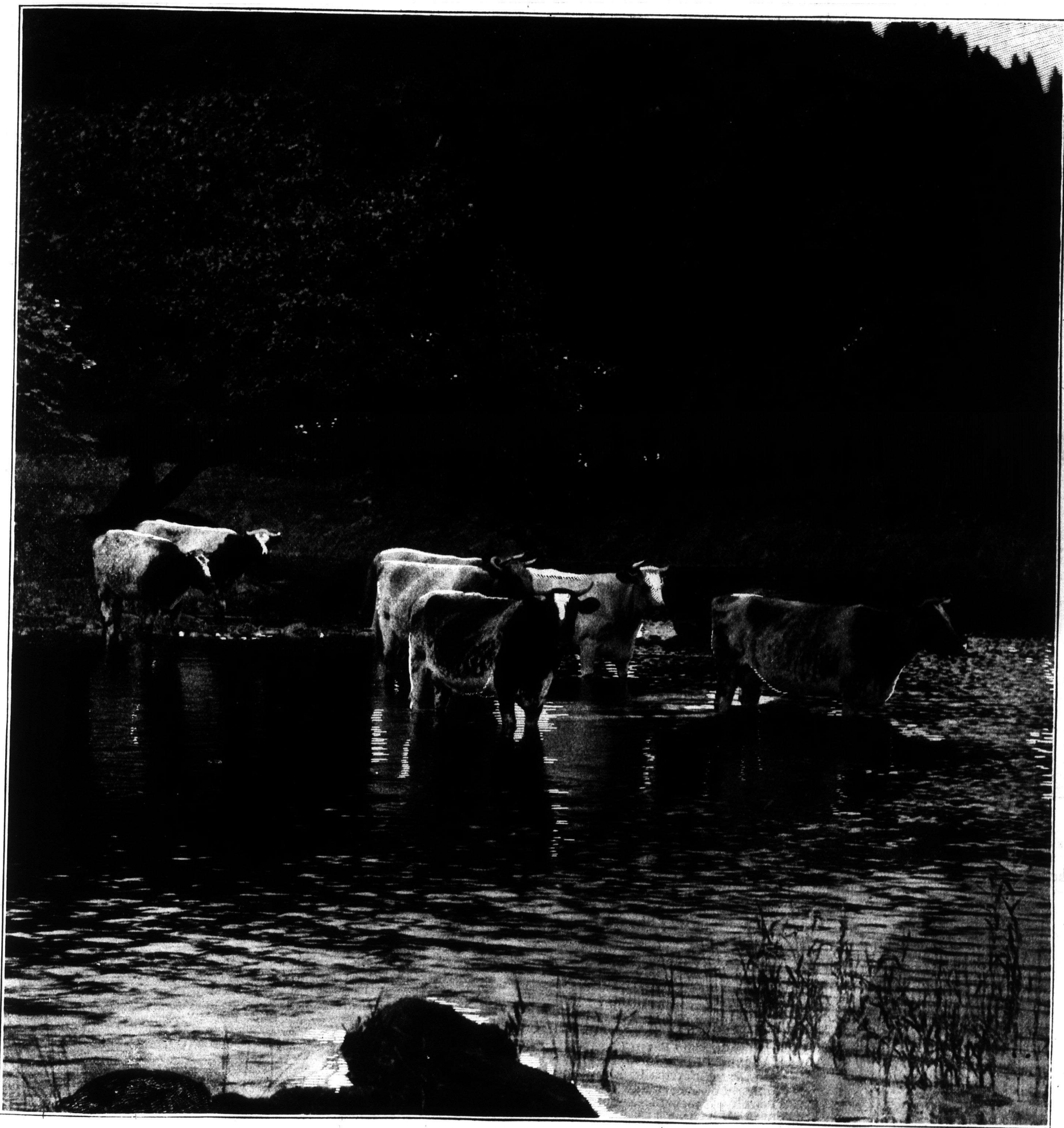


WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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MANITOBA



AUGUST, 1916

WINNIPEG, CANADA



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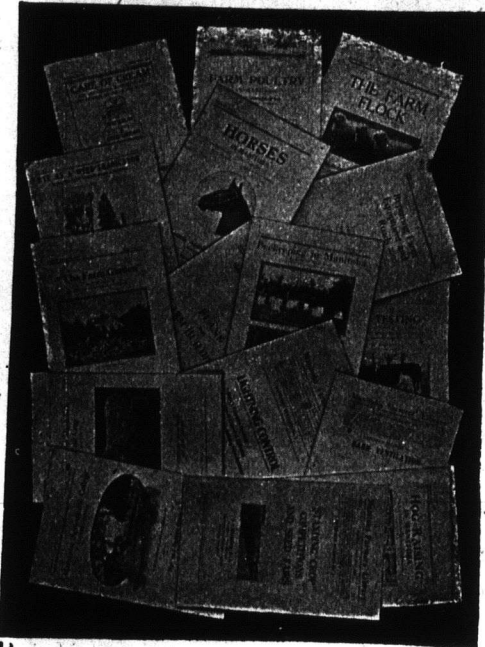


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... for ...

Manitoba Farmers

Every farmer in Manitoba should possess himself of a good library of Agricultural Bulletins written by the members of the Manitoba Agricultural College staff and other Agricultural authorities. This is the very best possible class of Agricultural literature. The bulletins are concise; they deal with practical questions; their authors know Manitoba conditions at first hand; they present the most advanced information on the subjects discussed. They are FREE to all Manitoba Farmers.

Below is presented a partial list of Bulletins and Circulars recommended to every farmer in Manitoba. Apply to Extension Service, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, or Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Winnipeg.

VALENTINE WINKLER

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration for Manitoba

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8. Cow Testing
9. Repairing Farm Equipment and Roads
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6. A Plea for Bird Houses
7. Our Friends, the Birds
8. Hints on Home Nursing
10. Meat and its Substitutes
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12. Poison Ivy and other Poisonous
13. Cream for Creameries (Plants)
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29. Tree Pests and Cut Worms
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Published Monthly by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture

This is a new monthly Bulletin service, dealing with Agricultural and Sanitary Matters, mailed free regularly to every Manitoba Farmer who applies to have his name added to the mailing list. The Bulletins of this series so far issued are:

Extension Bulletin

No. 1. Lightning Control

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(Any of the above sent on application.)

If you wish to apply for this monthly series of Bulletins, fill in below and mail.

Publications Branch,
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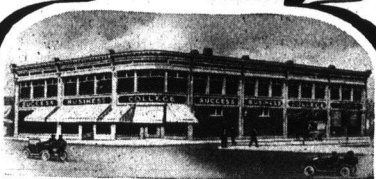
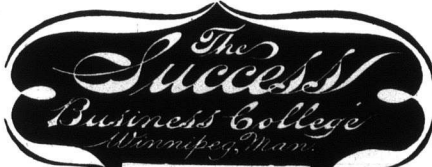
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 8

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

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

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

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

Chat with Our Readers

A SUBSCRIBER who states that he has read every issue of The Western Home Monthly for the past ten years writes us, "I am always sure of at least half a dozen satisfying short stories when the Monthly arrives and as for your special articles, I have seldom, if ever, found a poor one among them. The wealth of interesting information and education derived from such pages as your, 'Editorial,' 'The Philosopher,' 'What the World is Saying,' and your other various special contributions cannot be over estimated, and I should know for I read them all." This letter in a measure explains the character of the reading matter that we present to our readers each month. It is not always easy to get, but we endeavor to print no other kind. Does any reader wonder what a Western Home Monthly story is like? There are many in this issue; read them all. They are reasonable, wholesome and fascinating.

Illustrations

In each number of the magazine will be found illustrations that deal with subjects which are always of timely interest, such as, Western Scenery, Western Developments, notable pictures of the great war and fashion plates of interest and practical value to our women readers. The idea of our illustration department is to present only such features as can be better described in pictures than in text.

Our New Building

Since the date of our fire, May 2nd, an army of workmen have been busy on the erection of our new establishment, situated not far from the old building, its location being on Bannatyne ave. and Dagmar st., close by the Carnegie Library. When completed, and it is hoped that this can be done by the fall of this year, it will prove the largest and most complete printing establishment in the west, covering an area of 84,000 square feet. The situation is right in the heart of commercial Winnipeg, and the building will be an important addition to the city's large business establishments. The publishers of the magazine are pioneers in their art and have kept well abreast of the age so that whatever has proved itself worthy in the printing world is already on its way to their new building. In the meantime such arrangements have been completed as will guarantee that the Monthly will not suffer to any great extent in the few intervening months. If there be defects we feel that our readers will be generous enough to overlook them under the circumstances.

A Market Place

The Western Home Monthly is a market place for the homes in Western Canada. A careful examination of our magazine will prove to the reader that we are true to our name, for the contents thoroughly define all that should be in a "home" magazine. Every need of the home and family may be found in our advertisements, and one who does not read the advertising columns misses a great deal, for advertisements carry a message of economy and value to the one who needs to purchase comforts and necessities for the home. We carry a great amount of advertising because we reach more homes in Western Canada than any other magazine. If there is anything needed in clothing, home furnishings, provisions, or farm labor-saving devices that the reader does not find in our advertising columns, we want to know it—for we are justified in our belief that The Western Home Monthly is the best advertising medium in Canada. The test of any magazine is "reading it." Every day we receive letters of appreciation, for which we are grateful. During the past year we have made thousands of friends, and the coming months promise a great increase in circulation, in advertising business and in prestige, as a clean, intelligent and popular magazine. We do not attribute our success to luck, but to an absolute determination to produce a periodical that will meet every requirement of home life. *This is the creed of The Western Home Monthly.*

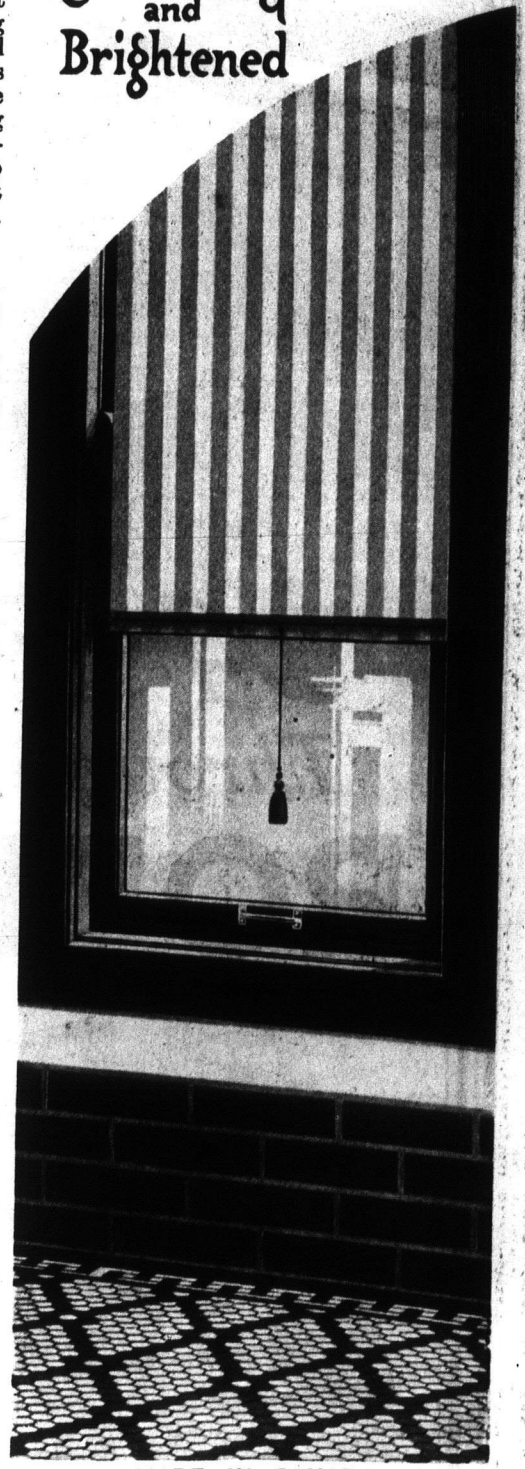
The Western Home Monthly is a genuine friend because it multiplies joys and divides sorrows. Articles, poems, and paragraphs, full of encouragement and inspiration, grace the pages from cover to cover, until the world becomes more rosy to the reader.

Taking a moderate average to a home it is safe to state that 200,000 people, men, women, and children, for we aim to interest them all, find enjoyment and interest in every issue. It gives them exactly that right combination of reading that suits every member of the well regulated home.

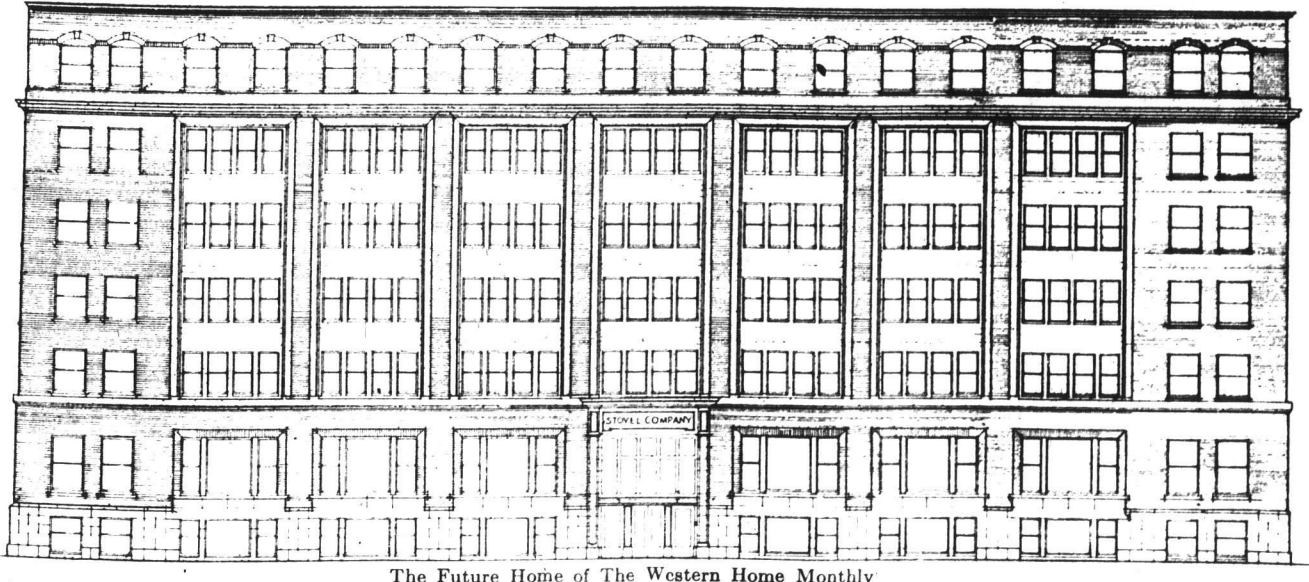


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Sun Porch
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Cleaned
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Brightened



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Write to the Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto,
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Editorial Comment

Canada's Industries

Canadians should be aware of the possibilities of the country. It is rich in minerals, its waters abound in fish, its forests are inexhaustible, its lands are fertile and extensive beyond belief. The average production of wheat per acre in Australia, Argentina and Southern Russia is from 9 to 11 bushels. In Canada, in unfertilized lands the production is over 20 bushels for fall wheat and over 14 for spring wheat.

Canada is more favorably situated with regard to the markets of the world than any other of the new countries. It is 7 or 8 days from European markets, while Australia is from 36 to 42 days away, and Argentina 17 to 21 days away. The cost of conveying a bushel of wheat to England (previous to the war) was 3.87 cents from Canada; 8.97 cents from Argentina and 16.93 cents from Australia. The advantages in shipping live stock and perishable freight are even greater.

Natural Products

The industries of Canada may be divided into three great classes—those concerned with the securing of natural products, those concerned with growing things, those concerned with manufacture.

There are four or five outstanding occupations represented in the first group—mining, fishing, lumbering, trapping. The opportunity for successful pursuit of each of these in Canada is very evident.

The opportunities for the trapper are of course not so great as in early years, and there are few civilized men who will endure the solitary existence connected with this industry. Still there is much done every year especially by the native tribes. Over four and a half millions represents the sales in 1914. Gradually the fur farmer will take the place of the trapper.

The opportunities for the miner are very much greater. The prospector has done little more than make a rough exploration. Yet, Canada occupies an enviable condition among the nations of the world. She controls the market in asbestos, in nickel and in cobalt. The last normal return (1913) shows a production from all Canadian mines of 144 millions of dollars. Of this amount silver, gold, nickel and copper take first place among the metals, while among the non-metals, coal, stone, cement, natural gas, asbestos and gypsum represent the greatest output.

About 100,000 people are engaged in fisheries, this being the second great industry of the country, agriculture alone surpassing it. Among the products of deep sea fishing are cod, haddock, halibut. Inshore fisheries yield the same as well as herring, mackerel and salmon, and the well-known smelt, sardines and oysters. The value of the fisheries is represented by figures that are startling. Salmon yields approximately eleven millions, lobsters five millions, cod three millions, herring three millions, halibut two millions and mackerel one million, while our own white fish approaches the last figure. In 1913 the sea fisheries yielded nearly thirty millions and the inland fisheries nearly four millions. The government report of 1914 will summarize the facts with regard to the fishing industry in these words:

"To say that Canada possesses the most extensive fisheries in the world is no exaggeration; moreover it is safe to add that the waters in and around Canada contain the principal commercial food fishes in greater abundance than the waters of any other part of the world. The extraordinary fertility of what may be called our own waters is abundantly proved by the fact that apart from salmon, all the lobsters, herring, mackerel and sardines, nearly all the haddock and many of the cod, hake and pollack landed in Canada

are taken from within our own territorial waters."

On the east coast a stretch of 5,000 miles, on the Pacific coast, counting all indentations, over 7,000 miles of shore line represents our fishing ground. And this says nothing of the excellent fishing in the numerous inland lakes.

For years the value of the lumbering industry of Canada was not fully recognized, but now both individuals and government recognize its importance. Last year lumber was placed on the market valued at about sixty-six millions, pulpwood was valued at fourteen millions, while laths and shingles brought a total of nearly five millions. Of this over fifty millions represents the safest. "It is reckoned that there are five hundred million acres of forest lands in the Dominion, one-half of which may be covered with merchantable timber."

The Growers

The second group of industries is carried on by the **growers**—growers of grain, vege-

tables, fruits, cattle, sheep, hogs and the like. Agriculture is the fundamental industry in Canada as in practically every country. The value of Canada's field crops is close to four hundred millions; the animal product close to three hundred millions; the fruit crops close to thirty millions. This does not take into account the great amount used for home consumption. When a country has enough to feed its own population and a surplus of two hundred millions, even when only a small portion of its soil is under cultivation or in pasturage, there is surely reason to be optimistic. The surplus is sufficient to pay for all necessary imports and leave in the pockets of the farmers close to eighty millions of dollars. There is a strong feeling that if the markets of the world were free the net profit would be twice as great.

The Manufacturer

The third class of industries is represented in the manufactures. In these there are engaged about half a million people. As yet of course manufacture is but in its infancy, there is not a line which is not open to extension. The presence of water power and iron in a land rich in native products makes it probable that Canada will ultimately become the greatest manufacturing country in the world.

The Sweep of Prohibition

Many and great are the changes brought about by the war. Two years ago who would have believed that prohibition of the liquor traffic was imminent in this Dominion? In Prince Edward Island alone, the smallest of the Provinces, was prohibition in force at that time. New Brunswick was in large measure "dry" but had "wet" areas. In Nova Scotia the city and county of Halifax still had liquor licenses. In Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there were many communities in which the liquor license system was in operation. Indeed, in British Columbia the system of local option had not even secured a foothold. In Ontario, in the June before last, there were Provincial general elections, and the dominating issue was the question whether the proposal made by the party in opposition to abolish her licenses and to continue only the sale of intoxicating liquors in shops for home consumption, should be adopted or rejected. It was decisively rejected by majorities in three-fourths of the constituencies of that Province—which is to-day in sight of prohibition, so far as a Province has power to enforce prohibition, for the period of the war, and probably, like other Provinces, for all the future. Manitoba led the way, declaring for prohibition by a majority of close upon 25,000 in the referendum on that question; prohibition came into operation in this Province on June 1. In Saskatchewan the people will decide by a referendum vote whether they are to have a continuance of the dispensary system or prohibition. The people of Alberta have, in a referendum, given their verdict for the extinction of all liquor licenses. New Brunswick and British Columbia are likewise to have referendum votes. It is thought that Quebec will be the only Province to maintain the liquor license system—though from many of its parishes liquor has been excluded, and the example of the other Provinces may prove influential. Already there is a strong movement afoot in Quebec for a referendum on this question. This great moral reform owes very largely to the war the extraordinary headway it has made in this Dominion and in Newfoundland, too, where prohibition has been adopted. That the ground it has thus gained it will continue to hold after the war, strengthening its position all the time, is hardly to be doubted.

Britannia's Answer

By Rev. McLean Watt

"She stood beside her Northern Sea,
And heard the traitor's tale,
The promised lie, the proffered fee,
If she'd stand by and let things be;
She flashed her answer firm and free,—
'Britannia's not for sale!'"

"His bloody hounds he held in hand,
She heard their ugly bay;
She thought of all her noble band
Whose dust was strewn in every land,
Whose lives for honor made their stand
In many a battle day."

"O then she spake her word of might—
'Take back your bribe,' said she.
My hands are clean, they washed them
white
In their hearts' blood, who strove for
Right,
And spent themselves in valiant fight
That Europe-should be free."

"Their courage, like their native oak,
The stronger grew through pain.
When proud Ambition's passion spoke,
They forward pressed through flame and
smoke,
To hell they shook the tyrant's yoke—
They'll face the task again."

"Lo, how they come to me,
Long through the night I call them—
Ah, how they turn to me."

"East and South my children scatter,
North and West the world they wander."

"Yet, they come back to me,
Come, with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me."

"Me, the grey, old, weary mother,
Throned amid the Northern waters,
Where they have died for me,
Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me."

"Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean."

"Yet they leave all for me,
Hearing their mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me."

"Rise they from graves for me,
Graves where they lay forgotten.
Shades of the brave for me."

"Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish."

"Strewing the hills for me,
Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me."



A skin you love to touch

Copyright
1916
The Andrew
Jergens Co., Ltd.

Whatever condition is
keeping your skin from
being attractive it can
be changed!

Your skin is changing every day!

**This is your opportunity. Start To-night to make the
NEW skin what you would love to have it**

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day as *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms in its place.

This is your opportunity. By using the following treatment regularly you can keep this *new* skin so active that it will, gradually but surely, take on the greater clearness, freshness and *charm* you want it to have.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Lather your wash-cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

treatment *persistently*, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake to-day.

Send 4c for "week's-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of the skin treatment given here. For 10c the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and sample of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day and begin at once to get the benefits of this Woodbury treatment for *your* skin. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 667 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.**

Tear out this illustration of the cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's to-day at your druggist's.



The Panther's Claw

By H. Mortimer Batten

Part III. Chap. IX.

AT breakneck speed the frail birch bark fled down the waterway more than once shaving the crags by a hair breadth, Frank's wonderful skill with the paddle saving them from a watery grave. Sam, who had scrambled to the prow, was looking ahead, trusting to luck and his partner to guide them through the dangers of the moment.

It was Sam, therefore, who saw that the rapid terminated at length in a waterfall. He turned to Frank, pointing ahead. Frank glanced up and understood. Their one chance was to land, but to land here was impossible. Their fate was sealed!

No, not yet—for as the boy glanced ahead he saw that several large boulders stood up from the surface at the brink of the fall. If they could manage to run the canoe broadside against one of these, there might be time to scramble into safety while the current held the craft stationary. At all events it was a chance—a desperate one, but their only chance.

Never before in his life had the boy pulled harder at the paddle. He had broken many a one, but the one he now used, selected and laid on one side for long journeys, would not break. He was thin, strong, and fit as an Indian and not one man in a thousand could have pulled at a paddle so hard as he pulled at that moment. He got the canoe broadside on, heading straight down towards the chosen boulder. With wonderful skill he struck the balance, so that the canoe would hold till she broke to bits.

Sam, with no paddle to wield, was ready. He leapt from the canoe and gained the rock ere she struck. But Frank was to take his chances, and, as the frail craft crashed into the boulder, he was still in a kneeling position.

The jagged teeth of the crag cut through the side of the canoe as though it were paper. In an instant she lodged there, and during that instant Frank made a leap for safety, but fell short. His forehead struck the rock, but Sam leapt to his side like a madman. He clutched the boy by the collar and held on. Next moment, with the report of a revolver shot, the canoe broke in two and vanished into the dancing cascades below.

Only Sam's great strength could now save the boy; with both hands Sam struggled to drag his partner into safety, but the boy was dazed by the fall, and unable to help himself. The current was dragging at him, and it was only by a supreme effort that Sam, at last, dragged him on to the boulder.

There they were, still side by side, safe for the moment, but hopelessly marooned on the great boulder at the very brink of the fall. Halman had timed his chance well. He knew that if the two succeeded in escaping from the landing place, they would have to make down stream, and there almost certain death awaited them.

Sam straightened himself up, and looked sad. Next moment he drew a gasp of amazement. Had they gone back to the bad old days when the white man and the red were at daggers drawn? If not, what was the meaning of this?—there, on either side of the creek, in their full war paint, but quietly awaiting their chance, was a tribe of Indian warriors!

Chap. X.

Sam did not realise what had happened, but he guessed they had fallen foul of some plot. Their guide was guilty of treachery, but for the moment there was no escaping from his clutches. They must await their chance, owning that, for the time being, they were mastered. To show fight at this moment would be the height of folly, for they were helpless to defend themselves, whereas any one of the well armed Indians on the bank could take their lives at a moment's notice. Obviously they were captives, and they might as well own it.

Looking behind him Sam saw, standing at the edge of the bay only a few paces away, their Indian guide. Over his scanty garment of the trail he had cast

a blanket, bearing the mark of his rank. This man who had deceived them was evidently a high official in the tribe into whose hands they had fallen.

Frank, in the meantime, recovered from his shock, and rose to his feet. A glance between the two was sufficient. Both realised they were helpless.

The Indians realised it, too, for after some moments a canoe was carried to the water's edge, and with a rope attached to one of the thwarts it was launched from a headland a few paces above. From this point the current carried it down to the boulder and Sam and Frank scrambled aboard. There was nothing for it but to land as best they could, even though it meant resigning themselves to the clutches of this hostile tribe.

Chap. XI.

Sam, would doubtless have fought the whole tribe, singly or en masse, had he

the council tent, and here the braves squatted in a grim but picturesque circle round them. The old, wizened chief was in the centre of the group, and Halman, still clothed in his gorgeous blanket, sat at his right hand. Behind the warriors the women, children and a multitude of dogs were scattered.

Halman opened the debate. "My brothers," he said, "I have kept my promise. I have proved to you again that I am worthy to become your chief. The old chief is lame and wizened. Behold, he is little stronger than a squaw! He has seen many, many snows. Ere long he will pass into the happy hunting ground, and I shall become your chief."

Halman seated himself. The old chief rose. "My son has spoken truly," he said. "I am old and broken, but when I pass into the long sleep I shall do so happy knowing that he is to rule you. Many times has Halman proved to us his cleverness and cunning," the old chief went on. "He promised us he would bring this white man, Sam by name, from the white man's city and lead him

when one brave strikes another, the brave who is struck sacrifices his manhood unless he can return blow for blow. Well, my enemy is now my prisoner. With my own hand I will slay him. But there are two of them. If we slay one and let the other go, he will return to the white man's city, and his tribesmen will come back with him and slay us all. So much is certain. Great Chief, I leave it to you to settle the question."

The chief rose, and addressed himself to Frank Ward, with Halman as interpreter. "Ask him," said Old Chief, "if he will swear secrecy if we spare his life?"

Halman put the question in broken but dignified English.

"Tell Old Chief," answered the boy "that if he destroys my partner I will most assuredly bring the whole white city to wipe out your miserable teepees. They will leave neither tent nor arrow. Your very dogs will be destroyed and your squaws will be driven homeless into the woods."

"Tell Old Chief," the boy pursued "that if he kills me he will be guilty of an unpardonable act. The white man's God will not forgive him and he himself knows the power of the white man's God—how he brings victory wherever the white man treads. I have spoken."

Halman mumbled the story to Old Chief. He told him, if the boy lived, a terrible vengeance would come upon the tribe by the hand of the white man, and how, if the boy was killed, the white man's God would avenge his death. Thus Old Chief found himself between two fires. "My children," he said, "we have reason to think that the white man's God keeps good guard over his people. Behold how the white man flourishes wherever he goes! Behold how he delivered these two children from the racing waters, in which many an Indian has perished. The white man's God is a God to be feared. What say you Halman?"

"I say this," answered Halman, with savage vehemence, "that the white man's God is at war with the Indian at all times. Why then should we fear to incur his wrath? Wherever the white man goes, death, sickness and sorrow break out among the children of our race. The red man melts away like the snow of the Love Moon when the white man penetrates into his land, and since the great white God is already our foe, why should we turn from him like frightened wolves? Let us be brave, my children and fear not the clever tongues of these, our prisoners. I with my own hand will take the life of him they call Sam. Let vengeance be upon me. The boy who is with him, we will turn away into the woods, that he may perish by the wolves. I have spoken."

"Spoken have you!" repeated Frank savagely. "Listen here, my friend. If you kill my partner vengeance will fall upon you as sure as night follows day."

"Let it fall," answered the Indian, unmoved. "I am not afraid."

The boy thrust his hand under his shirt. He drew out the polished panther claw, and handed it to Halman. The Indian gave a start, then stared into the boy's face.

"It was you who took me from the snow?" he asked. "It was you who gave up your bed that I might sleep in comfort?"

"It was," answered Frank Ward.

Chap. XII.

For some moments Halman was silent, as though deeply moved. He rose to his feet at length. "My brothers," he said, "we must not kill this pale face boy, who is so wonderfully skilled with the paddle. Behold it, was he who saved me! Therefore will I give him my own canoe and caribou meat and fish in plenty to take him back to the white man's city. I will give him my Winchester rifle, for to him I owe my life?"

"A curse be upon your canoe and your Winchester rifle!" stormed the boy. "All I ask is the life of my partner. If he perishes here I shall live on for but one thing—to avenge his death. I will kill you, Halman, ere two snows are fallen, if you kill him. Rest assured. I have spoken."

Halman smiled "I am not afraid," he answered simply, then he gave some secret sign, and instantly four brawny braves seized Sam by the arms and legs, holding him helpless.

"No good, boy," said Sam, with a faint laugh. "I'm done. I am only reaping what I have sown. It is the old story



Official announcement has been made that the Duke of Devonshire will succeed the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General of Canada. The appointment has given great gratification in official circles. The Duke of Devonshire is known as one of England's richest peers and is an intimate friend of King George. The Duke is in his forty-ninth year, owns an estate of about 168 acres, and is said to be very democratic. The Duchess of Devonshire is said to be Queen Mary's closest friend and is well known to many Canadians.

been alone, but since he had his partner with him, this was obviously no time for hot headed action. The Indians were determined men, and, unlike their brothers of civilized areas, they were by no means easily frightened. Whatever their plan was, it would need wisdom to escape from their clutches.

Immediately Sam and Frank were landed, grimy hands were laid upon them, and they were led up the forest clearing to a group of teepees. Halman had bragged that ere two snows were passed Sam Ravenstone would be lead a captive into the village. He had spoken truly. By his scheming and activity he had led the white man into the heart of this isolated region, and now Sam and Frank were utterly at his mercy. It was unfortunate that, even as Frank did not recognize Halman, Halman did not recognize him, and the Indians were in no mood to show mercy to either of them.

The two were led to the entrance of

into our teepees a prisoner. Behold he has fulfilled his promise. By many waters and many forests he has brought his enemy. Surely there must be some magic in Halman's dealings! His wisdom is beyond our comprehension, for we know the white man to be wise and powerful. Yet Halman has proved himself wiser and stronger than these strangers who have invaded our land."

A general groan of approval went round. Several braves slapped Halman's brawny shoulders. A little child ran up to him and gave him a feather from the hand of the chief. Solemnly Halman stuck it in his hair.

"My brothers," he said, slowly rising, "this is no time for singing my praises. We have stern work before us. This white man, Sam by name, has done me a grievous wrong, about which you all know. He struck me and left me on the trail. He meant to kill me, but the god's have willed that I shall kill him. That is well, for it is a law of our tribe that

of wild oats. You take my advice and get out alive. Don't blame Halman for this. Say nothing about it. Halman is acting justly according to his own view of things."

"All right," Frank answered, his eyes seeking his friend. "There is just one chance more, Sam, Halman will shoot you with an arrow. It is called blue death arrow. If he misses his mark, it is a law of the tribe that he must not shoot again. The fact of him having missed proves that he is in the wrong and he will then be driven from his tribe as an impostor."

Frank had spoken truly. Every Indian who has a wrong to avenge, a life to account for, carries in his quiver a poisoned arrow, and if that arrow, after long waiting, misses its mark, it is because the gods have decided to spare his victim. Therefore his own manhood cannot be won back and he is driven from his tribe.

Little did Sam guess, however, what the heroic plan was that his partner had in view. He himself was clinging to life by the frail and far off chance that Halman might miss his mark. He allowed himself to be trussed to a cedar tree, and when he was bound and helpless the Indians suffered Frank to walk to his side, and take his hand. "Farewell, old partner," said Sam. "You remember what I told you that night when I was ready to clear out? Well, think on. Just tell the boys that I perished in the woods, that will do. They aren't given to asking questions. After that—live clean. It's the only thing worth living for."

"Farewell, old partner," answered the boy, but whatever he would have added or might have added was drowned by a little sob in his throat. He knew now that he and Sam were to part—for ever!

Halman, with his bow in one hand and his awful Death Arrow in the other, solemnly measured out twelve paces from the helpless man, and then, his eye keen, his hand steady, he drew the fateful string taut with calm calculation.

The boy watched his eyes. There was a moment's pause, a deathly silence, then "ping."

It was all over in less than a second. The arrow sped invisibly on its way, but at the last instant, even as Halman's fingers relaxed the string, the unexpected happened. Frank had darted forward, quicker than a hare, between his partner and the bowman, and the arrow that was meant for Sam found its resting place in the body of his chum!

Dead silence followed. The boy sank to the ground in a crumpled heap, and lay still.

Halman saw that his arrow had missed its mark. His chance was gone! Without a word he turned and strode into the bush. And that was the last his tribesmen ever saw of him.

Chap. XIII.

It took some moments for the awful truth to dawn upon Sam's mind. He saw his partner lying motionless at his feet, the vengeful Death Arrow standing upright in his shoulder, and suddenly Sam awoke as a man from a nightmare.

With a roar he tore himself free, and like strands of cotton the rawhide thongs that bound him to the cedar parted. He cleared the Indians aside as a charging panther might clear a herd of deer, then he flung himself at his partner's side, his fingers clutching the boy's coat.

"You've killed him, you miserable devils!" he roared, then realizing the utter hopelessness of it all, he stared into the boy's face in mute agony.

There is not much more to tell. The Indians gathered round in a silent circle, and they carried Frank into the council tent. There the old squaws knelt over him, while the little children of the teepees clung to their mothers with a vague sense that something dreadful had happened. Not a warrior among them whose eyes were not downcast, who felt no sense of sorrow that this young white boy should have taken to himself the death meant for Sam.

There was little to be said, and nothing to be done. The boy was dead. Old Chief stood at the entrance of the council tent, his warriors around him, "My children," he said, "sorrow is upon us, for our young chief is gone. He will never more return to the teepees, and never more shall we behold his face. But, as the shadows fall upon the hillsides, we have seen an act of bravery that rouses the manhood within us. We have learned

from this paleface boy, that the white man of southern cities is not all evil.

"This child is skilled with the paddle. He is doubtless a mighty hunter, and his face is fair to look upon. He has died that another brave might live. There was no fear in his heart, but truly the ways of the white man are beyond our comprehension! We have beheld something glorious, though it brings sorrow to our souls. I have spoken."

But at that moment an old squaw stole from the council tent, one hand to her lips, the other pointing behind her.

Next winter Sam and the boy pulled out for civilization, with a team of huskies, given them by the Indians, and caribou meat in plenty.

It was a cold, rainy night the following autumn, and an Indian, hungry and broken, wandered into Aura City, and sought the shelter of the hotel portico. There he stood, a wolfish, shivering wretch, watching the tide of white men and women moving to and fro on their own pleasures intent. He himself was

"The Lost Chord"

By W. R. Gilbert

The Disagreement

"DAD, don't keep on in this way!"

"Then do as I bid you."

"Impossible, sir!" replied Jack Halburn, firmly but respectfully; and as he looked across the breakfast-table at his father it was in his heart to pity him.

Aware of his son's compassion, Halburn senior lowered his voice.

"Don't let's quarrel, Jack boy; you're all I have in the world. I want you to do well; I want you to marry well. No young chap with eyes in his head could want another woman once he'd seen Isabel Savarin."

"Sir, I never cared a bit about her."

"But you will care. You'll try to, lad?" John Halburn inquired wistfully. Jack rose from the table.

"It's quite out of the question."

"Why?"

To be thus defied, cheated by a young jackanapes, whom one had nursed on one's knee; to whom one had denied nothing; who dwelt in the centre of one's heart and thought; who was the spring and fount of all secret tenderness. It was too much to bear.

Halburn began to laugh.

"A knowing bird this nightingale of yours—a wily bird! Weary of fighting for herself, she snares the son of a wealthy man that he may fight for her. And you're married, you say? Joined by a minister in holy matrimony? And you dare tell me this at my own breakfast-table?"

"Sir," answered Jack, with a mildness that surprised himself, "you've only to see Fay for ten minutes to know she hasn't a mercenary thought. We love each other dearly, and she is longing to receive your forgiveness."

"And my bounty with it—eh, eh? The poor, old idiot!" says she to herself. 'He'll forgive Jack, and I'll wear silk on my back to the end of my days!' Heavens, sir! Am I so easily duped by you, my son, whom I trusted and loved?"

"Dad—father, you know I'd not voluntarily pain you. But—but you would pester me to marry a lady with whom I could never be happy? Oh, sir, let me bring Fay to you; let her plead with her sweet eyes and divine lips!"

Halburn stumbled to his feet.

"I won't see her—nor will I see you again so long as I live! When I die, shed no crocodile tears, but look into your own heart and into the heart of your pet nightingale; then say to each other, 'We hastened his death; it lies at our door; he was strong and hale before we deceived him.' Now, listen here, you—no daughter is she to me—no son are you! Get you gone—go, go, before I let you see the strength of my hate! I, who loved you—loved you!"

Rocking with emotion, Halburn was reeling towards a chair.

"You'll not get into this house after to-day, my boy; nor will she. Write me no whimperings, for they will be burnt unread by my own hand. Go and hide with her in the heart of the country, and sicken of it and of her, and ache and burn for your home comforts as I will ache and burn for sight of you! Suffer—suffer as I do! Go!"

His hand caught at the door knob. It answered to his touch. Jack watched him retreat; heard a bang that shook the walls, and a key sharply turned. Then, in agony for the old man's agony, angry at his anger, twisted into torture by his longing to speak once more in

A GIRL'S PROBLEM How to Feed Herself When Running Down

A young lady writes: "Some time ago when I was a stenographer my health began gradually to decline, and I faced the problem of finding relief or leaving my situation. Worry added to my trouble; I became dyspeptic and nervous and suffered with insomnia and restlessness at night."

"I was speaking of my illness one day to a trained nurse, who recommended that I begin a systematic diet of Grape-Nuts, as she had seen its beneficial effect upon several of her patients."

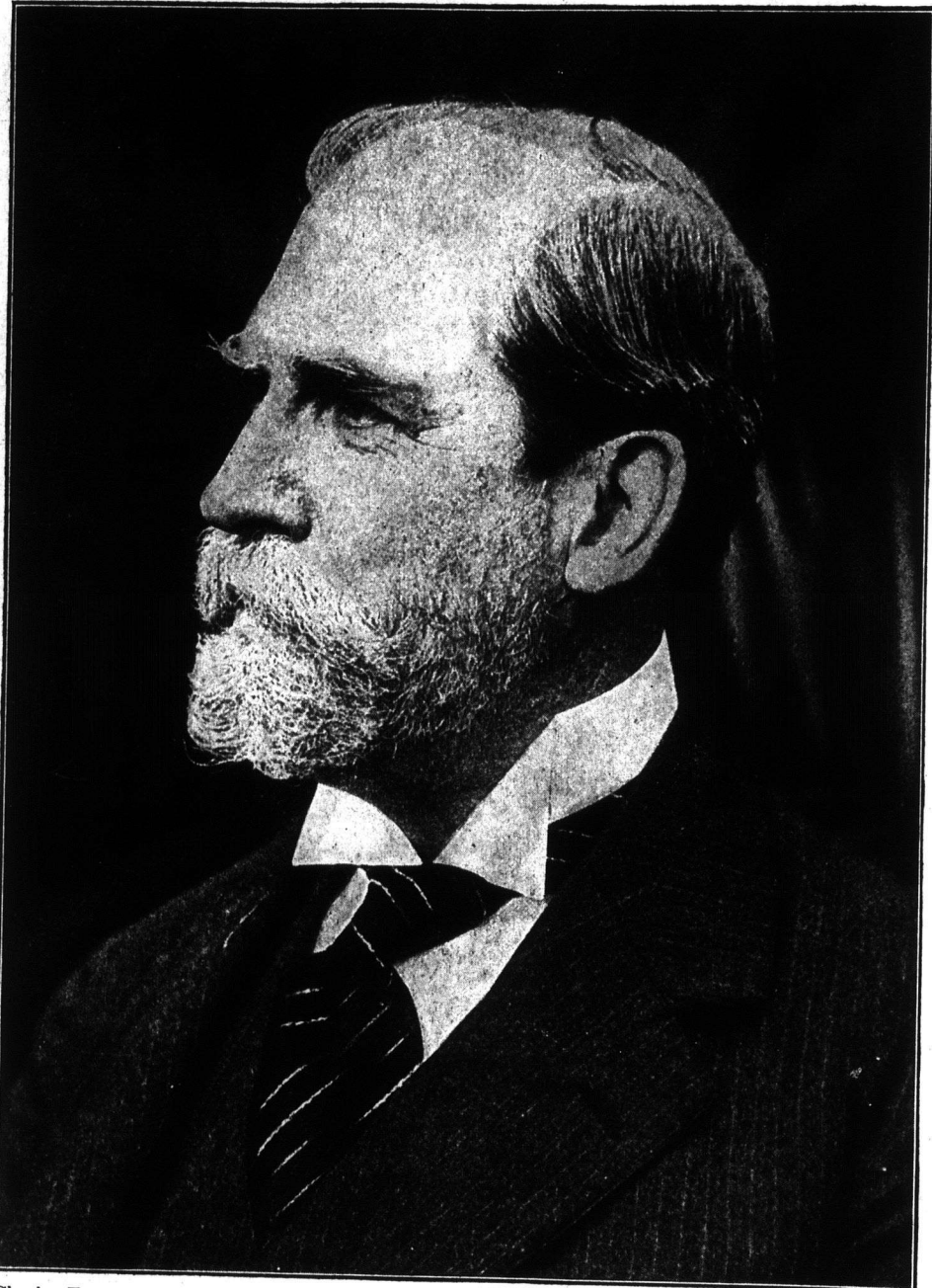
"So I began to use the food conscientiously. In about two weeks time I began to feel stronger and more hopeful; my digestion and appetite were better; I was less nervous and could sleep. I continued steadily and soon began to think success lay somewhere in this big world for me."

"My work grew smoother and easier and after seven months on Grape-Nuts I could work easily and without feeling exhausted."

"To-day I am filling a much more responsible position and do the work satisfactorily. I attribute it all to Grape-Nuts which I still continue to use. For a palatable and healthful diet, there is nothing on the market to equal it."

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

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



Charles Evans Hughes, Republican Candidate for President of the U. S., photographed in the Hotel Astor, New York, where he will organize his plans for the campaign

a hungry outcast, yet in all this land of plenty there was no one to lend him a helping hand. He wondered how it was that the white man survives when each goes his own way with no thought for brother or sister in misfortune. It is not thus in the city of the redman.

But while he wandered a strong hand closed upon his shoulder. "You cold, little brother? You hungry?" asked a white man's voice.

The Indian turned, to find himself looking into a face half familiar, then as recognition dawned upon him he shrunk away with fear in his eyes, for he was weak and sick.

"Sam!" muttered the Indian between chattering teeth.

"Sure," answered the other. "Who are you?"

The Indian drew up his shaking limbs with all the pride his tottering manhood could muster. "I am Halman," he answered simply.

There are three of them at the shanty to-day—Sam, Frank and Halman the Indian, and throughout the length and breadth of the northland there are no three partners more closely united.

"I've taken the law into my own hands."

"Wh-at d'you mean?"

Jack looked his amazed and angry parent straight in the eyes.

"A month ago I was married!"

His words sank into what seemed a chasm of silence. John Halburn was leaning heavily back in his chair, his eyes and face, which had been full of fire, paled swiftly; his pupils looked glazed; he was as one suddenly touched by death in the intense vigor of life.

"Married!" he gasped at last. "You!"

To that Jack answered:

"I knew you would not consent; that you would do your best to part us. But I hoped that when you once saw her as my bride your heart would melt. Oh, dad, she is so sweet, this little Fay of mine! And such a bad time she has had trying with her pretty slender voice to get the big New York world to recognize her talent. She has failed, but will not give in. There is no bitterness in her, my little nightingale of the summer nights!"

"Your little nightingale!" repeated Halburn, with violent sneer.

defence of Fay, Jack stood within the bright, sun-lighted room, and could not believe that he would no longer sit carelessly secure at this table while men-servants gave him food and drink, and his father discussed politics in a bitter, one-sided manner.

Never again! Ah, no! That wasn't possible. The pater would come round. Meanwhile, Jack thought it would be wise to disappear. Let the old man hanker for him a bit in the big house which had seemed so empty and silent since his mother's death five years before. And ah!—what a poor, dear old silly dad was to deliberately throw his happiness away with both hands before ever he had seen Fay's warm, living beauty!

In a few moments Jack went upstairs. From his wardrobe he took only such clothes as were essential. He looked round at his college books, his fishing rods and guns, the prints on the walls, the toilet equipment given by Miss Savarin on his twenty-first birthday. A chill crept over him. Was this dear room to become a dream-picture? Once it had been his nursery, and in bygone years his mother had come to cuddle and kiss him and to hear his prayers, "God bless mumsie and daddie. God, please make me a good, obedient boy!"

There were other phrases, but those falling sleepily from childish lips were all but forgotten. Left in the dark, he had not been afraid, for every night, at his request, mumsie went downstairs and sang a song he loved above all others. Jack could hear the words now, and a sob was lodged in his throat, as he repeated them to himself:

"Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease;
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen!"

Jack's eyes burned with tense emotion. "Mother," he said to himself, "if you were here, you would tell him that he is unjust; that to stand against love means that the sun and stars will not shine any more, and that some chord of life is lost for ever and ever!"

He sighed heavily. The recollection of the song which had charmed his childhood caused him to remember his little red violin. He had not touched it for years, and his severe music-masters had despaired of imparting their technique and skill to him. Nevertheless, Jack had the happy knack of producing whatsoever tune pleased his ear; and he could make those four mute strings laugh or sob or sigh as he wished.

Fay had implored him to bring back the poor neglected fiddle to their rooms in town.

"How sweet it would be, Jack, for you to play to my singing!"

From a corner in a drawer he lifted the shining rosewood case. A very friend of the past connected with happy evenings in the drawing-room below, when he and mumsie and dad were so perfectly united that no proud Miss Savarin, whose present need was a rich husband, could drive them asunder. As Jack swung the case under his left arm and grasped a packed valise in his right, his unspoken thought was, "Come along, little fiddle, into the world!"

The Aftermath

"Jack—Jack, I've failed again! Oh, they won't hear me; they won't give me a chance! I've 'no presence,' that's what the agents say and there are too many already, so—so—," Fay tossed aside her summer hat and burst into tears.

Jack came across the room, and encircled her in his arms.

"The idiots! Who want the jays when they might have the nightingale? There, Fay, don't break your dear little heart! You're mine—mine! And how I treasure the voice that isn't loud and coarse, the body that has no robust 'presence,' but is only sweet and dainty; my daintiness, my prettiness, and the eyes like big, wet jewels. Ah, they smile now! A kiss, my sweet, for the only one on earth whose heart is the nightingale's cage!"

"Jack," said Fay, half laughingly, half crying against his shoulder, "you're the greatest possible comfort, but—but what are we to do? Things are getting prettier desperate. No one wants you but

me; no one wants me but you; and"—she laughed nervously—"our purses are almost empty."

"Yes," he said seriously, lifting her face in his hands and gazing into the depths of her eyes. "I've been to the bank for an overdraft, which was refused because dad's bounty is withdrawn."

"Poor old dad!" Fay said softly. "I pity him more than ourselves. His bounty isn't the right kind."

"Well, cheer thee, sweet! On Wednesday you're an at home; that'll bring ten dollars. Meanwhile I believe I've got a deputising job. One of the second violins is ill, Clowes tells me. I might take his place, and bring you eight dollars on Saturday."

"Then we'll be quite rich. Wait, Jackie dear, how much is ten dollars and eight dollars?"

"I'll show you how many dollars it makes in kisses," was the prompt response.

Shadows fell across the room; the street lamps were lighted; the New York thoroughfare was hot and crowded; the hollow, ceaseless voices of pedestrians released from shops and offices ascended to Fay as she climbed the stairs, up and up towards the roof in a way that showed her fatigue and sadness. When she arrived at the door she thought how bare the room looked.

She had been singing at the function Jack had mentioned but what an ordeal it was! She had been all nerves and fears, her accompanist played too loudly, people talked all the time she sang of summer and love. Bright eyes looked askance at her last year's dress, carefully ironed and altered.

A lady had said over her shoulder, and well within Fay's hearing:

"Surely Mrs. Moran can afford better singers! And who is she?"

A man answered more gravely, and with an evident sympathy for such as Fay that pierced her heart.

"An artist, Miss Savarin—one of those who steal like a sylph from the woods, and whom the world crucifies or drives back to its retreat."

Miss Savarin laughed harshly, and, turning, met Fay's eyes.

Then the little singer knew why Isabel Savarin looked almost wolfish, in spite of her beauty. She had feigned ignorance of Fay's identity, but she knew well enough that she was looking at Jack's wife, for had she not seen them together tramping Fifth Avenue side by side, when dear old Jack gave the deserted lady what he called "a backhand-er bow?"

"She's our enemy," thought Fay; "and whenever I do get a chance, she'll do her best to spoil it."

The Organ Recital

The parish church received Isabel Savarin's interest and support when she was not too immersed in society's claims, and for the organ recitals of that summer she engaged the musicians.

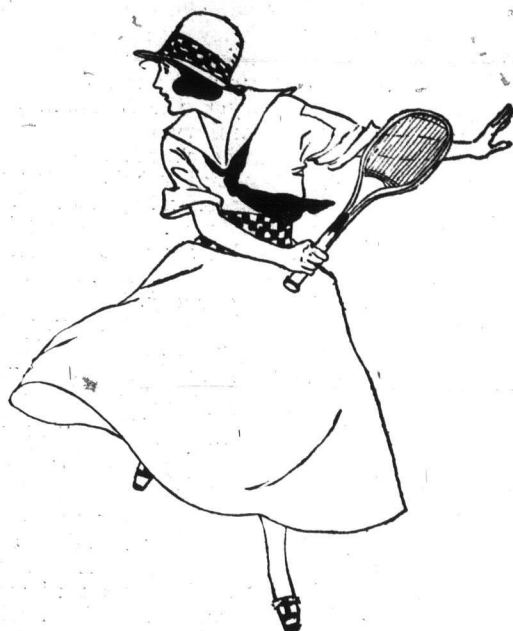
Halburn senior had for long been one of the wardens. Each Sunday he put gold in the plate. He had once told his wife that his office was a good example to Jack, but now there was no son to benefit by the sight of his stern old figure marching with others from aisle towards chancel with the big collection-plate.

No one could see into his bitter heart when Sunday after Sunday he heard the sermon in his habitual attitude—hand shading the harsh, sullen mouth. Nowadays he cared for nothing within his house or beyond it; existence was unsavoury and meaningless; he possessed everything that money could buy, but he possessed it alone.

Spring had slipped into summer, summer was advancing to its full maturity, but for nine long months no news of Jack and not so much as a single whimper to bring triumph to his heart. He was walking towards the church on a Wednesday evening in a bitter reverie, when Isabel Savarin accosted him.

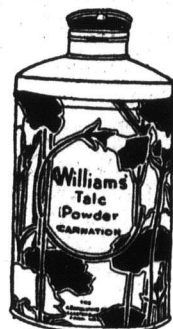
She was dressed in grey and scarlet, a bunch of malmalions scented her gown. Isabel beamed at the elderly widower with the thought, "Jack has escaped me, but this father of his was always fond of me; I may marry him yet."

"So vexing!" she said. "One of the artists has failed us at the eleventh hour, and I've had to phone an agent to send someone else."



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Halburn tried to show a polite interest, but obviously he cared little who should be fitted into the vacant niche.

They entered the church, and as by mutual consent sat down together, looking up at the low, burning lights, which, as yet, the descending sun made hardly necessary.

The church folk had attended in substantial numbers, for no one cared to risk offending Isabel Savarin and John Halburn. Gossip had it that she would be his second wife before very long, and it was worth while keeping in the lady's good books.

The moment came for the unknown deputy to appear. Heads and eyes rose to peep at her. A figure glided to the chancel rails with their wealth of flowers. Isabel stared, and caught her lip between her teeth. The organ thundered out the first refrain, and then a slight, girlish voice, musical as the nightingale's, stole across the harmonies.

In this quietude Fay forgot her fear, and poured out her voice in a long, throbbing paean of sorrow and wistful yearning. Now intertwining and wreathing about this sweetness there fell the purest of violin notes. Jack, standing in the shadow, held a little red fiddle against his breast. His eyes were fixed upon Fay's slight figure, and he strove to inspire his pretty wife to such singing as had once come pouring from his mother's throat.

Halburn's faced looked gaunt and cold. Isabel Savarin furious at what she saw, and heard, was conscious of his rigidity—his mask-like features.

Fay had reached the last verse; each word came clear and round, cleaving to one's heart. Halburn received all the ex-

"Help me to my feet, my dear. I feel tired to-night. Take me home between you, and—pardon an old man's selfishness."

Jack, knowing nothing of the sudden impulse which had caused Fay to come among the seats, found her golden head very near the breast of John Halburn, who smiled at them both wistfully, and asked the pair of them to see him home, and remain with him because he could no longer bear to live alone.

The New School

The school machinery now used in Iowa is vastly different from what was required in our own youth, and it does not seem to bring very much better results. These facts are realized as we glance through the present state superintendent's reports, and mentally compare them with what we remember of the same kind of reports of thirty to forty years ago, when we were school teachers. We have tried to keep in touch with the school machinery of Iowa; because as taxpayers, we are paying the bills. It seems to us that there are too many inspectors commissioners, and too much red tape at the head of the Iowa school system, who are using up money that could better be spent in providing secondary or high school education for the country children.

This brings us to the question, What can we do? The answer is simple: Provide a good agricultural high school for each county, making this the rural child's high school, and the only one in which it can have free tuition.

This school should combine high



In County Donegal, Ireland.

quisite tenderness of the melody, and Isabel saw a tear splash to the pew ledge.

Fay sang on:

"It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again; It may be that only in heav'n I shall hear that grand Amen!"

"What I have lost!" thought John Halburn. "What I have lost!"

He looked searchingly towards the singer. No angel of death was she, but to the wistful spectator she seemed the very messenger of life and love.

People began to troop out into the light given by a baby moon. Isabel Savarin rustled stormily up the aisle. John Halburn sat alone, and forgot all else, until he was aware that the singer herself stood before him and looked earnestly into his tear-stained face, whispering:

"Your heart is aching, isn't it? Just aching for Jack, and Jack, my husband, is coming to ask you your forgiveness—if only you will forgive!"

He felt that he could not speak or move; shame and surprise rendered him dumb. Was it possible that she who had stirred his soul to its depths was the despised nightingale, Fay?

last, and the helplessness of that con-

"I don't understand!" he murmured at fession caused Fay's eyes to fill.

"We didn't, either, until—until now."

She looked behind her. "Jack is coming," she said sweetly and simply. "Don't let the chord be lost through want of faith!"

"You—you are Fay!" he whispered huskily.

"Yes, I am Fay, Jack's wife, daddie."

He held out his hand.

school work, agricultural teaching, electrical and all farm machinery, a business course of farm accounting, and a normal training in the methods of rural school teaching, and domestic science. Such a school would require a few acres of demonstration ground connected therewith, and should be located adjoining the best country town of a county, where the children from a distance could obtain board and lodging. It should not be placed in a city.

This idea is not all a dream. It is described in one of State Superintendent Barrett's reports, and is in actual practice in a few counties, in either Minnesota or Wisconsin, I do not remember which. One or the other of these states has a law permitting a county to establish such a school for the rural children.

Circumstantial Evidence

Here is a Chinese anecdote, from the "Hsiao-Lin-Kuang-Chi," or "Laughing Book," that would keep its humor, no matter into what language it were translated. It loses none of its point, certainly, when turned into English.

A man who had been convicted of theft was put into the town stocks. A passer-by, observing his sad state, stopped and spoke to the man.

"What did you do?" asked the passer-by.

"Oh, nothing. I just found an old piece of rope on the road, and picked it up."

"And is it possible that they have punished you in this way for simply picking up an old piece of rope?"

"Yes—only it seems there was a cow at the end of the rope."

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

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WINNIPEG - - MAN.

The Lady Chauffeur and the Burglars

By Mae McGeoch

IT ALL started when mother gave Billings the sack because she overheard Mabel telling another girl that he looked like Apollo. Mother told dad about it, and said she was going to hire a woman for a chauffeur until after Mabel was married.

She did, and when dad saw Landis, the girl who answered mother's advertisement, he whistled and said:

"I wouldn't dream of questioning your judgment, Fanny, but don't you think you are taking a big chance on having a chauffeur for a daughter-in-law this time?"

"Nonsense!" scolded the mother. "Ben has surely reached the age of discretion by this time, and her references were really excellent, Jim. She drove a car for Mr. Handell, the great criminal lawyer, you know, and he recommends her highly."

"All right, Fanny," said dad, pacifically. "I'm a worm. But I think you are taking quite a risk."

Mother didn't say anything; she just set her mouth, and I knew that Ben would never have a chance to go car-riding with our new chauffeur unless he first put morphine in mother's coffee.

The chauffeur, after two week's trial, was pronounced an acquisition. Even mother said so. She was never around when she wasn't wanted, and when she was in demand she was right on the spot, and she knew her machine from A to Z. Dad said she could teach Mabel a thing or two in manners and deportment if Mabel only cared to learn. Ben didn't say anything but he looked a good deal—luckily not when mother was looking at him.

It was in the second month of the new chauffeur's regime that the burglaries commenced—the burglaries that shattered the peace of our household with such unprecedented completeness that it has never been the same since.

The first was at Ted Bowers'. The thieves got away with all the silver, a string of pearls that Mrs. Bowers had inherited from her great grandmother, and Ted's very best 24-jewel Elgin watch. Ted was more peeved about the watch than anything because he said it was the only thing in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom that was absolutely dependable.

Then came robberies at the Bayley's, at Charlie Howard's, and at the Tindall's. In every instance the electric wires were cut, putting lights, burglar alarms, and everything connected with them, completely out of business.

We have a pretty punk lot of policemen in our city, and they were stumped completely. All they discovered was that the thieves came in an automobile, and that one of them had extraordinarily big feet. Then they laid off work and waited for something to turn up.

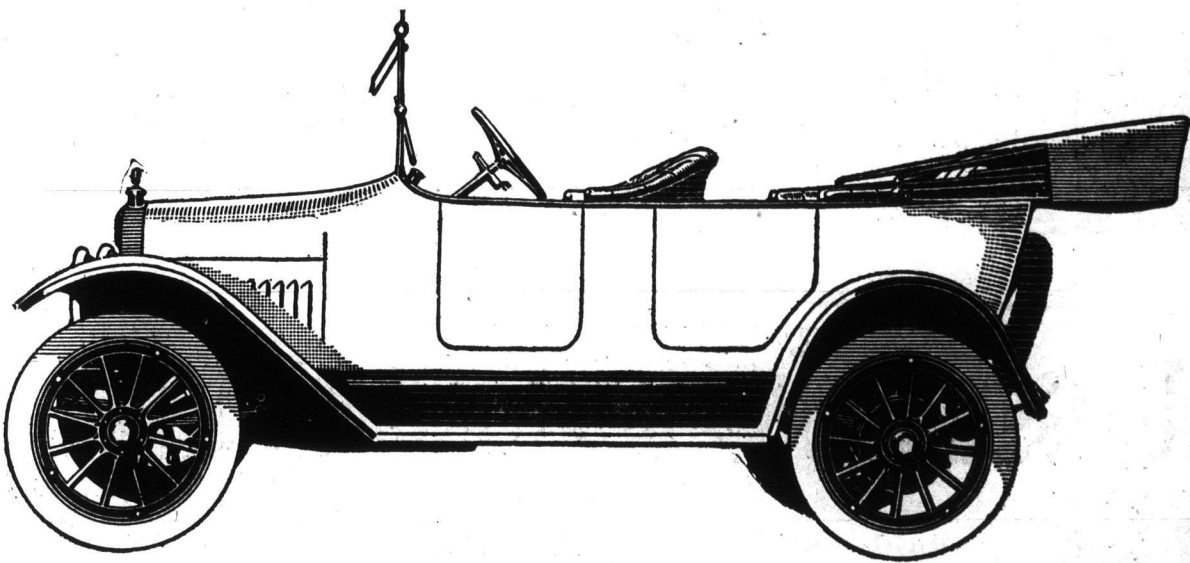
It was in the middle of the night, two days after Dick Tindall had arisen in the morning to discover that if he wanted any breakfast he would have to eat it with the chop-sticks belonging to his Chinese cook, all his knives, forks and spoons having vanished. It was somewhere around two o'clock in the morning when I awoke and heard the purr of a motor under my window.

Now, if there is one thing I hate more than another it is getting up in the middle of the night, and even when I heard someone begin to swear in a voice that sounded familiar I didn't bother getting up. The car started off down the drive, and I was just going to sleep when I heard another go tearing away in its wake, with the exhaust wide open, and making noise enough to raise the dead.

It was no sooner out of hearing when (life being simply one darn thing after another) the worst racket I ever heard in all my life broke out downstairs. It sounded like a dozen men falling downstairs with their arms full of milk pans. I got out of bed a good deal quicker than usual, but it was worse than a fire stampede when I tried to get downstairs.

Dad was standing there in his red and blue checked pyjamas, swearing a steady stream. Mother had on some kind of thing that had stork's chasing each other all over it, and she was doing her best to choke dad off. Mabel had a counter-

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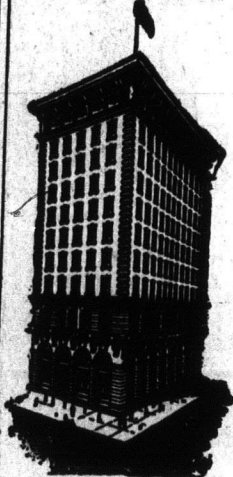
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pane around her, and Uncle Dick and Ben and the butler had hardly anything on.

We stood around there for about two minutes before anyone thought to do anything, and I was preparing to make a charge through the crowd when Dawson shot out of the dining-room and up the stairs, four at a time, his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

"The robbers!" he screamed. "There isn't a thing left in the dining-room."

We couldn't get down the stairs quickly enough. Uncle Dick and Ben and I slid down the balustrade. Dawson was wrong, there were a lot of things in the dining-room. In fact, one couldn't see the room for things. The only article of furniture that had nothing on it was the sideboard, and it was swept as bare as an elm tree in January.

"My '47 Rogers!" said mother, with a sigh.

"My boxin' trophy!" groaned dad. (In moments of stress dad is inclined to forget that there is a letter 'g' in the alphabet.)

We listened dazedly while Dawson tried to tell us how he first discovered the robbery. He had heard the car go rushing down the drive, and remembering the stories of the other burglaries, he got up to assure himself that everything was all right. The uproar had been caused by his elbow taking a pile of dinner plates amidships and sending them flying down the cellar stairs.

"Well," said Uncle Dick, leaning against the jamb in the doorway, "I have heard that all things come to those who wait, but I'm afraid if you wait for our midnight

When I got up in the morning there wasn't a bite of breakfast ready, and I couldn't move without falling over a police official of some kind, and they asked questions and snooped around until I felt like going out into the shrubbery with a strychnine tablet for company.

About eleven o'clock I went into the hall and found mother at the telephone.

The conversation was something like this: "Hello, is this Mr. Handell? This is Mrs. Dennis speaking. Are you always aware of the true character of the employees whom you recommend for a position?"

Oh! Well, I beg to inform you that the chauffeur whom you recommended so highly, vanished last night, or early this morning, along with our imported racing car, all my '47 Rogers silver, and a—er—trophy of my husband's. . . . No, I'm not crazy!

Beg pardon? Yes, I shall be delighted to have you come and look into the matter yourself. Good-bye." And mother slammed the receiver on the hook.

As she hung up one of the detectives came in rubbing his hands together.

"Well, Mrs. Dennis, we are doing fine. We find that your chauffeur has really gone. ("I never doubted it," said mother frigidly.) There is nothing missing from her room except her dust coat and cap. We have not yet determined what clothing she had on besides her motoring outfit, as the maids cannot agree upon what is missing. This will prove a benefit to the community, as she and her accomplices are doubtless the authors of the numerous other burglaries in this vicinity, and we now know what to look for." He began to stutter towards the last of his mono-



A shepherd's house, Isle of Arran, Scotland

visitors to bring back that junk of yours, you'll be here a long time. I think a fitting motto for this occasion would be, 'God helps those who help themselves.' Why not try the automobile stunt ourselves? The Western can catch anything on four wheels—with any kind of luck."

"Yes," shouted dad, excitedly. "They can't be far away yet. By Gad, I'll teach them to rob an Irishman. Dawson, tell Landis to have the Western around in five minutes or I'll sack her—and you, too," he added by way of an incentive. Dawson went out that door like a stone from a catapult.

He was back in less than half the time, looking even wilder than before.

"T—the car's g—gone!" he stuttered, "and L—landis, too."

That was the second jolt Dawson had handed us inside of fifteen minutes, and it was a good deal harder than the first.

We all stood gaping at him except Ben, and he caved at the knees so badly that he had to sit down, looking rather sick.

Uncle Dick was the first to recover, and he was at the telephone in about two strides. We listened in a sort of maze while he called the Central police station and gave them a complete description of the car and the chauffeur.

"Now," he barked, turning on us, "for Heaven's sake go to bed—the whole kit and boodle of you. Just to look at you would give any normal man the Willies. Fanny, if you knew what you looked like in that inanimate menagerie of a dressing gown you wouldn't hang around this dining-room very long."

I knew this was intended to bring mother out of her trance, and it succeeded admirably. She faded away.

We went to bed at last, or rather we dispersed and went to our rooms, which isn't the same thing, and the house was at peace outwardly. In reality it was in a raging ferment.

I think mother's looks frightened him, because he said good-bye hurriedly, and backed out the front door, keeping a wary eye on her all the time. I think he expected to be torpedoed before he got down the steps.

This was at eleven a.m. At one p.m. a gray racing car came ripping up the drive, and a middle-aged man got out. I had a good look at him as he came up the steps, and I never saw such an angry looking person in my life. I expected to see foam fly from his lips at any moment.

When I went into the dining-room he and mother were having it out, and the fur was beginning to fly. Ben was there, too, and every time mother cut loose he got a shade paler.

"Why, Great Heavens, madam!" shouted Mr. Handell, "if the Angel Gabriel himself came down from above and said she'd stole your accursed silver I wouldn't believe him. What on earth would she want to steal it for? Why—"

Ben got to his feet. "I agree with Mr. Handell, mother," he said steadily. "Nothing could convince me that Patsy (mother gasped) got away with that stuff—nothing. And I may as well tell you right now that when she comes back I intend to marry her—if she will have me." And he walked out of the room.

By this time mother was entirely speechless, so she led the way to the door and handed him over to Uncle Dick. I tagged along behind while Uncle Dick retold the story for the one hundred and sixty-first time. He spoke very feelingly about the clamor made by Dawson's pile of plates.

"I give you my word, Mr. Handell, that for once in my life I achieved the fashionable pompadour hair-cut without the aid of a barber. Ah! here we are. This is the garage, and Lan—er—Miss Landis' room is over it."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Handell, "that that child slept over the garage?"

"Certainly," said Uncle Dick, calmly, "that is where all our chauffeurs have slept. Have you anything against it?"

"Not exactly—but—"
"Exactly! Here we are. Nothing has been changed, as you see. It is precisely as Miss Landis left it when she—er—vanished. No one seems to have determined what clothing she has on besides her dust coat and cap. The women who attends to the servants' laundry states positively that all her clothes are still here."

"I know what she has on," retorted Mr. Handell, grimly. "She went away in her pyjamas."

Uncle Dick has more self-possession than the average human being, but this statement almost finished him.

"Would you mind explaining?" he asked at last.

"Not in the least. Delighted, I'm sure. I can tell you the whole story and not go wrong in a single detail that is of any importance. The thieves came here in an automobile, got into the house, lifted what they wanted, and departed. Patsy heard them—probably when they cranked up again—and started out in pursuit. Oh, I know her! I haven't known her since she was three weeks old for nothing. That girl was never known to think before she did a thing."

"Do I understand you to say that any girl in her senses would go chasing a gang of desperadoes at two o'clock in the morning in a suit of pyjamas?"

"I didn't say that any girl would do it; I said that Patsy would—and did. And I didn't say she was in her senses. It's my personal opinion that the girl is crazy—stark, staring crazy. Why, man, this is nothing to some of the things she has done. But, mark my words, she will bring your porch-climbing friends back here to answer for their sins, and I am ready to wager anything you like on it."

"Well," said Uncle Dick, faintly, "you may be right—"

"Maybe!" snorted Mr. Handell. "As I said before," replied Uncle Dick, patiently, "you may be right, but what I can't understand is this: how has a girl who would do such a thing managed to keep out of the asylum so long?"

"I kept her out," retorted Mr. Handell, "and I deserve a medal for it. By-the-way, I think she is back now. She has a special kind of toot reserved for times when she is on the war path. Listen!"

We listened and heard the whirr of a motor coming up the drive, and every two or three seconds there was a long toot of the horn.

"Do you want to take that bet?" demanded Mr. Handell.

"Not at present, thank you," said Uncle Dick. "You may need the money, but I'm economizing myself these war times. Come along and we'll see what is doing."

It was Patsy Landis, all right, and both machine and driver were a little the worse for wear. Patsy looked as if she hadn't had any sleep for a week, and the Western had a smashed mud-guard and was shy a lamp. But it was a king compared to the car towing along behind. How it ever managed to run on its four wheels at all, is more than I can understand. The front axle was bent until it had the fashionable debutante slouch; I don't think it ever had any lamps or mud guards or any such luxuries, and the left side of the mac ine looked as if a tree had fallen on it.

Patsy climbed out (she had her pyjamas on under her coat) and stepped back to take a look at the derelict.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she asked of the crowd in general. "I did it all myself."

No one said anything. We just looked.

"This isn't all I've got, either. Look here!" She went over to the wreck, jerked open what remained of the door, and hauled out the queerest looking bundle I ever saw. She laid it carefully on the ground and brought out another and laid it beside the first.

"Ladies and gentlemen—and kids," she said, looking at me and laughing, "come one, come all, and see the great highwaymen, the eminent, light fingered second-story men! Five cents a look. Come while you may, you may never get another chance. Not all at once, please—not all at once."

Everybody rushed in a body. The first was a short, heavily-built man with a sandy moustache and a villainous squint. The second was—Billings.

Mother looked at dad—triumph in her eye.

"I told you so," said she. "Maybe, maybe," said dad, "but you're going to have a chauffeur in the family anyway, if not in one way in another. Look over there."

Mother looked—and went on looking.

Ben had his arm around Patsy and was looking around him with an air that said: "You take her only over my dead body."

As we were looking Mr. Handell strode up to them looking like a heavily-charged thunder cloud. He waded right in, without any preliminaries.

"Well, young lady, it's a lucky thing for you that you came back when you did. Another three or four hours and it would have been gaol for yours."

It took a moment for this to sink in and then Patsy's blue eyes opened wide.

"Gaol!" she echoed. "Gaol! what for?"

"For stealing the car and the silver and all the rest of it."

Patsy tried to get away from Ben, but he still held her.

"Do you mean to say," she asked slowly, "that these people thought I lifted that stuff?"

"They certainly did."

"But, good heavens! what should I want with it? Why, my chief object in life is to reduce my income."

"Yes, but they didn't know that—and they don't know it yet. Come along with me and explain things."

"Go yourself! Tell 'em I was dying of stagnation and got a job to pass the time away!"

"I'll tell them that my ward is forty different kinds of a fool," snapped Mr. Handell. "You can't get married too

quickly to suit me. I'm damned sick of my job."

"Did you believe that I stole that stuff?" she demanded of Ben, waving her hand towards the automobiles.

"My dear," said Ben, solemnly, "I wouldn't have believed it if every soul in the house had sworn that they saw you holding the sack."

"You didn't believe it, either, did you Micky?" she asked me.

"Not on your life!" I said. "I knew it was Billings all the time. I heard him swear when he cranked the car."

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Getting Back to the Original

By Aubrey Fullerton

TO most of us in this good Canada there comes, in its due and proper season, the call of the wilds; and, eagerly as a hungry lad who hears the dinner-call, we go in answer to it. There are certain general reasons why we do so.

Some go for this, and some for that, and the wilderness, like an indulgent parent, gives to those who seek it, whether for sport, or for health, or for gold. Always, too, it offers a strange but pleasant mixture of play and toil. Perhaps that is why the average man is too fond of it—he likes the way it puts up the two standard ingredients of life into one-never-failing, tonic prescription.

The lures of the wild have been much written about, and often, but this more uncommon one may yet be added to the list: that for us busy modernists the wilderness reproduces, as nearly as may be, the great sensations of the men who saw it first. Not only to paddle, and picnic, and shoot, but to see as they saw, and to do as they did: that is the perfect holiday. A touch of the wild makes us kin with explorers who were our forerunners by two or three hundred years, and sometimes a very little taste of it puts us into the atmosphere and spirit of pioneer days.

It must have been a fine thing to go with a company of adventurers into a region absolutely new: to see virgin sights and measure out the unknown

right to think a bit of your forerunners. Link up with the first campers; put yourself in their place; count the debt you owe them. And in so doing you will come better to understand and appreciate your own Canada.

No part of the Canadian wilderness more effectively presents these double phases of outdoor life—the play and the work, the old and the new—than the long, hard fur-trade route of Northern Alberta and beyond. Now that the north is opening up, and the railroads are going into it, traffic, generally speaking, is taking the easier route; but over portions of the wilderness highways it is possible even yet to travel only in the old, romantic way.

On the Athabasca River, for instance, may be seen, perhaps better than anywhere else in Canada, the kind of traffic that was known in pioneer times. You may travel as Alexander Mackenzie did, if you wish to, and you may have such adventures by the way as the old traders had—indeed you can hardly avoid them. For through the hundred miles of rough water with which the Athabasca is broken only flat-bottomed boats can go, and even they only by tracking, in the course of which many things may happen.

You do not need to go this way, remember. Beginning with this present year, it is possible for you to ride in a



Summer Days on Peace River

lands, and then to press on and on to whatever might be, over the rivers and hills and prairies. It was so the first travelers saw the West.

Well, that's a long way gone, and today is a day of many things that were not then. One no longer feels like Columbus in crossing the Atlantic, or like Fraser in touring the Western plains. The virginity has departed. Our sensations are of a different order, and less romantic.

It is at just this point that the wilderness calls to us. To be sure, what was wilderness three centuries ago is such no longer, but not so very far away is still the wild land, where even to this day there remains a likeness to primeval times. In certain unfrequented ways—in forest-depths, on obscure streams, among the hills, or out upon the plains—it is possible still to duplicate in some degree the exhilarating experiences of the great pioneers. And this it is that, superimposed upon its other joys, makes the wilderness so good to us; for we Canadians, whether conscious of it or not, have the vim of the pioneers in our blood, and on every opportunity it stirs within us a response to the wilderness call.

Perhaps you never thought of it just so? Never linked yourself up with Jacques Cartier as you drifted in your canoe, or with Pierre Radisson as you camped around the Great Lakes, or with Alexander Mackenzie as you went into the mountains? Yet the heritage of the wilderness is ours, it has come down to us fairly and directly from those great adventurers who blazed the trail, and from men like them.

Out in the woods, then, in your heart-contenting camp, you will do quite

railway train from Edmonton to Peace River Crossing, and thence in comfortable steamboats almost to the edge of the Arctic Ocean. But if you want to taste such experiences as the old-timers had, you will go a-tracking and a-packing on the Athabasca, where toil and fun keep close together.

The toil is usually more evident than the fun. To trudge along the shore in strings of six or eight men, harnessed in single file to a long tracking-line, and so to draw the boat after them for miles at a stretch, is the kind of work that mules used to do on the old canals, but is often worse. Nothing more arduous can be imagined, says one experienced traveler in the north, than this tow-path tracking. "Much of it is in the water, wading up tortuous shallow channels, plunging into numberless creeks, clambering up slimy banks, creeping under or passing the line over fallen trees, wading out in the stream to round long spits of sand or boulders, floundering in gumbo slides, tripping, crawling, plunging, and finally tottering to the camping place sweating like horses, and mud to the eyes—but never grumbling."

Packing comes at the portages, where every pound of freight must be shifted around some impassable piece of water on men's backs. Portages of varying lengths where this laborious packing is necessary occur at intervals on nearly all the northern rivers, and in greater or lesser measure those who go to the wilderness must bear their share of it. Even the casual visitor and camper-out serves now and then as a burden-bearer.

To offset these harder experiences, however, the wild places of the north offer many delights and comforts. There

is toil, but there is play also, and sometimes the one follows close upon the other. For the wilderness has countless beauty spots, over which there is a glamor, a sort of quiet grace and mystic spirit, that can be matched nowhere else. What this means is well known to those who have camped on some one or more of the northern rivers, or on a lake in some hidden place where there is no other human life, but a wonderful abundance of living things above and around. It is one of Canada's best and greatest privileges that in every province, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, in prairie Alberta as well as in forested Quebec, a surprisingly few miles back-of-the-beyond will take one into the region of wilderness grace and beauty, where it still is possible to see and feel somewhat as the pioneers must have seen and felt.

To camp, to fish, to shoot, to canoe, and then to rest, is the round of wilderness delights, varied with many changes, according to time and place. Thus one experiences the softer phase of life in the wilds, which is sometimes, perhaps always, the more appreciated and enjoyed for coming after the necessary measure of toil and hardness. Even on the Athabasca, for instance, where

the beauty and grace of the eastern holiday grounds is not expected, a hard run through rough places, with a wearisome stretch of tracking or some tedious hours of portaging, may be relieved by a pleasant turn up some little stream that opens off the main river and leads back into real wonderland. So, too, on the majestic Peace one may find many summer scenes of luxurious ease and softness. Tree-clad banks, and glassy water, and bewitching picture effects; little waterfalls and miniature rapids that it is sheer fun to ride in an open canoe; abounding life and color on every hand—these things are on all the northern streams, close to the back-breaking toil that makes up the other phase of wilderness life.

After all, the Canadian wilderness is one, whether east or west, and its contribution of work and play to the life and well-being of the Dominion is everywhere of much the same inestimable kind. We would be poorer without it.

\$1,000 a Year in the City

In discussing the problem of the man with a \$1,000 a year job giving it up and going on a farm, Mr. Alfred Johnson says in Feb. 15th issue:



Toilsome way in which Boats are Tracked up the Athabasca River by Men walking along the Shore

Adds a Healthful Zest to Any Meal

Most everyone likes a hot table drink, but it must have a snappy taste and at the same time be healthful. Probably no beverage answers every requirement so completely as does

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Both forms of Postum have a delightful aroma and flavour, are healthful, and good for children and grown-ups.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

"If he has no experience I would advise him to stay where he is because he has \$1,000 a year now and on a farm without experience he would be glad if both ends meet."

Now this statement illustrates very clearly a bit of crooked thinking that is at the root of the problem of the untrained boys and girls leaving the farm for pick-up jobs in the city.

It seems difficult to get people to realize that wages or salary is not all clear money. A farmer gets his house and food without any visible and tangible outlay and he is prone to think that if he was in receipt of \$100 in real money every month his troubles would all be over.

A city man getting a \$1,000 a year comes a long way from "having it," as Mr. Johnson says. Everything that a city man has in the way of clothes, shelter, food, doctor bills, amusements, etc., must come from that \$1,000, and if any farmer thinks it's a summer day picnic for a man, wife and two children to make both ends meet on this princely income in the city, his awakening would be sad if he is ever obliged to try it. I have been through the mill and know what I am talking about.—City Clerk.

Yes, He Does

"A good dairy cow is not the result of haphazard methods," says Prof. C. Larsen of South Dakota State College, "but she is the product of careful selection and breeding. True it is that a good milker may occasionally be obtained in any breed. I have seen some individuals, even in special beef breeds that have been good milkers, and which by proper feed and care, might have been capable of producing as much as 400 pounds of butter fat in a year. Such animals are accidents, and are termed 'sports.' There is only one sure way of obtaining large producing cows from our common herds, and that is to be sure that the head of the herd, or the sire comes from large milk producing ancestors.



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Cotton Gauzes
First Aids
Fumigators
Adhesive Plaster, Etc.



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B&B Zinc-Oxide Adhesive sticks without wetting. It stays fresh. It sticks to anything dry, and stays stuck. So it has a thousand uses. You can mend anything with it from lawn hose to golf clubs. It clings to metal, rubber, wood, glass, or cloth.

B&B Fumigators

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Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid

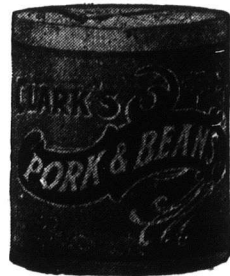
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Germany and the Germans

By S. Jackson Coleman

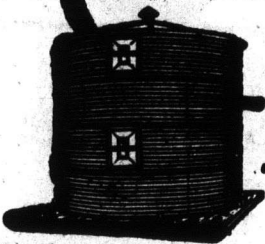
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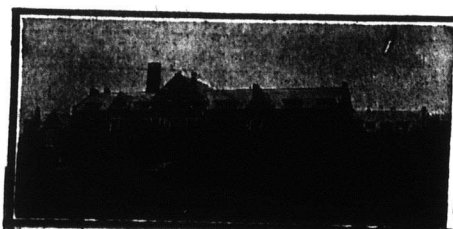
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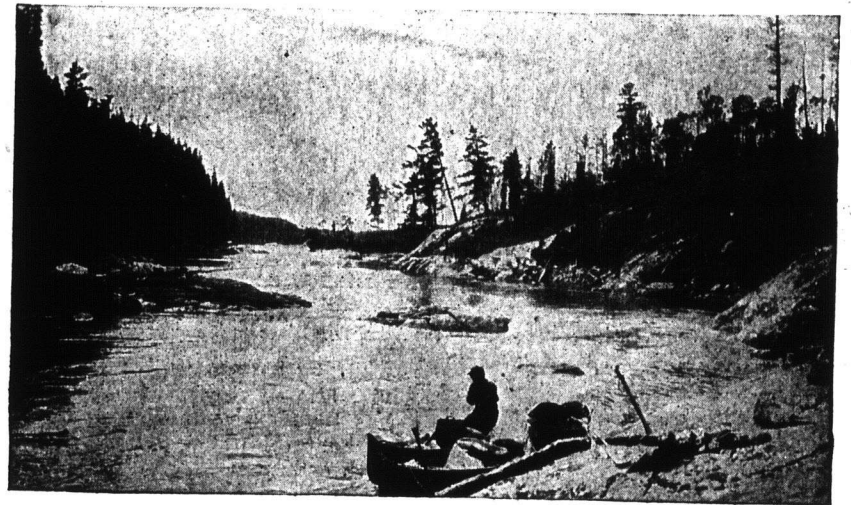


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Careful Oversight. Thorough Instruction.
Large Playing Fields. Excellent Situation.
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.
Calendar sent on application. Headmaster

FIFTY years ago Germany, which has plunged the world into such a sanguinary strife, was but a geographical expression. It was but a loose collection of a number of small states headed by two larger powers, Austria and Prussia. They were the Codlin and Short of Europe, and their efforts to secure the goodwill of the smaller states would have been ludicrous if the issue had not been so momentous. Through the indomitable perseverance and foresight of Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck, however, a new era was opened for the "Fatherland," and militarism of a most malignant character was formed in the national breast. We need not enquire into the results of its birth. The dire effects are so manifest, but surely we may seek an opportunity with advantage of studying awhile the customs and folk-lore of a land which has been regarded in past ages as the "home of philosophers, poets and musicians."

Can those who have visited Hun-land ever forget its atmosphere of order, method and discipline? Who can forget its painfully naked stations, with their roomy, airy and spotlessly clean condition? How, indeed, could one fail to remember the slim wooden palings on each side of the railway tracts, suggesting scarcity of timber, the incessant tinkling of telegraph bells, the lithe movements and guttural cries of the blouse-clad porters, and the halts for refreshments? And how there lingers upon the mind the night-scene of many controlled masters of the German streets. Neither on the driving road nor on the footway is the slightest obstruction or inconvenience to traffic allowed. Everywhere the regulation of public houses and drinking-rooms is left to police ordinances, and the police authority as a rule exercises its powers with great discretion. It determines the times of opening and closing and decides whether the personnel shall be male or female, prescribes the kind of tap that shall be used for the beer barrels, and what kind of vessels the beer shall flow into, as well as assumes some of the plumber's distinctive functions. The tramways and public vehicles are also regulated by the police, as are also the control of theatres and places of amusement. He undertakes the nightly locking of the street doors at a sufficiently early hour. He sees that you have your chimney regularly cleaned, though chimney-sweeping is often done under direct supervision of the police authority. Periodically he examines your stove, and, while he is above it, may inspect a few other matters of domestic economy, as your outer locks, your pump-handles, and your ash-pit doors. Lodging houses of all kinds come under police surveillance, and the ordinances issued for their sanitary and moral well-being are often of a most stringent character. Even the private citizen is not allowed to use his house as he likes. In some places even singing and piano-playing with open windows are forbidden. Journalism is



A beautiful spot on the G.T.P., east of Winnipeg

an imposing German city, with its intricate cobweb of streets, jewelled with innumerable twinkling lights—a spectacle well worthy of some fairy clime. What, too, of the art treasures of the famous Zwinger in Saxony's proud city, the shrine and cradle of Rococo art? How Raphael's heavenly masterpiece, the Madonna di San Sisto, appeals with ever-fresh wonder and admiration! None could resist the appealing beauty of the Virgin-Mother, with her massive brow, her soft pupilled eyes and well proportioned features. There is something more than mortal in its expression—something which indicates a power mightier than the proudest manhood and irresistibly claiming our reverent attention.

For many a long year, however, Germany has proved none other than the sanctuary of Mars. Like Jeroboam of old they have left "the old paths" and set up images of their own making. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man have ceased to be dogmas of the national creed. Mars is the great pagan god of the Teutonic race. The entire male population, with few exceptions, is armed and trained methodically and scientifically for the specific purpose of conquest and aggrandisement. Every reserve, every resource of the country is seized, exploited and directed for the sole purpose of war. It is difficult to imagine the extensive nature of her espionage system. The possibilities of Esperanto—the international language of peace and love—for military purposes has not even been overlooked. It has been adopted in the systematic campaign for the enlistment of the sympathy of neutral lands.

When martial law is not actually in evidence, the police officers are the un-

placed largely at the mercy of the police authority, while it sanctions new issues, exercises a sort of censorship over every number published, and confiscates, suppresses and prosecutes at direction.

It is a trite axiom that education is not an all-efficacious antidote against superstition. Although every portion of Germany has its own particular folk-lore, some of the Teutonic superstitions in regard to children are so quaint as to be well worth a passing glance. If the parents wish their child to live a 100 years, the godparents must be obtained from three different parishes; to name it Adam or Eve is supposed to produce a similar result, but, in both cases, the charm is broken if the infant should cry during the ceremony. The sponsors must not forget to wear some borrowed garment in order that their godchild may always have credit. They must not look about, or he will see ghosts; or talk, or he will do the same in his sleep. Neither must they eat any meat immediately after the ceremony, because the hapless infant would assuredly get the toothache! Sometimes the father runs round the church during the service so that his son may become fleet of foot, and the relations, if they can beg, borrow, or steal the water in the font, dash it as high as possible against the wall, that the newly-baptised may distinguish himself in the world, and bring the family to honor. When girls alone are brought to the font, it is considered rather a disaster, as they run the risk of remaining unappropriated blessings all their lives. A child born during sermon time on Christmas morning has the gift of seeing spirits; so does the first child baptised at a newly consecrated font, unless the sponsors take the precaution of dropping a straw, pin, or

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In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole-ground-pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 168

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Most people do not need to be informed that Mrs. Hinckson's preparation is entirely different from any other hair restorer and that it has never been known to fail in its mission.

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The Royal Hair Restorer does not dye the hair, but simply enables it to return naturally to its original color. It restores vitality and color to the hair, stimulates enfeebled glands into healthy action and arrests falling hair rendering it youthful, soft and glossy.

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piece of paper into the basin. The first meal it eats should be roast-lark, and if it is slow in learning to walk, its mother ought to make it creep silently three Friday mornings through a raspberry bush grown into the ground at both ends.

Germany appears to have the honor of being the first nation to legislate in the direction of national insurance. One of the earliest national insurance laws was that of Prussia. In 1810 the code provided that an employer should not only care for but maintain servants who had lost their capacity for work whilst in his service. In 1845 the Prussian laws authorised local authorities to compel workmen to join sick funds, and, in 1849, the employers were compelled to contribute towards the cost of the insurance. When twelve years after the foundation of the modern German Empire, the Imperial Government set itself to devise a great scheme of national insurance, it found the ground prepared by these former partial state efforts. In 1883 a Sickness Bill was passed into law and this was followed in the ensuing year by an Accident Insurance Law, in 1899 by insurance against Old Age and Invalidity, and in 1911 by a measure insuring wives and children, in respect of widowhood and orphanhood.

Germany's army of social reformers have long been the envy of outside nations. Poverty, somehow or other, seems to exhibit itself in Hunnish cities with a more respectable face than elsewhere. Tumble-down houses are conspicuous by their absence. It is difficult in normal times to find dirty and ill-clad children, while signs of loitering about and begging are quite exceptional. There is little doubt, indeed, that Germany possesses many high qualities in the organization of social reforms, and it seems a thousand pities that their abilities and efforts in this direction should be maimed by a needless and senseless war. The Elberfeld system for the relief of the poor, indeed, is the Mecca of social service. It recognizes how many and various are the causes that bring poverty into a home. Whenever, therefore it strikes—or threatens to strike—a dwelling or individual, a friend stands ready at hand. There are no paid officials with the especial purpose of relieving the poor, but those who are going "under" are assisted by the citizen's army, who carefully and scientifically consider the cases allotted to their charge until the respective patients return to the normal condition of self-support.

In normal times perhaps we are rather apt to pity ourselves as both highly rated and heavily taxed. But the ordinary burden, quite apart from the war, of the German citizen is far heavier. In Germany, for instance, the income tax in peace times is levied on incomes of 17s 6d per week (£45), and the rate is, roughly, from 5d to 7d in the pound on small incomes, up to 9d and over on larger ones. That is the "State" tax. When it is paid the local authorities come along for their "local income tax!" The unmarried man, too, is penalised in Germany. A married worker earning 25s a week, and paying 25s a year in taxes, would, unmarried, have to pay 36s 7d. True it is that Germany only taxes liquor to about half the extent Great Britain is accustomed to do, but she increases her food taxes in far greater proportion. And, as you can dispense with liquor, but not with food, the burden is very heavy.

A lady was recently reading to her young son the story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, she said: "Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldn't you work to keep mamma?" "Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?" "Oh, yes; my dear," said the mother; "but we can't eat the house, you know." "Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful. "Certainly, dear," replied the mother; "but they would not last long, and what then?" "Well, ma," said the young incorrigible, after thinking a moment, "would there be enough to last till you got another husband?"

She Knew

The modern rural postmaster has not much time to read the postcards of his neighbors, even if he wished to. But his more or less mythical propensity for doing so has at least given rise to many stories, one of which the Boston Traveler repeats:—

One day a young farmer drove to town, and wound up at the village post office.

"Hello, Seth!" said he. "Got anything here for me?"

"Don't see nothin', Jake," rather indifferently replied the postmaster. "Was ye expectin' somethin'?"

"Yes," answered the farmer. "I was expectin' a postal card from my Aune

Jinny, tellin' me what day she was comin' down."

"Hanner," called the postmaster to his wife, "have ye seen anything of a postal card from Jake Leed's Aunt Jinny?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply of the postmaster's wife. "She is comin' down on Thursday."

Too Late

Samuel entered a grocery store and putting a jug on the counter, asked for more molasses. The grocer took the jug to the back of the store, filled it and came back to the counter.

"There's your molasses, Sammie. Where's your money?"

"Wh-why," said Samuel, "mother put it in the jug."

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ACADEMIC Public and High School Grades. Departmental and Matriculation examinations.	COMMERCIAL Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting. HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE	EXPRESSION Dramatic Art, etc. Physical Culture. MUSIC Piano, Vocal. FINE ART China Painting, Metal Work, etc.
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Laundry Starch

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A young Winnipeg lady, after spending five months studying one of the old systems of Shorthand, began the study of the wonderful Paragon system when Principal Houston brought it to the Winnipeg Business College, and in FIVE WEEKS began using it in office work and is now performing her duties as a stenographer with both accuracy and facility. She reads and transcribes Paragon notes as readily as printed matter. The legibility of this system constitutes one of its chief merits. All business subjects.

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Always the same, smiling a welcome across the breakfast table every morning. It looks good and is good, and it improves on acquaintance. The introduction is easy, too —

Just a tablespoonful of



Gold Standard
Coffee

for each cup required. Bring the water slowly to boiling point and allow it to boil one-half minute; add one-quarter cup cold water to settle, and serve in three minutes.

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Tested Recipes

By Maud Fyfe, Gainsborough

Manners and Customs.

By Nancy Byrd Turner

It's strange how things can differ so!

Now, take two kinds of fruit,—
Banana chap and Orange,—
And watch each doff his suit.

Banana's swift and nimble,
His way is safe and slick;
He gets out of his trouser leg
With a wiggle and a kick.

But Oranges make a big ado;
Indeed, it is distressing
To happen by quite suddenly
And see this lad undressing.

He clings to every single rag
With obstinacy and vim;
It takes ten fingers and a will
To part his clothes from him.

And when he feels the poor clothes go,
All raggedy and mussy,
He sheds an acid tear or two,
And keeps on being fussy.

It's strange how things can differ so!
To be quite frank and truthful,
It isn't only things, you know,
But people, chiefly youthful,

Who show these different traits and tricks
When bedtime hour comes duly—
Banana kind and Orange kind;
Now, which kind are you, truly?

Meat Pie.—Make biscuit dough above. Have your basin with meat, gravy and seasoning boiling. Drop the dough on it in big spoonfuls until they meet. Bake thoroughly. Serve hot.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Make biscuit dough. Roll $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Spread thickly with sugar and cinnamon. Roll up like jelly-roll. Cut in 1 inch rounds. Crowd into pans and bake in a very quick oven.

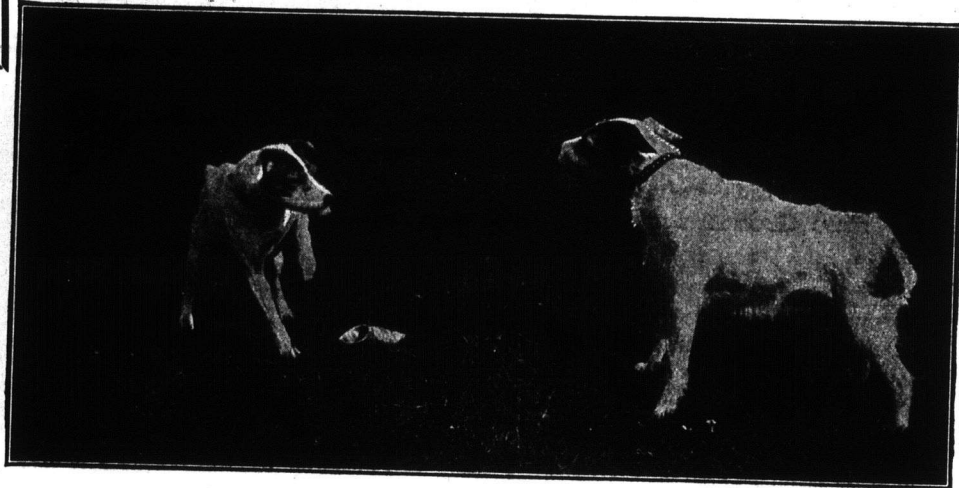
Date Rolls.—Make biscuit dough. Roll 1 inch thick butter. Cut in small rounds. On each one place a date stuffed with a walnut. Fold half over. Bake in a very quick oven.

Pancakes.—1 cup sour milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, beat well. Bake in small cakes and serve very hot.

Johnny Cake.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup cornmeal and sifted flour enough to make a cake dough. Bake thoroughly in a moderate oven.

Gingerbread.—1 tablespoon shortening, sugar and ginger, warmed, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup molasses, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, flour enough to make a cake dough. Bake in a moderate oven.

Plain Cake.—1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, flour to make a soft dough, cream butter, add sugar, then beaten eggs, next milk with soda dissolved in it. Mix in almos



Take it if you dare

Uses for Sour Milk

This time of year we seem to have sour milk to use freely. We have not got into the way yet of giving our milk its summer care; so in its winter headquarters it soon goes sour. It really is much nicer to bake with than sweet milk. A crock of thick sour milk is the next best cooking help to a crock of sour cream. So as our milk goes sour we can use from the crock and then keep refilling with the newly-soured milk. The following are some plain recipes easy to follow and tested:

Biscuit.—1 quart flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 egg of butter or shortening, 3 heaping teaspoons of baking powder, 2 eggs, and sour milk enough to make a soft dough. This takes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups. With each cup of sour milk use $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking soda, mixing it with sour milk. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in shortening. Add eggs, then sour milk. Roll 1 inch thick. Cut in rounds. Butter and turn half over. Bake in a very quick oven.

Shortcake.—Make $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity of above biscuit dough. Take $\frac{1}{2}$ of dough and roll to fit a pie tin. Butter liberally. Roll out other half and butter. Put buttered halves together and bake in a very hot oven. When cooked separate. Butter again. Cover thickly with fruit well sugared. Place in oven to warm through. Serve hot. Whipped cream makes a good addition but is not a necessity.

Worms, however generated, are found in the digestive tracts, where they set up disturbances detrimental to the health of the child. There can be no comfort for the little ones until the hurtful intruders have been expelled. No better preparation for this purpose can be had than Miller's Worm Powders. They will immediately destroy the worms and correct the conditions that were favorable to their existence.

enough flour to make stiff enough. Beat well. Lastly add baking-powder and just stir in lightly before putting into oven. If baked in layers do not make so stiff as if baked in a loaf.

Chocolate Cake.—1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted chocolate or cocoa, yolks of three eggs and two whole eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder and flour to make a soft dough.

Boiled Icing.—Boil together 1 cup of granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water until it boils. Beat very stiff 3 egg whites. Pour the boiled icing slowly on beaten whites, beating all the time. Flavour. This may be used for filling and icing for layer cake and for icing for loaf cakes.

Orange Sandwiches.—Chop fine several oranges and mix with whipped cream and sugar, put between slices of sponge cake.

Banana Filling.—Slice three large bananas, in small pieces, add two cups of white sugar, mix well, then spread in layers on the cake.

Chicken Sandwiches.—Chop cold boiled chicken, and moisten with Mayonnaise or cream salad dressing, or season with salt and pepper and moisten with rich chicken stock. Spread between slices of bread.

Lemon Sauce.—Three-quarters of cup of sugar, little water, two tablespoons of butter, little lemon juice, make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water eight minutes, remove from fire, and add the butter and lemon juice.—H.A.L.

Orange Salad.—Select small oranges of uniform size, cut them into thin slices and the slices into quarters, mix with one-third cup of lemon juice, little tabasco sauce, one-half teaspoon of salt and a little paprika mixed together. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.—H.L.

Banana Short-Cake.—One quart of flour, two tablespoons of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder mixed with flour, mix with cold water, work as little as possible, bake, split, open, arrange on the cake, four bananas, cut in halves, lengthwise, pour over sweetened whipped cream or a soft custard.—H.A.L.

Orange Cake.—One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, little soda, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one of orange, mix in order given, put in two pans, put grated rind of orange in cake, stir powdered sugar into orange juice until quite thick and spread it between the cakes until cool.—H.L.

Orange Fritters.—Peel oranges and slice thin, then dip in batter made of one egg, one heaping tablespoon of sugar, little milk and flour enough to make a thin batter. Fry in butter or sweet lard, which should be very hot indeed, for oranges are not good unless cooked quickly. When nice and brown put in a dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar.—H.L.

Banana Pudding.—Scald one quart of milk, add well-beaten yolks of three eggs, one tablespoon cornstarch, and sugar to taste, boil long enough to make a nice, thick cream, thinly slice three bananas, arrange in a pudding dish, then pour the boiled liquid over them, make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, cover top and bake until a nice brown. Serve when quite cool.—H.A.L.

Banana Fritters.—Three bananas, one cup of bread flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one tablespoon of sugar, little salt, one-quarter cup milk, one egg, little lemon juice; mix and sift dry ingredients, beat egg until light, add milk, combine mixture, add lemon juice and banana fruit, forced through a sieve, drop by spoonful, fry in hot fat, in a deep kettle, then drain, serve with lemon sauce.—H.A.L.

Helps for Housekeepers

See that the plates and dishes are wiped underneath before placed on the table.

Stains in carpets may be removed by rubbing the parts with a lemon cut in half, and at the same time dabbing with a soft cloth.

Never put table linen in soapsuds until the stains have been removed by pouring boiling water through it.

Coffee should come into contact with any metal as little as possible. Viennese people prefer a glass bottle to a canister for storing.

If a joint is to be carved on the table, spread a napkin under the dish so that the cloth will not be splashed. When this is done the napkin must be removed at dessert.

If the handles of table knives become discolored, rub with brickdust and vinegar.

Covering cheese with vinegar will, it is stated, keep it from moulding, while the flavor of the cheese will not in the least be altered.

The house always indicates the temperament of the tenants; if it is bright, clean and nice, so are they; if huggermugger and dirty, they are that also.

A cheap floor stain is made by dissolving permanganate of potash in warm water, giving one or two coats to the boards, and when thoroughly dry, polishing with beeswax and turpentine.

Dry-frying steak or chop on a thick iron pan made nearly red-hot is decidedly preferable to frying with grease in a thin pan; it makes meat more digestible.

Bedrooms should be carpeted in the middle of the floor only.

Before using soda for laundry purposes, it must be completely dissolved in boiling water. If it touched the clothes undissolved yellow marks would be left—in reality, burns.

Some Potato Recipes

Boiled Potatoes.—Select potatoes of uniform size. Wash, pare and drop at once into cold water to prevent them becoming discolored. Cook in boiling salted water until soft, but not until broken. For six medium-sized potatoes allow one tablespoon salt and boiling water enough to cover. When the potatoes are done, drain off the water, place the uncovered kettle on the back of the stove, and let them steam until serving time.

When potatoes are boiled with their jackets on, they should be washed and a narrow band of skin cut from the center. This tends to let the steam escape more rapidly and renders the potato more mealy and palatable. It also makes it easier to remove the skin. Potatoes boiled in this way are palatable for several hours if kept hot on the back of the stove.

Baked Potatoes.—Select smooth, medium-sized potatoes. Wash, using a vegetable brush. Bake in a hot oven for about 45 minutes, or until soft. Remove from the oven, break the skin slightly to let the steam escape, and serve at once. When potatoes are baked properly they are commonly said to be especially wholesome. However, they are better cooked in boiling water than baked in a slow oven.

Stuffed Potatoes.—A nice way to vary baked potatoes is to cut a slice from the top of each and scrape out the inside. Mash, season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley (if liked), and butter, and heat in a little hot milk; add two well beaten whites of eggs. Refill the skins, sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven about six minutes.

Mashed Potatoes.—Force five hot boiled potatoes through a potato ricer or a colander (coarse strainer). Add two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon salt, a little pepper, and one-third cup of hot milk; beat with a fork until creamy. Re-heat, and serve in a hot vegetable dish. This quantity is sufficient for a family of four.

Riced Potatoes.—Force hot boiled potatoes through a potato ricer or a coarse strainer into a hot dish in which they are to be served. Mashed and riced potatoes may be browned by placing the dish in the oven for a few minutes.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Wash and pare potatoes; let them soak for a half hour; and cut in one-fourth inch slices. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and dot over with one half tablespoon of butter. (A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over each layer if desired.) Repeat until the baking dish is nearly filled, then cover with hot milk. Bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven, or place on the back of the stove and cook slowly.

Panned Potatoes.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into quarter-inch slices; dredge lightly with flour and fry in pan with a little butter. When light brown, heap on side of pan; let stand a few minutes, then loosen with a knife and turn out on a platter in much the same way that an omelet is taken out. Sprinkle with salt and serve at once.

Shoestring Potatoes.—Potatoes cut in long, narrow strips and prepared by the above recipe are called Julienne or shoestring potatoes.

Many cooked or canned left-over vegetables may be attractively used for salads. Dices of turnips and carrots cut in fancy shapes are often used in potato salad. Left-over beans, peas, etc., may be used to fill tomato cups and served with a French or a mayonnaise dressing.—Office of Home Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

To Cleanse Bacon Fat

Take as much cold water as fat, put it into a granite pan, let it come to the boil, then set aside, and when cool remove the fat. Repeat this process, using fresh water each time, three or four times or until the water is clear. You will find the fat free from salt or smoke and it can be used the same as lard for cooking.—Mrs. Edith Green, Wisconsin.

When Putting Away White Dresses

Wrap them in dark blue cambric to prevent them from turning yellow. Or a large sheet may be made very blue with ordinary bluing, dried, then rinsed again in bluing and thoroughly dried once more, and this blue sheet may be hung over white clothes in the attic to keep them from yellowing. Fine centre-pieces and doilies, not in common use, should be kept wrapped in blue tissue-paper.

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Do you know any food which greets you at breakfast so inviting as Puffed Wheat or Rice?

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By Max McD.



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WE were sitting around the camp fire of the Blackfeet in the early days of white dominion in the great west land and "Dave" the interpreter for the Indian agent, was in a reminiscent mood.

Dave was not a full Blackfoot, but he was black. As the Frenchman described the half-breed, Dave's "fadder was a squaw." As a matter of fact his mother was a negress and his father a full Gros Ventres. This separated Dave from the ordinary blanket Indian, and it was the joy of the few white men of the country to hear him talk about "them Indians" and "us white men."

Dave had learned to read and write and because of his office as medium between the aborigines and the government representative, was regarded with a certain amount of awe. The fact that he could read and write, made him the custodian with the chiefs and minor chiefs of the lore, traditions and legends of the Confederacy of Blackfeet made up of the Bloods, Peigans, Blackfeet, Sarcees and Gros Ventres.

It was the old interpreter's delight to give reasons for every phenomenon of nature and to disagree slightly with the current beliefs of his half-brothers, the Blackfeet. One of Dave's pet diversions was the relating of an old tradition as to why the North American Indian was Red. His claim to authenticity was that his father heard it from his father who heard it from his father; and so that story came down from the earliest days of human existence on the continent.

Dave had told it so often that it had become a sort of platform delivery with him, though most often related lying on the broad of his back beside a camp fire. At any rate its details were so well remembered that, at the writer's suggestion, the half-breed negro-Indian was able to set them down on paper. And this is the story he told while we were spread around the camp fire on the reserve where he was interpreter.

"My father was a Gros Ventres, and the head of a tribe down in what is now Saskatchewan. He said that when his fore-fathers came across Behring Straits to this country there were only one hundred of them altogether, and they were very white people, very pale, like the strawberry flower, all white and not strong.

"They journeyed across this great land and had much suffering. In the mountains great bears chased them. On the plains great buffaloes ran after them, here the wildcats followed them and all the time they kept running away from these animals because they were not brave.

"All the time they continued to travel to the rising sun until they came to the great water, which we call now the Great Lakes. I know this is so because my father told me his father told him, and our fathers tell only what is true to their sons.

"They would make fires to keep away the animals and they feared lest they be driven into the great water. But one day the chief of the little band of people was walking on the shore of the great water when he beheld a small red animal like a dog.

"It was such a little animal, and it cried like a baby because a wildcat had driven it into the water where all was slippery clay and it was trying to swim about and could not get out because the wildcat, which did not want to get its great paws wet, followed it and stood ready to eat it.

"The head man of the little tribe watched the little red animal and he felt sorry for it.

"Ho, you poor little red dog," he said, 'you are like my people, driven to the very water. You shall not suffer this time for I know how you are scared and I will help you,' and he picked up a great stone and threw it straight into the face of the wildcat, who ran away into the forest. Then the head man of the tribe waded into the water and picked up the little red animal. He took it to the shore and laid it on the bank, where it rested from its struggle in the water. Then the head man went back to his people and that night they crawled into their little house of branches and went to sleep.

"In the night the head man of the

tribe was awakened by something cold on his face. It was the nose of a big red animal like the little one he had rescued, only much larger.

"Why harm me," he cried 'have I not saved for you one of your own?'

"I am not come here to make you some harm," said the big red animal, 'I am come here to help you. It is you who have saved my little son. I am Chief Red Fox and very wise, what can I do for you?'

"You can help us much," said the head man who was not afraid when he heard the animal talk, 'you can drive away the animals and allow us to live in peace and without fear of harm.'

"Ho, ho!" laughed the big red animal, 'drive away the animals, eh? Why not drive them away yourself?'

"We are weak, oh red animal, and cannot," cried the head man, hanging his head in shame.

"And why are you and your people weak?" asked the big red animal.

"Alas, I know not, how is it I should know? Is it not sad enough to know the Great Spirit made us weak?'

"The Great Spirit did not intend you to be weak, but I will tell you, it is because you are pale and white and not fitted for the life here. Away off in that other country you first lived in caves where it was dark and you remained pale, then you lived in houses on the water and remained pale. Here you have the lakes and the forests and the sea and the shore and the sun. You should be red like myself. I am Chief Mes-qu-oshim, or Red Fox. You should be Mish-Queey Enin, or red men, then you would not burn in the sun or fear animals, you would be strong and brave and feet of the foot.'

"Ah, well, Chief Mes-qu-oshim, it is well enough to say words, but how can I and my people become red and brave?'

"Listen," said the Chief Red Fox, for that was the real name of the big red and wise animal, 'you have saved for me my little son from the yellow wildcat and I will help you.'

"With all my ears will I listen to any words spoken by you," said the head man.

"It is well. Take your people back to the hills by the mountains. There you will find in a jar of black burned earth some tiny seeds. They are from a wonderful flower brought ages ago by people from a land called Persia. You must fight for these tiny seeds. If you are victorious take the seeds and scatter them on the hills called Cypress.

"And what then, oh kind Chief Mes-qu-oshim?'

"Do as I have told it to you and I will send you word as to the thing that is next for you to perform.'

"The next day the head man took his few people back on the long journey to the great hills in what is now Alberta. Many hardships they had, but finally reached the land where people lived in mounds. There they held long fights with the people of the mounds and finally, one day, the head man killed an old mound man with a great club and crawled into his hole in the ground. There he beheld the black vase and saw in it the tiny seeds. Bringing these forth he scattered them on the hills and waited.

"When the mound-builders saw their sacred tiny seeds thus scattered they ran away, fearing evil from them, but the head man remained with his people. The seeds grew into small plants and then became taller until finally, they blossomed forth into great flaming red flowers.

"Oh chief Mes-qu-oshim, what now is it for me to do?" cried the head man when the flowers bloomed, and at once a big red animal came out of the forest to him. 'I am come from Chief Mes-qu-oshim,' said the red fox, 'do as I tell you, eat from the round pods the green seeds.'

"The head man did this and had all his people do it and they fell into a sleep, for the poppy seeds made them asleep as with some sorts of the white man's medicine to-day. When they were asleep the red fox who came from Chief Mes-qu-oshim, took the leaves of the red poppy flowers and rubbed them all over the sleeping tribe of pale people and they became red.

"When they awoke they looked at



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each other and some were with fear and some with laughter, but all felt wonderfully strong.

"Suddenly Chief Mes-qu-oshim came out of the forest and said, 'It is well, oh head man, now we are even. You saved my little son, Baby Red Fox, from the water and the wildcat. I have changed you from Wompy Enin, or weak white men, to Mish-Queey Enin, or brave and strong and hardy red men,' and Chief Mes-qu-oshim disappeared into the forest.

"From that day these people became known as Mish-Queey Enin, or red men, and it was not until years and years after that the other white people discovered the land and called them Indians, which was all a mistake because they thought America was India."

And this is the story of old Dave, Half-Indian, half-negro told us as we sprawled around the camp fire. It may be fanciful, and it may be he told it as he says his father told it to him and his father's father told it away and away back.

At any rate, it is a strange weird story.

What is Rural Credits?

By W. W. Powell, former Secretary of the Wisconsin Board of Public Affairs

Rural credits means money for the farmer.

Everyone understands that in a vague, indefinite sort of way.

But how is the farmer to get the money he needs—on what terms, what security, what rate of interest and for what length of time?

And why does the farmer need any special advantages not already provided under the present banking system?

Not only are these questions to be discussed at the Third National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credits, to be held at Chicago, Nov. 29 to Dec. 2, but they are to be answered by the drafting of a rural credits bill to be submitted to congress at the opening of the coming session.

Then what is rural credit?

To begin with, the farmer must wait upon the seasons. He cannot speed the earth upon its axis, or hasten it upon its course around the sun. His returns come when the seasons have run their course. He can borrow money at the bank if he has ample security, but he needs a longer time in which to repay the bank than does the merchant. The storekeeper borrows for sixty or ninety days. He turns his stock of goods in that time and can repay the bank. The farmer needs his loans for a longer period. He needs it when he puts the seed in the ground, but he is not ready to repay until the crop is grown, harvested and marketed.

Do not the banks give him the accommodations he needs?

Some banks in some communities do. But most banks find it more to their liking to loan money on short time, sixty or ninety-day paper. They are lending the money of their depositors. They must have their loans so arranged as to the time when they fall due and are collectable that the depositor can get his money when he asks for it. Consequently, the banker prefers to loan these funds upon short-time paper. The short-time loan makes easier banking.

This limitation, inherent in present banking methods, makes it necessary to provide for an extension of the banking system. For agriculture is the great fundamental industry, and when the farmer needs money for his seasonal operations the welfare of the entire country requires that he should have it—and have it upon terms which do not lay upon him a greater burden than he can bear. European countries have met just these conditions and have worked them out to the salvation of the farmer and the benefit of all Europe. The banking system of Germany, France and Russia, of Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland, of England, Scotland and Ireland, have been extended by the formation of co-operative credit associations. These co-operative societies, pledging the unlimited credit of every member; borrow of the banks and in turn reloan the money to individual farmers, many of whom are too poor and have too little security to enable them to secure even a small loan direct from the bank.

Classified Page for the People's Wants

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

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But this is personal credit. The money so provided is used for farm operations. What about the man who wants to buy a farm?

Europe has met and solved this problem also. Some states in this country, notably Wisconsin, have made some progress along the same line. In Wisconsin, it is possible to buy a farm and have twenty years or more in which to pay off the mortgage. The ordinary farm mortgage runs from five to ten years. And usually when it falls due, the farmer has to renew the mortgage or permit it to be foreclosed. And renewing a mortgage at a reasonable rate of interest is not any easy task, and often requires the payment of a commission to the agent who finds some one with capital to invest in the mortgage. And this is both expensive and discouraging.

In Wisconsin, there are several farm mortgage associations patterned after the land banks of Germany and other European countries. The land mortgage association takes a mortgage on the land, deposits the mortgage with the state treasurer, issues bonds against the mortgage and sells the bonds to the banks. This is some red tape to be sure, but it operates to make of the farm mortgage a fluid security; that is, a security easily disposed of. The bonds are for \$100, \$500 or \$1,000, and they pass as other bonds, current for their face value. There is no need for looking up title to the land, as in the case of a mortgage. There is no need for inspecting the land as the underlying security of the bond. The state does all that. The land mortgage association guarantees the interest. The buyer of the bonds is protected by the regulations of the state upon the issuance of these bonds. A banker can buy them, and if he needs money to meet the immediate demands of depositors, he can pass these bonds on to another bank, or sell them to the clients of his bank who are looking for safe, gilt-edged investments. In either event, he can get the money on them any time he needs it. And that makes of the farm mortgage, on which the bonds are issued, a liquid security.

Wild Mustard

Wild mustard is a weed that is quite persistent through its seed being able to lie in the ground a long time before rotting. The eradication of mustard requires that the seed be given a chance to grow and that it be then killed before it produces seed. Summer fallowing is a good way to clean one side of the furrow slice. When the land is plowed a new batch of seed is brought up. Any crop that is cut for hay is good for killing mustard as it is cut before the mustard goes to seed. Grain crops are mustard breeders as they are cut after the mustard has ripened and shattered its seed. Crops such as corn and potatoes are good for cleaning out mustard if they are given thorough cultivation. It will require some hand pulling to clean a farm from mustard. Even when the work has been thorough a few plants will show up.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

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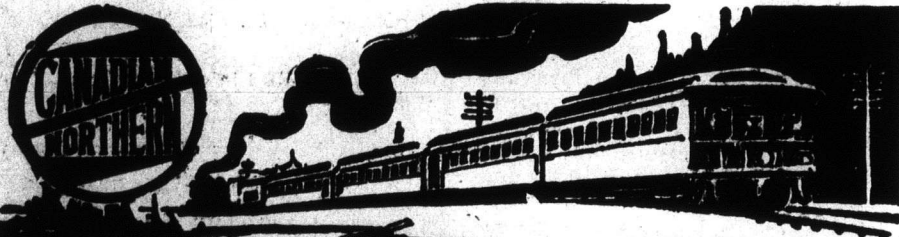
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The Sunshine Girl

By E. G. Bayne

"WORK!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton in a horrified tone. "Work! No daughter of mine will ever work!"

"But mother—"

"Oh, I've heard all your arguments. You're so like your poor dear father."

"Mother, how can you!"

The elder lady, reclining on a couch in the luxurious library, dabbed at her perfectly dry eyes, with a black-bordered handkerchief. The younger, a girl of twenty-one, sat in a leather-upholstered armchair, restlessly tapping her foot on the rich, Oriental rug. As Mrs. Newton mentioned the one of whom they had recently been bereaved, slow tears gathered in the girl's blue eyes.

"Father, if he were here, would agree with me," she said, choking back a sob.

"I suppose he would," returned the mother, "he always spoiled you."

"He was a self-made man," said the girl, loyally.

"And you want to be a self-made woman. Exactly. But you'll find that none of our set will recognize us if you take such a ridiculous step as the one you propose."

"It's no disgrace to work."

"Marjorie, I wish you would stop arguing. My head is aching."

"I'm sorry, mother, but I had to tell you, before I went down town."

"It's not as though you had to earn a living," went on Mrs. Newton. "We have the house and the insurance, though everything else went in the crash. Your poor dear father didn't leave us absolutely penniless, thank heaven!"

Marjorie rose abruptly. Her mother's querulous voice had gotten on her nerves. She gathered up her gloves and handbag and prepared to set forth down town in quest of a position.

"I hope your headache will be better by dinner time, mother," she said, stooping and implanting a kiss on the lady's cheek.

"Dinner? We don't dine at seven any more, child."

"To be sure, we don't, either. I'd forgotten. It's better for us, too."

Mrs. Newton sighed at her daughter's unquenchable optimism.

"So you're determined to look for a position? What will your friends say?"

"Well, if they are friends worthy of the name, they will uphold me and if they refuse to speak to me any more then I'll know they're not true friends and I shan't care anything at all about them."

"And Richard Lane—what of him? Do you think he will ask a shop girl to marry him?"

Marjorie paused, with her hand on the door-knob. Mrs. Newton saw a quick spasm of pain shoot over her features. Relentlessly she went on: "He was on the point of proposing. Everybody knows how infatuated he is. It is the dearest wish of my heart to see you Mistress of the Lane fortune, and you let it slip deliberately out of your grasp!"

"Mother dear—"

"Oh, very well. Go ahead. Disregard my wishes. Lose all your friends. But when you find yourself friendless and neglected and avoided, don't blame me."

"It's not a shop girl I want to be. I want to get into a business office."

"But what can you do?"

"Very little, I'm afraid. But I can learn. I'm going to consult Cousin Anne Duvarney first. I'll go straight to her. She's so clever herself she'll know just what I'm best fitted for."

"That old maid? She's fifty if she's a day!"

"Well, pardon me, mother," returned Marjorie, with an involuntary smile, "but so are you. In fact you're fifty-two."

"Yes, but I'm married, child."

"And if you'll excuse me for saying so, Cousin Anne looks twenty years younger than you. She's the finest woman! Why, she gets a man's salary, and all the men in the office kowtow to her. She's a person to be reckoned with, I can tell you!"

Mrs. Newton merely moaned and turned her face to the wall. It was bad enough to be obliged to omit her summer trip, put on mourning and remain in town for the season, but that her only child should take it into her head to join the working class! Mrs. Newton's cup was full! Marjorie slipped from the room and went out into the warm glare of an August afternoon. The motor had been sold, so

she took the street car at the corner. It was a new experience for her to be paying fare and riding with what her mother would have termed "the common herd," but Marjorie enjoyed it.

At the fringe of the business section she got off, and began to make her way toward the big newspaper office where her cousin, Miss Duvarney, held the position of commercial editor. But just as she had reached the corner nearest to the building she felt a light touch on her arm, and turning, found herself face to face with a youth in sporting flannels who carelessly swung a tennis racket in one hand.

"Dick!" she exclaimed, with a sudden access of color to her pale cheeks.

"You looked so very serious going along by yourself," observed Richard Lane with a smile, "that I'm curious to know what you were thinking about."

"Well—I was thinking of a serious matter."

"And why haven't I seen or heard from you all week? I have phoned every day, but always you were out."

Marjorie evaded a reply to this. She had herself given instructions, to the only maid left in the Newton home, that she was to be "out" to Richard. From now on she and Dick would be moving in such very different circles, and though it nearly broke her heart to refuse to see him, she knew that it was best to act thus.

"May I go up to the house to-night?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"I think not, Dick. Things must be—well, different, between you and me now."

"In heaven's name, why?"

"Because—oh, you wouldn't understand. Nobody seems to understand."

"Try me."

"Well, I am going to work for my living."

The young man, though surprised at this announcement, did not feel or express either horror or dismay. He, too, would have to "knuckle down" to business some day, as his father regularly warned him. Though an indolent youth he had the qualities of a real man in him and he was not such a fop as he seemed. He had "done" nothing whatever since leaving college, but he held the tennis championship of his province and had won a life-saving medal for rescuing a drowning man.

"I must be on my way now," said Marjorie, at last, "so—good-bye, Dick."

"Wait—you haven't told me what you're going to do—"

But with a forced smile and a nod the girl had gone on. He watched her slender black-clad form until it disappeared in the throng of afternoon shoppers. Then he walked moodily on. He hadn't failed to note the quick tears that had sprung to her eyes and which had caused her to leave him so abruptly.

Dick Lane was bound for the tennis courts over on the avenue. But somehow his favorite game seemed suddenly to have no more attraction for him. A sort of disgust with himself, a feeling that he was, after all, a very poor apology for a man, took hold of him. He stopped before a recruiting poster which informed him that his King and country needed him. The war was now nearly thirteen months old and Richard Lane had not yet realized that he was a slacker. He knew it now.

Miss Anne Duvarney sat before her roll-top desk, her swift white fingers rapidly sorting out copy. As her blue pencil ruthlessly scored out phrases from some cub reporter's story, she bent a listening ear to the tale of a printer's devil who stood at her left side shouting into her ear. It was press time and the great machines down below were throbbing with their full-tide energy. All over the floor, where the editorial offices were situated, a great clamor held sway. One couldn't hear the tones of the human voice unless spoken in the loudest possible key.

"Lady to see you downstairs," bawled the boy into Miss Duvarney's ear.

"Busy," returned the latter, "Tell her to call again."

The boy departed. In less than five minutes however, he was back, with a card.

"She says she's gotta see you!" he howled.

Miss Duvarney glanced hurriedly at the name on the bit of pasteboard. She had

expected to find that her insistent visitor was one of those tiresome society women who had come with her own write-up of some social affair.

"Bless my soul—if it isn't Marjorie Newton! I've no time for debutante gossip. I must put her off," thought the editor.

But it was too late for as she glanced up, it was to find Marjorie standing in the doorway.

"I just forced my way in," said the girl, apologetically.

"Since you're here, then, take a chair, dear. We're going to press. Can you wait some time?"

Marjorie nodded. She had plenty of time to look about her, before her cousin was at leisure. The office they were in was a decidedly unromantic-looking affair. The floor was clean but littered with papers. A desk, some shelves and three chairs comprised the furniture. On the wall over the editor's desk was a large square card, which challenged the visitor's eye as soon as he entered. In large black letters one read: "Be brief. Time is money, and others are waiting."

Miss Anne herself was the embodiment of efficiency. From her neatly-shod foot to the crown of her head she was the successful business woman. She wore no jewelry. Despite her surroundings, she retained her feminine charm, and was good to look upon.

"Now, dear, I can listen to you," she said at length, when the last copy-boy had come and gone.

"You must have, dear. Everybody has at least one.

"I had thought of a business career," Marjorie admitted. "I think I'd like business life. To me it seems to be simply charged with romance and adventure and—"

Breaking rudely in upon her words was a volley of execrations from without. It was one of the staff admonishing "Charlie" the head copy-boy to "get a move on and help the elevator man!"

Marjorie's eyes bulged.

"Oh—do they swear like that all the time?"

"That's nothing," said Miss Duvarney with a smile. "You should hear the telegraph editor when a war bulletin comes in that he can't translate."

"Oh—and don't you feel insulted or—angry?"

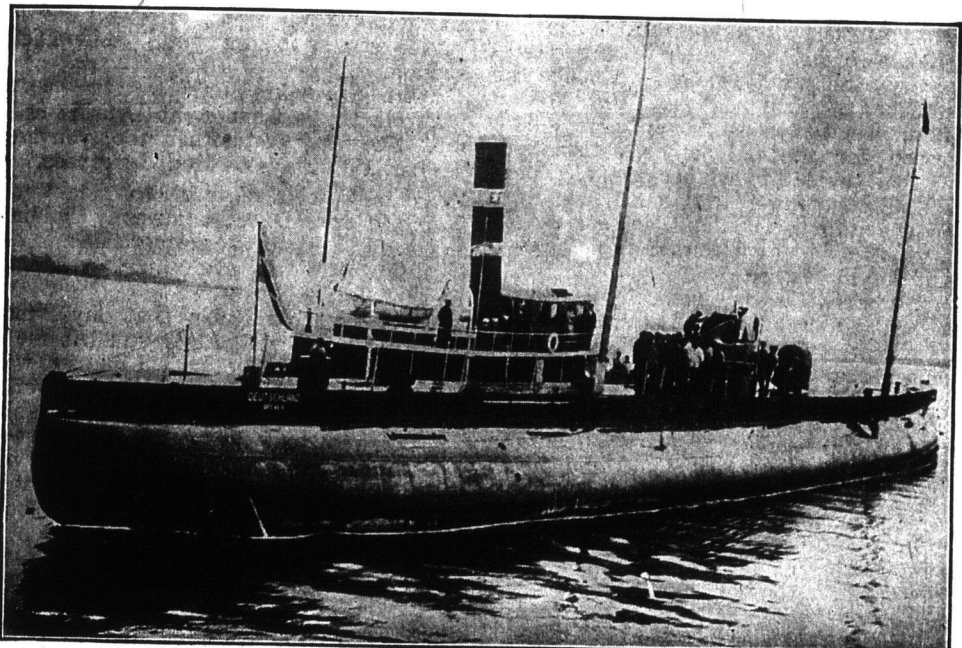
"Not I. It's all in the life, my child. Sometimes I think I could swear myself. And that reminds me, they've unloaded a society assignment on me for five-thirty. I had almost forgotten."

"What's that?"

"It's to report the gowns at a fashionable reception out in Rockwood—at Lady Cavendish's."

"Oh,—I've heard of her."

"It's out of my line entirely. But the society editor is ill and I'll have to go. (You can't expect a man to know crepe de chine from mousseline de soie.) Her office is right next door so I will run in and get a note book, if you'll excuse me."



The German supersubmarine "Deutschland" which arrived at Baltimore after making the first trip in history over the Atlantic. The boat has many unique features and is an immense submersible craft.

Miss Anne closed the transom and threw open the windows.

"There! We don't need to shout at each other now," she said, smiling and giving vent to a sigh of luxurious relief. "This is a perfect bedlam at press time. Now tell me why you wished to see me."

Marjorie told her little story.

"And now," she concluded with a pretty shrug. "Do tell me what you think I'd better go in for."

Miss Duvarney was silent. She was thinking,—bringing to her service all those remarkable character-traits, shrewdness, accuracy, speed, insight and intuition, which had made her the woman she was. When she spoke, however, it was on a topic not relevant to the discussion.

"You and that young Lane are rather good friends are you not?"

"We—yes. That is we were. Of course now we won't be."

"Oh? So you are dismissing him out of hand?"

"Yes, I met him on the way down here and—told him."

"You are rather cavalier. He will feel badly."

Marjorie made no reply. She was plucking to pieces a white carnation that had been pinned to her coat lapel. Miss Duvarney noticed that she bit her lips to keep them from trembling.

For a moment there was silence. Miss Anne knew the Newton pride. It was a clean, honest pride and the girl was very much like her father.

"Have you thought of anything in particular?" was Miss Duvarney's next question. "Have you made an inventory of your talents?"

"I haven't got any," returned the girl with a fleeting smile.

When Miss Duvarney came back she got directly into her outdoor things.

"Walk with me to the car, dear," she said. "I'm sorry to have to leave you but it's five now and I have a half hour's ride ahead. I will think of your case and telephone you tomorrow, if I can advise you of anything definite."

The following day Miss Duvarney, true to her promise, telephoned Marjorie.

"How would you like to be a Sunshine Girl?" she asked.

"Sounds frivolous," returned Marjorie, doubtfully.

"Not at all. It isn't every girl that is qualified, let me tell you."

"Well, describe the duties please—oh, and tell me the pay."

"The pay is forty dollars a month and board. How does that sound?"

"So far so good. I suppose I just have to be—sunshiny?"

"Well, that shouldn't be difficult. You are that by nature. You are the very girl for the post and so I told Lady Cavendish."

"Lady Cavendish? What—"

"She wants a companion—someone with a sunny disposition and a good reading voice."

"Oh! Do you think I—"

"I not only think it, I know it. Go out and have an interview with her. Take the car straight out, Riverdale and—"

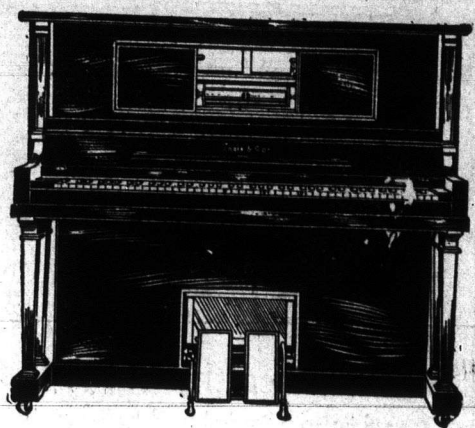
"Oh, I know the way. Thanks cousin, so much."

Marjorie not only secured the position but found it after a few days, a very desirable berth, indeed. Her employer was an old lady of seventy-six, somewhat eccentric, but very kind-hearted. She liked Marjorie at once. The girl's ways were gentle, tactful and sympathetic.

"I think we shall get along famously,

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my dear," observed her employer at the close of the first day.

"Thank you. I will do my best to please," returned the girl smiling a trifle wistfully.

Lonesomeness, however, soon disappeared. She grew to be even merry at times and would play and sing to the old lady on the evenings when no company was expected. Her duties were not onerous. She had to accompany the old lady on her drives, read to her, and write her personal correspondence for her. There were times when she thought of her gay young girlhood, however, and of Richard Lane whom she had given up. She was obliged to admit that his silence and his absence were very disappointing. Deep down in her heart she felt aggrieved. She had thought he would make at least one more effort to see her.

The weeks and the months slipped by and at last Christmas was at hand. Numbers of people had gone south to escape the Canadian winter, Mrs. Newton among them. That lady, whose sole interests in life seemed to be following in the wake of the wealthy and clinging to her old indolent habits, had managed to secure an invitation to go to Florida with some old friends.

One afternoon Lady Cavendish sat by her glowing library fire, the tea-cart at her side, waiting for her companion, whom she had just rung for. Always at four-thirty they had tea together. Then Miss Newton read to her aged employer until dinner time.

As Marjorie's light step was heard on the stairs the old lady smiled. She had become so fond of the girl that her temporary absences did indeed seem like the absence of the sunlight. But to-day there seemed to be some more subtle reason for the old lady's satisfaction. She had decided to ask her pretty, golden-haired companion to lay off her deep mourning for the holidays, and she had, in a crimson velvet case on the table nearby, a little gift for her.

"Only a little gold chain, my dear, with a baroque drop," said Lady Cavendish, as she presented it. "I want you to put on your grey silk to-night. And there is another thing I would like you to do. As you know, I am having a small reception this evening—only a dozen people, mostly elderly. So you need not attend me at all."

"Thank you," replied the girl, gratefully.

Appearing at festive affairs had been, for Marjorie, the only fly in the ointment, so far.

"But I want you to go in the limousine with Carter to the depot to fetch home my grand-nephew."

"Your soldier nephew—the one you call Bud?"

She had heard the old lady mention him more than once. He was in the Cameron Highlanders.

"Yes, he is on his way home and doesn't know that his people are in the South. He has been wounded. I am sending Carter but you know it scarcely looks just right to send only a servant, and I can't go myself as the night air is bad for my bronchitis. Will you go, my dear, and help to welcome home the brave soldier laddie?"

"I'll be glad to go," said the girl, sincerely.

"Carter will know him. He is to stay here until his people come back. You will like him as he is just about your age, my dear. Now, ring for Jane to take away the tea things, and then go and get that volume of French plays and read to me."

When Marjorie, accompanied by the manservant arrived at the depot they found a great crowd of people waiting for the 8.50 train from the east. Not caring to be left alone in the limousine, and feeling a pleasurable excitement at the prospect of seeing the returned heroes who were soon to arrive, Marjorie followed Carter into the crowded rotunda. It wasn't long until a faint whistle was heard on the frosty air without. Immediately the huge throng set up an immense cheering, and the band that was stationed on the platform outside struck up: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." From this it swung into: "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," and then: "God Bless Our Soldier Lads." The big doors flew open and the first little group of khaki boys appeared. More cheering, though this time it was rather subdued for one of the heroes walked on crutches, another had one arm in a sling,

while a third was blind and was being led through by one of his comrades. The policemen had difficulty in keeping the throng behind the ropes.

Suddenly Marjorie gave a little cry.

With dilating eyes and parted lips she leaned forward to make sure that she had seen aright. Yes—there he was, coming slowly down the roped-off aisle! His head, beneath the forage cap was bandaged, and he carried his left arm in a sling. "Dick—oh, Dick!" cried the girl, quite forgetting the host of people about her.

Richard Lane stopped. He turned and scanned the sea of faces. Then he saw her. She held out both her hands and then drew one back quickly, remembering the disabled arm.

"Why, howdy, Mr. Richard, sir," said Carter, stepping forward and removing his cap.

Lane turned from greeting Marjorie and shook hands with the man.

"Hello, Carter. How's everybody?"

"All well, sir. Your people are in the South, so your aunt sent the limousine—"

The young people scarcely heard the words. They were looking at one another as though each of them had been suddenly transfigured, and as though there were a new heaven and a new earth.

"We'll just step along, now, to the car," suggested Carter, gently, for he realized that if he waited for either Dick or Marjorie to propose a move he would have quite a wait.

"The car?" echoed Marjorie, "Oh—to be sure. But where is that nephew of Lady Cavendish's! I had forgotten all about him."

"He stands before you," said Dick, smiling.

"Oh!—so you are Bud!"

"Well, that's what Aunt Drusilla calls me. She's my godmother, too, you see. To her, I'll always be Bud, I suppose."

As they whirled back to Rockwood Marjorie and Dick shamelessly holding hands all the way, the former said:

"Why, I didn't even know you had enlisted."

"Well—you remember that day I met you on the street? After you left me I suddenly took the notion. I guess it was your telling me you were going to work. You see, I knew you were so immeasurably superior to me—no, don't interrupt—that I wanted to show you I could do something else besides winning tennis games. I'm going back, too—just as soon as this arm heals up."

Miss Anne Duvarney smiled as she read an engagement announcement in her paper a week later. It concluded with the statement: "After the wedding, which will be very quiet, the young captain and his charming bride will sail for England, where Mrs. Lane will be nearer her husband, who returns to the firing-line."

"Bless you, my children," murmured Miss Anne. "I wonder if either of you suspect what a cunning old pair of match-makers Lady Cavendish and I are!"

A Model Teacher

A young mother, in despair at ever teaching her idle little girl, aged four, her letters, and thinking that perhaps the child knew more than she would admit, said, "Now, Katie, I won't try to teach you to-day; you shall be mother and teach me my letters."

"May I really and truly be mother?" said Kate.

"Yes, my darling."

"Let's begin then," was the response. "You have been a very good child to-day, and you may have a whole holiday."

And Katie shut up the book and ran off laughing.

One for the Doctor

There lives in a certain Lincolnshire town a doctor and a minister who, although great friends, delight to exchange repartee on the subject of their respective professions.

When they met one day, the minister said he was "going to call on old Mr. —" and asked politely (for the old man was a patient of the doctor), "Is he much worse?"

The physician gravely replied: "He needs your help more than mine."

Taken off his guard, the minister exclaimed, anxiously, "Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes; he is suffering from insomnia."

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

WOMAN AND THE LAND

Viscountess Wolsley is drawing the attention of women to the part they can take in encouraging work on farms. She says after the war the nerve-strained or wounded soldier will need occupation in health-giving occupations and if groups of men and women with education in agricultural problems will train themselves to employ the ex-soldier and his wife to make a profit out of the land, a fine national work will be achieved. "I want to go way out into the country," a tired out city girl said this week. "I want to stay and live where I can feel the strength giving inspiration fresh from nature. Send me there—please, Mrs. Hamilton—send me back to the country."

Everywhere we see women and men hungry for the advantages of the country. Agricultural colleges are extending such wonderful privileges that soon the rural part of Western Canada will be an agricultural university. Our boys and girls, their fathers and mothers are all included in this growing student body—the man and woman—the boy and girl on the Canadian farm are bending every effort toward mental cultivation. At the present writing a session of ministers and their wives are taking a course at the Agricultural College. What does all this prophesy? It means that the whole world after the war will look upon Western Canada as the paradise of agriculture. It will prove the cementing of British to possessions British, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle so earnestly urges.

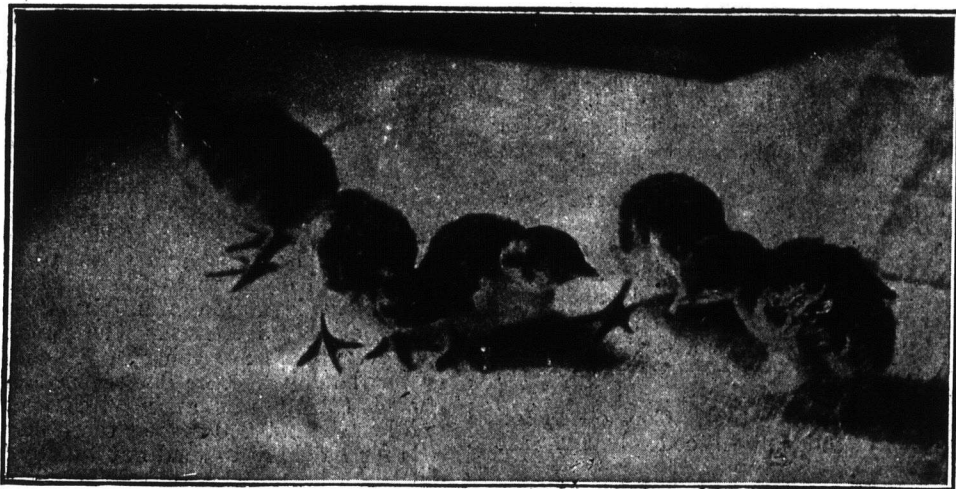
enemy to anything but a cheerful countenance and a merry heart, which, Solomon tells us, does good like medicine." This spirit contributed greatly to lift up his heart when surrounded by difficulties and dangers.

If one could insure one good thing in life for the child one loves, one would ask, not money nor fame, but a continuously happy marriage. The human unit is neither a man nor a woman; it is a man and woman united in a new personality through the unifying and blending power of love. A man can no more act independently of the woman he really loves than the heart can act independently of the lungs. If love binds the lives of two in harmonious unity, what may seem hardships are divine opportunities. No intelligence which a woman may possess need remain unused in the handling of a family. A wife living with the man she loves is the freest woman on earth, so far as mind and spirit are concerned.

OUR SOLDIERS' LETTERS

In the day of the telegraph, telephone, typewriter and picture postcard we are fast losing the art of letter writing.

Perhaps there is no mental exercise in early life more productive of results useful to the mind than that of writing letters. Over and above the mechanical facility of constructing sentences, which no teaching will afford so well, the interest with which the object is com-



Learning to walk. Turkeys at the age of two days

And women—why women are fast discovering the fascination of scientific knowledge of agriculture and the drudgery of the past will be forgotten in the new and true agriculture.

THE WIFE OF JAMES J. HILL

It was like a beautiful fairy tale to read the love story of the late James J. Hill a love story that began when he was a poor young man in a boarding house and lasted on through a long happy married life to the end. The story reads that he fell in love with the pretty waitress who served at his table. He fell in love with her because of her modesty and her sweet pure gentle manner. She was not educated, but she longed to improve mentally so she went to a convent. During their married life she improved her mind continually and was always an inspiring and interesting woman in the home. Nine children were born in that home and every one lived. One does not need to question the mothering of a family like that. She never met his home coming with any petty worry. She made that home a place of rest and comfort and good cheer. And James J. Hill was a master builder, achieving world-wide fame and fortune. From whence came the source of that great manly power? He was not a club man—he was a great home man. Could a man leave a home atmosphere like she created—for a club? The current that created that power was a golden chord of love that made his home a haven of love and restfulness and inspiration.

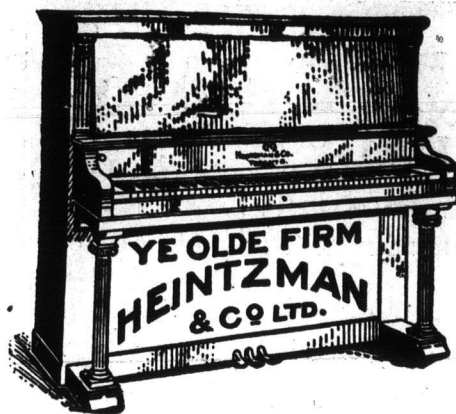
I find in history the story of another wife of a great man and this is what she wrote her husband: "I am a mortal

monly pursued, gives an extraordinary impulse to the intellect. Flowers of literature spring up where the weeds of scandal take no root.

A fine new literature is fast developing in the correspondence from our soldier men and our nurses. "What a splendid letter!" is a common remark when a letter from the front is read. The letters published from our soldiers and nurses are too valuable from the standpoint of history and literature to miss reading. In those letters we read the history of the heart as well as the head. The confidential whisper, the secret hopes not blazoned to catch applause, the emotions that explain the springs of action are guides to the character that history does not record. In the letters from our men and women at the front will be left a history to posterity far finer and more inspiring than historians will publish.

I picked up the letters of Mrs. Adams the other day—letters written more than one hundred years ago and found them most interesting history.

Here are some extracts from her letter to her son, "Industry and frugality, wisdom and virtue must make a powerful nation. I hope you will never lose sight of the interests of your nation. Make her welfare your study, and spend those hours, which others devote to cards and folly, in investigating the great principles by which nations rise to glory and eminence; for your country will one day call for your services, either in the cabinet or field. Qualify yourself to do honor to her." Her volume of private letters is rich in literature, history and inspiration. Thus have women influenced great men.



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Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek, Man.

THERE has been a marked improvement in the method of brooding chicks that have been incubator hatched the last five years. The day of the boxed up brooder is past; a jolly good thing, too. Having tried at least six or eight different kinds of brooders from hot water heating to the lamp variety, I now welcome the round hover method of mothering chicks with pleasure. The circular hover, with its flannel frill slit here and there, to be used in a brooder house or piano box colony house, a lamp supplying the heat, is ideal. A mesh wire a few inches high should be stretched around the hover enclosing a tiny yard in the room or house for a few days, all the wee mites get to know their flannel mother, always warm and comfy, ready for them to cuddle under. Under the hover the chicks cannot crowd one another to death, as they always would do in the old brooder, with its cold corners, chaff and sand. They should be on the floor from the first day, to keep the chicks busy and clean. Boiled egg and crumbs are fine, of course, but really not necessary, when a good chick feed can be blended at home or bought. I believe in the dry method of feeding. Cracked wheat is good, and rolled oats. In time, after a few days, I do not moisten their feed at all, until three weeks old at least. Pure water should be given, and butter milk will take the place of beef scrap. All little chicks should be got out on the grass and given range as soon as possible in the spring. When two weeks old the little monkeys manage to catch a number of insects and pick up all manner of green, tender bits of grass and weeds. Spade up a few feet of ground and scatter small wheat in it for the chicks to dig and delve for their evening meal. They will go to roost with full crops and also get a chance of a perfect dust bath, and thus keep free from vermin. Head lice bother chicks not a little. Should they look pale about the head and listless, search for head lice, and rub each top-knot with vaseline or lard.

Red mites also will infest a coop or brooder sometimes, and suck a chick's blood at night, hiding in cracks and cranies during the day. When using hens as brooders, a practice I can recommend for raising a couple of hundred chicks, a good vermin powder should be used weekly on the mother. Coal oil should be put in coops and brooder houses once a fortnight in summer.

A dry mash hopper, or one with two compartments, for mash and wheat, is a great time saver in the poultry yard. A good drinking fountain filled with water and another with clean butter milk placed in the shade, makes less work for the caretaker, who can leave his flock for some hours with an easy mind. Charcoal and bran should be mixed into the dry mash and grit as well. Drinking fountains should be washed out once a week, and should a person use pans with a tomato can in them, be sure and keep them clean. Coops should be changed to fresh grass once a week, and houses cleaned out and fresh sand or litter put into them. Only by strict cleanliness can disease be kept away. Indigestion is sometimes noticed in young chicks, and a change of diet will usually cure it. A cheap grade of rice, boiled well, makes a good change, or sometimes boiled wheat and charcoal sprinkled over it will do good when bowel trouble is noticed. Bowel trouble is the most serious ailment among brooder chicks, and very infectious, therefore, directly this is noticed all sick chicks should be isolated, and the dead-heads burned at once. Sometimes this trouble is caused by a chill, more often lack of vitality in the parent stock.

Don't be afraid to use air slaked lime in and about poultry buildings and yards. It will kill out disease germs and disinfect. Hen houses should be white washed every spring at least, and all old chicken coops lime washed inside and out.

Mr. A. E. Bergy, of the Agricultural College, has been out in the country forming "egg circles," an innovation in Manitoba. By this manner of marketing eggs the producer can be sure of a good price for his new laid eggs, and the consumer is also certain his "breakfast egg" is strictly fresh; not of the cold storage variety. That reminds me of the story, of the young man who noticed

a girl's name and address on a "fresh egg" as he ate it one day in a restaurant down town. Being somewhat sentimental he wrote to the girl, telling her he was lonely, and wanted a wife. In a given time he received a post card reading thus: "Dear Sir: I am sorry you are too late with your proposal. I am married and have two children; good old egg. I packed it five years ago; guess it has been in cold storage."

Neepawa and Portage la Prairie are two districts where egg circles are being started. Co-operative marketing of eggs by means of these egg circles is practised in the East to some extent. The idea comes to us from Denmark, where the whole egg trade is handled in this manner, and Danish eggs have a wonderful reputation in Great Britain. Any group of farmers band together into a society or egg circle, sending their eggs to one market. Each circle has a name and number, and each farmer has a number of his own. A rubber stamp is furnished to each farmer, having name of circle and number, and member's number thereon. Each egg must be stamped on the large end before being put in the collector's hands. The executive of the circle have a man appointed to see to the collection of the eggs daily or weekly, as arranged for. Each member of a circle must conform to the rules and regulations or be expelled from the circle. A country merchant in the home town will sometimes handle the eggs from a circle in the district about the town, either for himself or on a commission basis for a wholesale house in a city. The strictly fresh eggs, which must be collected at least twice a week in summer, command three to five cents a dozen more in price than the usual market egg of indefinite age. Members of the circle receive their checks once a month, along with a statement of the number of eggs shipped and price, and remarks in regard to the condition of eggs. Bad eggs can be traced at once to the farmers by the stamp, and after a warning, a guilty member is expelled from the society. The Boys' and Girls' Club movement will do more to foster better fowl and egg laying in Manitoba than anything else, I feel sure. The young people everywhere are going in for club eggs for hatching. The Extension Department (M.A.C.) is asking this year for no less than 50,000 eggs of the utility breeds for hatching to send out to Boys' and Girls' Clubs. They are finding it a difficult problem to secure the pure bred eggs in Manitoba. Right here is a chance for farmers to go in for pure bred fowl and help furnish this tremendous lot of eggs. So many farmers cannot see the good of raising pure bred stock, and go on year in and year out with the common nondescript barnyard variety, because they lay some eggs, and can be potted for a dinner when too old to lay any more.

A lady writes to ask if I am the owner of "Eglantine," the beautiful white Leghorn hen, worth \$20,000, whose picture graced this page in our January issue! No such luck! Though I am a lover of fine chickens, I doubt that any fowl can be really worth that sum of money, providing she does lay nearly every day in the year, including Sundays. This correspondent complains of very poor hatches from high priced eggs. This is very discouraging to anyone who is trying to improve their fowl, and, alas, far too common. I believe keeping fowl in small quarters, as fanciers so often do, is responsible for much of this trouble. The chickens are weakly, and eggs often infertile in consequence. I am well aware how many mishaps can befall an egg from the time it is laid until a fluffy chick comes creeping out of its shell on two good legs. I do not believe a breeder should be asked to ship hatching eggs by mail, except at the buyer's risk. The box of eggs is put in a mail bag with all sorts of parcels, and often the said mail bag is just dropped out at a station or handled roughly in transit. The express companies are not as gentle in handling eggs as they might be, often mistaking them for rocks, no doubt, but it is the safest way to send eggs. I have posted eggs out to Alberta and heard of a safe arrival and fair hatch, but this was sheer luck!

The Philosopher

DRIVING NAILS IN A WOODEN HINDENBURG

A curious Teutonic craze is commented on by Professor Pazaurek, of Stuttgart, whose complaint of what he calls "the nailing nuisance," in an article in the Vossische Zeitung, of Berlin, is reproduced in the London Times. Wooden statues of legendary German figures, as well as actual generals, have been set up in scores of German cities and towns. The culmination of the craze was reached in the monstrous wooden statue of Hindenburg in Berlin. Nails are sold at a small price, to be driven into these statues, the money going to some national war fund. There are twenty-six tons of alder wood in the Hindenburg figure, and Professor Pazaurek writes that "when its ugly surface has been covered with nails, there will be thirty tons of metal stuck in it." He holds up his hands in horror at the hopeless degradation of taste manifested by this driving of nails into wooden statues. The Professor is "an eminent authority on aesthetics," which would account for his distaste of these queer figures and the queer nailing practice. That he should express himself so strongly, and that what he has written should be printed in the Vossische Zeitung, is another one of the queer things in Germany.

REAL "MAKERS OF CANADA"

One of the most interesting books which has come to The Philosopher's table in a long time tells the story of a little family of Scotch immigrants who, ninety years ago, arrived at Toronto (known then as Muddy Little York), and settled on bush land several miles up what is now Yonge Street, a main thoroughfare of that city. Andrew Anderson was the head of the family and in his party was an orphan boy named Gordon Sellar, whose father died at Waterloo and who lost his mother through fever soon after his arrival in the Canadian bush. This lad grew to have a son, Robert Anderson, well known as the founder and editor of the *Huntington Gleaner*, one of the most notable papers in Eastern Canada. Mr. Anderson was accompanied by his grandmother who was exceedingly deaf. When the ship had grounded on a sand bank off Newfoundland, the deaf grandmother said, "We are sooner in Canada than I expectit." "This is not Quebec," shouted her son in her ear, "We are aground." "Aweel," she replied, "I will cling to the rock of ma salvation." This atmosphere of homely and sturdy piety is found throughout all the story. These pioneers of Ontario found the land speculator flourishing. Every effort was made to compel Andrew Anderson to buy from some

of the gentry of the Family Compact who had divided up great areas of the best lands among themselves. Fortunately, he fell in with a Quaker, who helped him to secure a suitable location. Like the other pioneers, he and his family built a log cabin, secured the land, burnt their timber, planted potatoes in their first clearing and made maple sugar in the spring. The cold of the first winter in the bush was almost as overpowering as the summer heat. Mrs. Auld, one of their neighbors, said, "If the heat and cold were carded through one another, Canada would have a gran' climate." Gordon Sellar married one of Mr. Anderson's daughters. To his grand-daughter who took down from his dictation the narrative given in this book, he said in his old age, "Ah, my dear lassie, do not think that love is a brief fever of youth, a transient emotion that fades before the realities of wedded life like the glow from the clouded morn." One of Andrew Anderson's boys, Archie, was a great chopper down of trees and in chopping he would sing "Scots Wha Hae." On coming to the line "Liberty's in every blow," Archie gave a special and vigorous swing to his axe. He became the first schoolmaster of the district and met his first class without books, black-board or pencils. The book is named "The Real Makers of Canada." Truly it is a just and well deserved title. Who may more fitly be termed "Makers of Canada" than the pioneers, whether in the bush of Old Canada or on prairies of the New?

REVELATIONS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS' DIARIES

When Germany began the war, Section 75 of the Instructions for Campaign Service, issued by the General Staff, required every officer and every man in the ranks as well, to keep a diary. For that purpose notebooks were issued as part of the equipment of every man wearing the Kaiser's uniform. Many thousands of these notebooks, taken from dead German soldiers, from the wounded, and from prisoners, are preserved in Paris, where they are catalogued and indexed. It was not foreseen by the General Staff that in many cases German soldiers would jot down in their diaries, in addition to the record of miles marched and so forth, something that would stand as evidence of the policy of deliberate "frightfulness" which was part of the Germans' plans in the invasion of Belgium and France. The unexpected vigor of the resistance the German legions met with made their "frightfulness" unbounded. Proof unanswerable of the atrocities is furnished by the German soldiers' diaries—proof so unanswerable that the German General Staff, before the war was half a year old,

had abolished Section 75 of its Instructions for Campaign Service. The soldiers' diaries were altogether too revealing. In thousands of cases they reveal the atrocities committed in obedience to their officers' orders by German soldiers. Mr. Arthur Gleason, who has done such memorable service in France for the Red Cross, has examined great numbers of these diaries, and given extracts from them, which show that, as Mr. Gleason writes, "the German soldier is a child, which means that he is by turns cruel, sentimental, forgetful of the evil he has done the moment before, happy in the present moment, eating enormously, pleased with little things, crying over a letter from home, weary of the war, with sore feet and a rebellious stomach, and a heavy pack and no cigars. I am basing every statement I make on the statements written by German soldiers. It is curious the way they have set down their own infamy. There is all the naivete of a primitive people. Once in Africa a black man came to where a friend of mine was sitting. He was happily chopping away with his knife at a human skull which he wore suspended from his neck. He was as innocent in the act as a child jabbing a pumpkin with his jackknife. So it has been with the Germans. They burn, plunder, murder, with a lighthearted, almost gleeful, enjoyment."

BRITISH WOMEN AND THE VOTE

Statistics just issued by the British Government show that the women of Great Britain are undeniably doing their full share in the war. They have formed a great reinforcing army in the principal of trades, and have already saved the industrial situation. The admirable manner in which the women of the United Kingdom are thus responding to the call of duty is, according to all the political signs of the times, certain to be repaid with the vote, as a matter of right. In reply to a memorial signed not only by members of woman suffrage organizations but by leading trades unionists, Premier Asquith has given an undertaking that the claims of women to the vote will be fully and impartially weighed when it becomes necessary for legislation to be framed dealing with the parliamentary franchise. Many people in Great Britain who before the war were indifferent, or hostile to woman suffrage, are now strongly in favor of it. It is interesting and important, in this connection, that there is a movement on foot in Great Britain to give votes to all enlisted men. It is thus more than probable that the coming British franchise bill will be one of manhood and womanhood suffrage.

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Last year the farmers of the three Western Provinces sold freely of their grain at the beginning of the shipping season at unnecessarily low prices for October delivery, resulting in very heavy losses to some farmers owing to weather conditions interfering with the delivery in time to fill their contracts. We want to warn the farmers in contracting ahead this year, and especially at this early date, as this crop is not yet assured, but even if we do grow as big a crop as last year, the conditions governing the grain crops all over the world warrant higher prices to-day than at any time since the war began.

We estimate the devastation in the countries at war will be a great deal more than the countries at peace can possibly make up, and combine this with three hundred million bushels less grown in the United States than last year, will make a very bullish situation. Figure as we will, we cannot see how prices can be any lower for this crop season, and could easily go very much higher, and any deterioration in our crop between now and harvest would make the situation stronger than ever, and we would urge all farmers who have grain to sell this year to sit down and wait till their crop is harvested, and not to be in any hurry selling. Just take your time in shipping your grain forward, and do not rush it to market and accept any price that may be offered, as last year large quantities of our wheat were sold below 90c, Fort William, and from this point never stopped advancing until it reached over \$1.25. We will have rapid fluctuations from 5c to 10c per bushel, but our calculations are that every bushel of wheat that we can grow in these three Western Provinces this year, no matter if the crop pans out as big as last year, should be worth at least \$1.25 per bushel for basis No. 1 Northern and 50c basis No. 2 C. W. Oats in store Fort William, and if when you deliver your grain these prices or about are not obtainable, ship your grain to Port Arthur or Fort William, and if you require money get your advances from your agent and hold until you can get the proper price.

You have the situation in hand—take advantage of it this year and every year—get into the habit of shipping your own grain, and get everything that is in it, less the one cent commission on wheat, barley and flax and five-eighths of a cent on oats. Don't sell a bushel of grain on track; wait until you get your returns back from Fort William or Port Arthur.

If the advice we have been giving you during the past year has been any benefit to you we would like you to reciprocate by shipping to us a share of your grain. We make big advances on each car load of grain if you require it and look carefully after the grading.

McBEAN BROS., GRAIN EXCHANGE

July 24, 1916.

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

During the past month I have attended the big fairs at Calgary, Edmonton and Brandon, and have been much struck with the many advancements in these fairs, along the line of educational opportunities for women, and the improvement in the prize lists offered for women's work. This matter of prize lists was particularly noticeable at Calgary, where not less than \$1300 had been set aside for prizes for bread and domestic cooking, and where it was possible for women with two loaves of bread, if made from a particular brand of flour, to win over \$75.00. I can remember the time, and not so long ago either, when 75 cents was about the highest that was offered as a prize for a loaf of bread. The women showed their appreciation of this prize list by competing in such numbers that in a single class there were as many as one hundred entries. At both Calgary and Edmonton the special farming train of the Alberta Government was drawn up and all visitors to the fair had the opportunity of going through it. Three out of the thirteen cars were devoted exclusively to things for women, and one car, which particularly took my fancy, was specially devoted to showing how many labor saving devices could be operated by gasoline or coal oil power, and in this connection a skeleton or open engine was demonstrated so that every woman could see exactly how the power she was dealing with was generated, and I am sure that witnessing the simplicity of the machinery did away with the fears of many women with reference to power conveniences. At both places there was brief, practical illustrated lectures on Home Economics, and the mothers of young children were able to enjoy these in peace and comfort, because they were provided with a nursery car in which to leave the little tots, and lest any mother should think that a car of this kind might be a place to breed disease, let me say that the car was regularly and thoroughly disinfected daily.

It was at Brandon, however, that the most important and practical exhibit for the benefit of women and children was put on. This was in connection with the Provincial Health Department. It was a small building, entirely devoted to demonstrations of the dangers to children from want of sanitary precautions in the home. There was electrically operated models, showing exactly how germs from stables and outbuildings find their way into the drinking water of the family. There was a very forcible illustration of how disease is spread in the form of a

sort of "Now you see it and now you don't." Looking through a vista you saw a dirty tramp, foul with disease, drinking out of a cup at a public well; suddenly and inexplicably the picture changed and it was a woman offering a drink to her beautiful baby from the same cup. There were wonderful charts and illustrations, and a most unpleasantly vivid working model of flies passing from the garbage cans immediately on to the food of the family. There were models of how things ought to be, as well as how they should not be. In the rear of the building was a beautiful room devoted to the babies. Here nurses, who are now at work in the country under the supervision of the Department of Health, were assembled and any mother anxious for information about her baby was at liberty to go into this room, have it examined, talk the case over with the nurse and get her best possible advice in the matter, and scores of women availed themselves of the opportunity. Perhaps the most poignant thing about the exhibit was the model illustrating the infant death rate of the Province of Ontario. On a revolving cylinder were tiny figures of children under one year of age, and as this cylinder revolved the scythe of Time came down and decapitated every fourth one. I do not know how it affected the other women who saw it, but it has haunted me ever since. One child in every four lost, under the age of one year, and probably fully 75 per cent of them from perfectly preventable causes.

Dr. Fraser, who is in charge of the Health Department of the Province, for many years practised as a general physician in the City of Brandon and the surrounding country. He knows country conditions from A to Z. He has always been an enthusiast along the lines of better conditions and better opportunities for women and children. Many years ago, when the majority of his professional brethren sniffed at the idea of women having a vote, he was an ardent advocate not only of the right to vote, for women, but their right to share the property of the farms which they had helped to make. To any one who has known the doctor for some years, it was a real pleasure to see him at last having the opportunity to illustrate practically, some of the lessons that for so long he has tried to teach by word of mouth, and he received royal backing from W. I. Smale, Manager of the Exhibition. He also has been a warm friend of women, and his exhibition has offered more comfortable accommodation for women and children than any other in the West.

During the past month my attention has been called to a case where an excellent teacher in a country district was discharged because she would not teach the Bible class in the Sunday School on Sunday. If **The Right of Teachers** this information had not come to me from a most reliable source, I would not have believed it possible that such narrow prejudice existed in the West. This woman was teaching an ungraded school and devoted a good part of her Saturdays to helping the advanced pupils to prepare for examinations. If she had not voluntarily done this work these pupils would have had to leave home and been put to a great expense in order to prepare for their examinations. She is a woman of high character and loved her work and she knew that she could not do that work justice unless she had her Sundays free in which to rest both her mind and her body.

I am afraid that there are still some people in our communities who think that school teaching is an easy job, whereas the teaching of a country school, where it is well and fully done, is one of the most slavish jobs on earth. The amount of education required and the energy expended, if given to almost any other profession would insure double the monetary return that comes from teaching. I know there are many careless teachers, but for that very reason when a school has secured a good one they should be very careful indeed not to infringe upon the rights of that teacher. I cannot help thinking that had there been a woman trustee on the board in question this piece of injustice would not have been committed.

During the month I have been asked whether I thought women have a right to smoke if they wish to do so. Unquestionably they have a perfect right to smoke just as any man has a perfect right to smoke if he chooses to do so, but what we have a right to do and what it is wise or expedient to do are two widely separate questions. Personally, while I know both good and charming women who smoke cigarettes, I do not think it is a wise thing for any woman to do who is serving the public in any way which brings them in touch with that public, in the position of instructors for adults or youths, indeed I think that it is absolutely fatal for them to indulge in any such habit. The very public which will condone the man teacher, the professor, the lawyer and the doctor who both smoke and drink, will shrink back in horror from the woman who indulges in an occasional cigarette. Of course this is unfair, but this prejudice exists and I hope so far as women are concerned it will always

A Sluggish Liver CAUSES LOTS OF TROUBLE.

Unless the liver is working properly you may look forward to a great many troubles arising, such as constipation, severe headaches, bilious headaches, sick headaches, jaundice, sick stomach, etc.

Mrs. J. Shellsworth, 227 Albemarle St., Halifax, N.S., writes: "I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received by using your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver. When my liver got bad I would have severe headaches, but after using a couple of vials of your pills I have not been bothered with the headaches any more."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are, without a doubt, the best liver regulator on the market to-day. Twenty-five years of a reputation should surely prove this.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, 5 vials for \$1.00; for sale at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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For terms of admission, details of courses, information as to fees, etc., apply to

W. J. SPENCE, Registrar
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There is always plenty of fish in the Winnipeg River

exist. The only change which I would like to see would be the common justice that would demand of the man the same standard that it demands of the woman. This is a big question and I have only time to allude to it in passing, but it is a question worth thinking about and one on which I would be glad for an expression of opinion from any of my women readers who feel strongly in the matter.

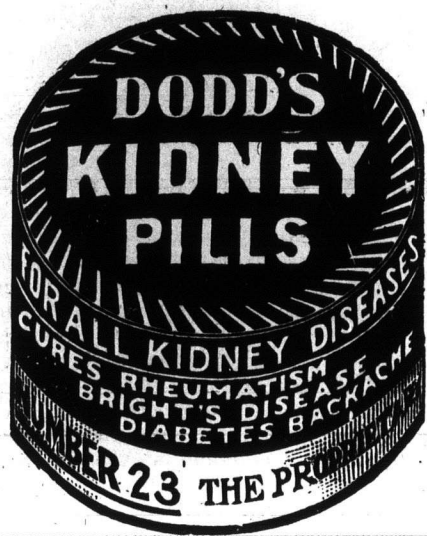
Generosity

Boy—"If you please, sir, I should like half a day off."

Employer—"Grandmother dead?"

Boy—"No, sir; I want to go to a cricket match."

Employer (with emotion)—"You are an honest boy, and such truthfulness should not go unrewarded. I myself will come back to the office after the game and tell you the scores."



Young People

Invented by Accident

An alchemist, experimenting in earthenware for the making of crucibles, found that he had invented porcelain. A watchmaker's apprentice, holding a spectacle-glass between his thumb and forefinger, noticed that through it the neighboring buildings appeared larger, and thus he discovered the adaptability of the lens to the telescope.

A Nuremberg glass-cutter by accident one day dropped a little aqua fortis upon his spectacles. He found that it corroded and softened the glass, and he conceived the idea of etching. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the fluid, and cut away the glass about the drawing. When he removed the varnish the figures appeared, raised on a dark ground.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay-puddle, and then strayed into a sugar-house. Her tracks were left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the first step in the process of bleaching sugar with clay was taken.

The wife of an English paper-maker one day dropped a blue bag into a vat of pulp. When the workmen saw the colored paper, they were astonished, and their employer was so angry at the mischance that his wife did not dare to confess her part in bringing it about. The paper was stored for years as a damaged lot, and finally the manufacturer sent it to his agent in London, and told him to get rid of it at any price. Fashion at once marked it for her own. It was rapidly sold at a high price, and the manufacturers found it difficult to supply the great demand for colored paper.

Thus Dame Fortune looks out for her children, and when they are slow in learning useful secrets and possibilities, drops a word of advice in their way so plain that they cannot choose but read it.

The Bobolink

The bobolink, rice bird or reed bird, is a common summer resident of the United States, north of about latitude 40°, and from New England westward to the Great Plains, wintering beyond our southern border. In New England there are few birds about which so much romance clusters as this rollicking songster, naturally associated with sunny June meadows; but in the south there are none on whose head so many maledictions have been heaped on account of its fondness for rice. During its sojourn in the northern states it feeds mainly upon insects and seeds of useless plants; but while rearing its young, insects constitute its chief food, and almost the exclusive diet of its brood. After the young are able to fly, the whole family gathers into a small flock and begins to live entirely upon vegetable food.

This vegetable food consists for the most part of weed seeds, since in the north these birds do not appear to attack grain to any great extent. They eat a few oats, but their stomachs do not reveal a great quantity of this or any other grain. As the season advances, they gather into larger flocks and move southward, until by the end of August nearly all have left their breeding grounds. On their way they frequent the reedy marshes about the

mouths of rivers and on the inland waters of the coast region, and subsist largely upon wild rice. In the middle states, during their southward migration, they are commonly known as reed birds, and becoming very fat are treated as game.

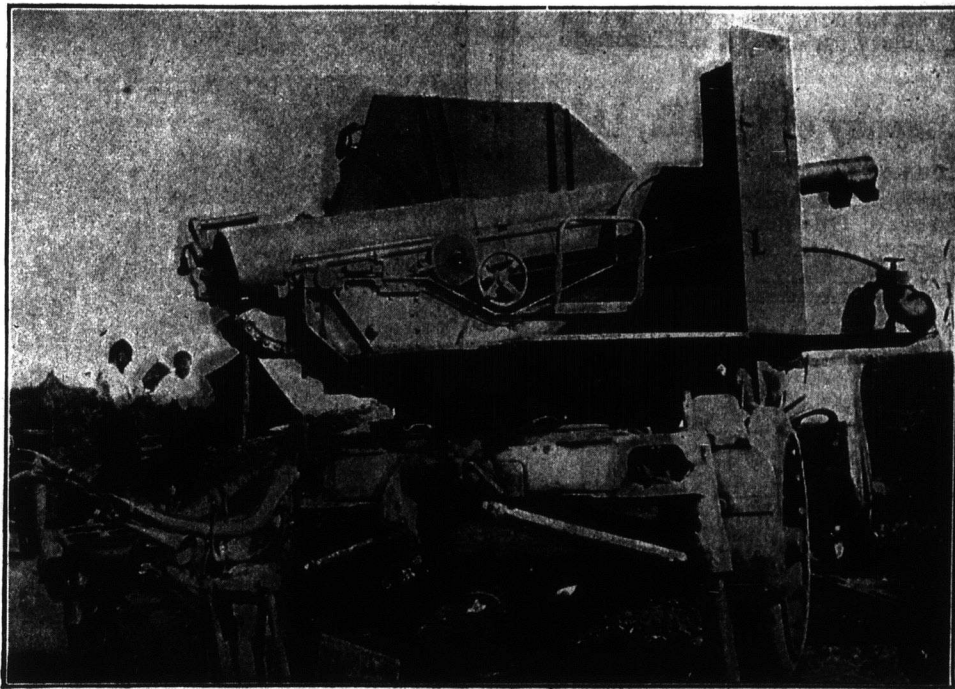
Formerly, when the low marshy shores of the Carolinas and some of the more southern states were devoted to rice culture, the bobolinks made great havoc both upon the sprouting rice in the spring and upon the ripening grain on their return migration in the fall. With a change in the rice-raising districts, however, this damage is no longer done.

Prince and Painter

Audacity irresistibly attracts us, and the man of strong, original character is an object of universal interest.

In the economy of his household, James Northcote, the English portrait painter, was sordid, yet lords and ladies not a few assembled in his ill-furnished, ill-arranged and ill-swept studio when an exceedingly popular young actor sat to him. The favorite was conveyed by the Duke of Clarence (afterward William IV) to Argyle Place in his own carriage, and his Royal Highness lingered to see the progress of the work—and probably to study the painter.

"The loose gown in which he painted," says one of Northcote's biographers, "was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might perchance be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald.



The necessity for destroying aeroplanes which fly over the lines on spying tours has produced this monster French anti-aircraft gun. The gun is a mechanical perfection and rests in a movable turret which is mounted on a heavy motor truck.

"The royal visitor, standing behind him while he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitched, the collar of the gown, which Northcote resented by suddenly turning and expressing his displeasure by a frown; on which his Royal Highness, touching the professor's gray locks, said:

"You don't devote much time to the toilet, I perceive."

"Sir," the painter instantly replied, "I never allow anyone to take personal liberties with me; you are the first that ever presumed to do so; and I beg your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house."

"The artist resumed his painting; the prince stood silent for a minute or so, then opened the door and went away. The royal carriage, however, had not arrived, and rain was falling; the prince returned, borrowed an umbrella, and departed.

"Dear Mr. Northcote," said one of the ladies, "I fear you have offended his Royal Highness."

"Madam," said the painter, "I am the offended party."

"The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote was alone, when a gentle tap was heard, the studio door opened, and in walked the prince.

"Mr. Northcote," he said, "I am come to return your sister's umbrella; I brought it myself, that I might have an opportunity of saying that yesterday I thoughtlessly took an unbecoming liberty with you, which you properly resent-

ed. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it."

"And what did you say?" inquired a friend to whom the painter told the story.

"Say!" repeated Northcote. "What could I say? I only bowed; he might see what I felt. I could at that moment have sacrificed my life for him. Such a prince is worthy to be a king."

The prince afterward, in his bluff manner, said, "He's an honest, independent little old fellow."

Admiral Jellicoe's Medal

Sir John Jellicoe, who leaped into fame when at the beginning of the war he was given supreme command of the English fleets in the North Sea, entered the navy in 1872, when he was thirteen years of age. Ten years later, he carried off the £80 prize for gunnery at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. Shortly after that feat, which is the more noteworthy because he has been instrumental in improving the marksmanship of the fleet by nearly thirty per cent, he was appointed a junior staff officer of a vessel under command of captain—now Lord—Fisher; and in 1886, when serving in the Monarch, he was awarded the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea. The story is told in Tit-Bits.

The incident occurred near Gibraltar. The crew of a steamer had been stranded on a sand bank, and the seas were running so furiously that it looked as if the shipwrecked mariners might be washed

Heart Palpitated

Would Have to Sit Up in Bed. FELT AS IF SMOTHERING.

Mrs. Francis Madore, Alma, P.E.I., writes: "My heart was in such a bad condition I could not stand any excitement, and at times when I would be talking my heart would palpitate so that I would feel like falling. At night, when I would go to bed and be lying down for a while, I would have to sit up for ten or fifteen minutes, as I would feel as though I was smothering. I read in the daily paper of a lady who had been in the same condition as I was, and was cured by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I bought a box, and they did me so much good, my husband got another, and before I had used half of the second box I was completely cured. I feel as though I can never say enough in favor of your Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are composed of the very best heart and nerve tonics and stimulants known to medical science, and are for sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25

A Safe Food for Baby

Mothers anxious about baby's food are strongly recommended to use Porter's Food. Porter's Food is a valuable preparation, composed entirely of wheat-flour and oatmeal, and manufactured by a special process which makes it easily digested by the youngest and most delicate infants. It is highly nutritious and proves to be of immense benefit where the baby does not thrive on a milk diet. Many mothers testify to the value of

Porter's Food

and speak of it as a wonderful food for babies, imparting strength and vigor, and causing frail and delicate babies to become strong and healthy and a joy and delight.

Porter's Food is specially recommended for babies suffering with diarrhoea or summer complaint.

A free sample with booklet explaining how to use Porter's Food for summer complaint, indigestion and constipation will be sent on request to any mother from the manufacturer, George Porter, 305 Victor St., Winnipeg. Sold in tins—15c, 35c and \$1.00, at all Drug Stores—or direct from the manufacturer.

heel over, and all three were pitched into the sea. One of the two was killed by the propeller, but the other, although injured in his fall, was picked up with Commander Jellicoe.

Twenty-one officers and nearly 350 men in all were drowned in that collision.

When the Victoria went down, "J. J.'s" Board of Trade silver medal went down with it; and, unlike its recipient, it did not come up again. As soon as possible he notified the Board of Trade of his loss, and asked them if he could have another medal to replace the one that he had lost; to which request the Board politely replied that he could certainly have another—if he cared to pay for it!

Billy's hats have had many adventures. Sometimes they are tossed into the tops of trees, and sometimes they are dropped into the bottom of the well; but once Billy's new hat was nowhere to be found. Kind little sister Prue looked under the sofa, into the kindling box, under the piazza, and in all the other places where she had ever found it, but it was not to be seen.

Several months later, when Patrick threw down some hay for the horses, old Dobbin, who was eating with his eyes shut, was much disgusted to find, instead of sweet clover, a hard piece of straw in his mouth. It was Billy's hat! It had been buried under several tons of hay.

When Patrick took it from Dobbin's manger and carried it into the house even careless Billy was ashamed.

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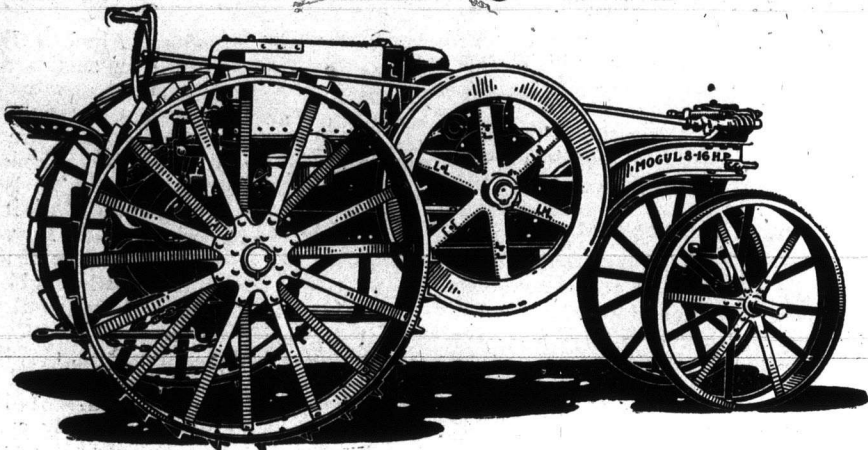
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By "working successfully" we mean a tractor that works on kerosene and that uses little or no more fuel than the best gasoline tractors. **In that class Mogul and Titan tractors stand supreme.**

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About the Farm

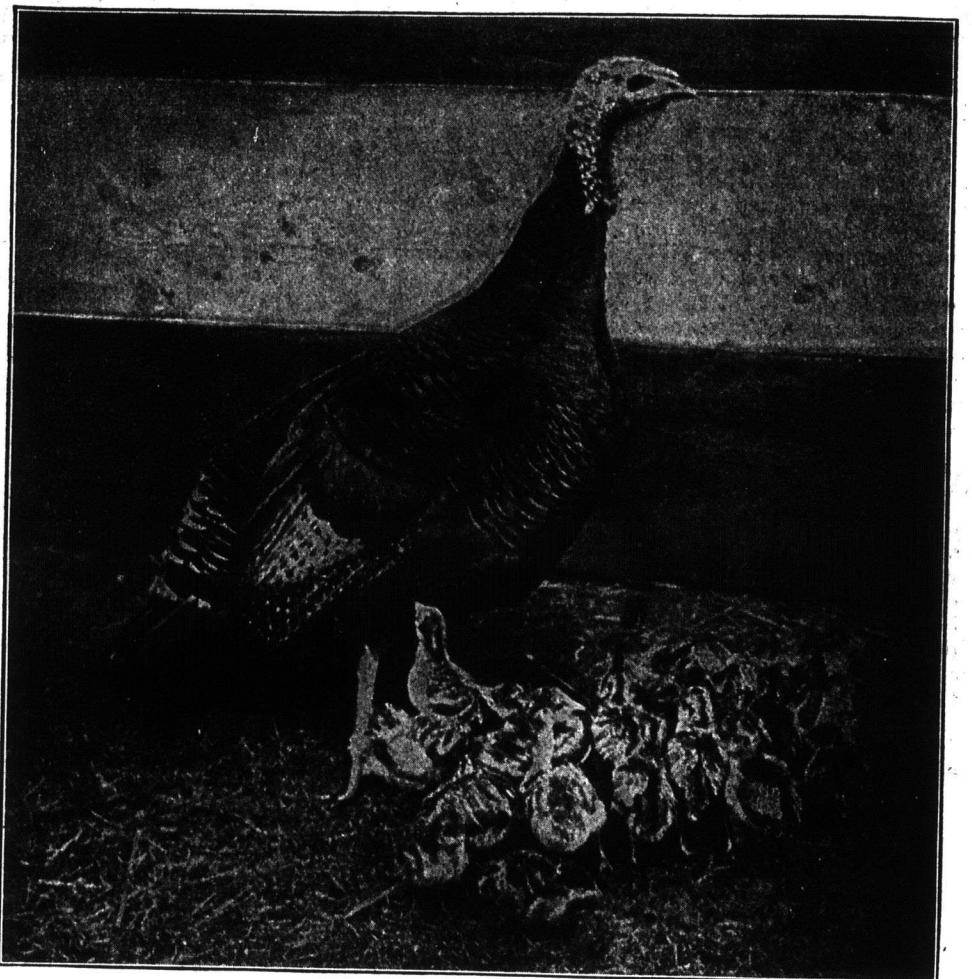
Commercial Fertilizers Profitable By Harry R. Jonah, King's Co., N.B.

I have only recently taken up the use of commercial fertilizers, but since using them I have had very good results. I have used basic slag on oat ground one season, at the rate of 400 lbs. an acre. My method was to set the manure spreader at the rate of five loads an acre, fill about half full with manure, then spread a layer of slag, about 70 lbs., on the manure, and fill up the machine with manure. Then I spread the whole out together, which makes a very even distribution of the slag and overcomes the disagreeable job of sowing it by hand. The result of land treated in this way over equally good land without the slag showed a marked improvement, both in the stand of grain and in the catch of clover.

I have also used some of the leading makes of fertilizers on turnip crops. The past season, on a field of two and one-half acres, an application was made of about 400 lbs. of fertilizer an acre on two acres, the remaining half acre re-

Now, it is self-evident that anything that is bought or produced for sale with the intention of making a profit on the transaction, must be bought or produced for a less price than it is sold for. The weak point of farming as a business is that when the farmer buys, he usually has to pay the price asked, and when he sells, has to take the price offered, because he either has to have the things purchased, or what he sells is more or less perishable, and he has to have the money.

To come back to the cost of production of farm crops, we have, first, either the rent of the land or the interest on the money invested, the tax on the land, and the upkeep of the tools, horses, harness and storage buildings for the crops, and the cost of the labor involved in their production. The ostensible value of the grains and hay and pasture so produced may be estimated by the local prices. But it is evident in the end that either the land cost or the labor cost must be brought within the limits of the value of what the farm will produce, so that these



A proud mother with a large and promising family

ceiving no fertilizer. This, of course, was in addition to a dressing of manure. The result was that the half acre receiving no fertilizer was not more than one-half as good a crop as the rest of the field.

My method of applying the fertilizer is to sift it on by hand on top of the row, and follow immediately with the seeder, which stirs it up with the ground. I believe the principal good derived from a light application of fertilizer is to give the turnip plants a vigorous start when first coming up, which I believe goes a long way in making or spoiling the prospect of a turnip crop.

I intend using fertilizer in this way on about three and a half acres of turnips next spring.

Cost Production on the Farm

Having made somewhat of a study of cost accounting on the farm for some years, I would submit the following for the benefit of your subscribers:

Farming as a business should be divided into its two component parts: First, farming proper, that is, the use of the land and the addition of the necessary labor to produce the crops; and, second, the taking of these crops so produced, and, by feeding them out to the farm stock, retaining to a large measure, the fertility values on the farm, and yet getting at least the cost of production.

two costs will not exceed the value of what is produced.

Taking Care of the Calf

At this season the dairy calf is very often injured by neglect, which is hurtful to the dairy farmer's interests. The calf should receive even better care than the cow.

The small dairyman should kill all grade bull calves. A pig will give better returns for the skim milk fed.

Give the calves a good warm stall with plenty of bedding. Keep them up on the cold, wet days. Water them in the barn or turn them out just long enough to get water. Do not force them to drink ice water.

Feed enough grain of any kind except cottonseed meal to keep them in good condition and if possible provide a rye or clover patch for grazing. A well-fed calf will not suffer from lice. Feed all the good hay a calf can eat. Never can a higher return be obtained for good clean hay than from the dairy calf.

Keep the calf growing. A hidebound calf is a high-priced calf and will not make the best kind of cow.

A dairyman's business ability can be judged by the condition of his calves. never neglect the young dairy animal. Indeed, it should receive the best feed and care of any stock on the farm. If calves are fed by hand, be sure

**Nearly Lost Little Girl from
DYSENTERY**
She Was Cured By Using
DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Dysentery manifests itself with varying degrees of intensity, but in well marked cases the attack is commonly preceded by loss of appetite, and some amount of diarrhoea, which gradually increases in severity, and is accompanied with gripping pains in the abdomen. The discharges from the bowels succeed each other with great frequency, and the matter passed from the bowels, which at first resemble those of ordinary diarrhoea, soon change their character, becoming scanty, mucous or slimy, and subsequently mixed with, or consisting wholly of, blood.

Never neglect what at first appears to be a slight attack of diarrhoea or dysentery may set in. Cure the first symptoms by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.


Mrs. John Peterson, Radville, Sask., writes: "I cannot speak too highly for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I nearly lost my little girl, aged three years. I took her to the doctor, and he told me her temperature was 104, and forbid me taking her out to our home, six miles from town, but I was forced to go on account of leaving my small baby home. We managed to get her home, but the fever did not go any lower, and we thought we would lose her sure, as she was so bad with dysentery she even passed blood. A neighbor came in and brought Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and told me to give her a few doses. This we did, and the next day she took a change for the better, but it was quite a time before she was on her feet again. I do believe if it had not been for 'Dr. Fowler's,' my little one would have died."

The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 25 cents.

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Take 20 Years to Pay

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50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00
Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest.
The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.
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that the pails from which they drink are well washed and sunned every day. A calf is a baby and is as easy to kill with dirty milk as a baby. Take care of the calves, for they will soon be cows.—J. M. Burgess, Associate Professor of Dairying, Clemson Agricultural College.

Starting with Two Cows
By R. B. Rushing

One of the most common queries that I have met concerns the profits that can be made in dairying. There are a large number of farmers who are doing diversified farming on a modest scale who are not acquainted with the profits that are being derived from the dairy business by those who have successfully engaged in it.

Dairying will pay a good profit to any diversified farmer who goes into it in a small way, and gradually builds up a business to the size that his farm will accommodate without putting himself or his help to too much work to care for the herd and the details that are attendant. Recently I chanced to visit a farmer who is working up a good business along just this line.

As he asked me not to publish his real name I will call him Mr. Smith. He commenced dairying just seven years ago with two cows as a starter.

Smith was a small farmer handling about 50 acres of corn, oats and wheat and doing some little stock raising along the way.

He was just such a general farmer as may be found in many parts of the country. The cows that Mr. Smith commenced doing business with cost him \$50 each, and at the end of the first year he found that they were so profitable that he could afford two or three more in the herd if those added would pay as good a per cent of profit on their investment as the two original animals.

At first Mr. Smith commenced weighing the milk from the cows, and took it to a creamery to have it tested, so that he would know just the actual capacity of each cow as a butter producer.

Lately he abandoned this method of determining a cow's value, and adhered to the churn as a test of her profitability.

He knows as near as it may be estimated practically just what each cow in the herd is producing in the way of butter.

As a butter maker Mr. Smith has made a great success, because he learned that it was a science and knew that the trade which he was trying to work up would "stand" for nothing but a strictly first-class article.

His butter is retailed in town, and it readily brings 10 cents per pound above the current market price the year round.

The herd which Mr. Smith has built up is composed of pure-bred Jersey cattle, and he is handling nothing but pedigreed stock, for he says he thinks this the most profitable. He has found that the young animals which he cannot use in his herd are in good demand among farmers and breeders who are wanting to grade up their herds of cows.

Mr. Smith told me that he was selling many surplus males near home, I mean in near-by counties, as people know what he is doing and want his stuff. Mr. Smith is adding a good cow every year or two to his herd, and from time to time, as was necessary, he purchased breeding males or disposed of them as his best judgment dictated.

In the first place I would attribute the success Mr. Smith has made of dairying to his constant study of the conditions which affect the successful working along this line.

He knows what it takes and does his best to live up to the requirements and essentials of a successful business.

He studied the feeding problem from the beginning, and has fed every cow according to their needs. Mr. Smith is now exceptionally well equipped to carry on his work because he is so deeply interested in it that he cannot leave it for others to perform; he wants to be right at the helm of every idea and help work it out successfully himself. He is deeply interested in his own work, and this is nothing more than the element called genius in those who are successful in the various lines which they take up.

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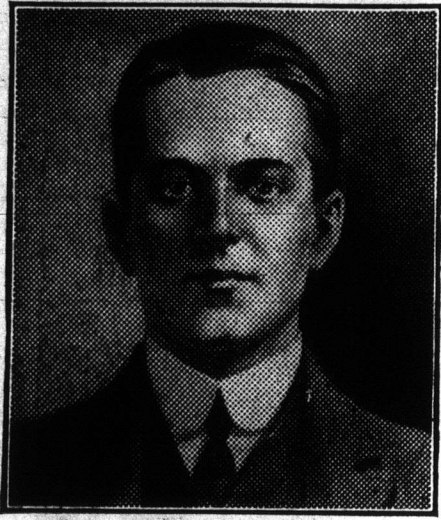
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Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

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Advantageous Discovery to Rid the Earth of Flies

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

YOU have noticed dead flies on window sills. Perhaps you have seen flies drop dead before your very eyes. You know that the housefly is the enemy of man and destroys babies under three years of age every summer by tens of thousands. You know that cholera infantum, diarrhoeas, summer complaints, typhoid, tuberculosis, and worse maladies are spread by flies. You wish all flies would be either unborn or quickly drop dead shortly after birth, like those on your window sill. Dr. Edgar Hesse, an Englishman, noticed that the flies, which dropped dead around his house, where there was no poison or other anti-fly campaign on, were affected with little specks and spots such as is found on apples, peaches vegetables, and other vegetation. He examined them and discovered that each dead fly had them. They were moulds or fungi, which the microscope showed to be malignant living parasites which are as deadly to flies as the hydrophobia germ and typhus virus is to man.

The hair-like strands of this mould contains little dots or "spores," which dry up and await a chance to be picked up by the next fly that comes their way. Funnier still, is the fact that these "spores" spring away from dead flies like a stone from a slingshot and stick—because they have a curious kind of mucilage on them—to the next thing they touch. The instant they touch a fly, however, they begin to shoot out rootlets—called "mycelium"—into the living flesh of the flies. Here they cling like grim death—which they ultimately produce—to a dead rat.

This mould is a fatal parasite for flies. It is called by the Gargantuan name of *empusa muscae*—the fly's christian name is *musca domestica*. It is only new to science as a deadly anti-fly fungus which can now be grown in gelatin or in beef broth at your own sweet pleasure as a veritable Pied Piper to exterminate flies.

To Dr. Edgar Hesse now belongs the credit of achieving a method of growing this fly killing mould so that the pest of Egypt and the modern home can be driven to limbo. The way this patient energetic, scientific Englishman succeeded in doing so is a lesson to the whole world in attention to details.

It occurred to Dr. Hesse that you would be foolish to expect to grow and cultivate a fly parasite, a living mould upon mere gelatin or broth—so-called "dead medium"—so he began to look for some living "medium" upon which to plant and raise this deadly fly parasite.

He remembered first of all that the housefly has a well recognized habit of cleaning its exterior flesh and body by means of its bristly legs. In combination with this fact is the one that the insect is predisposed to seek light, sunlight, and heat. All of these things are opposed to the habit of this deadly mould growing on the outside of the body. He, therefore, began his research with the conviction, now proved, that the spores of the *empusa muscae* are ingested, swallowed, and taken into the stomach. Research also showed that the crop of the fly, like the crops of the ostrich and other birds, is used as a storehouse for food for many days.

A series of cages were built so as to maintain a large number of houseflies alive and under his eye. This gave the flies freedom enough for all purposes.

The cages and glass in front with wire gauze ends for ventilation, a sliding door in the roof to insert the insects and food, while a copious water supply was made possible by means of two glass beakers or vessels. The smaller of these was filled with water and covered with filter paper and kept in the larger of the two glasses. Water was kept at a proper level by means of a long glass funnel, permanently inserted through the roof. The object of the blotter paper was to prevent loss of flies by drowning.

Food was supplied by means of small dishes suspended through the door of the roof. Jelly and jam was used for a time, but it was too sticky and entangled the feet of too many flies. Condensed milk dried was soon found to be better. It is a safe and good fly food and will by itself nourish flies for three or more months.

Now the mould spores were spread upon the thin blotting paper, which was hung on the edge of the balk wires of the cages. Each cage both before and after was sterilized with soda and when cleaned and dried, varnished with white, French polish to destroy all spores and microbes which might have remained.

In the first experiment, with live house flies, the insects were caught in a small net and put into the cages. A few bodies of dead flies left over from the winter, contained the mould, *empusa*, and these were grown on damp sheets of filter paper, which was sprinkled with sugar and milk.

The experiments were successful from the start. The flies sucked greedily of this mixture and thus gobbled up a goodly portion of the deadly fly fungus. I trust the anti-vivisectionists will not fail to read the riot act against Dr. Hesse for this unfeeling experiment against the lovable housefly.

One week elapsed before the parasitic mould began to assert its unwelcome presence—that is to the flies. One fly began to ail and soon the scourge became a veritable plague in the cages, for in twenty-one days every dod-gasted, blamed household pest was as dead as the rock of Gibraltar.

This experiment was repeated many, many times under all sorts of conditions. Each and every solitary fly was thus destroyed every time. Whether the flies were young or old, left over from last fall or newly born, in one week after this fly killing fungus was spread in sugar water or milk, flies began to die "like flies" and in three weeks "the last of him was no more."

Simultaneously with these epoch-making experiments, others were made to discover the best way in which to grow, cultivate and distribute the fly parasite to make it available and within reach of every housewife.

Dr. Hesse thereupon discovered that the yolks of eggs gave more of these anti-fly germs in less time than any others. They are now planted upon yolks of eggs and distributed broadcast, after they have been grown. A syrup composed of sterilized sugar and water is used to plant these spores and distribute them. They remain alive in this and ready, like Jack the Giant Killer, to tackle all the flies of the summer of 1916. They are removed from this syrup and sprayed upon manure, garbage, milk in saucers, and other stuff.

Odd to tell they remain fertile for a year or two, as is proved by the fact that Dr. Hesse quietly and with no announcement proves by the fact that these experiments have been going on without public knowledge for two years or thereabouts.

Another strange fact is that these *empusa* moulds produce alcoholic fermentation in syrup, in milk, on the filter paper, and elsewhere. Flies like Germans are very partial to alcohol as can be proved by exposing a saucer of beer near them.

Dr. Hesse's startling discovery has already been confirmed, accepted, and spread broadcast by the British local government boards. He has been granted a fund as a reward and to help to defray the expense of his triumphant experiments, and Dr. S. Monckton Copeman, F.R.S., Dr. Julius Meyer Bernstein, F.R.S., the Westminster City bacteriologist, have been appointed to supervise the distribution of the anti-fly fungus and to instruct the British public in its successful employment. This is the first American announcement, and I am the only one on this side who as yet has applied for an egg yolk growth of this savior of child life and adults from disease and death.

This mould is harmless to man. It kills maggots as well as flies with deadly certainty and precision, they are easily kept growing, they cost nothing, they are always ready to use, can be scattered around with impunity and despite anti-vivisection objections, it saves thousands of human lives and kills all flies.

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Then, if you don't get the finest shaves you ever had, if it doesn't make your old razor shave like new, we gladly refund price, 50 cents (Large size \$1.00). At your dealer's, or by mail, prepaid. Write for Booklet "Honing Made Easy." Lynn, Mass. All orders shipped from our Canadian Factory.

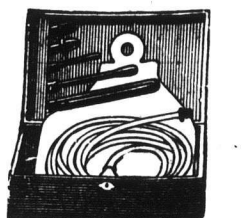
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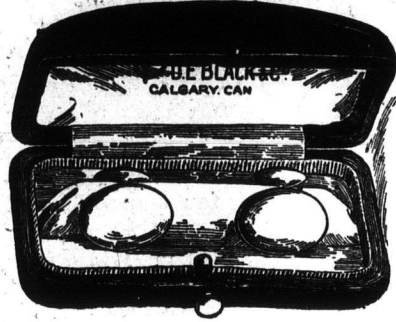
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Fashions and Patterns

1783—A Smart and Popular Style—Girls' dress with jacket blouse, and skirt attached to an underwaist. White linen and allover embroidery are here combined. The style is also nice for poplin, repp, taffeta, gabardine, gingham and chambrey. The skirt is gored, and gathered to the belt. The jacket is cut low in front and the right side is lapped over the left in closing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size. For separate jacket blouse it will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1784—A Neat Blouse Dress for Mother's Girl—Serge, repp, drill, linen or poplin could be used for the skirt, and crepe, batiste or lawn for the blouse. The entire dress may be one material. The skirt is buttoned to the blouse at the

1775—A Pretty Dress for Many Occasions—Embroidered batiste is here combined with Georgette crepe. Collar and plastron may be of the crepe, and inserts of lace trim waist and skirt fronts. The body and sleeve portions are cut in one. The skirt is full over the sides and back and stitched in a tuck at each side of the front panel. Gingham, lawn, embroidered voile, tub silk, taffeta, and linen are also nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Suit for Sport Wear —Blouse—1766. Skirt—1765. Comprising a middy blouse, cut on new lines, and a smart skirt. White serge or Jersey cloth would be pretty for this. Taffeta, linen



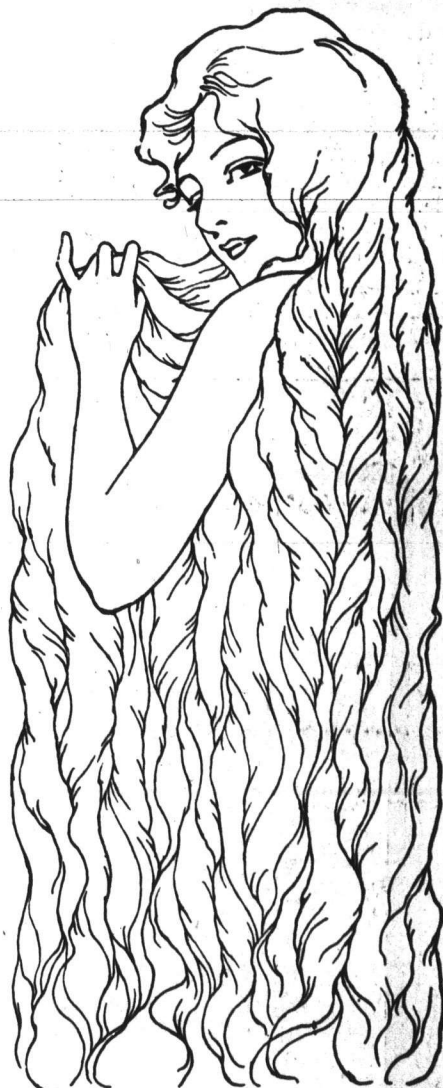
belt. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size. Plaid gingham, in brown and blue tones, would be nice for this skirt, with white linen for the blouse, and collar and cuffs of the plaid. Khaki cloth is also good for the skirt, and tub silk or voile for the blouse. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1777—A Set of Smart Dress Accessories—These chemisettes are practical and easy to develop. No. 1 shows a collar in flare style, with the chemisette or vest portion bloused. No. 2 has a flat, broad collar. No. 3 is finished with a high standing collar topped by a ripple flare. Batiste, lawn, organdy, net, lace, mull and linen are all good for these models. The pattern, including all styles, is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires for No. 1, 1 1/4 yards; for No. 2, 7/8 yard; for No. 3, 3/4 yard of 27 inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

and jabardine, tub silk and gingham also could be used. Pattern 1766 supplies the blouse, and 1765 the skirt. Both are cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the suit of one material will require 8 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern.

1259—A Simple and Attractive Tub Dress—Ladies' house or home dress, with chemisette and with sleeve in either of two lengths (in raised or normal waist-line). Brown and white checked gingham was used for this style, with white corduroy for collar and cuffs. The model would be nice for striped seersucker, for chambray and percale. It is fine for drill, linen, or linene, and also good for serge, voile or poplin. It will make a nice neat business suit. The right waist front is shaped over the left and the low comfortable neck is finished with a deep collar. The sleeve may be long or short as preferred, with a neat cuff finish. The skirt is a four-gored model, cut on new lines and with ample fulness. The pat-

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tern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9623—A Simple Frock for the Little Miss—Girl's dress with body and sleeve combined. White linen embroidered in blue was used for this design. It is easy to develop and cool and comfortable for warm weather. The design would look well in tan colored gingham piped with red, or in red or blue chambray piped with white. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1277—A Simple Serviceable Apron Model—Ladies' Bib Apron. Percale, cambric, gingham, drill, sateen or alpaca

could be used for this style. The bib portion is gathered at its lower edge and has strap ends over the back. Convenient pockets are arranged over the sides of the skirt portions. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

If He Were My Boy

By Alberta M. Keeper

We will not consider the immoral and low type of hired man, for no one has a right to ask his wife to live under the same roof, much less bring up his children with the example of the depraved ever before them.

But there are coming into thousands of farm homes at this season, wholesome, hardy young people hoping to get a start in life by the sweat of their brows—the God-bidden way of earning

the bread, and in these youths we have a responsibility.

Because they are "hired men" directly we give them employment does not give us the right to crush all the buoyancy of youth between the upper and nether stones of hardwork and humiliation.

As we are Christian women, we must face the situation squarely and at every turn whisper the question to ourselves, "What if he were my boy?" then rest assured we will decide with fairness; for thought of our own sons out in the world will stir to life the broader mother heart within us that reaches out to all young people.

"If he were my boy" will prompt us to look to his health and comfort: we will urge him to change his clothes when caught in a downpour; we watch for symptoms of illness, checking them with those timely home remedies always at our command.

We will be interested in his friends and tactfully direct his course. Never will we nag him but direct him from bad company.

Is he fond of reading? Then borrow from friends when the home supply is exhausted all good books possible; for Sunday and rainy weather are tedious hours for the lad far from home that feels no one cares more for him than so much horsepower.

My word, after years' experience; it pays to buy good magazines and books or join a library for the sake of the boys in the home whether they are our own or not; and we may count this money in with our sum set apart for the Lord, if we wish, for it has been written "In as much as ye did it unto these, My children, ye did it unto Me."

A comfortable bed with the same little touches about his room like he is our very own will bring reward in faithfulness, for hearts are never stone; and every boy has a heart, a big, kindly heart, hammering away under a coat of bluff or shyness.

When a farm woman laments the inability to have a nice dining room or living room because of hired hands, one wonders if these boys are treated as human beings or "dumb, driven cattle."

The fact that some mother's boy is out from parental restraint during those plastic and restless years of adolescence, and spending those years in our homes, should give us grave concern for his future.

It is such a little thing to say, when we feel he is better off by the fire-side, "Let's pop corn or make candy to-night," or, "I can beat you and Daddy at a game of Rook" or whatever game is enjoyed by members of the family.

When something really worthy comes, arrange for him to attend as much as possible, not docking him for lost time. He will come to feel you have his interest at heart and in return one will find him sticking to the job early and late when work is unusually pressing, and sticking with a glad note in his whistle.

A word of merited praise won't spoil him. A little timely mothering may put him on the way to a self-respecting, honorable life that will be a satisfaction to the one that feels she had a little to do with shaping his destiny.

We farm women look away to the works of our famous sisters and sigh because we lack opportunity; when all the time it lies too close to be readily seen, for the work that lies nearest is the work required of us.

We can never accomplish good by preaching, dictating or making unfavorable comparison, nor nagging them about creed, nor about their faults. We must not assume the "I-am-better-than-thou" attitude, but find the boy's need, and stand by him in every effort to do right;

be loyal to him and never disparage him to others. If in confidence he says that some time in another place he "took a bit more than was good for him," hold the confidence sacred, and caution him to keep the secret from those about him, for some boys tempt, then taunt the one that inclines to drink until reform is almost impossible.

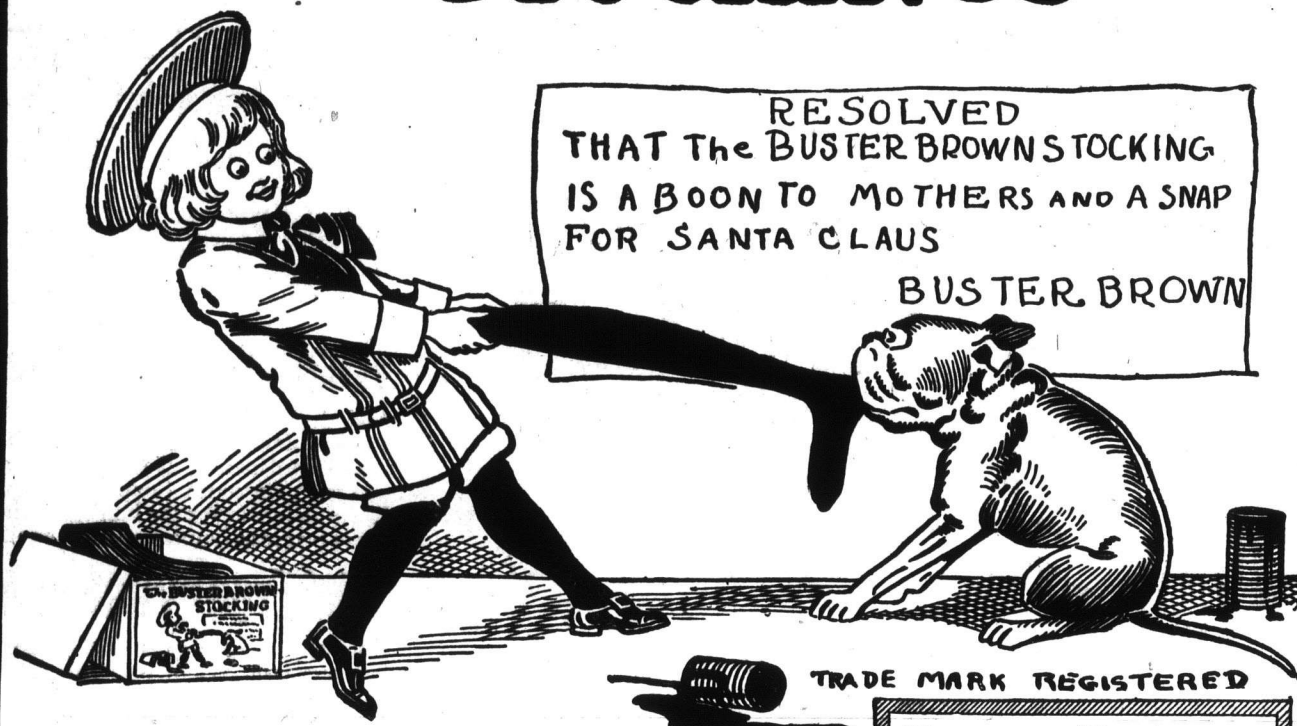
One gets interested in seeing the boy that was a little wayward struggling back. If she can guard and shield him "she has done what she could," and no one does more.

So many do not understand boys. They criticize and cast them off; they are often so narrow in their conception of religion that they restrict them too closely.

A boy is worth while. He has the world's work to do. The kind of a man he becomes tells the work we may expect—he is what we make him. Then, good friends, our responsibilities are plain. We must look upon the lad in our home as we would have our own sons regarded and be guided accordingly by the answer to the question, "What if he were mine?" for every mother has faith, hope, charity for her own.

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

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For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.

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

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Correspondence

War Widows and Canada

Dear Editor—As I am interested in the question of war widows and Canada and you ask for letters on the subject, I feel I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing some of my thoughts. Perhaps it would be as well to mention that I am an Englishwoman and have been in this country three years. As help on a farm, I have had opportunity to form opinions on my country people (of a certain class), both men and women. In February I first read of the intentions of the Salvation Army in "The Family Herald and Weekly Star," and I felt indignant, for I felt that the best people would not come over. I spoke to one or two of the neighbors about the problem but I fancy they do not understand, or else are not interested enough in social questions to talk about them, although I believe they would be just as well pleased if these country women of mine and their families did not arrive in Canada.

Canada has not had the best of the people from other countries. I have seen for some time that it is the men and women, the boys and girls with "brains" who are needed over here—those who see ahead with the honest purposes of bettering themselves are bettering others and the nation. Perhaps if it had been the better middle class people of England who came across first, the men you speak of, who are in high public offices, would not have been tempted to do the dishonorable things that have been committed, for they would never have come to the fore, but men of a more balanced fibre would have been in their places.

The war widows who possibly will come over are those who come from a society of people, who are "helped" and whose "stay" is the Salvation Army and other like social workers.

We could not do without the men and women who devote their lives to such institutions as mentioned above. I say we cannot do without them in England, for they have made, and are still making, and will make certain classes of people respectable and self-supporting. Without the aid of these social workers the people would fall into their old, idle ways, just because they have not the mental stamina to think and plan for themselves.

When I was in England, I was, for some time, a worker in a mission in the east end of London and I used to think, "If only these people could get a bigger place to live in, then perhaps they would live. They are cramped and have no room to expand." But since I've been in Canada I have had to alter my views, for most of them cannot live bigger—in mind I mean! For this reason I think it would be the wiser plan to bring to Canada war widows who used to be school teachers and store clerks. Those who have been used to planning improvements, either for the better living of children, or the surest and best way of making sales and pleasing customers. Those who think out for others and not the persons who rely on others to make life respectable for them.

I am not unpatriotic to my own country people, but I do know that some classes are more able to build up a hardy and honest nation than are others. The workers of the Salvation Army, I know, will understand my meaning when I say they are the support of most of their lay adherents. These latter have religion, but not always christianity, and it is christianity and not religion that makes the individual independent and self-reliant. In twenty generations from those who are helped to a better life now, the offspring will be as able in every way to endure being dumped down on a lonely prairie farm and work out for themselves plans for the future.

My whole plea for Canada is that she can have women who think beyond the present and the people of the future who will make a nation to be proud of. For after all we have been handed down from ages far back our good and our bad characteristics, and, if we overcome the bad in ourselves with our own thinking, those who follow us will be wiser and stronger.

Yours truly,
"Englishwoman."

Wants a Badge or Arm-band

Dear Editor—I am writing to ask you if you would be kind enough to put this letter in The Western Home Monthly, as I would like to hear other readers' opinions on this matter. I think that all young men who have tried to join the army to fight for king and country and have been rejected on account of health should have some kind of a badge or arm band to show that they have tried to do their "bit." The 102nd battalion was trained here and of course lots of soldiers would say to any fellow who looked fit "why don't you join up?" In lots of cases the individual spoken to had tried and had been rejected, just as in my own case. I would not have to be asked had I been fit, so I would like other readers to write to me or to The Western Home Monthly and say what they think

about it. It is awful dry here, everything is drying up for the want of rain and there are some awful bush fires around, too. Wishing all good luck and a speedy ending of this terrible war, I will sign myself as before,
Western Bachelor.

Doing their Share

Dear Editor—I have at last decided to write a letter. I enjoy reading your paper immensely and have taken it for quite a while now. When I saw a city girl's letter in the February issue, I thought it was my place to write to the page and let her know that they are not the only Red Cross workers. Why right around here everyone is busy knitting socks and making shirts. I helped mother knit three pairs of socks. There have been four or five box socials and silver teas; also other entertainments; the proceeds of which go to the Red Cross funds. "A Farmer's Daughter" says

that it is the farmers who help the most. Twenty-seven young men have gone from around here, including married men, so our little village is doing its share surely. Hello! Soldier Admirer, come for a long horse back ride with me, with overalls and all.

I was born in the year 1899 and have lived on the farm all my life. "Blue Eyes," I'm as tall as you and have blue eyes too. I would not mind hearing from you, if you would write first. Also any others who would care to write. My address is with the Editor.

Dragged Down by Asthma. The man or woman who is continually subject to asthma is unfitted for his or her life's work. Strength departs and energy is taken away until life becomes a dreary existence. And yet this is needless. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought a great change to an army of sufferers. It relieves the restricted air tubes and guards against future trouble. Try it.



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1 THE STUDY—the science you might call it—that has gone into its design. The air passages are wide, the radiating surface is large. The heat from the flames is spent before the fumes get to the chimney. This means more heat through the hot air registers. The fire-pot, which is the main source of heat, is always kept clear of ashes that would prevent rapid conduct of heat from the burning coal to the radiating surface of the fire-pot.

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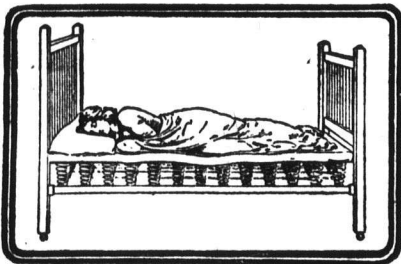
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"Just a Lonely Girl," I don't agree with you when you say, "I do not mind a gentleman smoking." I dislike seeing young men going around smoking. They are far better leaving such bad habits alone. As I don't wish to make this letter too long, I will close, hoping to see it in print. Wishing The Western Home Monthly much success, I will sign myself
Phyllis.

Likes the West

Dear Editor—We have taken The Western Home Monthly for several years and, although we take several other magazines also, I can honestly say that I like The Western Home Monthly best. I have always thought I would like to send a letter to the correspondence page, but until now I have always lost courage. I live in the city but I love the country, especially the West. I have always wanted to go out West and I think this year my wish will be granted.

Our city does quite a bit of Red Cross work. All over, societies have been formed, funds raised and teas and dances are frequent events. I must close now, hoping to see this letter in print. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I remain,
Sweet Sixteen.

P.S.—If any of the girls or boys would like to write, my address will be with the Editor and I will try to answer all letters.—S.S.

Manitoba's Progress

Dear Editor—Excuse me shouting three for Manitoba, but I say most heartily it's coming to the Manitobans for voting down the drink by abolishing the bars—a great step towards total prohibition which must and shall come in due time. What a compensation for those who have known the real curse of vile drink by blasted homes and lives, or have seen their friends sink to the lowest depths of humanity. Drink is the cause of practically all vice and crime, and we have only to look to Russia to see what great benefits total prohibition has done for a country. Some will say this was done without the vote of women. Well it is true, they may not have actually voted but their influence was the main cause of the Temperance Act passing. Secondly, Manitobans are determined to clean up a dirty political mess by the way the provincial elections have gone and if "a new broom sweeps clean," then get as many new "brooms" as are necessary and last, but not least, is the fact that Manitoba women have got the "vote," which is the greatest help of all towards cleaning up our dirty politics, which need more than the usual "spring cleaning" to make them honestly presentable. I hope this mighty war will be instrumental of bringing just as big reforms, else it will have been fought in vain with all its appalling loss of life, property and money, chief among the reforms—and may God speed the day to see these realized—should be the abolition of all wars and intoxicating drink among civilized nations. I fail to see the "glory" of a 20th century war, I know we are in it for our very existence but that makes it a grim necessity and every man of the right age that can pass medical examination should be wearing khaki. I cannot agree with "Prairie Lad" in April issue for not enlisting. He says, "If it was not for my farm and mother I believe I would be at the front now." I think that is most selfish and cowardly. "Prairie Lad" your mother and farm should be worth fighting for, even if you are too selfish from a more patriotic view. Do you expect others to fight for you so you can have all the comforts and ease of home—getting the extra dollars by improving your farm, when others are giving their life blood. Better let the farm go for a year than let the Germans take it from you or be under Prussian rule. I would only be too glad to fight for my mother and yours and our country, as I think every man should "do his bit," but a long sickness, with several operations, prevents me from donning the khaki. I am afraid "Prairie Lad" is conceited by the way he blows about his own good faults. I think The Western Home Monthly is just O.K. as a magazine, brimful of interest to one and all. I have been a subscriber for eight years, also have it sent to the "Old Folks" in the Old Country where it is



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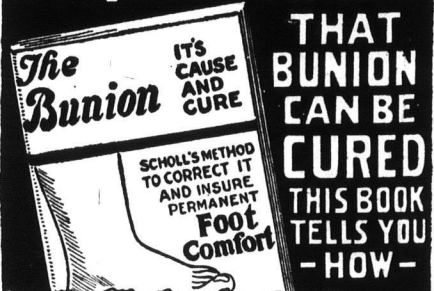
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admired by a large circle of friends. After reading my own, I send it to my brother somewhere in Belgium, where it is eagerly looked for. Hope Mr. Editor won't think I am imposing by this long letter and many thanks for publishing last one. Wishing The Western Home Monthly continued prosperity. Sincerely yours, Ivanhoe.

Loves Her Work

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to any correspondence page, but it really seems as if "Morganrodnaden" should know what we think of him.

While he may tell us that he is bashful, I believe the main obstacle is a feeling of uncertainty as to whether "M" is the right one. My sympathy is with "M" who has hinted that it is not her desire to remain single. What more could a young lady do to help out.

Now, Morganrodnaden, do not be offended, or act with undue haste; as much depends on what may be said, in a few minutes (the memory-gem is very good indeed). But as soon as you are very sure of your own mind, remember that eleven years is a long time for "M" to wait without any explanation.

I also wish to make a remark in connection with Lonesome Ernie's letter. What are we girls to do? If we speak civilly to a man, or pretend to see him, he thinks he is sought after. If we do otherwise, we are called conceited. When you look at it that way, Ernie, you will see what we are up against.

During the last and best four years of my life (since I was sixteen) I have been employed in the teaching profession. I presume that most of you do not want to hear any more about school than you already know. While there are many difficult problems to face, I, for one, love my work and feel amply repaid, as I watch the progress of the little ones under my care.

"Tho' a thankless task seems the teacher's lot
Yet its blessedness few may know;
To feel the touch of a child's white soul
To shape it and watch it grow."
"Contentment."

Wishes She Was Older

Dear Editor:—Will you allow me a small space in your correspondence page? I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time but could never until now pick up courage to write.

I sympathize with "Morganrodnaden." I advise him to pick up courage and "pop the question" right away. I think he will find the other party has been waiting patiently for him a long time and he will regret the time he spent beating about the bush—while he could have been enjoying close companionship.

I wonder if a few years would make any difference to "Cowboy All"? His letter certainly appeals to me. I never wished I was older than I am until I read his letter. I was greatly tempted to add a few years to my age but did not yield to the temptation. I hope he is fortunate enough to get the right one.
"Sweet Sixteen".

"More Serious Thought Needed"

Sask., May, 1916.

Dear Editor:—As my first letter to your correspondence column escaped the waste basket by a narrow margin, I will now try my luck again. I want to thank the members and readers of these columns for the many bright and interesting letters contributed to it as they have helped me pass away many dreary hours. I see in the February issue that a city girl is trying to raise the standard of our contributions of these columns and I quite agree with her. I have seen for myself that the majority of the young people don't seem to realize the situation our country is in. The main topic is how and where to have the most fun. Now many of your readers have friends and relations at the front. Did you ever stop and think of what fun they are having. I believe a lot of you haven't given the matter a thought. Let us try to do so from now on. I believe that under the circumstances we have every right to enjoy ourselves, but we should also think of our brave friends and comrades at the front, and we can do a lot of fighting for them here and I think it is up to us who are left behind to try to do our

share. Many have asked my opinion which side will win in this great struggle, and I will just venture my own humble opinion. I believe Britain will win, as I believe she is on the right side of the fence. But it will be at a great cost and at a cost that money will never repay. I can't help feeling sorry for the number of our present enemy's who have to sacrifice their lives for what they must believe their duty to be. There has also been a lot of discussion on Prohibition. I am in favor of it although in spite of the bars being closed in Sask. liquor can be obtained in large quantities at wholesale houses and I believe that there is nearly as much liquor consumed now as before, more secretly of course. I have nothing against either a man or a woman taking a drink of liquor, but let them do it openly. I have been in places where liquor is sold in nearly every shop

and I have also been in places where local option and prohibition was in force and I have seen more people drunk in the latter. Give me Dominion or universal prohibition and I am heart and hand with you for it. I hope to see the day when liquor is absolutely abolished in Canada, as it certainly has been the cause of a great deal of crime and vice. Then on the question of women's rights, I sincerely believe that every woman should at least have a right to vote. There are no doubt women who could handle an office as well as a man. But I certainly believe that the guiding of our national affairs is certainly a man's job. How many of you dear readers have read the article written by Eva J. DeMarsh in the February issue of the W.H.M. I believe that the women of Canada would be able to do more good by giving this matter more consideration, than by going into politics. However,

this is just my own humble opinion. With best wishes to the management and readers of the W.H.M., I am

Yours sincerely,
"Restless."

Our friend Tom married recently, says a contributor to the Boston Transcript. His bride, being from the Pacific coast, where thunderstorms are rare and moderate, became terrified when a genuine eastern "rip-roarer" broke loose, and she sought safety in a closet.

Presently came a scream from her place of refuge.
"What's the matter?" inquired her husband.

"O, Tom," she answered, half-crying, half-laughing, "I'm afraid to come out because of the lightning, and I'm afraid to stay in here because there's a mouse."



"This typewriting gets on my nerves."

"Now I'm well and enjoy my work."

Neurasthenia or Exhaustion of the Nervous System.

It is quite possible for the nervous system to be considerably exhausted before you realize the seriousness of your condition. You do not feel up to the mark, are easily tired out, worry over little things, and get cross and irritable, but do not consider yourself sick.

For this reason we shall give an outline of the symptoms so that you may be warned in time and use preventive treatment at a time when it will do the most good.

1. General discomfort—excitement and depression alternating.
2. Headache and sometimes dizziness, and deafness.
3. Disturbed, restless, unrefreshing sleep, interrupted by dreams.
4. Weakness of memory, particularly of recent events.
5. Blurring sight, noises and ringing in the ears.
6. Disturbance of sensibility or feeling, as in hands, or, with women, in the breasts.
7. Coldness of parts of body or flushing and sweats.
8. Lack of tone, easily fatigued, dyspepsia.
9. Fear to be alone, or in a crowd, fear of things falling, fear of travelling, etc.

These symptoms indicate that the nerves are being starved for lack of rich, red blood. Certain elements are lacking which can best be supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This cure is easily available and awaits alone your action in applying it. There is no question of the merits of this food cure. Enquiry among your friends will prove to you that many thousands of women, and men, too, are being restored to health and vigor by use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

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What the World is Saying

A Fit Dish for the Kaiser

Crows form an article of diet in Germany, and the Allies are preparing a large dish of the same bird for Wilhelm.—Toronto Star.

The Teutons' Food Problem

"Austria Famished, Desires Peace," says a heading which seems to confirm the way they label the place on the map, Austria Hungary.—Brantford Expositor.

Women at the Wheels of British Industry

Seven million women in Great Britain keep the wheels of industry moving while the men are at war. How can a nation that is shedding its best blood for Justice refuse such women the right to vote?—Manchester Guardian.

A Ghastly Lack of Fitness

Count Zeppelin, whose airships have dropped death from the clouds upon English children and their mothers, has been chosen honorary president of a new society for the protection of German "infants and small children."—New York Times.

A German Claim

German newspapers, in spite of Jellicoe's report that it was a mine, are still insisting that a U-boat destroyed Kitchener's ship. They couldn't be prouder if it had been an ambulance or a cathedral.—New York Sun.

Evidences of Kultur

A piano and a brass bedstead were among the booty captured by the French in a German trench in the Somme Valley. They were evidences of German kultur, having probably been stolen from some French home.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

One of the Mistaken Beliefs in Hunland

A naive impression exists in Hunland that you've only to learn German in order to love Germany and to become a missionary of "Germanism." With that object, it appears that our prisoners are to be forcibly taught the language. But whether this will make them Hun "missionaries" or not remains exceedingly doubtful.—Dundee Courier.

A Reversion to Paganism

Thor and Wotan returned; Nietzsche was their prophet, Bernhardt their apostle. Strength, linked to treachery, lust and dishonor, have become the gods of German idolatry and the Christendom which converted Germany from her paganism is now, after nearly two thousand years, under the necessity of punishing her for her infidelity.—Glasgow Herald.

An Inspiring Presentation to Canadians

The presentation to General Steele, on behalf of the Canadian forces, of a silken Union Jack and silver shield, given by women and children of the British Isles in acknowledgment of Canada's good will and co-operation in the Empire's cause, was marked by a graciousness all its own. The inspiration of the gift will inspire the Canadians still further to deeds that will show what is noblest in man.—Montreal Gazette.

Deserved Sarcasm

There is something appealing in the very name of the German-American Friendship Club. The fact that its aim is "to shelter lone German girls in this country" must touch especially, too, the hearts of the girls of Belgium and northern France who were unable to escape the invaders in August, 1914.—Kingston Whig.

German Trade Methods

The coming together of the allies in this war has led them all to such discussions and investigations of the trade methods of Germany in the past as have opened their eyes. The Germans will never again be permitted to gain the trade underholds on other nations that they had so quietly acquired and profitably enjoyed.—Monetary Times.

Japan and After-the-War Trade

Industry in Japan is booming as a result of the war and the enterprising among the citizens are securing a considerable portion of the business formerly done by German and other merchants and manufacturers. As the Japanese know how to hold on to a thing when they get it, it is to be taken for granted that they will relinquish little if any of their newly-won trade after peace is declared.—Halifax Herald.

A Million Tons of Metal Round Verdun

An experienced French officer estimates that a million tons of metal has been sprinkled over the Meuse hillsides by the guns that have been operating about Verdun in the greatest artillery combat the world has ever seen. After the war there should be a fortune in metal to be dug up in the neighborhood. Souvenirs of the battlefield will be plentiful for a long time to come.—London Truth.

The Slaughter of Armenians

The correspondent of Le Journal of Paris, who has been investigating the atrocities at Erzerum, declares that the Young Turks have slaughtered at least two million Armenians since the beginning of the present war. This puts the reform element of Turkey in even a worse light than the Old Turks, who were pretty bad characters when it came to massacring the Christians of Armenia.—Hamilton Herald.

The Argentine

The census figures give the Argentine Republic a population of 7,883,287, about the same as Canada's. The area is 1,131,841 square miles and the land is capable of supporting many more millions of people. If Argentina's hopes are fulfilled the population will at least have doubled in another twenty years. The Republic dreams of a great immigration as a result of the war.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Failure of German "Efficiency"

German efficiency will be less made of in the future. Its limitations are as obvious as those of an analytical conclusion. It solves a given problem, working from premises laid down, but it is baffled by the unexpected and lacks imagination to foresee new conditions. It sees narrowly in a straight line, and when deflected by unconsidered obstacles, which imagination might have provided for, it is like a locomotive off the track.—Boston Transcript.

With a View to Possible Pension Abuses

In one county of the Province where recruiting has been slow, it is proposed to preserve in the county archives a record of the men who refused to enlist, with their stated reasons for refusing. In time to come, should any such pension extravagance develop here, as that which grew up in the United States, such a list as that proposed might come in very handy in rejecting improper pension claims.—Ottawa Free Press.

Germany's Moral Bankruptcy

Germany is utterly bankrupt as a member of the community of civilized nations. Her atrocities in Belgium and France and Poland, and the even worse atrocities which she has deliberately encouraged the Turks to commit in Armenia, and the Bulgarians in Serbia, have roused the most intense repulsion towards her in all honorable nations, whether allied or neutral. It is a kind of moral national debt of colossal proportions, and it will take at least a century to clear it off.—Toronto Globe.

What Germany Has To Face

The consistent treachery and brutality the Germans have displayed in every way, and the lack of a single redeeming feature about their conduct of the war they so wantonly began, have made the Allies resolute to make the end of the physical struggle the beginning of a merciless trade war. The Germans have abused their hospitality in their neighbors' markets; they shall not have the opportunity to do so again. In other words, they have mortgaged their trade future as they have mortgaged their financial future, their moral future, and even their domestic future.—London Chronicle.

The Highland Battalions and Their Kilts

The kilts will not be taken from the Highland battalions organized in Canada; and in this regard precedent is justifying itself. Some forty years ago when the Duke of Cambridge was commander-in-chief of the army, there was a movement to make uniform the uniforms of the British army. Among other things, it was proposed that the kilts should go. The wrathful protest from north of the Tweed was so widespread and so loud that the idea had to be dropped; and the divergencies in the uniformity of the army's dress were maintained. The kilt is a fine garb in certain seasons and in some places. The winter fashion in the trenches of wearing trousers under it corrects some of its deficiencies due to the season. If it pleases the men who wear it and those who see the men who wear it, a little drawback now and then need not count against it.—Cornwall Freeholder.

The Term "American"

It might be interesting to enquire as to how the term "American" came to be applied to an inhabitant of the United States as distinguished from all the other countries on the American continent. A standard dictionary explains that it is applicable to "any human inhabitant of America, aboriginal or non-aboriginal, white, red, or black." In practice this is not so, for no one would speak of a Canadian or a Mexican or a Brazilian as an American, though it would be perfectly correct to apply the term to any inhabitant of any one of twenty-one different countries. Speaking before the American Society, Mr. Whitelaw Reid on one occasion asserted that the name "American" was given to the people of the United States by the English three centuries ago, and, he added, "I venture to suggest that a use for centuries confers a title that will still hold as long as grass grows and water runs."—Westminster Review.

The Net Spread for Submarines

The net which is spread for submarines is not unlike the web which the spider spins. As M. Fabre relates, certain spiders, while waiting for a meal, retire from the web, sometimes as far as ten feet, but they are connected with it by a thread which serves as a telephone line; when the prey is entangled in the web the vibration is communicated to Mme. Spider, who runs down and dispatches the victim. In like manner, when a submarine is entangled in a net the disturbance is signaled to destroyer headquarters.—Chicago Tribune.

The Work of the R.N.W. Mounted Police

Captain French, with two sergeants and four constables of the Northwest Mounted Police, is preparing to start on an expedition into the Arctic regions in search of the Eskimos who murdered Radford and Street, the explorers, two years ago. The trip, it is expected, will occupy three years, and may be full of danger. The prospects are, nevertheless, that it will be crowned with success. The Mounted Police never let a murderer escape in their territory. The chase is invariably maintained until the shedders of blood are brought to justice or perish in the wilderness. That is why far northern Canada is a pretty safe country to travel in.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Lloyd George on W. M. Hughes

In writing a preface to the war speeches of William Morris Hughes, Lloyd George describes the Premier of Australia as "a man of courage, foresight, pertinacity, idealism, commonsense, and great capacity for work." The writer and his subject are Welshmen. In character, too, they must be, as Shakespeare says, "affined and kin," for what Lloyd George said of William Morris Hughes, William Morris Hughes might with equal truth say of Lloyd George, with emphasis on the "great capacity for work." In his new position as Secretary for War, Lloyd George will exercise his great capacity with an undivided public confidence.—Victoria Colonist.

For a Free Germany

With the promises of Kultur and of the ruling caste wholly unfulfilled, with only some millions of killed and maimed, a mountainous debt, and the excretion of the civilized world, to show for their attempt at world dominion, with no chance of repeating the attempt, because the peoples they have repressed and used are free, yet with their own national liberty not only untouched by the victors, but guaranteed under international law, it is inevitable that the German people should have their eyes open to the iniquity of the doctrines by which they have been betrayed, and begin to build up a democratic commonwealth for themselves.—Round Table.

The Supreme Need

The supreme need is patience, patience, patience. People ask petulantly why the big push is postponed. It is not postponed. It is being prepared. It must not commence a moment before the right moment. For my part, I hope and pray that it may come later rather than sooner. We must make sure. It is better to be sure than sorry, even if we wait grimly till 1917. Patience means victory. It also means the saving of precious lives. Gunpowder is the only true way of economizing the lives of our gallant soldiers. Give them gunpowder, and the steel ring round Germany will close slowly and irresistibly like the walls in Poe's tale.—London Times.

Belgium After the War

The cabinet council of the Belgian government, confirming what had already been done last November under the presidency of King Albert, resolved unanimously that Belgian neutrality, which ceased to exist on Aug. 4, 1914, should never again be revived. It had in the past lulled the country into a false sense of security, so that no adequate military defense was prepared; and, besides, so far as the future was concerned, the possibility of proper guarantees was somewhat more dubious. Who could trust any more treaties which Germany had cynically disavowed? The future position of Belgium, and the necessity of her economic independence, form, indeed, a problem second to none in importance after the war is over.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

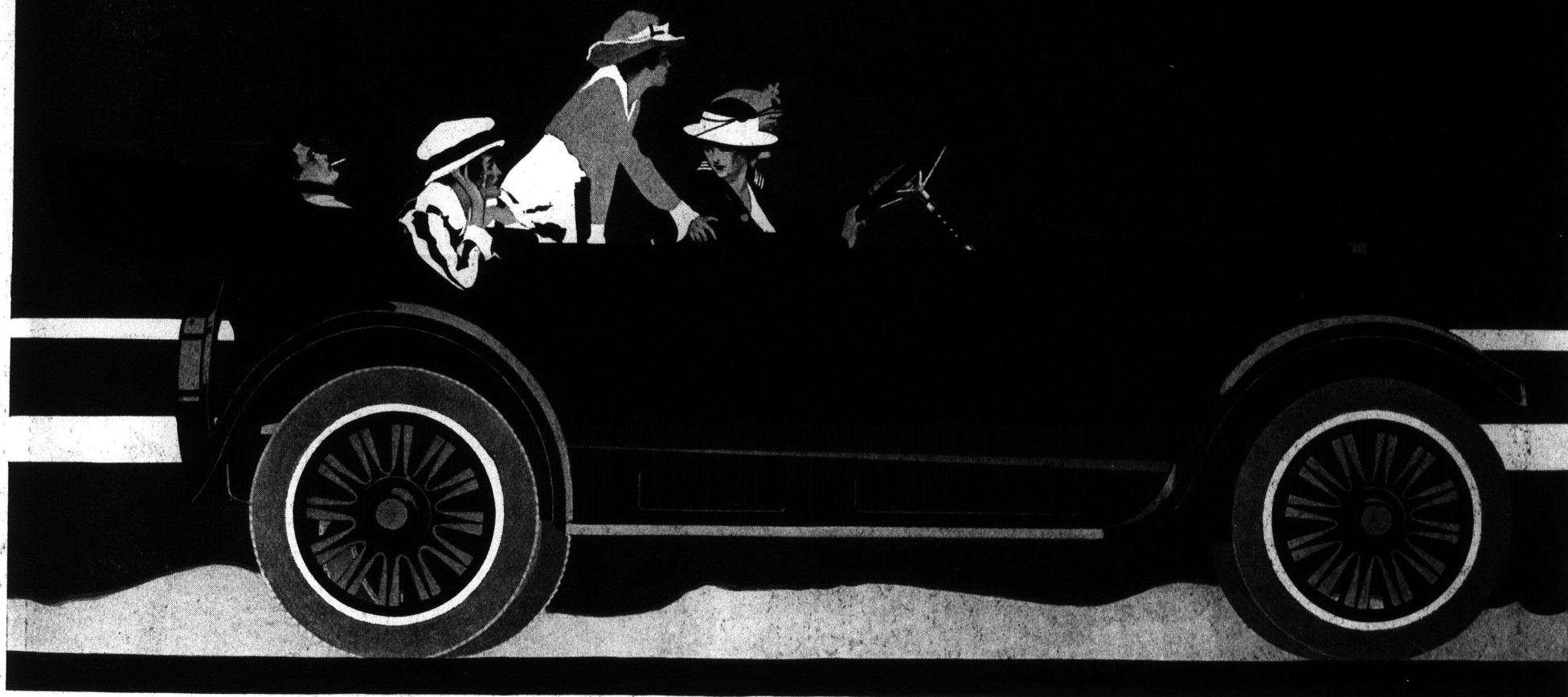
The Youngest Dominion's Fine Record

To suppress the South African rebellion and subjugate German Southwest Africa, Premier Botha raised 70,000 troops. He has 24,000 men engaged in British East Africa, while 11,000 have gone with the oversea contingent to Europe. In addition, 7,500 have traveled, at their own expense, all the way from the Cape to England and joined Kitchener's Army. Over 600 have been passed for Imperial army commissions. This is a fine showing for the sparsely settled young Dominion, which came into existence only about 12 years ago, after one of the bitterest racial wars in history. We conquered the Boers and then gave them back their country and their liberty. Men like Botha and Smuts know what British freedom is, and fight for it.—St. Thomas Times.

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