agitation for the referendum. As that astute statesman has controlled the country's destinies practically ever since the ancient dynasty was overturned, it seems altogether likely that his will still be the guiding hand after November 15, no matter which way the polling goes.—Montreal Herald-Telegraph.

The Duty of All.

We do well not to be elated or depressed by the news of the progress of the war from day to day. We can win only if we disregard the incidents that uplift or sadden us, and with firm resolve throw all our weight, consistently and persistently, into the scales. Above all, we must banish the comfortable feeling that, because others are working at sea, in the trenches, or in the munition factories, there is no need to worry, and that all is going well. We must help, in great things and small.—London Daily Telegraph.

Women and War Work.

Women are not one whit less patriotic than men, and at times of national peril they are stirred and exalted by precisely the same impulses and emotions as their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons. At the present time, when the whole destinies of Britain and of the Empire of which it is the heart are at stake, British women yearn to place at the service of their country their vast capacities for labor and sacrifice. They cannot take their places on our ships of war, they cannot fight in the trenches. But over and above those duties of motherhood, than which the a woman there is nothing more sacred or more patriotic, wide fields of service are open to them at home in time of war.—London Daily Chronicle.

THE TOPAZ / THE NOVEMBER BIRTHDAY / TONE.
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Value Dingwall values are unexcelled; we give the best merchandise at reasonable prices.

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It is not necessary to pay a big price to obtain a diamond ring of fine quality—we can sell you one from \$10.00 up.

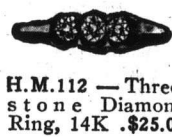
The only difference in Dingwall diamond rings of different prices is the size of the stones—the quality in everyone is the same—the best, perfect in cutting, free from flaws, and steel-blue in color.



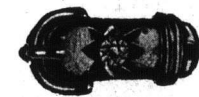
H.M.110—Single-stone Diamond Ring, 14K \$10.00



H.M.111—Single-stone Diamond Ring, 14K \$25.00



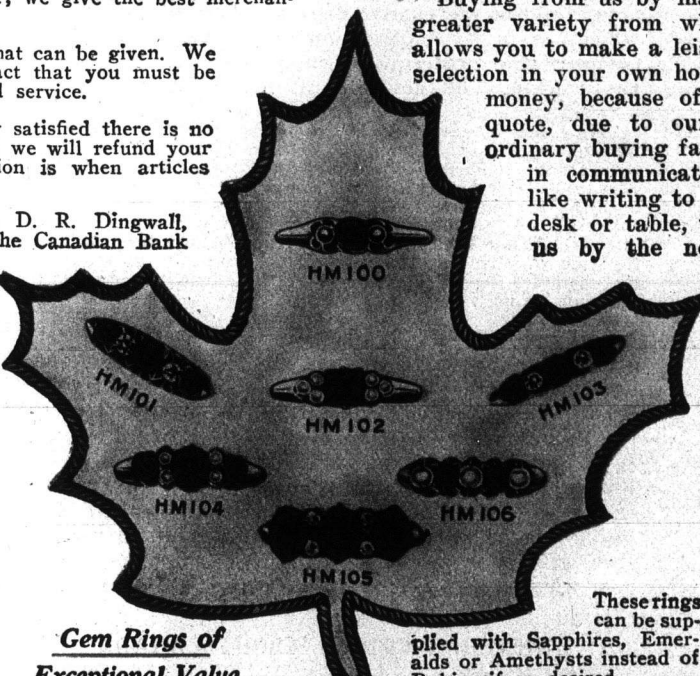
H.M.112—Three-stone Diamond Ring, 14K \$25.00



H.M.113—Single-stone buckle Diamond Ring, 14K, \$20.00



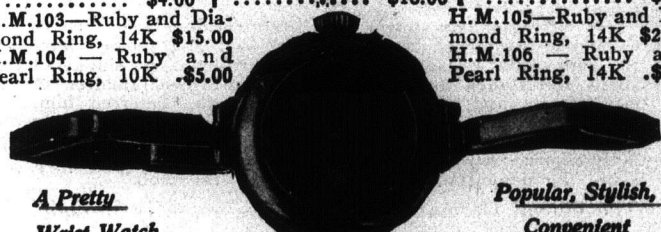
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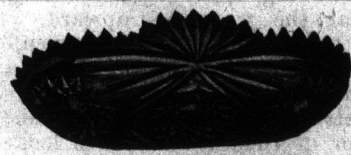
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The Philosopher

MARCONI AND ZEPPELIN

The cable news told us a few weeks ago that Marconi, the famous inventor had witnessed a Zeppelin raid on one of the outskirts of London, and that he said: "How sad and sick at heart Count Zeppelin must be. If my invention were used to kill harmless men, women and children like that, I would shout out my protest to my own King and to the entire world." But in saying that Marconi magnanimously misjudged Count Zeppelin, who, as a matter of fact, has no room in his Kultur-poisoned mind for the civilized sentiments to which the great Italian gave such feeling utterance. Marconi has defended the dastardly air-raids as strenuously as the most bloodthirsty of German university professors possibly could.

A TIME OF STRUGGLE AND VISION

There have been a few times—and never before a time comparable to the present—when the people of the whole world have found themselves face to face with a new conception of life and what it means. Most of the time humanity has been, as it were, toiling up an arduous mountain amid forests and mists, not knowing clearly what was ahead, knowing only that the way was upward. There have been rare, great moments when men, thus climbing, have come out into the open and a tremendous wind has scattered the mists, and, amid the turmoil of struggle with the storm and the strenuous endeavor of their ascent, have looked up bravely and seen a new vision of the shining peak ahead. Such a time is the present.

THE TERROR THAT HAS FAILED TO TERRORIZE

The feeling actually produced in England by the Zeppelin raids is shown in the story in Punch of the little girl who complained that she had not been awakened to see the Zeppelins, and was promised that she would be awakened the next time, if she was good. They have caused some deaths, and done some destruction. But they have failed utterly to accomplish what they were counted upon so confidently by the Germans to accomplish, namely, the striking of such terror into the hearts of the British people that they would clamor for peace at any price. The air raids made by the Allies are effective in accomplishing military purposes. The Zeppelin raids against England succeed only in killing some non-combatants and doing some local damage, without any effect whatever upon the course of the war, save to stimulate recruiting in Great Britain. And English children complain that they are not awakened to see the monsters in the sky.

A CASE OF "EVIL, BE THOU MY GOOD!"

Rudyard Kipling wrote recently that he was deeply impressed by a thing said to him by a French officer at the front. "The Boche," said the French officer, using the nickname for the Germans which has come into general use in France, "is saving the world, because he is showing the world what evil is." And he added that the world had begun to doubt the existence of evil, and to get into the habit of calling wickedness folly and of thinking itself both kind and wise when it did so. There is true wisdom in that saying of the French officer. The wickedness of Germany, which has caused this war, is not mere mistakeness, or mere folly, but it is the wickedness in act which is deliberately produced by wickedness of will. Consciously and unconsciously, the German mind reveals itself. It gives reasons at great length, both to itself and to the world at large, why it should do evil. The Germans, as a nation, are thus disclosed as having allowed their evil appetites to master and pervert their minds. Just so would the mind of a man convicted of cold and deliberate murders appear, if it were fully disclosed. Such a man is usually silent; but it is not the German's nature to be silent. In all men there is, there must be, some relation between the flesh and the spirit, and out of it arises necessarily thought in self-justification of that relation, whatever it may be. Moral evil is a wrong relation between the flesh and the spirit. In the individual criminal, who disguises his passions in a denial of virtue, and who laughs at scruples with cold contempt, there is an egotism which makes him despise ordinary, decent-living people as stupid, narrow-minded timid creatures who lack his great intelligence. The German does not talk in this way about himself, but about the nation. Yet he does the same things from his national egotism that the criminal does from his personal egotism. There is the same perversion in both, the same evil will. And out of the perversion of mind thus produced comes the evil philosophy of Kultur, which seeks to justify the crimes of armies, as if the soldiers guilty of atrocities have no moral responsibility as individual human beings for the crimes they commit.

A STUPID FABRICATION

Among the German activities maintained in the United States by money from Berlin must not be forgotten a monthly magazine entitled the International, the current issue of which contains an article in French, addressed to Frenchmen, warning them against "British perfidy." Here is a specimen paragraph from that eminently characteristic production of Kultur and of German "thoroughgoingness," in the systematic dissemination of falsehood, which, as in so many other instances, serves only to prove the grotesque German inability to realize the workings of non-German minds:

"If a few thousand Englishmen hold an infinitesimal fraction of the sanguinary battle line, it is only in order that at the moment chosen by the Satanic policy of Sir Edward Grey they may run away and leave your flank open to the enemy. Where are your ally's three million soldiers? At home, preparing for another robber war after you have been destroyed. Once before they plotted the ruin of France. Do you fail to grasp the meaning of the shameful flight from Mons? If it failed, it is due only to your heroic valor."

In other words, the British carried out with superb courage and steadiness and with heavy losses, the necessary retreat from Mons, so as to expose the French flank and so bring about the destruction of the French army, in pursuance of Sir Edward Grey's deep, dark, malevolent, "Satanic" designs against France. Needless to say, there is nobody in France, or anywhere else, outside the institutions for the feeble-minded, who is so weak-brained as to regard such grotesque nonsense otherwise than as being just what it is—a stupid fabrication.

HUNNISH FICTIONS ABOUT CANADA

The weekly entitled The Fatherland, which was established in New York coincidentally with the beginning of the war and with the establishment of several other pro-German publications in different parts of the United States, makes a practice of printing some wonderful "news" from this country. Here is a sample from a recent issue of that journal of Kultur:

"In all Canadian towns and countrysides from British Columbia to Quebec the Canuck ran riot and typified himself with brutal Cossack deeds. He burned houses, plundered shops and stoned unoffending men, women and children in city streets and country roads. No one deterred him. German, Austrian and Hungarian men and women were dragged from their homes and slaughtered in the open. Native-born sons who defended foreign-bred parents were slain, the daughters were brutalized by the mob."

The official German correspondence recently brought out into the daylight of publicity in the United States, to the great discomfiture of the representatives of the German Government in that country and to the enlightenment of all who may have entertained any doubt in regard to the German methods at work under the folds of the Stars and Stripes, disclosed among other interesting matters, the fact that Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, the editor and publisher of The Fatherland, is in receipt of \$1,500 per month from the German Government. One of Viereck's specialties has been to proclaim in the most violent terms in The Fatherland that the leading newspapers of New York have been "bought with British gold and are doing their utmost, under British control and direction, to disseminate falsehoods and poison the minds of the American people against Germany." Of Viereck's own achievements in the way of subsidized falsehood, the above quoted fiction about atrocities in this country is a fine specimen.

A GERMAN SUGGESTION

The Christliche Welt ("The Christian World"), which is one of the most important of the religious journals of Germany, gives prominence in a recent issue, as we read in a London paper, to an article in which the suggestion is put forward that "In the present war, in which ruthlessness of an unprecedented type must of necessity be used, it would be wise, if Christianity is to be maintained, that it should not be preached or taught until the war is over." It is, at least, a logical suggestion to be put forward in a nation which would sacrifice everything to the doctrine that might makes right and that there are no obligations which should stand for a moment against German guns, bayonets, poison gas, incendiary torches, bestial uniform-wearers, Zeppelin bombs, submarines and well-poisoning. The war has revealed the actuality of the state-religion of Germany, which is, under the professions of Christianity, the religion of the Odin-worshipping Huns of old. It is no more Christianity than is the creed and the practice of the Germans' allies and confederates, the Armenian-massacring Turks, the Christian-massacring Turks, who have proved themselves in Armenia such apt pupils of the Turks, who in the massacres and atrocities of the most hideous sort have proved themselves in Asia Minor apt pupils of the lesson given by the Germans in Belgium.

THE FUTURE MUST BE MADE SAFE

The strong, wise words of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the distinguished and venerable ex-president of Harvard University and one of the men worthiest of respect among the world's educationists, sound clear and unanswerable through all utterances in advocacy of peace that have been heard in the United States. Not only does Dr. Eliot recognize that it is for the Allies to lay down the terms on which the war will end, but he disposes of the theorizings of those who declare that peace on any terms is desirable and that the United States should labor by exhortation with this end in view. Dr. Eliot is as great a lover of peace as Mr. W. J. Bryan is, or Miss Jane Addams, or Dr. Starr Jordan, or any other man or woman who yearns to have the horrors of war ended. But he is also a wise man, with a profound knowledge both of history and of humanity, a man who knows the world. And so he is constrained to say, with deep conviction: "Peace under present conditions would be a horrible calamity for the human race, because it would carry into the future Europe the wrongs and evils which made the actual war inevitable."

THINGS THERE CAN BE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR

It is reported that "A Harvard professor has discovered a substitute for sleep." The report says that "It is a substance which you take internally," and that "When taken, it will banish the fatigue which only sleep and rest have heretofore been able to cope with." The thing is impossible. As the confirmed disbeliever in the existence of the giraffe said when he was taken to a circus and shown a giraffe, "It can't be—there ain't no such animal!"—only the Philosopher is as certain as he is of the sun rising to-morrow that nobody in this world will ever show him, or anybody else, a substitute for

"Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

A substitute for sleep would be a violation of the essential nature of things. You might as well say that somebody had discovered a device for doing away with the law of gravitation, or a pill that would enable mankind to eat and drink gluttonously without suffering any ill, or a substitute for sound morals and right living.

A FAR FORESIGHT OF THE WAR

Many people with a gift for looking ahead foresaw the war. It is easy, indeed, to say now that it did not require miraculous foresight to predict a few years ago the great crash. But a remarkable capacity for divination must be conceded to the prophet who away back in 1882 could set "1910 or thereabouts" as the date for a conflict between Great Britain and Germany. It was an extraordinary man who made that extraordinary prediction—Charles George Gordon, better known to fame as "Chinese Gordon," who met his death in Khartoum, an undoubted genius and one of the most picturesque and heroic figures in all British military history. A letter written by Gordon in 1882 has recently been published in the London Morning Post, from which the following is an extract:

"So far as England is concerned she need not, for the next quarter of a century, be under any apprehension of serious difficulties arising with any of her European neighbors, but in 1910 or thereabouts there will have arisen a naval power which may prove mightier than she, and should she (Germany) gain the supremacy, England will become extinct both as a sea and a land power, and all her dependencies, including India, will fall into Germany's clutches. You may live to see this. I shall not, but when that time comes remember my words."

In 1882 Germany was not a sea power, had no colonies, and gave no outward manifestations of being bitten by the craze for world dominion. Thirteen years had to elapse before the British Government headed by Lord Salisbury gave Germany the little island of Heligoland, in the North Sea, which the Kaiser forthwith proceeded to convert into a Gibraltar. Eighteen years had to elapse before the first Naval Bill in the Reichstag which breathed the determination to make Germany a sea power. In 1882 Bismarck, who was still controlling Germany, was actually encouraging France to occupy more territory in Africa, and as doing his utmost in his own subtle way to promote friction between Great Britain and France over that and other questions. But "Chinese Gordon" looked far beyond the superficial friction of the hour between Great Britain and France, and had a true vision of what the future held in store. Gordon was part soldier, part statesman, part mystic. It has been granted to few to have so wide a range of experience as he had, or to read the future as he read it.



**New Lieutenant-Governors
In Alberta and Saskatchewan**

With last month new Lieutenant-Governors were appointed for the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The gentlemen accepting office were Dr. R. G. Brett, of Banff, Alberta, and Mr. R. S. Lake, of Grenfell, Saskatchewan, whose pictures appear above.

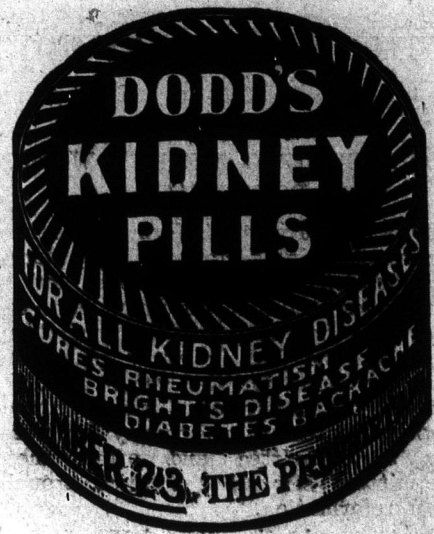
The swearing in for Saskatchewan took place at Regina, on the 18th, and for Alberta, at Edmonton, on the 20th, the chief justice of the respective Provinces administering the necessary oath.

The new appointee in Alberta, Robert George Brett, M.D., is Canadian born and educated. He saw the light of day at Strathroy, Ont., in 1851. After passing through the public and grammar schools of that town he attended Toronto University, graduating therefrom with the degree of M.D. in 1874. In 1876 he took a post-graduate course in New York, and then attended Vienna, where a special course in surgery and gynecology was taken. Returning to his home land the doctor practised for a time in Arkona, Ont., of which place he was reeve. Later he moved West, practising at Winnipeg, where he was one of the founders of Manitoba College, in which institution he held the chair of materia medica and therapeutics, and in connection therewith is to-day emeritus professor of gynecology and obstetrics. For several years he was a councillor and executor of the board of studies of Manitoba University, and held the position of assistant surgeon to the 90th regiment. Years back he became physician-surgeon for the C.P.R., a position he has held ever since. In the early 80's the doctor established the Brett sanatorium, now known as the Brett hospital, of which he is medical director. It is generally conceded that had it not been for Dr. Brett the C.P.R. would not have taken up Banff health resort as they have done, he having pressed upon the management, in and out of season, the advantages of the mineral water to be found there as of medicinal value. For some years the new Lieutenant-Governor was president of the Royal College of Physicians of the old Northwest Territories, and is now a member of the Medical Council of Alberta. In politics Dr. Brett is a Conservative, and he has held more than one prominent position in the gift of that body. From 1889 to 1892 he

sat on the Advisory Council of the N.W.T., and in the Assembly up to 1900. For two years he was president of the Executive Council, and later leader of the opposition in the Chamber. In 1908 the doctor became president of the Alberta Conservative Association. He has always been alive to the interests of the West, and particularly Alberta, aiding, in promotion and otherwise, anything looking to its advancement. During the present great struggle he has untiringly assisted the Red Cross work. Dr. Brett loves clean sport, and himself is a great currier. He is an Anglican in religion, and well up in Masonry.

Mr. Richard Stuart Lake, the new representative of His Majesty in Saskatchewan, has also been before the public in prominent capacity for some time. He is a son of the late Col. Percy G. B. Lake, who served with distinction in the British army, both in His Majesty's 54th and 100th regiments. He was in the admiralty in Cyprus from 1878 to 1883. After retiring from the British service he came to Canada, and settled with his family near Grenfell, where Wimmerleigh Grange was established. This was in 1883, since which time the new official has been farming in the West. From 1898 to 1904 Mr. Lake represented the Grenfell constituency in the Legislative Assembly of the Northwest Territories, and sat in the House of Commons, as conservative representative for Qu'Appelle, from 1904, being re-elected in 1908. He is a man in the prime of life, and has shown keen interest in the advancement of Western Canada. Mr. Lake was born at Preston, Eng., July 10, 1860, and educated at Haversham Grammar school, Westmoreland. In religion he is an Anglican.

The new Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan is a member of a family of soldiers. As stated above, his father saw service in the British ranks and his brother, Gen. Sir Percy H. N. Lake, is of the Imperial army. The latter was loaned to Canada by the Imperial



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October 1, 1915

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

DOES WINNIPEG "NEED" A WOMAN POLICEMAN?

It is a good thing to form committees for investigating factories, shops, stores, organizations and institutions, but I sometimes feel that reformers hate the bad more than they love the good. They look for the bad in every place and have no sight for the good. A little bit of idle gossip or a rumor immediately creates an opportunity for forming a committee and often these committees stir up far more trouble than reformation.

Just now in the city of Winnipeg a movement is on foot to meddle with affairs at the Winnipeg Police station. It appears to me the energy might be used in other fields more helpfully because Winnipeg is most fortunate in having at the head of its police affairs men who are capable and considerate as well—so far as the treatment of girls and women prisoners are concerned, and I doubt very much if a committee of women would treat the female inmates as well as they are being treated by the men now in charge. When items concerning girls and women prisoners appear in the press only in the spirit of criticism are they written. Perhaps "an innocent young girl" has been arrested and immediately the feminine population appoint a committee. Some time ago an item appeared in which the police were criticized for having up before trial "a young innocent girl." I went to see the girl in her cell and found she had lived in the very depths of a city's vileness. Furthermore she was dragging young girls from good homes down with her. The morality officer had quietly taken a girl who was with her to her parents—of course nothing was said about this act of protecting the name of a good home. These men do not herald broadcast the good they do—but they rescue from bad company more young girls than people realize and only get reportorial knocks in return for their consideration.

When I urged this girl to consent to go to a place where she would develop into a good useful woman, the morality officer kindly advised her as an elder brother would. What he said influenced her decision more than my pleading and yet the newspaper report the next day described this man as hard hearted. The magistrate was kind in his decision, and after the girl left the station she said she had been treated with splendid consideration during the days of her imprisonment. I studied this case carefully and feel that the police officials were right in their judgment, and that they treated her more considerately than a woman's court might have done.

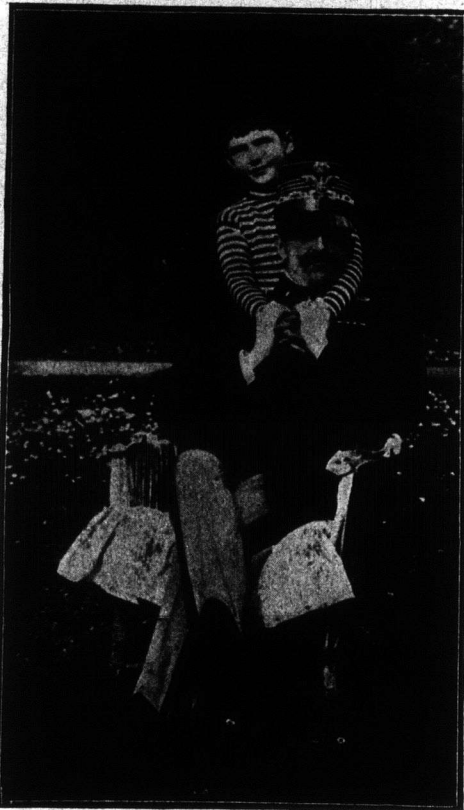
Last winter a certain girl of my acquaintance was arrested. I am positive a woman officer would not have been more just. The officer urged her to cease earning her living in the way she did and gave her another chance to make good. There was no publicity given her arrest. There are scores of such experiences I am sure but the public does not hear about them.

Two years ago when The Mothers' Association sent me down to see a girl, I was impressed with the splendid courtesy of the men in charge. They were all strangers to me. I went down entirely unbiased as I did not know one of them, and I came from there feeling that it is most unfair for the public to be deceived by wrong newspaper reports regarding these men who maintain law and order in this city. I was surprised at the conditions surrounding the police station. The women's cells are light, sunny and well ventilated. Opening into these cells are a large bathroom and kitchen, which are clean as they are scrubbed every day. Near these quarters are several other cells furnished with comfortable beds. They did not appear like cells to me but like comfortable bed rooms. I went through a large part of the station, and everywhere I noticed the same

good ventilation, sunlight and cleanliness.

At that time I reported to the Mothers' Association that considering the type of men Winnipeg has as police officials a woman police officer is not necessary. Since then I have been in touch with other cases there and I am of the same opinion. I feel sure that there are many cities that need women officers but I believe Winnipeg is an exception at present.

The Salvation Army does a splendid work among the female prisoners here. The matron in charge of the woman's section is a Salvation Army woman. A big work is needed to be done by the women of the city for the wage earning girl—and the girl who does not earn wages—yes, and for the home girl too. A careful investigation in some of the churches is needed. Men may be found there who direct the girl to the path that leads to the police station. Not all of the villains are in the underworld. Down in the underworld he is watched; in the church he works unmolested. There are



Prince Humbert of Italy embracing his father, King Victor Emmanuel's only son and is the heir apparent to the Italian throne. The little prince recently visited the fighting line by special permission of his father and together with his tutor he was allowed to see the first line entrenchments. The little prince is closely interested in the moves of his father's armies and with the help of his tutor follows the daily progress of the general staff reports on a big war map.

boarding houses, too, that need attention. A few are traps for innocent girls. Some of the "want ads" need investigation. Send your young girl detective as waitress to some of the restaurants. More mothering is the crying need. Our police officials are doing their part—let the women direct their efforts to the causes that send the girl to the station.

The mails bring me letters from many girls who ask me to explain what their mothers should tell them about themselves. Girls need "mothering" more—the mothering that will warn them of bad company—the mothering that will love them. Be a mother to some mother's daughter. Our lonely girls—our misunderstood girls need mothers.

One more word in regard to our Winnipeg police. During the past ten years that I have been interested in the girlhood of Winnipeg, I have never heard one word of complaint regarding police attention. Young women travellers who have visited most of the large cities in the States have told me that they had more confidence in the directions given them by the Winnipeg officers than those of any other city they had visited. Splendid patriotic men

they are for a large percentage have answered the call of the Empire, and the service they are rendering our country proves their superior quality of manhood. The enlistment of Deputy Chief Newton means a great loss to the city of Winnipeg. For fourteen years he has served the city in a way few realize—he has worked for the good of Winnipeg's unfortunate humanity. I am sure he is one of the best of the city's benefactors.

FIGHTING A HABIT

Not all of the drinking is done by men. I sometimes wonder why all of the reformatory arrows are aimed at the men. Some of the country towns about Winnipeg must have been shocked at certain groups of hunting parties from Winnipeg. Men and women, too, need vacations but does recreation necessitate irresponsibility of their manhood and womanhood? These hunting parties were not all men—there were women as well, and the men were not the only ones intoxicated.

It does seem worse to me to see women and girls drink and smoke than men. More is expected of women.

Last winter an intoxicated girl came to me. When she became sober and I talked with her concerning her future she seemed anxious to be a woman—yet periodically she returns to me "down and out." Somehow when a girl has allowed her willpower to weaken, the world is a hard battle ground for her. How do some of these girls acquire the habit? Women require domestic girls to "mix the drinks" and also use it in the food; waitresses are required to serve intoxicants and sometimes when they are tired or discouraged the temptation is too handy to resist. Then they use it for medicine. I am astonished at the number who began the use of it in this way. Some girls who are over tired or poorly nourished in shops and stores use it for a stimulant.

There is work in the feminine population for the temperance reformer. You cannot fight the drug habit, the alcohol habit or any other habit through the stomach. They can be defeated only on the battleground of the brain. Leaning on strengthening thoughts is good support for any girl. Lower than herself can no woman think. Before a girl can lift herself she must lift her thoughts. Nature always demands payment for her bills.

COURTESY

Some of our young men in rural communities complain of the lack of courtesy in their girl acquaintances; they say they are ridiculed if they tip their hats or try to be gentlemanly. I must say that I, too, have noticed this occasionally. If a young man confers on a girl any kindness, she should thank him. Some girls think it is a favor to men to allow them to be attentive. Courtesy is a queenly quality. No girl can be womanly without it. There is a fortune in good manners. Good manners mean consideration for others—kindness. Be kind at all times—in all places. How can a girl expect respect from men if they are rude?

A girl of my acquaintance was kindly asked for a dance.

"No, sir!" she exclaimed.

The young man was stunned for a moment by her rudeness.

"No, thank you," in a kind voice and manner would have raised his estimation of girlhood generally. Madame de Stahl was not beautiful but extremely courteous and she shaped the careers of great men through her charming personality. The Emperor Napoleon feared her more than any man in Europe.

When Dickens entered a room "it was like a sudden kindling of a big fire by which every one was warmed," so courteous was he.

Women of power are those who have a courteous personality. Josephine was a leader of the drawing-room. The secret of her personality that made her so popular was told by herself. "There is only one occasion in which I would voluntarily use the words, 'I will'—namely, when I would say 'I will that all around me be happy.'"

"It was only a glad good morning,
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

The most fascinating—the most popular girl is the one of most winning manners—not the one of greatest physical beauty.

Many a girl might double her influence and success by being courteous. Sincerity is the keynote to good manners.

Whittier said this about a courteous woman:

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming."

POSSIBILITIES FOR GIRLS

The organization of girls' clubs, with reference to the home interests, such as canning clubs, mother-daughter clubs, wheat and bread, sewing, cooking and other activities is doing much to keep the girls in the country. Girls are beginning to discover that the place as a home maker, to control it and to manage it requires brains and skill.

Miss Marie Cromer, a young country school teacher in South Carolina suggested a national movement for girls that is transforming the home and social life of rural America. She started a tomato club of forty-six girls. These girls put up over 6,000 cans of tomatoes and gallons of sauces. The next year over 3,000 girls were enrolled; the next year 23,550 were registered and the General Education Board gave a check for \$25,000 to extend the work. In 1914 there were over 60,000 girls enrolled. Last year Congress assigned a quarter of a million dollars for the work, and it produced near \$200,000 in profit. These profits will mean luxuries for the country girl—as well as comforts.

In one community—Hamilton Co., Tennessee, Miss Virginia Moore's club won first honors. Her club of 102 girls raised 121,822 pounds of tomatoes. Miss Katie Gunner of Samaria, S. C. canned 512 cans with a profit of \$60 from one-tenth of an acre of land. Many of these girls use their profits to begin poultry raising and dairying.

Helen Durham of Bountiful Utah—a girl twelve years of age—canned ninety-nine varieties of fruit and vegetables in 1914. These girls are encouraged in every possible way by the great national school for Domestic Science. Prizes are awarded for their experience. Records of these are kept at Washington. The contests are vital and prove that millions of dollars can be saved where millions were wasted. It is making over rural life and suggests possibilities for our girls.

HAPPINESS—WHAT IS IT?

Here is a quotation I have before me in large print: "I try to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep of nights. I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I will influence others if I can, but only by aiding them. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate or revenge."

Elbert Hubbard wrote this and here are a few more of his thoughts.

"People who look for the good, start not only emigration but every good thing in their direction.

"Lovers look for the good in each other. By idealizing, we bring things to pass. We imagine it first and create it afterward.

"You can't get happiness by taking it away from someone else.

"You keep happiness by giving it away.

"When we are happy we are generous with our friends, lenient toward our enemies—strong, patient, able, courageous, hopeful, looking for the good—and finding it." And yet there are churches that refused to let Elbert Hubbard lecture in them because they said he had no religion.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

In the last number of the Pictorial Review there is a most interesting article by Mabel Potter Daggett on "The Frenchwoman's Fight for Equal Rights," "The Indirect Method and the Results Already Accomplished." The indirect method is of course, coaxing persuasion and diplomacy, where the women of other nations have demanded the improvement of laws and the use of the ballot as their right. Few English speaking women in these days would favor any return to the indirect method. Fifty years trial of it in England did not get the women very much.

But feminists everywhere will take off their hats to the French women for what they have accomplished, and wish them godspeed. The article is chiefly interesting because of the light it throws on the legal disabilities under which French women have labored and still labor.

The possession of a "dot" is practically a first requisite if a Frenchwoman is to marry, yet the women who invariably brought money to the marriage contract had no right to the wages which she earned after marriage, until very recently. It took Madame Jeanne Schamhl 20 years of hard and continuous effort to bring about this reform. There is probably no country in the world where so large a percentage of the married women are wage earners as France.

Even now the French husband has the administration of all the common prop-

erty and though he cannot sell any real estate belonging to his wife, without her consent he can do what he likes with her personal property and she cannot say him nay. The wife however, must have her husband's consent or the special permission of the court before she can mortgage or sell her own property. And though she may now spend her own wages, she cannot invest them in permanent property without her husband's consent.

She cannot have a separate bank account and check book without her husband's consent, Madame Miropolsky one of the most brilliant lawyers of Paris, who gets very large fees for her work, could only achieve the legal right to her bank account and her cheque book on the written request of her husband to the courts to grant her this privilege. Be it said her husband is a devoted feminist himself and is working hand in hand with his splendid wife to achieve freedom and equality for women in the eyes of the law.

A little over a year ago, just shortly before the war in fact, the senate on the Seine appointed a commission to consider the problem of depopulation in France and named two hundred doctors and lawyers, magistrates and other public officials to settle this question of state.

Madame Verone who is a lawyer and possibly the leading feminist of Europe wrote on behalf of women to inquire why there were no women on this commission.

This is part of her letter: "It has appeared to us, that in this long list of members of the Commission, you have for-

gotten one category of persons without whom you can never accomplish repopulation, namely women. You may point out to us our incapacity in other directions. You may declare that we ought to remain under the absolute authority of the husband. You may decide that our wages and our salaries should be inferior to those of men. But it is certainly an indisputable point that this question concerning the bringing of children into the world is our business. We are astonished that not a single woman has been invited to express her views on the subject. This which we ask is much less to exercise a right than to fulfil a duty and so accomplish our mission as wives and mothers. We are convinced that it will be sufficient to point out to you the omission (perhaps inadvertent) that you have made, in order that it shall be rectified."

But it was not rectified. The reply came back, to Marie Verone and the League that the government could not appoint women in this capacity "because the virility of the Commission must be maintained."

One cannot help wondering, if after the war is over the Senate on the Seine will dare to suggest that women on a commission would lessen its virility.

So many of the injustices that French women labor under are directly traceable to Napoleon the 1st. He certainly proved by the laws he laid down, his utter belief in his famous, brutal statement that "women should be a gestation point and nothing more."

One of the most iniquitous of these Napoleonic enactments was the law that no unmarried mother must dare to name the father of her child. This law, after years of labor on the part of both men and women, was changed three years

ago, though even yet there is intimidation to prevent the girl letting it be known who is the father of her child.

Perhaps one of the most hopeful things about the movement in France is the extent to which men and women are working together. In 1913 the League of Rights for men with its membership of 80,000 declared for woman suffrage.

Before the war there were more than seven millions, over forty-eight per cent of the entire female population engaged in wage earning occupations, and since the war began these have increased. Yet none of these women has a right to say what law she will work under. But it is coming the long delayed justice.

The Homey Atmosphere

By Sylvia Raymond

"It doesn't seem as if a gay young girl like Kit Merrill would ever make a good wife and home-keeper, does it?"

"What sort of a housekeeper do you suppose Kit will make? She doesn't know much more about actual care than a butterfly does." These and other remarks were passing around a company of very domestic women.

"We'll see," said a sweet-faced woman, with silvery hair. "My prophecy is that she will do better than you expect. I quite look for hers to be a model home."

"How so? I don't believe she could make a loaf of bread, if she tried."

"Perhaps you do not know what she has been learning of late. Anyway, remember the atmosphere she has always lived in. Her mother has kept the idea of home and family ever before her girls, even if she has not required them to do much work. They are fairly steeped in hominess. This must be done and that, for the sake of the family, and it's 'we' or 'our' all the time. Though she is a model hostess, Mrs. Merrill is always talking about having things to 'make ourselves comfortable all by ourselves.' She doesn't talk to her girls in a silly way about getting married, but she sometimes says, 'I want you girls to remember that you must do so and so when you have a house to manage'; 'I have an errand to do this afternoon, and would like you to be here to make it as pleasant as you can for your father when he comes in'; 'You do this for me and I'll do that for you.' She talks over her plans for rearranging rooms, repairing household linen, about new furnishings as seriously with the girls, as she does about keeping their wardrobes in order. Early in their girlhood Mrs. Merrill began giving her girls bits of household property, saying, 'We'll put this in the parlor or hang it in the dining-room now, but it is to be yours when you have a home of your own.' She told me once that about half the property in the house had a lien on it in that way. She has a thousand and one ways of helping the girls understand the spirit of true home-keeping. Kit'll know what to do, I'm sure."

To train girls all along to appreciate home, to be partners in the duties and interests of the home, to know the secrets of true home-making is to bring them up in the way they should go, prepare them to be true home-makers.

Bulbs and their Culture

By Irene Wilson

What is it haunts the summer air?
A sense of something lately passed away;
Something pleasant, something fair,
That was with us yesterday,
And is no longer there.
Now from the pasture comes no baby
bleat,
Nor the frisk of frolic feet,
There is seen,
Blossom and bloom have spread their
wings and flown,
And the bosks and orchard green
The rosy flush of childhood have out-
grown.

—A. Austin.
When the trees put on their coat of red, and gold, and the birds prepare to depart for warmer climes, we know that winter is approaching. Only a few of us can do like the birds, migrate to a land of sunshine and flowers; but with a little effort we can have the flowers at home.

DAINTY EMBROIDERY ARTICLES

We have much pleasure in publishing below a number of embroidery articles which, we believe, will be popular with our readers on account of their utility and beauty. We are in a position to fill all orders promptly.

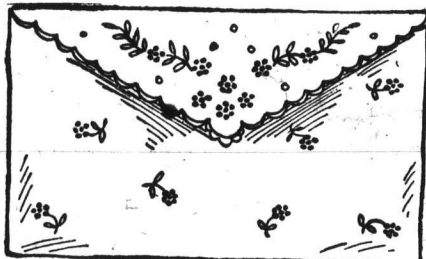
0275—Towel End—A variety of pretty Embroidered Towels is the housewife's delight. Here is an extremely pretty design, to be embroidered in Solid Stitch with Buttonhole Edge. Space is re-



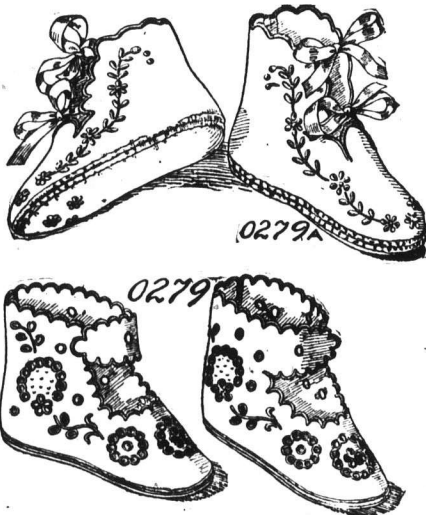
served for the monogram if one desires it. Stamped on Cotton Huck 15 x 23 inches—(Guest size). Price, 30c. Stamped on Cotton Huck 20 x 36 inches—(Full size), 55c. Perforated pattern including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.



0192—Scarf Design—18 x 52 inches. The accompanying illustration portrays a very handsome scarf, very simple to embroider, but extremely effective in the new Apenzel or Thousand Flower Stitch, with Buttonhole edge. Stamped on White Art Linon, 45c. Stamped on Pure Imported White Linen, 75c. Perforated pattern including necessary stamping materials, 15c.



0245—Handkerchief or Glove Case—A simple effective design for Handkerchief or Glove Case, that is easily and quickly embroidered in Eyelet or Solid Embroidery, with Buttonhole edge on the cover flap. Stamped on Imitation Linen, including embroidery cotton to work, 25c. Stamped on Fine Linen, including embroidery cotton to work, 35c. Perforated pattern including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.

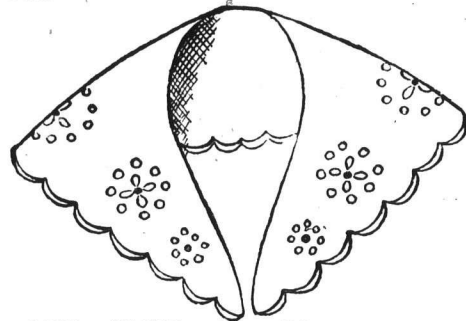


0279-0279A—Bootees for Baby—Here are two of the prettiest pairs of Bootees for Baby ever yet shown. No. 0279 to be embroidered in the ever popular Eyelet Embroidery and No. 0279A, Solid Embroidery, both with Buttonhole edge.

0279—Stamped on Fine Pique, Poplin or Linen, including Embroidery Cotton to work, 30c per pair. Perforated pattern including stamping materials, 15c.

0279A—Stamped on Fine Pique, Poplin or Linen, including Embroidery Cotton to work, 30c per pair. Perforated pattern including stamping materials, 15c.

0179—Collar Design—A very neat Collar Design, attractive in its simplicity. To be embroidered in Eyelet or Solid Stitch, with Buttonhole edge. Stamped on lawn, 20c. Stamped on Pure Imported White Linen, 30c. Cotton for working, 20c. Perforated pattern including all necessary stamping materials 15c.



0234—Child's One Piece Dress—A charmingly pretty little frock for the "little one." The simple daisy spray to be embroidered in Eyelet Embroidery or Solid stitch with neck and sleeve edges in Buttonhole stitch. In sizes 2 and 4 years. Stamped on Batiste, Mercerized Poplin, or Pique, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work. Price, 60c. In size 6 years, stamped on Batiste, Mercerized Poplin or Pique, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 75c.



State size and kind of material desired. Perforated pattern including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.

Address all orders to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

No one should be without a few bulbs for winter blooming. Hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, freesias, crocuses, and Chinese sacred lilies are the best bulbs for house culture. Other bulbs may be grown if desired.

Bulbs may be planted any time from September to December, inclusive, but they should be planted the last of September for Christmas blooming. Plant in a good mixture of loam and sand, having a drainage of broken dishes or stones. Press the earth well around the bulb, leaving the crown exposed. In planting narcissus see that the earth beneath the bulb is loose and fine, else the bulb will have a tendency to push itself upwards, and the bloom may be destroyed.

Tulips and crocuses do well if planted thickly, a small pot affording room for several bulbs. A four-inch pot holds a couple of hyacinths or four or five freesias, and a five-inch pot a couple of narcissus.

After planting give the bulbs one good watering, and place them in a dark cellar or closet where they will not be disturbed by the mice. Allow them to remain in the dark until the pots are filled with roots and the bulbs have sent up a small shoot, which will be six weeks or longer. See that the earth is kept damp, but water only when necessary, the amount of water required depending on the temperature.

After the shoots have begun to grow, bring gradually to the light. It is best to keep them where the light is subdued until the flower head can be discerned. Narcissus require lots of sunshine, but the other bulbs do as well without the direct light of the sun.

Unlike the other bulbs, freesias begin to make growth immediately, and need not be placed in the dark to make roots.

October is the best month for planting bulbs in the garden. They form their roots during the winter, and are thus prepared to get an early start in the spring. For out-door planting bulbs should be massed and not grown as single specimens. Tulips and hyacinths should be planted six inches deep, the tulips five inches apart and hyacinths seven, jonquils five inches deep and six inches apart, crocuses the same depth but two inches apart, while narcissus should be planted seven inches deep and eight to twelve inches apart, as they multiply so rapidly. If the earth is already rich no fertilizer need be added. If fresh manure is used it is likely to rot the bulbs. After the earth has been well worked up and the bulbs planted, they must have some protection for the winter. The best protection is loose, strawy manure. In warmer climates only about three inches of mulch is necessary, and in the spring this can be worked into the ground to act as a fertilizer. But in the cold northern climate about six inches of mulch is necessary, and a part of this must be removed in the spring.

The bulbs make their growth and then die down so early in the spring that their space can be used for annuals that are not deep rooted. The seeds can be sown or the plants set out almost before the bulb tops have died down, the bulbs remaining dormant until the following spring.

In some climates the bulbs multiply rapidly. The larger ones, if taken up, make good bulbs for the house. Since bulbs once planted remain in the ground and continue to bloom every spring, it only takes a short time to get a good collection by adding a few choice bulbs every autumn.



The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen.

Lately Viceroy and Vicerene of Ireland; and the Marquis a former Governor General of Canada, arrived recently in the United States and are now on a tour in Canada. They came to the United States and Canada to attend meetings and to lecture on social subjects. The Marchioness is President of the International Council of Women, and since her arrival, she has addressed the Toronto Council. Two kings have lavished honors on this couple, who hold such a high place in the regard and affection of the Canadian people.

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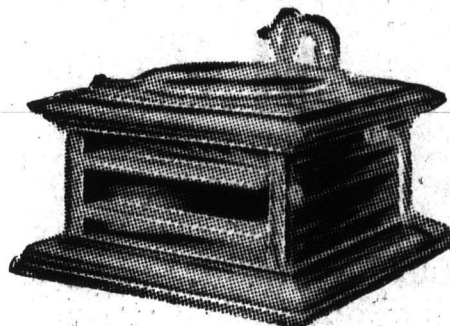
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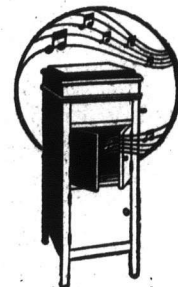


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Temperance Progress throughout the Dominion

(Continued from Page 23)

of these two provinces except the city of Halifax. The capital city of New Brunswick has been under prohibition for over thirty years, and has twice defeated an attempt to repeal the law, each time with a larger majority.

When we come to the last and the smallest of the nine sisters of Confederation, the little garden of the Gulf, Prince Edward Island, we reach the climax of our story, for this province is under complete provincial prohibition, and has made a success of its operation for eleven years. The Prince Edward Island law is none other than the celebrated Hugh John Macdonald Act, which was adopted by Manitoba in 1900, but which never went into operation. Manitoba provided the act, and Prince Edward Island has proved it and stamped it O.K.

Great as have been the victories won throughout our dominion, greater is the promise of progress to come out of such sane, strong leadership and organization as these recent years have brought us.

It takes about 10,000,000 bacteria to produce one, packed closely together. In fifteen minutes, the 10,000,000 germs become 20,000,000; in fifteen more, 40,000,000; and so on, until the figures become too large for the space on this paper.

It is evident that germs thrive best at body temperature in partially sealed test-tubes containing sickly human blood. Exposure to sunlight, fresh air, or running water checks the growth and kills the germs.

From this fact it is obvious that a clean, firm skin exposed to sunlight is the first essential to avoiding disease. Secondly, the system should be kept up by plenty of exercise and proper diet.

Thirdly, all cuts and wounds should be promptly disinfected either with peroxide or iodine.

With these conditions, the invading germs will find no ground on which to lodge, and if they manage to find entry into the body, they will be promptly destroyed by the resisting corpuscles of the blood whose function it is to serve as an army against attack.

What's the Use?

George Ade, Oliver Herford and several others were once swapping stories having for their basis the inability of the Briton to understand an American joke. The party laughed heartily at several of the tales, when a "bromide" who chanced to be present offered this perfectly obvious remark:

"Well, you can always tell an Englishman."

"Of course you can," said Ade, "but it doesn't do any good."

A New Method of Curing Disease

by Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, A.M., M.D., Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins).

It is now known that germs propagate in geometrical ratio, and the commonest disease germs double in number every fifteen minutes. Their increase can be checked only by disinfectant media, or by removing the material on which they feed.

The common pimple is a good example.

TYPES OF SOLDIERS FIGHTING WITH THE TEUTONS



- 1—Turk.
- 5—German Uhlán.
- 9—German Cavalry Inspector.
- 2—Austrian Infantry.
- 6—German General Staff.
- 10—German, Death's Head Hussar.
- 3—Austrian Officer.
- 7—German Infantry Officer.
- 11—Bavarian Landsturm.
- 4—Austrian Officer.
- 8—German Cavalry Sharpshooter.
- 12—German Landwehr.

Paddy

by Margaret Bemister

THEY sat on the back-door step together—a little tramp dog, well content and a small boy with a big ache at his heart. The dog could not understand the cause of the ache, but he knew that it was there so he drew closer to this comrade of a few hours whose love meant such a change for him. The boy slipped his arm around the dog's collarless neck and held him tight. Then he laid his cheek on the rough head and spoke with a gulp:

"And I had named you Paddy—and had fetched the box to make a kennel with and now I can't keep you."

Paddy licked the boy's hand and wagged his tail in an effort at comfort. In his own dog-way he half realized the trouble for he had learned from lonely experience that tramp dogs are not welcomed by mothers who find small muddy boots quite sufficient without four paws, equally muddy, following in their wake. But he comprehended as little as his would-be master did, how sleepless nights and anxious days had sharpened tense nerves until the quick refusal of an hour ago had been almost involuntary.

"And all the other boys have a dog—and I found you sittin' by the side of the road just as if you were waitin' for me—and now Ma says I can't keep you." His voice was lost in another gulp and Paddy turned with quick sympathy and licked his face.

From the kitchen behind them came the rattle of dishes and the scraping noise of chairs being drawn to the table, then the door opened and a small voice called: "Bobby, Ma wants you to come into dinner right away." For a moment the boy did not stir except to tighten his hold on the dog's neck, then with a jerk he rose and said roughly, "Go away, I can't keep you. Go away." The dog arose to his feet and stood looking up with questioning eyes and slowly wagging tail, but made no movement of obeying the command.

"Go away, I tell you," repeated the boy hoarsely as he turned to go in. "Find some one else to keep you, I can't," and without looking back he went in and slammed the door.

Left alone, Paddy seated himself to await his reappearance. For the first time in his vagabond life some one had loved him and from the depths of his starved little heart, love and loyalty were throbbing in glad return. So he settled himself to watch patiently for a sign that his master had relented and would not banish him to his lonely wanderings again. But the door remained resolutely closed, while from behind it came the mingled noises of spoons and plates and children's voices. Paddy's ears sprang up quickly as he caught the sound of Bobby's voice rising higher than the rest. "He's gone. I sent him away—and he can't come back, so that's all there is about it." The boy's voice was loud and harsh and Paddy did not notice its unsteadiness. As he heard the words he got up slowly and with lowered head and drooping tail made his way to the gate. From there he looked back wistfully, but the door was still closed, so he pushed the gate open with his paw and went out once more into a wide, masterless world.

At the bend in the dusty road he turned and stood motionless for some time. He could see the small tree-sheltered house and the yard beyond where the children played. But the latter was still empty and no sound came to him through the noon stillness, except the whirr of a binder in a field nearby. He made as if to start on his way again, but went only a few yards ahead then walked to the side of the road and let himself drop down under the shade of the bushes. With his nose on his paws and his anxious eyes fixed on the open gate in the distance he waited—perhaps even yet a sign might come. The binder whirred loudly as it neared the corner, then gradually withdrew with softened clankings to the other end of the field only to return noisily once more. But Paddy did not notice its coming and goings any more than that of the tormenting blue-fly that buzzed persistently around his nose.

And as he watched, a figure came through the gate, not the sturdy brown-

legged one he was longing for, but a tiny form in a blue linen suit, with uncovered golden curls. Down the middle of the road he pattered, chuckling joyously at the clouds of dust upraised by his chubby, sandaled feet. As he came near, Paddy crossed the road towards him and sniffed at the blue linen dress. "Hello, doggie, nice doggie. I likes you, come wif me," invited the baby, with the friendliest smiles. But Paddy was not to be coerced. He wagged his tail good naturedly, allowed his head and ears to be patted and pulled, then turned back to his place under the bushes, while the baby with a cry of delight disappeared around the bend of the road, in pursuit of a great yellow butterfly that floated temptingly low.

The noise of the binder gradually withdrew to the centre of the field, the blue-bottle buzzed in repeated attacks and finally flew away, and the shadows grew longer until they reached the dusty fringe of grass that bordered the roadside. Still the beloved form did not come forth from the house and at last Paddy wearily pulled himself up and turned towards the road. Suddenly his ears were pricked sharply. A sound had reached them—faint and feeble to any sense less acute than his.

With a bound he dashed into the bushes and began forcing his way through their tangled undergrowth. Again the sound came, the wailing cry of a child. With unerring instinct he pushed through the low, dense willows and came out on the edge of the reed-grown slough that lay back from the road. He paused with head lifted, and keen eyes sweeping the marshy

surface. A bunch of reeds nearby swayed jerkily, then were still. Paddy crashed forward and seized a piece of something blue which gleamed at their roots. A strong tug and the tiny form lying face downwards was drawn from the slimy pool.

Then grasping a mouthful of the stout linen dress between his teeth, Paddy made his way back over the boggy ground. Reaching the edge, he laid his motionless little burden down and softly licked the small white face. In a moment the blue eyes opened and a chubby hand was half raised to stroke him, but the heavy lids drooped and closed and a strange quiet stole over the baby body. Paddy watching expectantly for the eyes to open again, barked sharply once or twice, then took hold of the baby's sleeve and gave him a gentle shake. Even this met with no response, so with his soft warm tongue he began to stroke the tiny hands and face that seemed to be growing colder. A vague sense of something wrong came to him. Help was needed, strong human help. Where could he get it? His quick, anxious glance searched the thicket of willows. There was no one to be seen. Lifting his head, he uttered several sharp, howling barks. Still all was silent. Paddy stood irresolute, then dropping down beside the baby, he stretched his warm body over the little form and began to lick the face and hands again, with a gentle, patient persistence. After a time his quick ears caught a sound. It came from the road on the other side of the willows. He barked loudly, sharply, hopefully, but there came no reply, and after listening intently for a few minutes he resumed his patient strokings.

The long afternoon wore on and the tiny form still lay motionless, except for a faint fluttering at the temples which the

dog's soft tongue could feel, when suddenly the thud of running feet, the echo of shouting voices, reached his ears. Once again he raised his head and barked—loudly, appealingly, desperately, and before he had ceased there was a crashing noise in the bushes and a form hurled itself through and leaped towards them. Paddy jumped forward with a joyful bark, as the boy gathered the baby in his strong young arms, murmuring hoarsely; "Say you are not dead, Baby, say you are not dead." And as he entreated the blue eyes opened and the soft lips tried to smile. Tears streamed unashamed down the boy's sunburned cheeks as he turned to the anxious searchers, who began to gather in from all sides, and as the joyful group moved slowly towards the road with him, Paddy slipped quietly in at his heels unnoticed in the crowd and excitement.

When the small brown house was reached and the limp little form had been placed in the mother's agonized arms, outstretched for it, the kindly friends entered also to assist and rejoice and so Paddy found himself once more seated on the step alone.

But it was not for long. The door suddenly opened and a beloved figure reached out eagerly and drew him in. In the centre of the room the baby lay on his mother's knee, breathing softly and naturally now. Paddy slowly drew near them, his rough yellow hair coated with the dried mud from the slough, his paws making a moist track on the floor, and in his patient brown eyes a look of wistful pleading. He sniffed inquiringly at the little figure and softly licked the warm fingers. Then a trembling hand was laid on his head and a choking voice said: "Paddy, oh Paddy, can you forgive me?" The soft eyes looked up into the mother's tear-stained face bent over him, then he quietly laid his face on her knee beside the fair curly one of the baby and at the same time two boyish arms slipped around his neck and held him tight—and Paddy knew he was no longer a little, masterless, tramp dog.

Eagle and Cat

An Indiana farmer, while plowing one day, says a writer in the Indianapolis News, was a witness of a thrilling fight between a cat and an eagle. It was claws and beak against claws and teeth, and resulted in a draw. The farmer saw what at first he took to be a chicken-hawk sweeping down on his barn-yard.

The bird swooped, struck and rose, but, to the farmer's surprise, it held in its talons not a chicken, but his large tom-cat. The eagle held the cat by the back. The cat's four feet were extended and its tail pointed toward the zenith.

Forty feet from the ground, the cat gave a twist, wriggled from the grasp of the bird and fell to the earth, seemingly unhurt. The bird circled and made another swoop, but this time the cat was waiting for its feathered adversary, and when the bird struck, things happened.

The eagle withdrew, baffled, to a distance of about fifteen feet, dragging one wing. The cat had its back high in the air, and both cat and eagle were hissing and spitting. Finally the cat crouched, and began creeping slowly and steadily toward the eagle, its tail dragging. Its fighting blood was up.

The eagle stood with one foot lifted, turning its head from side to side, the better to observe its adversary. The feathers on its neck were ruffled. The cat hugged the ground a little closer and then sprang. It evidently expected the eagle to attempt to leap to one side, for it spread its legs far apart.

The cat, however, made a mistake. The eagle turned on its back and drove its talons into the cat's breast and tried to strike it in the eyes with its beak.

The farmer's little son had seen the encounter from the front of the house, and ran as fast as he could toward the scene. He was afraid his "pussy" was going to be carried off. His shout frightened the cat and it released its hold for a minute, the bird struggled free, ran about twenty feet and launched itself with a heavy wing and badly tattered plumage in flight. The cat climbed the fence, mewed, licked its bloody breast and mewed again, eyeing its fleeing adversary with baleful eye and switching tail.

TYPES OF SOLDIERS FIGHTING WITH THE FRENCH ARMY



- 1—Alpini.
- 2—Artilleryman.
- 3—Cuirassier.
- 4—Infantry, Paris.
- 5—Navy.
- 6—Artilleryman.
- 7—Senegalesian.
- 8—Aviator.
- 9—Arab.
- 10—Algerian.
- 11—Turco.
- 12—Engineer.

The Log Roller

By W. J. Harris

HARVEY Cottam had been sick many weeks, and as he sat on the rustic seat in front of his little home which overlooked the broad, rippling Rainy River, fleeting visions of the past floated before his half-closed eyes.

From within the house came a sweet child's voice trilling an old time melody. Over the now convalescent's face came a look of tenderness, for it was his own little daughter that was filling the humble abode with such sweet music.

Harvey had not much time for reflection, however, as Maisie came bounding out and, clambering to her father's knees, threw her little arms around his neck, hugging and kissing him until she forced him to forget the past, and give her his undivided attention.

A man of forty years of age, strong and robust all his life, and at one time considered one of the hardest men in that timber country, Harvey had spent all his time on the rivers and lakes in Southern Ontario. In the early spring, long before the ice and snow was melted, he would make his way up one of the numerous small creeks that helped to swell the surging waters of the Rainy River. Then he would join one of the numerous drive gangs that periodically worked the logs cut by the settlers down the tortuous narrow winding creeks. Day and night for weeks the arduous tasks of breaking jams, picking up stray logs, and working the innumerable smaller creeks continued. It was a hard life, but Harvey was equal to it, for he was known as one of the best cant-hook men and river hogs on the river. The day was yet to come that Harvey Cottam was to be refused a job if there was any work at all to do.

Some ten years previously he had married pretty little Daisy Creilman. For years he had watched her grow into lovely womanhood. In his rough, uncouth manner he had worshipped her from afar off, and, though always fearless and brave, he felt strange and nervous when near her. At last he mustered up courage, and Daisy and himself were married and settled down in the same little shack that was now home to them. It was not a large holding and did not comprise more than forty acres all told, but they had both toiled unceasingly, and transformed it from wild timber land into one of the loveliest little homesteads on the river banks.

How proud they felt, as together with their little child, they made the trip to International Falls every year to pay the annual instalment due. What a feeling of prosperity and pride as the receipt was handed back to them. That was always their annual holiday.

"Another five years Daisy, and it will be our very own," Harvey would say, as they glided down the river.

But the last two or three years, however, had not been so prosperous as formerly. Daisy has a serious illness, it made a large hole in their small store of money. That year they could only pay the interest due. The following year, owing to the scarcity of logs and the dry season, it was not possible to get the logs out. This enforced idleness on Harvey. There was nothing to do but sit at home and fume and fret. Occasionally a few days' work would come his way, but what was earned was needed to relieve the critical condition they were placed in.

The present year everything had looked so encouraging. Harvey had made his way some miles up country and joined a rear gang picking up the stray and stranded logs and rolling them into the water. How it happened was almost a mystery, but Harvey was caught between the logs and badly crushed. They had been trying to dam below some rapids, but a sudden freshet had hurled the heavy logs over the rapids, and he was caught before he had time to get out of the way.

More dead than alive his mates had carried him ashore. When he was well enough to be shifted, he was taken home to Daisy. How tenderly she nursed him and dressed his bruised and crushed limbs. Harvey had recovered now and was ready for work again, for there was not a cent in the house and he was heavily in debt. Their troubles had not ceased, however, for that very day papers had been served on him to quit the property they were living on or be ejected. Unable to com-

ply with his agreement, judgment had been obtained against him. There was no escape, the bailiff said, although if Harvey could pay up the expenses of the seizure and other incidentals amounting to eighty dollars, it would ward off the evil day.

But Harvey could not reason out where the money was to be obtained from, and he felt perplexed and worried. To think that after all these years of happiness, all that they had scraped together should be lost! Homeless and penniless they would be turned out. As he sat there, a light hand rested on his shoulder. He felt the warm, soothing breath of Daisy on his hair.

"Never mind, Harvey, it cannot be helped. We must make another start, and get another home together."

Harvey sighed. It hurt him to think of those dear ones possibly left to the mercies of strangers or distant friends while he wandered, maybe for weeks, to get the wherewithal for a fresh start.

He arose from the seat and drawing the arm of his wife through his own, and with their little daughter clinging to his hand, stepped off the verandah.



The President's Party Touring New York City.

Left to right: President Wilson; his fiancée, Mrs. Norman Galt; and Mrs. H. W. Bolling, Mrs. Galt's mother. This picture of the party was made October 9th, as the three were about to start for a morning trip through one of New York's parks.

"Well, Daisy, we will have one more last look around the old place together. It will be another two days before the bailiff puts us out."

They sauntered along together, out into the lane that divided their small property from the neighbour's. The lane was little used except by the settlers as a road to the river.

They had nearly reached the bank when Maisie gave a cry of delight, and, bounding away, tried to reach a large flaming poster tacked high on a tree. It was seldom that posters were to be seen around here, but it created enough interest for Harvey and Daisy to stop and read it.

A cry of exultation and joy escaped Harvey's lips as he read the large flaming print. He gripped Daisy's arm tightly.

"Oh, my dear, we can save our home after all; look at this—and this." He pointed excitedly at the bill.

His wife read it over and over again, but not a sound came from her lips. She well knew that Harvey, just up from a bed of sickness was not physically fit to enter a contest against the most skilful men of the country, although inwardly it made her heart glad to see the eyes of her dear husband shine with enthusiasm and life. She paused before answering.

"But, Harvey, you cannot. To-day is the third of July, and tomorrow is this county celebration at Beaudette. You should not think of it, my dear."

"But I must, Daisy. I can roll logs just as good as when I was only twenty years of age. In that time I was up against the best of them." He chuckled exultantly

to himself. Here was a chance to win five hundred dollars and the championship of Minnesota. Well he knew it would be a hard and bitter task, but the thoughts of what that money would do for him and his wife and child spurred him on. He would not listen to her protests. He would not allow himself to be deterred.

Going in to the house he soon reappeared in his working clothes and heavy calked boots on, which were stiff and hard, for it was many weeks since he had worn them.

"Daisy, I must go now. I have no time to lose. It is necessary for me to get to Beaudette tonight, for the competition starts tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Now be brave, my little woman, for I am going to have a good try to bring back that money."

Tenderly he kissed his wife and daughter and, going out, walked to the bank of the river, got into his canoe and paddled it gently out into the stream.

They stood on the bank watching him glide down the shimmering face of the river. As he disappeared from view, Daisy turned and tears dimmed her eyes, but she must be brave for her own and Maisie's sake. It pained her to think of her husband entering into such an uneven conflict, although she well knew that had he been in his usual health, he was as good as any of them.

harried brain. Hastily glancing around, he saw a gentleman conversing with two ladies. He recognized the scaler of the large lumbering firm of Scaeler and Co. There was no time to lose.

"Mr. Maldon, you must not mind me speaking, but I am anxious to enter the log rolling contest."

"Why, hello, Cottam. It is ages since I saw you. What? are you down to celebrate the glorious Fourth, too?"

"No, sir, I have come to try for the log rolling. I need the money in the worst way, and have got to win it."

The earnestness in Cottam's face appealed to the scaler, but he hesitated. His practiced eye told him that the man before him was not physically in a condition to endure the strain, but he must not be unkind, especially on a day as this.

"I'll do the best I can, Cottam, but I want to tell you the best men in Minnesota are here for it, so you have something to go up against."

He followed the scaler and it was not long before his name was entered as a competitor. Friendless, he stood there amongst the crowd of strangers, waiting his turn for the event. No one appeared to take any notice of him. Away out in the middle of the river he could see four or five couples of men on the long slender logs, at times submerged to the knees. Suddenly one or two would topple over into the water, a motor launch would shoot out, and vanquished and victor be picked up. It was the preliminary heats. The excitement grew amongst the thousands of spectators, for this was one of the popular sports in that part of the country.

At last Harvey's turn came. He was up against a short squat young fellow. Although Harvey had not done any rolling for years, as soon as they were on the logs he knew he had his opponent beat. A quick turn or two, reverse, sudden stop, roll again, and the young man was in the water. Harvey had won one of the heats. So the morning wore on, heat after heat, closer and closer to the finals. Harvey still retained his right, but the contests were getting harder and harder as the less experienced rollers were put out of the competition.

His name was called. Now was the supreme test of the whole trial, for this was the final. His opponent was a man to be feared, a man that coveted the championship.

As the two stepped on the log they looked fixedly at one another, as though trying to read each other's thoughts.

Slowly the log revolved, its speed increased. Sudden were the stops and reverses; up and down the log the nimble aspirants ran like cats. At times Harvey's opponent would plunge towards him, trying to throw him off his balance, and the log would sink deep into the water. Again and again he tried to unbalance Harvey, but firm as a rock, he braced himself, with his eyes glued on his opponent's feet. Harvey knew he must be patient, even if it took hours, he must win. As the minutes went by, he seemed to perceive a slackening of his opponent's feet. Hope rose in his breast. But he must be careful. Maybe it was a new trick of the stranger's. But less quickly the stops came. It was a fearful strain and the perspiration was pouring from the bodies of the contestants. Harvey felt his pulses beating like drums; he felt himself growing weaker. He must bring the contest to a close at once or he would be beaten.

With a cry, Harvey made a motion as though he had lost his balance. The stranger straightened up to check the afterwash. Like a flash, Harvey jumped into the air and made a complete reverse with feet locked on the revolving log. The stranger ducked. He had lost his balance and Harvey was quick to take advantage of it. Like a flash, he was down on the log, and it tilted sharply in the air. The stranger clawed at the log in a vain effort to recover his balance, and then toppled over into the water. Harvey was the victor, but the cheers of the spectators did not reach his ears. He was thinking of Daisy and Maisie.

A motor launch ploughed its way up to him. He faintly remembers afterwards being lifted into it and sinking to the floor. Afterwards oblivion.

"So it is all right now, Daisy," he said, between her sobs of joy, "I have won the prize, and have got it right here, besides winning the championship of Minnesota."

Young People

The Pepper-and-Salt Suit

By Thomas Hooper

"The gray suit is the one I like best, father, and it is most like Jimmie Tucker's."

Jack and his father were standing on the sidewalk and looking in at the window of one of the great city clothing stores.

"It has an extra pocket, and it won't show dust, and you know it is for school, father."

"All right," said his father. "Buying this suit reminds me of one I had when I was just about your age. Did I ever tell you about that pepper-and-salt suit that your grandmother made for me? You ask me about it some time and I will tell you."

That night after supper seemed to Jack exactly the right time to hear the story of the pepper-and-salt suit of long ago; and when he was safely perched on the arm of his father's chair, the story began.

"When I was a small boy of your age," said his father, "even the large city stores had very little clothing ready-made for children, and in the little country village where I was born and lived, there was nothing to be had, and mothers, with all

"Mother sat right down on the floor and took me, and Spot, too, in her arms, and hugged and kissed us both, laughing and crying by turns. There was no more down to the suit that night, but it was soon finished, and I am sure I never had a suit that I liked so well or felt so proud to wear. It was my Sunday best for a long time, and wore so well that it was not all gone when father came home.

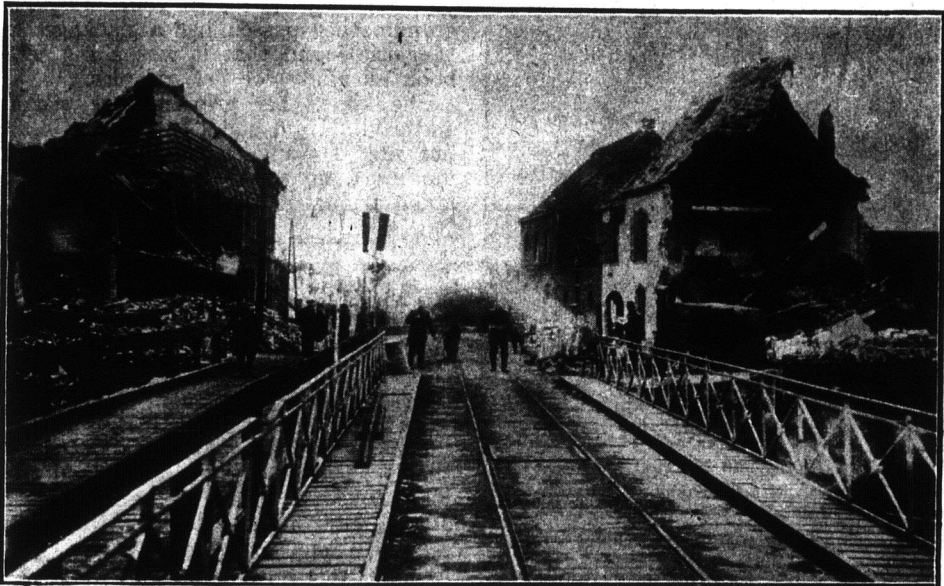
"Old Spot lived to see his master, and to go on many a trip with him through the woods."

The Spool Game

By Elizabeth Hill

Robbie liked to play with spools. He had hundreds of them. Some were white and some were black, and when he was using them they almost covered the sitting-room floor.

His favorite play was "war." The black spools made one army and the white another. Each army had a very large spool for general, a second-sized spool for captain, a third-size large spool for sergeant, and a fourth-size large spool for drummer boy. The way he fought



This photo shows the railroad bridge at Lille which trains use in communication with Lens. To prevent the Germans from rushing reinforcements to the battle lines at Lens, allied aviators have several times severely bombarded this bridge and held up all railroad traffic. Notice the ruined houses which still stand a monument to the fighting between the French and the Germans in this section. The bridge and town is strongly guarded by German troops.

the other work that had to be done, were obliged to cut and make the boys' clothes. "I remember it was in the autumn; your grandfather had gone to the Civil War. He went early in the spring, one of the first to enlist in our town. Your grandmother said one day, 'I must find something to make little John a suit of clothes.'

"I suppose, Jack, you think that it would be easy to go to the store and get cloth enough for a boys' suit. But already prices were so high that even the rich had to count the cost, and every scrap was used to the best advantage. After a while your grandmother remembered an old coat that your grandfather had never worn much. She took it carefully to pieces, ripping all the seams, then washed it all very thoroughly and pressed it smooth with a hot flat-iron, and not till all this had been done could she cut out the jacket and trousers.

"One night after supper your grandmother came into the old kitchen with the suit in her arms, and called me to come in and be fitted. I had been out in the yard, playing with father's old dog, a water-spaniel named Spot.

"Mother had put the clothes on me, and was down on her knees beside me, working in the fading light, when in trotted Spot. He lay down on the floor, watching us. All at once he raised his nose in the air, with his nostrils twitching, and then gave a joyous bark and sprang at me, knocking me down on the floor, and then began sniffing at the clothes and to lick my face and hands; then he would run to the door and look out, and run back again, barking all the time. Mother was so startled that it was several minutes before she understood that it was father's coat that Spot had recognized, and he evidently thought that his master must be home again.

was to take the general and the captain in one hand and the sergeant and the drummer boy in the other and rush them upon the enemy with such force as to knock down whole battalions at a time. And as he dashed ahead, he used to shout at the top of his voice, 'Rub-a-dub-dub! Bang! Bang! Bang!' He could play alone very well, but of course it was more fun to have a live foe; so he often asked Dorothy to help fight.

Sometimes Dorothy led the black men and sometimes the white, but she was always beaten, and so she tried to think of some game in which she could hold her own.

At last she said, "I know a way to play Africa. It's a geography way. Let's be discoverers. I will take the black men and the Noah's ark animals, and go to Africa—the parlor is Africa; and I will set up villages there—so many men for each animal. And you must get your boat, and bring a lot of white travellers over to Africa. The entryway is the ocean. Then you must march them across Africa and discover my villages, and ask what they are famous for. I will talk for the natives and you can talk for the travellers."

This they did. Robbie brought a boat-load of travellers and started on his discoveries. When the white men came to a village they would stand in line, the black men would crowd up and look at them, the animal—no matter what animal it was, sheep or bear or camel or cow or lion—would give a horrible roar, and the head traveller would say, "How do you do? What is this place famous for?"

The king of the tribe would answer, "White man, this is the Land of Gold Dust. We wade through it like sand. It blows over everything like common

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"Or this one from Winnipeg?
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"Or this one from Montreal from a man sixty years old?" "My hearing is fine now. I hear just as I did when I was twenty years old. No more head noises, nothing but perfect health and the joy of living to praise your services to the whole universe."
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dust. Our river-beds shine with it. You may have all you want." And the traveller would say, "All right. I guess we'll take some."

At the next village the traveller would say, "How do you do? What is this place famous for?"

And the king of the tribe would answer, "White man, this is the Diamond Country. All our huts are studded with

diamonds, and my palace is built entirely of diamonds. You may have all you want. Just pick them up anywhere you find them. They are for you."

"All right," the traveller would say. So it went on, village after village. There were gum trees that oozed red and white sugared gum-drops, herds of elephants with carved ivory tusks, enormous baobabs which bore every kind of fruit that ever was known, gorillas that could talk and tell fortunes, crocodiles that wept pearls, and many other remarkable things. It was a journey through Wonderland. After that they made up a good many spool games, but Robbie liked playing Africa best of all.

"I have walked off, and turned round, and held up my arms," she told her grandmother, "until I would rather never have a dress."

"Don't let that feeling get into your memory book," said her grandmother gently. "If you are to keep a record of all your gowns, you want the record to be a pleasant one."

"A record of my gowns?" asked Marjorie, in surprise. "Why, I never thought of that!"

"Your mother and I have thought of it, and we have begun your book. When your mother can spare you, come up to my room."

When she was dismissed from the trying-on period, Marjorie lost no time in finding her way up-stairs. Grandmother was sitting before an old trunk, with books and packages strewn round her. She held up a bulging and worn leather book, and told Marjorie she could take it to the window-seat and read it. "Why, it is patchwork!" cried Marjorie, as she opened it. "Just bits

of pretty silk and wool—oh, what pretty, old-fashioned things!"

"Read what is underneath the squares," said grandmother, leaning over her shoulder.

"The—first—day—at—school!" spelled Marjorie, slowly, and then below a bit of soft embroidered muslin she read, "My first party." She turned to her grandmother and asked, "Why, whose dresses were these?"

"They were mine," said grandmother, "and my mother pasted them in the book when I was a little girl, and when I was a little older I liked to keep a bit of every pretty garment I had, and to write underneath something about the place I wore it first."

"I am going to do that, too!" cried Marjorie. "How I wish I had begun a long time ago!"

"You did," said grandmother, laughing, "only you did not know it. Your mother and I have saved a little of all your pretty dresses."

Her grandmother went into the next room and came out with a number of envelopes. On opening them Marjorie found the brightest and prettiest bits of muslin, gingham and lace and many strips of ribbon. Best of all, to each was pinned a little description of the dress. "You see you have only to paste these in your new book and copy what has been written. From this time on you can keep the record yourself." Then grandmother passed her a package, and Marjorie found that it was a big scrap-book all ready for her samples.

She kissed her grandmother warmly, and said, "I am going to begin it to-day, but first I want to run down and tell mother I am sorry that I was so cross about trying on the dress."

The Way Home

By Fannie W. Brown

Jessie Lincoln came marching out of the last door of the Hale School. There were four hundred pupils in the line, and she held her head up and kept time to the drum-beats. The Lincoln family had just moved to Allington, and this was Jessie's first day at school.

"When you come out of the school building this noon, stop and look about to see which way you came in the morning," mother had said, when she kissed her good-by. "You should turn to the right when you come out, and not cross the street-car tracks."

But Jessie could not stop in the door to see which way she had come. The children marched "Left, right! Left, right! Left, right!" down the steps and through the school-yard.

"I don't remember seeing a grocery-store across the street," she thought. "I—I think there was a horse-chestnut tree there instead."

Jessie held up her hands and looked at her fingers. "Mother said to turn to the right when I came out of the school door. This is my right hand with the little mole on my 'tall man high' finger. This is the way for me to go."

Jessie took a few steps down the street, and then she turned and looked back at the school. When she first had come in sight of it in the morning, she had seen a small door, with low steps leading up to it. Now no small door was to be seen. The doors she had come out of were exactly in the middle of the building. She walked slowly back to the school and sat down on the upper step.

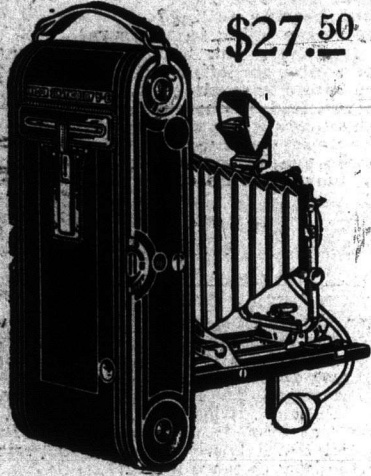
She sat still and waited. She knew that she was not lost. She was at the Hale School, and she had only to follow the electric-car line— Why, there was no car line here!

Jessie stared about her in amazement, rubbing her eyes to see if she were not asleep. Just then she heard the whir of an approaching electric car. It came down the street at the end of the school-yard. She ran out of the gate and round the corner. There, on the north side of the school building, was the small door with the low steps. Yes, across the street was a big horse-chestnut tree! She walked to the gate, turned to the right, and in a few minutes more was safe at home.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

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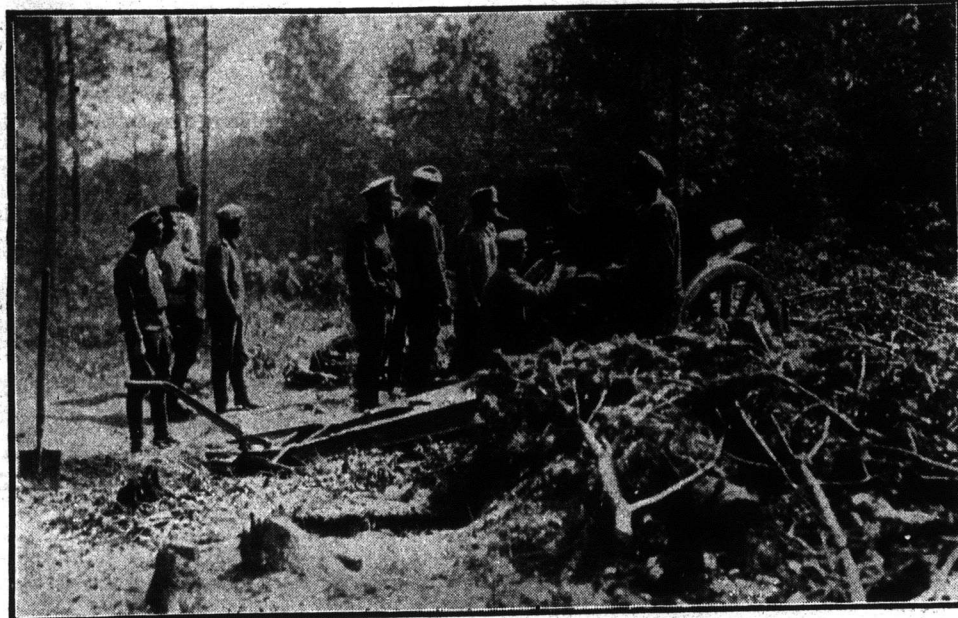
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610 King St. W., Toronto.

The Memory Book

By C. S. S.

Marjorie was cross. She liked new dresses, but it was hard to try them on.



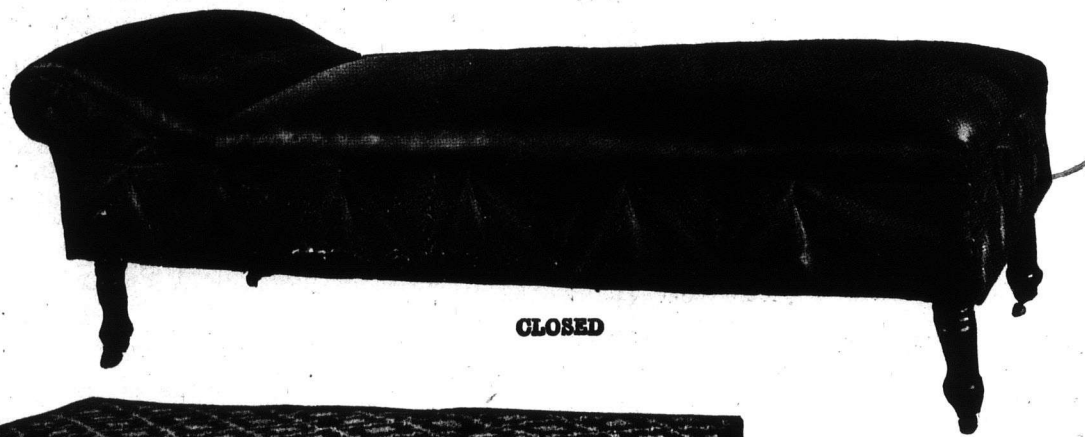
Russian Artillery Concealed in a Wood Along the Niemen

Russian artillery is concealed here in a wood along the Niemen river, near Kovno. These batteries did a lot of damage before the Germans were able to force them to retreat across the river.

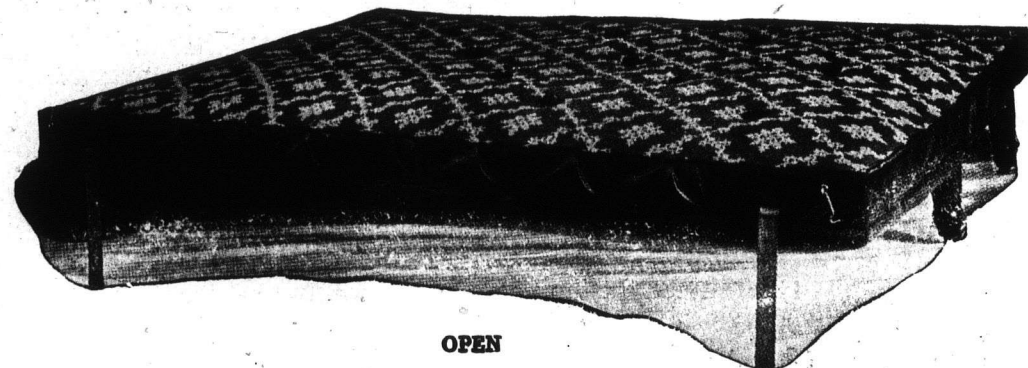
This Handsome Davenport FREE

To READERS of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

The Davenport is covered in best quality Leatherette and as a comfortable sofa is a handsome addition to any room. In a moment, however, it can be transformed into a full sized bed as the following illustration shows.



CLOSED



OPEN

Owing to their two-fold utility, there is a very big demand just now for davenports and many dealers are asking quite high prices for these useful pieces of furniture. An opportunity, however, came our way of

purchasing a whole shipment at a cut rate and accordingly we are able to offer our readers the handsome davenport (as illustrated above) in return for only NINE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Western Home Monthly.

FOR ANY FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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About the Farm

Regarding Metallic Roofing

An Instructive Article Setting Forth Many Facts of Interest Regarding This Form of Roofing. By G. Gordon Complin.

The advantages to be obtained from the use of sheet metal roofings are so many and so varied, as well as so clear and indisputable, that when one stops to think them over, the really surprising feature is that they are not in far more general use. Believing that a wider knowledge of the facts would help the situation, the following statements are presented:

Let it first be clearly understood that in sheet metal roofings, as in all other products, there are good and bad. The remarks which follow, therefore, are intended to apply only to reputable materials properly made and laid—materials which any good tinsmith will lay on a roof at a price well within reach of practically every builder.

Sheet metal is fireproof. Here lies perhaps its greatest virtue, and one that can hardly be over-valued. It is also lightning-proof. When a metal roof is properly "grounded," lightning may strike it with no more effect than if it struck out in a lake.

Sheet metal is comparatively light in weight, imposing no strain on the structure and permitting the safe employment of light and inexpensive supports.

It is practically immune from affection by extremes of heat and cold. It will not snap with frost and ice, nor will it curl up, warp and twist under the summer sun. It does not retain, on into the night, the heat infused into it by day, but will cool off quickly, making sleeping quarters much more comfortable. This latter feature applies more particularly, perhaps, to Terne plates than to any of the other metals.

Sheet metal roofing presents a smooth surface, free from cracks and crevices. It thus affords no grip for snow, but permits same to slide off freely without freezing and the consequent "back-watering" and leaking. Its smooth hard surface also permits of its being walked on without damage. It also admits of a secure and watertight junction at valleys and hips.

The joints of a sheet metal roof are invariably close and snug fitting. For this reason, it is rarely disturbed by violent winds and cyclones—the wind can get no purchase on it.

The big item of cost in a sheet metal roof is material. The small item is labor. The purchaser thus has the satisfaction of knowing that the bulk of his money is actually entering into the life and service of his roof—it is not being paid merely for laying it. This rapidity and ease of laying is also of advantage in another way, in that it admits of the buyer laying the roof himself, or with unskilled help only, if it is not convenient to hire it done. This last clause applies in particular to the more simple, but none the less excellent, forms of galvanized shingles, tiles, etc.

Sheet metal roofing is durable. (Bear in mind that we are speaking of reliable materials only.) Plenty of metal roofs are in evidence to-day which were laid 30, 50 and 60 years ago, and which, by all appearances, are still good for many years' service. How many times they have saved their respective buildings from destruction by fire or lightning can only be a matter of conjecture.

Much harm has undoubtedly been done to the good name of metal roofing by the use in some localities of cheap material, which has proven short-lived. This should in nowise be held against the products of which this article treats, as if good material is used, there is ample evidence to prove that it will give generations of satisfactory service.

Few roofings can be repaired as neatly and easily as sheet metal, should necessity arise. A patched roof is usually an eyesore, but with most forms

of sheet metal, a repair or alteration can be made practically invisible.

For rural districts, sheet metal has an added advantage, in that it sheds clean rain water—and more of it. None can soak in, so it all flows off. It further has the property of condensing and shedding the dew, a fair area of roof often shedding a quarter or half barrel in a single night in an otherwise dry season.

In point of appearance, sheet metal roofing can satisfy the most exacting tastes. It is made in a range of styles and patterns suitable for every conceivable sort of building.

The plain severe lines of the standing seam and similar styles look neat and serviceable for industrial buildings, while the numerous patterns of embossed shingles and tiles afford the home-owner a chance to select something to accord with any style of architecture.

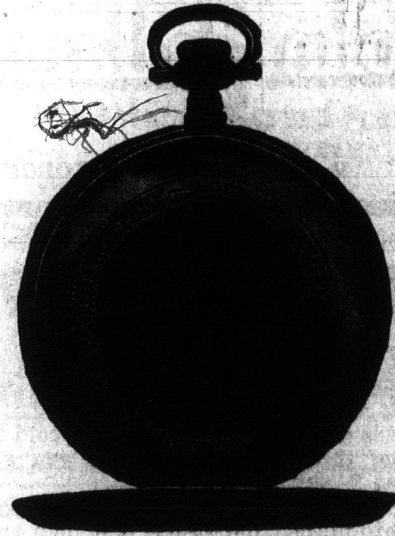
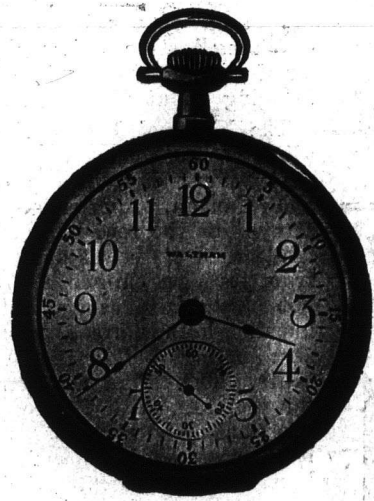
Sheet metal can be painted very quickly and very cheaply. The paint does not need to be brushed in, and, as there is no absorption, a little goes a long way.

From the standpoint of economy, sheet metal roofing should appeal strongly to the thoughtful buyer. Its first cost is very moderate, and figured by "year-cost," it is decidedly economical. True economy consists not in

buying the cheapest product, but in buying that is best value in the end.

Further direct economy is effected by reason of the reduced insurance rate allowed on buildings roofed with fire-proof roofing.

Taking economy in its broader sense—national economy—sheet metal still holds its place in the fore. Our country's supply of minerals is practically unlimited. Our supply of timber, on the other hand, is dangerously limited. Can we, therefore, not put what timber we have to much better use than sawing it to kindling wood size and arranging it, in convenient form for burning, on top of our homes? This is practically what wood-shingle roofing amounts to.



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Continuing on the subject of national economy, let us consider what it means to us as a nation to use inflammable roofing. Insurance statistics prove that a large percentage of fires originate on the roof. Now, fire means waste and waste means loss. It matters not if the building is insured, the loss is just as great, the only difference being that it is borne by a company instead of an individual, and the company, of course, collects it from the public in the form of "insurance rates." The "rate" of insurance is determined by the amount of our fire losses—the more fires we have, the higher the "rate." Fire insurance, in fact, may be described as a gigantic system whereby the losses of individuals are divided among multitudes.

Manufacturers and retailers have to pay insurance. They must add this to the price of their goods. The consumer pays it. The higher the insurance rates, the more you pay for your boots, your clothes, your food. If, therefore, our national fire loss could be reduced, every individual would directly benefit by reason of a reduction in "the cost of living." The universal use of fire-proof roofing would aid enormously in bringing about this result.

The National Fire Protection Association is authority for the statement that "every day, in the United States and Canada, someone's home is destroyed or the roof burned off it by the ignition of its wood shingles by sparks from its own chimney." Wood shingles not only ignite easily, but their flying burning brands are a menace to every surrounding building and its inhabitants. The recent fire in Salem, Mass., for instance, with its appalling loss of life and property, might easily have been averted if some few houses had been roofed with metal shingles instead of wood shingles. It is a comparatively well known fact that our per capita fire loss is enormously greater than that of any other civilized portion of the globe.

Are we as a nation going to allow this stigma to continue to rest upon us? Are we going to continue literally burning up our money while we fill columns in our newspapers howling about our "high cost of living?" We think not. There will come a day of awakening, a day when fireproof roofing will be universal. The wood shingle firebrand will be banished forever, by legislation, if by no other means, although it will cry shame upon our intelligence if we have to be forced by legislation into an action which the dictates of common sense should lead us to take.

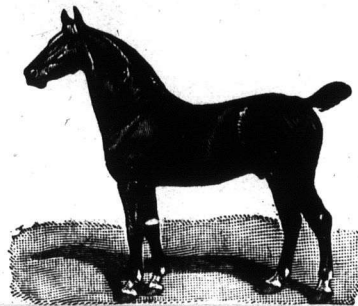
Let it be said, in conclusion, that the statements in this article are not mere "claims," mere "sales talk." They are actual facts, borne out and proven by logic, experience and evidence. Granted this, it must be acknowledged that sheet metal roofing possesses every requisite which an exacting buyer could demand.

Sulphur and the Soil

In the North of France the residue from gas-works is extensively used as a fertilizer. Analyses of several samples of the material show that it contains about 40 per cent of sulphur and from one to three per cent of nitrogen, in the form of ammonia or its salts. Experiments in garden soil prove that the value of this unusual fertilizing agent is due in part to the large amount of sulphur in it. Flour of sulphur is said to promote the growth of both roots and leaves, and to give the plants a deeper green color than they would have without it. Probably it helps to form chlorophyll. Moreover, some of the sulphur is oxidized, and becomes sulphate in the soil.

Relieves Asthma at Little Expense. Thousands of dollars have been vainly spent upon remedies for asthma and seldom, if ever, with any relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, despite its assurance of benefit, costs so little that it is within reach of all. It is the national remedy for asthma, far removed from the class of doubtful and experimental preparations. Your dealer can supply it.

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OUR Save-the-Horse BOOK is a Mind Setter: Tells How to Test for Bone Spavin—What TO DO for a Lamé Horse. It is our 20 Years' Discoveries. COVERS 58 forms of LAMENESS—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Plan for 160-Acre Farm

The illustration herewith shows how convenient, for measurement, it would be if, on 160 acres, fence posts were put down at every rod, and at each chain a larger or more distinctive post erected. Each post to have the number put on it in some indelible manner. A very good way, providing no better mode is at hand, is to "score" the post and mark the number on with indelible pencil. By this means the farmer can at any time plan his acreage very readily, as each chain by ten makes an acre.

In the cut the 160 acres are lined off into acre plots, the black showing the portion of the property under cultivation. Starting at the southeast corner, the house is shown pretty well to the rear of two acres, twelve chains from the corner. On either side of the house is an open acre, either of which can be used for lane purposes, and the remaining open space for lawn, trees and shrubbery. Immediately west are three acres dotted off as a calf run, and in rear a similar section as a hog run, and eastwards are ten acres in the neighborhood of the outbuildings. At the east side of the houseyard an acre is shown in

ing large and profitable production of butter fat.

8. Raise well the heifer calves from cows, which for one or more generations, have made large and profitable productions of milk and butter fat.

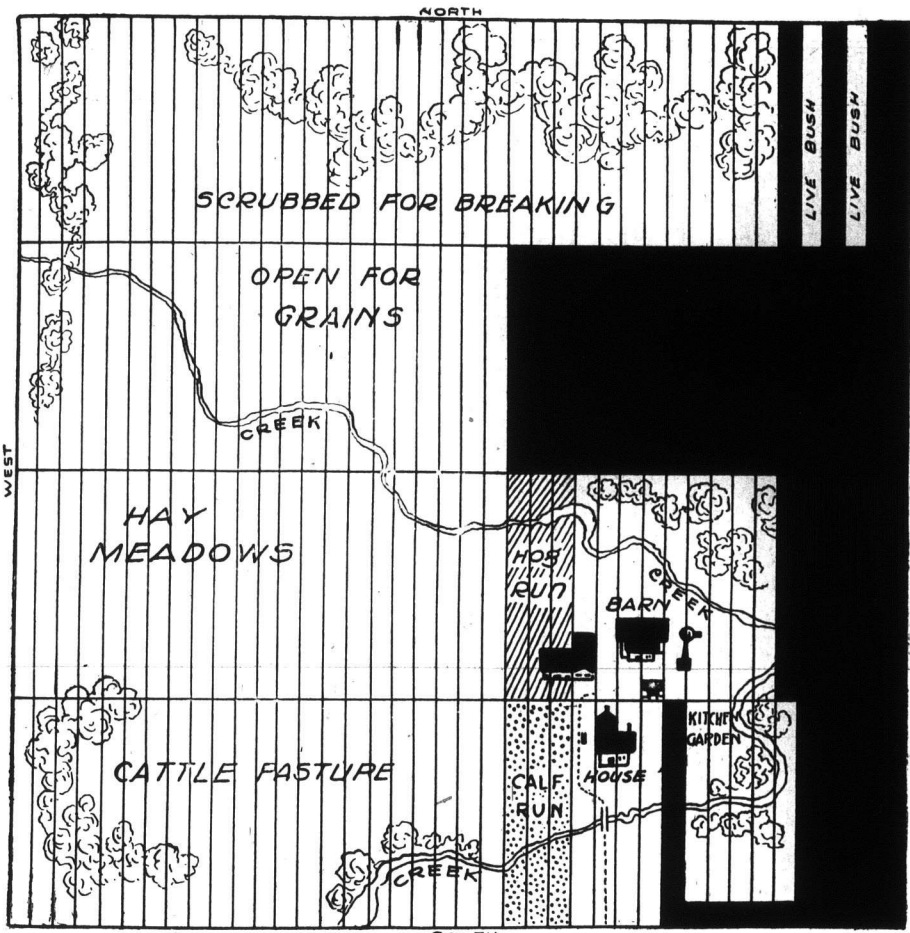
9. Breed heifers to drop their first calves at 24 to 30 months of age. Give cows 6 to 8 weeks' rest between lactation periods.

10. Join a dairy cattle breeders association. It will help you keep posted and in touch with the best and most modern ways of managing your dairy herd.—George C. Humphrey, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin.

Handling Stable Manure

Peterkin Wiley

I find that it gives better satisfaction to immediately remove the manure from the stable to the field. The liquid is thus saved and very little chemical change is required to prepare it for plant food. I have experimented with both methods as regards to immediate removal of the manure from the stable to the field by means of the spreader and allowing the manure to rot before handling.



back as a kitchen garden. From this eastward is half an acre along the front, and then northwards five acres, next six, followed by eighteen, and, at the northeast corner, the first two acres are shown as under cultivation, and the next four alternate live bush and cultivated land—in all thirty-four and a half acres in crop; while the plan shows how the other sections of the place have been marked off. By having his farm planned after this manner on a piece of ordinary wrapping, or some durable paper, the farmer can keep easy track of his place as to soil and how planted.

In the latter there is loss both from leaching and evaporation.

I have never been in favor of allowing barnyard manure to rot. When placed in a heap it rapidly undergoes evaporation, gets hot and gives off the best of its fertilizing value. Experiments on corn and wheat proved that when the manure was taken directly from the stable, a heavier yield of corn was grown than when first left in a heap. There was considerable difference in the methods of cultivation as the former was top-dressed on a plowed sod and the latter plowed underneath a heavy sod.

The operations of tillage serve in several ways to increase the amount of plant food which is at the disposal of a crop. It is a well established fact that nearly all the plant food contained in the soil is taken up by the roots in solution, and while it would require a greater length of time for the manure which was immediately taken from the stable to reach a solution, the loss of any was overbalanced by the extra amount of nitrogen contained in the liquid excretion.

Don't keep up a perpetual jerking of the reins. Think what it would mean to you to carry an iron bit in your mouth all day to have some one jerking at it every minute. A horse's mouth is a delicate and sensitive organ, and a kind and good driver will respect the rights and feelings of his friend—the horse—in driving.

A Few Things to Do to Better Livestock

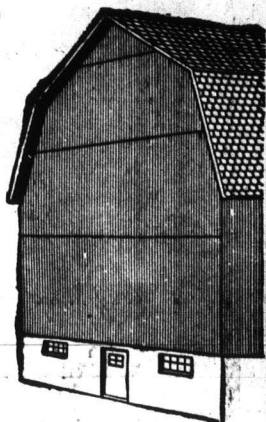
1. Treat cows gently and avoid excitement.
2. Be regular in time of milking.
3. Keep stables clean, well-lighted and ventilated.
4. Weigh the milk of each cow at milking time.
5. Get your neighbor to share with you in owning a Babcock Milk Tester, and test the product of each cow.
6. Discard the animals which have failed at the end of the year to pay for their keep.
7. Breed your cows to a pure-bred registered dairy bull from a family hav-

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Are Famous All Over Canada For Their Durability and Economy

If you are about to build a new barn or repair an old one, you will do well to post yourself on the superior value of "Metallic" materials. We have a reputation of over 30 years successful business with Canadian farmers. "Eastlake" Steel Shingles "Empire" Corrugated Iron; roof lights; ventilators; siding, ceiling and wall plates—all "Metallic" goods have a wonderful reputation for honest materials, careful, accurate manufacture and sterling durability.

We have all the information ready to mail you in book form, waiting your request.

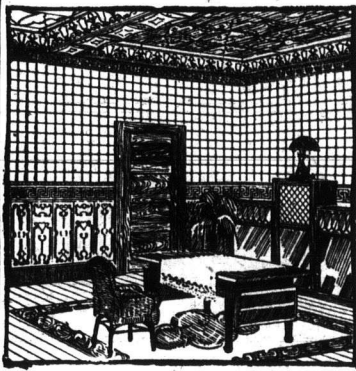


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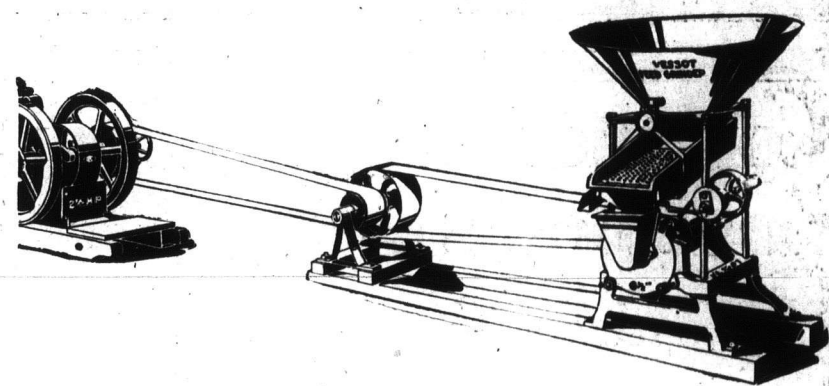
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"It grinds all feed stuff"—because of its excellent grinding plates. So well known are the original Vessot plates, and so highly regarded by all who know them, that imitations are appearing. To insure our customers getting genuine plates, we have arranged to have the trade-mark, "S. V.", placed on every genuine Vessot plate so plainly that you cannot go wrong. Look for the "S. V."

Vessot grinding plates do their work so uniformly well that a clean, satisfactory job is assured. The two-sieve spout removes all foreign matter, from nails and stones to dust and sand. One caution only—use steady, reliable power to drive a Vessot grinder, such power as is furnished by an International Harvester oil engine—Mogul or Titan.

Buy a Vessot feed grinder in the size best suited to your work and a Mogul or Titan oil engine to run it. See the I H C local dealer, or write to the nearest branch house for full information.

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Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediate No. 12 wires—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Service nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory. The Barwell-Hazle Wire Fence Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

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Before retiring
at night — have
it brought to
you



Little
Miss
MAIDEN
CANADA

387

Conspicuous nose pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce these enlarged pores: Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a lump of ice. Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores.

This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres so they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. It is for sale by Canadian Druggists from Coast to Coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Woodbury For 4c we Canadian Factory for Samples will send a cake large enough for a week's treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 688 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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Fashions and Patterns

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

1068—A Simple Practical Garment—Girl's Apron with Long or Shorter Sleeve, and with Collar or "V" Neck Edge—This model is easy to make, and is most desirable. It completely covers the dress, and may serve as a little play dress or "pinafore." It is suitable for cambric, percale, gingham, or chambray. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1477—Ladies' Combination, Corset Cover and Skirt—This style has ample skirt fullness, and may be made with or without the ruffle. The corset cover is arranged for ordinary round neck edge,

poplin, repp, chambray, serge or cashmere are all suitable for this style. The skirt is cut with ample fullness, and finished at the back with a panel having plaited extensions. The waist has a coat closing, and a sleeve that may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff or in elbow length, with a shaped turnback cuff. The yoke facing may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1487—A New and Stylish Costume—Redingote Costume for Misses and



and also for low round or square outline. The model is good for muslin, cambric, lawn, batiste, sateen, silk or crepe. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires for cover, 1 yard and for skirt with ruffle 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1111—A Charming Lounging Robe—Ladies' Kimono—Figured crepe in navy blue and white was used to make this attractive model. The waist is cut in Empire style, with skirt attached having a wide panel over the back. A neat cuff and collar of organdie with frills of lace forms a dainty waist finish. The pattern is also good for flannelette, lawn, percale, dimity, batiste, cashmere or silk. It is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1475—A Suitable Practical Design—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Percale, lawn, gingham, linen, drill,

Small Women—Brown serge was combined in this instance, with satin in a contrasting shade. This style would be nice in blue broad cloth, with plaid or striped silk for vest and skirt panel. It would also develop effectively in velvet with the panel and vest braided. For a dressy costume black satin, could be combined with white, and fancy buttons used for ornamentation. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1479—A New Dress for Mother's Girl—Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and with or without Plastron—As here shown Scotch plaid gingham in green and blue tones was used, with facings of white. Shepherd check suiting, striped seersucker, galatea, or percale, linen, challie, cashmere and lawn are all good for this style. The dress may be finished without the plastron, or the plastron could be of contrasting material same as collar, belt and cuffs. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and

12 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size. Without plastron it will require ½-yard less. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1497—A Serviceable Popular Model—Girl's Coat with Two Styles of Collar—Blue cheviot with trimming of black novelty plush was used for this style. It is good for corduroy, velvet, faille, poplin and taffeta, also for serge, broad cloth and zibiline. The right front is crossed over the left and the body portions are lengthened over the hips by plaited sections, that are topped by a belt. The sleeve a two piece model has a neat cuff. The fronts may be cut low and finished with a square collar, or buttoned close at the neck with a round collar. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material for a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

corduroy or broad cloth are very appropriate for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt portion measures about 3½ yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1473—A Most Attractive Negligee or Lounging Robe—Ladies' Kimono—Japanese crepe in a pretty shade of lavender on white with facings of lavender, was used for this model. It is suitable for lawn, percale, crepe, voile, silk or flannel. The garment is easy to develop. It is finished with a new shaped collar, and has sleeves in bell shape. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1478—A Stylish Design—Ladies' Eight Gore Skirt, with or without

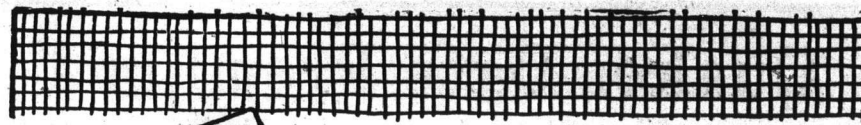


9603—A Practical and Desirable Model—Ladies' Night Gown with Long or Shorter Sleeve and with or without Added Yoke—This design is cut on simple comfortable lines, and may be made in sack length, or in regulation gown length, and with or without the yoke portions. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or shorter length. The model is suitable for muslin, cambric, lawn, nainsook, crepe, batiste, flannel, flannelette or silk. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for the gown in full length, and 4 yards for sack length, for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1492—A Simple but Stylish Costume in Semi Princess Style—Blue serge with satin in a darker shade are here combined. The style is new and attractive, and is becoming to slender as well as to full figures. The skirt and waist are full and joined to the panel, over a fitted body lining. Velvet, poplin, voile, gabardine,

Yoke, and in Raised Waistline—Striped voile, shepherd check, novelty suiting, poplin, serge, velvet and silk are all suitable for this style. The skirt has plaited fullness at the seams, and is shaped on new and graceful lines. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6½ yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size, which measures 4½ yards at the foot with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1470—A Comfortable and Attractive Dress for School and General Wear—Girl's Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Outlines—Novelty suiting in brown tones with facings of tan is here shown. The dress is made with gathered waist and skirt, the waist fronts have a short square yoke, and a pretty collar that may be finished in round outline, or cut deep and with square sailor back. An attachable pocket is joined to the belt. The dress closes at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12



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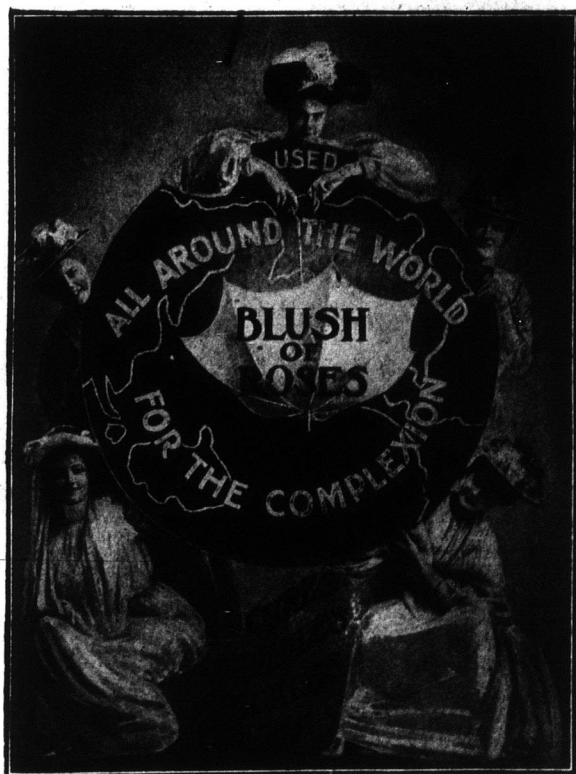
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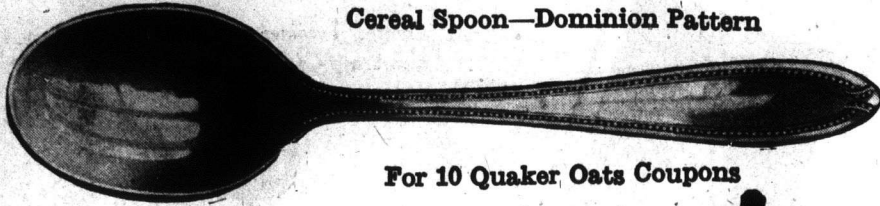
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It calls for no extra effort and no extra cost.

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years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1498—A Simple Youthful Model—Junior Dress with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Striped voile in green tones, with facings of white pique is here shown. This style is also good for serge, corduroy, velveteen, repp, poplin or taffeta. In shepherd check with braiding on collar, cuffs and belt it would be very stylish. The trimming could be of contrasting material. The sleeve in wrist length is stylish. It is finished with a cuff in new shaping. The short sleeve has a jaunty turn back cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 6 yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1499—A Stylish Top Garment—Ladies' Coat—Checked novelty cloaking in black and white is here depicted. The

12 years, and requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material for a 12-year size, for the dress, and 2½ yards for the guimpe of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1471—A Simple, Serviceable Model—What housekeeper or home worker does not appreciate a "cover-me-all" apron of this kind. It is a simple style, good for gingham, lawn, percale, cambric, denim, cretonne or sateen. The fulness may be held over the back by the belt, that may be slipped under the front or may hold the front on the outside. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1482—A New Shirt Waist Model—This simple but stylish design was developed in white Georgette crepe with bindings of new blue satin. Fancy buttons to match the trimming serve to orna-



model is semi-fitting, and is lengthened over the hips by a skirt piece laid in plaits. The sleeve is a two piece model. The coat closes high at the neck edge and its fulness is held by a belt. Velvet, fur, fur faced cloth, zibeline, cheviot, broad cloth, serge, corduroy, or silk are all attractive for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1109—A Splendid Model for School or General Wear—Girl's Dress with Guimpe—Blue and white striped cotton goods was used for the dress. The guimpe was made of white nainsook. The collar of white pique. This style is good for all wash fabrics. The closing is practical, and the lines are graceful and comfortable. The skirt is a three piece model, joined to the blouse under the belt. Plaid woolen in soft blue and tan tones, or red cashmere with a simple braid trimming in black would develop this style nicely. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and

ment, and affect the closing in front. The style is also good for linen, batiste, madras, lawn, flannel, cashmere, taffeta, plaid and checked silk or other waist materials. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1481—A New Suit for Mother's Boy—Boy's Suit with Blouse having a Shawl Collar, and with Straight Trousers—Serge, flannel, velvet, corduroy, galatea, gingham or linene may be used for this style. The blouse is cut low, and finished with a wide collar, cut in shawl outline over the fronts. The trousers are straight and finished with front closing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 5-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

1496—A New and Practical Work Dress—Ladies' House Dress with

Rev and tons a sin faste goop liner and The 40, quir inch its le tion in si

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Use
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Polish
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and the results will delight you. Just dampen a piece of cheesecloth with water and an equal quantity of polish and go over your furniture and woodwork. Finish off with a dry cloth and you will have a hard, dry, durable lustre. Needs very little rubbing.

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What to Do in an Ice Accident

When any one breaks through the ice in skating, he is usually paralyzed by the sudden shock of the intense cold and unable to help himself. To be able to render effective aid, it is necessary that the would-be rescuers keep their heads.

If the ice is thick, and the break is merely through an air-hole or at the edge of a newly frozen area, it is only necessary to dig the heels of your skates into the ice, and pull. But the crowd must be kept back. Even thick ice, which will support two persons pulling out one, may break under a crowd.

A light and speedy skater may skate safely for some distance over thin ice, only to break through when he slows up, far from solid ice. In such a case, especially if the ice is very thin, a rope is essential.

First, however, if a pole or fence-rail is at hand, carry it quickly to the edge of the thin ice. Then lie down at full length, and wriggle and crawl to the break. Often ice which is not strong enough to support you when you are standing on a small surface, will hold when your weight is distributed over a larger surface.

strip him and rub; rub hard with the hands and with snow if necessary. What is wanted is circulation, not warmth from without. The blood must be driven back into the veins and arteries from which it has been shocked; it must not be coaxed back by warmth.

If such rubbing and exercise is kept up for half an hour, and the victim is then wrapped up well in blankets and given hot drinks, ill effects may be entirely averted. If the exposure to icy water has been more than a few minutes, the services of a physician will probably be needed.

If you are the victim yourself, remember, if you can, what are the conditions of the surrounding ice. Do not attempt to climb out of the water on ice which will simply break beneath your weight. Every time you fall back you are in danger of coming up under the ice. To prevent this, remember always, when you feel the ice giving beneath you, to spread your arms. Then as you go down, try to catch on the edges of the ice. About the only other thing you can do is to keep your head and wait for help.

A sixteen-foot pole, a long board and a rope should be kept close at hand wher-



Cleverly Concealed Russian Artillery

In the earlier days of the war, German aeroplane scouts easily located Russian batteries and revealed their positions to their own forces, who soon silenced the Russians with their heavier metal. Now the Russians have learned how to conceal their guns from aeroplanes. The photo shows a particularly clever disguise. To an aviator, the gun coverings would appear like little peasant huts, as the thatched coverings are used by the Russians for roofs.

Try to find a corner of the break across which the pole can be put, so that the boy to be rescued may support himself with the pole under one arm, and with his other arm on the ice, until a rope can be brought. If a board is at hand instead of a pole, the task becomes easier, for you can stand on a board and pull, even when its support is thin ice, too weak to hold you when standing directly upon it.

It is possible for the rescuer to get the pole or rope to the person in the water in the same way he got himself so far from safety, by a flying start and much speed, trusting to motion to prevent breaking through. By calculating distance well, diving forward on his stomach and sliding to a stop at the edge of the break, he may come safely to the spot. But the risk is very great, and a rescue of this sort should not be attempted unless as a last resort.

In case you reach the open water in safety, remember never to try to stand up or to allow the probably terrorized victim of the accident to try to climb up. To do either will result simply in throwing both of you back into the water. Wait for the pulling of the rope to drag you both to safety, or, if it be but a pole you have, for some one to bring or throw the rope which should never be far from a skating place.

In pulling a person from the water over the edge of the ice, grasp his wrist, not his hand. If he has strength enough left, let him grasp your wrist. But do not pull too suddenly—the ice may be jagged and rough and catch in the clothes of the person to be rescued.

When you finally get a person who has been in icy water out of danger, insist upon his keeping in motion. The greatest danger to fear is of congestion. Make him walk home or run home, or skate home, but do not carry him unless he is absolutely helpless.

Do not allow him to be in a hot room; throw open all the windows of the room,

ever you skate much and often. They cost little, need no care, and may mean much.

Corns

Soak the feet every day in warm water, to which a little borax and baking soda has been added, and in about a week the corn can be picked out.

For Callouses on the Feet

For a callous on the bottom of the foot bind on cotton wool, wet in olive oil, and it will soon disappear.

A Cure for Warts

For all kinds of warts saturate an ounce of alcohol with salicylic acid and add fifty drops of castor oil. Apply it often and within a week the warts will disappear.

Eye Water

A good eye water is made of equal parts of camphor water and rose water in which is dissolved five grains of boracic acid.

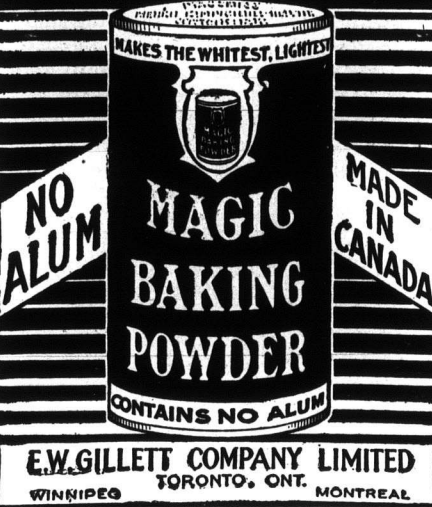
For Sore Throat

Eight drops of carbolic acid, and one teaspoonful of baking soda in a glass of water, used as a gargle, is almost an instant relief for sore throat.

For Scalds or Burns

Apply carbolized vaseline olive oil, and exclude the air from the injured part.

Costiveness and Its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

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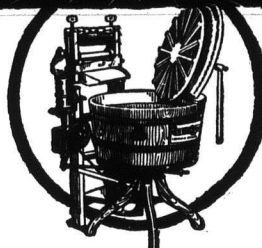
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
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Chocking

If a fish bone gets lodged in the throat, insert the fore-finger, press on the roof of the tongue so as to induce vomiting. If this fails swallow a large piece of soft bread or potato.

For Fainting

Loosen the clothing, bathe the temples with cold water, admit plenty of fresh air, and apply a hot water bag to the feet.

NEW IDEA
ELECTRICCombination Washer and Wringer
A Notable Production of an Electric Age

In the NEW IDEA ELECTRIC, the latest and most perfect labor saving devices for washing and wringing clothes are fully perfected.

The wringer swings to and works in either direction, in any position, over stationary or ordinary tubs, and the operator has nothing to do but feed the machine and hang out the clothes. Ask your dealer about it or write direct.

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Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1915-1916 Large Fall & Winter Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest embroidery designs, also a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

Sunday Reading

The Noblest Grace

'Tis something, when the day draws to its close,
To say: "Tho' I have borne a burdened mind,
Have tasted neither pleasure nor repose,
Yet this remains—to all men, friends or foes,
I have been kind."

'Tis something when I hear Death's awful tread
Upon the stair, that his swift eye shall find
Upon my heart old wounds that often bleed
For others, but no heart I injured—
I have been kind.

Praise will not comfort me when I am dead;
Yet should one come, by tenderness inclined,
My heart would know if he stooped o'er my bed
And kissed my lips for memory, and said,
"This man was kind."

O Lord, when from Thy throne Thou judgest me,
Remember, tho' I was perverse and blind,
My heart went out to men in misery,
I gave what little store I had to Thee,
My life was kind.

—W. J. Dawson.

Concrete Praying

Dr. Torrey related the following touching story:

"In my first pastorate there was a mother who had for a son, I think, the most incorrigible little boy I ever knew in my life. This mother in despair came to me one day and said:

"Mr. Torrey, you know Lailey?"
"Yes, I know Lailey; everybody in town does."

"You know Lailey isn't a very good boy?"

"That was a euphemistic way of putting it, and I admitted that I knew Lailey was not a very good boy. Everybody in town knew that. She continued:

"I am at my wit's end. What shall I do?"

"Did you ever try prayer?" I said.

"Why, of course I've prayed."

"That is not what I meant. Did you ever ask God definitely to regenerate your boy, expecting Him to do it?"

"Oh, I don't believe I have ever been as definite as that."

"Then," said I, "you go right home and be as definite as that."

"She did so. I think it was from that very week a change came into that boy's life, and he grew up into active Christian manhood."

Something Practical

"William," said Aunt Ann to her husband, after the tea had been cleared away, "let's go to the missionary meeting to-night." Uncle had forgotten that there was a meeting, and when he was reminded that a returned missionary was going to tell all about India at the church, he did not seem over-enthusiastic.

"I oughtn't to go anywhere to-night!" grumbled Uncle. "I ought to be doctoring my sick horse."

"Well, you're not doing it, and you're not likely to do it. Get ready and go."

Uncle William meekly obeyed. He sat patiently through the meeting, which was both interesting and profitable. At the close of his discourse the returned missionary said:

"I will wait a few minutes now for the purpose of answering any question that interested persons in the audience may wish to ask."

For half a minute nobody spoke. Then, to the horror of Aunt Ann and the astonishment of the congregation, Uncle leaned forward and asked:

"What do they use in India to cure horses that have got the heaves?"

The Walk of Faith

By Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler

The whole walk of faith through life is the simple but sublime reliance upon an Almighty arm that is never seen, but always felt. This accounts for the fact that the word "trust" is the key word of Old Testament theology, and the word "believe" is the key word in the New Testament. They both mean substantially the same thing. And when our Heavenly Father saith, "Cast thy burden

upon Me," and our loving Redeemer saith, "Cast the load of thy sins upon Me," they expect us to take them at their word.

Running Down The Church

The easiest way to get a reputation as a thinker—among the thoughtless—is to run down the church.

Talk about its exclusiveness, its pride, its bigotry, its stagnation, its stinginess, its stupidity.

Go for it. Hit it hard. Slap it on one cheek and bid it turn the other. Step on its toes. Pull its nose. Slash its clothes. And then, when you want money for

your outside-the-church-circle reform, turn to church members to finance it. When you want voters for your People's Party, address the prayer meetings. When you want more beds for the hospital, and a new park for the slums, go to the followers of Jesus Christ.

For without the church of our blessed Redeemer there is not one forward step of modern civilization that would be taken, not one increase of justice for labour that would be obtained, not one degree that would be marked toward noon on the sundial of the ages.

Yes, kick the church, and satirise it, and make a mock of it, for it is demonstrably full of faults.

But it is the best this old world has.



TIRED NERVES

What is so thoroughly exhausting as a day's shopping! And what of the girls behind the counter? Standing for long hours day after day, with nerves continually at high tension, waiting on impatient men and exacting women—what could be more wearing on the delicate, nervous system?

Is it to be wondered at that overstrained nerves give out, that there are many headaches, much sleeplessness, and tired, draggy feelings in the mornings. "Only tired," you may say, and yet this pretty nearly sums up the symptoms of an exhausted nervous system. This is the warning that vitality is waning, and that you must get the process of restoration established. Rest and recreation may not be within your reach, but Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is, and it will do wonders in helping you back to new health and vigor. People everywhere are finding this out. In home and office, store and factory this great Food Cure is being tested out, and proving over and over again its efficacy as a means of restoring and reconstructing the wasted and depleted nerve cells. Ask your friends about it. Better still, put it to the test in your own case, and you will then understand why so many people are talking about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Insist on getting what you ask for.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

Sudden fright or emotion may cause a momentary arrest of the heart's action...

Palpitation, again, is often the result of digestive disorders arising from the stomach...

Mrs. J. S. Nicholls, Listowell, Ont., writes: "I was weak and run down, my heart would palpitate and I would take weak and dizzy spells..."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ONE YEAR'S SUPPLY 10c OF MAGAZINES

DO YOU KNOW that hundreds of publishers would be glad to send you a free sample copy of their Magazine if they only knew your address...

WE-DO-AS-WE-SAY

so send a silver dime at once and your name will go on our next month's circulating list and you will be greatly surprised at the results...

TOE-KOMFORT

It is a general remedy for corns, tired, sweaty feet and all other foot troubles. Trial size 25c, extra large size 50c. Free sample sent on receipt of five cents postage.

BUY YOUR HARNESS BY MAIL AND SAVE MONEY COMPLETE SADDLERY CATALOGUE FREE Winnipeg Saddlery Co. : Winnipeg, Man.

The BEST LIGHT A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week. No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power.

Correspondence

We invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print...

A Defender

July, 15, 1915.

Dear Editor: Having always read your columns with great interest I decided to try my luck, and see if I couldn't escape the waste paper basket.

The letters are very interesting especially Rags' letter of the July number. He defends himself (as well as many others), bravely, as well as justly. I, myself, have no real objection in a man taking a smoke or an occasional drink—providing he does not go too far like so many do...

"Rags" I should like very much to call on you and see if I couldn't inspect your residence without feeling extra foolish. The swellest farm and house in this district belongs to a bachelor—an Englishman. And believe me he can cook and keep house to beat the majority of the women.

I would like to know if "Rags" has ever been over Kootenay district in B.C. or in fact any part of that province.

I have been raised on a farm and have always liked it. If I ever married I should want to make my home on one. Of course I am not seriously thinking of matrimonial matters being only eighteen I think I have lots of time to consider that very important question.

As I have taken up a lot of valuable space I will close. In the meantime will some of those poor Western Bachelors please write. I will sign myself, Valley Flower.

Will party signing "Prairie Valley," please send her address to The Western Home Monthly.

Interested in Plays

Manitoba, Sept. 6, 1915.

Dear Editor and Friends—Will you please allow me a little space in your valuable paper. I have often been going to write but never got started. We have taken The Western Home Monthly for some time and I enjoy the correspondence so much.

I wonder how many of you young folks take part in entertainments. I take a great interest in dialogues and plays given at entertainments, and I am always taking a part in some play when there is an entertainment.

I think I have written enough for my first letter so had better ring off for this time. I am one of these crusty old maids some of you girls speak of.

I remain signing my name,

Agnes.

Will Exchange Snaps

Man., Sept. 14, 1915.

Dear Editor: I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for quite a while, so thought I would try this way of getting acquainted with some of the other readers of this wonderful paper.

I am fond of writing letters and also of receiving them. I would like to hear from any who would care to write. Would like to hear from "Irish Brown Eyes" and "June Rose."

I am very fond of all kinds of outdoor sports especially skating and photography, would exchange snaps with anyone who will write first. Hoping this misses the waste paper basket and wishing The Western Home Monthly long and continued success. I remain, Irish Slim, 21.

Not Dutch

Alberta, Sept. 18th, 1915.

Dear Editor: This is my first letter to The Western Home Monthly, which I think is the most interesting magazine I have ever read. It is the most welcome guest that comes to our home every month, for this is the most lonesome place on the globe, I think.

Well, I may say I would like some of the members to write to me. I can promise to answer every letter, and the boys need not be afraid because I am not an old maid and not too bad looking either. I can speak and write several different languages so any language will do to write me in.

I won't write any more now for I hope to see my letter in print. Yours truly, Vesta.

Health cannot be looked for in the child that is subject to worms because worms destroy health by creating internal disturbances that retard development and cause serious weakness.

RHEUMATISM

My New Drafts are Relieving Thousands in Every Stage of this Cruel Disease without Medicine

Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE

To everyone suffering with Rheumatism I make this unlimited offer: Send me your address and I'll send you by return mail a Regular Dollar Pair of my New Foot Drafts to try free—fresh from my laboratory and ready to begin their soothing help the minute you put them on.



Frederick Dyer

Letters are coming on every mail from all over the world, telling of cures by my Drafts in the most difficult cases, even after 30 and 40 years suffering and after the most expensive treatments had failed. No matter what your age or how many other attempts have failed, I want you to try my Drafts free without a cent in advance.

Illustrated book on Rheumatism comes free with the Trial Drafts. Address Frederick Dyer, Dept. 1130J, Jackson, Michigan. Send To-day.

CREDIT TO ALL TERMS AS LOW AS \$2.00 A MONTH OUR LEADER! Perfect 1 ct. Gophir Gem, solid 14 kt. Tiffany Setting. Special Price \$2.00. 21 days. \$3 a month. Send For Our Catalog

Removed From 337 NOTRE DAME AVENUE to larger and more up-to-date premises at 338 Colony Street Just South of Postage. On account of war am giving exceptionally good rates. Would be pleased to have those requiring our services write for further information. Can fit you with the best that money can buy. J. H. M. CARSON

Get a Farm of Your Own Take 20 Years to Pay. If you wish. The land will support you and pay for itself. An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms, ranging from \$11 to \$30 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands from \$35. Terms—Twenty-two down, balance within twenty years. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc., up to \$2,000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent. Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or secure your friends as neighbors. For literature and particulars apply to F. W. RUSSELL, Land Agent, Desk 64, Dept. of Natural Resources, C.P.R. Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A New Invention.

Saskatchewan, Canada,
Aug. 21st, 1915.

Dear Editor:—Here I am again. I must thank all correspondents. Sorry I could not answer all, but will try later on. It is a very busy time now—harvesting. What a good, long letter Freda always writes. She speaks plainly to the opposite sex. Please do not think I am a man-hater, for that would be wrong.

I am English, age 20, getting on in years, eh?

Say, did anyone ever hear of chickens being hatched on feather pillows. We have some; they get along fine.

I do lots of crocheting. Would anyone care to exchange patterns? My address is with the Editor.

Wishing all farmers a good harvest. I will sign myself,

Tipperary Mary.

W.H.M. as a Cheery Friend.

Sept. 10th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—Your correspondence page will sure draw the very quietest of us out of our shells.

When The Western Home Monthly appears it is like a cheery friend coming in to brighten us up and help us on our way.

Like "June Rose," I first turn the pages, reading your interesting articles and looking at your pictures, then turn to the correspondence page, and for some time I have felt that I would like to join your happy circle.

A Subscriber.

Another Easterner.

Ontario, Oct. 8th, 1915.

Dear Editor and Friends:—I have read The Western Home Monthly for nearly a year, especially the correspondence column. It is a splendid paper all through. Have been going to write sooner, but couldn't pick up courage, so here goes at last. After reading "Mere Bachelor's" letter in our October number, I would like to say, that he had

better come east, and see if he can do any better here. He must be hard to please. He must be crossed in love. Would like very much to exchange music with "Minnie." Well, as this is my first letter, I will make it short. I am afraid it will hit the w.p.b. pretty straight. Good wishes to the Editor and all the readers of The Western Home Monthly. Hope to see this in print. Will sign myself.

"Girle."

P.S.—My address is with the Editor. Would like to hear from some of the readers.

Her First Attempt.

Sask., Aug. 27th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—As I have been a steady reader of your paper for nearly a year, I have at last made the attempt to write and ask some of your members to please write to me.

I came from Ontario here to the prairie three years ago, and I like the prairie very much. There are lots of sports here, skating, dancing, and a

large number of young people, bachelors and girls. I enjoy their company very much, but would like to correspond with your members to learn more about other parts of the country.

I would like to hear from Bill and Jake, and from any member that will please write to me. I have written to Miss Grace on girls homesteading in British Columbia, hoping to hear from her soon. Thank the Editor.

Will some of the members please write; my address is with the Editor.
Farmer's Daughter.

A Young Traveller.

Edmonton, Alta.,

Oct. 7th, 1915.

Dear Editor:—I am not a subscriber to your paper but am a monthly reader, and take great pleasure in your correspondence column.

Allow me to congratulate Kid on his thriftiness, and would love to hear from such a "kid."

In regard to myself I may say I am

a travelling milliner, eighteen years of age, stand 5 ft. 1½ in. in height, and weigh 95 pounds.

I am fond of sports such as skating, coasting, basketball, baseball, etc. Would like to hear from some one of same nature.

Quite agree with Mere Bachelor's opinion on country girls. No offence to "Just Me."

Edmonton is a pretty city—one of the prettiest in the Golden West, situated on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan river, with winding banks perfumed with spruce, which makes it very pleasing to roam in the woods on a bright summer's day.

Hoping this will escape the w.p.b. I will sign myself,

Baby Doll.

Think Happy Thoughts

Think happy thoughts, O friend, in sunny weather!
'Tis easier when the skies are deep and blue.

Let thy heart and the robins sing together,
And thy clear eyes be tranquil as the dew.

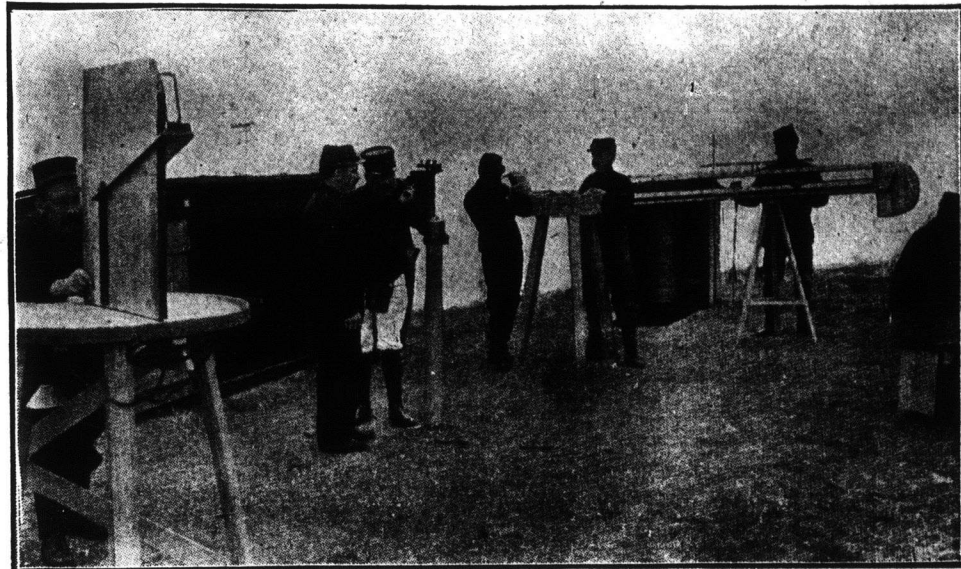
Sadness, thy troubled spirit's exhalation
Grow radiant in the early morning rays;
All vain regret and haunting expectation
On far horizons fall like distant haze.

Think happy thoughts, O friend, in sunny weather!

Let Gladness and thy spirit, hand in hand,
Wander across the daisied fields together
And drink the cheer and sweetness of the land.

So rich a store of memories thou shalt gather,
So tranquil grow thy spirit and thy brain,
That when the winds blow fog and stormy weather

Thou shalt have sunshine though the earth have rain.
—Charles Poole Cleaves, in the "Outlook."



Fitted with instruments for gauging the height, distance, and speed of approaching aircraft: an observation post. (From Illustrated London News)

KIDNEY TROUBLE AT 82

The Undoubted Efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy of World-wide Repute, Again Receives Personal Confirmation.

Age makes no difference to the curative power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They help old and young, from the infant in its mother's arms to the white-haired grand-parent bowed with the weight of years. That is the one conclusion to be drawn from the testimony to Dr. Cassell's Tablets which grateful people are constantly giving to the world.

Here, for example, is Mr. Benjamin de Grey, of 2, Clifton-terrace, Queen-street, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, England, telling a representative how Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured him of acute kidney trouble when nothing else tried could even relieve. And Mr. de Grey is 82 years of age. He says:—

"A few years ago, I began to have a dull, heavy feeling after everything I ate, and this was very soon followed by gnawing pain across my back and other indications of kidney trouble. At all times this pain was with me, but it became sharp as knives thrusts when I had to straighten up from a sitting or stooping position. I was told it was kidney trouble; I knew that, but no sort of medicine I had did any sort of good, and I cannot describe the suffering I underwent. I could not rest anywhere, and I was so weak by this time that I could hardly drag about. I had lost flesh terribly, too. Finally, to crown my suffering gravel began to form, and the keen agony caused by this new affliction can only be understood by those who have experienced it. Often I was bathed in perspiration from the torture I had to endure. I would have given the world for a little relief, but nothing at all helped me.

"I was told that an operation was the only thing left for me. But at my age I did not like the idea of that, so again I took medicine which again proved useless.

"I was worn out with pain and want of rest when at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Yet almost from the first they relieved me. I got better and better, till now I am cured and in splendid health."



Mr. B. de Grey.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Their entire safety and purity, their suitability for young and old alike, and their wonderful efficacy have ensured for Dr. Cassell's Tablets a high reputation throughout the world. Test their reliability as a remedy if you suffer from

- Nervous Breakdown
- Nerve Failure
- Infantile Weakness
- Neurasthenia
- Sleeplessness
- Anaemia
- Kidney Trouble
- Stomach Disorder
- Malnutrition
- Dyspepsia
- Wasting
- Palpitation

and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 6 cents for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul-street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Household Suggestions

The Best of It

When others like to frown and pout,
To sulk and all the rest of it,
Still in the heart shall peace have part,
And gladness be the guest of it.
With work and play, drive care away,
Light hearts can cheer the darkest day,
If we but make the best of it.

When fortune turns and rudely spurns
Each effort—makes a jest of it,
When life is pain and labour vain,
And vanished is the zest of it,
The battle goes, sometimes, to those,
Though weaker than their haughty foes,
Who bravely make the best of it.

When love has fled and joy is dead,
And empty is the nest of it,
How find relief from cruel grief,
And whither go in quest of it?
Bring heart and mind to serve mankind,
In helping others, healing find,
Have faith, and make the best of it.
—Juliet Older Carlton.

Home vs. Commercial Canning

by Abby L. Marlatt, University
of Wisconsin

Shall we, or shall we not labor during the heat of summer to provide fruit and vegetables out of season in winter?

Is there an opportunity to save time, save money, save health, satisfy tastes through better utilization of a neglected source of variety in the diet?

Do we, in transforming fresh fruit and vegetables into the canned product, save or satisfy?

Have we counted the cost of planting, cultivating, and harvesting?

Have we added to that the cost of fuel and the cost of labor to determine whether the homemade product saves money and gives an honest living wage to the worker?

Or are we satisfying that craving for evidence of labor perhaps an intellectual inheritance from an older time when woman's work was measured by her stores in preserves and textiles made by hand?

Each housewife must answer these questions for herself. To most of the farm homes, the questions should be very important, as the value of woman's work on the farm is of equal importance with that of her husband.

Letters from intelligent thoughtful farm women state: "The farm woman does not have fruit and vegetables in abundance unless she raises them. Often she cannot buy them and if she could she does not have the money and so goes without. It is doubtful if it will pay any woman to buy these products and can them. What I want is to see the farm woman live better and get better health for herself and family."

A careful study of material bought in the open market with a careful record of the cost of fuel and labor at 25 cents per hour has shown that the town or village woman who must buy her raw products rather than gather them from her garden will do well to confine the bulk of her work to preparing the unusual in the way of preserves, marmalades, jellies, and fruit juices depending upon the commercial product for the bulk of her canned vegetables and more common fruits.

In the home canning, if the work is done a few cans at a time using the excess gathered for daily use, the extra work will not seem great and in the course of the summer months, an abundant supply may be secured for winter use. Even though the lust for accomplishment may be great, no more than enough for the one year should be prepared, for fruits, preserves, and jellies seldom improve by keeping.

If we will keep a record of our time and the cost of materials we can decide for ourselves whether it is cheaper to put up fruit and vegetables in the home or to save at some other point and buy the commercial product.

Apple Recipes

The recipes given below will no doubt be read with a great deal of interest by the housewives of this city and district as they have all been carefully tried and tested before being placed in the British Col-

umbia Fruit Booklet, a copy of which may be had by any housewife by addressing W. E. McTaggart, the B. C. Fruit Markets Commissioner, at 328 A. Eighth Ave., W. Calgary.

Apple Croquettes—Pare, quarter and core enough tart apples to make a pint; place in a saucepan with one small tablespoon of butter, and if the apples are not juicy, a few tablespoons of water. Cover and stew gently until tender, then press through a sieve. Return to the fire and add sugar. Add one tablespoon of cornstarch and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, mixed to a thin paste with cold water; stir until thickened, cover and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Turn out on a greased dish and set away until cold. Form into tiny croquettes, roll in bread crumbs, dip in lightly beaten egg, then roll again in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat; drain on unglazed paper and serve with roast pork or roast goose.

apples into eighths, then slice the eighths, and stir into the batter. Drop by the spoonful into hot deep fat and fry until delicately browned; drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Fritter Batter—Yolks of two eggs, well beaten; add one-half cup of milk, one tablespoon of olive oil, one saltspoon of salt, and flour enough to make a drop batter. When ready for use, add the well-beaten whites of two eggs.

As Good as New

To Clean Hardwood or Stained Floors—Sweep thoroughly and dust, then rub with an absorbent flannel cloth wet with kerosene.

To Clean Windows—Two tablespoonfuls of kerosene added to a basin of water with which the windows are to be washed, will make them beautifully clear, and easier to polish.

To Clean Porcelain Bath Tubs—The ugly black stains around the sides of the

To Remove Wagon Grease from Cloth—Rub with lard or unsalted butter, then after fifteen minutes wash out thoroughly with hot water and soap.

To Remove Grease Spots from Silk—Place a piece of blotting paper under the spot on the silk. Scrape French chalk over it; lay a piece of thin paper over the chalk; press with a warm iron and the grease spot will disappear.

To Clean Decanters and Water Bottles—The easiest way is to take two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one of salt, and shake around for a few minutes, then rinse with clean water.

To Clean and Brighten Gilt Picture Frames—Rub over the frame water in which onions have been boiled. It will remove dust and specks and brighten the frame.

To Remove Egg Stains From Silver—Apply table salt with a wet cloth, and they will quickly disappear.

To Clean Oil Paintings—A slice of Irish potato will clean oil paintings without injury, and dipped in soda is excellent to brighten silver.

To Clean Willow Furniture—Use salt and water. Apply it with a stiff brush. Scrub well and dry thoroughly.

To Set Colors in Wash Goods—Add a handful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, to three-quarters of a pail full of warm water. Put the material in, and let it remain until water is cold. Do not wring, but hang on the line, and let it drip dry. This will set the color permanently.

To Remove Grease from Woolen Goods—Saturate a small piece of white cloth with benzine and rub the spot until it disappears. This will not injure the goods, and is easy to use. Be careful and not let the benzine come in contact with the fire, as it is explosive.

To Remove Grass Stains—Saturate the spot with alcohol, then wash with clear water.

To Remove Scorch from Colored Goods—When pressing a colored dress and you have the misfortune to scorch it, take a silver coin, lay it flat on the scorched part and rub it briskly, and you will find the scorch disappears.

To Remove Wine Stains—Cover the stain with salt while wet, moisten with boiling water and then pour boiling water through until the stain disappears.

To Remove Iodine Stains Either from the Skin or Linen—Use common household ammonia.

To Remove Mildew—Wet the goods, rub common brown soap on the spot, and scrape white chalk on it. Brush off the chalk when dry.

To Clean White Straw Hats—Dissolve five cents' worth of oxalic acid in a glass of water and scrub the hat with a nail brush, after it has been thoroughly freed from dust. Then rinse in clear water and dry in the sun.

Black Chip Hats may be made to look like new by wiping with an old, soft silk handkerchief, followed by a light application of pure olive oil.

To Clean White Plumes—To clean a white plume, make a paste of gasoline and flour. Dip the plume in it repeatedly, drawing after each dipping lightly through the fingers, so as not to injure the plume; then shake out of doors until the gasoline has evaporated. The flour will shake off and the plume will even retain its curl and original fluffiness. If the plume does not come out white the first time, repeat the process.

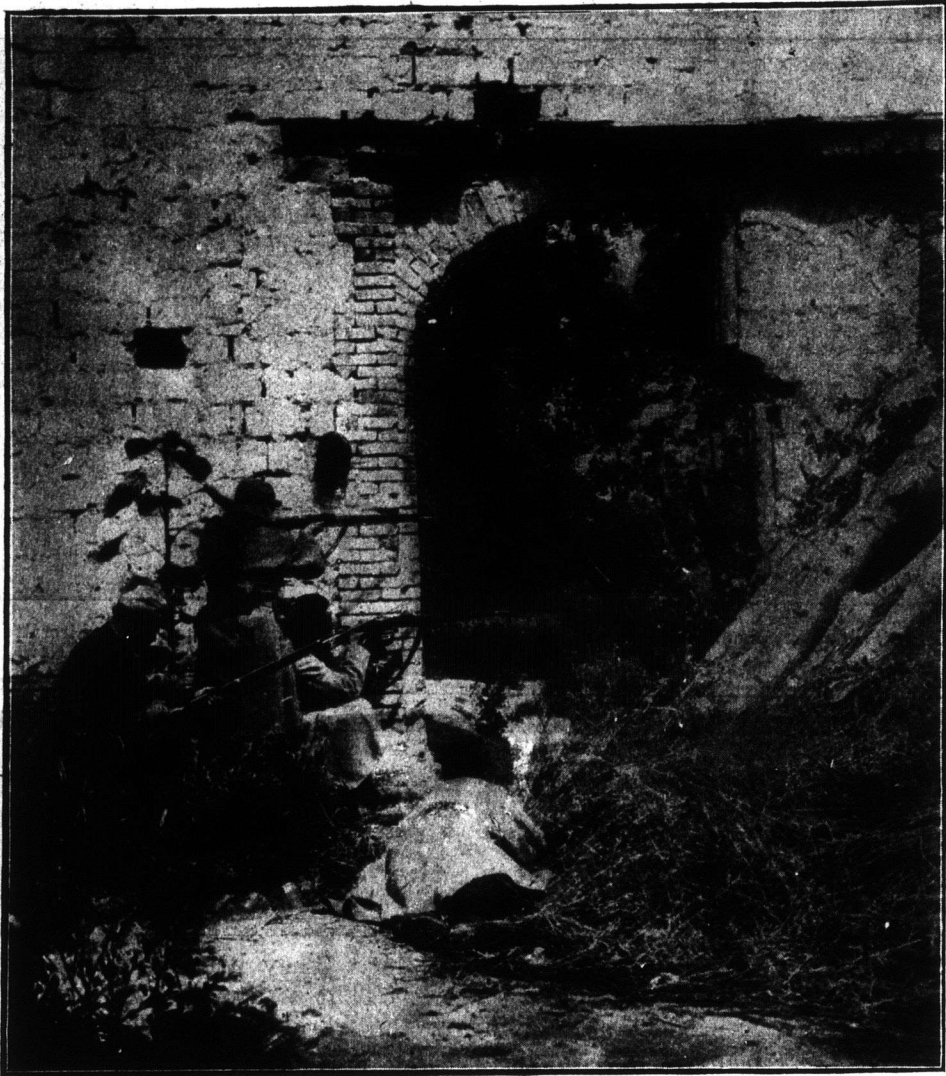
To Clean White Felt Hats—Milliners use the soft inner part of a stale loaf of white bread. It does the work perfectly.

To Renovate Black Silk—Sponge with cold tea to which a little ammonia has been added; then iron on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.

To Cleanse Gloves—Dampen a good-sized piece of white cloth or flannel in sweet milk; then rub on a little white castile soap; apply as rapidly as possible to every part of the glove, after putting it on the hand; then rub the glove with a clean, dry flannel, which will restore the original polish.

To Remove Stains from Table Linen—Pin the linen over a dish with clothes pins, and pour boiling water over the stain until it disappears.

To Remove Ink Spots from goods of fast color, put one or two drops of oxalic acid on the spots; rinse in several waters and finally in ammonia. From colored goods, wet the spots with milk and cover with common salt. Let stand some hours, then rinse in several waters.



French Scouts near La Bassee.

French scouts near La Bassee spy a German in his advanced outpost, from where he communicates by phone with the advanced German trenches. From behind an ambuscade formed by the wall of a ruined French castle, they take shots at the German lookout.

Apple Float—A simple desert may be made as follows; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add four tablespoons of white sugar and beat until dry. Grate two large tart apples into the egg mixture, a little at a time, beating all the time. Have a large dish partly filled with plain cream. Drop the apple and egg mixture by the tablespoonful over the surface of the cream, and dot with candied cherries.

Apples with Fried Onions—Peel onions and slice. Fry in fat until a rich brown; drain on soft brown paper. Fry unpared quarters of apples in the fat left from the onions. Arrange apples in a border on a platter; fill centre with fried onions and serve hot.

Fried Apples—Quarter and core five apples without paring. Put into a frying pan and melt beef drippings in it; when hot lay a layer of apples in, skin down, sprinkle with brown sugar, and when nearly done, turn and brown; place on a platter, and sprinkle with sugar; set in hot oven and continue frying apples one layer at a time.

Apple Fritters—Mix and sift one and one-third cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt, add gradually, while stirring constantly two-thirds of a cup of milk and one egg well beaten. Wipe core and pare and cut two medium sized sour

tub disappear like magic when wiped with a soft cloth moistened with kerosene.

To Clean Brass Candlesticks—Use the simple, old world remedy of sour milk and salt, and they will look like new.

Washing Fluid which will save half the washboard labor and not injure the clothes: One can of Babbitt's potash; one ounce salts of tartar; one ounce ammonia one ounce borax. Dissolve all together in an earthen dish in a pint of warm water pour on four quarts of boiling water and when cold put in glass jar for use. Use one half cupful for a boiler of clothes in cold wash. Let them come to a boil then wash.

To Cleanse Blankets—Dissolve two large tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint of soft soap in a tub of cold water; place the blankets in the tub and allow them to soak over night; next day wash and drain them; rinse in two waters and hang them to dry, without wringing, and they will look like new.

To Cleanse a Smoky Lamp Chimney—Apply a few drops of alcohol; this will remove all traces of greasy smoke which soap and water will not.

To Remove Iron Rust—Place the fabric over a cup of warm water, apply muriatic acid, with a small soft brush, and the iron rust will disappear; then rinse in two or three changes of water, and hang out in the air to dry.

“A man well fed
On Home-made Bread
Will be proud of his wife
And love her”

*You can now be the best
bread-maker in your
neighborhood;
and here's
how*



ROBIN HOOD FLOUR

"When e'er you bake
A dainty cake,
And PURITY is your brand;
You'll smile with me
And quite agree
It's best in all the land."



JELLY ROLL RECIPE:
1 cup PURITY Flour. 3 Eggs.
1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 1 cup Sugar.
2 tablespoons Cold Water. 1/2 teaspoon Salt.
Flavor to suit. Roll when hot.

PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread 

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED
MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE 