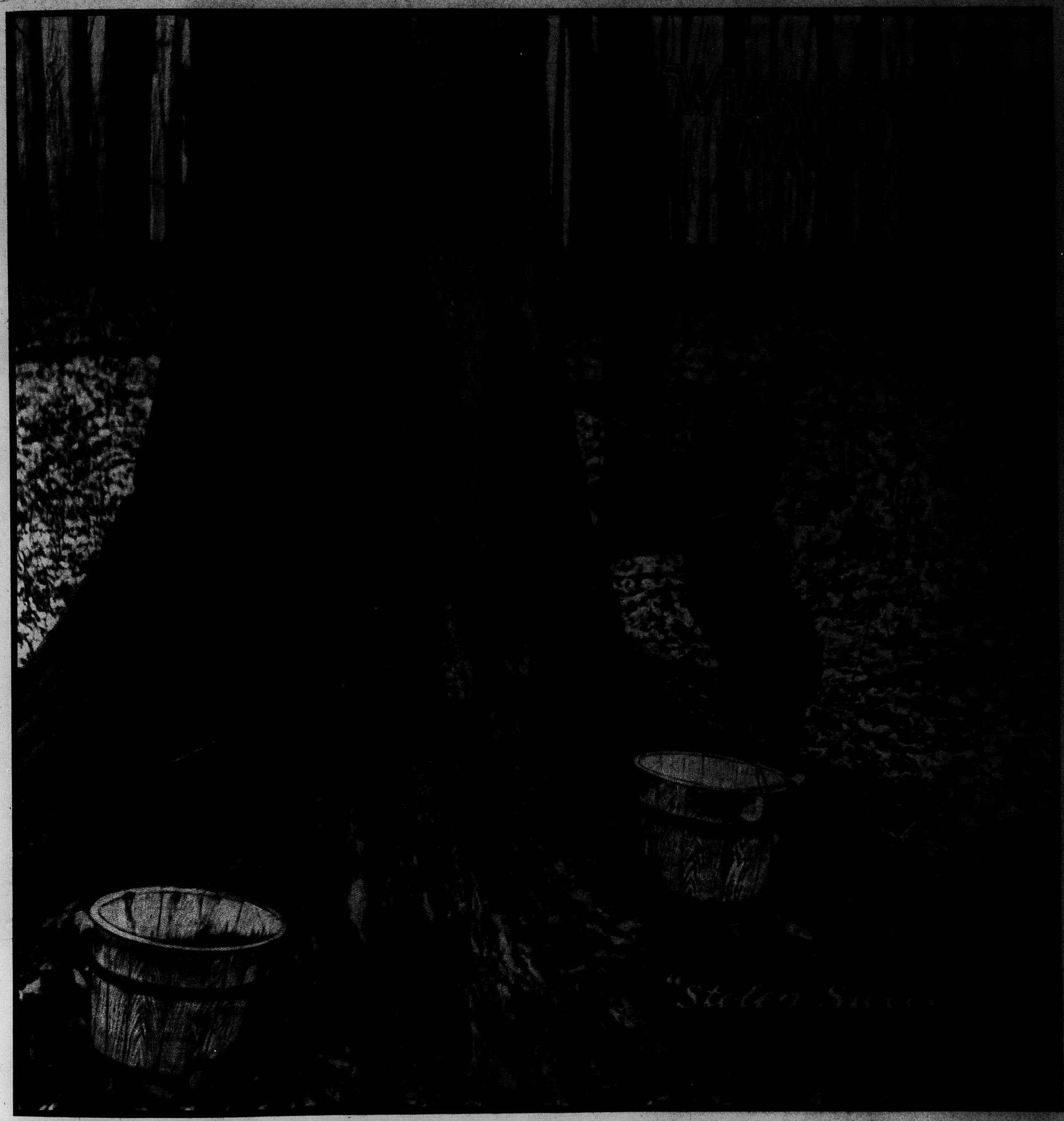
# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. IX. No. 3. WINNIPEG, CANADA, MARCH, 1908.

# When Mary Ellen Left Home.

By DOLORES MARBOURG BACON.

MARY ELLEN'S life had been made unhappy to a large extent, by a painful sense of eternal unfitness of things as things exist, and by her conscientious efforts to conduct her life in accordance with her disappointed sense of proportion. The dreadful mechanism of life and of the soul had been made a very part of her existence by the influence of a well-mearing but mentally circumscribed set of parents.

As Mary Ellen stood in the dining-room, hooking her son's hair behind his ears before putting his Sunday cap on his head, she said to her brother, with a look of trouble:

"There is something I wanted to say before I left, Manville." She hesitated.

"Can't you think of the word you remembered to remember it by?" asked Manville, with ambiguity. It was Mary Ellen's habit to adjust her memory by means of a mnemonic, and she oftenest remembered the main fact while forgetting the help to memory.

"No," she said, "I can't recall it. I'd know the word in a minute, if I heard it. Oh—the thing I wanted to tell you was to say to the Reverend Peters that I don't see how we can get over to Stafford for Thanksgiving service, to save our lives. I shan't get home 'til the day before, and with Thanksgiving dinner to get, tell him it's just no use for us to try. I know the Whiffleses won't go."

"No," said Manville, "I don't believe Lineville'll try to go. Stafford's too far."

"Tell Reverend Peters I'm real sorry, but I just don't see my way to it. Well," she said, looking around, "I guess that's all. John and I'll be home about Wednesday noon. That'll give me time to get Thanksgiving dinner."

"Don't worry about anything, Mary Ellen. Just have a good time."

"I shall worry, half to death, if I can't get that word I was to remember it by." And Mary Ellen and her son John went down the walk to join Johnnie, husband and father, who was to drive them to the station. When the fall house-cleaning was fairly over it had been decided in family council that Mary Ellen should visit a cousin living at Eden Center. It was her purpose to be away two weeks, returning home the day before Thanksgiving.

Ever since this visit of Mary Ellen's had been under advisement, Manville had had certain helpful purposes in his mind for his sister. Manville had a genius for experimentation with electricity. It is doubtful if he knew a volt from a revolt, and the word ampere—which he mistakenly spelt a-m-p-h-e-r-e—had some analogy in his mind with a Grecian water-vase; however, up in his attic workshop he had a list of household articles to which electricity might be helpfully applied. Manville had already "tacked the force" on to a machine of Johnnie's out in the barn, by which a large number of bushels of something were winnowed or threshed or cradled or done something agricultural to, with only a guiding hand at the machine.

The Allen farm included a cataract which served various vulgar purposes, but Manville had found a scientific *raison d'etre* for it. He had rigged up a plant in Johnnie's cellar for the purpose of generating electricity, and had attached it to the cataract. Thus he was at no expense, save the initial expense of the machine, and he could turn on the several work-saving contrivances with which he had equipped his brother-in-law's house, and be certain that nothing would run down. During this absence of Mary Ellen, Johnnie had decided to go duck-shooting with Marsh Marriam, thus Manville would be left alone to look after the place.

"Johnnie jumped back and said something."

Soon after all had left the farm but himself, Manville set off to the town of Wingate, five miles away, and bought a new stove. It was the usual cooking stove type of thing, constructed somewhat differently from the one formerly in use. Manville brought it home with him in the wagon and set it up in place of the old one, and strung some wires from the stove to the wall. He put in a switch board locating it in a little bling cupboard at the right of the chimney place. Instead of constructing his switch board in a way that permitted the electric force to be turned on and off from the same little plank, he cut out a corresponding section of wainscoting at the left of the stove, and fitted another little plank carrying apparatus for the purpose of disconnecting the household furniture from the cataract when it should become desirable.

Aside from the complicated but orderly and symmetrical arrangement behind the kitchen stove, there was a lever under the kitchen stairs, by turning which the little engine could be entirely disconnected from every electrified article in the house.

When Manville found that he could induce incandescence in the new stove within a few moments, he considered the experiment a success. He so arranged the household implements that Mary Ellen could carry on many domestic pursuits at the same time. The new conditions mainly required tact—and Mary Ellen had a great deal of that. When all was done a child could run the household.

On the fourteenth day of Mary Ellen's absence Manville sat in the

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undo her things while Johnnie tried the side door, expecting it would yield at once; it was fast, however, and after standing back and looking up at the attic dormer window, and calling, "Hi, Manville!" Johnnie remarked to Mary Ellen that he guessed Manville wasn't there.

"Tch!" said Mary Ellen, and she felt behind the window-blind of the dining-room and brought forth the key; the key was always concealed there when all the members of the family were absent at the same time.

Once inside the door, Mary Ellen stood a moment, looking about the room. Manville had not been gone long enough for the clock to have run down. Mary Ellen said:

"I declare! I am so glad to get back!" and then she stepped to the closet in the front hall and hung up her things and put on her calico dress. Meantime she told Johnnie that the Perkinses—her cousins on her mother's side—were going to Florida for the winter.

"What for? Have they got something the matter with their lungs?" asked Johnnie.

"No, but they've worn out every set of flannels they had on their backs; even down to the baby. Caroline said that she had been bound to make them carry the family through last season, and she did it, and that's about all she could do; and there so many of them—nine now, with the baby—that it's a perfect house and lot on Alonzo's shoulders to look forward to the winter, when he would have to buy at least three sets apiece for the whole nine—twenty seven—and Caroline says it hasn't happened that way before since they were married and that's twenty-three years. So they just decided to go to some climate where they can get on a season without flannels. Besides, Caroline never travelled any, and it seems a kind of Providence that things have happened just as they have."

"Huh!" said Johnnie, going toward the kitchen. Johnnie stood a moment in the doorway looking straight ahead

# OLD TIME MEMORIES

*By SOLON L. GOODE*

Thou lonely cabin in the snow,
No footsteps cross thy door;
No human voice is heard within
As in the days of yore.

Deserted and alone you stand
Like some despondent soul,
Or, as some wind-swept wreck,
O'er which the billows roll.

Blue smoke once curled above thy eaves
And verdure round thee spread,
The roses climbed thy chink-ed logs
With warmest tints of red.

O, dear old cabin in the snow,
Thy mem'ry I revere,
Within thy homely mud-lined walls
Came many a blessed year.

Though now I dwell in stately halls
Where walls are flecked with gold,
No sweeter hours have crowned my soul
Than did those days of old.

In childish fancy I have heard
Kris Kringle's prancing steeds,
As oft my sainted mother told
Of Santa's wondrous deeds.

I look into the embers now
While shadows dance and grow,
And silken hose are homespun now,
As in the long ago.

O, Christmas cheer and New Year joys
So strangely sweet to me,
May the music of thy memory
Abide eternally.

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at something that was outside Mary Ellen's vision.

"I wonder where Manville is," she said; and then was attracted by Johnnie's absorption, and went to look over his shoulder. She saw the sign Manville had hung on the nail where the chain dish-rag hung:

"THE STOVE IS CHARGED."

"Why! For the lands' sake!" said she. "If Manville wanted to get a new stove, why on earth did he have it charged? If he couldn't pay for it, he hadn't ought to have it. We didn't need a new stove more than a cat needs two tails. Tch!" and Mary Ellen sat down by the table and looked at the stove and the sign.

Johnnie approached the stove "Why," he said, "the lids are screwed down!"

"So they are!" said Mary Ellen "Tch!"

"And it's hot!" said yong John, as the result of his experiments.

"Tch! Tch!" It certainly was hot as John had said.

"And no stovepipe. Do you see? What in the world I shall do when we take the pipe down to have it cleaned—— Like as not, Manville's burning bricks," she concluded sarcastically.

"I guess he ain't ma," John replied. He had found some familiar-looking knobs behind the old blind cupboard. "Uncle Man's rigged up some electricity things. Look at 'em." And young John turned a couple of the knobs.

"Why——" began Mary Ellen.

"Just see the——" began Johnnie; but the coffee-mill was under full headway in the window-jam, and all turned to look at it.

"Whoop!" said John, as a screeching, batting sort of sound came from the summer kitchen. Johnie opened the door and looked out.

"Why, Mary Ellen, the washing-machine is going lickety-split."

"Tch!" she said, failing to close her mouth after the exclamation.

Young John rushed to the switch-board. "I'll turn the rest of 'em," he yelled.

"Don't you touch another thing in this house, John Allen, or I'll put you to bed."

"Now you hear your mother," interjected Johnnie, excitedly.

"For the land's sake, Johnnie, get the coffee-sack," said Mary Ellen, her eyes fascinated by the action of the coffee-mill. Unless Manville gets home right away, we can't stop the thing, Heaven knows when, and it mustn't keep grinding itself that way without anything in it."

John had rushed for the season's supply of coffee at his mother's first suggestion.

"We mustn't grind it green! Tch! Here, Johnnie, hustle as much into that stove as you can, and get some browned. We're wasting time and heat 'til we get something going in that stove. I must get at the baking. It just sets my nerves on edge to see things going on like that mill, and not accomplishing a thing."

"What are you going to do about the washing, ma?" asked John.

Mary Ellen sat down suddenly. "Tch!" she said. "With all that's going on, I had forgotten it. Get the coffee in as soon as you can, Johnnie, while I sort the clothes." And Mary Ellen rushed up the back stairs.

While Johnnie was stirring the coffee beans in the superheated oven, young John said, tentatively:

"Pa, Uncle Man always turns knobs to shut things off, and there's a good many more knobs in the little cupboard. Don't you think I ought to turn 'em and see if they wouldn't stop things."

Johnnie looked doubtfully at young John and then at the switch-board. "I don't know, John. Your mother said not to touch them again——"

"But if I turned' em off she'd be awful glad. It'd surprise her and——"

"Well," said Johnnie, "you might try. Just turn one a little, and if you see anything start going, stop as quick as a wink."

Young John rushed to the board; he turned the remaining knobs and stood looking about the room expectantly. Several things happened. First, Mary Ellen called from above:

"What did you just do there, John? Didn't I tell you not to touch another thing in this house?" and simultaneously with Mary Ellen's voice there came from above a queer, clicking sound, followed by a rush, a moment's silence, another click, and another rushing sound.

"Something's going off up where ma is," said John.

"It's the shades," called Mary Ellen "I'll attend to you."

Johnnie mechanically stirred the coffee, kneeling on the floor by the oven; but his face was turned anxiously toward the stairway.

"I guess I hadn't ought to have let you done it, John. You better mind your mother." Mary Ellen was a good deal distracted by the window-shades, which continually went up and down with the slight pause, followed by the reversible click. "Tch!" she said to herself, as she counted out the pillow-cases. "And to-morrow's Thanksgiving," as she tied the corners of the sheet across the soiled clothes. She kept her eyes upon the window-shades all of the time. The law of the eternal fitness of things was being violated by them more than by anything else in the house.

Mary Ellen went down-stairs with the clothes. "Those shades——" she said. "There is no earthly use I can put them to. They won't stay down long enough to keep out the sun—which is all right to-night because the sun's down—but what to do with them in the morning I don't know. It nags me awful. It's such things that worry me half to death." She passed out into the summer kitchen. "Didn't you put any water on to heat, Johnnie?"

"I've had all I could do to keep the coffee going, Mary Ellen," he answered. "But I don't see why we shouldn,t just let things go along till Manville comes home, and then——"

"Tch!" said Mary Ellen, and piled her soiled clothes beside the washing-machine. "You fill up the boiler, Johnnie." Mary Ellen took Johnnie's place at the oven.

"The trundle-bed's come out from under the bed ma," called John from above. "It's been a-whizzing all the time, but I guess it's so heavy that it just got started."

"Well, you keep still. It can't be helped. It wouldn't be so bad if I could let Mrs. Flammer know. It would sort of soothe her baby and give her some chance to get her to-morrow's dinner going. Don't you get on to it. You're too big." Mary Ellen watched with impatience while Johnnie filled the boiler. The many unfamiliar sounds now filing the house would have distracted an ordinary woman, and since they reminded Mary Ellen that much force was going to waste, serving nobody, the conditions were extremely trying to her nerves.

"Only think," she said to Johnnie, "of the washings and washings about the neighborhood that are just groaning to be done, and that they could be done as well as not if—Why, Johnnie," sitting back upon her heels and pausing as she stirred the coffee," we don't know how long things will keep up like this, and if we washed everything in the house we couldn't supply that machine more than about so long. As soon as you've filled that boiler you run with all your might to the Whiffleses' and tell Mrs. Whiffles what has happened to us, and that she can use the machine as well as not."

"Will I need to carry water for all——"

"Tch!" said Mary Ellen. "I guess if I can think out what's to be done Johnnie, you can manage to do the mere fetching and carrying."

As Johnnie started for the Whiffleses' washing he knocked against the carpet sweeper, and it fell to the floor with a bang that was lost in the whirr of the mill, the methodical rush and click of the window-shades above, the threshing of the washing machine, the rumbling of the trundle-bed, and Johnnie's startled exclamation. Placing a small storage battery on the inside of the sweeper, Manville. with his characteristic love of symmetry and elaboration,

had placed the button which started the works in the end of the handle, and this button was warranted to remain locked until the operator pushed a similar button at the base of the machine. When the task was completed it was a very pretty piece of workmanship, if over-elaborate.

As the sweeper fell, the handle struck against the chair, and the starter was shoved in and the wheels revolved. Johnnie jumped back and said something.

"Well, well," said Mary Ellen, "I see it, but it can't be helped, so hurry on Johnnie, and——I tell you we've got to use this fire some way. You tell the Whiffleses or anybody else to bring over their things for to-morrow's dinner, and do them right here; it'll ease my conscience some. Get down here, John, and put this sweeper right, and put it toward the parlor. That's right," as John fell down the stairs and landed heavily on the carpet-sweeper. "Keep it going in there till I come." John grabbed the sweeper and righted it, while his father fled down the garden path after Mrs. Whiffles. The Whiffleses garden and Johnnie's were separated only by a line fence, entirely friendly in its dilapidation, its apertures testifing to numberless back-door calls. As Mary Ellen went to the window to refill the coffee-mill, she saw Reverend Peters coming up the path from the front gate. She pushed back an imaginary tress of hair with a characteristic motion, and as she opened the door she said, with a comprehensive wave of her hand:

"Everything's going and we can't stop it."

"Manville?" asked Reverend Peters, as he stepped in and stood regarding the situation.

"Yes," Mary Ellen answered. "There come the Whiffleses and Johnnie and—I—I guess the Prossers are with them. Isn't it the Prossers?"

"Yes," said Reverend Peters, looking over her shoulder. "They're over from Stafford to Thanksgiving with the Whiffleses. It means six less on hand for the service to-morrow." He spoke thoughtfully and with an expression of annoyance and deep reflection; at that moment Johnnie and the Whiffleses and the Prossers came in by the back way. On the instant, John called from the parlor:

"Ma, I guess the carpet's getting wore out. I've moved around considerable, but the lint's a-comin' up like sixty."

"Turn it into the hall, John, and head it toward the spare room," replied his mother.

"Well, what in the world——" began Mrs. Whiffles, from the kitchen door, as the hired man deposited a bundle of soiled clothes on the kitchen floor.

"Don't leave them there, Abe," said Mary Ellen. "I always go right through to the summer kitchen with them. Why," she continued, turning to the assembled people, "it's nothing particular, but, in some way, Manville has got things going here and we don't know how to shut them off, and it did seem a waste of force that I just couldn't stand it. If you've got anything to be done, just use anything you see going here that you want to, and I'll be glad as can be."

"Well, I——"

"What's that noise upstairs?" interrupted Mrs. Whiffles' granddaughter.

"Anything new happened, Mary Ellen?" asked Johnnie, apprehensively.

"No; it's just the shades and the trundle-bed—and John's running the carpet-sweeper in the spare room."

The Reverend Peters had stood, since the new arrivals, looking out the window. There was some excitement in his manner as he turned and spoke, but that was natural to the situation. "It seems too bad to let so much force go to waste—and at a season of thanksgiving. If those poor Wiggs only knew——" He paused tentatively and looked at Mary Ellen.

"Oh," said Mary Ellen, "I do wish somebody would tell them!"

"Why," said the Reverend Peters, slowly, "I've got my horse outside. I might ride over——"

"Do, do," cried Mary Ellen. "Do, Reverend Peters."

The Reverend Peters had itinerantly saved the souls of this sparsely settled region for many years, and had finally given up one kind of strenuous effort to arouse Lineville, Eden Center and Stafford from their religious apathy. He had limited his exertion for three years to assembling the people upon such days as Christmas, Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving; and when he thus got together a congregation he endeavored to make up in strenuous quality what the population had deprived itself of in quantity.

The preacher rode a good horse, and, as he mounted it, he mentally calculated how long it would take him to round up the population of the three towns over which he presided as the spiritual guide. He rode thoughtfully, but he rode fast.

"I tell you this washing-machine would be a godsend to the Tolbuts," said Whiffles's hired man.

"Why, of course it would!" replied Mary Ellen; and she looked interrogatively at Mrs. Whiffles, as she stood and brushed the imaginary strand of hair from her brow. "Only——"

"I know just how you feel," returned Mrs. Whiffles. "I should feel some so myself; but you could put boiling lye into the tub and scald everything out afterwards—if you ever get it stopped—and I don't believe you need worry about it a mite."

"Well, then, Johnnie, suppose you run over and tell Marthy Tolbut she can have the use of the washing-machine all night if she wants it. It's such things as the Tolbut's washing that worry me half to death."

It was getting dark when Johnnie went off toward the Tolbuts's. As he closed the door there was a crash in the spare room, and Mary Ellen went out into the hall.

"It busted itself, ma. It just run itself into the washstand and——" Some of the wheels of the sweeper were still revolving, but the machine would never again whisk up the dust with its former accuracy. Mary Ellen did not reply to John; but the motion of her head told him that his mother meant him to precede her to the kitchen.

"Say, ma. What if Uncle Man's gone off by himself some place, and run down—what'd we do?"

"He won't run dow—go off by him—I mean—go outside!" John crossed the room with spirit.

"I'll go to the barn and see if the horses are feeding themselves by Uncle Man's electricity."

"Don't touch a thing out there," his mother called after him as he went out the door. Ten minutes later Johnnie returned from the Tolbut's. "Well," she asked, "will Marthy bring her washing?"

"She said she was much obliged, but she was making biscuit for Tolbut's supper, and she couldn't stop to pick up the clothes."

"You don't mean to say that Marthy Tolbut didn't see her opportunity!" and Mary Ellen excitedly brushed the imaginary strand of hair from her face. "You don't mean to say——"

"No; she saw her opportunity, because she said if things were going on Thursday she'd be glad to take advantage of 'em."

"Eugenia Whiffles," called Mary Ellen, "what do you think of that?" Mrs. Whiffles appeared in the kitchen door with her sleeves rolled up and her arms covered with suds. "Marthy Tolbut's baking biscuits for Tolbut's supper and can't stop to pick up her clothes." Mary Ellen spoke impressively and turned back to the table with an air understood by Mrs. Whiffles.

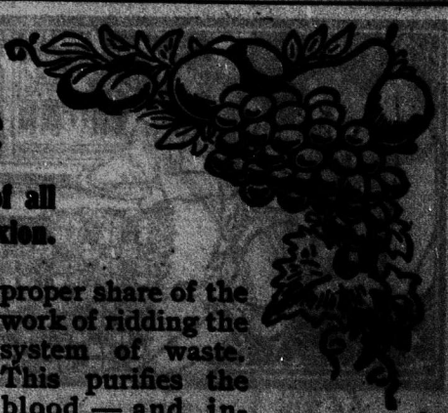
"Well, I declare!" said Eugenia Whiffles, sitting down and resting her elbows on her hips, that her soapy hands might touch nothing. "That woman hasn't washed sence——"

"I know she hasn't."

"Tch!" said Mrs. Whiffles, and returned to the washing-machine.

And now, the Reverend Peters having been *en route* about an hour, animated by a strong purpose of his own which did him credit, the neighbors began to arrive in something like fair numbers. Clothes for washing were piled in heaps all over the floor of the summer kitchen, and some had overflowed even into the wood shed. Mary Ellen was glad of these things, but she was beginning to feel her nerves.


# Skin Disease is Blood Disease



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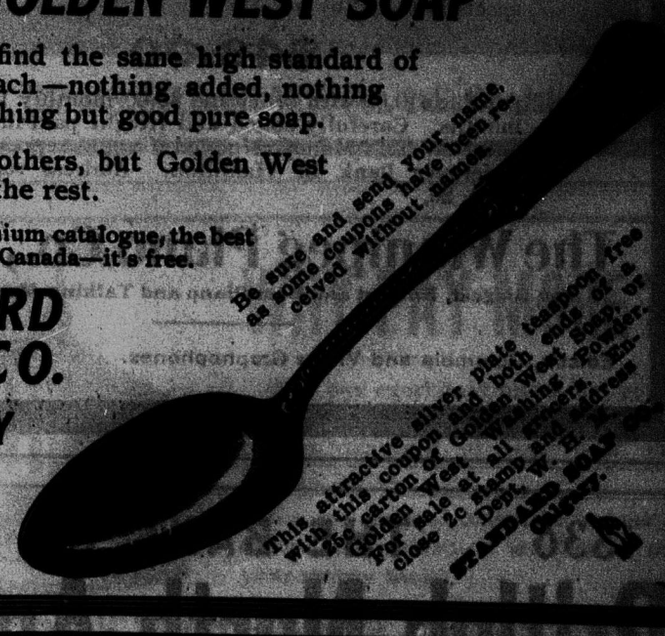

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The excitement of the neighbors was becoming very great. Presently they began to arrive from as far away as Stafford, and a strange look was coming into Mary Ellen's face. She knew it to be entirely natural to the conditions that interest and excitement should prevail, and that people should gather at the house, and it was especially to be expected that they should act each after his own fashion, and not as Mary Ellen would conduct herself under similar circumstances.

She had directed that Mrs. Lever's children should be put on the trundle-bed when they had all arrived with their mother, with the result that the littlest Lever had had a fit, which had added to the distractions of the moment. Mary Ellen could not but feel, with all her charity, that young John would not have so conducted himself in like circumstances. The noise was dreadful, and the only thing that had been put out of commission since the trouble began was the carpet-sweeper. At midnight the neighbors were still arriving, or at that hour they might be said to be pouring in, having ceased to arrive in orderly numbers about ten o'clock. It was the thing to expect, but Mary Ellen could hardly stand up under it.

She turned toward a door opposite the entrance to the summer kitchen. At that side of the house was a small room devoted to the storing of certain preserves and jellies which did not require the cooler atmosphere of the cellar; within was to be found a patent flour-sifter, attached to the wall and seldom used by Mary Ellen, because she preferred the old-fashioned kind which she hit with the side of her hand. There was an egg-beater picked up by Manville at a fair, and some other things. Manville had a penchant for household utensils that could be screwed to the wall.

As Mary Ellen took the key from the nail known only to herself, she suddenly paused and turned to Johnnie.

"Johnnie, I forgot this room. I want a jar of pickles out of there, because I must give these people something to eat. I—— There—are nearly a dozen things in that room to which Manville might——" Mary Ellen's face bore evidence of real trouble, and Johnnie was touched to the heart.

"Maybe, Mary Ellen, Manville couldn't find the key——"

"Yes," she said, "I guess he did—I don't know." Mary Ellen sat down before the door. Her face went flushed and pale. It was difficult to hear what might be going on behind the door, because of the confusion of sounds all about them.

"Don't open the door, if you feel that way about it," suggested Johnnie.

"Tch!" she replied, and inserted the key in the lock. Johnnie stood behind her and she looked straight ahead, with a not-seeing expression. They paused on the threshold. The new acquisition of sound that issued from the little room was deafening. A clapping, a buzzing, a wheezing. The walled paraphernalia was charged to the last spring and crank. Mary Ellen and Johnnie watched things turn and turn and work themselves out as if it were a nightmare. Suddenly Mary Ellen sobbed. Johnnie put his arm about her.

"Mary Ellen, come away and shut the door—so's you can't see 'em."

"It isn't because they are all going, so much as the knowledge that they've been going for hours and hours—and not a thing to go on." And Mary Ellen sat down by the table with her head in her hand and tried not to sob.

"If Man Morton don't turn up pretty soon——" began Johnnie angrily.

"He will." Mary Ellen raised her head. "He will. It's time he came. When everything's been stood that can be stood, it's natural he should come. I know Manville'll be here before another hour, because I just couldn't stand it to have anything more to be thankful for."

"Manville's a-coming now," announced Mrs. Whiffles, "and so's the Reverend Peters. They're down the road there, in the wagon, where all the folks are. It looks most like Friday night when they fire-drill at the engine-house."

"There!" said Mary Ellen. "I told you. Things always do get straightened out."

"Hello!" called Manville, as he came through the door with a new force of neighbors. "I met the Reverend Peters over in Stafford, and he said I ought to get home. I made the horse trade, Johnnie, so't you needn't worry."

"If you'll just turn off some of these things so's Mary Ellen needn't worry——"

"Surprised ye didn't it, Mary Ellen?" said Manville, crossing to the stove and opening the new little door at the left of the fireplace. He turned the knobs. "By Cat! Ye can pretty near kill, pick, stuff, cook and eat the turkey to-morrow, all at once."

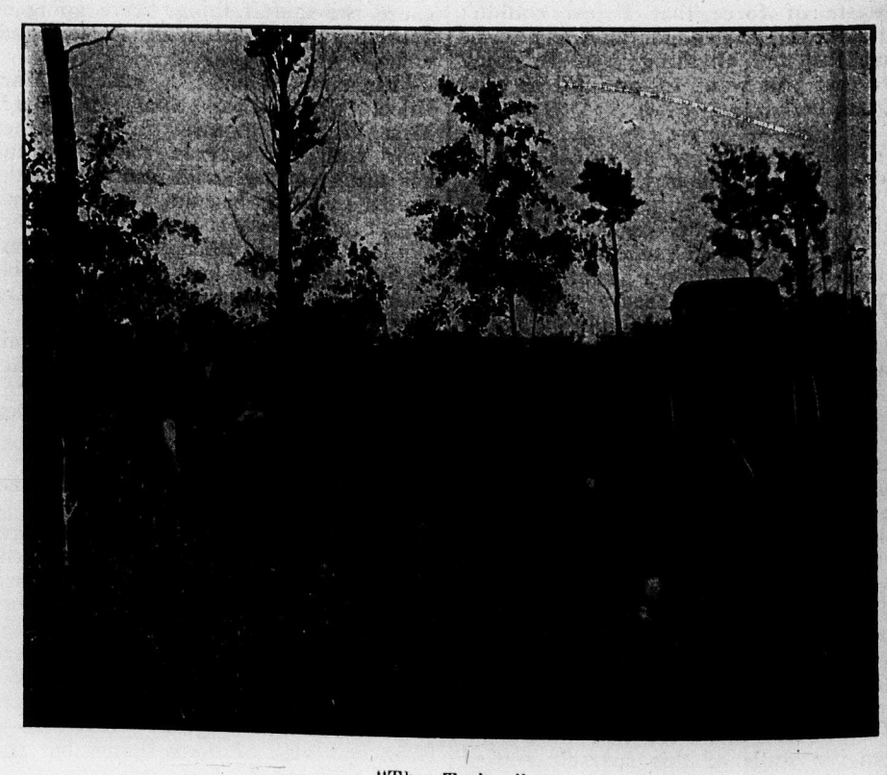
As the whirr of the machinery grew less and the mechanism slowed down, running only by its own impetus, Mary Ellen looked up at Johnnie.

"Tch!" she said. "And Marthy Tolbut's wash isn't even picked up! It's such things that worry me half to death."

As the sounds gradually ceased, and while pretty nearly the total inhabitants of three villages stood absorbed in the phenomenon, the Reverend Peters stepped to the center of the kitchen floor and raised his hand.

"Friends," he said, "it is now Thanksgiving morning. I shall never again see before me such a congregation. Let us pray."

And like hypnotized people, the multitude gathered together in Mary Ellen's house prayed; and there followed a sermon, by means of which, at two o'clock in the morning, the Reverend Peters was still using ably the opportunity of his life.



"The Twins."

# Festivities at Holmwood

**By Etta W. Pierce.**

In a deep bay window, hung with crimson silk, two persons, a man and a woman, stood gazing silently out into the gathering December night. Behind them stretched a long drawing-room, lighted by an open fire—a genuine yule-log—that spread its warmth and cheer from a hearth of Dutch tiles, and shone with rich Rembrandt effect on the silken damask and brasswork, the old bronze and china, the beveled glass and stiff family portraits of the handsome apartment. Holly wreaths brightened the dark walls, and Sevres vases, full of Christmas roses, ornamented the high mantel.

Outside the window glimmered a frozen avenue, overhung with creaking branches, a stone balustrade fringed with icicles and a desolate lawn, wh re a fountain wrapped in straw stood like a melancholy ghost.

Darkness was rapidly falling. The busy seaside town beyond the gates of Holmwood twinkled with lights. The fishermen's windows up and down the bleak beach shone cheerfully in the bitter gloom. Overhead was a somber sky, full of storm. The wind blew straight from the north in searching, pitiless gusts, and up from the rocky shore, the great sea, invisible in the gathering twilight, sent up a sullen wintry roar.

"Carol, carol, Christians,
Christmas comes again,"

hummed Marcia Tudor, with her *riante* face pressed to the frosty plate glass of the window, "Look, Nigel! There's a great flake whirling down. To-morrow will be a white Christmas."

She was a little sparkling brunette, arrayed in silk and velvet that seemed far too grand and heavy for her *petite* figure, and with diamonds blazing on her tiny hands and in her ears, and on her soft brown throat. She turned as she spoke, and lifted her eyes to the face of the man beside her—the man whose wife she was to be on the morrow. He gave a nervous start, as if waking from sleep.

"Eh? I beg your pardon. A white Christmas? By Jove! I should call it a black one. The house is infernally like a tomb to-night!"

And yet the two could distinctly hear music and merriment in distant rooms, doors opening and closing, footsteps and pleasant voices. Miss Tudor opened wide her black eyes.

"I fear you are out of spirits," she said, dryly. "At the dinner you were sadly *distrait*, and you had no appetite—your mother noticed it."

"My mother is an uncomfortably sharp woman," answered Nigel Kave, bitterly.

He stood in the shadow of the crimson curtain, his dark eyes cast sullenly down, his lips set in a hard line. He was barely two and twenty, tall, handsome, with a high-bred, *insouciant* face, marred now by a miserable, moody look. Plainly this bridgroom elect was not transported with his approaching happiness.

Miss Tudor drummed on the pane and sang another snatch of Christmas song:

"Night hung on the hill-top,
Stars shone in the sky
When the Prince of Salvation
Came down from on high,
No room in the inn
For his heavenly head,
So in Bethlehem's manger
They made him a bed."

"Nigel," she said, shyly, "I hope the storm will pass w th the night. would like the sun to shine on our wedding-day—it's an omen of good, you know.

His wedding-day! Something like a shudder went over his stalwart young figure.

"I dont believe in omens," he answered, brusquely; "let us draw the curtain and shut out this cursed night."

The little heiress stared hard at her morose lover.

"How strange you are, Nigel—how bearish! It is absurd to ask it, of course, but—are you sure that you are quite happy?"

A little thrill of distress had crept into her voice.

"Happy!" he echoed, with a short, mirthless laugh. "By Jove! yes, madly, outrageously happy! It's the duty of every bridegroom to be that, is it not?"

She put up one pretty hand and smoothed his gloomy face.

"I do not wish to doubt your word, but, of late, Nigel, I have sometimes fancied——"

He hastily seized her hand, thereby cutting the sentence short.

"Where is your ring, Marcia?"

The slender finger on which the big Kave diamond had blazed for two happy months was now bare. She saw her loss and grew pale.

"Oh, it was always too large!" she gasped. "Help me to look for it, Nigel. I am sure this means misfortune!"

"Nonsense! Don't be superstitious!" he answered, but he knelt on the rich carpet and searched with her for the missing jewel. They examined every corner, poked under the claw-footed chairs and the Venetian cabinets, but found no diamond. Kave was the first to scramble to his feet.

"You are spoiling your smart gown, Marcia," he said, dryly. "Let the ring go. By-the-way, here is another." He drew a tiny case from his pocket, opened it and disclosed a hoop of plain gold. "You will wear this to-morrow,—why not put it on now in place of the other?"

She colored and shook her head.

"No—oh, no! That would be in bad form, as the English say. Probably I have dropped my diamond in my dressing-room or at the table. If you do not mind, I will go and see."

He did not mind in the least. He listened till the last echo of her departing feet had died away, then he turned from the deep window, from the warm firelight, and, stepping into a wainscoted hall, put on hat and overcoat and walked straight out of the house.

He had a summons to answer on this stormy Christmas Eve, a tryst to keep, of which that fond little brunette, Miss Tudor, knew nothing, and the hour for it had already struck.

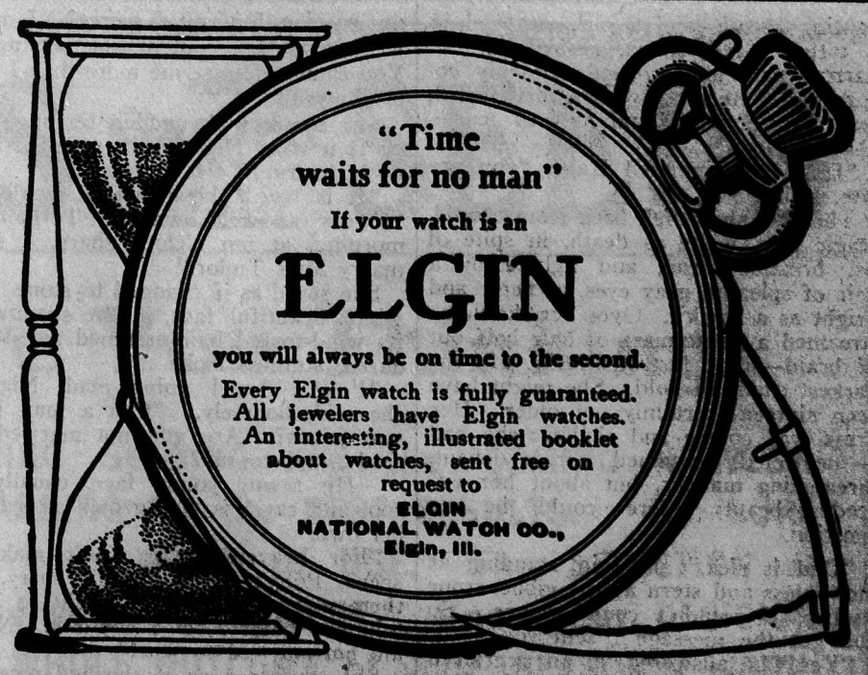
With his hat drawn low over his eyes he hurried down a drive, where white flakes were flying, and dead boughs rattling, like the dry bones of Ezekiel's vision, and through an open gate passed into the highroad.

"What the deuce can I say to her?" That was the perplexing burden of his thoughts. Along the entire length of a lighted street he went, looking not to the right hand nor to the left, until, at last, he found himself on a strip of lonesome beach, at the base of a barren hill.

It was a bleak and desolate spot—uncanny, as the Scotch say, at all times, but doubly so on this eerie night. Kave turned into a narrow path and ascended the hill, till he reached a large stone with the remains of an iron staple in it—part of an old gibbet. Here, long ago, two sailors had been hung for the murder of a messmate. The people of Whitehaven carefully avoided the place after nightfall, for it was said the defunct mariners had an unpleasant habit of visiting the scene of their former suffering, Kave looked around as if expecting to see them now; but nothing human or superhuman was in sight. He lighted a match and drew out his watch.

"It is past the hour," he muttered, "where the mischief can she be?"

He seated himself on the old gibbet stone, and began to beat an impatient tattoo with his heels on the frozen earth. The snow fell softly. There was a moon behind the clouds, and a weird, dull half light lay over the barren hill, up which the angry roar of the sea boomed at intervals. Kave waited. Presently he heard a flying step, a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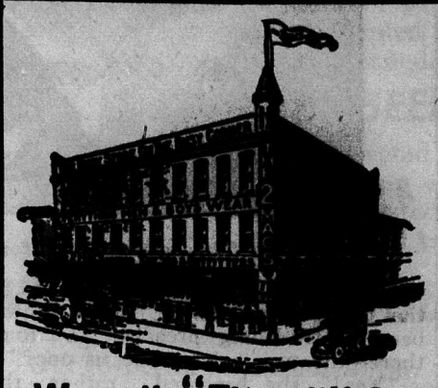

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panting breath, and a girl, wrapped in a tattered red shawl, rushed up the narrow path and stopped suddenly before him. He arose with a thrill which was half of relief and half of fear—absolute fear.

"Hallo!" stammered Kave, "you are late, Polly!"

The red shawl fell back from a wild, tragic face, white as death, in spite of her breathless run, and lighted by a pair of splendid gray eyes, as fierce and bright as a hawk's. Over her shoulders streamed a great mass of hair half out of braid—silky, lustrous locks, of the darkest shade of gold. She might have been sixteen—certainly not older. Her dress was coarse and shabby; she had a neglected, untamed air, a defiant, threatening manner, but about her exceeding beauty there could be no question.

"Dad is sick," she said, standing as motionless and stern as the gibbet-stone itself. "I couldn't come sooner. So you got the message I sent you?"

"Yes," he answered, in an aggrieved tone. "It's an uncommon bad night for a meeting on this hill, Polly! Well, out with it!" Bracing himself stoutly: "What do you wish to say to me? I hope old Jack is not bad. Can I do anything for him? Perhaps you would like to buy him a Christmas gift—By Jove! I quite forgot—I ought to have brought you something of the sort myself—"

He stopped, for her superb eyes had become like bale-fires in her colorless face. She clinched her hands convulsively in her scarlet shawl.

"No!" she answered, mad excitement and stern repression struggling in her voice, "you can do nothing for dad—he wants none of your Christmas gifts—no more do I. What's Christmas to him or to me? I sent for you to come here to-night, because I must know the meaning of some things I've heard talked about lately among the fishing folks."

"*What* things?" faltered Kave.

Her breath came thick and short.

"Long ago you told me your mother wanted you to marry a rich heiress—some ward of her own—a Miss Tudor—do you remember? I hear she's stopping at Holmwood. I saw you riding with her yesterday—a dark girl, dressed like a queen." She laughed bitterly. "You've not been at the shanty for two weeks. Old English Jack's daughter, with her rags and tatters, begins to weary you. I might have known months ago how that would be. But there's another thing I've heard. Holmwood is full of guests and grand preparations. The gossips say—but no!" striking her breast wildly; "I can't tell you—it's too much!"

His high, handsome head drooped a little. He dug his heel sulkily into the fresh fallen snow. Never before, in all his easy, careless days, had Nigel Kave felt such a pang of guilt and remorse as assailed him at this moment

"Better make a clean breast of it, Polly!"

She laid her cold, brown hand on his arm.

"Well, then," she said slowly, "to-morrow, the White Raven folks say, you are going to marry your mother's ward, Miss Tudor!"

No answer.

The wind tore across dreary Gibbet Hill; a ghastly gleam of moonlight shot from the clouds and fell on the tense, white face of the girl, on the shamed, downcast one of the man. His utter silence thrilled her with horror and amaze.

"Why do you not speak?" she demanded. "Only the guilty keep still when they are accused. Nigel Kave, it cannot be *true?*"

Concealment was no longer possible. As well have this matter out with her now as at some later day. He made a weak attempt to defend himself.

"You see, my mother would give me no peace, Polly. By Jove! you don't know what it is to have a woman nagging you late and early, and threatening to cut you off with a shilling. I've more than once explained to you how my father left his fortune entirely to her, thereby making me the slave of all her caprices. Under such circumstances, could I do otherwise than keep my passion for you a secret? I am a weak coward, a contemptible scoundrel! You cannot despise me more than I despise myself."

She shook with sudden terror.

"Is it true, Nigel?" she urged, wildly—"is it *true?*"

"It is true!" he answered recklessly. "I may as well own it. To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock sharp, I shall marry Miss Tudor."

She stood as if changed to stone. Her white, beautiful face, in the shadow of its wind-tossed hair assumed an utterly dazed, stunned look.

"*You!* Am I going mad, Nigel?" she said, hoarsely. "Can a man have two wives? Are you not married already, and to *me?*"

His tawny young face, usually so cool and careless, had grown as pale as her own.

"For heaven's sake, don't make a scene, Polly! I'm awfully sorry, but there was a mistake. I ought to have told you before, but I couldn't. No, I am *not* married to you!"

She staggered as if she had received a blow.

"What do you mean?"

"Polly, Polly! don't look like that! Be reasonable. It's a cursed scrape. You remember the night, three months or more ago, when you consented to a secret marriage, and I rowed you by moonlight to Haggett's Beach, where

"The reparation I ask for and that I will have is—this"

the camp-meeting was? You remember the travelling preacher I found there—the man who made us one?"

"Yes!" she breathed, rather than spoke. "Go on!"

"Well shortly after, I chanced to hear that the fellow had no right to marry anybody that he was an impostor—no preacher at all, in fact—and so my union with you cannot be legal; that goes without saying. When I made the miserable discovery, Polly, I promised my mother that I would marry Miss Tudor."

He dared not look at her. He was not bad or heartless by nature, and his passion for this handsome girl was by no means dead.

"If I am not your wife," said Polly Lawless, in a strange voice, "what am I?"

Penitent, remorseful, he flung himself at her feet.

"Polly, as Heaven is my witness, I love you with my whole soul! I would marry you over again this very hour were it not for my mother. But she has set her heart upon Miss Tudor, and hurried forward our marriage with pitiless haste Should I cross her wishes now, she would cut off my allowance and disown me. What can I do? I am the most miserable dog in existence. I have known no peace since Marcia—confound her!—came to Holmwood. Is it possible for me to make *you* any reparation, my poor child? I'll settle upon you half of my earthly possessions—I'll buy old Jack a schooner—I'll—"

"Stop!" Her dilated eyes had grown black and terrible, her soft lips were set like iron. Standing over him there in the falling Christmas snow, in the dreary, windy night, she had a dangerous look, like that of some wild creature at bay. "Stop! let me understand you fully. You are ready to thrust me out of your way—you will marry that woman to-morrow, and leave me to my fate?"

"I must, Polly! It is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. My word is given—everything is arranged. Moreover, I need money—I have debts, and they must be paid. My mother will do the handsome thing by me when I gratify her darling wish. Polly, Polly! do I not tell you I will make any reparation in the power of man—"

A wild laugh broke from her livid lips.

"Coward! traitor! I wish you joy! A merry Christmas to you and to your bride, Nigel Kave! The reparation that I ask for and that I will have is—*this!*"

He was still kneeling at her feet, his handsome young face upturned in the gray light. With a swift movement she flung back her tattered red shawl. There was a gleam of something steely and bright, a flash, one startling report, followed by another and another, and Nigel Kave uttered a cry, and like a log, fell straight back against the old gibbet-stone.

She stood for a moment petrified with horror at her own deed. Then she bent over the prostrate man. His face was hidden in the snow. She raised it quickly—it was livid and set; the half-open eyes shone under the sinking lids in a horrible, ghastly way.

He did not stir, he did not breathe. She put her hand to his heart. Something oozing there, warm and wet, made her start back.

"Great God, I have killed him!" gasped Polly Lawless.

And, snatching up the still smoking revolver, she turned and fled.

At the foot of the hill she met two men—fishing folks, as she knew by their rough dress and loud hearty voices. She ran up to them.

"There's a man lying dead by the old gibbet!" she cried and then went on.

The sea was roaring madly along the shingle. She turned a bend in the rocky, irregular shore, and stopped before a low, black, solitary fishing-shanty.

The door was unlocked. She opened it, and stepped into a room lighted by a driftwood fire and one oil lamp, which smoked and flared on a rude deal table. In one corner stood an old sea chest, in another a bunk was built against the wall. A peajacket and nor' wester hung on a peg by the door. Across the narrow window, which rattled wildly in the gusts from the sea, a coarse curtain was drawn. Dreary poverty reigned in this house. No Christmas cheer here—no merriment. English Jack, as he was called by his fellows, and this wild, golden-haired girl, never kept Christmas. She opened the sea chest and flung into it the revolver—old Jack's property, appropriated by her an hour before for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on her faithless lover. Then she went up to the bunk, wherein a motionless form was lying, and turned back the patchwork coverlid from the pinched and grizzled face.

A middle-aged man, wasted now by sickness, with iron-gray hair matted about his sunken temples, and his breath coming in gasps through his discolored lips. He was sleeping, just as she had left him. Polly seated herself at the foot of the bunk, and, clasping her hands about her knees, rocked back and forth in silent, somber agony.

What had she done? Murdered the man she loved more than her own life—the man who had enticed her into a secret marriage, only to deceive and forsake her for another woman.

"I was no mate for him," she muttered. "He was born to riches and honor; but I—what am I?" She cast a bitter glance around the shanty. "I might have known his love for one like me could not last. He's dead! I have killed him! There'll be no wedding to-morrow—No Christmas merry-making. Miss Tudor will have to look for another husband. Mine she cannot have; thank Heaven for that! Better that he should be dead than belong to her. They will hang me no doubt, as they hung the sailors on Gibbet Hill. I don't care! I don't care!" Then she flung her arms suddenly over her head. "Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling!" she cried, bursting into a storm of the wildest sobs that ever shook a human frame.

Presently she stopped and looked at her brown right hand. It was smeared with blood. She ran to a bucket of water and hurriedly washed away the telltale stain. By this time they had carried him to Holmwood—to his lady-mother, to his promised bride. Probably the great house was now full of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Maybe the officers of the law were already on the track of the slayer. She listened, but heard nothing save the angry sea without, and the hoarse breathing of the sick man within. Once she crept to the door and peered forth in anxious terror, but only the white snow and the black water were visible.

Hour after hour went by. Still Polly sat by the rude bunk, waiting for she knew not what. English Jack had grown restless. His bony hands moved convulsively outside the coverlid; delirious mutterings escaped his lips.

Polly leaned over him.

"Are you awake, dad? Do you want anything?"

No, he was not awake; but he continued to groan and whisper. She listened.

"'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' Who said that? I care nothing for preaching parsons or their texts. Has she come yet? The word I sent ought to bring her from the ends of the earth. Hark! I hear the thrushes and starlings singing, and the blackthorn is all in flower. No, it's Christmas snow. I'll enter by the window. The child is there—asleep—under the holly and mistletoe."

Of what was he raving? She knew not; but it was plain his mind had gone back to his English home—that home of which he rarely or never spoke to her. The next moment he had again relapsed into a stupor.

Unable longer to bear her own thoughts, Polly arose softly, snatched up her shawl and ran out of the shanty. Up the beach she went and into the town. Midnight was now at hand. The snow still fluttered down. the wind still blew. Whitehaven, for the most part, was asleep. Polly stumbled through the gathering drifts, turned into the open gate at Holmwood, and flew up the

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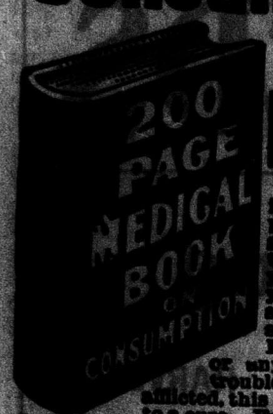


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windy drive under the groaning trees.

Ah, the inmates of this house were not sleeping! Lights flashed thither; the shadows of hurrying figures came and went across the windows. Like some haggard specter, Polly sprang upon the terrace. The curtains of the drawing-room had not been drawn. Reckless of consequences, she flattened her white face against the frosty glass and looked in.

The roaring fire still flashed merrily over all the rich dark splendor of bronze and velvet, buhl and mahogany, and showed her the Christmas roses in the vases and the holly wreaths on the wall. The room was vacant, but even as her eyes wandered over it a *portiere* was lifted and Marcia Tudor entered.

Her pretty brunette face had lost all its color and sparkle. Her eyes were swollen and red, as if from violent weeping. She began to walk back and forth across the rich carpet, wringing her jeweled hands and sobbing under her breath. The window was fast. Polly could not open it; but unable to contain herself at last, she rapped loudly on the pane.

"Is he dead?" she cried. "Is he dead?"

Miss Tudor turned, saw the white face in its setting of flying hair and

"Polly, is that you?" he faltered.

tattered shawl, and uttered a shriek of terror.

The sound brought Polly to her senses. The instinct of self-preservation stirred within her. She sprang from the terrace and rushed away down the drive.

At the end of a few yards she looked back, and saw a stout, elderly muffled figure puffing after her through the snow. She recognized the Whitehaven surgeon, and waited for him to come up. He gave a nervous start at the sight of her.

"Heaven bless my soul! How you frightened me! Why, it's Polly Lawless. What are you doing here, girl? is the old man worse?"

She came close up to him, the snow falling on her uncovered head, her great eyes shining like moons.

"Dad is well enough," she answered, hoarsely, as she pointed up to the great house. "Tell me—tell me about *him*."

The doctor eyed her severely. Of late, the name of this handsome creature had been coupled with Nigel Kave's to a damaging extent.

"My poor child," he said dryly, "you had better go home and attend to your father."

She grasped his arm violently.

"Tell me all about him, I say! Why are you at Holmwood? Can you bring dead men back to life?"

"Mr. Kave is not dead. He still breathes," said the doctor. "He has met with a shocking accident. That is all there is to tell."

"*Accident?*"

"Yes; he was conscious just five minutes after he was brought home. He distinctly said, 'It was an accident. I charge you all to bear witness to these words after my death. Let no one be suspected. It was an accident. I did it myself.' Since then he has been insensible."

A two-edged sword seemed driving through the girl's heart. His last conscious thought had been to shield her.

"You say he still breathes?" she cried, fiercely. "Oh, save him! What is your art good for if you cannot save him?"

"You absurd child," answered the doctor, irritably; "he will be as dead as a door nail before the dawn of Christmas morning. Doctors cannot perform miracles. I call it a most mysterious affair—"

She waited for nothing more, but shot through the gate and was gone in an instant down the windy street.

An agony of remorse, a flood-tide of reviving passion suddenly swallowed up all her anger, all her burning sense of wrong. She reached a railroad crossing. A late train was just thundering into Whitehaven. The great headlight of the engine glared like a Cyclops eye in the storm; the cars flashed and rumbled after. Polly watched them, little dreaming of the Christmas gift they were bringing to her. She felt a mad impulse to fling herself under those grinding iron wheels, and so put an end to the pain which was wringing her heart; but the thought of old Jack Lawless restrained her. The train puffed on into the station, and a few minutes later Polly had reached the shanty on the beach.

As she opened the door she saw that her father was awake. He had lifted himself to his elbow and was gazing around the low, poor room, as if in search of some one. A change had come over his face. It looked more drawn and pinched than ever, but consciousness had returned to it, and reason.

"Polly, is that you?" he faltered.

She shook the snow from her coarse garments and advanced to the bunk.

"Yes, dad. I've been out for a run on the beach. It's time for the medicine again."

She poured a draught, and would have held it to his lips, but he pushed it away. A great excitement shone in his hollow eyes and quivered over his haggard face.

"No. I want no more doctor's stuff. I'm a-sinking fast, Polly. Come nearer. It was the train that woke me, screeching into Whitehaven. I wonder if it has brought her? 'Twould be mortal queer if she should happen along tonight."

"She—who?" queried Polly, blankly.

He pressed his rough hand to his head.

"I've sent for a lady to visit us, my lass—a lady from over the sea. Oh, Lord! it's a long journey, but she'll come—nothing but death can keep her!"

"Dad, dad, what are you talking about?" cried Polly startled into something like interest.

He stared in a weak bewildered way around the room.

"I'm going fast, I say. I may be gone afore she gets here—I mean your mother!"

"My mother! I have none. She died years ago," cried the girl in amazement.

"No. That was the lie I had to tell to keep you from asking awkward questions, lass. Ah, God knows I wronged you sorely. And you've been a good daughter to me always."

She thought he was raving. She stroked his poor face remorsefully and answered:

"Have I? Oh, I'm afraid not, dad! I've kept things from you. I've deceived you again and again—"

"Tut—tut! What do sins like yours signify, Polly? The talking to that young Kave, when I forbid it, the meeting with him on the beach, and sich like? It's black ones, like mine, that weigh heavy!" and he gave a deep groan. Polly leaned over him. Would the horrors of this Christmas Eve ever cease?

"Dear dad," she said, in a soothing tone, "I'm afraid the delirium is coming back."

"No," he answered, firmly, "my head's clear. I know what I'm about. Give me that brandy bottle on the table—it's worth all the doctor's drugs. Now I'm going to tell you a story, Polly. Lord, Lord, how I wish she would come."

He paused in a listening attitude, with eyes fixed on the door, but nothing was heard save the roar of the sea, and the noise of the wind driving the snow against the shanty.

"Seventeen years or more ago," began Jack Lawless, turning his hollow eyes darkly on the girl, "far away in England—a country that you know nothing about, lass—looking after the few hares and pheasants of a small, poor, Devon manor, lived a gamekeeper, called Gypsy Jack. He had Romany blood in his veins, and a good deal of Romany evil in his heart, and, worst of all, he fell in love with a lady of quality, a pretty young creature, with not a shilling on earth, but plenty of pride and pedigree, mind—in short, his master's daughter. Because she was kind and condescending to him, as she was to everybody, this black-browed idiot fancied that he could win her, and he went on nursing the delusion, until one day—Lord love you!—a fine lover appeared at the manor, handsome, well-born and eager to marry. Well, what did the fool do then, lass? Why, he went mad with rage and jealousy. That same night he came upon the young lady in a walk of yew-trees near the old house, and there was a scene. He had made a mistake, you see, and the minute he began to talk of love to her, she overwhelmed him with scorn and wrath. A good deal was said that better had been left unsaid. She turned the lover that would have died for her into a fiend who swore then and there to take a fiend's vengeance on her, whenever the chance should come. He was no nice gentleman—this Gypsy Jack—and he got a little rude, and she screamed, and lo! her fine lover steps out from among the trees and knocks the gamekeeper senseless. It was a blow that both paid dear for at a later day.

"Well, of course, Jack lost his place, and he went up to London and fell in bad company, and the next Christmas Eve the young lady he both loved and hated married her heart's choice, and went to live in Kent. After a while Jack heard that a child had been born to her—a daughter.

"Are you listening, Polly? Pauline you was christened after your mother, but I like Polly better. The second Christmas following that marriage, Jack dressed himself in a woman's toggery, and tramped off to find the nest of the happy pair. He reached it late at night. My lord and lady had gone to a Christmas ball, and the lackeys were all making merry in the servants' hall. Jack climbed a Spanish chestnut-tree that grew conveniently to the nursery-window, and saw a little kid lying asleep on a lace pillow under a silken coverlid, watched only by one stupid maid. 'Twas no time for ceremony, so he just flung up the casement, rapped the girl on the head, caught up the young one and made off with her, still sleeping, all as easy and nice as you please.

"Well, rewards were offered, and detectives set to work, and all that; but Jack lay low in London till the hue-and-cry was over, then he fled for Canada, and the little one with him, dressed in rags, like a beggar's child.

"'I 'm a widower,' says he, 'and this toddler belongs to me.' Nobody doubted his word, and Polly Lawless, you've been from that day to this!"

He paused, gasping for breath. The girl stared at him in stony amaze, but spoke no word.

"Yes, lass," went on the dying man, "I'm Gipsy Jack, and you're the child I stole from that Kent grange, just fifteen years ago this very night. From Canada, you see, I drifted into the States, and set to fishing in these waters. Not long since I had news of your mother from a pal of mine in England. She s a childless widow now, mourning late and early for her dead husband and the daughter that was lost and never found. Another drop of the brandy, girl! When I heard that, and when I felt my strength a-going, I says to myself, 'I've reached the end of my rope! I've got to die, and what will the lass do then? I'd better give her back to her that she belongs to!' And so, a few weeks ago I sent a letter telling my lady to come and take you. She's had a sore heart for fifteen years. She will come—never fear. Hark!"

His death-stricken face had put on a look of mingled fear and expectation. He strained his dull ears to catch some sound outside the shanty. Polly sprang to her feet with a scream.

"Dad, dad, are you telling me the truth?"

"As God hears me, the whole truth, girl. I never had a wife or child—you're none of mine—hark! I say! There's somebody at the door."

In awful, breathless silence, Polly listened. Was it the sea she heard, or the sound of horse-hoofs in the snow, the murmur of voices? A hand touched the latch, it was lifted tremulously, and out of the bitter storm, out of the wild, Christmas night a woman stepped, unannounced, into the shanty.

A woman who had traveled thousands of weary miles in the hope of finding a long-lost treasure. On her pale, sad face the history of fifteen years of lonely bereavement and heart-sickness was plainly written. She was dressed in deepest black. A long fur mantle covered her slight figure. Like a spirit she glided into the low, poor New England room, where that man lay gasping in death, where the girl, in her splendid panther-like beauty, stood waiting for a Christmas gift of a mother, whose very existence she had been ignorant of one little hour before.

She walked straight up to the bunk—this black-robed woman—her anxious, questioning eyes met the wild, dying ones of English Jack.

"You sent for me, and I have come," she said. "Now, where is my child?"

He started up on his pillow.

"Yes, it is you—fifteen years this very night—you are greatly changed—I swore vengeance—do you remember?—cruel—'twas cruel — poor Polly—!"

His voice died in a groan. No fur-

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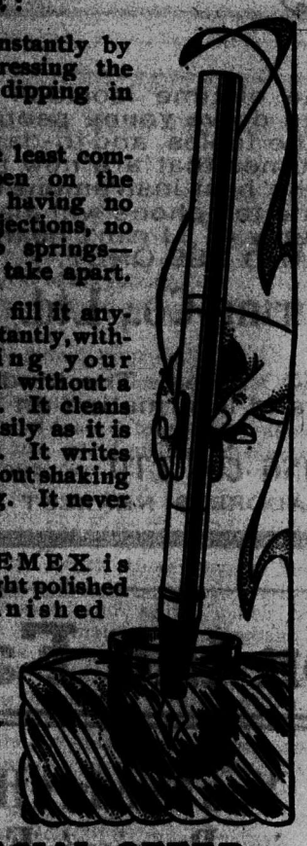

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ther sound came from his paralyzed lips. It was too late to confess wrong or ask pardon. A convulsive shudder shook his gaunt figure. He stretched out one hand, touched Polly, and fell back in his rude bunk, stone dead!

Then the lady in widow's weeds turned and looked at the girl—a look beyond all words to describe. Something she saw in that beautiful, breathless face that struck conviction to her very heart. She opened her arms. Polly ran into them with a great cry.

Mother! — oh, are you my mother?"

"I am your mother! My child, my poor defrauded child!"

---

In the cold, clear Christmas morning Marcia Tudor opened the low door and entered the shanty on the beach. She found no one there but an old fisherman watching the stark body of English Jack.

"I wish to see the girl called Polly Lawless!" said Miss Tudor, haughtily.

"She's gone, miss," answered the man.

"Gone! whither?"

"That's what I don't know. A lady came here last night and claimed Polly for her own daughter, and took her away. It seems she wasn't old Jack's girl at all—I always suspected there was something queer in the fellow's past life. She had a full purse—that lady—and she was of the real quality. She left plenty of money for the burial, but she just whisked Polly off before daylight, and nobody, in these parts' I'm thinking, will ever lay eyes on the girl again."

---

Five years have come and gone. Again it is Christmas Eve—Christmas far away from the bleak New England coast, under the intensely blue sky of the South, among the palms and orange trees of Nice.

Evening is falling on the blue Mediterranean and over the olive-fringed hills, the snow-capped Alps and the gay town, crowded with invalids and pleasure-seekers from every civilized nation of the earth. Christmas always brings fine weather to the Riviera. There is not a cloud in the heavens, the afternoon mistral has died away, the air is like balm. In the villa gardens roses are blowing. Along the Promenade des Anglais palms wave and lights shine from the windows of the club-houses. The Place de la Poissoniere is gay with showy carriages. A Babel of tongues resounds on all sides. It is a festive night in Nice—the coming of the world's great holiday is being celebrated in this Southern Eden with joyful enthusiasm.

Two men stroll up from the Quai Massena and enter the square, where the statue of the French hero looks gravely down on stranger multitudes. One of the twain is an American, tawny, stalwart, yet with an appearance of ill-health. His left arm hangs paralyzed by his side. Nigel Kave has never used that arm since the tragic night, five years ago, when Polly Lawless's bullet struck the bone and made it ever more a dead and useless thing. Kave has grown old and stern in these five years. There is a look of care and weariness unspeakable in his dark, handsome face. All the old, weak carelessness is gone. The experience, from which he barely escaped with life, has sobered and changed the man almost beyond recognition. His companion, a young Englishman, is gazing around with amused eyes.

"Gad! old boy," he says, "it looks like an English Christmas, eh? Behold the scene! Have we stumbled on fairyland? I hope your republican pocket is well filled. We shall not escape from this snare with a single sou."

They have reached a bazaar, flooded with gas-light and thronged with people. Rich strains of music fill the air. Great booths, ablaze with the golden fire of Venetian lamps, display wares of every description. Fair attendants—yellow-haired English girls; Russian dames of title; high-born French and Australian beauties are luring both the wary and unwary to pause and buy. "Charity holds a Christmas fair here in aid of the Szegedin sufferers, or something of that sort," says Villiers, the Englishman.

Kave follows him into a Turkish kiosk, where the air is heavy with attar of roses, and an English peeress, attired like a Sultana, in strings of pearls and yellow satin, stiff with embroidery, dispense flasks of perfume and porcelain cups of black coffee flavored with rose-water. A wonderful Chinese dame, in red Canton silk, with gold pins in her hair, and her yard-wide sleeves, edged with jewels, sells fans and lacquer-work in the next booth. The dazzling gas-jets and colored lanterns, the flags and streamers, the laughter and confusion of tongues, the superb colors and fantastic decorations bewilder Kave. He is a stranger in Nice. As he passes the Chinese lady she holds out to him an enormous fan, decorated with a flock of rice-birds.

"Will monsieur buy?" she pleads. "It is for the cause of charity!"

He flings down the money she demands, takes his fan, and is moving on, when his eyes fall suddenly upon something that sends a mad thrill through every vein of his body.

It is a flower-stall, draped in vines—a perfect bower of roses and heliotropes and burning carnations. Christmas wreaths and crosses are on the counter, and behind it stands a girl of twenty or thereabouts, dressed in some thick, shining white stuff, with a necklace and girdle of Mediterranean violets. Her face is like a calla lily. She has blonde hair and wide gray eyes, with brows and lashes as black as ink. Kave sees a proud, red mouth, a creamy throat, a pair of half-veiled arms, like marble, and he turns as white as chalk.

"Who is that?" he says to Villiers, and his Chinese fan falls, crushed and broken, to the earth.

"The handsomest creature in Nice," answers the Englishman—"one of my own country-women—Miss Pauline Darrow. Her mother, the widow of a baronet, is an invalid, and has come to the Riviera for her health. Bless me! Kave, what's the matter? You're shaking like a leaf!"

"Darrow!' echoes Nigel Kave, like a dazed man. "I do not know the name, and yet, great Heaven, it is her face! I beg your pardon, Villiers, the young lady strongly resembles a person I once saw, years ago, in America!"

"Indeed! you're uncommonly fortunate to have seen anything like her in any country!" sighs Villiers. "I've heard some romantic story about her having been stolen in infancy, and brought up in a foreign country, but I dare say it's pure fiction—Lady Darrow always frowns at the least allusion to it. This belle, Pauline, has lovers by the score. Look at that fellow elbowing his way to her stall. That's a Russian prince—has offered himself again and again, and refuses to take 'No' for an answer."

Stern and white, Kave stands and stares at the Russian—a good-looking youth.

"Bearded like a pard," he leans on the counter with his heart in his eyes, and speaks in French to the handsome flower-girl.

"Your hands have touched all these wreaths and crosses, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, monsieur," answers Miss Darrow, with a faint, cold smile.

"I will take them—every one!"

He signs to a servant. In a moment the counter is swept bare. Then Miss Darrow unclasps her necklace and girdle of violets and lays them in the vacant place.

"In the name of charity!" she says.

Nigel Kave makes one stride forward. Is he asleep or awake? Is this fair woman the poor, wronged, desperate Polly Lawless, who so nearly closed his earthly career on wild Gibbett Hill just five years before? Is it Christmas Eve, and does he stand among palms and lights and flowers, face to face with her once more, or are all these things but the delusions of a disordered brain? He puts his one sound hand upon the necklace and girdle.

"Name your price, mademoiselle," he says.

She starts—for the first time she sees him, and it seems as if the beautiful Miss Darrow is about to faint. Her gray eyes dilate with mingled horror and amaze, as they flash over his tall form, his dark, agitated face, and rest, at last, on his crippled, helpless arm. It is not a dead, but a living man who stands before her. The Russian prince glares angrily at the stranger and cries:

"Let mademoiselle offer the flowers to the highest bidder."

That brings her to herself. She is again the deft saleswoman of a charity bazaar. There are a dozen competitors for the violets, but Kave and the Russian are the foremost. The contest waxes hot betwixt the pair. It is Kave who triumphs at last. He throws down a thousand francs and takes up the girdle and the necklace.

"These Americans have long purses," sneers the Russian.

Five minutes after Miss Darrow has vanished from the stall, and a pretty French marquise, dressed like a Florentine peasant, urges the sweet cause of charity in her stead.

As Kave and his friend leave the bazaar, the former says:

"To-morrow, Villiers, you must make Miss Darrow a Christmas call, and take me with you."

"By Jove! that's awfully cool!" answers Villiers. "I have heard that Lady Darrow detests Americans—so, perhaps, does the daughter. I am not so sure that you would be welcome."

"All the same, I shall call," replied Kave, calmly smelling his dear-bought violets. "I have something of importance to say to these country-women of yours."

In sunshine and balm Christmas Day comes to Nice. Reluctant but unresisting, Villiers leads the way to the Darrow villa—a lovely spot, surrounded by lemon and orange-trees, with glimpses of olive-hills and sparkling sea and snowy Alps on every side. Lady Darrow is ill in her own room and cannot see visitors. Miss Darrow is in the garden. To the garden go Villiers and his friend.

"And ten to one," mutters the former, "we shall find that much bewhiskered Russian with her."

---

In a grotto, shady with stately aloes and bright with laughing fountains and trailing vines, through which flowering geraniums hold up torches of fire, they discover Miss Darrow. She is dressed in black satin and yellow Mechlin lace, and, in honor of the day, a sprig of English Holly is pinned to her corsage. A black Gainsborough hat shades her yellow hair and heightens the fairness of her face. In a bored, depressed way she leans against a piece of rock-work, and at her feet kneels the Russian.

"I love you, mademoiselle," he cries, passionately; "do not say me nay again—make me happy upon this good day."

She draws back weary and scornful. Her lips quiver, as if with suppressed with pain.

"You ask that which is impossible!" she answers sadly. "I can marry no man!"

"But why?" he urges—"mademoiselle, tell me why?"

Nigel Kave pushes back the shrubbery and stands before the pair.

"Because she already has a husband," he thunders. "I am he!" Then, as the Russian leaps to his feet he adds, "Go, monsieur! I wish to speak to my wife alone!"

The Russian goes. Villiers also—dumb with amazement—beats a hasty retreat. Miss Darrow and Kave stand alone in the Christmas sunshine.

"It is the truth!" he says, defiantly—"you are my wife! That night on Gibbet Hill I believed from my soul that our marriage was null and void, but at a later day, I searched for and found the man who united us—found that he was a genuine clergyman, and

that the ceremony had been legally performed. For years I have been seeking you to tell you this. You are mine till the divorce court separates us in proper form."

With golden head thrown back, and black, shinning figure drawn up to its full height, she looks at him with scorn full eyes.

"And you dare to claim me!" she cries—"you! who cast me off five years ago; you, who would have married another woman; you who drove me to despair and madness and murder!"

"I have nothing to say for myself," he answers. "I was a weak, cowardly villain—it would have been but common justice had you destroyed me, as you intended. Yet I have suffered for my sin—I shall suffer till my dying day!"

She looks at his pale, worn face and paralyzed arm.

"Is that my work?" she says slowly.

"Yes! and it's a thousand pities, Pauline, that your aim was not truer—a thousand pities that you should have missed my heart by only a few inches," he answers bitterly.

Both faces are like death; both hearts are beating like trip-hammers.

"Miss Tudor and your mother," she says. "Where are they?"

"Miss Tudor is married; my mother is dead!"

She is silent for a moment, then she says proudly, "I have found home and relatives and fortune since our last meeting at Whitehaven. Polly Lawless, her wretched life, her mistakes and sorrows, seem now to me like a hideous dream."

"No doubt. The fortunate can afford to be magnanimous; can they not, Pauline? For years the thought of you has embittered my whole life—I have hungered long for your forgiveness—grant it to me now—it is all I dare ask of you!" He kneels humbly before her, as he once knelt on Gibbet Hill. "Be gererous—say that I am pardoned—it will be something for me to remember in the years to come, when I can see your face no more!"

There is desperate pain in his voice. She trembles, her breath grows short.

"Have mercy!" he pleads. "I love you, and I have lost you forever—is not that punishment enough? This is Christmas, the time of peace—let there be peace between us, as we part—for we must part, I know that only too well!"

She turns her face from this man who has made her suffer cruelly, and who has also suffered much through her. He waits, but she utters no word, makes no sign.

"You will not?" he groans at last. "You begrudge me even this consolation. Well, then, good-bye, Pauline, and God bless you!"

He staggers to his feet and walks blindly down the nearest path. Only a few steps, then she is at his side.

"Oh, Nigel! my husband!" she falters. "Yes I forgive everything! have I not wellnigh destroyed you; have I not need of forgiveness myself?"

He turned with a cry. He sees the look in her face, and the next instant the two are in each other's arms.

Verily, love can pardon all things!

Pauline Darrow still loves this man, and for the sake of the infinite passion and remorse which fill his eyes and blanch his lips, she is content to forget the past and receive him again to her heart of hearts.

"Come to my mother," she says, at last, as she lifts her head, with a long sigh, from his breast. "She knows our story—she will welcome you as a son, because she must, Nigel."

And so under the orange-trees, with the happy Christmas sun shining down upon them, they go up to the villa together.

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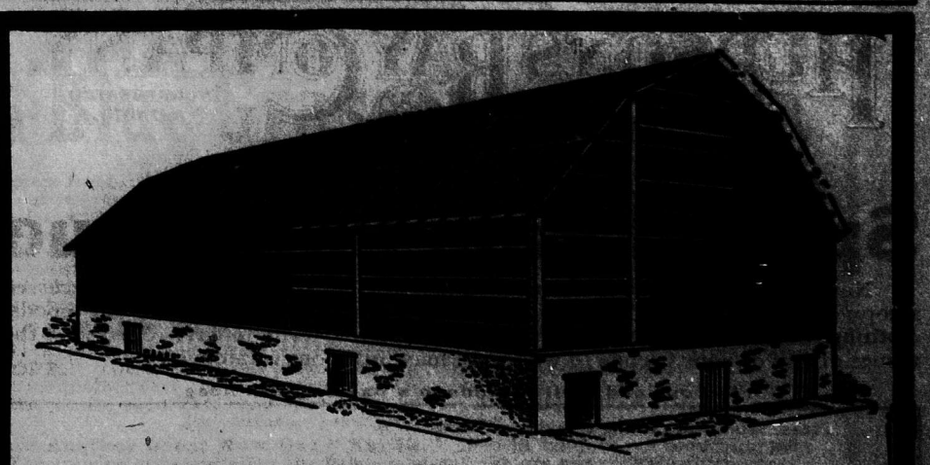

This cut shows an up-to-date Barn Construction, 40 feet x 70 feet, and the method of covering with Corrugated Sheets. The frame work is light, as the corrugated sheets, when nailed in place, make the building very rigid. This drawing is made from actual plans, and the barn has been built many times with splendid results.

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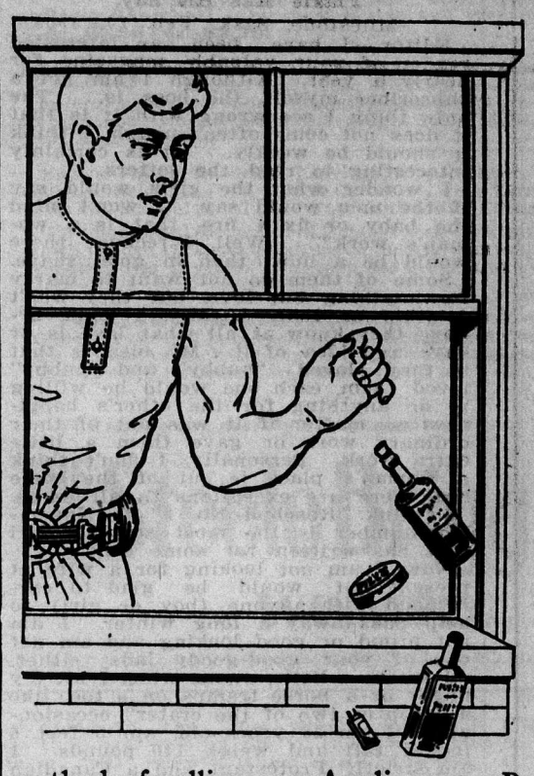

No sensible man now uses drugs to build up his strength or to cure his aches and pains. Recent exposures in the leading newspapers and magazines of the effects of patent medicines on the system should be sufficient to warn everyone of the danger. We have read in some cases of where death followed their use; we have read of others in which horrible habits were contracted; and in nearly every case the patient is left in a worse condition than before he started. Drugs are unnatural, and what is unnatural must necessarily be harmful.

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# Correspondence

Readers will observe that we are giving the lady correspondents another chance this month to put their views before the public.

We intend to give the bachelors their turn and latter on will publish a grist of letters from them, on the matrimonial question.

Our intention is to give both sexes fair treatment in the matter of space in our magazine, in which to air their views. We exchanged more letters last month than in any previous month since the discussion on the matrimonial question was introduced. This to our mind is conclusive proof that our readers appreciate the generous amount of space we give each month to correspondents who desire to discuss the question.

We cannot devulge the name of any writer in these columns without the consent of such writer, therefore, please do not ask us to send you name and address of any correspondent.

Affix a postage stamp on a blank envelope enclosing letter you wish us to mail for you and we will forward it on through the mail to its destination.

### Spinster's Song.

My face is not my fortune,
My face is not gold,
And if I could count my summers,
They're twenty-seven told.

I cannot do the milking.
I cannot bake the bread,
Instead of feeding piggies,
I run from them instead.

I'd never make a farmer
A good and steady wife,
Just for the simple reason
I'm not used to the life.

I'm just the sort of woman
No man would look at twice,
For I have just the plainness
For girls to vote me nice.

My life is very lonely
When once my teaching done.
I hear the love of others,
And hear their children's fun.

It seems I'm just an Odd One
Thrown on life's busy street,
For whom no eye will brighten,
For whom no heart will beat.

Well, if another Odd One
With forlorn heart like mine.
Thinks he would like to be my chum,
I'll to his wish incline.

I do not wish to marry,
By mail is not the way,
But just a cheering letter
To brighten up the day.

—"Goina."

Letellier, Man., 1908.

### Flaxie Has His Say.

Milestone, Sask., Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for nearly a year. Although I am not a subscriber myself, the boss is. The only thing I see wrong with it is that it does not come often enough. I think it should be weekly. It is certainly interesting to read the letters.

I wonder what the girls would say if the men would say, "I won't mind the baby or fix a fire, that is a woman's work?" Well, I reckon there would be a howl then in good shape.

Some of them do not want to marry for anything but love, but they won't do this or that. Really, I don't believe they know at all what love is or have any idea of it. My idea is that if they loved "hubby" and "hubby" loved them, each one would be willing to do anything for the other's happiness no matter if it was out of their ordinary work or gave them a little extra work. Personally, I don't think a woman's place is out of the home but there are exceptions to all cases.

I think "Rosebud No. 3" in November number is the most sensible girl that has written for some time.

Now, I am not looking for a wife at present but would be glad to correspond with anyone (boy or girl) to help pass away a long winter. I am not proud or good looking and am not one of your good-goody lads, either.

I smoke a little, swear when I hit my finger or a horse tramps on a toe, like a "drop or two of the crater" occasionally. I am 28 years old, am 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. I am strictly Protestant and a Canadian first, last and always. Now, if anyone (I don't care who) will write I will be glad to answer and exchange photos.

"Flaxie."

### Two of a Kind.

Winnipeg, Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—Mollie Bawn and Biddy Asthore, two lonely Irish girls having read in your instructive, interesting paper the correspondence from numerous isolated bachelors and wonder if any of them (aged or otherwise) would like to send them a friendly letter.

"Each for the joy of writing and each in his separate star." (With apologies to Mr. Kipling).

Mollie Bawn is fair, with blue eyes. Biddy has brown eyes and hair. Their other charms (or otherwise) will enfold by degrees if "Barkis is willin'" (Its not bargain day) to extend the right hand of friendship.

"Mollie Bawn and Biddy Asthore."

### Peaches and Cream for the Boys.

Ontario, Feb. 16, 1908.

Editor.—A friend in Manitoba sends me the W. H. M. I always enjoy reading the correspondence page.

I am 18 years old, 5 feet tall, weigh 115 pounds, fair hair and blue eyes. Now, I am not what people would call a beauty, but pretty is that pretty does. I might also add that I am a Methodist and when I marry, my beloved will have to submit to systematic giving, as I always give a tenth of my income.

I have always lived on a farm and do not object to milking cows, but I think it would be in a pretty busy time when I would feed pigs.

I am very fond of horses and can drive them on either a buggy or horse rake.

Now, some of the boys say they have no bad habits; I wonder if they mean it? My ideal boy must not use tobacco, drink liquor, swear, dance or play cards. I will do my best to make a happy home for him, and would be willing to go to the North Pole with him if he wished it.

But I dn't intend to advertise for a husband, as I mean to marry for love and not for the mere sake of being married, which I imagine some do who write.

I very much admire a letter from "Gladys" in November issue, and I agree with her on the question of enjoying my present state of bliss.

Well, boys, I am not on the market, but if some poor lonely bachelor would like to correspond I will be pleased to answer his letters.

"Peaches and Cream."

### We've Got the Address of "Bell."

Saskatchewan, Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—Could you find room for another interested reader of your paper, the W. H. M., to give her opinion on the matrimony line?

I don't think it will hurt any woman to help her husband with chores once in a while. If her husband thinks she has enough to do in the house he won't ask her help outside, but some expect too much.

I don't mind a man smoking but I hate chewing and drinking above everything else.

I am four feet seven inches tall and weigh 102 pounds, have brown hair and eyes. Anyone wishing to write to me will find my address with the editor.

"Bell."

### Wants a New Beau.

Winnpieg, Feb. 11, 1908.

Editor.—Interested in your correspondence colum, I thought I would like to join in also, and express my sympathy for the lonely bachelors in the West.

I am a farmer's daughter and find it very lonely at times, especially in winter time, as we are about 8 miles from town. I have never had to work very hard.

I am 25 years of age (not quite an old maid), height about 5 feet and 6 inches, weight 124 pounds, dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Am fond of dancing and outdoor sports and a loving disposition, not very extravagant in dress, but always like to look neat, and so will my home if I ever have one.

I am tired of all my old beaux and want a new one. I want somebody to love and somebody to love me.

My husband must be good looking, mild disposition, no bad habits, attend church on Sundays, fond of sports.

Will answer any letters with great pleasure, if any person should care to correspond with me. Would like to hear from "Western Rover," from Weyburn.

"Chattaway."

### What Have Women Done for West?

Arrow River, Man., Feb. 11, 1908.

Editor.—I would like to correct one mistake in "A Handsome Gent's" criticism of my letter.

It was only in the case of having a husband that he should buy the bread. It was only the other day I was complimented on the whiteness of my bread and the lightness of my biscuits. "A Handsome Gent" should just taste my lemon pie. I hope in return for all he requires in a girl he has all the requirements to match.

I would like a few lady correspondents from the West or B. C. "Rosebud No. 3" writes a very sensible letter; there is a great deal said and written about the "Men" who have built up the country but we hear very little about the brave women who, in their own way, have done as much. Anyone who has lived on the prairie as long as I have can tell that.

"Peggy McCarthy."

### Sensible Sort of Girl.

Manitoba, Feb. 11, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of your magazine, though not a subscriber, but I take great pleasure in looking over your correspondence column, at the many amusing letters from the men, giving their idea of what women should do and vice versa.

My ideas are that women, as well as men, were made to work, but not outside work, although if the man comes home after a hard day's work and is tired, I see no harm in the woman helping him with his light chores, such as milking the cows and feeding the pigs.

When a woman marries she should never expect that she will have noth-

ing to do only read books and play the piano; if she does she will be disappointed, for if she marries a farmer she will find that if the house is kept clean and herself neat and tidy she will have her hands full.

But a farmer can be the most independent man on earth if he knows how to farm. A woman should never object to helping her husband with the chores if he is willing to help her. You say, "How can a man help a woman in the house?" Easy enough, for some day when you come home for dinner and it is not ready to sit down to, don't get mad, but tell your wife the news, joke and laugh and see if it won't help. Try it, some of you married men.

If a man is willing to share his joys as well as his sorrows with his wife and she the same, you will find that the home will be much happier than if they merely share their troubles and sorrows, which is the case with many a man and woman. You will find that they are always worrying over some of their many trials and troubles and making them worse than they erally are. It won't make a home happy, will it, boys?

I take a great pleasure in looking on the sunny side of life, getting sport out of many things others would worry over. "You are no older than you think you are." I feel as if I were a girl about 14 or 15 years old.

I am 5 feet 3 inches high, fair complexion, healthy and strong, by no means pretty, although I don't think I would break the Sabbath with my looks.

I am not thinking of marrying as I have a good position and like it well, but I would correspond for a pastime. Anyone wishing to write will find my address with the editor. Wishing your paper success.

"The Wild Irish Girl."

### A Girl's Advice to Bachelors.

L—, Ontario, Feb. 4, 1908.

Editor.—Having read with interest and amusement the letters in the correspondence department in a recent number of the Western Home Monthly, I have decided to write a few lines which you may publish if you will.

It seems strange that those lonely bachelors cannot get wives among their acquaintance in the West and divers places, for surely every man knows a few girls, and from among his acquaintances, let the number be ever so limited, I should think every man should be able to choose a wife to suit, without having to resort to the rather risky method of gaining one through correspondence.

Most of the men who live in the West have at some time or other lived in the Eastern provinces, where they seem to think the majority of the girls are. Why don't they "turn the lock in their cabin doors" and travel Eastward where they may find waiting for them some of the sweethearts of their boyish days?

"Olive from Ontario."

### Not in Urgent Need of Hubby, But—

Calgary, Alta., Feb. 11, 1908.

Editor.—I hope you can find space in your magazine for an interested reader.

I agree with neither "Limber Jim" nor "A Woman's Friend," as I consider they are both wrong.

Of course, there are a great number of men that are not fit to live within ten miles of a lady, but not 99 per cent. And as for the girls, there are a few who are flirts and would go for a buggy ride with anyone, but, oh, "Limber Jim," not more than 10 per cent. of the girls.

It seems as if "Sly Si Sloam" is not in love with any lady, or never was, or he would not write the way he did.

I am not writing because I want a hubby, as I do not believe in marriage without love.

I am fair, with blue eyes and light hair, am 5 feet 4 inches tall. I would like to correspond with "Cranky," from Balgonie, Sask., "Rob Roy," of Vermillion Valley, Alta., and Shellriver Greyhound," of Shellbrook, Sask.

"Peace Maker."

### Forty-Four, and Still in the Market.

January 8, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable magazine and enclosed you will find a postal note for another year's subscription. I am very much pleased with it, especially the correspondence or matrimonial columns.

I belong to the young lady bachelor class. I am 44 and not wedded. I have sized up the situation many times and almost took the fatal step, but did'nt.

Any gentleman who does not think me too old to indulge in the pastime I would be pleased to correspond.

"Don."

### Language of the Post Stamp.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 21, 1908.

Editor.—As I am now a constant reader and a subscriber to your very instructive and amusing paper, I enclose a few words for your correspondence columns.

It is only a short time since I wrote to you before, but I am wanting you to do me a favor. I again send a few words. I would like if you would send my letters on to the mentioned parties. I may mention I am a young Westerner, age 21, dark complexion and neither use tobacco or liquor, and if any of the girls who want to wile away some of the long winter evenings that are coming on, if they will write I will answer them with the greatest of pleasure. I will now enclose the Language of Postage Stamps:

Left corner at the top upside down—I love you.

Left corner at the top, crossways—I love another.

Left corner at top straight up and down—I wish to stop corresponding with you.

Right corner at the top, crossways—a kiss.

Right corner at the top, straight up and down—business correspondence.

Left corner, at bottom, straight up and down—Do you love me?

Left corner, bottom, upside down—I am displeased.

Left corner, bottom, crossways—I wish to have your friendship.

Left side, in centre, upside down—I am already engaged.

Left side, in centre, crossways—Who cares.

Left side, in centre, straight up and down—Accept me as a lover.

I might have drawn out the illustration of the position of the stamps but it would have taken up too much space. I have sent quite a few letters to be remailed to several of your corresponding readers. Hoping I have not given you too much trouble.

"Post Stamp Bob."

### Just a Merry Maiden.

Dalmeny, Sask., Feb. 12, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a most interested reader of your charming paper for a long time, and I derive much pleasure and amusement from the correspondence columns, and I think it is very nice of you to give them space to air their views on the matrimonial subject.

Don't you think the girls are rather hard on the poor bachelors? I don't suppose they are as bad as they are thought to be. I guess the ones that have so much to say are old maids on the shelf. Who can blame the men for having a few habits, such as smoking and playing cards, when they have no one to help them to make the lonely hours shorter.

It is rather funny to read some of the girls' letters saying they are not going to be chore boys when they get married. If they were marrying for love they wouldn't think of these trifles. But any true gentleman would not allow his wife to work like a slave if he could help it. I will draw to a close, wishing the lads and lassies of the W. H. M. success.

"Merry Maiden."

### Eastern Girl Writes.

New Brunswick, Feb. 12, 1908.

Editor.—Being a reader of the Western Home Monthly for the last year, and having a brother in Saskatchewan, I take an interest in your paper.

I live on a farm with my parents and four sisters, and we have gay old times.

I am 23 years of age, have dark hair and eyes. I should like very much to correspond with the gentleman who signs himself "Canadian Jack," Baldur, Man., in August number, 1907. He must write first. Also any other young man. Thanking you for space in your paper.

"An Eastern Girl."

# Tall Blue Grass from Russia

Entirely different from either Kentucky Blue or Canadian Blue. A very rapid grower coming in ahead of our native grasses and can be pastured until snow falls. It has the good properties of Brome Grass, but without the objectionable features. The grower sent us photos showing the growth when cut for seed July 25th (3 feet high) and the aftermath in September (17 inches). Party from whom he obtained the seed in the first place wrote him:—"The seed came from Russia—on moist soils it makes a large hay crop—it withstands drouth well—is one of the first in the Spring and last in the Fall. I think it will be to the North what Kentucky Blue is to the South." Every pound of this seed will be wanted for years to come. Sow about 20lbs per acre.

Price 20 lbs **$3.50**; 100 lbs **$15.00** by Express or Freight (1 lb **25c.** post paid.)

Without doubt the greatest thing in Oats that has struck this Western Country for many years is our new **"OBLOFF."** (Described in our Catalog page 3). It would result in profit to us to hold back this Oat for another year, in order to grow a good supply, but we are letting them go to our customers—distributing them as fairly as possible. One bushel will sow half acre and give a start for your main crop the second year.

Then we have **Another Great New Oat "No. 10,"** Bred in America. A branching pure white oat. The growing crop resembles the Banner Oat, but the grain is entirely different—the berry is very plump and heavy, with a remarkably thin hull. We have tested it for two years in the West—it is here to stay, just watch it. Mr. Reddy, the inspector of crops for the Canadian Seed Growers' Association saw the growing crop and wrote us, it was one of the best crops he had seen this year, and he desired to select heads so as to list with their improved varieties. Since then, the grain competed at the local Seed Grain Fair at Manitou winning 1st place. We want a name for this Oat—every customer will have the right to name on it. $25.00 cash will be paid for the name selected. Customers buying $5.00 worth of other lines in our catalog will be entitled to order a bushel of these oats for **$1.00.**

***Registered Banner Oats Banner Oats "grown from registered seed," Storm King Oats Registered Red Fife Wheat Red Fife "grown from registered" Red Fife "selected for Purity," Preston Wheat Mensury and Mansfield Barley Canada White Field Peas Spring Rye Spelz Timothy English Blue Grass Western Rye Grass Brome Red Clovers Alsike Alfalfa etc.***

The superiority of "Registered" seed lies in the fact that selection of heads is made from the growing crop—*trueness to type, heavy yield, freedom from disease* and *early and perfect maturity* are the points considered in the selection. This method is by all odds the most advanced. Selection of threshed kernels alone can never ensure purity—the *plant* must be seen.

## WRITE FOR CATALOG (FREE) DESCRIPTIONS, PRICES, ALL IN IT. CULTURAL DIRECTIONS.

Our vegetable and flower seeds are "Fully Matured." This gives a strong germ to start quickly or to withstand adverse conditions. The average season in Manitoba is a little short for perfect maturity in vegetable seeds outside of two or three varieties. What of 1907? Not one crop in a hundred of vegetable seeds would reach perfect maturity. Seed may germinate up to 100 per cent. and still be inferior seed—the question is, **is the germ strong?** We aim to grow our seeds well up in the North, but South enough to mature perfectly with freedom from frost. For **strongest vitality, purity of stocks,** and **proper selection of varieties,** our seeds cannot be surpassed.

### NEW "HONEY POD" BEAN

***A Pure Westerner—The Only Variety of Beans Ever Originated in Manitoba.***

The originator says:—"In regard to these beans from a Market Gardener's standpoint I have no hesitation in pronouncing them the most profitable wax bean grown. They are from a week to ten days earlier than the Golden Wax, and fully superior in productiveness, while for flavor and appearance the two kinds are about the same.

Messrs. Burdette & Sons, the largest dealers in Winnipeg in vegetables, state that this bean is the earliest home-grown bean appearing on the market.

Packet **10c.**; ½-lb., **20c** lb., **35c.**, postpaid.

### "KILDONAN" CABBAGE

***Large size—Handsome Color—Solid Heads—Fine Quality—Sureness of Heading.***

There is no other Cabbage for all round qualities that can approach this strain. It grows on a very short stem which is another point in its favor for the open prairie.

It shows evidence of remarkable care in breeding, as 99 in every 100 plants will form perfect heads so near alike as to be hardly distinguishable one from another. It is a main crop variety. Packet **5c.**; oz., **20c.**; ¼-lb., **50c.**; 1-lb., **$1.75,** postpaid.

### CELERY

**S. B.'s Select White Plume.**—This is the strain which called from Mr. Larcombe the statement—"The purest and best I have ever seen." And many others of the best gardeners have repeated his words. Our **White Plume** is very early and one of the best for the West. The stalks, the heart, and portions of the inner leaves are white naturally, and "earthing up" completes the blanching perfectly. Looks well on the table, is crisp, succulent, and fine-flavored. Price, ¼-lb., **75c.**; oz., **25c.**; packet, **5c.**

### CAULIFLOWER

Last season we received photograph from Dawson, Yukon, showing Cauliflower from our seed over 12-in. across. Another part of Canada also speaks:—"We have one of the largest cauliflowers yet seen—firm, solid, 15 inches across, weighing 15½ lbs. Seed obtained from Steele Briggs."

**S. B.'s Early Whitehead.**—To protect ourselves and customers we only furnish it in sealed packages. ½ pckt., **15c.**; pckt., **25c.**; ¼-oz., **90c.**; ½-oz., **$1.60**; oz., **$3.00.**

**Early Snowball.**—Our stock is true and very pure. ½-pckt., **15c.**; pckt., **25c.**; ½-oz., **$1.50**; oz., **$2.75.**

### PEAS

**Extra Early Leviathan (Wrinkled).** The largest podded, sweetest flavored Early Pea; of exceptionally fine flavor and an immense cropper. The large handsome pods, containing peas which are very tender and luscious, are borne in profusion; vines about 30 inches high. Price, 15 lbs., **$3.00,** by express; (5 lbs., **$1.40**; 1 lb., **35c.** postpaid.

### ONION

Our seed fears no competitor—all the leading varieties. Try our **Early Round Danvers,** it is earlier than the **Globe Danvers;** good size, good quality and a **good keeper.** Pkt., **5c.**; oz., **20c.**; ¼ lb., **75c.**; lb., **$2.25,** post paid.

"Your onion seed was fine. I raised 88 bushels 'Globe Danvers' from one-sixth acre—fully 90 per cent. of them being first-class and well-ripened, solid bulbs."—J. E. Munro, Macgregor, Man.

FRANK VENNE, Gardener, Leavings, Alta., writes:—"My garden turned out fine. I had cabbage, weight 13½ lbs.; Table Carrot, 1½ lbs.; Turnip, 17 lbs.; fine corn and onions, beets and Mangel awful big. Fine Cauliflower, Citron and Cucumber."

"We purchased 50c. worth of Tomato seed from you last spring and from it grew a crop which yielded 125 sacks weighing on the average 80 lbs. each. We have been growing Tomatoes over 12 years. This crop was the best we ever had."

CHISWELL BROS., St. Charles, Man.

"I want to send you what I think a very fair yield off a little over ½ acre of Red Carrots (Oxheart) and as I have the crop up, the figures are as follows,—2,700 square yards surface. 210 sacks, each holding 105 lbs. average, making 367 bushels off a little over ½ acre. All your seeds turned out well and I would not wish them better."

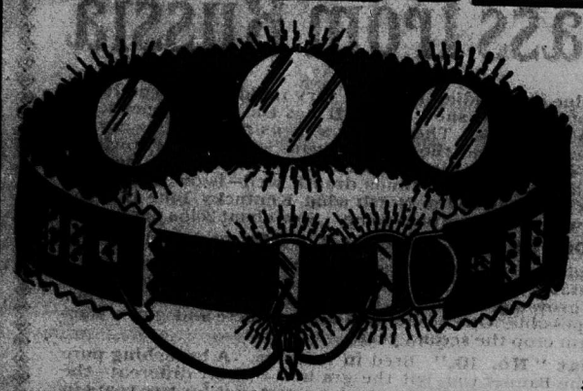
S. G. LANGTON, West Selkirk, Man.

**The above are merely a few samples of our Select Stocks for the West.**

# THE Steele Briggs Seed Co., Ltd

(Mention this paper.) **WINNIPEG, Man.**

# ELECTRIC BELTS $7.50



SOME eight months ago we introduced this Electric Belt to the people of Western Canada and the moderate price we offered them for created a ready demand. We are in receipt of numerous testimonials from "weak men" who are now wearing these belts testifying to the great relief afforded them.

Nervous debility, weakness, rheumatism, lumbago, kidney and stomach trouble indigestion and constipation are ills of the human body that will be benefitted by the use of one of these Electric Belts.

We are only asking **$7.50** for this belt and it will positively do the work of a belt costing three or four times that sum.

*Write us at once for full particulars, stating whether for lady or gentleman.*

**J. H. CARSON, 54 KING ST., WINNIPEG.**

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## Sleep Like A Top.

Send one dollar for Insomnia Cure. No drugs or medicines Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Wilfred Kinswat, Federal Life Bldg., Hamilton, Ont.


### Brownie Would Hook Up.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 11, 1908.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your valuable paper, still I take great pleasure in reading it. I am Scotch, dark hair, dark brown eyes, weigh 119 pounds and am not at all bad looking. I am a pretty good cook and housekeeper and would take a delight in keeping things clean and comfortable, so if any bachelor about 30 years of age has any use for me and would like to know more, please write to

"Brownie."

### Olive Wants Man to Love Her.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 6, 1908.

Editor.—Have been a constant and interested reader of your magazine for some time, so I thought I would write a few lines as it seems amusing to read some of the letters from the bachelors and girls of the West.

Some of the bachelors seem so anxious for a partner to share their lot and some seem to want a slave to do the chores.

I am a farmer's daughter and can do all kinds of house work; am considered a good housekeeper.

Would be pleased to hear from some of the young bachelors or girls. I liked "Merry Sunshine's" letter in the September number, also a letter from a young man signing himself "J.O.E."

Will give you a description of myself as not many like to write to some one they have no idea of their looks. I am a young girl of about twenty summers, about 5 feet 2 inches in height and weigh 120 pounds and have blue eyes, light brown hair and fair complexion.

We all have an ideal in our minds what the man we would like for a husband should be, but how many find their ideal; not many, I'm afraid, but still we may find some one with a few of the qualities.

The man I respect and admire must not use tobacco in any shape or form and he must abstain from stronfi drink; also be honest and good. Would like a tall young man with dark hair and brown eyes and good looking.

I am fond of music but do not play very much, but could learn with practice. Would be willing to help the one I love providing he was kind and considerate and made a companion of me rather than a slave.

"Olive."

### Widow Would Correspond.

Manitoba, Feb. 14, 1908.

Editor.—I wish to thank "Nil Desperandum" for his kind words in defence of the widows, as their lot is certainly a hard one and only those who have gone through like experiences can realize the loneliness and hardships of a woman, perhaps left alone with small children to provide for. How a few kind words help her and give her encouragement. I would be pleased to have a few correspondents from Alberta and British Columbia. Address with editor.

"One of the Number."

### Wants Someone to Love Her.

Montreal, Feb. 5, 1908.

Gentlemen—Will you kindly forward the enclosed letter to "A High Ball," Brantford, Oct. 25. 1907. This is in your November issue.

I would like to correspond with some Protestant gentleman, from 30 to 35 years old. I am 5 feet 8 inches tall, have grey eyes and auburn hair and weigh 130 pounds. I am alone in the world and want some one to love me.

"Lonely Molly."

### A Man Should Write First?

Vancouver, Feb. 14, 1908.

Editor.—I have for a short time past been a reader of your magazine, and enjoy it very much. I should like to make some acquaintances among the bachelor readers of the correspondence columns.

I have spent my life so far in a quiet, refined and almost completely isolated home, where we see very few people other than Indians. I am 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh 140 pounds and am 21 years old. I am not bad looking and have never been sick a day in my life. I can cook and make my own clothes, cut hair for my brothers, milk cows, use a scythe, repair shoes, and have, when occasion demanded, fed and cared for horses, cattle and pigs. I am very fond of chickens, calves and colts. I can also use firearms, and I never permit myself to get angry.

I think that there would not be so many unhappy marriages if men were to show a little more confidence in their wives. "Lord Byron No. 2" seems to think that women are exactly like spoiled children. I advise him to come down from his critical pedestal and select a partner from among those ladies with whom he is so popular. I don't think he will find them so bad after all.

If some man who is honest and kind-hearted would care to write I will answer; any virtues he might posses would be appecaited. I think it is a man's place to write first.

"Vangy."

### Uncle Sam's Daughter Writes

Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 13, 1908.

Editor.—Although I am not a regular subscriber of your paper, I secure it from one of my friends and enjoy reading it. I am especially interested in your correspondence page and have decided to become acquainted with someone who is willing to correspond with me.

I am 18 years of age, 5 ft. 2½ inches tall, have light brown hair and dark brown eyes, and am considered very good looking. I would like to correspond with some good looking young fellow, or would like to have "Yankee Boy" write to me as I like the tone of his letter and he is just the style I am in for. I am rather inclined to be jolly, although I am nothing more than human in nature. I am not a happy-go-lucky sort, but like fun and try to see and make the best of everything.

Hoping to hear from some nice young fellow, and wishing the Western Home Monthly continued success, I am.

"Pretty Brown Eyes."

### Likes the Farmer.

Grand View, Man., Feb. 19, 1908.

Editor.—I have just finished reading the W. H. M. and was sorry I came to the end so suddenly for I think the correspondence column is very interesting.

I am a Yankee Girl and have a round face. Everyone tells me I am pretty. Have brown eyes, brown hair and am 5 feet 4 inches tall. During the winter days I wonder how I will put in my time, as I am clerk in a confectionery store and that is pretty dull work in the winter time, so would like to correspond with a young gentleman with no intention of marriage. I like the farmer, for what could we do without him. I would be willing to live on a farm. For me there is nothing I like better than cooking, sewing, washing and keeping the house tidy and then gather the eggs and milk cows. I like dancing, skating and music and am good tempered. I am full of fun. Can take a joke as well as give one.

As this is my first letter to the paper I will be wondering if it escapes the waste basket till I see the letter in print. I will not write any more, hoping to hear from some of the men folks or girls, in which I am very interested. The editor has my address.

"Trailing Arbutus."

### Will be in the Ring Shortly.

Melfort, Sask., Feb. 14., 1908.

Editor.—Having been a reader of the W. H. M. for some time, I have taken great interest in your correspondence column.

I am a bachelor in these parts but am not what you would call tired of it yet, as I do not think I can give a girl a good home yet, and I do not intend to take one till I can.

I think "Rosebud No. 3" writes a very sensible letter. If there were a few more like her the country would be a lot better off than the way it is, with a lot of girls that think when they marry they should not have to look at a pig or cow. I do not think it is a woman's place to feed pigs or milks cows, but if the men are away, I don't think they should object to doing it.

I would like to hear from "Rosebud No. 3" if she feels inclined to write for pastime, and from any others. Wishing the W. H. M. every success.

"Contented Boy."

### Likes "Brownie" Best.

Flagstaff, Alta., Feb. 17, 1908.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your valuable paper, I often have the privilege of reading its contents and find the letters in your correspondence columns highly amusing. I am a young man, 23 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, weight 155 pounds, dark hair and brown eyes. Would like to hear from some nice girl of similar age, and after reading your letters I have come to the conclusion that I like "Brownie" best.

"Jolly Batch"

### The Twins Air Their Views.

Dominion City, Man., Feb. 10, 1908.

Editor.—For the past few months we have been reading with great interest the correspondence column of your valuable papr.

We intended several times to join your circle, but in the November issue we noticed a letter signed "Old Phenomenal" which we could not resist the temptation of replying to. We have come to the conclusion that he won't be bothered much with the ladies. Surely he has no sisters or he would have quite a different opinion, but he must have had a mother. He certainly is a queer makeup when he says a woman is a nuisance, and he doesn't even give them the credit of being good cooks. He also says he is too good to enter matrimony with his eyes closed. No one would expect him to, but one would naturally think he should know the one he has chosen for his life partner. We think if "Old Phenomenal" were to become acquainted with a real true woman, which he is sure to find almost any place, he would change his opinion. It would be better if he'd take "The Rocky Mountain Goat" for an example.

We are not looking for husbands, do not think it, but writing for "Woman's Rights." We live in a very pretty part of Manitoba and are not acquainted with any of "Old Phenomenal's" brothers.

Seeing this is our first letter to your magazine, we think we've taken up sufficient space and sincerely hope it will escape the waste paper basket. Anyone wishing to correspond will find our address with the editor.

"The Twins."

**Fred is Lonely.**

Winnipeg, Feb. 24, 1907.

Editor.—Being a reader of the Western Home Monthly, I should like to correspond with some young lady.

I am a young bachelor 20 years of age, considered good looking, blue eyes, dark brown hair, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 126 pounds. Have not touched intoxicating liquors in my life. I smoke a pipe now and again, but do not chew. I do not swear at all. Like to hear music but cannot play, but will learn if the girl should want me to.

I am not a farmer, but am in the fur trade in the city of Winnipeg. I would not mind any young lady from the age of 18 to 25 years.

I am quite lonely, having left a lot of brothers and sisters behind me in England. Would like to correspond with "Ripe Strawberry," "Gladys" and "Glenboro Beauty." I am here all alone. "Fred."

**Who Wants Her?**

Manitoba, Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—I am a constant reader of your paper, especially the correspondence column.

I admit that I am not altogether in favor of girls advertising for a husband. As for myself, I think it a little too conspicuous and makes our sex too common. My matrimonial years are passed, not saying but that in youth I was considered a beauty but having many hardships and being a victim of many accidents since then, my hair has turned grey, this day being my 37th birthday, my unfortunate deficiencies making me also unlucky in the matrimonial line. My principal deficiencies being a cork leg to the knee and a glass eye, and pray, dear editor, you would not blame me if I said I paint and powder to make my poor old face look girlish.

Hoping these few lines will not take too much space in your valuable paper.

"The Withered Rose."

**Brown Eyed Beauty and 18.**

Alberta, Feb. 13, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of your most valuable paper, and do enjoy reading the letters from the young people.

This is my first letter to your paper and hope it will not end up in the waste paper basket.

I am a farmer's daughter, just 18, have auburn hair and brown eyes, and am real good looking, fond of music and am a good dancer. I am also a good housekeeper. I can milk cows and feed hogs and chickens if I have to, and I might say I rather enjoy it as a change. The old saying is "A change is as good as a rest" (?) I really think after a day's work in the house it does not hurt any young lady to go out and milk a cow or feed some pigs, especially if her good man has been working equally as hard as she.

I rather like the letter written by "A Handsome Gent." I would gladly answer a letter from him or from any of the readers. My address is with the editor. "Brown Eyed Beauty."

**Girls of Tender Years not Wanted.**

Balgonie, Sask., Jan. 30, 1908.

Editor.—Being an interested reader of your valuable magazine for a considerable time, I wish now, with your permission, to become a contributor to your correspondence colum.

I may as well be plain at the outset and say, I am diligently in search of a honey, and as it is the custom nowadays for people to describe themselves, I will now begin. In the first place, I would like you to know I am generally considered good looking, and I am also considered the smartest chap for miles around. I am 20 years of age, very tall and rather heavy, weighing about 180 pounds between breakfast and bedtime, but I don't know what I weigh when asleep as I have never been weighed. I am of dark complexion, eyes green, hair jet black. So much for my description; now for my cleverness.

In the first place, I am an exceptionally good singer; also a good musician, having already taken two or three music lessons. I am also very fleet of foot, always taking at least second prize without any exceptions; and the way I go a foot race certainly ain't slow. However, this is not what I make a living at. Engineering is my pet trade, but even that I do not have to depend upon as my father is very wealthy. I live seven miles south of Balgonie, but I have a homestead about twenty-five miles north in the Loon Creek district. In politics I and my father are Liberals. I am religiously inclined, being a follower of Chas. L. Spurgeon, although built more after the Moody and Sankey plan. Now, I think this will do for a description of myself.

In conclusion I wish to say in regard to what my honey should be. My wish is for one tall and dark, between thirty-five and forty years of age, but not older than forty. A dressmaker would be preferred. She must not drink, swear, smoke or chew, and especially she must not chew the rag. I should also like one accustomed to driving, as I have a nice driving horse called George, and he can certainly go some. Good cooking or good looks will not cut any figure in my case, providing she corresponds to all other points afore mentioned. I hope the darling of my choice will give this her sincere consideration. Hoping I have not used too much of your valuable space.

"John Bunyan."

**Short and to the Point.**

Winnipeg, Feb. 15, 1908.

Editor.—I take great pleasure in reading your very amusing magazine. Some of those cranky old bachelors expect a little too much of a woman while young men are fairly reasonable. This is the first time I have written but I certainly intend to do more writing in the future. Please forward letter to "Lazy Bill."

"Lily of the Valley."

**Good Fellow But Bad Poetry.**

Creston, B. C., Feb. 18, 1908.

Mr. Editor i being a dasent crature, I thought i would write you sooner or later.

Believe me i read your paper,
I must admit it makes me caper.
Your magazine the best i know
For keeping track of Floss and Joe,
The correspondence columns take my eye,
That is the reason that i buy.
Some of the ladies has there wits,
They can beat the fellows into fits.
The bachelors they think there smart,
But they are nearly always in the dark,
For little Flossie got them skinned,
But they can't see til there all in,
But when they see they scratch there head,
And say my God what made me wed,
But still they dangle on through life,
Through troubles, sorrows, cares and strife,
And will continue the whole world round,
Until they find there banking ground,
But anyhow i wish them luck,
Because i glory in there pluck,
Now if there is any daisy wants high life,
Well thats the girl (i will) make my wife,
And if they want to know whose he,
Well i am living here right in B. C.
Please give the ladies my address,
And Loop the Loop will do the rest.

"Loop the Loop."

**Beautiful Blonde Fresh from Country.**

Manitoba, Feb. 12, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of your excellent paper and take much interest in your correspondence column.

I am 24 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 120 pounds, dark brown hair and gray eyes, considered good looking. I am a farmer's daughter and can do any kind of house work. I play the organ, violin, mandolin and mouth organ, and like all kinds of amusements.

If any of the young bachelors wish to correspond with me, my address is with the editor.

"Beautiful Blonde."

**Would Correspond with Rosebud.**

Enderby, B. C., Feb. 9, 1908.

Editor.—Having had your paper sent me by a subscriber every month, I see in the correspondence column, "Rosebud No. 3" wishes to correspond with some young man.

I am 28 years of age, 145 pounds in weight, blue eyes, brown hair, and am English by birth and am not afraid of honest hard work. Shall be pleased to receive reply. "Bull Pine."

**Frick's Looking for a Pastime.**

Saskatchewan, Feb. 10, 1908.

Editor.—For the past four months I have been a very interested reader of the correspondence columns of the W. H. M. and at last I decided to get into the game.

Will you kindly forward the enclosed letters to "Gladys," Sask., whose letter appeared in the November issue, and the other to "Lauretta and Lusetta," of the October issue.

As this is my first letter to the W. H. M. I don't want to express my opinion too freely, but I am of the same opinion as "Gladys" and wish to correspond for amusement and pastime, as I don't think I care to put in an ad. for a wife.

If any of the young lady correspondents care to write to me to help wile this long winter away, kindly give them my address. "Fricks."

**Shamrock Feeling Lonely.**

Ninette, Man., Feb. 10, 1908.

Editor.—I have read with much pleasure the correspondence columns of your valuable paper. I think your paper is an excellent one. It think it is a very good way for the men and women of the West to become acquainted.

I am an Irish girl, having just come from Old Ireland a short time ago. I feel very lonely in a strange land and you will do me a favor if you forward the enclosed letter to the gentleman who signs himself "Sunny Jim," in your November number. I remain, yours sincerely, "Shamrock."

**Will Send Bill-of-Fare.**

Rounthwaite, Man., Feb. 21, 1908.

Editor.—As I am not a reader of your paper, but get it from a friend, I thought I would write a piece in the correspondence column. I have thought several times of doing so as some of the letters are very amusing. Now, I think as far as writing for fun is concerned it is all right, but I would like to see and know the girl I marry.

We have several nice girls here, but as none have a string on me I would


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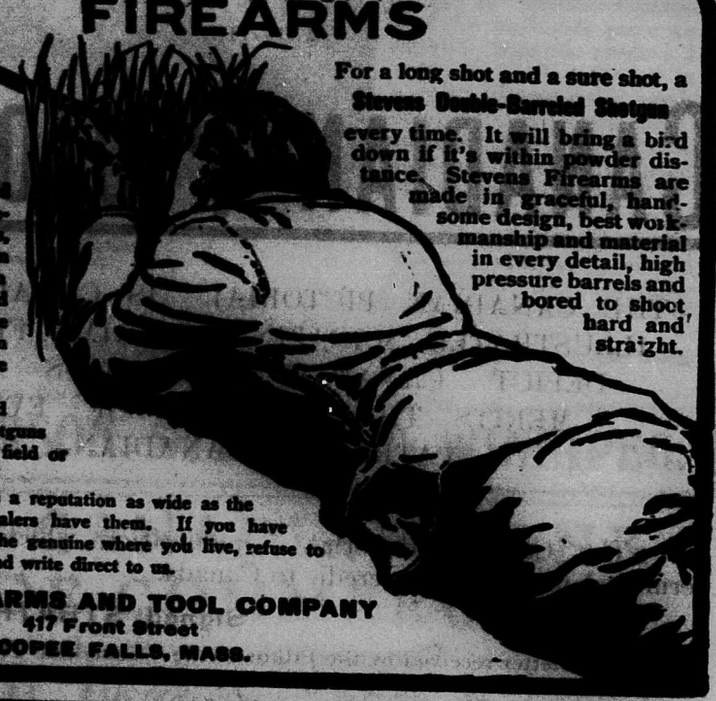

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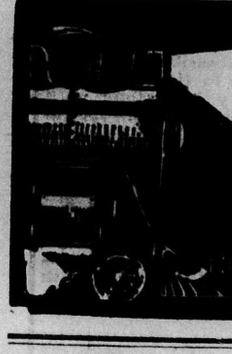

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like some nice lively girls between 20 and 25 to write to me for fun please. Give them my address. I think "Rosebud No. 3" from McDonald, is a nice one, though she don't give her age, which is a mistake. I would like to hear from her for fun only. Also "Glenboro Beauty" and "Gladys," as they have my ideas of this down fine. I think "Pretty Polly" from Brierwood don't mean all she says.

I might say that some of the girls have a poor opinion of bachelors. One who signs herself "One of the Lassies," from Portage, some time ago wanted to know if we lived on porridge. Now, I think that's mean, for we do nothing of the sort, for we hardly ever make it. If she would write again or send her address I would give her my bill of fare.

"J— Ripper."

### Wants to Correspond.

Durban, Man., Feb. 16, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your magazine for some time and enjoy the correspondence columns very much. I am a young man, 28 years of age, dark hair and dark eyes, and considered very good looking. I don't smoke, chew nor use bad language. I have batched in Swan River Valley for 8 years and intend to do so for 8 years more if the girls will let me. I have no wish to correspond with any one with a view to matrimony, but would like to correspond for pastime with some young ladies between the ages of 16 and 20.

Hoping this will meet with your approval and not take up too much space, I remain, "Will's Brother."

### Broncho Getting Frisky.

Manitoba, Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber I have read the W. H. M. for more than two years. I am a young bachelor and I would like to correspond and exchange photos with one or two young ladies of about 20 to 23 years f age.

I am 22 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height. Smoke, but do not take strong drink. Am a carpenter by trade but am thinking of taking a farm. Have a little money saved up for a stormy day. If any young lady would care to write shall be pleased to correspond with her. Would like to hear from "Rosebud No. 3," "Only a Pansy Blossom" or "Ripe Strawberry." Hope to see this in your paper.

"Broncho."

### Not in a Hurry.

Broadview, Sask., Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—For some time I have been reading the W. H. M. and find it very good, so I think I will join in with the many writers.

I am a young man, 21 years old. I am not in a hurry to get married but would correspond with any young lady that wishes to write to me.

"Not in a Hurry."

### Says He is Good.

Sleeman, Ont., Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—Hoping you will be good to yourself and put this in the W. H. M., of which I am a subscriber.

I am an Englishman, 5 feet 7 inches tall, age 21 years, good looking, and have no bad habits, neither smoke, chew (only food) nor drink, nothing but water, and I am no lazy back.

I notice some girls say they would milk the cows or carry wood if their good man was away. Isn't it necessary that the man should be away some time, probably days, and want some one to keep his stock alive?

Hoping this will meet the eye of some girl between 18 and 21 years who would like to correspond with me; she would find my name with the editor. "Boomman."

### Good Natured and Loving.

Carberry, Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—I am very much interested in the W. H. M. correspondence. I would like to get in with the rest of the boys and girls.

I should like very much to have "Rosebud No. 3's" address as she seems about the one I want.

I am 19 years old, about 5 feet 8 inches tall, medium complexion, good natured and loving. I am a staunch teetotaler. Would be much obliged if you would forward her address to me, as I am getting tired of being alone and want a girl to cheer me up a little.

"Cockney."

### A Sensible Letter.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 10, 1908.

Editor.—As a zealous reader of the W. H. M., and especially of the correspondence column, which does so much to interest, elevate and amuse your large circle of readers. I have read much of the advantages and disadvantages of corresponding acquaintanceship, if I might so call them, and I certainly agree with the advantage of such a means of knowing and being known. If the friendly relations of corresponding leads to the more serious one of matrimony, well, all the better if the parties interested are so inclined. I have seen cases of many happy unions effected thereby.

I am a Western farmer bachelor myself, 30 years of age, and have been farming on the prairies for the last five years, so know what the batch means. Picture to yourself, for instance, a young man alone on the prairie; his work keeps him on the homestead all the week: that is, if he attends to his duties as he should do to make a success, for the farm is a hard, though pleasant, boss—harder than most employers, with no one to talk to or confide in, unless it be his neighbors, and they generally are in the same position as himself. How he would look forward to mail day, knowing that it would contain letters from correspondents from different parts of the country, giving him an account of themselves, their pleasures and doings, describing scenes and places. Why, it takes him out of himself for the time being, makes him forget his lonely lot, and with the knowledge that others have an interest in him, especially if it is feminine.

As for the class of people and type of character that make up the majority of the Western bachelor farmers, I am sure he will hold his own with any in the world, and I have reason to know, as I have farmed in Australia and South Africa, so can draw comparisons. He may be a little uncouth, but for an honest, hard working, conscientious man and generally ambitious, he can't be beat. He is like an ancient diamond; all he wants is the feminine influence, and sympathy, and help; then his home would hold all the enjoyment that he would ever care for.

So hurry up, you Eastern maidens, and correspond with the home-loving Western bachelor, and if you come to the conclusion that you are suited to each other, don't hesitate to take the all important step. Remember nothing venture, nothing have.

As for the type of girl most suited for the prairies, it doesn't matter a rap whether she is a school mam, farmer's daughter, or typist, as long as she is reasonable and does her best. As this is my first epistle to you on the subject, I trust you will find room for insertion, and to the girls I say, "let them all come."

"Miles Standish."

### Looks Pretty Good to Us.

Creelman, Feb. 8, 1908.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper and I take much interest in reading your correspondence columns.

In your November number I see the letter of "Pretty Polly," of Brierwood, Man. I would like to correspond with this young lady.

I am 21 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, fair complexion, curly hair, and have lovely innocent blue eyes.

I have two sections of land in this district and also have a bank account of ten thousand dollars.

Hoping that I may have the opportunity of corresponding with this young lady. Thanking you in advance for publishing this letter in your next edition, I am, yours truly,

"Sport."

### Wants a Husky Wife.

Edmonton, Alta., Feb. 4, 1908.

Editor.—I take great pleasure in reading the correspondence columns in your valuable paper.

I am a homesteader in Eastern Alberta. I have also some real estate in Edmonton.

I would like to correspond with a young lady, between the age of 25 to 30, with dark eyes and hair, very good looking, about 5 feet 6 inches tall, weight 130 to 150 pounds. Must be strong and healthy, with a kind and loving disposition. Farmer's daughter preferred; no others need apply. She must be neat and clean, and a good cook.

Would like to hear from "Rosebud No. 3" in your November issue.

"Omaha Bill."

### Sour Grapes Getting Busy.

Manitoba, Feb. 11, 1908.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to the W. H. M. but my people are, and I am an interested reader of your valuable magazine, specially the correspondence columns. Please forward the enclosed letter to "Shamrock," October number, as I would like very much to correspond with her.

I am a young Canadian, 21 years of age, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 160 pounds, dark grey eyes, curly hair. I neither smoke, chew nor drink; strictly temperance, so if any young girls wish to correspond with me they can get my address from the editor.

"Sour Grapes."

### Harry a Lonely Young Man.

McTaggart, Sask., Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor.—If you could spare a little room in your correspondence column I would like to have a little say myself. I am not a subscriber of your W. H. M., but my chum is, and it is the very first thing I do when I can get your precious paper to read the correspondence column. So if you will be kind enough would you please send the enclosed letter to "Lauretta & Lusetta" which appeared in the October number.

I am a lonely young man of 20 years of age. I am 5 feet 10 inches tall, weigh 150 pounds, light black hair, grey eyes and feet that cover a large amount of ground. If there are any young girls in this Western country that would care to write to me, I will be glad to answer their letters. I will leave my address with the editor.

"Harry."

# The Knight and the Princess.

**By Eleanor H. Potter.**

"But I'm determined to win you, Kathleen."

"As if you could against my will"

"It won't be against your will—you'll wish it."

She raised her eyebrows in unbelief.

"I'll make myself so necessary to you that you can't help wishing it." he went on confidently.

"But I don't need you for—anything," she objected.

"Oh, but you may, you know," he smiled imperturbably. "I'll be your knight and fight for you, as in the olden time."

"I'm no princess shut up in a castle, Charlie," she retorted, all the more scornfully because his words had given her a curious little thrill. "The extent of your warfare thus far has been to procure me an ice or to bring me my fan," she went on, with uptilted chin.

"Not very dragon-like obstacles, I acknowledge," he laughed back at her; "still—there's time yet, so long as the princess remains unwed." he finished, bringing his thin, clean-cut lips together decisively, as Kathleen turned away.

When Kathleen Randall had unexpectedly fallen heir to a small fortune, she immediately announced her intention of travelling.

"All my life," she declared laughingly, "I've been like Helen's Babies and have wanted to 'see the wheels go 'round'—if only they were carwheels and taking me somewhere!" she supplemented. "Now I'm going to go—and go—and go, and see if I can't satisfy this longing that is devouring me."

It was two days now before she, and the aunt who had been a mother to her all these years, would start on their journeyings. Trunks and tickets, plans and packing, filled the house with confusion and her soul with delirious joy; there was no time for Charlie Heywood and his love-making—love-making that had become trite in its periodic repetition ever since her pinafore days. That Charlie was young, good to look upon, rich, and altogether approved of by her relatives, made it only worse—as if she *could* grow sentimental over her next-door neighbor, with whom she had made mud-pies in her babyhood!

At the very outset of her journey Kathleen seemed doomed to disappointment for the stage coach—her only means of transportation from the village to the railroad station five miles away—failed to call at her door, and disappeared far down the road in a cloud of dust.

"Why, Auntie—if they haven't left us!" cried Kathleen, dropping in limp dismay on to the piazza steps.

"Never mind; we'll go to-morrow," soothed Mrs. Howells.

"But the boat—oh, Auntie, we'll lose the boat!" wailed the girl, springing to her feet in sudden realization of what the delay meant.

"Not gone yet?" called Heywood cheerfully, over the fence. "Old Abe's late this morning." he continued, with an airy innocence that gave no hint of the shameless bribe even then in Old Abe's pocket. "I was just going down to the station to see you off."

"Oh Charlie, he's left us—we've lost the boat!" moaned Kathleen, wringing her hands.

"Not much you haven't?" shouted Heywood over his shoulder as he turned with suspicious promptness and ran towards his open stable door. "Here, jump in, both of you." he commanded a minute later, bringing his huge red automobile to a standstill before them.

"Oh, lovely, lovely!" gurgled Kathleen, bundling Mrs. Howells into the back seat and leaping in beside her.

"Let's see—your baggage went last night, I believe," said Heywood—as if it had not gone at his own suggestion.

"Yes—'twill be at the station. Now hurry, everything's all right!" cried Kathleen jubilantly, bounding up and down on the springy seat in nervous joy.

It was somewhat later that Heywood said musingly, as he held her hand in parting:

"Hm-m, well, I don't know—an automobile is a pretty good substitute for a rusty sword."

"Don't be ridiculous," she returned with some dignity; then her eyes danced. "I'll take the auto every time, though!" she laughed, as she skipped up the car steps after her aunt.

Heywood gave a few short orders to the man beside the machine, caught the satchel from his hand, and swung himself onto the last car after the train had started.

Kathleen and her aunt had no trouble during the short journey to New York, nor in establishing themselves comfortably in their staterooms on board the boat; but the first three days at sea were very rough and the ladies scarcely left their berths. On the fourth day a clear blue sky and a warm sun enticed Kathleen into her steamer chair on deck. She had sat there half an hour in listless endurance of an uncomfortable position, when a low voice said in her ear:

If you'll let me put this cushion at your head, and re-adjust your foot-rest, I think you'll be easier."

"Charlie Heywood!"

"At your service."

"Why, how in the world——" she began delightedly, then her whole figure stiffened. "This is never going to do at all?" she finished with decision.

Heywood busied himself with the cushion and the foot-rest and did not seem to hear.

"I am travelling with my aunt," she began again, with some asperity.

"Certainly!" he responded cheerfully, picking up her magazine for her. "There, now I am sure you will be more comfortable," and he bowed himself off.

All through the rest of the voyage Kathleen did not see him once, though she watched for him every day—first fearfully, then resentfully.

When once again on land, Kathleen stood guard over her trunks and travelling-bags with a frowning face.

"Why can't they have checks over here and transfer one's baggage in a good Christian manner," she demanded wrathfully of her aunt.

"Suppose I attend to it for you," suggested Heywood at her elbow.

"Oh then you *are* on earth!" returned Kathleen, a bit ungraciously, though a relieved look came into her eyes. The look remained until Heywood had seen them en route for their hotel, then it changed to one very like regret as his form was lost to sight in the crowd.

"Er—ah—what's Charlie doing over here?" inquired Mrs. Howells, with the hesitation one always showed in asking Kathleen questions regarding Heywood.

"Business, he says," she replied, with a shrug of her shoulder.

In London Kathleen saw Heywood just three times—once when she and her aunt lost their bearings on the Strand, again when he obtained for them permission to enter a certain palace which they wanted very much to see, and a third time when a panic in a London theatre made his presence something in the nature of a godsend.

"Charlie Heywood has a remarkable faculty of making his advent delightfully opportune!" observed Mrs. Howells, with a shrewd glance at Kathleen's face.

"Humph! it strikes me he's a little too officious," retorted Kathleen, again trying to banish with scornfulness that curious little thrill.

All through the two weeks' trip in the south of England, and the week's stay in Ireland, Heywood never appeared, and Kathleen told herself that it was a great relief to be freed from his "absurd shadowing:" but her step did not seem to grow the lighter nor her eye the brighter for her freedom, and she developed a curious propen-


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# THE IDEAL DUSTER

**Window Washer, Ceiling Duster, Floor Duster,** used to raise and lower curtain poles.

In fact, it does about all 'tis needed to climb or stoop to do—in the house, Store, Office, Schoolroom, Church or **Public Halls.**

Handle made in two 5 feet sections—**10 feet of reach besides your own.**

The "IDEAL" supplies a 10 foot arm with a hand that opens and shuts—**like your own hand**—you pull the cord, it does the rest.

We can't tell all it does in one advertisement—easier to tell what it **don't**—**it don't cost much.**

**ONLY 50c. COMPLETE**

Write us and we will tell you how to get one.

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sity for suddenly looking around corners and into empty rooms.

It was at a hotel on the shore of a picturesque lake in Scotland that Kathleen was so keenly disappointed to find that no boatman was to be had for daily trips on the lake.

"They're all engaged, ma'am," the landlord had said; but late in the evening he told her that he had found one who would present himself in the morning.

When Kathleen saw the stalwart, blue-flanneled figure of the boatman coming up the hotel steps, she started and caught her breath, but when she saw the man's face she fell limply back into the chair behind her.

"Charlie!"

"At your service," he smiled again into her eyes.

"But what—you can't mean—you—" she stammered.

"I've bought a boat. I'm going to hire out," he said with a grave bow.

"Charlie. this is utterly absurd!" she remonstrated severely.

He opened wide his eyes.

"Absurd—to turn an honest penny? Oh, no, you can't mean that! Will you sail this morning or wait until later in the day?" he finished deferentially.

Kathleen always insisted that it was because she so longed to explore the lake that she yielded and took Heywood for a boatman. As his employer she certainly could find no fault with him. He was an efficient guide to all points of interest, he performed his duties with grave deference, and he obeyed her imperious commands with cheerful promptness—yet all this filled her with unreasoning anger. Not once did he speak to her as her next-door neighbor would have spoken—he was always "the boatman," until one day she blazed out in unrestrained wrath:

"Stop it—stop it right now, I say!"

"Stop——"

"Stop this absurd masquerade. I am tired of this bowing and scraping and 'madaming'!"

Mrs Howells was some distance ahead climbing the bank, and Kathleen had extended her hand for aid in leaving the boat. Heywood caught the hand and held it with both his own.

"Kathleen—if I dared—if I thought —" he began, his eyes luminous, and his voice shaken and husky.

"You are not to think—anything!" she exclaimed, hurriedly withdrawing her hand and running up the bank after her aunt. That night she packed her trunks, and by daylight was on her way to Paris.

Kathleen had friends in Paris, and she danced and flirted and drove and shopped in an endless whirl of gaiety. But the silver sheen of a Scottish lake and wind-swept hills of the Scottish Highlands came between her eyes and the ball-room lights; and a boatman's song and a Highlander's bagpipe drowned the music of the orchestra. A man, tall, strong-limbed, and brown with the sun and air, seemed to be walking at her side, causing the pale perfumed creatures about her to be but pygmies in comparison.

Days passed. Save with the eye of fancy, Kathleen had not seen Heywood, though she looked for him at every turn. One afternoon, ignoring the fact that Paris is not New York, she slipped out alone for a short walk. She was strangely restless, and her feet flew fast and faster; even then they seemed to her to be but crawling over the pavements. An hour passed and she turned to go back, but after another sixty-minute walk she awoke to a realization that she had lost her way.

How stupid of me!" she murmured, biting her lips with annoyance.

She stepped into a shop for directions, but the clerk could not speak English and Kathleen could not speak French, so it resulted in little help being given. Three times she asked with the same ill success.

The sun set, twilight came on, and lights gleamed here and there. The longer she walked the more unfamiliar grew the streets. Women looked curiously at her and men smiled boldly into her eyes. She stopped to rest at a table in an open-air restaurant, but when a be-ringed, be-studded man slipped into a seat at her left, she fled again to the side-walk.

"You are looking for some one?" a voice at her side suggested.

A sudden throb of joy tingled to Kathleen's finger-tips.

"Go—go away!" she cried feebly, glorying in the absolute certainty that the man wouldn't obey her.

"Right away—now?" he asked.

She nodded—but drew nearer to him.

"I—I'm tired of being rescued, Charlie," she laughed hysterically.

He gave a keen glance at her flushed cheeks and hailed a carriage. He helped her in without speaking, gave an order to the driver, and seated himself at her side.

"How stupid of me—I never thought of a carriage," she quavered, brushing back the loose hair from her eyes. She stole a glance at the man's gloomy face, and a rose-pink flushed to her forehead. "Let me see," she went on softly, "an automobile, a cushion, a boat, a— a—"

"Don't!" he interrupted harshly.

"But really," she continued, a queer little tremor in her voice, "I was only naming them over—the weapons have been so very—effective—that——"

Heywood looked up quickly.

"Kathleen, you don't mean that——"

"The castle has been stormed and the princess is— is——" She raised her shy eyes to his face.

"Mine at last!" he breathed, the light of a long-deferred joy in his eyes.

"Happy Family."



The Month
Brig

**Lieut.-General Bad**
rather see one game
of it than fifty gam

**Robertson Nicoll:**
Scotland is enshrine
but in its poetry.

**Elinor Glyn:** Ev
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the toddling infant
ful in its own way.

**Rev. Dr. Newell D**
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**Mrs. Humphry W**
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is the swiftest way
the whole life.

**W. D. Howells:** T
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**Mrs. Hodgson B**
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be regained.

**Governor Burke,**
We have had prohib
this State that in s
are no jails. There
in the State.

**Lord Rosebery:**
statesman's popula
should be the subjec
cature.

**Mr. William Van**
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character of a hotel
sistent are the dem
for luxury.

**Rev. Dr. Lyman A**
exchange the twentie
century that has
am only sorry that
in the twenty-first.

**Dr. Osler:** If our
drank more than we
were more moderat
the use of tobacco.

**Lord Avebury:** Fe
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drawback. Good soli
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of body.

**Judge Pollock, of**
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**J. M. Barrie:** Or
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looked better out o
in it.

**Dr. Graham Bell:**
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mountains out of
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method of solving

**George Ham:** H
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next summer?

**Mme. Melba:** Ou
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because we know h
aim to do.

**Lloyd George:** Th
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resources to the thi
elevate life.

**Principal Falconer**
**of Toronto:** The gr
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thing behind—a fe
for the past, a sen
feeling of the
citizenship.

**Rev. Dr. Parkhurst**
genital feud with a
prides himself upon
law is a euphemist
his dread of penalty

**Alan Dale:** Whi
tears most realistic
could count on the
the actors or actres
successfully attemp
emotion of laughter

# The Month's Bright Sayings

**Lieut.-General Baden Powell:** I would rather see one game played for the love of it than fifty games played for pay.

**Robertson Nicoll:** The patriotism of Scotland is enshrined not in its laws, but in its poetry.

**Elinor Glyn:** Every young thing, from the tiny opening flower bud to the toddling infant of man, is delightful in its own way.

**Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis:** The sermons that do most effective work in this world are those on two legs.

**Mrs. Humphry Ward:** Locking the heart against the drafts of sympathy is the swiftest way of impoverishing the whole life.

**W. D. Howells:** There is no promise of a crown of righteousness for proficiency in regulating your neighbors.

**Mrs. Hodgson Burnett:** There is always a period in a child's life when its sayings are full of a profound, direct, and spontaneous wisdom never to be regained.

**Governor Burke, of North Dakota:** We have had prohibition so long in this State that in some counties there are no jails. There is not much crime in the State.

**Lord Rosebery:** The hall-mark of a statesman's popularity is that he should be the subject of frequent caricature.

**Sir William Van Horne:** More and more is the modern train taking on the character of a hotel on wheels, so insistent are the demands of the public for luxury.

**Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott:** I would not exchange the twentieth century for any century that has gone before it. I am only sorry that I have not lived in the twenty-first.

**Dr. Osler:** If our forefathers ate and drank more than we do, they certainly were more moderate than we are in the use of tobacco.

**Lord Avebury:** Few things are to be had without hard work. This is no drawback. Good solid work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is to health of body.

**Judge Pollock, of Fargo, N.D.:** After some years' experience of State prohibition the people of North Dakota are still in favor of prohibition in the proportion of three to one.

**J. M. Barrie:** Only once in an unfortunately long course of hospital nurses have I met with a girl who looked better out of her uniform than in it.

**Dr. Graham Bell:** Man is so accustomed to the habit of making mighty mountains out of mole hills that he loses sight of the straight, simple method of solving his difficulties.

**George Ham:** Having pulled off a successful wolf hunt this winter, what is to prevent the C. P. R. from madly pursuing its public-spirited campaign by organizing a grand mosquito hunt next summer?

**Mme. Melba:** Our greatest successes and achievements are often far less to ourselves than they seem to others because we know how much more we aim to do.

**Lloyd George:** The greatest cities of the world are those that devote their resources to the things that adorn and elevate life.

**Principal Falconer, of the University of Toronto:** The greatest object of history teaching should be to leave something behind—a feeling of reverence for the past, a sense of nationality, a feeling of the responsibilities of citizenship.

**Rev. Dr. Parkhurst:** Man is in congenital feud with authority. What he prides himself upon calling respect for law is a euphemistic way of stating his dread of penalty.

**Alan Dale:** While you have seen tears most realistically simulated, you could count on the fingers of one hand the actors or actresses who have ever successfully attempted to portray the emotion of laughter.

**Premier Roblin:** The man who can see anything but growth, expansion and prosperity for the city of Winnipeg and Western Canada has astigmatism. Talk about doubt of this city's future! If our citizens were possessed of the indifference and lassitude that characterize the man who resides on the Equator, Winnipeg would grow. You cannot prevent it. But when you take into account that our people are as energetic, as enterprising, as courageous as any in the world, and couple with that our natural advantages and great agricultural resources, we not only should feel confident but absolutely enthusiastic.

**Ernest Thompson Seton:** No one who has visited and studied the continent of grain lands that lies to the northwest of Winnipeg can have any doubt as to the magnitude of its future. No one who has been on the ground and seen the tremendous energy with which its occupation and civilisation are being pushed can doubt that our people have risen to the greatness of their opportunity, and no one who has followed its history, but will heartily join in honoring the names and deeds of the heroic pioneers and far-sighted statesmen, who founded this great empire of the gold that grows.

**R. A. Bonnar:** The prophecy of the late Dr. Douglas that the child was then born who would place its hand on the head of a child that would see seventy-five million people in British North America, will be abundantly fulfilled.

The seed is planted, and the flower
Shall flourish, as the human will
For good or evil rules the hour.

Let us see to it that the seed planted amid the toil and suffering incident to the days of the pioneers is well established by us whose rich heritage was created by the sacrifices of the past.


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**Sick People, Let Dr. King Help You At His Own Expense**

I am willing to send to every man and woman in the United States, entirely at my own expense, a **Proof-Treatment**, put up in Convenient (Candy and pleasant to take) with full directions, and also my simple rules for health. I have so much faith in my skill and experience that I repeat, I will send this treatment free to you, yes to every reader of this paper. I have cured others. I know I can help you. Could anything be fairer?

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There are many grateful, honest people in all parts of the United States who tell of health and strength wonderfully restored by my treatment. They first read my offer, just as you are doing now, sent for my free treatment, and as if by magic, chronic, lingering and complicated diseases disappeared, and glorious health was renewed. Today these people are vigorous and strong, and able to face life's duties anew. Their trust in my ability to cure them brought them from sickness to health.

### Sick People, Why Suffer?

Just sit down and write me your troubles, tell me in confidence what ails you, fully, freely and frankly—talk to me as a wife would talk to her husband, or as a husband should talk to his wife. No matter what your ailment is, or of how long standing, I will send you my trial treatment absolutely free, and also my letter giving you advice, the same as if I was sitting by your side, telling you just what you are suffering from and how I can cure you. It may be you have a cough or a cold, a pain in the arms, legs or body, or perhaps you are suffering from the first symptoms of stomach or bowel trouble. The neglect of early symptoms often paves the way to serious illness, when, if taken in time, can be stopped right at the start. Most all patients receive the medicine in twenty-four hours. My treatment does not interfere with your occupation or social habits.

Why go on day after day, month after month, year after year, carrying that load of sickness? Why handicap yourself in life's race? All you've got to do is write me and tell me all about it. I do the rest.

### Let Me Send You a Free Treatment.

I trust my patients. I don't want your money. My confidence tells me I can cure you, and I am willing you should try it free, and without its costing you one cent. I have cured many. Why can't I cure you? I don't want you to take my word for it—try my remedy, it is free to you and free to your suffering friends and neighbors.

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## Dr. King Treats Every Disease.

I treat them all, even many of those considered incurable. I have cured where patients had been given up to die. From every part, almost every city in the United States, patients have written me, placing their case in my care. The many different diseases thus brought to my personal attention during the years of my practice have given me a similar knowledge to that acquired by the great physicians of Berlin, London, Paris, New York and Chicago, through constant and life-long study in the world-renowned hospitals of those cities.

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Hercules Sanche

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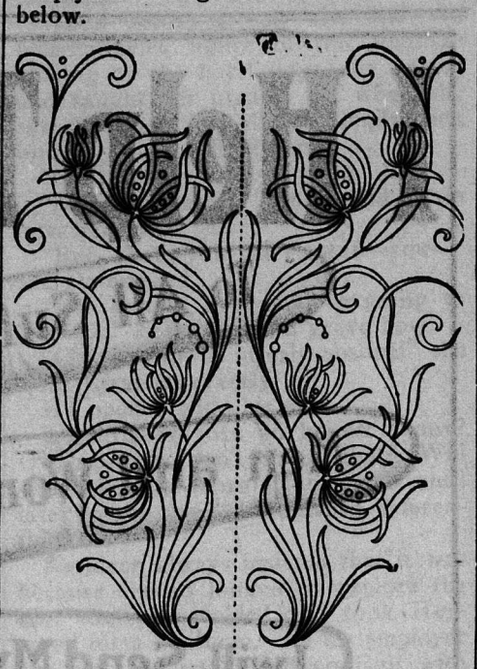

No. 10
Shirtwaist Pattern

This design can be made to open either front or back. Transfer either on fine lawn or butcher's linen or Indian Head, a good substitute for linen at about half price. Outline or fll in the pattern and do the holes eyelet work. It is best to use mercerized cotton for working.

This design would be very effective if worked in the shadow stitch.

The cuffs and collar to match will appear on No. 11.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 10 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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Shirtwaist Front


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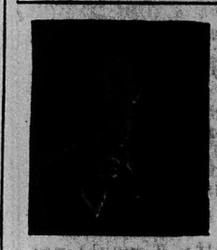

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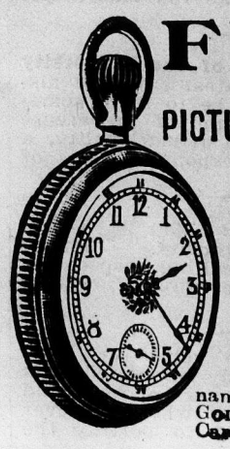

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New designs will appear weekly.

This design is intended for a shirt-waist, buttoning in the back, and may be worked in either eyelet and solid or entirely solid. Outline stitch is simple and effective if combined with solid or eyelet work.

The cuffs and collar to match will appear next week. Everything shown on the miniature cuts as we print them will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 10 cnets and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain in a few seconds. Don't let the pattern slip. Each pattern good for several transfers.

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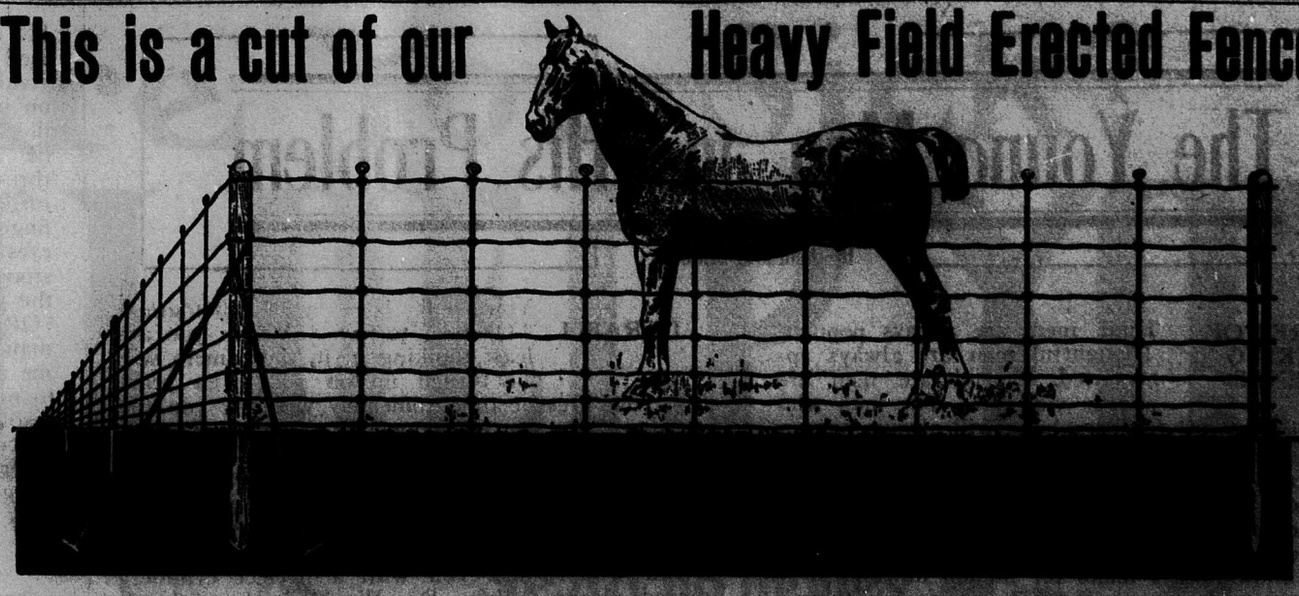
This is a cut of our Heavy Field Erected Fence



Our fence is made with No. 9 coiled spring steel wire horizontals, and No. 7 uprights, all heavily galvanized. Drop us a card and we will mail you a sample piece showing the nature of our lock and the exact size of wire used. This is the only way you can determine the merits of a fence, because every company advertising claims their fence to be absolutely the Best fence made. Now it needs no argument to prove that they must of necessity be all wrong but one, as there can be only one "Best Fence." We want to place in your hands an actual sample of our goods, and leave it to your intelligence to determine where you can get the one and only "Best Fence" made.

We also make a "Machine Woven Fence" similar to our "Field Erected" type.

WRITE US TO-DAY FOR PARTICULARS.—We will send you a sample of our fence if necessary.

The GREAT WEST WIRE FENCE CO. Limited, WINNIPEG, MAN.


### A Testimonial.

Mr. Tuttle.—I come to tell you that last winter I was hauling logs in a camp and I scalded the two shoulders of my horses. I bought a bottle of Tuttle's Elixir from Jos. Bussin and I used it only four times and my horse was cured and I recommend to all my friends who have sick horses and tell them to go and see Bussin and that they will get a sure cure in the old remedy he sells. You can publish my testimonial. Taniselasc Arehaambault, St. Emile, Suffolk Co., LaBelle, Que.

### Lloyd's News.

"The Dominion has given the British press the famous 'Intellectual Preference,' and the scores of English newcomers who we have welcomed this winter can now keep in touch with their interests in the mother country.

"We hear that 'Lloy's News,' whose home circulation exceeds a million and a quarter, has appointed Wm. Dawson & Sons, Ltd., Manning Chambers, Toronto, Ont., as their subscription agents for Canada, and have been able to reduce the annual subscription to $2.10 a year. Mr. Le Mieux will be thanked in many a Canadian home for his plucky lead to the British post office.


MY FREE TRIAL TREATMENT MAY CURE YOU.

Kingston, Ont., June, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I feel so very much better after using the 10 days' treatment of Orange Lily you were kind enough to send, that I will not require any more. In fact I feel entirely well, and it is now a month since I stopped using the treatment. (Miss) F.T.W.

Similar letters to the above are not infrequent, though, of course, such cases are not of long standing. Most women who have suffered for any length of time will require to use Orange Lily longer than the Free Trial Treatment in order to effect a complete cure, but in every case they will be perceptibly benefited. Further, the benefit will be permanent whether they continue to use Orange Lily or not. It is not taken internally and does not contain any alcohol or other stimulant. It is an applied treatment and acts directly on the suffering organs. In all cases of women's disorders these organs are congested to a greater or less extent, and Orange Lily will relieve and remove this congestion just as positively and certainly as the action of [illegible] soap on soiled linen. It is a simple chemical problem, and the result is always the same, a step towards better health and complete cure.

In order that every suffering woman may prove in good quabbies, without cost, I will send enough of Orange Lily for 10 days' treatment, absolutely free, to each lady who will send me her address. MRS. F. Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

ORANGE LILY is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Drug Dept.

Maypole Soap Dyes Perfectly

No streaks — even, lustrous colours that won't wash out or fade.

No stains—hands and utensils as clean as after washing.

In soap-form—no powder to fly about and waste.

"Madame" (the English home-magazine) says: "Maypole Soap is really wonderful. Dyeing becomes the easiest thing in the world with its help."

All dealers'—colours, 10c.—black, 15c. Send 10c. (for black, 15c.) for dainty booklet, all about dyeing—and full-size cake to try—mention colour.

F. L. BENEDICT & CO., - MONTREAL.

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ANOTHER YEAR OF REMARKABLE PROGRESS

The report of the Directors of the Great-West Life Assurance Company for 1907 is now in print and a copy will be mailed to any interested person on request

The Report records the most gratifying advancement and prosperity. It is seen that in spite of many adverse conditions 1907 has been far and away the most successful year in the history of the Company. The Business Written and Revived, amounting to $11,248,492, establishes a new record For Life Insurance in Canada. The Business-in-Force now amounts to $35,258,687, and one of the most significant features of the year's business is that this large increase has been secured at lower cost than ever before.

There has been a substantial decrease in death claims, confirming the wisdom of a careful selection of risks. The rate of Interest Earnings on Investments has been maintained at an average of over Seven per cent, and the SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS has been largely increased.

In every respect the Report is such as to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the Policyholders.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE. ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Head Office Winnipeg

Ask for a Great-West Calendar-free on request.

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE

SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away Absolutely Free these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only 1½ doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. Everybody buys. M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a post card to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 126 Toronto.

# The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

**SECRET OF MAKING FRIENDS.**

Kind men are always popular. Thoughtful men are always appreciated. Considerate men are always welcome. The man who has a kind word for everybody will always have a kind word from everybody. Even a dog knows who its friends are. We are justly afraid of the man who is cynical, scoffing and sarcastic. May we all grow in sweetness as did the venerable John Wesley who once remarked to a friend: "The longer I live, the larger allowances I make for human infirmities. I exact more from myself, and less from others." There is nothing so royal as kindness.

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**FAME AND NOTORIETY.**

There is a difference between fame and notoriety. Lincoln was famous. Booth, his murderer, was notorious. Any man can attract universal attention if he so desires, but he may do so and not be famous. The fiend who set on fire the Temple of Diana will be known as long as the fame of the great edifice shall endure, but he will never be spoken of as "famous." A reecnt writer makes the following remark concerning Michael Angelo:—

"When a young rival, in a moment of jealousy and anger, struck Michael Angelo in the face with such force that, as the young man himself expressed it later to Cellini, he felt bones and cartilage crash under his fist like a biscuit, Michael Angelo retorted with the statement, "You will be remembered only as the man who broke my nose."

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**"A PERFECT GENTLEMAN."**

A gentleman is a gentle man; one who is gentle, kind, thoughtful and considerate. He may not be cultured. He may not be fully informed concerning the rules of the "best society." He may not have a soft hand or a complexion milk white in purity. He may not be clad in garments "made to order," or walk in shoes whose exterior is bright enough to reflect the universe—but he knows how to be kind. He is sensitive enough to know that other people have nerves. Even great men—men great and good, sometimes forget themselves: O. W. Holmes, aged nearly eighty, after a visit to Tennyson, gently complained to a friend, "He did not realize, I think, that I am an old man, and accustomed to being treated kindly."

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**DON'T WORRY.**

Don't worry! Don't worry about your health. Eat, sleep, exercise—and laugh. Don't worry about your future. Work, plan, plod, save and—believe. Don't worry about your reputation. Fear God, do right, think sweet thoughts and love everbody. Don't worry about your soul. Do right, keep straight, look up, keep tender and live an unselfish life. I quote the following from a recent publication. It is worth reading:

"Dr. R. W. Dale, the distinguished pastor of Birmingham, was very busy in civic reform, and worked happily with Christians of other churches, having special fellowship with a Roman Catholic priest. After a busy day his friend said to Dr. Dale, 'Dr. Dale, when are you going to retire from this busy work, and attend to the salvation of your soul?' 'I left that long ago,' said the Doctor, 'to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have no doubt he has attended to it fully.'"

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**HOME SWEET HOME.**

Many a young man's religion is wrapped up in one word—*Home*. The chains which link him to purity and righteousness all centre in the home-memories of home, regard for mother, concern for his sister, spect for his father and—ever and always—a vivid picture hanging on the walls of his imagination breathing forth tender thoughts concerning his youthful days. The boy who is true to the memories of a Christian fireside will never go far astray. Here is a word picture by Thomas Carlyle. "At midnight I rode into my native town. The clouds were thick on the horizon, but there was a star in the sky. The moonlight fell on the little kirk; hard by was the grave of my mother and my sister—and, above all, God, in His sky."

**DISRAELI.**

You will have your photograph "taken" to-day. When you are least thinking of it, the camera will be turned up on you. Ten years from the present time somebody will ask you the question, "Do you not remember that remark which you made one afternoon in—such a place?" You will not remember it. Of course not. The idea may seem to be entirely new. You have not the faintest recollection of ever having expressed the thought. But you did. The memory of your friend will furnish you with a perfect cylinder-record. Here is how Dr. Wayland Hoyt photographed Disraeli:—

"I was passing once through the corridor of the British Houses of Parliament—that which connects the House of Lords on the one hand and the House of Commons on the other. Just as I entered, Mr. Disraeli was walking through. I had a chance for a good close look at him. I seized the chance. I can never forget what a thorough Jew he seemed. The marks of his Jewish ancestry were as plain and distinguishng as was the masterful man himself."

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**IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT**

The most intense moment in human experience must be when the soul approaches the border line between the seen and the unseen. When the soul hangs, as if by a thread, between two worlds and with a clear brain and unclouded mind seeks to penetrate the future—this must be enough to arouse every faculty and to quicken every sense of spiritual perception. Even the man who is foolish enough, in some hour of morbid fancy, to plan his own destruction must have a keen vision of life's failure as viewed from the approaching shores of the enternal world. How sad and pathetic the following:

The mutilated body of a man was found a few years ago on the railway near Redhill Junction. This is the written confession he left behind:—

"I have broken every law of God and man, and can only hope that my memory will not linger in the minds of those who knew me. Drink has brought me to this fearful end. I am dying—hopeless, friendless, penniless, and I am outcast; and *it might have been so different!*"

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**THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE**

Charles I needed money. The only source of supply must be through an angry and unyielding Parliament. If men could not be persuaded to pass measures satisfactory to the king they must be brought under the influence of a firm but kindly coercion. In other words they must be "bought." So the king tried to bribe the opposing members of his parliament. For this purpose the Lord Treasurer called on Andrew Marvell, the scholar, poet and patriot. Marvell was living in a garret and the Lord Treasurer, after a friendly visit placed a check for one thousand pounds in his hands!

"Come back, my lord," excllamed the haughty commoner. He then called his servant boy and said to him,

"Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?"

"A shoulder of mutton, sir, that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market."

"Jack, what have I for dinner today?"

"You told me, sir, to lay by the blade-bone to boil for soup today."

"My lord," said Marvell, turning to the lord treasurer, "you see that my dinner is provided for. Take back your paper."

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**A MEAN TRICK.**

Sir Walter Scott was one of the grandest men who ever lived. If ever there was a mortal who was absolutely above every thing which was small, mean and contemptible it was certainly Sir Walter Scott. And I suppose that for this very reason his mind would persistently revert to an incident which occurred in his school days. It may have been the result of the thoughtlessness of youth, but whenever he thought of it in his mature years it caused him many a twinge of mental anguish. My particular purpose in refering to it at this time is to illustrate the power of habit. The following paragraph is a page torn from the life of Sir Walter Scott as it appears in the *English Men of Letters* as edited by Hon. John Morley.

"I tell the story as he himself rehearsed it to Samuel Rogers, almost at the end of his life, after his attack of apoplexy, and just before leaving England for Italy in the hopeless quest of health. He had long desired to get above a school-fellow in his class, who defied all his efforts, till Scott noticed that whenever a question was asked of his rival, the lad's fingers grasped a particular button on his waistcoat, while his mind went in search of the answer. Scott accordingly anticipated that if he could remove this button the boy would be thrown out, and so it proved. The button was cut off, and the next time the lad was questioned, his fingers being unable to find the button, and his eyes going in perplexed search after his fingers, he stood confounded, and Scott mastered by strategy the place which he could not gain by mere industry. 'Often in after-life,' said Scott, in narrating the manœuvre to Rogers, 'has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead; he took early to drinking.'"

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**WEDDING PRESENTS.**

"A million dollars' worth of wedding presents"—that's what the newspapers say. Miss Gladys Vanderbilt who was married to Count Szechenyi about three weeks ago received more than a million dollars of wedding presents. Together they stepped aboard an ocean steamer with their pyramid of presents and their pile of yellow gold. Happy? Perhaps so. Time will tell. Money is no enemy of happiness. But happiness cannot be purchased like a mansion on Broadway. And if the angel of Happiness does not enter the home of the newly married couple, the title of "Count" may seem to be a ghastly thing by and by. Nothing can take the place of genuine affection. Disrael in writing to his wife says: "I live in a rage of enthusiasm; even my opponents promise to vote for me *next time*. The fatigue is awful. Two long speeches to-day and nine hours canvass on foot in a blaze of repartee. I am quite exhausted, and can scarcely see to write. My letters are shorter than Napoleon's, but I love you more than he did Josephine." That's worth a hundred wedding presents.

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**THE CIGARETTE**

Don't smoke until you are thirty years of age and then avoid the cigarette. Smoke a clean pipe, if you must smoke, or a first-class cigar if tobacco is necessary to your happiness. But the cigarette—cut it out. A young man has just been advised to have his tongue cut out! Why? Because a cancer has fixed its fangs upon that sensitive and central member of his vocal machinery and he must lose his tongue or lose his life. Do you know how cigarettes are manufactured? What a combination of filth, scum, microbes and germs to be rolled together and placed between the lips of a healthy youth. My boy—your uncle is talking to you, "Cut out the cigarette. It's the Devil's favorite tool in the twentieth century. Cut it out."

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**RUM AND WAR.**

Rum has blasted more homes than war. Whiskey has drowned more souls than the seas have robbed men of life. Wine has caused more misery than all the loose pivoted tongues in the realm of hoary-headed slander. Beer has rotted more brains than the germs and microbes of contagious diseases have slain human bodies. Rum is the arch enemy of the race. It is the one great obstacle in the pathway of human progress to-day. Under its dark shadow gambling, impurity and vice of every form seek concealment and protection. There is no man of forty years of age who has not had a friend slain by strong drink. This was what made Horace Greeley such an enemy of the liquor traffic. A friend said to him: "Mr. Greely, why are you more eloquent on the subject of temperance than any other subject?" He replied, "I have seen so many of my best friends in journalism go down under intemperance."

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**ELOQUENCE WITHOUT APPLAUSE.**

Are you cut out for a hero? Can you endure in silence? Can you work without praise? Can you sing without a compliment? Can you write in spite of criticism? Can you build without encouragement? Can you preach without hoary heads nodding their approval? Can you protest against an evil in the face of society's frown? Can you stand without support? Can you walk without leaning on your neighbor's arm? Are you cut out for a hero? Senator Beveridge in his book "The Young Man and the World" remarks:

"The wife of one of the most effective of American speakers is reported to have said to him: "I wish you would deliver a speech which no one can possibly applaud." Of course what she meant was that she would like to see him devote himself to getting the truth before the people without resorting to any of the tricks of oratory."

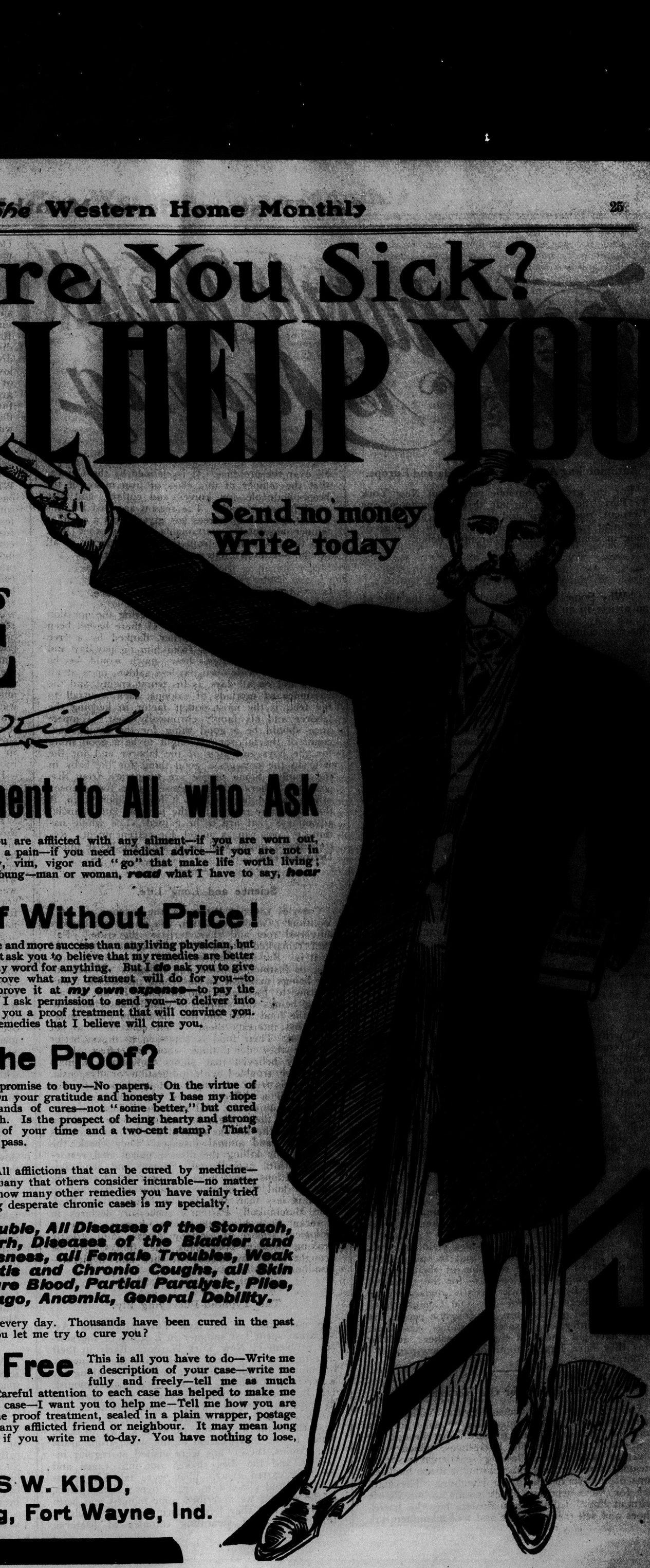
Truth for truth's sake should be the orator's motto.

# Are You Sick?

# I WILL HELP YOU

## Treatment and letter of advice is FREE

Send no money Write today



Dr. Kidd

## A Free Treatment to All who Ask

If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and "go" that make life worth living; whether you are rich or poor—old or young—man or woman, ***read*** what I have to say, ***hear*** what I have to offer ***you***.

## Positive Proof Without Price!

I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I ***do*** ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at ***my own expense***—to pay the cost, ***every penny of it myself***. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

## May I Send the Proof?

This is all I ask. No money—No promise to buy—No papers. On the virtue of my treatment I base my reputation, On your gratitude and honesty I base my hope of reward. I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better," but cured to stay cured—restored to perfect health. Is the prospect of being hearty and strong and big and well worth a few minutes of your time and a two-cent stamp? That's all it costs. Don't let the opportunity pass.

## All Diseases

All afflictions that can be cured by medicine—many that others consider incurable—no matter how many other remedies you have vainly tried how many doctors have failed. Curing desperate chronic cases is my specialty.

***Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Diseases of the Bladder and Prostate Gland, Nervousness, all Female Troubles, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs, all Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Anæmia, General Debility.***

All Chronic Ailments are being cured every day. Thousands have been cured in the past many just like your case. Won't you let me try to cure you?

## The Proof Is Free

This is all you have to do—Write me a description of your case—write me fully and freely—tell me as much about your condition as you can. Careful attention to each case has helped to make me successful. I want to succeed in yonr case—I want you to help me—Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send you the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted friend or neighbour. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me to-day. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Address—

**DR. JAMES W. KIDD,**
**1575 Kidd Building, Fort Wayne, Ind.**

# What the World is Saying

### Automobiling Across America, Asia and Europe.

For the great automobile race from New York to Paris the entries include three Frenchmen, one German, one Italian and one American. Is this continent weak in automobiles, short in courage or long in common sense?—Toronto Globe.

### The Real Answer.

"Why Some Men Are Bachelors" is the title of an article in an English exchange. The arguments ich may apply to that dear old three-women-to-one-man country are of no service to Canada West. The straight, blunt answer to that query here is, "Because the girls won't have them."—Moose Jaw Times.

### Need for Religious Work.

The various religious bodies of Saskatchewan have joined forces in an aggressive campaign for the betterment of social conditions in the Province. Those who have the true interest of Canada at heart will always regard movements of this sort with the warmest approval. Never in the history of the Dominion has there been greater need for a firm hand to shape the destinies of the country along lines of national rectitude.—Indian Head Vidette.

### "Our Present Paths."

Let us in Canada not imagine, because we have the best constitution in the world, that our government will be any better than the people make it, or will keep the people from degenerating. If we forsake religion, slight education and continue in our present paths of public corruption, far from realizing the brilliant hopes we daily set before ourselves of the future glories of our country and nation, we shall certainly degenerate to worse and worse conditions.—Montreal Witness.

### An Old-Fashioned Girl.

A writer in the Canadian Magazine tells of the achievements of a culinary expert, Miss Teresa McDonald. who in forty years, so she told a women's conference at Boston, has baked 394,000 pies, 2,000,000 d ughnuts and 788,400 puddings. Here is something to add new interest to the life of the home-keeping sex. While the energetic boy of the family may be set on lowering the hundred-yards-dash record, the girl may have her ambition, too, in resolving to beat the record for pie production. And here's to her success!—Goderich Signal.

### The Maple "Wine" Myth.

It is reassuring to know that the company dining recently at the Canadian Club in London, upon being told t at maple trees in Canada "produce a light and refreshing wine," besides yielding syrup, laughed heartily, for it shows that in spite of the well-preserved ignorance of some of their learned men who compile encyclopedias—for the statement was quoted from a work recently revised by an English College professor—the Old Country business man, and perhaps, too, the common people, are becoming informed respecting things Canadian. They have got ahead of the book-makers, and for this they have largely to thank the newspapers.—Montreal Star.

### Chinese Market for Old Horseshoes.

United States Vice-Consul Ernest Vollmer reports that one of the constantly growing imports into the Chinese province of Shantung, through the port of Tsingtau, is old horseshoes, which leads him to give the following particulars: "One steamer alone in November brought three hundred tons of this scrap iron from Hamburg. The market for these wornout shoes seems to be almost without limit. Chinese iron dealers buy the horseshoes and sell them to knife and tool manufacturers all over the province. It is claimed by the Chinese that the temper of this class of iron makes it the best obtainable for knives and cutlery, and also good for other tools. The reason ascribed for this is that the feet of horses has given them a peculiar temper absolutely unattainable in any other way, and that tools made from them are superior to all others."—United States Consular Reports.

### The Common Sense of Temperance.

The workingman is now considering the question from an economic standpoint. If there hadn't been a beer-keg on every corner, flanked by a free lunch, I ring his wages from him on pay-day and every day thereafter, how much would he be ahead? The wide-open, lawless saloon, open at all hours and on all days, is his worst enemy, and the existence of myriads of saloons, each a pitfall to his feet, is the most potent factor in keeping the laborer and his family chronically poor. Temperance should be a good thing for the savings account of the laborer. It ought to be a good thing for the boys and girls of the laborer and for the wife in the cottage, a good thing for the baby in the cradle. Some people are temperate from disposition; others school themselves to temperance; others should beg to have it forced upon them, if they have any regard for the physical and financial advantages that are to be gained. The whole nation is now in a mood for retrenchment. Retrenchment might well begin with the booze bill.—Detroit News.

### Science and Long Life.

Carlyle says: "What is the essence of life? Volition? Go deeper down, you find a much more universal root and characteristic: digestion." Falstaff remarked that instinct is a great matter, and so it is. But digestion is primal, lies at the foundation of instinct, volition and thought. All reasoning beings manifest an absorbing interest in topics relating to food and nourishment. To all unreasoning beings the subject is equally absorbing, but it is the food itself and not the theory of assimilation that interests them. Their concern is to get the food. Their food is supposed to digest better because they don't think about its effect. It is generally believeu that plants and dumb animals are never troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia. But is this true? If they could speak perhaps they would tell a different story. We all know th they are subject to fatal diseases. These diseases must have their origin in lack of proper nutrition. It is often the fortune of men to discover remedies for plant and animal diseases. They check the mortality by killing the disease germs and restoring healthful assimilation. Savage and semi-civilized nations are more subject to devastating plagues and the average duration of life among them is less than that in our large cities. Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, Pasteur's successor, declares in a recent book his faith in the ultimate ability of biological science to destroy disease and greatly prolong human life. This, he thinks, will be brought about by means of diet and hygiene.—London Spectator.

### The Typhoid-Purveying Fly.

A committee of the New York Merchants' Association spent last summer in a study of the sewage problem in New York Harbor. Early in their investigation they were struck with the frequency of summer intestinal diseases and typhoid along the water-front of both rivers. Their bacteriologist, Dr. Jackson, suspecting the cause, set a series of fly-traps out along the wharves and slips all around the lower part of Manhattan Island, particularly near the point where sewers were known to open. Much to the mystification of the water-front arabs and gamins, these traps were visited at regular intervals and the flies shaken out into cages and carefully carted away. They were taken to a laboratory and allowed to crawl over gelatin plates, in the manner we described some months ago, with the result that they left footprints on the sands of time, formed of swarming colonies of bacteria. One fly is reported to have been such a walking menagerie as to have carried upon his small person over one hundred thousand bacteria. The results of this activity at the mouths of the sewers can easily be imagined; and the committee reports that on consulting the maps showing the location and distribution of cases of and deaths from intestinal diseases and typhoid, prepared by the City Board of Health, they found a veritable belt of disease and death, from one hundred to two hundred yards wide, extending completely around the lower part of Manhattan Island, and that the date of this corresponded precisely to the months of greatest activity on the part of the flies. What further evidence do we need to convince us that the fly, like Artemus Ward's Injun, is "pizen wherever found"?—Collier's.

### Who Fears Ghosts?

Who believes in ghosts? Few will answer "I." Who fears ghosts? A different question that, and one upon which Mr. William Dunn of Brooklyn is competent to give expert testimony. Being by profession a gravedigger, Mr. Dunn is presumably free from illusions concerning the mobile or vocal powers of the sheeted dead. But it befell him to fall into the pit he had digged for the occupancy of another, and have the walls cave in upon him. Like Gabriel Grubb, of painful memory, he was doing his work by moonlight, when there were few passers-by. Such as came he hailed dismally, and was rewarded by the sound of footsteps in hurried retreat. Not once, but a score of times, did this occur. Even the centripetal force of curiosity was powerless to draw the terrified Brooklynites to that wailful spot. In time Mr. Dunn fainted, between the intervals of hollow groans, and was rescued only when a policeman (after thoughtfully telephoning for two more policemen) found him, fast wedged. Doubtless the fugitives from those hallowed sounds would maintain that only a suddenly remembered engagement called them in the opposite direction. Superstition is a weed that withers in the light, but withers only at the top, for its roots inhere, deep and vital, in the human heart.—Harper's Weekly.

### Down by the Sounding Sea.

Those adventurous people who buffeted their way through yesterday afternoon's storm over to the breakwater were rewarded with a vision of boisterous sea unusual on this comparatively peaceful coast. Away out to the horizon the bay was white with great waves, shouldered by the strong southwesterly gale shoreward in huge breakers which crashed thunderously in vast smothers of russet foam. Where the breakwater thrust itself obstinately in their path, making with the beach an angle into which they crowded blindly, was the centre of the uproarious strife. From the point out almost to the island, as at the foot of a cataract, the big seas pounded and boiled, heaving their clouds of spray half a hundred feet in the air. Clean over the top of the lighthouse the furious water was hurled, wiping it occasionally from view. And the great flapping wind that swept inward over Fort Dufferin was deafeningly full of the tremendous and beautiful roar of it, full of stinging salt spindrift, full of the tonic and savory smell of the strong and stimulant sea. It is good to live within reach of such things. One wonders sometimes how people can dwell contentedly inland.—St. John (N. B.) Sun.

### Sound Argument.

Just now, when some firms are content to sit down and take what business comes to them, is the time when the really progressive firm ought to start out to capture the trade by the right kind of advertising.

Now is the time to make new customers and to take advantage of this inactivity on the part of the timid, who have dropped out of the contest for the time being.

To firms which will wage a vigorous campaign of advertising, intelligently directed, the present time offers the opportunity of a lifetime, because competition in the advertising field will be slightly less keen—but at the same time the field will be practically as large as ever before.—St. Joseph Mo., Fruit Grower.

### Professors in Peace and Plenty.

When a man has taken the third degree in the science of salesmanship, has put the finishing touches on a career of strapping and unstrapping cases in hot summers and chilly winters, has taken a course in hard knocks in the College of Give and Take; after he has been frapped by below-zero receptions; after he has simmered in the caldron of competition; after he has set his foot on the path that leads to the summit of the mountain peak Success; after he has taken his post-graduate training in seeing hope deferred—I believe he should have the degree of Commercial Ambassador brought to him on a golden salver, for he is now a professor in the gentle arts of Peace and Plenty.—Walter D. Moody, in "Men Who Sell Things."

# THE PHILOSOPHER

The sight of the matter-of-fact, businesslike annual report of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, which is just a plain, blunt government blue book, like any other, provokes the wish that a pen like Rudyard Kipling's would place on record as a living addition to the literature of the English language the story of the work done by that superb force, which in pluck, endurance and devotion to duty is not surpassed by any similar body of men in any land. The name and fame of the Mounted Police have gone abroad to the ends of the earth, and deservedly so; but of the heroic acts in their regular work worthy of lasting record not more than one in a thousand has ever come to the world's knowledge.

**The Riders of the Plains.**

---

Time was when Canada was described at "a fringe of settlements along the boundary of the United States." That time has long since passed. A publication recently issued by the Department of the Interior at Ottawa entitled "Canada's Fertile North Land" comes as a reminder that great as the Dominion's development has already been, there are vast areas awaiting development. The length of the Dominion's southern boundary line from ocean to ocean is immense; but with the practicability of producing crops eight hundred miles north of that boundary line practically demonstrated, the length of the Dominion is not so greatly out of proportion to the width. Fifty miles above Edmonton a number of settlers are doing well in the growing of grain. At Lesser Slave Lake, one hundred miles north of the same city, as the crow flies, a group of farmers have for five or six years been raising wheat and oats, sowing about the first of April and harvesting at the end of August. At Fort Vermilion, in the same latitude as the upper end of Labrador, twenty-one bushels of wheat have been produced to the acre, the total yield of the settlement reaching 25,000 bushels in the year. And potatoes are produced regularly at Fort Good Hope, within fourteen miles of the Arctic Circle. But the far northern territory suitable for settlement is not confined to what may be described as the Alberta country. We speak of the Great West of to-day. To-morrow the world will be hearing also of the Great North.

**Canada's Great North Land.**

---

"I can well remember when Holland Landing was the biggest place north of Toronto." These words are from the reminiscences of Eli Corbiere, still a resident of the Ontario village known as Holland Landing, as reported in a Toronto paper. Great length of days has been given to this Ontario pioneer; eighty-nine winters have passed over his head, and he will have been sixty-nine years wedded next June. When he first saw the light, Collingwood, in which steel ships are being built with a carrying capacity four times that of the sailing vessels in which many of the first settlers in Canada came from the British Isles, was not even a dream of the future. Owen Sound, in which three and a half million dollars' worth of shipping is laid up for the present winter, was the centre of an Indian hunting ground. The vast stretch of territory extending from the Ottawa River to the Pacific coast, including "this great prairie Empire of the gold that grows" was a mere game preserve for the Hudson's Bay Company. The span of Eli Corbiere's life, long as it is for an individual, is but as one of the yesterdays in the existence of a people. And yet what vast changes have taken place within that brief yesterday! When the mighty achievements within the span of one human life are passed in review, it requires no prophet to foretell the vastly greater changes of the immediate future.

**The Changes in One Lifetime.**

---

A day might come, said Sir Wilfrid Laurier speaking in Parliament a few weeks ago of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, when the fleet of Japan would weigh anchor in the harbor of Vancouver for the protection of those British interests to which Canada attaches such vital importance. Some journals on this and on the other side of the Atlantic have assumed that the common enemy he had in mind was the United States. There is no warrant for the assumption. On the contrary, there is every warrant for the opposite assumption that the United States is the one power against which the Anglo-Japanese alliance will never be called upon to operate. Strong though that alliance may be, it must always take a secondary place to the good understanding between Great Britain and the United States. As for Canada and the United States, the long frontiers of both countries from the Atlantic to the Pacific are virtually unprotected, and the inhabitants on both sides of the line engage in their peaceful occupations with almost as much security as if the reign of world-peace had arrived. If that condition were changed, and if the two countries faced each other as France and Germany do to-day, both would have to bear the burden of enormous military armaments. No greater calamity could be imagined; and the injury to both countries would be so great that it is idle to discuss which would suffer most. All international friendships are valuable. But friendship between Canada and the United States is absolutely essential for the well-being of both

**Canada and the United States.**

---

The Dominion now has its own mint in operation at Ottawa coining Canadian money. Gold, silver and copper coins are to be minted of the various denominations. No longer will Canada's money be minted at the Royal Mint in England and shipped across to us. We shall value our money all the more, for knowing that it is minted in Canada; there will be added to its value a patriotic sentiment of national satisfaction. But why does not the Government signalize this new stage of national development by introducing nickel one-cent, two-cent, and five cent pieces? Nickel coins of the two first-named denominations would be cleaner and less bulky than the ill-smelling and cumbrous copper coins, and a nickel five-cent piece would not have the disadvantage of the silver coin, namely, its smallness. An added reason for introducing nickel coins lies in the fact that Canada has come to be the world's greatest nickel producing country.

**Why Not Nickel for Small Coins.**

---

There is no more important result of the investigations of medical science than the new light that is being thrown upon the nature of mental disease and crime. The relationship of many aberrations of life and conduct, described as vice, crime, idiocy, imbecility and insanity, to the physical defects, lesions and malformations is becoming a little better understood. Such matters are obscure, and often beyond the reach of the physician or surgeon. But there are cases on record of surgical operations for the removal of pressure upon the brain caused by an accident which had injured the skull, the operations resulting in a complete change of character and disposition. The medical journals have recently had accounts of such a case—that of a boy in Philadelphia whose skull had been injured by a fall at a tender age. He had apparently recovered from his injury, his physical condition being good, and his mentality clear and alert. But he was a bad boy, and gave every indication of developing into a confirmed criminal. Fortunately his case was studied by a surgeon of keen insight, who finally operated upon his skull, relieved the pressure upon his brain, and converted him into a kind, affectionate and good boy. Of course it does not follow that all bad boys can thus easily be changed into good boys. But the new point of view in regard to mental and moral problems is being recognized as of increasing importance. Nor, in many cases, is there any need of such extreme resorts as surgery. Bad tempers and surly dispositions are often due to physical causes that can be cured by exercise, fresh air and right living.

**The Body and the Mind.**

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One result of the recent world-wide financial stringency has been that the demand for diamonds has fallen off very greatly. But the holders of the great stocks of diamonds in the world have been too wise to cut prices. They knew well, even when the demand was at its lowest, that it would rise again. Diamonds will always be accounted precious. Sidney Smith, the Dean of St. Paul's, declared that if he ever became the owner of any diamonds, he would hasten to sell them for fear the world might awaken from a delusion and value them simply as bits of carbon useful in cutting glass and for other mechanical purposes. But he need have been in no hurry. All value is a matter of opinion, but the opinion of the value of diamonds is not likely to change, any more than the opinion of the value of gold. Delusions these opinions may be, as the witty Dean pronounced the world's opinion of diamonds; but they are delusions as persistent and imperishable as the hardest of gems. As the years go on, a proportion of the wheat grown in Western Canada will be turned into money which will be used to buy Diamonds as surely as the flour ground from the wheat will be used to make bread.

**The Value of Diamonds.**

---

The Daylight-Saving bill introduced by a British M.P. has been condemned by the Astronomer Royal. The proposal was that at 2 a. m. on each of the four Sundays in April each year the standard time should be advanced 20 minutes. The effect would be that the working hours of the day for all factory hands and other town workers would close earlier, so as to give more daylight—80 minutes a day during the summer months—for the workers to use as they pleased. And on the Sundays in September the clocks would be set back again. The proposer of this scheme argued enthusiastically that to every individual worker the change would mean the gain of a whole year of daylight every twenty-two years of his life. But habit is hard to combat by reason, and the idea has failed to commend itself to acceptance. Here in Western Canada, with our summer sunlight of so much longer duration than that of the British Isles, such a proposal would be meaningless.

**The Daylight Saving Bill.**

---

The favorite sport just now with writers about science is speculation about Mars. The current magazines abound with astronomers' photographs of the red planet, discussions of the fanciful markings on its surface which are conjectured to be canals and imaginative articles about its inhabitants—if it has inhabitants.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the leading romancer in the field of science has uncommonly definite views on the subject of Martians. He says they are "big-headed, deep-chested bipeds, grotesquely overtopping humanity with legs and arms. Big-headed, because they must be of a high order of intelligence to have devised means of pumping water twice a year into the thousands of miles of canals they have constructed and are constantly extending; and deep-chested, to breathe the highly rarefied air of Mars. This is conjecturing with a vengeance. Yet, if some naturalist could make the voyage to Mars, might he not find its famous canals to be the work of a sort of snails, just as the circular coral islands in the Pacific Ocean are the work of minute creatures toiling in myriads? Those artificial-looking circular islands in the Pacific may be puzzling the astronomers on some other planet just as the artificial-looking so-called canals on Mars, which change their color twice a year, are puzzling our astronomers.

**Familiarity with Mars.**

---

The name of Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the world's greatest scientists, has gone abroad over lands and seas during the past few weeks as that of a believer in spiritualism. Investigation of what he actually said would probably show that he expressed no more than a qualified belief that perhaps communication may yet be established between the people of this life and those whom we call dead. But whatever the truth may be about Sir Oliver, it is a well-known fact that many eminent professors and learned men have been imposed upon by spiritualistic charlatans. Their very sincerity and simplicity and ambition to discover some great truth render them an easy prey to the clever schemer. In view of the great number of cases in which alleged spirit manifestations have been discovered to be the product of fraud, or of illusion, no matter how carefully such things have been guarded against, the general public will continue to accept with some allowance all statements of men, no matter how learned, that the veil between the two worlds has been pierced. Not one single fact bearing in that direction has been established. If telepathy or thought-transference had the most microscopic foundation in fact, it would be instantly commercialized as a rival to telegraphy, telephony, and even the postal service.

**Learned Believers in Spiritualism.**

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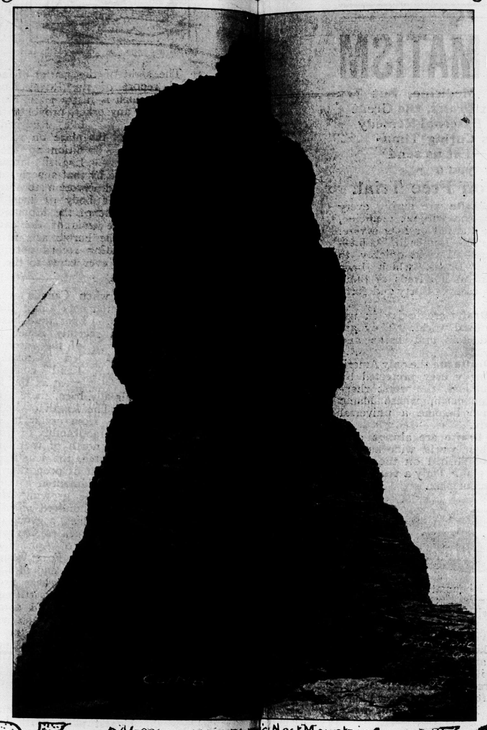
By no means all the truly heroic achievements are accomplished on battlefields or in the midst of disasters. In common everyday life, all about, us are heroes—men and women who bear heavy burdens and perform hard tasks with cheerfulness and an undaunted spirit. That is genuine heroism. The lives of many women lives of drudgery and daily self sacrifice, are of this heroic quality. Humanity has always applauded the brave man who fights on to death, the courageous man who risks his life for others, the champion who battles for the right in face of overwhelming odds. If we do not give equal acclaim to ordinary, quiet heroism, it is because our eyes are not opened to it. But who can doubt that the man or woman who smiles over heartbreaking personal trials, and works on for the sake of loved ones, really has the stuff of true herpism in his, or her, soul?

**Heroism in Ordinary Lives.**

The Western Home Monthly

# GIANT SENTINELS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

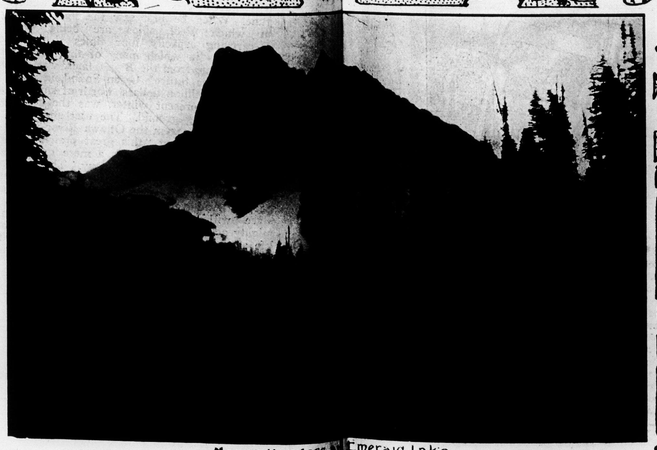
Mount Biddle and Lake McArthur



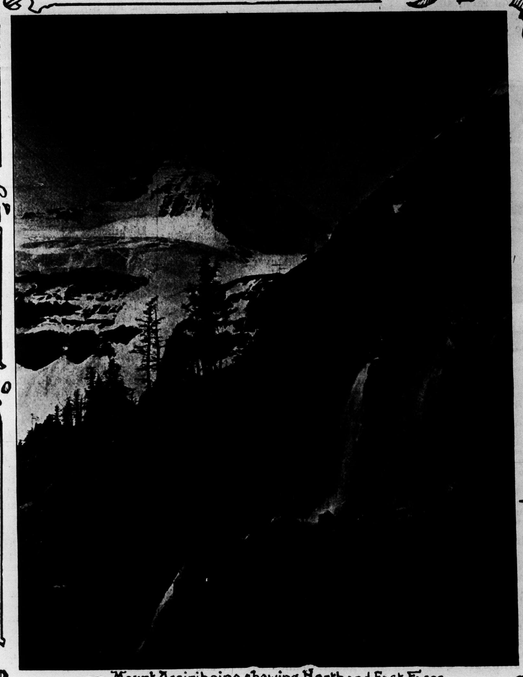
Mount Rundle from Cascade Mountain

Cascade Mountain, Banff, Alberta.

Mount Wapta from Yoho Camp



Mount Burgess and Emerald Lake



Mount Assiniboine showing North and East Faces

# Western Canada's Greatest Seed House

Everything for Field, Garden and Lawn

**A. E. McKENZIE CO. Ltd.**

BRANDON, Man
CALGARY, Alta.

Write for Western Canada's Greatest Seed Catalogue.



## TOBACCO KILLS

The Start The Finish

"Easy-To-Quit" is a positive, absolute "stopper" for any tobacco habit. It is a vegetable remedy and any lady can give it secretly in food or drink. It is harmless; leaves no reaction or bad after effects, and it stops the habit to stay stopped.

**FREE TREATMENT COUPON.**

Send this coupon, with your name and address to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 2131 Fifth and Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you, by mail, in plain wrapper, a free trial package of Rogers' "Easy-To-Quit," with a record of thousands of cures.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



## CROP INSURANCE

*Put Your Seed Grain Through*
THE
## Chatham Grain Pickler

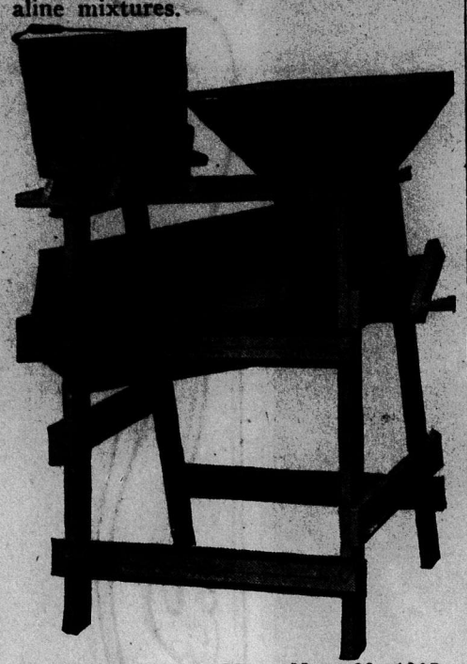
**And you will be protected from Smut in your Wheat next year.**

We offer this machine with an absolute guarantee.

It will pickle thoroughly Wheat at the rate of 60 bushels per hour; Oats at the rate of 70 or 80 bushels per hour.

It is faster and more effective than any smut machine on the market and the price is the lowest of them all.

It will last for years and can be used with either Blue Stone or Formaline mixtures.



Brandon, Man., Nov. 28, 1907.
The Manson Campbell Co.,
Chatham, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to advise you that I made a test of the new Chatham Revolving Pickler with 10 bushels of wheat, which we ran through and pickled thoroughly in ten minutes.

I might say I have used the Pickler for years and have seen several other Picklers used and I think this by far he best I have had anything to do with. I can cheerfully recommend it to the farmers in want of a first class Pickler.

Yours truly,
D. Herbert.

We make the famous "Chatham Fanning Mill," that grades grain to perfection, taking out shrunken grains, oats and foul seeds.

Listen to our word of advice: "Sow clean grain—sell clean grain."

Address

**The Manson Campbell Co.,**

Brandon Moose Jaw Calgary

*Stock carried at all these points.*

### What Time Is It?

What time is it?
Time to do well—
Time to live better—
Give up that grudge—
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.
Time to try hard
In that new situation—
Time to build up on
A solid foundation.
Giving up needlessly changing and drifting,
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty;
Farmers, take warning—
Plow in the spring time—
Sow in the morning—
Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing;
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing,
Time to count cost—
Lessen expenses
Time to look well
To the gates and the fences;
Making and mending as good workers should,
Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest
Laying up treasure,
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond,
Making your word just as good as your bond.
Time to be happy
Doing your best—
Time to be trustful
**Leaving the rest;**
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

**On Sympathy.** Cultivate sympathy, it is well worth while. Few crops will give as large returns for the time expended. You can do it while you rest, or do your other work, and it will grow more interesting every day.

One of the first things you have to do is listen, the next is to try and put yourself in the place of the speaker, see his side of the question, feel as he feels and he will be so grateful for your understanding him that he will open his heart and let you see the best that's there, and in a little while you will be saying to yourself, "well, well, I never knew there was so much kindness in this old world."

I have seen parents try it with their children and the little ones responded to it so readily that the parents in their turn were delighted, and they soon found the wee tots so interesting that they wondered how they could ever have missed so many opportunities for pleasure.

Wives have tried it with their husbands, and husbands with wives, and it has been the great basis of all their wedded happiness.

Try it. When someone tells you something you don't agree with don't say "rot." Stop and think. The other person may be right. Try to look at both sides of a question. We will never be a really cultured people until we learn tolerance and tolerance is the fruit of sympathy.

**To Enjoy Your Children.** To enjoy your children you must place yourself in keen sympathy with them and give yourself up for the time being to their interests.

If you wish to read, have the child amuse herself; while if you are sewing let her know that you are ready and glad to talk to her. Simple understandings of this sort between mother and child save a great deal of friction.

It is delightful occasionally to give up a few hours' time to the children's pleasure. Take them out on a bright afternoon with no other thought in mind than what their minds are bent upon in so far as they are on wise pleasures bent.

Walk slowly, if they prefer, and let them jump up and down if it gives them pleasure. Stop and look at the shop windows as you go along, and crown all by buying a little simple candy before they have a chance to ask for it.

Every day there is something that even the busiest mother can arrange and enjoy with her children.

Each hour that the children are with you is an hour to be thankful for; the opportunities which it holds for them and for you are a blessing, while your own burdens may often be lightened and forgotten in searching out the young lives and budding interests; in looking into their development and future and in guiding their daily growth.

**Management of Diphtheria.** The Sanitary Engineer thus sums up the precautions that should be taken in the management of a well marked case of diphtheria: Isolate the patient in any airy room having the least possible amount of furniture, especially that which is upholstered, and having no carpet or curtains. Disinfect all excretions and secretions, and especially those from the throat, nose and mouth, and all articles soiled by them while they are yet moist. Use clean, soft rags for receiving the discharges from the mouth and nose, and burn them as fast as they are soiled. If other articles are soiled, use solutions of chloride of zinc or bichloride of mercury, under the instructions of the physician. Be especially careful as regards toys, pencils, or other articles which may be given to the child for its amusement, or articles used in giving it food or drink, and of the remnants of such food or drink. Everything that has touched the patient's lips, or has been touched by anything that has touched the patient's lips is dangerous. When convalescence has set in, do not yield too soon to the importunities of the patient to be allowed to see his friends, or to go out, nor to your own feelings of weariness at the long continued confinement. Above all things do not, under the excuse of giving change of air and scene, send him off to some other place to complete his recovery; you might send dynamite about the country with


## RHEUMATISM

**Don't Take Medicine, but Try Magic Foot Drafts, the Great Michigan External Remedy which is Curing Thousands—Let us send you a**

**$1 Pair on Free Trial.**

**Magic Foot Drafts** are curing every kind of Rheumatism without medicine, no matter where located or how severe. Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout—chronic or acute—all yield quickly to these wonderful Drafts, which have brought comfort to hundreds of thousands, including cases of thirty and forty years' standing.

**Magic Foot Drafts** are to-day in use all over the civilized world. They are curing where doctors and baths and medicines fail.

**Magic Foot Drafts** are the only American external remedy ever protected by the courts of England, the worst rheumatic country on earth, where Magic Foot Drafts have become a universal household remedy.

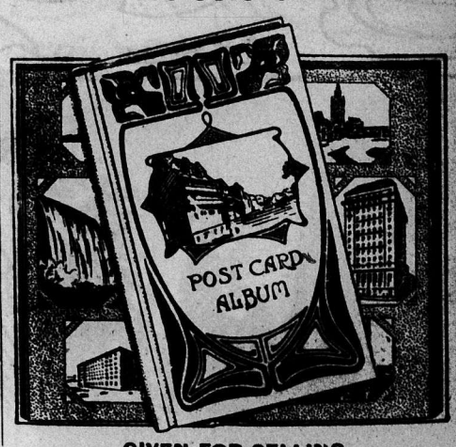
**Magic Foot Drafts** are always sold on free trial, their world wide success having been accomplished on the "pay after satisfied" plan. Only a **true cure** could succeed on our plan.

If you have Rheumatism, let Magic Foot Drafts **cure you.** Simply send your address. You will get a $1 pair of Drafts by return mail. If you are satisfied with the benefit received, you can send us one dollar. If not keep your money, We take your word and trust you for a square deal. Our new illustrated book on Rheumatism comes free with the trial Drafts, Magic Foot Draft Co., 339 J Oliver Bldg., Jackson Mich. Don't delay, but write today.



## POSTCARD ALBUM FREE.

**With 100 Colored Cards**




GIVEN FOR SELLING

**Picture Postcards 6 for 10c**

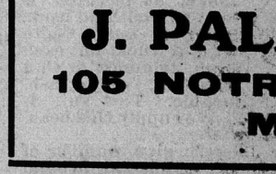
This Big Beauty Postcard Album is handsomely bound in silk cloth, the front cover elegantly decorated in colors, It holds 400 picture cards. **With it we give 100 beautifully colored postcards.** The Album and the 100 cards you get **FREE for selling only $3.00 worth of the loveliest colored Picture Postcards ever seen in Canada.** Views of famous places all over the world. They sell in the big Toronto stores at 4 for 10c. **At our price, 6 for 10c. they go like hot cakes.** Just say you will do your best to sell and send your name, age and address plainly written. A postcard will do. **The Gold Medal Premium Co., Card Dept. W 11. Toronto.**



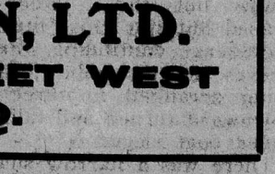
Your choice of three **fine square pianos, $75.00** and **$82.00** to clear out. We need the space in our warerooms. Winnipeg Piano Co 265 Portage Ave.

BASEBALL
LACROSSE
FOOTBALL

# UNIFORMS



In all styles and in a great variety of colors and qualities. We quote special prices to clubs on unforms and outfits



Sample cards of materials and measurement blanks for **Baseball Uniforms** sent on request.

## The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Limited,

**Athletic Outfitters** **WINNIPEG.**

## Palmer's Hair Goods

WE import the finest cut hair in the world and make it up in our own workrooms under the eyes of the most skilful European experts.

Our products in **Natural Hair Switches, Pompadours, Transformations, Toupees** and **Wigs** are equal to those of the famous makers on the Continent.

If you want the best to be procured in America, write to us.

**Illustrated Catalogue Free on Request.**

## J. PALMER & SON, LTD.

**105 NOTRE DAME STREET WEST**
**MONTREAL, P.Q.**

## $10.45 A Week More Profit

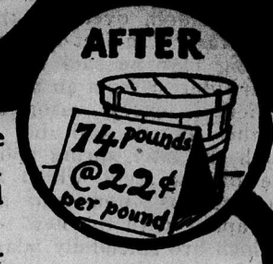
"How much it is possible for me to make out of my cows"?—can be answered in just one way, "as much as you can make with a U. S. Cream Separator." *This letter shows the possibilities.*

"We had a——separator and from 12 cows, we made 36 pounds of butter. The next week we used a No. 6 U. S. Separator and made 74 pounds from the same cows in the same pasture without any extra feed. That is certainly a record-breaker. We made $10.45 the first week after using the machine. We are very much pleased with it, and could not do without it now. We have used our U. S. three years."

JOHN NEYLON,
RAYMOND, NEB., Nov. 9, 1906. MRS. JOHN NEYLON.

These two tubs of butter were made from the same quantity of milk from the same cows

How? Because the U.S. SEPARATOR skims out all the cream




You've got to get the cream out of the milk, to get your money out—and the U.S. skims out all the cream, the World's Record **guarantees** it.

The U. S. Cream Separator makes money for you and **saves** time and work **twice every day** in the year.

The U. S. Cream Separator is easy running—the easiest to clean—the simplest—has fewest parts—lasts longer—and skims cleaner.

**Prompt Delivery** from well assorted stocks of U. S. Separators in Sherbrooke and Montreal, Que., Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., and Calgary, Alta.

Write for **free** copy of the new book that tells just why the U.S. is such a steady money-maker for farmers and dairymen. Ask for "Book No. 101."

**VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO.**
Address all letters to **Bellows Falls, Vermont, U.S.A.** 485

**Care of the Hair.** There is much more in health of the hair than most people imagine. Speaking simply, on the one hand, the hair cannot be in health if the body is not so; and on the other, an unhealthy scalp may positively produce grevious bodily ailments. I need only remind the reader how much the mind and brain act on the color of the hair. Cosequently, in all cases of acute trouble of the hair, avoid mental worry. Be most temperate in living, in both eating and drinking. Use a comb and use it gently, but do not let the brush be hard. It has been recommended in cases where there is much irritation to apply, at night, lukewarm olive oil and to wash the scalp next morning with lukewarm water and soap. This should be of the mildest description. The weaker and softer the hair is the more carefully should it be treated. Hard brushing, though it may stimulate the skin and the consequent growth of the hair, soon does more harm than good, for the scalp becomes weak and the hair gets thinner, shorter and falls off. Use, therefore, a soft brush, ladies and youths of both sex. But if you have very strong hair, then the brush may be correspondingly rougher. Should oil be used? Probably a waxy pomatum is best, but even this should be used most sparingly. Really, in my humble opinion, the hair to be healthy requires fresh air and sunlight as much as does any growing plant, and all know what the result would be if a tree's bark were completely coated with any stiff paste. When oils or pomatum are used care should be taken that they are quite fresh. Hair that is oiled must be more frequently washed, say, once a week. Use the best and mildest soap, or lukewarm water and yolks of new laid eggs, and dry carefully with a soft towel. This washing is best done at night, so as to avoid a chill afterwards. Ladies' hair, to be kept in health, should be carefully brushed and combed every night, and arranged loosely in a net. Splitting of the hair at the ends is caused by over dryness and improper nourishment, and in realty points to a feeble state of the constitution. Use some tonic, such as iron and quinine, or cod liver oil with malt extract. Live well, take plenty of exercise, the morning bath, and use in this case hair oil. The first sign of failing hair growth, in ladies, is the falling off of short hairs. Take the trouble to measure the combings and if a quarter of these are less than six inches long, something is wrong. Attention must be paid to the general health. Some changes in that must be made, and cooling medicines and tonics taken. As to local treatment, nothing is better than rubbing in a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda in distilled water three times a week; on the alternate days use a little oil; this for many months. Be careful to dry the hair with a soft cloth, else the color may change. One word in conclusion, beware of quack remedies, and trust as much to health of system as anything else to keep the hair beautiful.

**True Philanthropy.**

Mrs. F. Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any woman who suffers from female weakness or painful periods a sample of the remedy that cured her.

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**To introduce our NEW EXCELSIOR SOLAR TELESCOPE**

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Pat. April 23, 1907.

No telescope with a solar eye piece has ever before been sold of less than $8.00 or $10.00.

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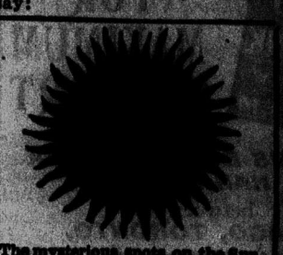

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Yours truly, L. S. HENRY.

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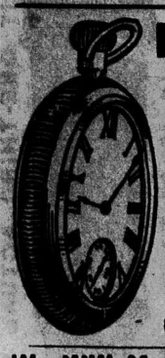

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**Tailor-made.** Amongst the newest fashion models, both imported and domestic, the tailor-made effect still is the most conspicuous figure. This applies with equal force to suits and to one-piece dresses, and to sheer light fabrics as well as to those materials more ordinarily used in this capacity.

**Frills.** To make this tailored effect more apparent it is decided that all accessories shall be by contrast exceedingly frivolous. The erstwhile prim little bow tie has its ends fringed or edged with lace, or it is itself made of lace, or mull.

The long, straight four-in-hand is crossed by rows of fluting, or shirred ribbon, the front plait of the otherwise severe shirtwaist is concealed by a pretty plaited jabot, and so on; belts, gloves, shoes, all are dainty and feminine in the extreme, and all serve to render the 1908 girl a trifle more tantalizing and fascinating than her predecessors.

**Rounded Corners.** The latest tailored suits, those of severe cut, have the corners rounded or pointed, and the edges bound or trimmed with braid. This is a distinctly new feature, for, although an occasional bound coat has been seen, it has usually been of the military order, and therefore in a class by itself. Collars and cuffs are also details of importance and the introduction of pockets at divers places. The former may be of the cloth cut crosswise, or bias, of some effective embroidery, or of a different material—kid, chamois, silk, or dyed leather of not too strong a contrast, while as for pockets they are invariable of the suit material, inconspicuous, yet require strict attention as being one of those small details that count in spite of that. The flaps are attached to the lower part of the pocket and are plain or fancifully cut as taste dictates.

**Kid Cuffs.** Some of the smartest of separate coats show pretty cuffs of colored kid or embroidery on serge, broadcloth, and later on of silk, and they are of extreme mannish cut, whether short or long models.

**Separate Coats.** We have not in a long time had such attractive Separate coat models, a fact however which we have been slow to appreciate. Many of the designs practically duplicate the coats belonging with suits but this in itself is an advantage. The belted coat in some of its new interpretations is favored, but as comparatively few women can wear the style becomingly it cannot be said to be in the front rank. If any one style can be said to predominate it is the pointed cut-away and the butterfly effect, each in its own distinctive sphere.

**"Moncure."** As a type of garment adapted to both suit and separate use, the "Moncure" model is especially worthy of note. The front pieces are narrow, pointed over the bust, and one crosses over the other, thus forming a V shaped neck and an inverted V shape below the belt line where the two edges diverge. That is, from the point at the bust each edge is cut in a direct slant the fronts are applied to the sleeves, overlapping them, and the lower portion of the coat, shaping to the figure without exactly fitting it, is brought up to the sleeve portion, and also under the front. The back, except for its French centre is similarly arranged.

But the charming note about these coats is their suggestion of tightness, if the term is allowable. They fit, and yet strictly speaking they do not, and for this very reason too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of a model. Another feature noticeable in regard to the newer details is the clever way in which the Japanese styles have been remoulded.

**Three Pieces.** It is an exception now when the costume has the very mannish cut-aways just where one would least expect any sign of the Japanese style. We find it a conspicuous part as in a certain recently arrived model of gray-blue broadcloth, very light weight. This coat might best be described as a double cut-away, for it looked, at first glance, to be two separate coats, worn one atop the other. As a matter of fact there was one piece, with no seams but those under the arms, shaped but not close fitting, the long shoulders continuing into straight sleeves to the elbow, these sleeves being arranged in three deep tucks, downward turned and falling under an under coat sleeve.

There was a narrow shawl collar of velvet at the neck, and from this, the coat pursued a circular line over the bust, down around the hips. At the bust, the under portion following precisely he lines of the upper was joined to it, completing the effect of the double coat. A large fancy button with braid loops decorated each side at the bust, and served both as decoration and as fasteners.

**The Double Cut-aways.** This is shown in the model just described. In not the three pieces. The guimpe has made the three piece costume such a practicality, so little extra material being required to form the over-portion of the waist that this has led to a great number of designs that are effective by their very simplicity. These costumes are greatly in order for wear at afternoon receptions, and will be of particular importance during the Lenten season, when formal entertainments become more or less prohibited.

Even here dark colors predominate, even above white, and if not above, at least, they rank with the middle tones. Blue is a strong favorite, even as it is destined for first place among spring colors. Many ultra novelties are noticed, but they are never aggressive. Weird effects and odd combinations of color and fabric hold but they seldom over-step the bounds of good taste. In fact the season that is coming may be said to be one of peculiar interest from an artistic point, and there is every reason to believe that the lesson will be continued through the later spring and summer.

The hipless style, which is already pronounced, is bound to gain favor more rapidly with the new soft materials which are splendidly adapted to it, although properly treated it is gracefully developed in the firmer weaves, provided they are of a soft, pliable nature. all of these features appear to be hanging in the balance, but nevertheless this will unquestionably figure by the time spring is well under way.

Batistes, voilles of all descriptions, some of the exquisitely fine serges and the new twilled material are all utilized in the fashioning of house dresses. In

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Weak Kidneys surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, and their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves To doctor the Kidneys alone is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

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Jacket is lined in excellent quality mercerized sateen, interlined and tailor padded. The Jacket as pictured is semi-fit front and back. Skirt is cut 7 gore with a tuck on each seam, trimmed with a wide fold, now so fashionable. This suit is the leading Spring style. We supply this beautiful Suit in all sizes.

Measurements for Jacket: give number of inches around largest part of bust all around body, length from neck to belt in back, length of sleeve under seam, width across back between narrowest part of shoulders. For Skirt, give number of inches around largest part of hips all around body about 6 inches below waist also number of inches around smallest part of waist, give length from waist band to desired length in front, down the side and down the back. By following these measurements the Suit will fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Bust 40 inches and over $1.00 extra. Separate Skirt alone $5 without Jacket. Suit complete $8.50. Your money will be refunded if this Suit is not entirely satisfactory. Order this Suit No. W1026 to-day from the

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I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits I have received from Gin Pills. Before I had taken Gin Pills I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got "Gin Pills."

I have taken six boxes and now I have not the sign of a pain or an ache in my back. I am now 48 and feel as well as I ever did in my life. There is nothing can hold a place with Gin Pills for pains in the back to which women are subject. Yours truly,

MRS. MILLANOR P. RIPLEY.

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a design worked out in navy, satin-faced cloth several of the newest fashion features were discernible. There was an underskirt made with seven gores, very close fitting around the hips, very full at the bottom and untrimmed. Over this was a Princess. The front and back were cut in two sections, the latter over-lapping the former at the shoulders, under the arms, and over the hips, and the edges decorated with buttons set closely together. From the hips the two portions fell apart, the edges being finished separately, and disclosed on either side of the under-skirt. The lower edge was cut in a deep, rounded point, both front and back, and finished with a three inch hem and buttons set on in groups.

The upper portion of the costume, fashioned as it was without seams, was very mooth fitting. It was turned away at the neck showing a yoke of gathered net, topped with a crushed stock of the same. At each shoulder the material was slashed to permit the insertion of a jabot of lovely cream colored lace and another down the centre front gave the effect of a yoke on outline. The armsides were finished with stitched bands, and there were under sleeves of the same material finished at the wrist with buttons like those which decorated the over-skirt.

**Pattern Goods** Printed voilles and batistes form some of the most attractive of the dresses seen at afternoon affairs. These with the light figures on a dark background are very rich and light up quite as brightly and effectively as do light gowns, and for the most part are more becoming in the day time. "Polly" gowns are much prettier than their extreme simplicity would seem to warrant in these days of elaborate gowning. The original is a simple muslin, costing not more than twelve cents a yard, sprigged with tiny clusters of roses. There is a nine inch straight ruffle around the bottom and at either side of the seven rows of shirring across the front breadth is a group of finely laid plaits not more than five inches deep. The bodice is a round waist with the neck closely shirred, and the plaits like those in the skirt, extending in yoke fashion from shoulder to shoulder. The sleeves are puffs, gathered in at the wrist. The touch of modernism is found in the arrangment of the sash of flowered ribbon which is caught slightly above the waist-line, giving the merest suggestion of an Empire effect. This same model is being made up extensively in pretty flowered silks and trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon, with ruchings of narrow silk ribbon and with lace. Naturally enough they lose their simplicity of detail by this treatment, but it is retained in the outline and is one of the favorite models for the softer fabrics.

## "Married" in Fun and Wedded in Earnest.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster are fond of telling the following story. The Duke, as Lord Belgrave, was once visiting Ruthin, Colonel Cornwallis-West's Welsh seat, and Princess Henry of Pless, who was at that time Miss Daisy Cornwallis-West, resolved to perform a little wedding ceremony "on her own," with her sister Sheila and the future Duke as principal parties. She therefore dressed herself in a white tablecloth, in imitation of a surplice, and commanded the blushing maiden and bashful youth into her presence. With Prayer Book in hand, she then and there solemnly made them one according to the rites of the Church, with the little sisters of the embryo bridegroom acting as bridesmaids, and the butler as clerk. The remembrance of that mock ceremony has caused the Duke and Duchess endless merriment since their real marriage.


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The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

**4288—A Dainty Little Empire Frock.**

Empire styles are in the lead just now, for the children no less than for the "grown-ups," and many mothers are making frocks for their little ones along these charming lines. The little gown illustrated is very simply made, but altogether admirable in effect. The shortwaisted body portion is joined to the skirt underneath the wide belt, to which the suspenders are attached, giving a quaintly picturesque air to the whole. The skirt is simply tucked at the bottom, though it might be ornamented with insertions of lace if desired. The dress is suitable for making in nun's veiling, eolienne, challis, or any of the soft lingerie fabrics 2 3-4 yards 36 inches wide, being needed for the 4 year size.

4288—7 sizes, 1 to 7 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

**4292-4289—A Serviceable Blouse Suit.**

The shirt-blouse and knickerbocker suit is most practical for the small boy's wearing, and most mothers now recognize this fact. The blouse and knickerbockers shown are most desirable models, being comfortably roomy while avoiding the appearance of bagginess. The blouse closes on the right side, where it is finished with a trimming-band, and is supplied with a de-

tachable collar, which may be made of matching material or of white linen. The knickerbockers are of simple design and quite within the scope of the home sewer. Serge, cheviot or suiting may be used to make them, while madras, percale or flannel is suitable for the blouse. To make these garments in the 6-year size requires 2 5-8 yards of 27 inch goods for the blouse and 1 1-4 yards of the same width for the knickers.

Two Patterns:—4292—9 sizes, 4 to 12 years. 4289—7 sizes, 2 to 8 years.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent on the receipt of 15 cents.

**Special offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

**C972—A Warm Sack for Cold Mornings.**

The simple eiderdown sacque is a most comfortable possession on a cold morning, when a daintier garment is too thin for breakfast wear, or when lying down for the afternoon nap, when one needs a warm, loose garment to take the place of the waist. For invalids' wear, too, it is invaluable, being cosy and warm and easily slipped on

or off without fatiguing the sufferer. A becoming and convenient design is shown in the illustration, having the wide collar and pretty bell sleeves that are always so admired. Albatross, French flannel or cashmere may be used for making the sacque in the place of elderdown, with either China silk or satin ribbon for binding the

edges. The medium size calls for 3 3-8 yards of 36 inch material.

6972—8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special offer.—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**

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**6026—A Simple Design for a Silk Waist.**

Shirtwaists with inset vests are very much in style at the present time, and one of the prettiest designs is sketched. It is extremely simple and for that reason will be much liked by the home dressmaker; but the effect is extremely graceful and will infallibly appeal to the woman of refined taste. The waist closes at the left side of the front, the embroidered vest forming the main decoration. Small tucks over

the shoulders to yoke depth in back and front provide the slight fulness required, and a box-pleat ornaments the centre-back. The sleeves are plain and finished in tailored fashion. Ombre taffeta in a pretty color combination of brown and blue was used for making, but the model would develop equally well in linen. To make the medium size requires 4 1-8 yards of 22 inch goods.

6026—7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

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FACTORY, TORONTO

**BUY YOUR PIANO DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AND SAVE THE RETAILER'S PROFIT**

When you buy a Piano from this store, you buy direct from the largest factory in Canada, and save the retailers' profit which amounts to $75 or $100. You are not only assured of absolutely the best quality obtainable, but our unlimited guarantee backed by hundreds of thousands of dollars cash capital, goes with each and every instrument. Our FACTORY TO HOME SYSTEM, and our easy payment plan makes it possible for people in moderate circumstances to own a piano.

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10 different makes and 36 different case designs to choose from. Write to-day for our descriptive catalog and factory prices. Many good used Pianos from **$175** up. Good used Organs **$20** to **$65.**

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Herewith will be found the picture of a Castle on a hill and some old trees. At first glance, no one would notice anything else, but by close observation and perseverance two full figures and five faces can be found. The figures are those of a King and a Queen and the five faces are those of the Princes and Princesses.

Can you find them? It is not easy, but by patience and perseverance, you can probably find them all.

If you find them all, you are entitled to your choice of any one of the premiums mentioned below, provided you comply with a simple condition about which we will write you as soon as we have received your solution to the puzzle.

It is not necessary to write us a letter. Simply mark X with a pencil on each one of the full figures and five faces, then write your name and address on the blank below very plainly, cut out the advertisement and return it to us. We will write you at once telling you about the condition that must be adhered to.

The condition mentioned above does not involve the spending of one cent of your money. This is an excellent opportunity to obtain a handsome and useful present. Do not delay, write to-day.

It is possible you may not see this advertisement again. Only one present is given in each locality. So if you wish to have one, be the first to apply.

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Ladies' Solid Silver Watches.
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Rogers Silverware Dessert Sets. Six dessert spoons six teaspoons, sugar shell, butter knife, etc.)
China Tea Sets.
Gold Finished Parlor Clocks.
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Ten Key Hardwood Accordeons.
Handsome Violins and Bows.
Toilet Sets.
Parlor Lamps, etc., etc.

Do not fail to write your name and address very plainly.

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Address, BOVEL MAN'F'G CO'Y., Dept. N MONTREAL.

Name .....
Address .....
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Are we to address you as Mr., Mrs. or Miss? .....

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GOLD MEDAL VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS at 10c. a packet, each containing a good 15c worth of the very finest seeds. The Vegetable packages contain Radish, Beet and Cucumber; the Flower packages contain Sweet Peas, mixed; Climbing Nasturtiums, mixed and Mignonette. The seeds in each package are so different in appearance that they can be separated in an instant. Our packages hold more than three ordinary 5c packages, so people are glad to get them for 10c. and besides, we put in each package a prize ticket good for two 5c packages Free. For selling only three dozen packages we give you **The Finest High Grade Genuine Daisy 200 Shot Repeating Air Rifle Made To-day.** This is not a toy, but a **Real Rifle,** with Nickelled Steel Barrel and Lock, Polished Walnut Stock, pistol Grip, and accurately adjusted Peep Sights. It uses buck-shot, slugs or darts, and shoots with terrific force and perfect accuracy. For target practice, or small game such as prairie chicken, gophers, etc. there is nothing better at any price, **and you get this one for just a few minutes of your time.** You can sell **Gold Medal Seeds** easily, because they are something every body wants, and you know anybody likes to get 15c worth for 10c. Just try the seeds and you will soon have your **Daisy Repeater.** Say you will do your best and give us your name, age and address, write plainly (a post card will do.) Write to-day, Gold Medal Premium Co., Seed Dept. 36W. Toronto.

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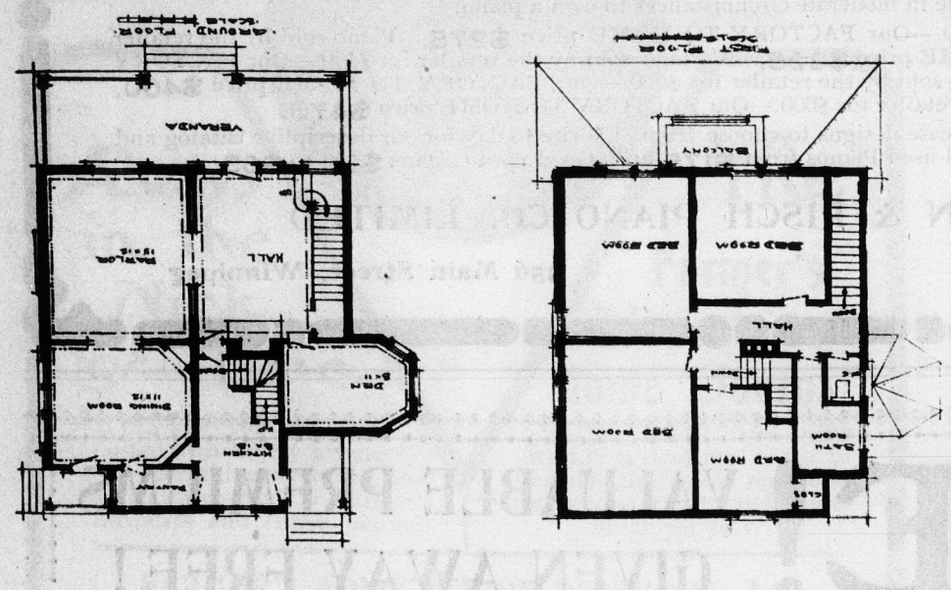
# ORIGINAL PLANS

**Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg**

We have here a charming colonial home, quiet and refined in the exterior of the design, economical of construction, remarkably compact in arrangement, and very effective in its interior features. It is built of shingles, sides stained brown, and roof green. The wide porch and gambril roof are most pleasing. Entering the large reception hall, to the right is the sitting room with dining room behind. The dining room has a china closet built conveniently in one corner and the windows are high up in this room. The den is easily accessible and would make a quiet study. Th kitchen is behind reception hall and front door can be reached without passing through any of the main rooms. The stairs are to left of hall, and upstairs we have four bedrooms each provided with a closet. The attic is not finished but could be used for storage etc. The basement can be fitted up to suit and the house is heated with hot air.



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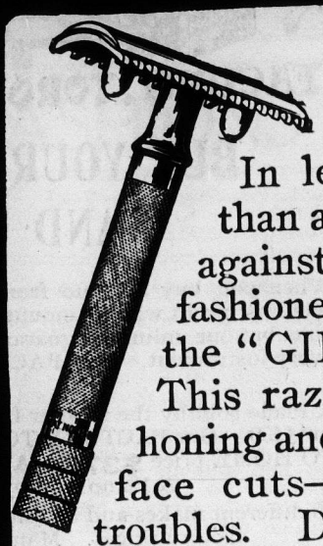
NO STROPPING. NO HONING.



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In less than three years, more than a million men have revolted against the tyranny of the old-fashioned razor and enlisted under the "GILLETTE" standard.

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The GILLETTE Safety Razor consists of a Triple Silver Plated Holder and 12 double edged flexible blades, packed in velvet lined leather case. Price $5.00—at all leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores. Write or ask your dealer for free booklets. If he cannot supply you, write us. 7

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The best proof of the value of our instruction is in the satisfied Students we have in all parts of the Dominion, and the best proof of their satisfaction is shown by the fact that every month several of our former students enroll for new courses.

Let us send you the particulars; then decide as to whether one of our courses would not help you.

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**USE COLLETTE'S PATENT PATCHES** mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agents wanted.

Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Collingwood, Ont.

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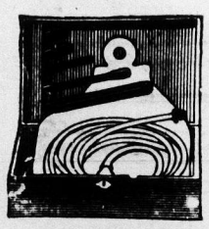
Advertiser, leaving City, will sell **Heintzman Piano**, only used a few months, cheap for cash or terms. Box 100

**10 Cents** Pays for this big bundle of goods; sure to please you. 2 Stamped Linen Doilies, 1 Solid Pl. Ring 1 pkge. Embroidery Silk, 1 lot handsome Silk Pieces, 50 bright new Silks, 3 Studs and pair Cuff Buttons. All the above 61 Articles only 10 cents post paid. 3 lots 25c., 12 lots for 80c. Address: **SEVILLE LACE CO., West Orange, New Jersey.**

**WANTED**—AGENTS IN ALL PARTS of the Dominion to take orders for Tailor-Made Costumes, Skirts, Blouse Waists, Coats, Waterproof Garments, etc, made to order. Liberal commission and free outfit to agents. Apply stating references to THE CANADIAN SKIRT COMPANY, Box 1477, Guelph, Ont.



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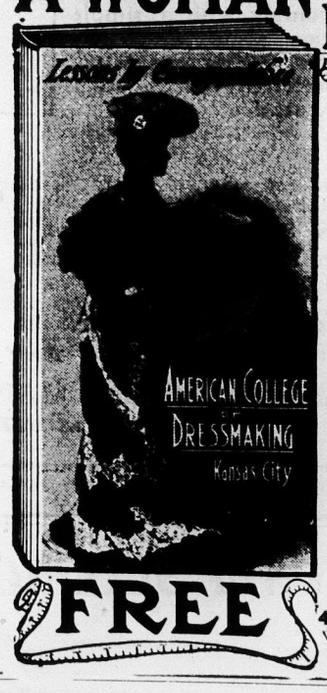
Any man who suffers with nervous debility, loss of natural power, weak back, failing memory or deficient manhood, brought on by excesses, dissipation, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, may cure himself at home with a simple prescription that I will gladly send free, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man who will write for it. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building Detroit, Michigan.

**A WOMAN CAN EARN $5000.00 A YEAR**

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Many women nowadays are earning $100 a week—$5000 a year by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer of Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, earns $10,000 a year. Salaries of $25.00 to $50.00 a week are common. We teach you by mail and put you in a position to command the largest salary of any woman in your locality, or you can Start in business for yourself. Become a Graduate Dressmaker. The regular Diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. The American System requires no charts or patterns. These lessons will teach you how to draft your own patterns and make your own clothes and enable you to dress far better at one-half the usual cost. They teach you how to DESIGN, CUT, FIT, MAKE, DRAPE and TRIM any garment, including children's clothing. This College is endorsed by all high grade Fashion Magazines—Delineator, Designer, McCalls, Pictorial Review, New Idea Woman's Magazine, Modern Priscilla, Housekeeper, Good Housekeeping, etc.

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USE

**CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD**

FOR THAT THIN HORSE

Friday, February 21st was a red letter day in things theatrical in Winnipeg, for on that day the Winnipeg Stock Company gave its five hundredth performance since its arrival in the city. It is a record for Winnipeg and also for any city of its size. It is certainly a matter for hearty congratulation of Miss Rebecca Warren, George Alison and the rest of the company. During the month Quo Vadis, Old Heidelberg, All the Comforts of Home and The Two Orphans were given excellent presentations and the company quite upheld their high standard of merit and gave country visitors to the Bonspiel many enjoyable evenings.

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Brown of Harvard, Strongheart, George Washington Junior, and Dream City—the first two comedies and the last two musical plays—provided good bills of fare for the habitués of the Walker theatre last month. The Devil's Auction, another musical extravaganza, had to cancel their engagement but luckily the Winnipeg Opera Co. were able to fill in the breach and thus their many admirers had another opportunity of hearing the "chimes" ring again. The unprecedented success of this local organization was even more clearly emphasized than during the first performances. Everything went smoothly as before, but there was an added ease of manner and gesture noticeable among both principals and chorus. It was indeed, one of the most enjoyable performances of light opera Winnipeg has had in many moons.

---

Robert Ganthony, the celebrated English entertainer, who has established a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, visited Winnipeg on February 4th and assisted by a talented company received an enthusiastic welcome at the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium. A return visit would be anticipated with pleasure.

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According to latest accounts Earl Grey's musical and dramatic competitions, starting at the end of this month will be, comparatively speaking, a local affair, only Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa being represented. At first there were seventeen entries, and it was thought that there would have to be preliminary judging in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto to decide which companies should drop out in order that all could be judged in the six nights available for the competition. But five companies have since signified that it will be impossible for them to go to Ottawa, and so the twelve companies which remain will just fill out the week, two each night. The companies which have dropped out are the Burlington Pickwick Club, Burlington, Ont, and the Troupe Iberville, Quebec, from the dramatic list, and the August Wilhelmy Opera Company, Toronto; the Chimes Opera Company, Winnipeg, and the Amateur Orchestral Society, Montreal, from the musical list. This leaves the musical competition entirely to the Ottawa entries, the Ottawa Choral Society, the Canadian Conservatory of Music string orchestra, and the Orpheus Glee Club.

Up to the present no judge has been selected for the dramatic competition. Sir Squire Bancroft, the distinguished English actor, had accepted Earl Grey's invitation, but later had to decline, owing to the illness of Lady Bancroft.

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The concert in Park school auditorium, Brandon, on February 6th was a distinct success from an artistic point of view, but it did not have the patronage it deserved.

Miss Mae Dickinson, of Toronto, captivated all by her finished guitar selections, and no less by her vocal renditions, which included quite a range of bright selections among the most popular being "Sweet Little Yamason," "The Low-Backed Car," and "The Interfering Parrot."

Miss Helen Badgeley showed a finished skill in her readings, which included the courtship scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Confidence," by Paul Laurence Dunbar, "My Ships," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and several of Kipling's masterpieces.

The local artists assisted in a pleasing manner, Paul Joubert with a cornet selection, and Miss Winnifrid Graham and Miss Kelly as accompanists.

Encores were rendered to nearly all the numbers, in response to the audience's unstinted applause.

The concert given in the Opera House on February 12th by the faculty of Brandon college was in every sense the best concert ever given in Brandon by local talent.

Miss Gertrude Trotter rendered the arena scene from Quo Vadis in a manner that was well nigh faultless.

Miss Emily May Findlay was seen to advantage in two songs while Miss Mary McCarty gave a sympathetic and finished rendering of Grieg's "Wedding Day," a selection requiring particular crispness and delicacy of expression.

Professor W. L. Wright impressed the audience more than favorably. They were expecting much and were not disappointed. Professor Wright possesses excellent interpretative powers, as his solo, Liszt's Legend No. 2, amply proved, but excels rather in respect of technique.

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A highly successful concert was given at Macgregor on February 24th. The following artistes took part: Miss McLaren, soprano; Miss Young, elocutionist, and Miss Kenway, violiniste and pianiste.

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On February 15th "The Bonnie Brier Bush" paid a return visit to Brandon and met with a very favorable reception. The comedy with which the play abounds is supplied by Archibald McKittrick, a tippling Scotch postman, whose love for a joke and the bottle is amazing, and Tummas and Annie, whose love affairs are a great source of laughter throughout the play. The original Kirke La Shelle production was carried, and the same excellent cast. A male quartette interpolate the old Scotch ballads, and a bag piper, Robert Ireland, late of the 48th Highlanders, added to the local color by playing on the pipes.

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A successful concert was given at Portage la Prairie on February 17th, The programme was as follows:—Instrum ntal duet, Mrs. Mills and Miss E. Wade; tableau, "Between Two Stools;" solo, Mr. Creamer; duet, the Misses J. and E. Wade; tableau, "Napoleon's Farewell to Josephine;" recitation, Mr. Maguire; tableau, "The Peace Maker;" instrumental, Master Albert Mills; solo, Miss Gratia Newman; tableau, "The Miser;" reading, Mrs. S. H. Booth; duet, B. R. Brooker and R. L. Skinner; solo, Miss Daisy Turner; tableau, "The Duel;" instrumental duet, Miss Mills and Miss H. Hawley; solo, Mr. Mappin; recitation and tableau, "The Death of Antony," B. R. Brooker; solo, Mr. Riddle; solo, Miss B. Hawley; comedietta in 2 acts, entitled "Firecrackers," Lieut. Jerome, B. R. Brooker, Mr. Donald Douglas, J. H. Sawers, Major Sanford, R. L. Skinner, Miss Rebecca Dean, Miss Macmorine, Miss Daisy Dean, Miss Gwen Heath, Clarissa, Miss Pauline, Marshall, Miss Phyllis Sanford, Miss M. Macmorine: character song, "So Long, Mary," Miss Wade.


# CATARRH

## FREE ADVICE ON ITS CURE.

If you have Catarrh let me show you what to do for it—how to drive every bit of it out of the system.

Without it costing you a cent, you can have the benefit of my twenty-one years of successful experience—my wide knowledge of Catarrh, its causes and its cure.

Don't neglect Catarrh! Don't let it make you into a worn-out, run-down Catarrhal wreck.

Remember, Catarrh is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting trouble. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing and often opens the way to Consumption. Be warned in time. If you have Cattarh, start to cure it NOW

Don't think it can't be cured because you've tried to cure it and failed.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless patent medicines,

Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me today and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

## LEARN AT ONCE HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Tell me about your trouble. After careful study I'll send you, without any charge whatever, a complete diagnosis of your case which will explain clearly how to get rid of Catarrh.

Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY,

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance today. This treacherous disease has been my life study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh. You can be also if you will.

Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very best help you need. Address

**CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE,**

(Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service) *117 Trade Building, Boston.*

**FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON**

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME .....

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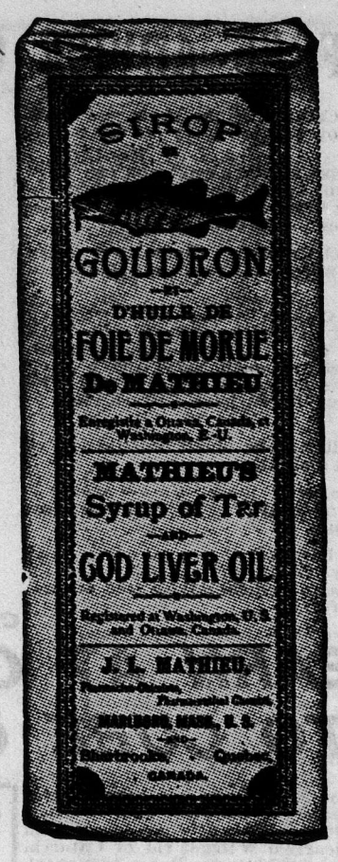
**The Quickest Cure for Asthma, Bronchitis, all Coughs and Colds, The Grippe, Etc. .·. .·.**

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—to be completely and thoroughly cured in the quickest time possible, then take Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. No other combination possesses its invaluable curative properties. It is the **only cough cure** that acts as a tonic to the throat and to the bronches and lungs and your whole system — leaving these organs stronger than before.

Mathieu's Syrup is the **only safe cough medicine** for children—It does not contain harmful ingredients.

Mathieu's Syrup taken in conjunction with Mathieu's Nervine Powders is the quickest cure for the Grippe—The Syrup strengthens your system and cures the cough, while the powders reduce the fever and banish all aches and pains.

**MATHIEU'S SYRUP**
**of**
**TAR AND COD LIVER OIL**

From all dealers—Large Bottle 35 cents — Large Box of Nervine Powders 25c. (18 Powders)

**J. L. MATHIEU & CO., Props. Sherbrooke, P.Q.**

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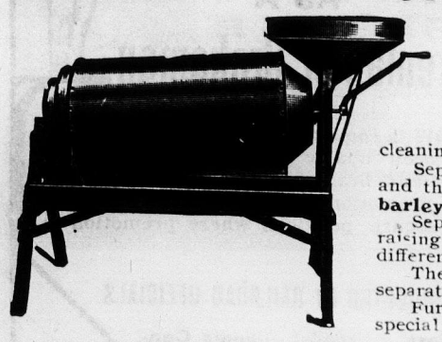
**CARD DEPT., 11 W. TORONTO.**

**Beeman's New "JUMBO" Grain Cleaner**



**Guaranteed Capacity on Wheat 100 Bushels Per Hour.**

**Sold on trial.** If not the most rapid and perfect grain cleaner, can be returned.

Just the machine for cleaning **grain for market** on account of its large capacity and perfect separation, **and an absolute necessity in** cleaning **grain for seed.**

Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley and the only machine that will successfully separate **barley from wheat.**

Separates frosted, shrunken or sprouted wheat raising the quality from one to three grades making a difference in price of from 10 to 30 cents per buand

The Jumbo **cleans all kinds of grain** and seeds and separates perfectly all foul seed.

Furnished with bagger if desired. Write to-day for special offer. Agents wanted.

**BEEMAN & CO. 127-129-131 Higgins Ave. WINNIPEG, MAN.**

**WANTED AT ONCE** on salary and expenses one good man in each locality with rig, or capable of handling horses, to advertise and introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry specifics. No experience necessary; we lay out your work for you. $25 a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write, W. A. Jenkins Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

**LADIES** A safe, reliable and effectual MONTHLY medicine. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO'Y. Drawer "K" Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.


# IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

**Baseball, Lacrosse and Football Clubs.**

Baseball, lacrosse, and football clubs that require uniforms or outfits would do well to write at once to the Hingston Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg, the largest firm of athletic outfitters in Western Canada.

They will send country clubs sample cards of materials and measurement blanks for baseball uniforms and all country clubs at a distance of hundreds of miles from Winnipeg can be served in this way just as well as if they bought in Winnipeg. Clubs at country points can save much money by buying their outfits direct in this way.

**Will Buy Seed Grain.**

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Charles C. Castle, appointed by the Federal Saskatchewan and Alberta Governments to purchase grain in carlots only suitable for seed.

Farmers having seed for sale should at once communicate with C. C. Castle, P. O. Box 1327, Winnipeg, and when writing him please mention the Western Home Monthly.

**Celebrated Specialist.**

Dr. A. McTaggart, C. M., 75 Yonge street, Toronto, the celebrated specialist on the cure of the liquor and tobacco habit, is advertising in this magazine. Persons suffering from this weakness should consult him at once. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for these habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited. The doctor's references are of the very highest standing. When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

**Ignorance is the Real Name of Accident.**

One hundred persons killed and fourteen hundred wounded last Fourth of July, by "accidental" gun and pistol shots. It is very significant that only twelve of these "accidents" happened in the South, where almost everybody is familiar with the use of firearms. Boys who have never been allowed to handle guns will get them and fire them when their parents know nothing about it until word comes of the killing or maiming of a playmate. The only safe way is to teach them the proper handling of firearms. Every parent should have the 160-page book on firearms, which the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., will send to anyone who will pay 5 cents in stamps to pay the postage. That free book tells all about rifles and shotguns and pistols and ammunition and how to care for the firearms, and how to arrange for target practice; and it explains the proper firearms for boys and girls, and for the different kinds of game. You will learn from it that the Stevens Co. have provided the best and most accurate and safest and nicest firearms, of all kinds, at the lowest possible price. When writing please mention this magazine.

**The Railroads Needs Men.**

The demand for trained men in railroad work has been so great during the last few years that about two years ago it was decided by a number of railroad officials and business men to establish the National Railway Training Association. This was done with a view to preparing eligible young men for positions as locomotive firemen and train brakemen. Since the National Railway Training Association was established it has trained thousands of men by correspondence, who have secured good positions. One of their recent graduates earned $125.00 within a month after accepting railroad employment. Most of those trained by the association have been young men from the country and small towns. The officers of the association state that they are still unable to supply the demand for men. They also state that their graduates are given preference by employing officers. Write National Railway Training Association, Omaha, Neb., or Kansas City, Mo., and say you saw this ad in the Western Home Monthly.

**Hudson Bay Co. Catalogue Free.**

The Hudson Bay Company, Winnipeg, will mail a copy of their special catalogue free of charge to any reader of the Western Home Monthly making request for same. See their advertisement on page 14 of this magazine.

Mention the Western Home Monthly when writing the Hudson Bay Company.

**Country Readers Protected.**

The Northwestern Supply House, a mail order concern doing business from Winnipeg failed recently owing various sums of money to commercial houses and to mail order customers.

The advertisements of the Northwestern Supply House appeared in nearly all papers of wide circulation in Western Canada including the Western Home Monthly. In the early part of 1907 a few of our readers notified us that the orders that they sent the Northwestern Supply Co. were not being filled as promptly as they should be filled. We immediately took the matter up with the house in question and went so far as to threaten legal proceedings if orders received through this magazine were not filled within a reasonable time or money refunded. At this particular time in 1907 the train service was very irregular in most parts in western Canada, and the mail order house in question put forth that argument as a plea for orders not arriving at their destination on time. However, as this was the only mail order house advertising in the Western Home Monthly of which we heard complaints we considered it our duty to our readers to omit their advertisements from our pages and forthwith cut all advertisements of theirs out at once. Since then no advertisements of the Northwestern Supply House have appeared in these pages and we trust that our readers can now consider themselves lucky on account of our watchfulness. We are always careful not to insert advertising from any firm about whose honesty we have the slightest doubt.

**Information Wanted.**

A subscriber writes:—"Can any one suggest dyeing sheep skins black or brown?"

**"Actina" Possesses Wonderful Curative Powers.**

For nearly twenty years that little instrument with the trade-mark name of "Actina" has been accomplishing wonderful results in the relief and cure of ailments and diseases of the Eye, Ear, Head and Throat, caused by poor circulation, catarrh, etc. The vapor emanating from the powerful, yet harmless chemicals, with which this wonderful instrument is charged, is said to be a remarkable specific for catarrh, a powerful astringent and a sure promoter of circulation. When applied to the eyes it not only relieves but cures most eye diseases. Note the announcement in another column.

**What is Applied Remedy.**

An applied Treatment is one in which the remedy is applied direct to the suffering organ, such as a poultice or plaster. An internal remedy, on the other hand, is one which is taken into the stomach. The oldest form of applied treatment is the one prescribed by Nature in breathing. In that case the oxygen of the air is the remedy and it is applied direct to the blood vessels containing the impure blood in the lungs. The oxygen is absorbed into these blood vessels, unites with the worn-out tissues in them and is expelled as carbonic acid gas, leaving the blood purified. Orange Lily, the famous Applied treatment for the disorders of women, such as painful periods, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, etc., acts in a very similar way. It is applied direct to the suffering organs and is absorbed into the diseased tissues. Its antiseptic elements combine with the foreign matter in the inflamed and irritated parts and the combination is expelled, leaving the blood in these parts purified and the circulation very materially improved. In addition Orange Lily contains a very powerful nerve food which tones and strengthens the nerves and ligaments, changing the nervous, moody, irritable patient into a happy and contented woman. More than 10,000 Canadian women have been cured by Orange Lily. Read Mrs. Currah's ad. on page 30. When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

**Six Happy Homes.**

The large cash prizes that the A. E. McKenzie Co. Ltd., of Brandon and Calgary, have given away makes one forcibly realize the magnitude of this progressive institution. In their 1907 catalog they offered six prizes to the persons guessing correctly or nearest to the number of users of McKenzie's Seeds during the season. The number totaled 81749 and the following persons are the fortunate ones and are to be congratulated on their success:—1st prize, Thos. Willers, Ellisboro, Sask., $100; 2nd prize, Clarence Chute, Pasqua, Sask., $50; 3rd prize, Mrs. James Anderson, Manitou, Man., $40; 4th prize, Jno. Clement, Lipton, Sask., $30; 5th prize, Mrs. Andrew Nolan, Rouleau, Sask., $20; 6th prize, A. P. Main, Estevan, Sask., $10.

When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

**It Will Do the Same For You.**

Chas. E. West, Goteba, Okla., writes under date of Nov. 15, 1907: "I purchased your Absorbine from the druggist and applied it according to instructions for Bog Spavin and had grand success. One bottle was enough

# STRENGTH FOR THE WEAK

## Relief for the Pain-Worn

## DO YOU SUFFER FROM

**Nervous Debility, Loss of Strength, Rheumatism, Backache, Indigestion and Constipation? They are Quickly and Forever Cured by the Grand Product of Nature, DR. McLAUGHLIN'S Electric Belt. Send for My Free Book About It.**

If you have doctored and dosed yourself without benefit, if you are tired of paying money for useless treatment and ruining your stomach with nasty drugs, like thousands of others, you will come to me as a last resort, and I want you to come now. Don't delay. If I say I can cure you, you can depend upon it. Will you try me? Do it now.

No person should be weak, no person should suffer the loss of that vitality which renders life worth living. No one should allow themselves to become less a man than nature intended; no one should suffer when there is at hand a certain cure for their weakness and loss of vitality.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which many suffer are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power. You need not suffer. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any one that lives.

## My Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

will restore your strength. It will give back the old vigor of youth. The loss of your health causes Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism and Stomach ailments. You know it's a loss of vital power and affects every organ of the body. Most of the ailments from which you suffer can be traced to it.

The confidence I have in the wonderful curative powers of my Belt allows me to offer any man or woman who can give me reasonable security the use of the Belt at my risk and they can

## PAY WHEN CURED

I have cured thousands who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring.

My Belt is easy to use; put it on when you go to bed; feel the glow of heat from it (no sting or burn, as in the old-style belts), and you feel the nerves tingle with the new life flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two year-old.

What ails you? Write and tell me, and no matter where you are I think I can give you the address of some one in your town that I have cured. I've cured thousands, and every one of them is a walking advertisement for my Belt.

Those who have used it recommend it, because it is honest. It does great work, and those whom I have cured are the more grateful because the cure costs so little.

Langenburg, Sask.

Dr, McLaughlin,

Dear Sir:—Your Belt is a wonder. My bleeding piles are all gone, the catarrh of the nose and throat have disappeared, and in fact I am in good health. I worked hard all last summer, and my neighbors say "That Belt you got was the best investment you ever made," and I hope you may keep right on helping suffering humanity. It has relieved my indigestion, that always bothered me so very much. I will always recommend your Belt to anybody with indigestion, for I used to suffer unto dagonies. I will say that that life preserver you sent me was a Godsend to me, and when I was dying it brought me back to life again when many gave me only a month to live. and yonr Belt is still keeping me living.

G. S. Harris.

Portage la Prairie, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir:—I am pleased you sent us your Belt. It has done us both a lot of good. I am sure my back and kidneys are much better. I don't feel the same as before. My husband also feels so much better, Thanking you for your kindness to us, I feel I can recommend your Belt to my friends.

Mrs. E. Mason.

Teulon, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to say that one year and eleven months has passed since I stopped wearing your Belt, and I can say that your Belt has cured me permanent y of my different ailments, such as nervousness, heart and kidney tro bles, indigestion, sick hea aches and other ailments. I have not been troubled with any of them since, nor have felt the effects of them since I stopped wearing the Belt. I always answer all who ask me about the Belt, and there have been several who have written to me. I do this cheerfully a d will continue to do so as long as they send me a stamp for reply. Wishing you success in the future, I remain

James Ed. Jones.

**WRITE TO-DAY FOR MY FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK AND FULL INFORMATION.**

**CALL TO-DAY**

**IF YOU CAN'T CALL SEND COUPON FOR FREE BOOK.**

Dr. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your books, as advertised.

Name .....

Address .....

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 9 p.m.

WRITE PLAIN.


to do the work. I can give high praise for your Absorbine and shall recommend it for Bog Spavin above all other medicines that I tried, and I tried a good many different kinds." If you have a lame or blemished horse in your stable get a bottle of Absorbine today and you will be surprised at the satisfactory results you will get. Absorbine removes bunches, kills pain and cures lameness without blistering or removing the hair; horse can be used. Mild and positive in its action and cures to stay cured. Try a bottle today and you will find it a necessity in your stable hereafter. At all dealers or express prepaid upon receipt of $2.00. W. F. Young, P.D.F. 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian agents. Lipman, Sons & Co., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal.

### Synopsis of Annual Report.

On another page of this issue appears a synopsis of the report for 1907, issued by The Great-West Life Assurance Company. To all who have at heart the progress of Western Canada this report must be especially gratifying, since the Great-West Life is a Western Company, managed by Western men, and is, moreover, accomplishing a great work in the development of the West by bringing in a large amount of money from the East and elsewhere for investment in mortgage security in Western Canada, and is thus taking a part in the upbuilding and progress of this portion of the Dominion. The report points to a year of unprecedented progress and it is seen that the insurance held in force by the Company is now considerably over Thirty-five Million Dollars., This as a record of fifteen years, is undoubtedly one of which the Company may well be proud, as also of the fact that in 1907 The Great-West Life has, is appears, established a new record for life insurance in Canada in the amount of business written.

### Of Interest to Farmers.

The Harmer Implement Co., of Winnipeg, have taken over the agency of the Chicago Airmotor, formerly handled by Devlin & Tyrell Co., and latterly by the Well Drill & Windmill Co., of Winnipeg. The Harmer Implement Co. purpose keeping a large stock of repairs on hand. Farmers having Chicago Airmotors and requiring supplies or parts should write to the Harmer Implement Co. All orders will receive prompt attention. When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

### Something in a Name.

Recently in England the mind of the public has been much exercised as to the correct pronunciation of the word "Bovril" the name of the well known preparation of beef. A consensus of opinion has been obtained by the proprietors of the preparation. As many as 90,640 voted for "Bov-ril" and that seems to have been the favorite pronunciation. A Mrs. Brain, of Shirehampton, near Bristol, secured a prize of $100 by giving the exact number of the majority voting for "Bov-ril." Whether pronounced "Bo-vril" or "Bov-ril" the preparation is very acceptable at this time of the year.

### For Farmers and Dairymen.

A copy of catalogue of the improved De Laval Cream Separators has been received at this office. It is a masterpiece of the printer's art, showing the styles and sizes of the various kinds of separators made by the De Laval Co., printed on a heavy coated paper with a handsome cover in colors. It contains a fund of useful information, in fact no farmer or dairyman should be without a copy of this attractive catalogue. Address De Laval Cream Separator Co., Winnipeg, and when writing please mention the Western Home Monthly and a copy will be mailed you.

BENGER'S
Food

is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by infants, invalids and convalescents.

*Benger's Food is sold in Tins and can be obtained through most wholesale Druggists and leading Drug Stores.*

**The "Red Cross" Sanitary Closet**

Used in the following Western Public Schools—
"Neepawa"
"Killarney"
"Melita"
"Wolseley"
"McGregor"
and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposit.

Can also be supplied in Cabinet form with removable tank.

Write us for booklet and information.

AGENTS

**J. H. Ashdown HARDWARE Co. LTD.**

WINNIPEG.

**Ladies' Watch & Ring**

GIVEN FOR SELLING
**PICTURE POSTCARDS**
6 for 10c.

Lovely Pearl and Amethyst Gold-filled Ring, guaranteed for five years, for selling only $1.50 worth of **the loveliest Picture Postcards ever seen in Canada**, views of famous places all over the world; 6 cards for only 10c. **They go like hot cakes.** When we send the ring we will tell you how you can easily get this dainty and reliable Ladies' Watch for nothing. If you were paying cash out of your own pocket the ring alone would cost you $1.50. Mind, it is guaranteed for five years. Send your name, age and address—a postcard will do GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM Co., Card Dept., 25 W. Toronto.

# Work for Busy Fingers.

### A Knitted Round Doily.

Use linen thread No. 50; work with No. 16 steel needles. Finer thread and finer needles will produce a smaller doily.

Cast on 47 stitches.

1—S. 1, k. 39 (over twice, purl 2 together); hereafter the part in parentheses will be called faggot; k. 1, over three times, n, o, k 2, turn.

2—K 5, 1, k 2, faggot, k 38, leave 2 stitches unknitted, turn.

3—S 1, k 25, n, o twice, n, k 8, faggot, k 8, turn.

4—K 8, faggot, k 10, p 1, k 25, leave 4 unknitted, turn.

5—S 1, k 21, * n, o twice, n; repeat once more from *, k 6, o, k 2, turn.

6—K 9, faggot, k 8, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 21, leave 6, turn.

7—S 1, k 17, * n, o twice, n, repeat from * twice more, k 4, faggot, k 9, turn.

8—Bind off 4, k 4, faggot, k 6, p 1 (k 3, p 1) twice, k 17, leave 8, turn.

9—S 1, k 13, n (o twice, n, n) 3 times, o twice, n, k 2, faggot, k 1, o three times, n, o, k 2, turn.

10—K 5, p 1, k 2, faggot, k 4, p 1 (k 3; p 1) 3 times, k 13, leave 10, turn.

11—S 1, k 9, n (o twice, n, n) 4 times, n twice, n, faggot, k 8, turn.

12—K 8, faggot, k 2, p 1 (k 3, p 1) 4 times, k 9, leave 12, turn.

13—S 1, k 9, n (o twice, n, n) 3 times, o twice, n, k 2, faggot, k 6, o, k 2, turn.

14—K 9, faggot, k 4, p 1 (k 3, p 1) 3 times, k 9, leave 14, turn.

15—S 1, k 9, n (o twice, n, n) twice, o twice, n, k 4, faggot, k 9.

16—Bind off 4, k 4, faggot, k 6, p 1, (k 3, p 1) twice, k 9, leave 16, turn.

17—S 1, k 9, n, o twice, n, n, o twice, n; k 6, faggot, k 1, o three times, n, o, k 2.

18—K 5, p 1, k 2, faggot, k 8, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 9, leave 18, turn.

19—S 1, k 9, n, o twice, n, k 8, faggot, k 8.

20—K 8, faggot, k 10, p 1, k 9, leave 20, turn.

21—S 1, k 19, faggot, k 6, o, k 2.

22—K 9, faggot, k 18, leave 22, turn.

23—S 1, k 17, faggot, k 9.

24—Bind off 4, k 4, faggot, k 16, leave 24, turn.

25—S 1, k 10, n, o twice, n, k 1, faggot, k 1, o three times, n, o three times, n, o, k 2.

26—K 5, p 1, k 2, faggot, k 3, p 1, k 10, leave 26, turn.

27—S 1, k 6, n, o twice, n, k 3, faggot, k 8.

28—K 8, faggot, k 5, p 1, k 6, leave 28, turn.

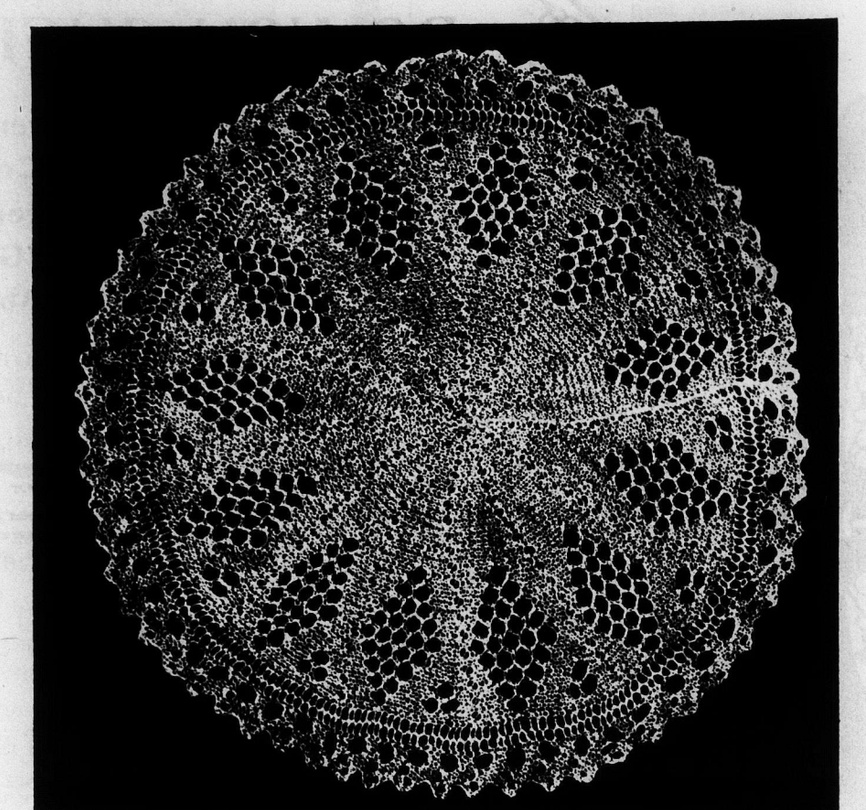
29—S 1, k 6, n, o twice, n, k 1, faggot, n, o, o, k 2.

30—K 9, faggot, k 3, p 1, k 6, leave 30, turn.

31—S 1, k 9, faggot, k 9.

32—Bind off 4, k 4, faggot, k 8, leave 32, turn.

33—S 1, k 7, faggot, k 1, o three times, n, o, k 2.



A Knitted Round Doily.

34—K 5, p 1, k 2, faggot, k 6, leave 34, turn.

35—S 1, k 5, faggot, k 8.

36—K 8, faggot, k 4, leave 36, turn.

37—S 1, k 3, faggot, k 6, o, k 2.

38—K 9, faggot, k 2, leave 38, turn,

39—S 1, k 1, faggot, k 9.

40—Bind off 4, k 4, faggot, k 40. This completes one section; work 11 more the same. Join cast off to cast on very neatly; draw center of doily together and fasten.

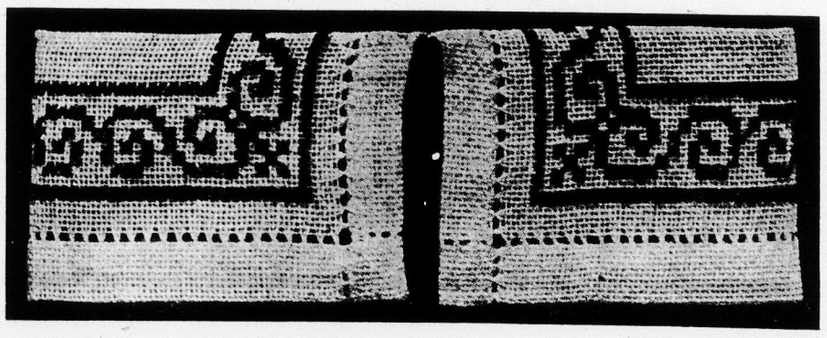
### Crocheted Tam O'Shanter.

Material: One skein Fleisher's knitting worsted, medium size hook.

Chain 3, join, fill with ten single crochet stitches.

2nd Row—Two stitches in every one.

3d Row—Two stitches in every other one.



Collar in Cross Stitch.

Increase at intervals, enough to keep the work flat, making the top as large as desired (about nine inches in diameter); work last five rows plain. Decrease 1 every tenth stitch, continue to decrease slowly (by skipping a stitch) keeping it even with the top, leaving 18 inches or more for the head. Finish with a band of 8 plain rows

### Collar in Cross Stitch.

This neat collar is worked with black knitting silk, or floss, on a linen scrim that has 24 threads to the inch. In working, it is always best to work the pattern before cutting off the length for collar, to make sure of having plenty of cloth to complete the pattern. One thread is drawn for the hemstitching of the hem, which is three-eighths of an inch wide.

# Free to the Ruptured

**Simple Home Cure that Anyone Can Use Without Pain, Danger or Loss of Time from Work**

**SENT FREE TO ALL**

I cure rupture without operation, pain danger or loss of time. When I say cure I do not mean hold, but a cure that stays cured and does away with trusses for all time.

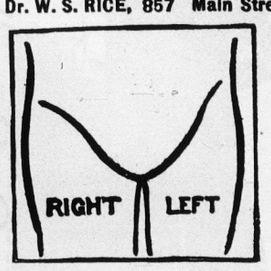
To convince you and your ruptured friends that my Discovery actually cures I want you to test it without one cent expense to yourself. Remember, I am not trying to sell you a truss, but I offer you an absolute, perfect and permanent cure that means freedom from pain and suffering, a largely increased physical and mental vigor, a fuller enjoyment of life's blessings and years of comfort and satisfaction added to the length of your life.

Don't send any money, simply fill out the coupon below, indicate on the diagram the location of the rupture, and mail it to me. Don't neglect this important matter a single day or continue to be tortured any longer by cheap, ready-made trusses.

My remarkable offer is the fairest ever made and should be taken advantage of immediately by all rupture sufferers.

**Free Treatment Coupon**

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture, answer the questions and mail this to
**Dr. W. S. RICE, 857 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.**




*Age*.....
*Time Ruptured?*.....
*Does Rupture pain?*.....
*Do you wear a truss?*.....
*Name*.....
*Address*.....

**MANDOLIN FREE**

This is a beautiful, first-class instrument, well and carefully made, has a very clear sweet tone and full number of Frets and position dots. We will positively send this Handsome Mandolin Absolutely Free to any one who will take our wonderful course of lessons in Home Instruction on the Mandolin. Our lessons for Home Study on the Mandolin are composed by an expert musician, and you can easily learn right in your own home to play all the latest and popular music of the day, in a very short time with aid of our lessons which we send by mail. You can entertain all your friends and many of our students by forming Mandolin Clubs and furnishing much of the local entertainment in their own towns and cities are earning good money and at the same time are getting the practice which will soon make them professionals. In order to introduce our method of Home Study in Music we will send our Complete Course Instruction on the Mandolin for the remarkably low price of $2.95. Truly a wonderful offer. Don't miss it. Send $2.95 now for our Complete Course of lessons on the Mandolin while the price is so low, and remember with the first lesson we will positively send you Absolutely Free this Handsome Mandolin which of itself is worth more than the $2.95 which we ask for our complete course of Instruction.

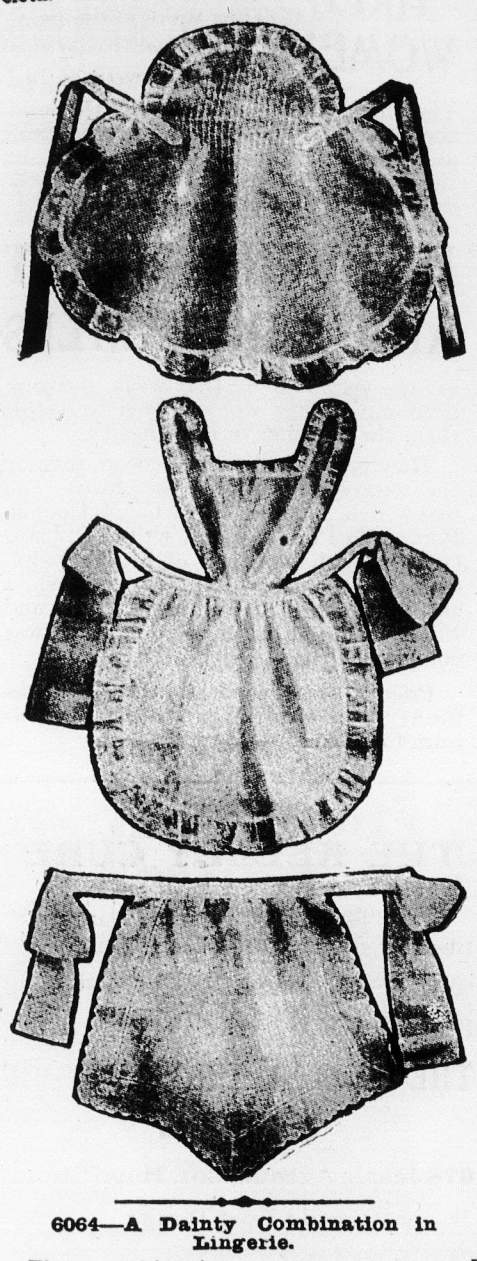
**HOME MUSIC CO., Providence R. I., U.S.A**

**$100,000.00 LOST.**

It is estimated that the above sum is annually lost to the people of our Prairie Provinces through sending to Eastern Canada or the United States for tender nursery stock that will not live here. If the purchasers of this worthless stock had procured a copy of "Horticulture in the North" they would have been saved this loss. The only book written expressly for the Prairie Provinces. Will tell you what to plant and how to care for it. Send $1.00 to the publisher, D. W. Buchanan, St. Charles, Man., and you will receive the book by return mail.

**BELL, DOHERTY and THOMAS ORGANS from $40.00 up,** slightly used. The Winnipeg Piano Co., 295 Portage Ave.

DAINTY APRONS.—Waitress aprons of fine lawn, embroidery trimmed. Number 1 is fitted to the figure by pin tucks at the waist line, Beading straps hold the wash ribbon ties to the cloth. The others have lawn ties.



**6064—A Dainty Combination in Lingerie.**

The combination corset cover and drawers is counted among the accessories of the wardrobe which every up-to-date woman finds necessary, especially in view of the present vogue for extremely slender figures. The garment shown has been designed especially to meet the latest requirement of fashion, which has decreed that hips shall be banished, and, with its utter absence of bulkiness, brings the hipless effect within the range of possibility. The corset cover is a

simple two-piece model and is joined to the circular petticoat-drawers by a narrow beading of embroidery, a garniture to match finishing the neck and armholes, while embroidered insertion and a narrow flouncing trim the drawers portion. Batiste, nainsook or lawn is suitable for making the garment. 4⅝ yards of 36-inch goods being required for the medium size.

6064—8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

**Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.**


# Have Your Spring Suit Tailored to Your Measure in the Style worn in New York today

**Write at once for Style Book and Samples—They're FREE**

You will save money.

You will be correctly dressed, and your Costume will be a pleasure to you and your friends.

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Wm. EWING & Co

SEED ANNUAL 1908

Ewing's Catalogue. 26

# EWING

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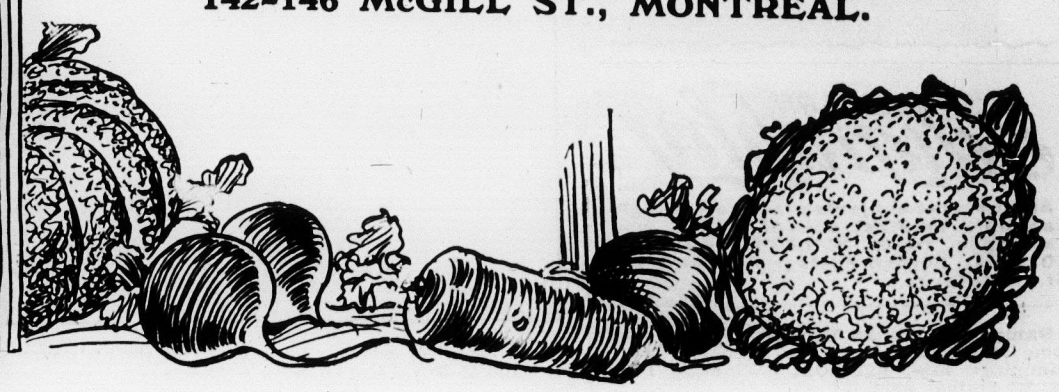

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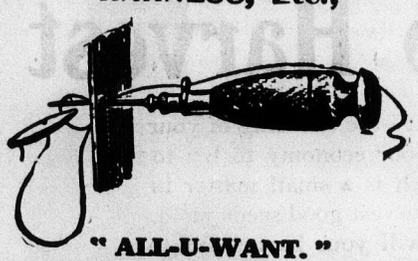

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# Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

In the following sentence every other letter is omitted; the answer is a well-known quotation. H-d-t-m-c-w-o-o-h-e-l-h-t-e-a-h-o-o.

No. 2.—WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

Take one word from out another, and leave a complete word.

1i Take a staff from a burlesque, and leave to reward.

2. Take to free from sceptor, and leave a covering.

3. Take to fasten from a sick person and leave to gasp.

4. Take to fit from a ship of war, and leave fortune.

No. 3.—PROBLEM.

What is the sum total obtained by adding together 1-3 of an egg, 2-3 of a pig, 1-3 of a hoe, ½ of a tent, 1-3 of a hen and 1-3 of a pen?

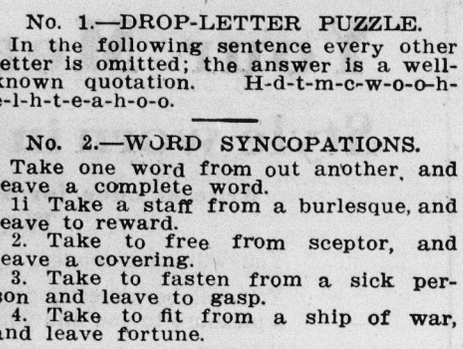
No. 4.—HIDDEN WORD SQUARE.

If the words, each containing four letters, which are omitted from the following sentence, be placed one beneath another in their regular order, a perfect Word Square may be formed:

Every — in the days of Seventy-Six was a —, with will of — never yielding until the danger of defeat was —.

No. 5.—PICTORIAL PROVERB ANAGRAM.

Transpose the letters in the following sentence so that they shall make



the familiar proverb which the above picture illustrates: "As for events here,—give the sly lad one sermon."

No. 6.—FLOWER PUZZLE.

The description in each of the following sentences forms the name of a well-known flower:

1. Full of holes, and a seaman.
2. An important article on the tea-table, and a drinking utensil.
3. A sly animal, and a cover.
4. Domestic animals, and a part of the human face.
5. A rosy fluid, and part of a plant.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the April number of The Western Home Monthly.

**Answers to Puzzles in February Number.**

No. 1. Geographical Puzzle.—1. Audubon. 2. Baldwin. 3. Baker. 4. Bureau. 5. Bibb. 6. Butler. 7. Carteret. 8. Curry. 9. Orange (in California), Florida, Indiana, New York, North Carolina, Texas, Vermont, Virginia).

No. 2 Ladder—
D P
E L D E R
P E
A L A R M
R O
T R A I N
M I
E V E N T
N I
T E M P O
S N

No. 3. Synonym Picture Puzzle.—Remark.

No. 4. Half Word Square.—
OREGON
RUMOR
EMIT
GOT
OR
N

No. 5. Amputated Quotation.—"True hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

No. 6. Illustrated Rebus.—Basswood, tamarack, walnut, hemlock, chestnut, larch.

No. 7. Riddle.—Greenhorn.

No. 8. Melange.—1. Hearth, earth. 2. Heath. 3. Heart. 4. Tare. 5. Rate. 6. Hart. 7. Art. 8. Heat. 9. Ear. 10. Tea. 11. Hat.

No. 9. Blended Squares.—
DOG ART
ORE GUA
TERRIER
MAT
ADAMANT
DEN TOE
ANY ERA

No 10. Word Square.—MINE
EDEN
LEAD
TARS

No. 11. Transpositions.—1. Warned, warden, wander. 2. Red nag, gander, ranged, garden, danger. 3. No elms, Lemnos, lemons, melons, solemn. 4. Red opal, pale rod, real pod, leopard.

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on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to. 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it, we send one only, to any adult for postage, 10 cents.

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Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good.

I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B.

Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing "just as good."



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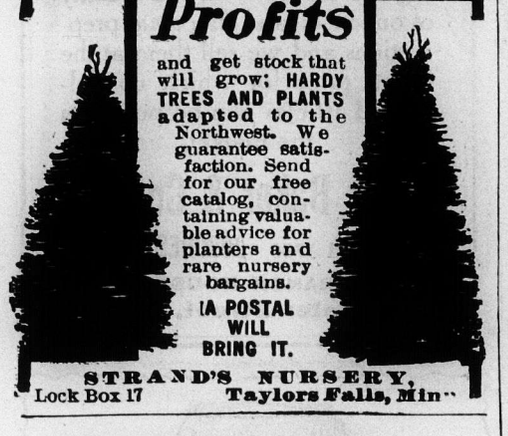

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# Among the Flowers.

## A GARDEN OF ANNUAL FLOWERS.

The mistake made by most persons who grow annuals is that they grow too many, and not enough of one kind to make a show. It is all right to grow a mixture in a wild garden, but the annual garden should have enough of a kind in one bed or border to give character to each individual flower. Thus only can the best effects be obtained.

The ease with which the annuals can be grown, and the fact that they can be had in profusion in one season, making them suitable for persons who live in rented homes, accounts for their popularity. Also the fact that they can be grown in almost any kind of soil, but it must not be lost sight of that the fine ones we see in certain gardens are grown in the very finest soil, and given the best of culture, as these things are features of the annual flowers as well as of the hardy ones.

Any garden soil will do as a basis from which to build up a good soil for annuals. It is not necessary to go to the same elaborate preparations as for perennials, but neither do we expect the same fine or premanent results as with the latter.

The first thing to be considered in the annual garden is the drainage for these plants are not water loving to the extent that they will stand living in moist soil. Where a garden bed stays moist when the rest of the surrounding soil is dry, it is a sure sign that it is spongy and needs to be drained. It may be due to many causes, but in nearly all cases, in sections of the country where the soil is limestone loam, it is caused by a subsoil of so-called "greasy clay," which is siliceous limestone clay impervious to water.

The remedy depends upon the depth at which this clay is found. If it is a foot or more below the surface, laying narrow porous tile drains in the bottom of the beds or borders will remedy the defect. If the clay lies so near the surface that to put down the tiling would not allow enough top soil for the plants, it will have to be excavated to a depth sufficiently deep that there will be at least a foot of soil on top for the plants to grow in.

Few persons appreciate the necessity of this proper drainage, on which account we emphasize it. The annual plants must be kept growing rapidly once they are started, and wet, soggy soil will retard them if of a non-aquatic kind. Arrange to work the soil as mellow as possible early in the spring, as it is more friable then, owing to the fact that the frost has permeated and dessicated it thoroughly, and that it is the best time in which to introduce the fertilizer.

Annual plants will stand much coarser plant food than will the more refined perennials. Manure from the past winter's supply will not harm many of them, and most of them will revel in it, as they are nearly all gross feeders.

An effort should be made to dig the soil the full depth of a shovel, and it should be thoroughly broken and mashed fine all through as it is dug, keeping in mind the fact that there is more valuable fertilizer in the air than you can put into the soil artificially, and of a choicer kind, and the more air that gets to the interior of the soil the better for it. Spread the manure over the top of the beds as soon as the snow goes, and the spring rains, before the time for digging arrives, will have leached it all out and the straw can be raked off, unless your soil needs humus, which can be determined only by an examination. As a test for this, take up a handful of freshly dug soil, close the hand tightly upon it. If the soil rebounds and cracks apart when the hand is opened, it is well filled with humus, if it stays in a tight lump, it is deficient.

As soon as dug rake the beds and borders fine, and grade them so that the rain will run off them. If they are for bedding plants, and there is time and plenty of help, ridge them up in the centre, and allow the soil to remain ridged until time to put out the plants, when it can be fined and graded for the summer. Give the beds and borders a uniform grade. Any low places in which water will collect will make puddles, to the detriment of the plants, and check their growth.

It is a good plan in the early spring to go over the trees, bushes and fences with a torch and blowpipe, and destroy the cocoons and chrysalides of any insects which may be found, in order to lessen the number later on. Early in the spring look for ants' nests, and kill the ants by digging the nest open with a sharp stick and pouring boiling water into it. Ants are destructive to many annuals by burrowing about the roots.

Annual plants are of two general kinds, those which are planted directly in the beds or borders where they are to grow and bloom, and those which are of the kinds known as "bedding plants" and which must be grown in flats, boxes, or pots, and planted out when all danger of frost is past, as they are either too tender to plant out in time for summer blooming, or require too long a time to come to maturity after the opening of the spring season, on which account they must be started early in the house or hot-bed.

It is intended that when plants are grown for bedding plants they are to be at least in bud by the time of planting out, so as to make an immediate effect in the garden, and by the time they are set out those which are grown where they are to bloom are also intended to be in bud or bloom. A well-managed garden will be in full bloom by the middle of June from bedding plants, and by the middle of the month from seed, excepting those plants which bloom late in the summer or early in the fall.

It should be borne in mind that all plants grown from seed which will stand transplanting can be brought into bloom earlier by sowing the seed in the house or hotbed, so if you have facilities for growing your annuals in the house or hotbed do so in order to get your garden under bloom as soon as possible, and we are of the opinion that plants given individual treatment by being grown in flats or pots and shifted on, being in four-inch ones when planted out. will be very much finer than if grown in the open bed, where they must receive mass treatment.

After the surface of the beds and borders, in which it is intended to plant seed in the open ground for summer blooming, is made as fine as it can be, lay off with a pointed stick the different portions in which the different kinds are to go. Keep in mind that a good-sized patch of one kind makes a better showing than a variety, which will give a crazy-quilt effect not to be desired.

### Sowing the Seed in the Open.

Study the character of the seeds you are sowing. The very fine seeds will need but little, if any, covering, in most cases being pressed into the soil with a smooth bit of board will be sufficient, but the coarser ones will require either to be covered by being sown in drills (very shallow ones) or have fine soil or sand sprinkled over them and then pressed down with the board.

In every case, after the seeds are sown, moisten the top of the soil with a fine spray nozzle, or fine-rose watering can, in order that the seeds will stick to the soil, and very little, if any, loss will result from hard rains. A study of the seedsman's catalogue will give you the height of all the annuals, and you should plant the seeds so far apart that the surplus will be easily removed without disturbing those left behind, and at the same time be not further apart than they should be. A pretty safe rule as to annual plants is to allow as much room between the plants as their height; that is, allow two feet between plants which grow two feet tall.

The young seedlings should be allowed to grow undisturbed until they show the third character leaf, when they should be thinned out as they are to bloom. An advantage in planting in drills is that the young seedlings will all be in rows, and it is easier to thin them out symmetrically to an even distance apart. Bedding plants of the larger sorts, such as begonias, asters, balsams, etc., should have a mulching of strawy manure as soon as the great heat of summer comes.

### Plant the Following Outdoors in the Beds:

Calendula, Calliopsis, Cornflowers (annual), Chrysanthemum (annual), Convolvulus, Dianthus (annual), Dolichos, Eschlotzia, Euphorbia, Helichrysum, Helianthus, Heliotrope (annual), Humulus, Ionopsidium, Lavatera, Lobelia (annual) Lophospermum, Lupinus, Marvel of Peru, Maurandia, Mimosa, Mina, Moamordica, Nicotina, Phlox Drummondi, Poppy (annual) various, Portulaca, Salpiglosis, Scarlet Runner, Sweet Pea, Sunflower.

### Sow These in the House in March:

Ageratum, Alyssum (annual), Amaranthus, Asters, Begonias, Calceolaria, Campanula (annual), Carnations (Marguerite), Celosia, Cleome, Coleus, Cosmos, Cuprea, Daisy (English), Geranium (start from cuttings in February), Globe Amaranth, Larkspur (annual), Marigold, Mignonette, Musa Ensette, Nasturtium, Pansies, Petunia, Roses (polyantha), Scabiosa, Salvia Stocks, Verbena, Voila (annual), Zinnia.

A general rule to be remembered by all who grow annuals is that the seed pods should be picked off as soon as formed, or the flowers cut before they die, in order to keep them blooming all the season, as many of the finest ones stop blooming as soon as they have formed perfect seed.

King Edward has played many parts in his time, one of them being that of a brickmaker and builder. At Osborne there still stands a small fort which was erected by the king and his brothers many years ago, even the bricks being manufactured by the young princes.


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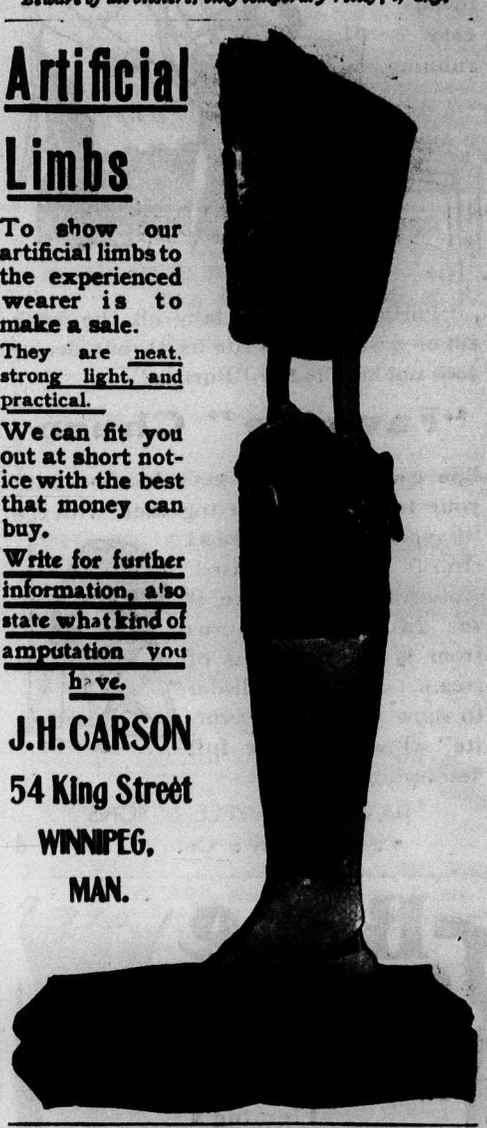



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**Washing Machine**

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Then, there's the extra heavy Balance means easy running.

"Puritan" Washers take all the work out of washday. Write us if your dealer does not handle the "Puritan".

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# The Home Doctor.

### Suggestions.

Applied to the skin in quantity nothing will blister more quickly and fiercely than turpentine. In extreme pain or cramp a solution made by adding turpentine to hot water in the proportion of one to four or five, and applied by means of hot woolen cloths wrung out of this solution, gives quick relief.

To Treat Bruises.—To prevent a bruise from being discolored, apply to it a cloth which has been wrung out of water as hot as can be borne comfortably, and change it as it becomes cold. Supposing hot water cannot be procured, the next best thing is to moisten some dry starch with cold water and cover the bruised part with it.

Earache.—In case of earache do not put anything into the ear except by direction of a physician. The best way to relieve earache is to heat an iron or brick, wrap it in two or three thicknesses of flannel, pour warm water on the top, when steam will at once rise. If the ear is placed close to the flannel the steam will permeate every part of it.

Lemons may often be used as a good household medicine. They are undoubtedly very excellent for biliousness. Lemons, however, should not be taken in their pure state, as their acidity will injure the teeth and lining of the stomach. The proper way is to take the juice of one lemon in a cup of water without sugar. The best time to take such a dose is before breakfast or just before retiring.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the insanitary use of the dust brush, feather duster and articles of a kindred nature, so essentially accompaniments of the domestic menage, and yet one of the omnipresent evils that should receive remedial attention. Instead of performing their intended operation, they scatter germ-laden dust about the premises to re-settle in new quarters or be breathed into the lungs, thereby inviting the incipience of disease or augmenting tendencies thereto. A soft cloth wrung out of warm water can be readily substituted, which at once serves its purpose as dust obliterator and as a germ eradicator.

### Vaccination.

There is no question about the advisability of vaccination in communities where the dreaded disease of small pox is even an occasional visitor. All statistics prove that in countries where the disease has never been stamped out, the proportion of unvaccinated persons who fall victims is many times larger than those who have been inoculated. The old time method of using scabs resulting from the vaccination of children, which is still remembered by the older generation and only mentioned to be condemned, has given place to scientific methods of obtaining the vaccine, which are thoroughly antiseptic and absolutely safe to use.

Unless the presence of small pox in a community renders it necessary to vaccinate everyone indiscriminately, all physicians advise against its use for those who suffer from scrofula, tuberculosis or any blood taint or weakening disease. They are always ready to sign a statement which will allow any child, recovering from illness or frail from any constitutional disorder, exemption from the rule requiring the certificate of vaccination before entering the school.

In countries where little attention is paid to preventive measures against disease, there is far more danger of spreading contagion, where numbers of children are brought together, than there is in this country. This laxity and indifference to the public welfare has made it necessary, in a country like Spain for example, for Americans and English who have established boarding schools and large cities to have all teachers and scholars vaccinated every two years.

The calf is brought to the door and the virus used in as pure a state as possible. In this country this primitive method would be obviously impossible. On the large vaccine farms every antiseptic precaution is taken and the lymph hermetically sealed in tubes for transportation, so that there shall be no untoward result from its use where the person to be protected is in ordinary health.

### A Limited Amount of Fat Natural.

A moderate amount of fat is quite necessary. Hence, in health we all have more or less of it. Nature provides it for several reasons—to give contour and warmth and act as a protective padding, as well as to serve as stored-up nutriment in case of emergency. If, for any reason, we fail to make sufficient fat for our immediate needs, this stored-up nutriment is drawn upon—the secret of consumptives, for example, becoming so attenuated. Similarly, of course, in cases of starvation.

You will, therefore, see that a limited quantity of adipose tissue is natural. What the limit is we cannot tell you, since not only has fatness different degrees in different persons, but some people can well tolerate more adipose tissue than can others.

### Dangers of Excessive Fatness.

A great excess of adipose tissue is, however, always a danger. Very fat people may, indeed, die at any moment owing to the fatty tissue infiltrating (penetrating) the heart. For a like reason, they are subject to serious liver troubles, while, owing to hampering of the lungs (in the very corpulent, these organs are usually small), severe attacks of pneumonia and bronchitis are rendered very probable.

Then, again, the excessively fat are very subject to kidney troubles, as well as, owing to their great weight and defective circulation, to varicose veins. And their digestion is poor (excessive fatness really means bad nutrition), their blood disordered (too fatty, and their muscles flabby, owing to the adipose tissue penetrating between them—one reason why the obese are averse to exercise. Finally, the obese are very liable to skin diseases owing to the irritating sweat.

### The Causes of Corpulence.

As to the causes of corpulence, insufficient exercise is one of them, and it is one which partly accounts for women being more subject to the disease than men. Another cause is constipation—and this, too, may in a measure account for there being more very fat females than very fat males. No end of women's troubles are due to bowel neglect.

Again, tight-lacing, by upsetting nutrition, conduces to obesity, and so do feather beds, soft couches, and reclining armchairs—that is, if you indulge in such luxuries. An excessive amount of sleep, too, encourages obesity, as also does an excessive quantity of spirits, by preventing the due digestion and burning up of fatty substances.

Yet another cause is overeating—and a very potent cause that is, for by eating too much you store up more fat than you really require. And even too much fluid tends to the deposit of fat.

Certain diseases also favor obesity—anaemia and hysteria, for instance, as well as lung and heart complaints. But the most prolific of all causes, when the disease is not hereditary or constitutional, is too sugary, starchy, and oily diet.

### Freckle Lotion.

Beauty specialists tell us that a treatment which is beneficial to one complexion may be injurious to another, and a little common sense and intelligent knowledge of the needs of one's own particular cast of complexion is necessary for satisfactory results. Some skins are inclined by nature to be acid, while others are alkaline, and one must determine in which of these two directions one's own complexion generally tends, before treatment is undertaken. An alkaline condition of the skin will be benefitted by diluted lemon juice, toilet vinegar, and such preparations, while an acid condition is softened and freshened by using a little ammonia or borax in the wash water. Alkaline preparations open the pores of the skin by removing the grease and soilure, while an acid closes them, and before using lemon juice, which is a very valuable beautifier, the skin must be thoroughly cleansed, being careful for the removal of all impurities from the pores. For some skins, lemon juice, undiluted, is too strong, and should be applied while the skin is wet, or mixed with a few drops of water. Lemon juice is one of the best and most effective of whiteners, and shows its effects very quickly in softening a harsh or hard skin; but it must be used at night, or at least never used when one is going out into the sunlight, as, in this case, it will prove injurious by rendering the skin temporarily more sensitive to the sunlight. For distinctively marked freckles, lemon juice is but a modifier, as only very radical measures—such as gradually bleaching away the skin—can banish them; the removal will be but temporary, as, on being exposed to the sunshine, they will return. One of the preventives our mothers—or at least our grandmothers—used most effectively, was to tie a good, big sunbonnet (not a sun-hat) under the chin, so large as almost to hide the face from sight, and insisting on the little girls wearing "half-handlers," or gloves with the tips of the fingers cut off, all the time. But the very best beautifier is a good digestion and circulation of well nourished blood throughout the body.

It is easier to prevent than it is to cure. Inflammation of the lungs is the companion of neglected colds, and once it finds a lodgment in the system it is difficult to deal with. Treatment with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will eradicate the cold and prevent inflammation from setting in. It costs little, and is as satisfactory as it is surprising in its results.

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**Baker's Cocoa**
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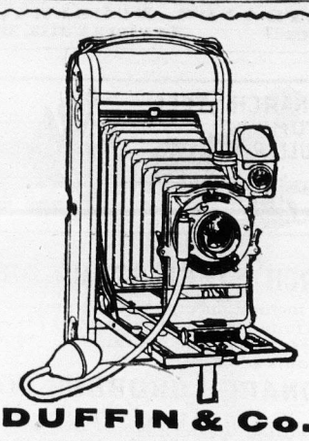

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cures where doctors fail. Drives out the poison, relieves pain same time. Fully guaranteed to cure or no pay. If you suffer, send for this system on

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You take no risk. Try it at our expense. Pay if benefited. Booklet telling all about it free. Send name to-day. Address

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No. 103 Church St. QUARRYVILLE, PA.

**WANTED**

By experienced man, employment on the farm, position as manager or foreman, preferred.

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The most powerful liniment made.

25c. at all dealers.

Try **Hirst's Little Liver Pills** for sick headache and dizziness. Ask your dealer or send us 25c. direct. A handsome water color sketch free.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited
Hamilton, Ont. 166


## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may peform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.


**WANTED**—AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORders for Men's high class made to order clothing. Good Commissions—Attractive proposition to good agents. Write with references for splendid free sample outfit and designs. ROYAL TAILORING CO., Box 1477, Guelph, Ont.


# Boys and Girls.

### In Sugar Loaf Town.

There's a Sugar Loaf Hill in the town of Deerfield,
All covered with frosting so nice;
It stands by the side of a lemonade stream,
In which there are big chunks of ice.

That Sugar Loaf Hill is indeed very high,
To climb it would take you all day;
For it leans up against the far-away sky,
Where the bright little cloud-babies play.

That Sugar Loaf Hill is indeed very queer,
With its sides of chocolate brown,
You could eat every day and need never fear
You ever could nibble it down.

On the top of the hill a table is spread,
Where the sky-gods may come down and eat;
But the far-away view from smooth table-rock
In itself is a wonderful treat.

By this Sugar Loaf Hill tall sugar-trees grow,
And when frost goes before a warm sun,
Though the ground be yet covered with plenty of snow,
Then will the sugar sap run.

And, if you are fleet, the runaway sweet
You can catch and presently make,
By the aid of some heat, some syrup to eat,
Some taffy, or nice candy cake.

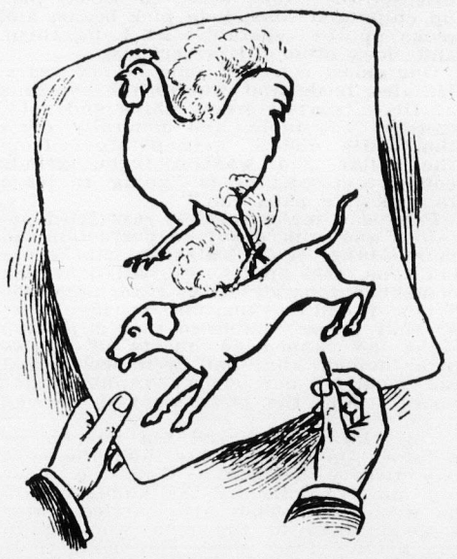
In Sugar Loaf Land there is plenty to eat,
In hunger no one ever begs;
There are oceans of milk and a mountain of sweets,
And the ground grows butter and eggs.

### Fire Pictures.

This is a very pretty trick, especially if it is performed in a darkened room. You show your friends a blank sheet of paper (the room must be light enough to let them see that it is blank). Then you strike a match, blow it out, and touch the paper with the glowing top of the match. A spark travels over the paper, following a very crooked course, and finally goes out. Then you open the shutters or turn up the lights, and, behold, you see on the sheet of paper a burnt picture or design, which has been traced by the spark.

The secret of the trick is that the paper, though it appears blank, has really had the picture drawn on it beforehand. It is not drawn with pencil or pen and ink, but with a fine brush, a pen or a pointed stick dipped in a strong solution of saltpeter. The paper should not be glazed. The white wrapping paper is a good kind.

The solution is colorless, and leaves no stain, though the picture is really there, drawn in saltpeter. Now, saltpeter, which is also called niter, and potassium nitrate, is, as you may know, one of the ingredients of gunpowder, and it is used in making powder for the same reason for which we use it in this trick—because it contains a great deal of oxygen and is easily decomposed. When gunpowder explodes the oxygen from the saltpeter combines with, or burns, the sulphur and charcoal, so that no air is needed from outside. Just so the saltpeter makes the paper easier to light and burn along the lines of the drawing. These lines should be all connected togther. If a part of the picture is entirely separate from the rest, it will be "left out in the cold." Of course, you must apply the match to one of the lines, which you can do easily enough by moving it across the paper near where you know there are some lines, until the spark catches.



And then don't throw the match down carelessly, for it might set something on fire, even without saltpeter. You cannot be too careful in handling fire. The saltpeter solution should be very strong—as strong as you can make it.

### The Amusing Magnet.

Some interesting experiments may be made with an ordinary horseshoe magnet, which boys can buy at any toy shop. The first thing to do is to test the magnet to see whether the poles are correctly marked, for if it happens to be of French make the marks N. and S. mean just the opposite of what they mean to us.

See which end of the horseshoe attracts the south pole of the compass, and that will be the north pole of your magnet, which you should mark with an N. and it should repel the north pole of your compass.

Mark the other end of the horseshoe with an S which will be the south pole of your magnet, and it should repel the south pole of the compass, for in electricity like repels like.

Get a package of long-eyed needles, all of the same size, and placing them on a table, one at a time, draw the north pole of your magnet several times over each needle, always in the same direction, from point to eye. This will magnetize the needles, making all the points north poles.

Now cut up some cork and stick the eye of each needle in the smallest bit of the cork that will support it in water, with the eye projecting a little above the cork. Place them upright in a vessel of water and you will have a miniature fleet.

Now call in the commander, your magnet, and by holding the north pole of it above the needles you may make them move, arranging themselves into set figures, according to the number of needles used. Two needles will probably make a straight line; three, a triangle; four, a square, and five, a pentagon, or a square with one needle in the middle.

When they have taken a set form jar the vessel slightly and the figure will sometimes be broken up, forming two different designs, or changing from one design to another. The more needles you have floating the more interesting will the experiment prove, as with a good many needles the designs formed when the vessel is shaken will be various and the movements of the needles under the sway of the magnet will be intensely fascinating.

Another interesting experiment is to magnetize soft iron—nails, for instance. They will become magnetized as soon as the magnet touches them, and you may have a long string of nails hanging one from the other, only one in contact with a magnet.

Now heat one of the neals red hot, and all your efforts to attract it to the magnet will be in vain; but as it cools it will be more and more attracted, until when cold it will be as before, strongly magnetized when in contact with the horseshoe.

### A Bird Game.

First, a leader, or bird catcher, is chosen, who gives each player a bird to represent, selecting such birds as have notes that are easily imitated. No one, however, must represent the owl, for reasons hereafter to be given.

The players then take seats around the room, with their hands placed on their knees, and the leader begins to tell an incident or little story in which birds take the chief parts, particularly the birds represented by the players. Each player, as the bird he represents is mentioned, must utter the call or cry of that bird, never for an instant taking his hands off his knees.

When the leader mentions the owl—which he should do every now and then—no one must make a sound, but each player must take his hands off his knees and put them behind his back, where he must keep them until some other bird is mentioned by the leader, when he must put them on his knees again.

If the leader can catch a hand while this change is taking place, the owner of it must pay a forfeit, and also take the leader's place, when the game starts again with the new leader's story.

The leader in his story must speak now and then of "all the birds of the air," and when he does so all the players must utter at the same time the calls of the birds they represent.

Take care of your alleys and the architecture of heaven will take care of itself.

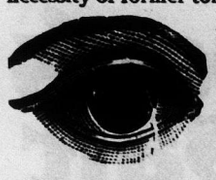
Grinpe is sweeping the country. Stop it with Preventics, before it gets deeply seated. To check early colds with these little Candy Cold Cure Tablets is surely sensible and safe. Preventics contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh or sickening. Pneumonia would never appear if early colds were promptly broken. Also good for feverish children. Large box, 48 tablets, 25 cents. Vest pocket boxes, 5 cents. Sold by all druggists.


# Eyesight Restored

## Eyeglasses May Be Abandoned

**A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.**

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method—the Actina treatment—has been discovered which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye after being pronounced incurable, through this grand discovery.



Mrs. H. M. Davison, 324 Carroll St., Akron, Ohio, writes: "I have derived more benefit from "Actina" than any appliance I ever used, it strengthens the eyes and cures headache almost immediately."

Louis Meyer, 93 Herman St., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "'Actina' has effected a wonderful cure in my wife's case, curing her of a severe eye trouble, and I would not be without it."

Mr. S. A. L. Howe, Tully, N.Y., writes: "Actina' has removed cataracts from both my eyes. I can read well without my glasses. I am sixty-five years old."

Robert Baker, Ocean Park, Cal., writes: "I should have been blind had I not used 'Actina.'"

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment and is self-administered. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84B, 811, Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. I wore many different kinds of trusses. Some were tortures, some positivly dangerous, and none would hold the rupture. The doctors told me I could not cure it without a surgical operation. But I fooled them all, and cured myself by a simple method which I discovered. Anyone can use it, and I will send the cure free by mail, postpaid, to anyone who writes for it. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

**Free Rupture-Cure Coupon**

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 17 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

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that make a horse Wheeze, have Thick Wind, or Chokedown, can be removed with

ABSORBINE

or any Bunch or Swelling caused by strain or inflammation. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 3-C free.

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## Bargains for Women.

Send **12c.** Receive a beautiful Shirred Black Sateen Girdle. Postage, 5c extra

Send **50c.** Receive 5 pair Hose Feet which sew to leg of stocking, doubling the wear. Postage 5c extra.

Send **$1.00.** Receive 5 pair Boy's Knee Pants, cut out all ready to sew up. Give age. Postage, 30c extra.

Send **90c.** Receive a Child's Luster Dress, any color, Tucked Skirt and Waist, cut out ready to sew up. Ages 3 to 10, **$1.50.** Age 12, **$2.** Give Age. Postage, 15c extra.

Send **90c.** Receive a Lady's Luster Waist, Tucked Style, all colors, cut ready to sew up, Luster Skirt to match, Tucked Style, **$1.95.**

Send **$2.25,** Receive a Lady's loose fitting back all wool, knee length Cloak, Black or Navy,, cut out ready to sew up.

Send **$3.50.** Receive Lady's Cloth Suit of hip length. Jacket and Pleated Skirt all cut out ready to sew up, cloth is Cheviot smooth finish like Broadcloth. Black and all shades.

**SOUTH SUIT CO., Coote Blk, London, Can.**

Take it in time.

If you are subject to Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headaches — don't wait for another attack.

Right now, take 154

**Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt**

25c. and 60c.—At all druggists.

**ROOF RIGHT NOW**

There is one roof that saves money because it will last 100 years. Guaranteed in writing for 25 years.

**"OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES**

This roof saves you work because its so easy to put on (do it yourself with a hammer and snips), and save you worry because they fireproof, windproof and weather-proof the building they cover. Write us about it and hear all about 207 ROOFING RIGHT. Address

**The PEDLAR People** (Est'd 1861).

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is the ONLY successful process for destroying Superfluous Hair without danger of injury to the Skin.

Proper massage with pure, clean, harmless, nourishing Flesh Food, is the only safe way to remove wrinkles.

Pimples, Eczema, and Blackheads are permanently cured by my "Ideal" Acne Cure.

**Write for Booklet. Consultation Free.**

**MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN**

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**For choice Pickles, ask your grocer for Blackwood's White Onions, Chow Chow, Sour Mixed, Sweet Mixed, Dill Pickles, Red Cabbage, Horse Radish, Tomato Catsup.**

**If you are not using them, try them.**

***THE BLACKWOODS, Limited.***

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| Curly Switches | | Straight Switches | |
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| 16 in. long | $ 2.00 | 16 in. long | $ 1.00 to 1.50 |
| 18 " " | 3.00 | 18 " " | 1.50 " 2.50 |
| 20 " " | 4.00 | 20 " " | 2.50 " 3.50 |
| 22 " " | 5.00 | 22 " " | 3.50 |
| 24 " " | 6.00 | 24 " " | 5.00 |
| 26 " " | 7.00 | 26 " " | 7.00 |
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How to Order—Cut sample full length of hair, state length of hair and whether curly or straight. Money back if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for interesting booklet on the hair.

**THE NEW YORK HAIR STORE**

SEAMAN & PETERSEN

Y.M.C.A. BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

**Gold Watch AND RING FREE**

We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEM WIND American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timekeeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a $50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain. Ladies or Gents style. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 8 Chicago.



## *100 Post Cards Free*

High grade assortment of views, comics, etc. Agents can make big money selling them. Retail in stores 2 for 5¢ and 5¢ each. This is the biggest post card bargain ever offered. Send 10¢ to pay postage, etc. on big lot and our great offer and catalog. (3 lots 25¢)

**BANNER CO., 1071 N. Fairfield, Ave.**

Dept. 40, CHICAGO.


# Woman and the Home.

### March.

A half-wild creature cast from Winter's lap;
A vagrant reveler in Nature's courts;
With wind-disheveled hair she wildly sports
With twig and bough, surcharged with rising sap.
In scant and freely flowing raiment drest,
Her slim brown arms upflung to greet the rain,
She screams her challenge to the silent plain
And makes of every day a crazy jest!

She rushes fiercely down the hillside steep,
And dashes through forsaken aisles
Where last year's leaves lie deep in somber piles,
And gaunt-limbed trees their endless vigils keep.
And so for days her reckless reign extends;
Teased and tormented Nature groans outright;
Until, at last, the madcap thing takes flight,
And gentle April comes to make amends.

### No "Closed Doors."

An exchange published recently a most beautiful article on "Closed Doors," the doors which the writer described as closing upon babyhood, childhood, girlhood and boyhood, and upon the desires and pleasures, friendships and attachments of later life.

The article was most beautifully conceived and written, but thank God that away down the vista of years to the very earliest one of my recollection, there are no "closed doors." The touch of memory swings wide the door of every year, every past experience, and brings to me constantly all the sweetness and love and beauty that have enriched my life. There are no closed doors—I think there cannot be, either in time or eternity. There have been mistakes and sad experiences, bereavements and sorrows and losses and misplaced friendships, but I would not close a door upon one of these, for they, too, have made me richer, in that through them has come to me the knowledge that gives the power to extend sympathy and help to other such sufferers whom I may meet along the pathway of life. There are no closed doors. Instead, from afar adown the years and all along shines a clear and yet clearer light of understanding of all life's experiences and problems, whose rays illuminate the present and I know will shine on with the future, helping to lighten and brighten whatever they may hold.

### Helpful Husband and Children.

Our youngest son will be four years old next spring. He sometimes helps carry water and feed to the chickens, generally dries the knives and forks, can set the table, bring in wood, pick up chips and cobs, help pick beans, and picks up the vegetables as I dig them, and does other little errands.

Our eldest son will soon be six years. He also feeds and waters the chickens at times, carries wood, chips and cobs, can set the table, and generally dries the white dishes, gets potatoes from the cellar and washes them, grinds coffee, and says he is "going to learn to cook like papa can."

Papa can make waffles, raw fried potatoes and milk gravy to perfection and many other good dishes; can dress chickens, peel apples, etc. all of which comes very handy when I am not able. When I had rheumatism in my wrist so that I was unable to turn a jar top tight, he canned 30 quarts of apples after supper, that had been peeled, and did most of our cherry canning that year. And the boys want to be like papa.

The two boys picked ten bushels of potatoes in one-half day, and the next day twenty bushels. This the older did mostly alone, as the younger said he was tired. They also carried water a good ways to the men working in the fields. They wash and comb their hair themselves before meals, etc.

Our daughter will be fifteen next spring and is learning all the housework. She can set hens and care for chickens, and she took premiums on cookies and bread several years ago. She gets most of the dinners and suppers during vacation and delights to try new recipes. She helps do the milking and has husked corn and plowed. Can ride horseback and hitch up the team any way—just loves to handle horses. She is beginning her first year in high school and before she began her high school her standing in all branches was from 94 to 100. She intends to be a music teacher some day, is taking music lessons and plays for church services and the literary club.

We do not pay our children for their work very often, but think children should be taught that it is their duty to help, and prefer getting them presents or treats occasionally for having been good. Parents must consider their children's health and strength as to how much they should work, but "an idle brain is the devil's work-shop." Of course, children must have play as well as work, but they should be taught that they can't always have their way; that there are times when we all do as we have to.

### Does It Pay?

The present seems an age of money-getting. The aim of the average man is not to see how much good he can do in this world, how much he can contribute to the well being and happiness of others, or how much real enjoyment he can find in life, but how much money he can get together before he dies. For what purpose? Few seem to know, and die finally, leaving their wealth to a favored few, or to be "divided by law," or perhaps to endow some charity or institution of learning, in the expenditure of which he can have no oversight.

Is it not strange that anyone's efforts can be so purposeless? So long as the miser cannot take his hoard with him, when he leaves this world, why does he not see that it is put to to some good use, as he may direct while he lives?

Instead of hoarding wealth beyond one's own possible use during his span of life would there not be greater satisfaction in directing, seeing and enjoying the use of the surplus? In the one case he acquires only the name of miser and few will mourn his going hence, which will divide his wealth and allow it to be put to use, while in the other he would have the gratitude of his sons and daughters whom he had made prosperous and happy, of widows and orphans whom he had assisted in time of need, and of the good people in charge of charitable work which he had aided.

Each must decide for himself whether his heart shall be warmed with the consciousness of doing good to his fellow men, or chilled with the cold burden of unused dollars, and the certainty that there will be none to mourn when he is called from earth and his coffers unloosed.

A reasonable provision for a man's own possible needs and those of his family is wise and right, and he also has the right to accumulate and hold as much wealth as he can. The only question is, does it pay? Let them answer who are so near the end of life's journey that they have neither time nor strength to superintend the distribution of their wealth. Does it pay?

### Two Ways of Dealing With Erring Boys.

Seven years ago, before there was such a thing as a juvenile court, a boy of nine was arrested in Denver for burglary. He was brought into the criminal court, tried as a burglar, and sent to jail. He served a term of years, during which he learned thoroughly the trade which he had been accused of plying. When he was released he began to practice in earnest. He was arrested, recommitted, and, after a second term, turned loose again, a more accomplished burglar than before. A few months ago he was shot at by the Denver police in an attempt to escape a third arrest. He was captured and brought into the Juvenile Court still a mere child that ought to have been going to school.

Judge "Ben" B. Lindsey, who presides over this tribunal, was confronted by a bold, hardened, and unnaturally sharp young expert in crime who had mystified the police by telling half-a-dozen different stories. Judge Lindsey began telling the boy that he didn't believe him to be half as "tough a kid" as the police had made him out, and that he would not be "sent up" if he was "square with the court" and made a clean breast of his trouble with the "cops."

The new treatment got from the boy his real story. He had been led into his first offense by a desire for a knife with which to make a kite. His father refused to get him one, and he broke into a barber shop and took a razor. According to the letter of the criminal law the boy had committed a burglary. As there was no "juvenile" law at the time, he was dealt with as a professional housebreaker. Asked about his first trial, he said to Judge Lindsey:

"Aw, de guy wid de whiskers, wot sat up on de high bench, looked over at de 'cop', and de 'cop', he says. 'Dis is a very bad kid; he broke into Smith's barber shop and took a razor, and he admits it, yer Honor.' Den de guy on de high bench sends me up widout givin' me a chanct to say a word.

Thus, the boy was well started on a criminal career before he was ten years old. Fortunately, he fell into the hands of the Denver Juvenile Court, which had been established in the interval between his second and third arrest, while he was still able to "pull up." Instead of telling him that he was a bad boy and sending him to jail again, Judge Lindsey told him that he was a "bully fellow" and set him free—on probation. Today that boy is still going uphill as fast as he was going downhill before.

# HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

### Cooking Recipes.

**Apple Sherbet.**—Cook the pulp of six apples in one quart of cider, seasoned to taste with sugar and cinnamon. When tender, rub through a sieve, cool and freeze; when partly frozen add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Serve in chilled apple shells.

**Fig Cream.**—Cook one-quarter pound of figs in a cupful of water until tender; chop fine. Beat the whites of five eggs and a pinch of cream of tartar until dry; then add five level tablespoonfuls of sugar and the figs, beating constantly. Bake in a border mould about half an hour; serve with stewed figs, stuffed nuts, and pass plain cream.

**German Apple Cake.**—One pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, mixed and stifted. Put in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one beaten egg, and milk to make a thick batter. Spread one inch deep in greased shallow tins, have ready several pared, cored and quartered apples. Press points with dough, sprinkled thickly with sugar mixed with a little cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven.

**Fried Bananas.**—Cut the bananas in half, lengthwise, roll them in pulverized macaroons, then in flour and fry in deep fat until lightly colored. Drain on soft paper. Serve with a syrup made of one cupful of sugar and one of water boiled together for five minutes and mixed with one-half cupful of currant jelly. When the jelly is melted add a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Serve as an entree.

**Creamed Chicken.**—Cook in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour, and when this mixture is well blended add a little chicken stock, a cupful of roast chicken meat, cut into small dice, onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Cook for ten minutes, stirring steadily, then add a minced hard boiled egg and a cup of rich milk, heated with a pinch of soda stirred in. Serve in paper cases if you wish.

**Omelette with Sausage.**—For a winter morning there is no better omelette than one made savory with sausage, which should be partly cooked, skinned, if the sausage links are used, and minced fine. Then break and lightly beat six eggs. Have a small tablespoonful of butter hot in a pan, slip in the eggs, shake gently in one direction. When set add the minced sausage; fold the omelette and serve without delay.

**Rice and Raisin Pudding.**—Five eggs, one cupful of rice, one cupful of sugar, butter the size of an egg, two handfuls of raisins. Simmer the rice in a quart of milk until tender; remove from the stove to cool. Well whisk the yolks of the eggs, and add to the rice, also the rest of the milk, sugar and butter; then well beat the whites of the eggs, stone the raisins and add to the other ingredients. Grate nutmeg on the top, and bake one hour.

**Steamed Golden Pudding.** — Four ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, four ounces of finely shredded suet, two eggs, half a lemon, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup. Mix the dry ingredients together, then beat up the eggs and stir in the syrup, also the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Pour into a buttered mould, tie down with paper, and steam one and one-half hours. Serve with a little hot golden syrup poured round.,

**Eggs and Mushrooms.**—Take the whites of six hard-boiled eggs and chop them rather fine with six mushrooms. Into a frying-pan put a tablespoonful of butter, and when melted add a tablespoonful of flour and mix until smooth. Pour in half a pint of cream and stir the mixture until it boils. Add a dash of pepper, a little salt and a good pinch of curry powder, if curry is liked, then add the eggs and mushrooms and cook for about three minutes. Serve hot. This dish is suited to either dinner, luncheon or supper.

**Rock Cake.**—Rub one-half pound of butter or good sweet dripping into one pound of flour. Stir in two heaping teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, add a pinch of salt, a little finely minced lemon peel, two to three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar, and one-half pound of dried currants. Moisten the whole with two eggs, well beaten, and a little milk. Make up into a stiff dough, and bake on a greased tin, setting the rock cakes well apart from each other in little stiff "knobs." Fifteen to twenty minutes is a sufficient time to allow for the baking of these old-fashioned favorites.

**Indian Slapjacks.**—Pour over a pint of Indian meal enough scalded milk to moisten it and set aside to cool. Then stir in a level teaspoonful of salt, two eggs beaten very light, and enough cold milk to make a batter of the desired consistency. If you are where you can get clean, newly fallen snow, you can save the eggs and have delicious cakes by substituting a tablespoonful of snow for each egg. The batter must be well beaten and the snow added just before beginning to bake. Keep the batter away from the fire as much as possible. The snow may be used in a plain flour batter also.

**Pudding Sauce.**—Cream one cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar, add the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and beat lightly until thoroughly blended. Divide into three parts, one with vanilla, one with chocolate, the other with extract of strawberry. Also add a little pink sugar to make it pink if you wish. Grease a mould or bowl with butter, put in the chocolate mixture, then the vanilla, and lastly the strawberry, and set away to cool. When ready to serve dip the mould in hot water for a moment, and then turn contents out on a plate. Cut through it in slices and lay on your pudding.

**Sand Tarts.**—Beat one-half pound of butter to a cream and add one-half pound of granulated sugar; then add the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two, beaten together; add one teaspoonful of vanilla and just a little grated nutmeg. Mix in sufficient flour to make a dough. Dust your baking board thickly with granulated sugar. Take out a piece of dough, roll it into a thin sheet, cut with round cutters and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. Dust the top of the sheet with sugar instead of flour, to prevent the roller from sticking. By adding one-half pound of cleaned currants to the above recipe you will have Shrewsbury currant cakes.

**Marbled Cookies.**—For delicious marbled cookies, cream one cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar. Add four well beaten eggs, then three scant cupfuls of flour sifted with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Divide the batter in half. To one-half add either one-half cupful or a cupful of grated chocolate, according to the preference, some people liking more and others less of this flavoring. To the other half add the juice and grated rind of an orange. After flavoring both parts, combine them in one streaked lump of dough, and roll it very thin. Cut the dough into fancy cookies with diamond, heart-shaped and triangular cutters. Bake them in a rather hot oven. If the butter is fresh add a pinch of salt.

**Risotto.**—Blanch one cupful of rice. Drain and rinse in a colander. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add half an onion and the rice and stir and cook til the rice absorbs the butter; now add one cupful of tomato pulp (canned), one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, a dash of paprika, and about two and a half cupfuls of stock (veal or chicken) or water. Cook till the liquid is absorbed and the rice tender. Remove onion and stir in carefully with a fork a half cupful of grated cheese. Cook till cheese is melted, and serve.

**Banana Fluff.**—Slice six large bananas, sprinkle with lemon juice and grated cocoanut and place directly on the ice to chill and ripen (for at least an hour). Mash them smooth with a wooden spoon, adding a scant cupful of powdered sugar and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, which should be lightly folded in; now pour into the freezer, turning the crank for about four minutes, or until there is a slight resistance, when half a pint of whipped cream may be added. Freeze to the consistency of mush; serve in individual crimpled paper cases lined with tiny Naples biscuits.

**Nut Tarts.**—Roll out on a marble slab half a pound of puff paste, and with a tart-cutter stamp into any desired shape; then, with a smaller round cutter, cut half way through the centre of each, carefully removing the small pieces of paste. Arrange in shallow, greased baking pans and place directly on ice for one hour, when they should be placed immediately in a quick oven for about ten minutes. After removing, fill the depression with a meringue made from the whites of two eggs, whipped with two tablespoonfuls of crushed maple sugar and one tablespoonful of finely chopped nuts, and return to the oven for a moment to brown.

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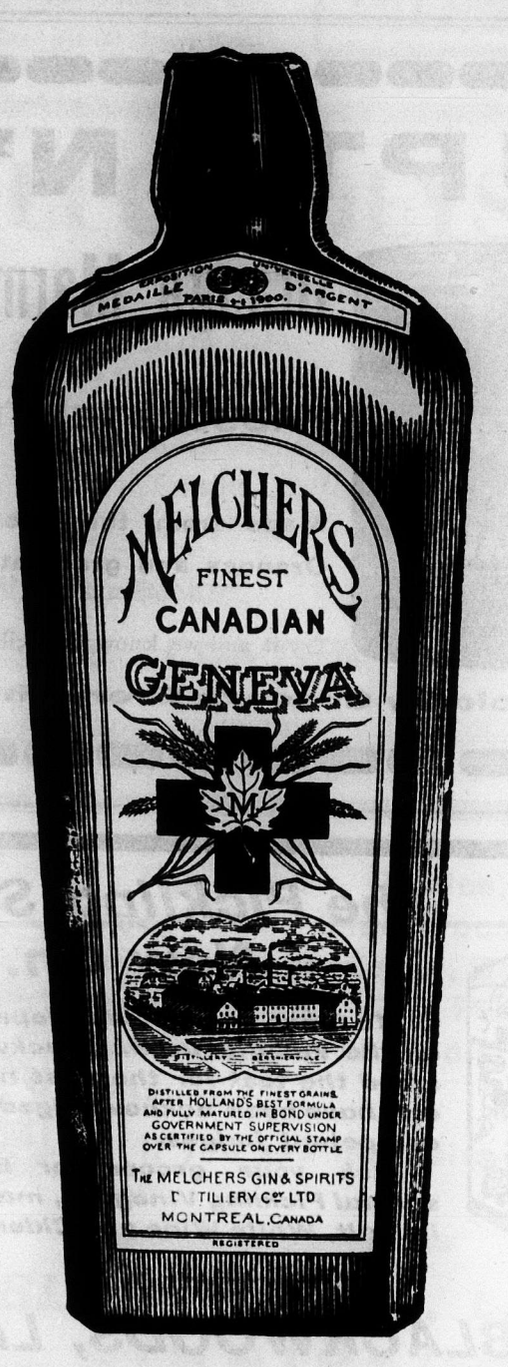


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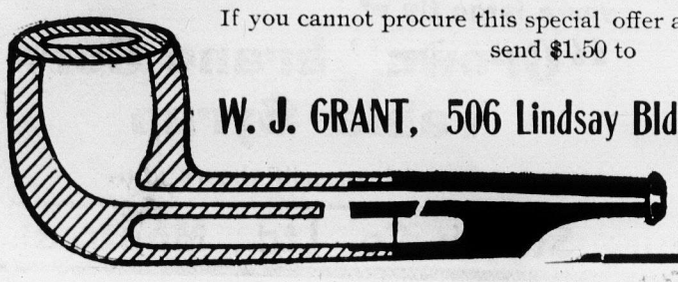

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SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.


# About the Farm.

### City or Country—Which?

You may have the city, with its worry and its din,
Its fancy balls and churches and "gilded dens of sin,"
Where every breeze is tainted and freedom is unknown,
And we walk with a multitude, yet feel we are alone.

But give me the farm, with its fair sylvan scenes,
Its green fields and orchards, and clear purling streams,
Where the breezes are laden with the breath of the flowers,
That are kissed by the dew drops of morn's rosy hours!

### Dairy Notes.

Do not change the feed suddenly.

The average person's ideas of cleanliness corresponds with everyday conditions and conveniences.

It takes capital to run any business, but the best capital a creamery can have is plenty of raw material.

Observe and enforce the utmost cleanliness about the cattle, their attendants, the stable, the dairy and all utensils.

Instead of buying more cows the average farmer could make more money by spending the money on better care of the cows he already possesses.

Buttermakers, don't quarrel with a patron; patrons, don't quarrel with your buttermaker. Children quarrel; business men state their case, and then it is a case of "take it or leave it alone."

As a general proposition the average creamery patron will deliver as poor milk or cream as the buttermaker will accept. It's very easy for the average man to be careless if he has no guide to work by.

Today, more than at any time past, is there an incentive for men to practice up-to-date, scientific dairying. The demand for good butter has more than kept pace with the supply, and there is a bright future for the dairy interests.

### Successful Farming.

It is not possible to call attention in one brief article to all or even a majority of the many important subjects which must receive the attention of the dairyman if he is to make a success of the business. At this time let us only consider the subject of self education, applying the searchlight of cold facts to it, and ascertain what relation it bears to the caption of this article.

Cold fact No. 1. The dairy farmers of this country who do not take and read dairy literature are the most unsuccessful in the business.

Cold fact No. 2. The dairy farmer who does not make a study of his business and the performance of his individual cows has always failed.

Cold fact No. 3. The reverse of these is true. The dairy farmer who reads dairy and farm literature and takes an interest in his business will succeed every time.

What is the course to pursue in educating one's self in the dairy business? It is the same course that may be outlined for self education in any other business. It is simply study and close application to the business; doing everything with a conviction that the action is the result of one's best judgment. Such a course will right errors and ultimately lead to a high degree of excellence.

A dairy school or farm school education is a fine thing, and its importance and value must not be minimized or lost sight of in the least, but the cow owner who cannot avail himself of this scientfic course of education can do the next best thing. He can follow up a system of self education or what might be more properly termed "home education." He can avail himself of the bulletins from the various agricultural experimental stations and make a study of scientific as well as practical experiments. He can make a study of balanced rations and the nutritive value of different feed stuffs.

He can attend the various local dairy meetings and institutes. He can carry on experiments in his own dairy, putting into practice what he has learned from the experience of others. He will soon discover how to choose the real practical ideas, those which will best work out under the conditions under which he is working.

In short, he can acquire an education in the business which will result in success instead of failure, satisfaction instead of disappointment and profit instead of loss.

Dairying and farming in general is a science and has become so recognized. It is just as essential that the farmer shall understand his business as it necessary for the lawyer or doctor to understand his profession in order to succeed.

### Bad Practice.

A good many keepers of cows have in the cow stable and behind the cows, pegs on which to hang the milk pails that are too full of milk to prevent of their further being used at that milking. A man fills the pail, hangs it on the hook and proceeds to milk another cow. By the time the milking is completed several pails have been hanging on the pegs for fifteen minutes to half an hour. In addition, the empty pails hung on the same pegs before they were taken for milking purposes just as readily gathered germs as when they had milk in them. So far as the milker can see, there is no reason why this practice should not be continued. The pails look clean when they are taken down to be used for milking purposes and the milk in the pails that have been hanging there looks as clean as any other milk. The pails are hung too high up to catch any visible dirt. The custom is bad, but its badness is hard to prove, because the student and the scientist know that he air is full of odors and germs that are constantly settling in the pails to become manifest later in bad flavored butter or quickly souring milk. The milk should be removed from the stable as fast as milked, that the time of exposure to bad odors may be as short as possible.

### Vegetable Garden.

The vegetable garden, to be successful, should be planted early. If it is well manured and plowed deep, the ground will warm up much earlier than if this is neglected. Give spcial attention to the location. It may be alongside of the fruit garden, if desired. The ground should be dry or, if not, should be well drained, that it may dry after hard rains. There will be but poor success unless this is done.

### Farm Furrows.

What oil is to the machine, pleasant looks are to man.

The man who is "up against it" generally puts himself there.

Some men have to adopt a pie-crust manner to show how busy they really are.

If you persist you can acquire the cheerful habit, just as you acquired the smoking habit.

We have lost lots of time by being punctual, because we have had to wait for the other fellow.

A man need not fear having more money than he knows what to do with, for his neighbors will be glad to help him out.

Four hundred pounds of ground bone and 300 pounds of muriate of potash make an excellent fertilizer for an acre of trees.

Don't disbelieve all you hear, nor believe all you see; sometimes men speak the truth and quite often your sight plays you false.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pocket and his pipe in his mouth, looking to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man with his sleeves rolled up, working to make it right.

F. Marion Crawford does not worry about writing anything that will live after he is dead. He says: "My principal effort is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

Working horses ought not to be checked so they cannot lower their heads easily, or work the collar fronts as they stand still. A perfectly fitting collar, that will not move while walking, is essential.

Few farmers realize the real value of mules. They will do as much work as horses on less food; they live longer and they can be kept sound more easily. A mule will never eat or drink when he is heated; nor run away in a blind panic, like a horse. If a mule is properly trained when a youngster, he will not kick, and he will always respond to kindness and good, commonsense treatment. Why not raise mules on the farm? A good pair of mules, when three years old, will bring from $400 to $500.

Irregular feeding is bad. Chickens do better when they are fed with clockwork-like precision. Tardy meals are often the cause of crop-bound fowls. If the meal must be late in the morning, throw some grain in the litter at night to keep the fowls scratching.

Often it is necessary to feed the male bird to himself. Give him a generous allowance of meat twice a week. The eaisest way of doing this is to shut him off to himself in a coop over night. It may mean the success or failure of your season's work with your best pen if the head of the harem is neglected. We cannot go to too much trouble for our early hatches.

It may not be generally known that head lice attack the throat of chicks as well as the head. Head lice will make chicks grow thinner and thinner, they will give them diarrhoea, they will cause difficulty in swallowing, and they will make them show every symptom of leg weakness. Look for lice, even on incubator hatched and brooder raised chicks, when these symptoms appear. A little thick cream with a few drops of kerosene in it will kill the lice, but the treatment must be repeated.

### Boiled Wheat for Biddies.

We know someone who was carrying big baskets of eggs to town in December and getting big prices at the resturants. The only peculiar trick that we can see that he practices, is the feeding his biddies boiled wheat in the morning. And it is boiled until it literally cracks open.

He keeps a big iron pot on the kitchen stove all the time. Two inches from the bottom he has a wire screen laid across so the wheat can't stick to the bottom and burn. Each morning he washes this kettle and sieve out clean and fills the kettle about a third full with cleanly washed wheat. He then pours in plenty of hot water, leaves it covered tight to steam and boil until the next morning when he gives it to the hens only warm.

### Golden Rules for Incubator Operators.

Fill your lamp about noon, and never fail to look at it within an hour afterwards. Many a hatch has been spoiled by leaving the machine without attention for hours. The newly filled lamp always gives off more heat, and the result is an increase of temperature which may prove harmful.

Keep the isinglass clean. Unless it is possible to see the blaze the lamp may be turned dangerously high. Also keep the burner clean. If it becomes blackened, polish with washing powder or ashes. A black burner absorbs the heat, becomes overheated, and is apt to smoke.

Put a new wick in for each hatch. Unless the wick is of good length one filling of the lamp in twenty-four hours is not enough, and the lamp may go out at the critical time though nearly full of oil.

See that the burner fits the chimney exactly. If it is not a close fit the lamp will smoke, and poisonous gases escape to the damage of the hatch.

Depend more on your own judgment as to the proper flame to be turned on than on the regulator. The regulator is limited in its powers. If you keep a thermometer hanging in the incubator room and accustom yourself to compare the flame necessary to keep the temperature at 103 when the thermometer varies in the room from one to fifteen degrees you will find it comparatively easy to avoid overheating.

Not every cellar is fit for running an incubator in. Unless the ventilation is good there, better place the incubator above ground.

Regulate the incubator and run without eggs for two days to see if it heats uniformly. When the eggs are in do not meddle with the regulator. It takes some time after the eggs have been cooled before the heat is up; often the thermostat will rise when the thermometer registers a degree or so below 103. This is just what you could expect, and if the eggs have reached 103 in five hours and the thermostat is no higher than it should be, let it alone. Constant interfering with the regulator will spoil any hatch.

We have stronger chicks, and the weak germs develop better, when we turn the light out and let the incubator cool down to the temperature of the eggs before placing the eggs in. The eggs, however, should not be cold, but should have been placed in a warm room until they are about 75 degrees, and then the eggs and incubator warm up together. Hold at 102 degrees for the first five days, and then 103 degrees. In cold weather the incubator should be run a degree higher; that is, 103 degrees for the first five days, and the rest of the time also until the last week, when it should be at 104 degrees while the chicks are hatching.

### Interesting Items.

The earliest riser of the bird family is the greenfinch, which sometimes begins to sing at one o'clock on a summer morning.

Siberia could contain all Europe, except Russia, and there would still be room left for another country twice the size of Germany.

The most appalling accident in history was the fall of a Roman amphitheater in the time of Tiberius. Fifty thousand people were crushed.

In Nova Scotia the experiment has been tried of running a train with hammocks instead of the usual bunks in the sleeping car. It was a great success.

It is a peculiar fact that Africans never sneeze, neither do their descendants, if they be pure blooded, although domiciled in other parts of the world.

A part of the Persian Gulf is known by the title of the Green Sea, on account of a remarkable strip of green water which is seen along the Arabian Coast.

The Bedouin Arabs are small eaters. Six or seven dates, soaked in melted butter, serve a man a whole day, with a very small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice.

Several sponge farms, all of which are paying concerns, are to be found in the Mediterranean. Until recently sponges have been simply collected from the sea floor, where they have flourished in a wild state, but of late years they have, like oysters, been cultivated.

The favorite amusements of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland are skating and riding, but as a child her hobby was the keeping of poultry. Her Majesty is devoted to animals, but is averse to sport, as she cannot bear to think of the animals in her preserves being slaughtered.

Salt is the greatest luxury known in central Africa. In some sections among the poorer inhabitants salt is never used. Even among the better classes, a man who eats salt with his food is considered a rich individual. In some tribes where salt is not so scarce children are so fond of it that they may be seen eating it just as our American children would eat pieces of lump sugar.

A weak Stomach means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. It's a pity that sick ones continue to drug the Stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves, not the organs themelves, need this help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative has, and is, promptly helping so many sick ones. It goes direct to the cause of these diseases. Test this vital truth, and see. Sold by all druggists.

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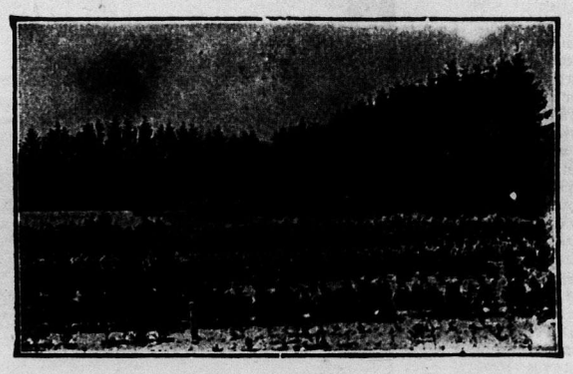

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In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent $125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

Some time ago we announced in the columns of this paper that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer a while longer, at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration, displacements or falling of the womb, profuse, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ovarian tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flushes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day, but write at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 56, Miller Bldg., Kokomo, Indiana.

# LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile When tu liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels causing them to become bound and costive. The symptons are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue. bad taste in the morning, etc

# MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not gripe, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver

Price 25 cents, or 5 bottles for $1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited. Toronto, Ont

# Music Lessons Free

## IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expens during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes; "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established nine years—have thousands of pupils from eight years of age to seventy.

Don t say you cannot learn music t you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U.S. School of Music, Box 63, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.


# In Lighter Vein.

### Old King Frost.

Jac' Fros' he pack his winteh grip
En slide down fum de noff,
Oh, Chloe, bring det weddeh strip
En tack et roun' de lof'.
Hunt up dem crac's en stuff dem tight,
En dahn mah heaby cloes;
Jac' Fros' he made a call las' night
En nipped me on de nose.

Ol' Jac' Fros',
In winteh he's boss,
En when he calls on me,
He creeps right in
Fro quilts en skin
En stings lak a bumble-bee.

But though he nips me on de nose,
Ah'm always glad he cum;
He mak' de pumpkin, goodness knows!
Es sweet es sugah-plum.
He nip dem 'simmons on de tree,
En tuhns dem all to honey;
He mak's det 'possum skip wid glee
En stahts de meddeh bunny.

Ol' Jac' Fros',
Ah see yo' gloss
When Ah peep et de break ob day;
Den Ah tak' mah nip
En bac' Ah slip
Till de sun dribes yo' away.

### His Faith Unshaken.

A clergyman happened to tell his son one Saturday afternoon what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson's place and glued together the connecting pages.

In consequence the clergyman read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—here he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch in and out."

After reading the passage the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles, he looked gravely at the congregation and said:

"My friends, this is the first time I ever read that in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

### He Had His Cue.

Edward Stevens, the actor, first decided he was born to go on the stage when he was a young man in San Francisco. The first manager to whom he applied was a crusty old German.

"Vat you want?" he grunted, without looking up from his work.

"I want to—er—get a job," stammered Stevens.

"A job? Vell, vat you do?"

"I'm a comedian."

"Oh, a comicher, heh?" He turned fiercely on the shrinking young chap and roared, "Vell, let's see you make me laugh! Und be quick about it."

### Evolutionary Improvement.

A fond grandfather and father were admiring the new baby.

Fond Grandfather—I declare, that youngster is a great deal more intelligent than you were at his age.

Insulted Parent—Naturally; he has a great deal brighter father.

### The Fee Simple.

Patrick Murphy, while passing down Tremont Street, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction.

One of the first things he did after being taken home and put to bed was to send for a lawyer.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case.

He called and received five crisp new $100 bills.

"How much did you get?" he asked.

"Two thouand dollars," answered the lawyer.

"Two thousand, and you give me $500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

### A Joke in a Serious Place.

Certainly no one would think of reading a dictionary for amusement or pleasure—as the Irishman said, he would lose the thread of the story in the great mass of detail. Nor would one expect to find jokes in such a book, barring Mark Twain's about the carbuncle. But that learned and otherwise serious dictionary, the Century, contains at least one laughable entry.

Under the word "question" is the following:

"To pop the question—see pop."

### Not So Remarkable.

A school teacher who was giving a lesson on "food" was interrupted by one of his pupils.

"Please, sir," he said, "Jimmy says he knew a baby that was brought up on elephant's milk, and it gained ten pounds in weight every day."

"James ought not to tell you such rubbish," said the teacher. "Whose baby was it that was brought up on elephant's milk?"

"Please, sir," answered Jimmy, "it was the elephant's."

### Something Lacking.

The small boy was making calls with his motner, and, to soothe his evident restlessness, the minister's wife had given him an apple.

"What do you say, William?" the mother prompted.

"Peel it!" William answered, with conviction.

### Much Depends on the Color.

She—"Is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?"

He—"Certainly. I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red-hot stove by merely putting his finger on it."

### Polished and Vigorous.

Observing a passenger with the unlighted butt of a cigar in his fingers, the street car conductor requested him to put it out.

"It is out, you chump," responded the passenger.

"Pardon me," resumed the conductor, "if I have failed to make myself clear. The condition to which I had reference was not one of mere temporary noncombustion, but of elimination, the eradication, I might say, of the physical presence of your nicotine laden remnant, this process followed necessarily by cessation of the odor now permeating an atmosphere already somewhat deficient, I fear, in the essential element of ozone. I'm a humble conductor, and my aim is to please; but, you big porcine stiff, you throw that cigar through the door or I'll throw you and it both. See?"

"Excuse me, professor," replied the passenger, meekly, and the incident was closed.

### Made a Difference Where it was Put.

Lawley (expert shorthand reporter)—"I say, James, the boy from the newspaper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?"

James (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is."

Lawley—"Oh, just put in 'great applause' and let it go."

James acts on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer. (Great applause.)"

### What Surprised Him.

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

### Doubts.

There was a darky in southern Tennessee named Eph. Friday, who died a short time ago. Eph. was neither a member of a church nor of a lodge, and thus had no one to deliver an address or a prayer at his burial. At last an old uncle consented to say a few remarks for the departed soul. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave the old uncle said to the assembled mourners:

"Eph. Friday, we trusts you hab gone to de place whar we 'spects you ain't."

### Sorry for the Queen.

An English professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:

"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to her Majesty, Queen Alexandra."

In the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that some student-wag had added to the announcement the words:

"God save the Queen."

### Definitive.

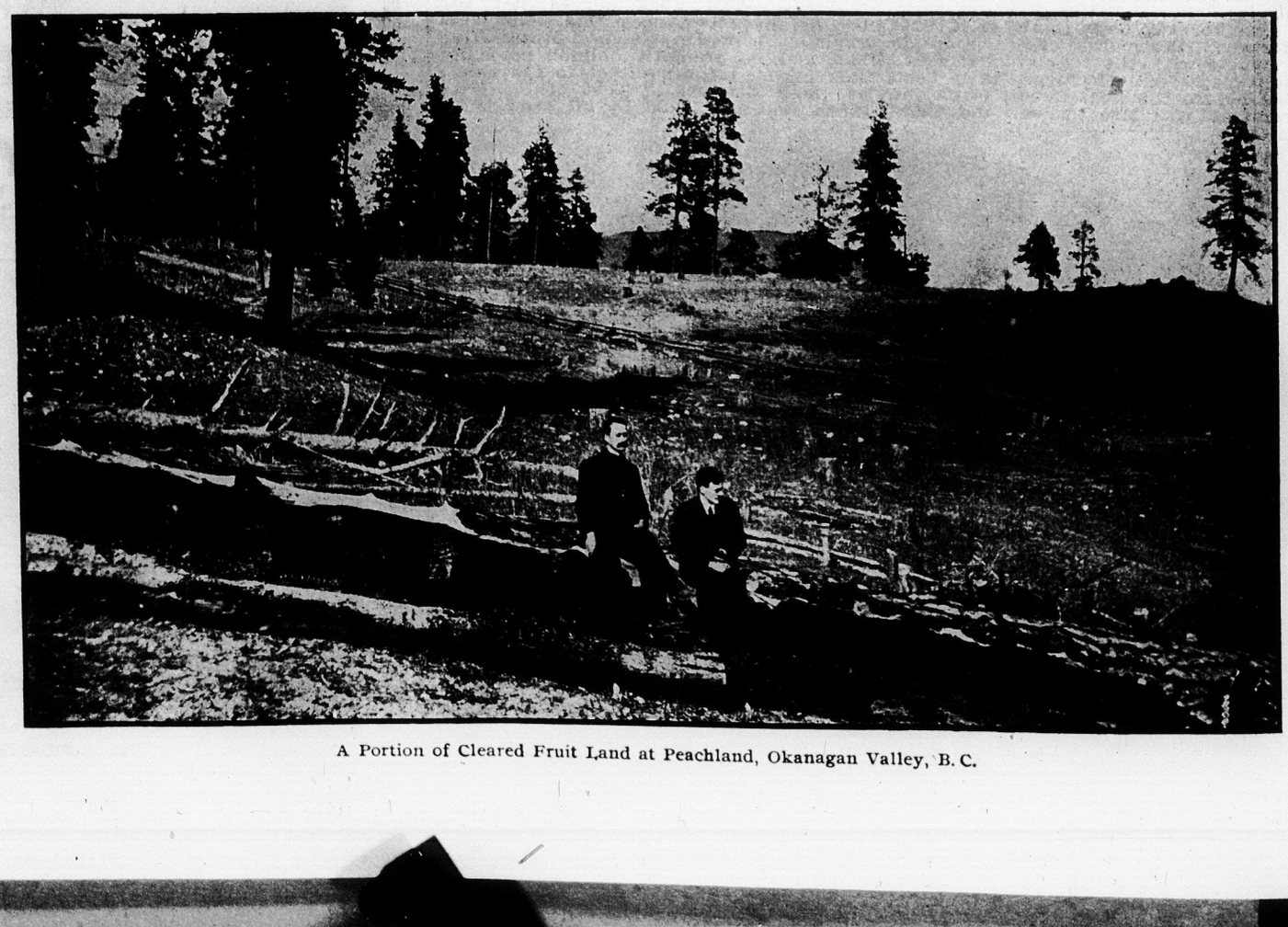
The schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited," which had occurred in the course of the reading lesson. "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal o' Latin, for instance, or that my personal appearance was—that I was very good-looking, y' know—what should you say I was?"

Straightforward Boy—"Sure, sir, I'd say you was a liar, sir!"

### Relation Explained.

"Is that your first cousin?" queried the visitor of little Elsie, who was holding the baby.

"No, ma'am," replied Elsie, "I had three cousins before he was born."



A Portion of Cleared Fruit Land at Peachland, Okanagan Valley, B. C.

**The Wisdom of Solomon.**

Abraham—"You veel be baptize nex' veek, I understan'? Dat ees de re-pord."

Solomon—"Ya-es, dat ees chust so."

Abraham—"Ah, me! de poor parents of you veel turn in der grabes ven dey 'ear such a ding."

Solomon—"Oh, I veex dat all right, Abraham. You know, mine broder, he's get baptize de veek after, an' den doan you see, dey veel turn back aga-ain."

**The Grocer Understood.**

She was newly married and did not know a little bit about either housekeeping or shopping, and was giving her first order. It was a crusher; but the grocer was a man used to all kinds of orders, and could interpret them easily.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she began, with a business-like air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two tins of condensed milk."

"Yes'm; anything else?"

He set down pulverized sugar and condensed milk.

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt. Be sure it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated codfish."

He wrote glibly, "dessicated codfish."

"Nothing more, ma'am? We have some nice horseradish just in."

"No," she said, "it would be of no use to us. We don't keep a horse."

**Would Have Done the Same.**

Rudyard Kipling undoubtedly got his wit from his maternal grandfather, the Rev. George B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan clergyman.

It is related of this gentleman that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterwards married, the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair.

Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said:

"Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown, she sat on one side of the room and I on the other."

Macdonald's reply was:

"That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."

**Not Playing Fair.**

Mike McCarty and Jacob Schmidt were fishing from a pier one day, and finally one of them bet the other $10 that he would catch the first fish. The other took the bet, and the two kept on fishing earnestly until noon. It was a warm day, and Schmidt, overcome by the heat, fell overboard into the water. This aroused McCarty, who also was dozing. "If you're going to dive for thim, the bet's off," he said to his companion struggling in the water.

**Cannon's Autobiography.**

Speaker Cannon's autobiography in the Congressional Directory takes up only eight lines. There are not a few members who fill nearly an entire page with their sketches. Of course, they are not the Speaker and are not likely to be. So they have to tell who they are. All the sketches of the members are written by themselves, and they generally reflect the character of the author. "Uncle Joe's" surely does. On one occasion Speaker Cannon was asked for an authentic autobiography of himself, and this is what he said: "Mr. Cannon was born of God-fearing and man-loving parents. He made himself and he did a darn poor job of it."

**No Need to Worry.**

Anxious Mother—Why, Johnny, what has become of your baby sister?"

Johnny—I dunno.

Anxious Mother—But she was here in the room with you a few minutes ago.

Johnny—Well, don't worry about her. I guess you'll find her when you sweep.

**Paying the Penalty.**

U. S. Senator Tillman, attacking a certain measure, said: "The penalty this measure imposes is unjust. It makes the offender pay twice. It is like an incident that occurred one night in a Pennsylvania restaurant. A patron dining with his wife, said to the waiter: 'Waiter, one item is wrong here. We didn't have three plates of soup. We only had two.' 'Pardon me, boss,' said the waiter. 'You forgot the plate that I spilled over the lady's dress.'"

**A Time For Everything.**—The time for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, asthma, coughs, colds, catarrh or earache attack either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

**Let me tell you how to make money out of poultry.**

**I have started others earning good profits. I can start you.**

JUST a very little more time than you spend now caring for a few hens can be turned into a good profit with a Chatham Incubator.

That is the best of it. It requires no experience. Just follow my simple, clear directions. Your wife or daughter can do all that is required in a few minutes each day while the hatch is on.

And the profits are sure and certain. I know this is true because I am receiving letters every day from those who are using my incubator and making good money out of it. Many of these people never used an incubator before, others have tried other makes but are making bigger profits with a Chatham Incubator.

The Experimental Farm at Guelph, Ont., use my Chatham Incubator in their special poultry course. In a recent letter the Professor of that course stated that they out-hatched any incubator they have had on the farm.

Don't you think that the incubator that the Ontario Government has found best should prove best for you?

So you see it not only is a case of making more money with an incubator than by the old setting-hen way, but it also means you can make more money with my Chatham Incubator than any other on the market.

**I want to send you my special price, on time, for a Chatham Incubator**

I guarantee the Chatham Incubator for five years. This is not a mere promise, it is an actual guarantee, backed by my Company, who have been doing business in the United States and Canada for over 50 years. If our guarantee wasn't an actual bona fide one and our dealings honest and fair, we couldn't have continued in business so long. Don't you think so?

Now I want you to write me a postcard to-day asking me to send you my 1908 Poultry Booklet—it tells all about the profits you can make out of chickens, how the Chatham Incubator is made by careful workmen from sound lumber, and why it will hatch more chickens than any other incubator on the market.

Remember that every day you delay means just so much profit lost. I know when you get all my facts you'll want to start making money now.

Write this post card now, while you think of it and I will also send you my special price on easy terms.

To save time address my nearest office.

The Manson Campbell Co., Limited, Brandon, Man.
The Manson Campbell Co., Limited, Calgary, Alta.
D. Hammond, Box 194, Victoria, B.C.
Cote & Co., 6 St. Peter St., Montreal, Que.

**MANSON CAMPBELL**
**President**
**The Manson Campbell Co., Ltd.**
**Dept. 62 Chatham, Ontario.**
I also have a shipping warehouse at Halifax, N.S.

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**A Marvellous Picture of 2 World Champions**
**Dan Patch, 1.55, The Pacing King**
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We have large colored lithographs of our World Famous Champion Stallions, Dan Patch 1.55 and Cresceus 2.02¼, in an exciting speed contest. It is 16 by 21 in. and shows both horses as life-like as if you saw them racing. You can have one of these Large and Beautiful Colored Pictures of the Two Most Valuable Harness Horse Stallions and Champions of the World, Absolutely Free. We Prepay Postage. ☞ This cut is a reduced engraving of the large Colored Lithograph we will send you free.

**WRITE AT ONCE**

1st, Name the Paper in which you saw this offer.
2nd, State how much live stock you own.

**International Stock Food Co.**
**TORONTO, CANADA**

37

**3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT**

# ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

### A Celestial Problem.

Ef a angel wuz ter light down here—
De kind what flies en sings,
En he couldn't pay
His way—his way,
Dey'd level on his wings.

O, believers!
Rough worl' 'en wide;
Den how would de angel make de trip
Fum here ter de yuther side?

Ef de angel say dat Heaven will pay,
En he des is 'bleege ter go,
Dey'll up en state—
"Too long ter wait—
Heaven too fur off, you know!"

O, believers!
Rough worl' 'en wide;
Den how would de angel make de trip
Fum here ter de yuther side?

### Facts and Figures.

The world's annual production of India rubber is at present 57,000,000 pounds. Of this nearly half is used up in the United States.

Fifty-one carrier pigeons were sold at Antwerp recently for $2,250, constituting a record price, the highest amount paid for one bird being $105.

The German Emperor has more servants in his employ than any other monarch. Altogether they number over 3,000, about two-thirds of them being women.

In the Vatican at Rome is the largest topaz in the world. It weighs seven pounds and has carvings upon it that occupied three Neapolitan lapidaries 61 years.

There is a training school for elephants at Apl, in the Congo State, where 28 elephants are taking lessons. The training operations have produced encouraging results.

The most highly valued book in existence is a Hebrew bible, which is in the possession of the German Government. A few years ago the Pope desired to purchase this ancient volume and made the German Emperor an offer of $150,000 for it, but was refused.

Remarkable gold beetles are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the appearance of that metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region looks like solid silver, freshly burnished.

The most productive sulphur mine in the world is in Calcasieu parish, in the southwestern part of Louisiana, a few miles from the Sabine River. The sulphur is 98.8 per cent. pure. The daily output is from 750 to 800 tons throughout the year. The cost of production is only $2.50 a ton, while the selling price is $28.50 per ton.

They do things on a wholesale scale out in California. The traveler down the coast from San Francisco to Los Angeles rides through 35 miles of growing beans. A tract of 3,000 acres is owned by one man. A "bean ranch" may sound rather odd, but that is what it amounts to. The annual bean crop of California amounts to 600 loads.

What is said to be the smallest book ever printed has just been published at Padua, Italy, by Salmin Brothers. It is ten by six millimeters in size, and consists of 80 pages, each page containing nine lines of 95 to 100 letters that, despite their diminutive size, are perfectly visible. The book reproduces a hitherto unpublished letter, Galilei's to Christina of Lorena (1615).

The feat of moving a lighthouse without taking it apart or dismantling it in any way has recently been accomplished at Ashtabula. The range light, weighing 65 tons, and standing 65 feet high, was placed on a lighter and towed along the river, a distance of 750 feet, and then successfully placed on a new site. It was raised by the use of jacks and moved on rollers to and from the lighter. Guy ropes held it in position while moving.

A bridge built entirely of mahogany, said to be the only one of the kind in the world, is in the state of Chiapas; Mexico. The bridge spans the Rio Michol, and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is 15 feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians, and, though somewhat rude and primitive in construction, is substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were sawed, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewed and split.

### Items of Interest.

Well trained Spanish women learn to handle the sword from their earliest year, and as a result they have admirable figures and an easy walk.

A piece of leather, with the assistance of the latest machines, can be transformed into a pair of shoes in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of sixty-three people and through fifteen machines.

The English Duke of Rutland has the walls of one of his castles adorned with thousands of horseshoes, the collection having been begun centuries ago. Among them is a shoe given by Queen Elizabeth and another by Queen Victoria.

Eighteen miles is said to be the longest distance at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canyon of Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away.

From time immemorial the rose has been regarded as an emblem of silence, having been dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence. Presenting or holding a rose to a person was regarded as a signal to hold his tongue, and in rooms it was usual to place a rose above the table to signify that what was there spoken should be kept a secret.

Artificial silk is made from wood pulp in Sweden. The imitation is excellent, but it is found that many dresses made from it have been discarded because the creases made when the wearer sits down do not come out. It is scarcely possible to distinguish the real from the artificial silk, but this defect has proved fatal for use as dress pieces.

Every cat owner in Berlin has now to pay a tax, which is equivalent to a license, and each cat has to wear a metal disk around its neck as evidence that the tax has been paid. Any cat found on the streets without this metal disk is taken off to the municipal lethal chamber by the police. This method has already considerably lessened the number of cats in Berlin. The Emperor—who has a hatred of cats almost amounting to a mania—is said to have induced the Berlin municipality to take action.

The candle nut is a native of the Pacific Islands, and the name is derived from the fact that the kernels are so full of oil that, when dried, they can be stuck on reeds and used as candles. The people of Hawaii, after having roasted these nuts and removed the shells, re-roasted the kernels to a paste, which, when flavored with pepper and salt, is said to be a most appetizing dish. The husk of the nut and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell is used to make an indelible ink, with which tattooing is done.

A bread-cutting machine bought for the Chelmsford Workhouse, England, has effected a saving of 1,962 loaves valued at £32 14s.

In Sweden the criminal law provides that the capital sentence shall only be carried out in the case of a prisoner confessing the crime with which he is charged.

An Imperishable Book.—The Hon. Walter Rothschild's book on "Extinct Birds," which has cost its author about £5,000 to produce, is to be printed on imperishable paper.

House to Cost Two Million.—Mr. George J. Gould, of New York, has decided to pull down his house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and build another, which will cost him £2,000,000. The new house, which will be six storeys high, will be built of Indiana limestone.

Popular Marrying Months.—April, June and December are the principal marrying months in this country, and May the poorest of marriage months. Yet in Holland May is the month of all others for marriages. In Russia January and February are the marriage months, and in Norway June and July.

Blind Pastor's Feat.—A blind pastor at Welshpool has immersed without assistance a convert over 6 feet high in the chapel baptistry, 6 feet in length. Since his ordination the Rev. David Griffiths has married several couples, reading the service from Braille type, which he picked out himself at his wife's dictation.

Spent Sixty-Five Years in Bed.—An octogenarian named Honor Rye, who has been bed-ridden for sixty-five years, is living on the Marquess of Cholomondeley's estate at Massingham, near King's Lynn. When in her teens she injured her back, and though she walked home she has not been able to rise from her bed since.

Giant Telescope.—Mr. John D. Hooker, of Los Angeles, has provided the necessary funds for the purchase of a reflecting telescope, of which the mirror will be 100 inches in diameter and the focal length 50 feet. The enormous stride contemplated by the erection of such a telescope will be best apprehended if we compare the dimensions with the largest instruments of the kind yet completed. Hitherto 60 inches has been the limit of diameter.

Dog Test for Motors.—The police of Cleveland, Ohio, have trained a bulldog to help them in trapping the scorching motorist. The dog has a great turn of speed, of which a test was made the other day. A course was laid out and the animal was sent in pursuit of a passing motor-car. It was found that the dog had a running average of thirty-three miles an hour. The next day the dog was sent after speed-defying motorists, and those he could not overtake were arrested.

On an average 293 alien children under fourteen years old arrive in New York City every day.

It takes eighty men to make a German doll. Each man makes a small portion of the doll, but it is the same bit all the time, and 1,000 dozen dolls can be made in a day in some of the big factories. After the men finish the body portion of the doll the women's work begins. They paint, dress the dolls, and pack them for the market.

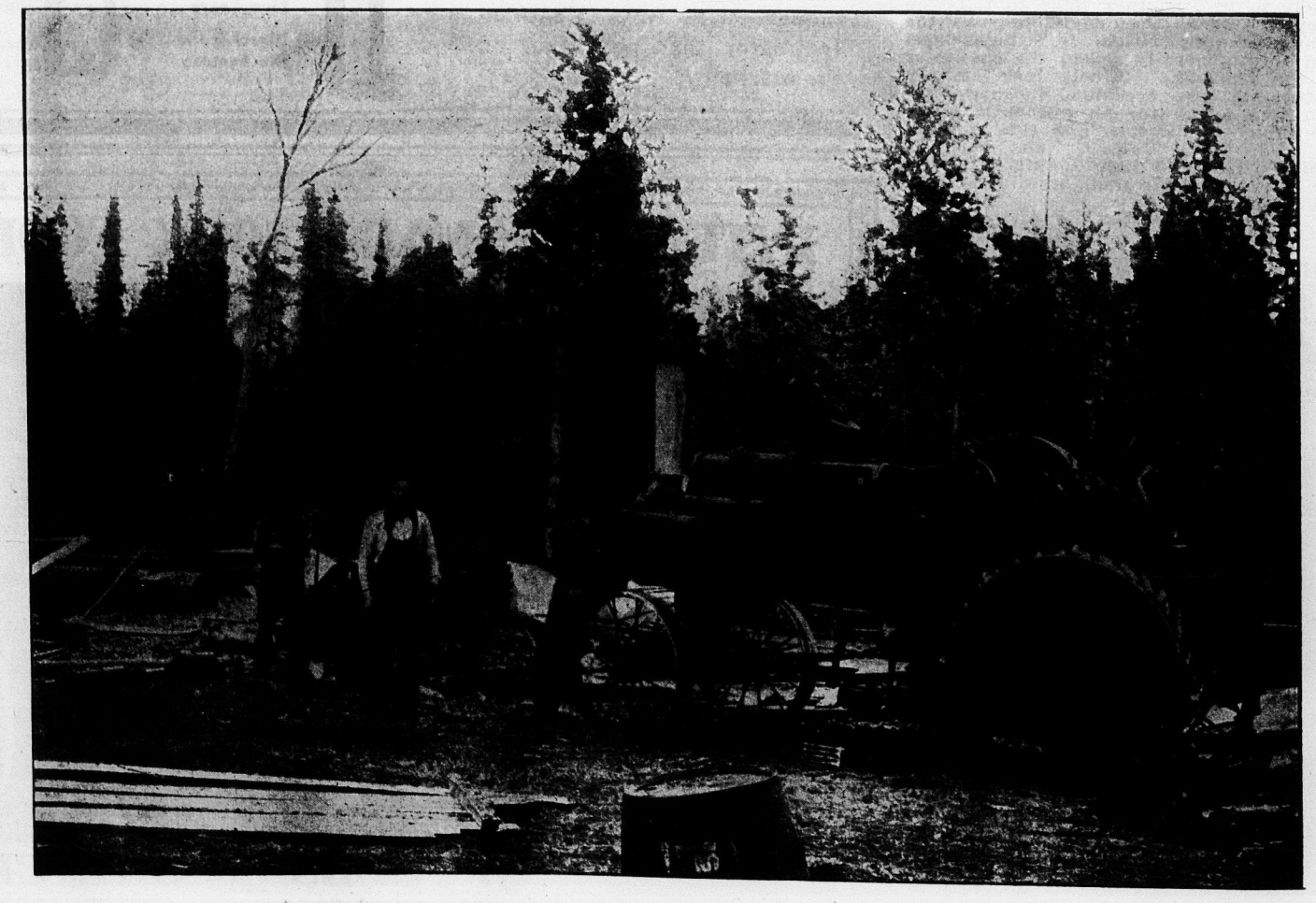
London's Mud.—It has been calculated that the cost of a muddy day in London is something like £5,000. This is not surprising when one remembers that no fewer than thirty-two tons of mud are carried about from place to place on the wheels of carts and carriages and horses' hoofs. After a wet day the dry mud brushed from people's clothing amounts to fifteen tons, and a very similar amount is shaken out of the door-mats. City mud, however, has its good points. The shoeblack increases his earnings in the muddy weather, and new silk hats and dresses and boots and shoes are each and all the direct outcome of its destructive qualities.

### Sympathy and Encouragement

What this old world needs is more sympathy and more encouragement. Why does a boy consider his mother his best friend? Because he can carry to her his troubles and feels that she understands and will sympathize with him. Why does this self-same boy grown to be a man seek a mate? More sympathy. The companionship and encouragement of a kindred soul. We say man (and that includes women also) marries for "love," and what is love but sympathy? The way of life is filled with dreary places. To most of us, our pathways are strewn with bitter disappointments. Our weary feet, instead of treading the velvet cushions of green sod, stumble over jagged rocks. It is then that we seek an oasis of sympathy. We long to pour into sympathetic ears the tale of our troubles; our hopes and our ambitions. It is then that the value of human sympathy is appreciated.

A word of encouragement at the right time is of more real worth than an ounce of gold. It is more nourishing to the soul than meat and drink to the hungry. It is a better stimulant than the richest wine, and the strongest lever to lift from ruts of despondency. Many a poor overworked wife is pining for a word of sympathy from her husband. Just one word, one look to show that the toil of weary hours is appreciated, and the light reflected would more than recompense the giver. What is it that sends the miner into the darkened pit? into the mills and factories? Upon the farms and oceans? Not the love of gain, not to live for self. It is that, when the days of toil are past, he can fly to some sympathetic arm for praise and encouragement.

If you have Catarrh, rid yourself of this repulsive disease. Ask Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., to mail you free, a trial box of his Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. A simple, single test will surely tell you a Catarrh truth well worth your knowing. Write today. Don't suffer longer. Sold by all druggists.



Portable saw mill at work in the woods near Lacombe, Alta.

# A WORD IN YOUR EAR

## Mr. FARMER.

For twenty years there has been a newspaper in the West

### The Weekly Tribune,

that has fought your battles. Here is a partial list of the struggles carried on in your behalf:—Emancipation from railway monopoly; the lands for the settler; taxation to be shared by the corporations; the farmers' implements and urgent necessities to be duty free; abolition of the elevator monopoly; freedom to load grain and market it; the lumber combine; the beef combine, etc., etc.

Where would you have been without such a champion, and no other paper dared do it. Most of them stand in with the corporations.

Did it ever strike you that you should reward and stand by your champion?

There is only one way to do it. You should subscribe for the paper. Just give it a trial and see for yourself.

To give all a special chance to test The Farmers' Tribune we have made arrangements with

### The Western Home Monthly

to Club so that if you will forward One dollar to the latter Magazine you will receive The Farmers' Tribune and Western Home Monthly for one year. This offer is open only to New Subscribers.

**Remember your duty. Go and do it.**

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*Date*.....

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*Please state if this is a renewal.*

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**IF YOU HAVE**

# RHEUMATISM

when drugs and doctors fail to cure you write to me and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 30 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception but an honest remedy, which enabled many a person to abandon crutch and cane. Address: JOHN A. SMITH, 68 Laing Building, Windsor, Ont.

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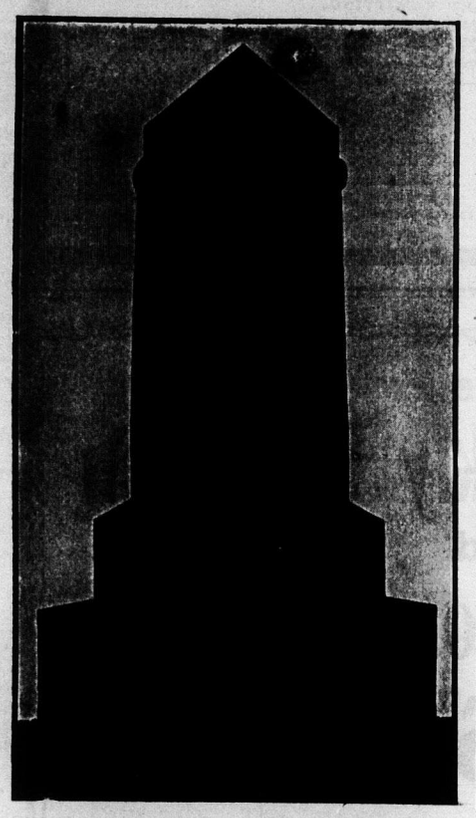


**ABERDEEN to BRANDON**

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

**MAIL ORDERS**

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

***DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at $4.00 per pair.***

**Remember! BRANDON.**

**Story Pictures For the Children**

Send 50 CENTS for a set of seven Story Pictures, beautifully printed and mounted. The little ones will spend happy hours weaving their childish fancies into stories of their own.

For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

**JUDGE COMPANY,**
**225 Fourth Ave. New York City**

**The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Paper in the West. 50c. per year. Published at Winnipeg.**


# TEMPERANCE TALK.

### Ma Can't Vote.

Ma's a graduate of college, and she's read 'most everything;
She can talk in French and German, she can paint and she can sing.
Beautiful? She's like a picture! When she talks she makes you think
Of the sweetest kind of music; and she doesn't smoke or drink.
Oh, I can't begin to tell you all the poems she can quote;
She knows more than half the lawyers do—but ma can't vote.

When my pa is writing letters ma must always linger near
To assist him in his spelling and to make his meaning clear.
If he needs advice her judgment, he admits, is always best;
Every day she gives him pointers, mostly at his own request.
She keeps track of legislation, and has heaps of bonds and stocks,
But she never gets a look-in at the sacred ballot-box.

Ma is wiser than our coachman, for he's not a graduate,
And I doubt if he could tell you who is governing the State;
He has never studied grammar, and I'll bet he doesn't know
Whether Caesar lived a thousand or two thousand years ago;
He could never tell us how to keep the ship of State afloat,
For he doesn't know there's such a thing—but ma can't vote.

Once, when Mr. Scones was calling, they got up a short debate
That was on the tariff question; he supposed he had it straight,
But before they'd finished talking he threw up his hands and said
That he'd not read much about it, nor remembered what he'd read;
He's too badly rushed to study how to better human lives,
Still he looms up like a giant when election time arrives.

Mrs. Gookins does our washing, for she has to help along,
Taking care of her six children, though her husband's big and strong;
When he gets a job he only holds it till he draws his pay,
Then he spends his cash for whisky or else gambles it away.
I suppose his brain's no bigger than the brain of any goat,
And he'd sell his ballot for a drink—but ma can't vote!

### State Inebriate Farm.

After helping to make men drunkards by going into the saloon business on the license partnership plan, Minnesota proposes to establish a state farm asylum in which to take care of them, a recent law providing for the use of two per cent. of the money received from liquor licenses for this purpose. As there is said to be something like 5,000 liquor licenses issued in the state every year, averaging $700 each, the state's share of the profit of the liquor business is $3,500,000, 2 per cent. of which will give $70,000 annually for the support of the inebriate farm asylum.

Victims of the drink habit may themselves apply for admission to the farm, or they may be sent there against their will. Anyone may lodge a petition with the probate court alleging a resident of the county to be an inebriate and in need of care and treatment. The court then appoints two examiners as in the case of examinations as to sanity, and on the verdict of the examining board the patient may be committed.

All this trouble and money and a great deal of misery would be prevented if the state would go out of the saloon business and stop making "inebriates."

### What Makes Idiots.

One of the saddest sights in this world is an undeveloped, dwarfed or sluggish intellect. Statistics have placed the number of defective children in the United States as 180,000, enough to make a city of nearly 200,000. What is the cause of this alarming increase in idiocy? One eminent authority says that 35 per cent. of the feeble-minded are the results of strong drink. What a stumbling block this nation is placing before the children in the form of the licensed dramshop!

O mother, you whose arms are folded about your bright, laughing, dimpled little one, think of the thousands of helpless infants, forced into an almost joyless, senseless existence through the obnoxious rum traffic. Each mother should say, "I am but one—but I am one. I cannot do much, but I can do something, and what I can do, by the grace of God, I will do."

No matter how well directed the effort for the idiot's development, he will always be handicapped and never in this world will he be what he has a right to be.

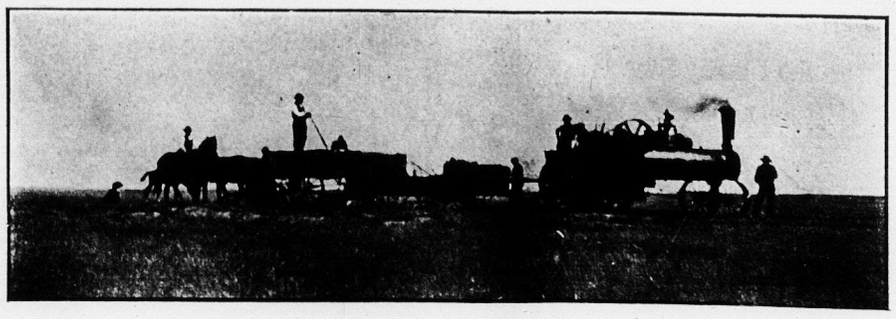
Because of the degradation of rum-drinking parents in one large city, 100,000 children, owing to their filthy physical and moral inheritances and bad environments, are prohibited from attending public schools. Belle Kearney, in an address at Ann Arbor, told of one of her experiences while touring the South. At the close of one lecture a little boy came running toward her. "O Miss Kearney," he cried, stretching out his claws toward her, for his thin hands were little more; "don't you think the boys and girls ought to be protected from strong drink?"

In a small village of Michigan there exists a family of nine children. The father is an habitual drinker. His children are all dull, and some of them have criminal tendencies. Their one little girl was an exception. This little child was very pretty and appeared normal up to her second year. Later, one afternoon her mother went away and left her in the care of the two younger boys. In her absence the little girl attempted to light the gasoline stove. Her clothing caught fire and she was burned beyond earthly hope when her screams brought a passer-by to her relief. Their older boy is now in jail. For months the children have absented themselves from school. The teachers say they do not want them to attend, for their presence always starts trouble. This family can be multiplied many times. The boys are growing up without Christian training, and when they are twenty-one their vote will count as much as the minister's.

Physicians assert that in many towns more than one-half of the women today are incapable of nursing their children. This incapacity is on the increase and has been found to be hereditary. Their milk has to be supplemented with cow's milk. It has been found that human milk, to meet the special requirements of the human infant, is poorest in albumen and richest in lactic acid. The latter component is the principal element used in building up the brain. Now, the milk of the cow is composed of ingredients in percentages that meet the need of the calf, and therefore cannot be considered proper substitute for human milk for the infant. Over 100 eminent medical men have been engaged in scientific research to ascertain the reason for the failure of so many mothers to nurse their children. Sixteen hundred families were taken for object studies to investigate along this line. The failure in seventy-eight out of a hundred was found to be due to alcoholism. Only a small percentage of the daughters of drinking fathers were found to be able to nurse their children. If a child is not well fed, especially in infancy, it is in danger of becoming a lifelong victim of mental inaptitude. It will scarcely attain the success that it might have enjoyed had all of the conditions been favorable.

If for no other reason than love to these "little human flowers," let us, as mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, do all we can to take down the Stars and Stripes from the licensed saloon and wrap it around the precious children.—Irene Davis, in Home Herald.


Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

"Threshing Time."


# FREE

**Trial Package of Wonderful Pyramid Cure Sent to All Who Send Name and Address.**

There are hundreds of cases of piles which have lasted for 20 and 30 years and have been cured in a few days or weeks with the marvelous Pyramid Pile Cure.

Piles sufferers in the past have looked upon an operation as the only relief. But operations rarely cure, and often lead to fearful results.

The Pyramid Pile Cure cures. It relieves the swelling, stops the congestion, heals the ulcers and fissures and the piles disappear. There is no form of piles which this remedy is not made to cure.

The Pyramid Pile Cure can be used at home. There is no loss of time or detention from business. There is no case of piles so severe that the Pyramid Pile Cure will not bring relief.

We make no charge for a trial package of Pyramid Pile Cure. This sample will relieve the itching, soothe the inflamed membrane and start you on your way to a cure. After you have used the sample go to the druggist for a 50 cent box of the remedy. Write today. The sample costs you nothing. Pyramid Drug Co., 143 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

**Don't Risk Ruining Your Butter**

by using the cheap imported salt that is being sold throughout the West.

# Windsor Salt

COSTS NO MORE THAN these impure salts. Windsor Salt has been the standby for years among Canadian prize butter makers. It is absolutely pure salt—and all salt. No other salt goes so far.

Insist on having Windsor Salt.

189W

# How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.

Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

# Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more that pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

# HEADACHE

When your head feels like to split, and a film comes over your eyes that blots out the things you look at, take Mother Seigel's Syrup. Your headache is due to biliousness with very likely constipation, and this great medicine cures both because it restores stomach, liver and bowels to proper activity.

MOTHER Seigel's SYRUP

"I had pains that nearly took my breath away after every meal, and frequent headaches. I was nervous, weak and sallow, and became so disheartened that I often wished I was dead. But thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup and Pills all that is gone, and I am gaining weight and strength daily."— From Mr. James Batchelor, Grants Farm, Dundee, Que., July 11, 1907.

# Biliousness

Price 60 cents per bottle. Sold Everywhere.
A. J. WHITE & CO., Montreal.

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INSTEAD of "saving up to buy a piano," put your savings in the piano itself, and have the enjoyment of the piano at home all the time you are paying for it.

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Tailored to order. Also Suits up to $18. Send today for cloth samples and new styles. Express prepaid to Winnipeg. Southcott Suit Co. London, Canada.


# WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

**The Magazine Farmer.**

I used to like the old place
But now it ain't no use;
It's laid out inartistic,
And it's tacky as the deuce;
You see I've been a-reading,
Till envy makes me green,
Of artistic agriculture
In a farming magazine.

It tells you how your pig pen
Should be on aesthetic lines;
And your Looey Fourteen henhouse
Should be draped in ivy vines;
I'm goin' to sell the old place—
It's architecture's bum,
And I'll buy one of them dream joints
In that magazine, by gum!

I'll raise no crops plebeian,
But I'll put in plants and shrubs;
I'll do no harvest sweatin'—
Leave that fer old time dubs!
I may not last a season,
'Fore I meet the sheriff man,
But I'm goin' to be a farmer
On the magazinist plan!

"Where are the centers of population, pa?" "Around the bargain-counters, my son!"

"Did you ever try how birch wood would burn?" "Oh, yes; I've tried it on my boys. It seemed to burn, all right!"

The Cook (selecting her employer)—"Well, Oi loikes the looks o' yez. But phat riferinces hov yez from the gir-rl that hod yez last?"

Yeast—"Who is your wife's favorite author?" Crimsonbeak—"I am. She says I make up some of the most wonderful stories she ever heard!"

There is a period in every woman's life when she feels the superiority of her sex, and that is when she sees a man trying to thread a needle.

Mrs. Biggs—"I don't see as much of my husband as I used to." Mrs. Wiggs—"Is he travelling?" Mrs. Biggs—"No; he's been taking anti-fat."

"Norah, I want you to keep that policeman out of the kitchen." "I know it isn't good for-rm, mem, but he just won't go into the pa-arlor."

Voice (from the stairway, 1 a. m.)—"Jane, does that young man know what time it is?" Jane (complacently)—"Well if he did I should doubt his affection!"

"Cooks are awfully expensive luxuries," said Mrs. Howe. "All-fired," said Mr. Howe, as he emerged from the kitchen after dismissing the twenty-third.

Pater—"Well, my boy, so you have interviewed your girl's father, eh? Did you make the old codger toe the mark?" Son—"Yes, dad. I was the mark."

George—"Ethel, dear, I'm going to interview your father tonight." Ethel—"All right, George. If anything happens I'll come to the hospital twice a day until you are able to be out again."

"Does your wife do much fancy work?" "Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border around it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes.

"My! but old Russell is a storage battery of energy. Doesn't he just fire one with enthusiasm?" "Yep; I used to work for him, and I never was fired any more enthusiastically by any one."

Driver of Overloaded Dray—"That hoss too old? Why, bless yer koind heart, lady! he ain't a day older'n I am, an' I hain't but 51." Old Lady—"Dear me! you don't say so! I beg your pardon."

A woman agitator, holding forth on the platform and presenting the greatness of her sex, cried out: "Take away woman and what would follow?" And from the audience came a clear, male voice: "We would."

The editor was criticising the poem just brought in by the literary contributor. "You speak of the 'spirit of the forest,'" he said. "Do you think there is such a thing as a forest spirit, as distinguished from any other kind?" "Yes, sir," fiercely responded the literary contributor. "Didn't you ever hear of such a thing as wood alcohol?"

Millicent—"What made you refuse Mr. Wilder's invitation to go walking with him? Don't you like him?" Mildred—"Oh, yes, I like him well enough. But his red whiskers don't look well with my new pink hat."

Physician's Wife—I need a new evening dress.
Physician—All right, my dear, I'll look over my list and find some fellow who can afford an operation for appendicitis.

Ruffon Wratz (laboriously trying to read fragment of newspaper)—"What is a 'calumny?'" Goodman Gonrong—"It's either a graduate of a college or it's the stuff they put in these bakin' powders. Wot about it?"

"Is this the best hotel in town?" asked a stranger.
"Well," replied the native, "I dunno as I'd put it as strong as that, but I guess it's safe to say it ain't as bad as the rest of 'em."

"Yes," said Mr. Swellman, "I'm looking for a coachman." "Well, sor," put in the applicant, "shure, I know all about horses an'—" "But have you had any experience with an automobile?" "Not exactly, sor, but I wuz tossed be a bull wanst."

Mrs. Mossy (hobnobbing)—"My respec's; and how's your family settled, Mrs. Dossy?" "Nicely, thank you, mem. Sarah and Alice is in a 'formatory, Bill's been took in a 'ome and Joe's jined a refuge. Ah, they do look after 'em well, those good gentlemen!"

"Haven't you and your friend got through that argument yet?" asked a parent of his youngest son.
"It isn't any argument," answered the boy. "I am merely telling Jimmy the facts in the case, and he is so beastly stubborn that he won't understand."

"Tommy," said mamma (who had noticed severe bruises on his face), "you've been fighting again." "Yes, mamma." "And didn't you promise me that when you wanted to hit anyone you would always stand still and count a hundred?" "So I did, mamma, and this is what Jacky Jones did while I was counting."

"All my old friends tell me the first year is the trying one for married folk," remarked the bride. "They say that if you get through the first year you're all right." "Yes, that's true," said the woman who had celebrated her silver wedding. "You don't mind it much after the first year."

"What ever made you want to build your house on the State line? As you have it planned your kitchen will be in one State and your dining-room in another." "Say, don't give it away. I'm arranging to have it fixed so that the government of our cook can be turned over to the Interstate Commerce Commission."

Wealthy Physician—"I didn't have $500 worth of practice until I bought an automobile." Aged Invalid—"Made your own patients, I suppose?" Wealthy Physician—"Well, you see, I'd run over people, load them in the tonneau, carry them to the office and operate on them before they came to. Couldn't leave them on the road, you know."

"And the name is to be," asked the suave minister, as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and flounces. "Augustus Philip Ferdinand Codrinton Chesterfield Livingstone Snooks." "Dear, dear!" Turning to the sextion: "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."

Jaggsby (2 a.m.)—"I shay, offisher, is thish — hic — Blank Street?" Policeman—"Yes." Jaggsby—"Wish you'd — hic —d'rect me to 411. Goin' to — hic — 'tend a lecture there." Policeman—"What! Attend a lecture at this hour of the morning?" Jaggsby—"Yes. Thash's where I — hic —live, an' I'm married. Shee?"


**Do not Delay.**—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.



# How to Stop Pimples.

**In Five Days You Can Get Rid of All Skin Eruptions by the New Calcium Sulphide Wafers.**

**Trial Package to Prove It Sent Free.**

Any man or woman gets awfully tired going around with a pimply face day after day. And other people get awfully tired, too, seeing them go around with faces full of disgusting pimples.

If you are one of the unfortunates who can't get away from your pimples, and you have tried almost everything under heaven to get rid of them, take a few of Stuart's Calcium Wafers every day. Do that steadily for a few days, and in less than a week look at yourself in the mirror.

You will then say that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are a wonder in getting rid of skin eruptions.

These wonderful little workers contain the most effective blood purifier ever discovered, calcium sulphide.

No matter what your trouble is, whether pimples, blotches, blackheads, rash, tetter, eczema, or scabby crusts, you can solemnly depend upon Stuart's Calcium Wafers as never-failing.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have cured boils in three days and the worst cases of skin diseases in a week. Every particle of impurity is driven out of your system completely, never to return, and it is done without deranging your system in the slightest.

Most treatments for the blood and for skin eruptions are miserably slow in their results, and, besides, many of them are poisonous. Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain no poison or drug of any kind; they are absolutely harmless, and yet do work which cannot fail to surprise you.

Don't go around with a humiliating, disgusting mass of pimples and blackheads on your face. A face covered over with these disgusting things make people turn away from you, and breeds failure in your life work. Stop it. Read what an Iowa man said when he woke up one morning and found he had a new face:

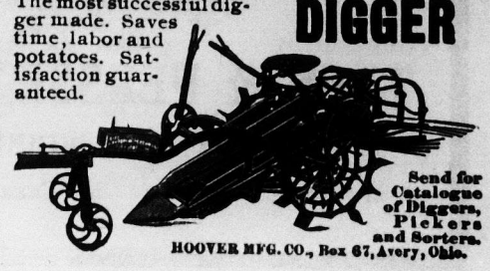
"By George, I never saw anything like it. There I've been for three years trying to get rid of pimples and blackheads, and guess I used everything under the sun. I used your Calcium Wafers for just seven days. This morning every blessed pimple is gone and I can't find a blackhead. I could write you a volume of thanks. I am so grateful to you."

Just send us your name and address in full, today, and we will send you a trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, free, to test. After you have tried the sample and been convinced that all we say is true, you will go to your nearest druggist and get a 50c box and be cured of your facial trouble. They are in tablet form, and no trouble whatever to take. You go about your work as usual, and there you are—cured and happy.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

## THE HOOVER POTATO DIGGER

The most successful digger made. Saves time, labor and potatoes. Satisfaction guaranteed.



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HOOVER MFG. CO., Box 67, Avery, Ohio.

Chase & Sanborn's

HIGH GRADE COFFEE

Some people buy Chase & Sanborn's Coffee because of its exquisite flavor—others, because of its strength—some, "just because they like it."

All of them, because no other coffee suits them so well.

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They come piping hot from the ovens—they go right into parchment paper and are then sealed in tins.

All the crisp daintiness—all the goodness of perfect making and baking—is caught and held by the air-tight, moisture-proof package.

That is why Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas always come to your table inviting and tasty—whether you buy them in Halifax or Vancouver, or anywhere between.

*Do You Know Mooney's?*

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Mr. Grocer---

It is a waste of hard earned money to buy paper bags, even at ridiculous discounts, if they are not serviceable

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WILL NOT TEAR OR BURST

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"Always — Everywhere in Canada — Use EDDY'S MATCHES"


# Hints for the Housewife.

### Nancy's Eyes.

In Nancy's eyes two spirits dwell;
I fear them, yet I love them well—
Alas, I am not wise!
They beckon, and I come with glee,
Although it is not best for me
To look in Nancy's eyes.

In Nancy's eyes I often find
A tendency to be unkind;
They greet me with surprise,
As if they did not know my days
Are dark as night unless I gaze
Just once in Nancy's eyes.

Yet in these eyes I sometimes see
A welcome all reserved for me,
Which deep within them lies;
And something tells me, secretly,
It's Nancy's heart that looks at me—
Sometimes through Nancy's eyes.

### Helpful Suggestions.

To keep the coal-bin clean line it with several thicknesses of paper.

When the furniture looks sticky or smeary, too much furniture polish has been used.

Fish are scaled and fowls plucked more quickly if dipped into boiling water for an instant.

Matting may be cleaned with salt water applied with a small brush. Rinse and dry thoroughly.

Bread which is to be kept long should be kneaded longer than that which is meant for to-morrow's use.

A piece of ammonia is said to keep gloves in good condition if placed in the box with them. Care must be taken, however, that the ammonia does not touch the gloves.

Do not wash lamp chimneys. They are liable to break if washed, and it is not necessary, for, by holding them in the steam of a boiling kettle for a moment, the task of rubbing them clean with a cloth is rendered very easy.

When the cane chair seats are out of shape turn up the seats and with hot water and soap wash the cane-work until thoroughly soaked, and leave the chairs to dry upside down in the air, when the seats will become firm and tight again.

To remove grease spots from carpets, sprinkle powdered fuller's earth thickly on the spot, cover with a piece of coarse brown paper, and put a hot iron on the paper; when the iron is cold remove it, but do not brush off the fuller's earth for several hours.

Never trouble to shave down the end of a too thick candle, for there is a better and quicker plan. Get a little hot water, and in it hold the end of the candle till the wax softens, then press it into the candlestick, it will fit firmly directly the wax hardens again.

If metal articles prove obstinate under the cleaning process it is likely there is a copper tinge in them. A strong solution of oxalic acid, such as is used for kitchen boilers, will be found the best restorer. But it is a most virulent poison, and should never be used when children are about. The most unresponsive metal will yield to the treatment prescribed.

If glazed tiles are spotted, wash them with lemon juice, leave them for a quarter of an hour, and finally rub them with a soft cloth. Tiles should not be washed, but only rubbed with a damp cloth, and then polished with skim milk and water. Perhaps a rag on which a little paraffin has been sprinkled is the best of all polishers; but it should be used before a fire is lit in the grate.

To wash woolen stockings so that they will not shrink is quite easy. First shred some yellow soap into a small tin saucepan. Cover it with cold water and let it boil slowly on the stove till a jelly. Take some tepid water, and with the boiled soap make a good lather. Wash the stockings in this, rubbing well and using no other soap. Rinse in tepid clear water, wring out, and set in the air to dry quickly.

When a house is being done up, paint is not infrequently spilt on doorsteps, and it is sometimes found very difficult to remove. In that case make a strong solution of potash and wash the steps, simply leaving the solution to soak in. In a short time the paint will become soft, and can then be washed off with soap and water. Then use cold water. Paint which has been left on for some time will yield to this treatment.

A cloth dipped in strong cider vinegar will clean mica.

The skimming of fat from off soups, etc., should be saved for frying purposes.

To remove finger-marks from door-knobs and locks use pure soap and old cheese cloth.

To clean windows use warm water and a little borax. Wipe dry, and polish with crumpled newspapers.

Orange peel, dried and grated, makes a very fine yellow powder that is delicious flavoring for cakes and puddings.

When peeling onions, begin at the root end and peel upward, and the onions will scarcely affect the eyes at all.

Needlework should be ironed on the wrong side in a piece of flannel, and it should be kept long enough under the iron to thoroughly dry it.

Have a small horseshoe magnet fastened to the end of a tape or ribbon of sufficient length so that it can be dropped to the floor to pick up scissors and needles.

Many householders dislike to burn organic refuse because of the offensiveness of the process. This can be overcome entirely by first drying such matters in the ash-pit beneath the fire.

If you rinse a plate with cold water before breaking the eggs on it, add to them a pinch of salt, and then stand where there is a current of air, you will have no difficulty in beating them to a froth.

To remove iron-mould or rust, the best way is to stretch the spots over a bowl and moisten with salts of lemon until the spots disappear. Then the soiled part should be thoroughly rinsed in warm water to remove the acid.

If a hair mattress has once been thoroughly fumigated with carbolic acid an inroad of bugs will be warded off for years. Sometimes this is done by the manufacturer, and in buying a new mattress it is well to make inquiries about it.

If house plants droop from no apparent cause and refuse to thrive, try watering them solely by pouring warm water into the saucers every day. Plants love bottom heat, and it will sometimes give them a new lease of life.

Soap and soda often softens the bristles of a brush and turns an ivory back yellow; a tablespoonful of ammonia in a quart of warm water is sufficiently cleansing. Combs should not be washed if it can be avoided, as water is apt to split the teeth. They can be kept clean with a small brush which is sold for the purpose, and rubbed with a cloth or towel.

Silver articles that have become tarnished may, even if embossed or engraved, be quite quickly cleaned by the use of alum. Dissolve an ounce in a quart of soap-suds, and wash carefully, using a brush for the carved parts. Rinse the article several times, then dry with a soft cloth and polish with chamois. Hot suds with ammonia will also clean the silver quickly and well, in such a way that there need be no troublesome brushing with one or another of the pink and white powders which have such a gift for lodging in all the ornamental parts.

The pleasure of preparing some dainty dish is often spoiled by the thought that the necessary basins, spoons, plates, etc., must be washed afterwards. To many people the prospect of dirty cooking utensils awaiting them after a meal takes away all appetite for their food. All pots and pans should be washed when warm, if possible, as this much lightens the labor. Some old pieces of rag or thick folds of paper should be kept near the stove to save the hands in taking the vessels off the fire. Be careful to keep the dish cloth clean and free from grease by well washing it after each time of using. A little soda added to the water is a great help in getting the grease off the dishes and pans.


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