

# *The* WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MAN., FEBRUARY, 1920



YOUNG MANITOBA AT ITS WINTER SPORT



## PREPARATIONS *for* JUNE

**P**REPARATIONS for the June wedding—or for the wedding at any time, for that matter—cannot begin at a better time than now. The winter evenings before the fire offer the ideal time for sewing the dainty white fabrics of the young woman's trousseau.

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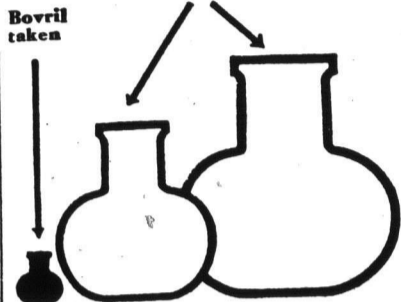
WINNIPEG

Be sure to ask for Prue Cottons in the shops. There is a very wide range of fabrics to choose from, including material for underwear, nightwear, sheetings, pillow-casings, prints, galateas, duck, drill and blankets.

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## The Western Home Monthly

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No. 2

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.

### A Chat With Our Readers

The desire of the publishers of The Western Home Monthly is to render a greater service than ever to its readers during 1920. Many words of commendation reached us during 1919, but it is the hope that The Western Home Monthly of this year will, with its every issue, prove a greater and a better magazine than our best effort of the past produced.

The new world order demands a step higher up in the outlook. Thoroughly in accord with this view we will let nothing interfere with the presentation of ideals that we believe to be in the highest interest of our readers. This magazine feels its high responsibility as the only household publication of its class published in Western Canada. It has no part affiliation or obligations. It is not edited in the interests of any one class. It owes its all to the 40,000 homes that receive it monthly.

May we not now hope to get in closer touch with our large constituency. There is no incentive like the merited praise of those who like your work and believe in it. If you find this magazine good and take the trouble to tell us so, you may be sure we will endeavor to keep it up to the standard that you have praised. You may possibly receive a questionnaire from us during the year. We want to know you better—where you live, what kind of a house you live in, how many there are in your family and anything else you may be good enough to tell us. This is in no inquisitive spirit, but we want to be able to visualize your home as we make up our magazine. Thus we shall be able to visualize your needs.



### Any Time of Day BAKER'S COCOA is welcome

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## Buyers' Service Bureau

Realizing that many of our readers are far removed from the large centres of manufacture and distribution, we have established this service to give them full information regarding any article in which they may be interested whether advertised in this journal or not. Naturally every one wishes to make the most of the dollar and to be fully informed regarding the merits of an article is of great value. Experience has proved that buying advertised goods is generally safe, but to make doubly sure we will supply any reader with the most reliable information available. Fill in the coupon below and it will give us pleasure to be of service to you.

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# Ford

## Announcement!

Prices effective January 12, 1920

|                              |           |               |
|------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| <b>Runabout</b>              | - - - - - | <b>\$ 710</b> |
| <b>Touring</b>               | - - - - - | <b>740</b>    |
| <b>Coupe—fully equipped</b>  | - -       | <b>1050</b>   |
| <b>Sedan—fully equipped</b>  | - -       | <b>1250</b>   |
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Prices are f.o.b. Ford, Ont., and do not include War Tax

Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment is supplied on Sedan and Coupe at prices quoted. On Runabout and Touring this equipment is optional at an additional cost of \$100, exclusive of War Tax.

**Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited**  
FORD, ONTARIO

Editorial

ROSES IN RELIEF

Written for The Western Home Monthly  
by Mrs. John J. Funk

**T**HE glow of sunrise flushed to light  
The waking world;  
A casement opened to the dawn,  
Its draperies furled;  
Within, a snowy cot revealed  
A babe in dimpling bliss,  
The ecstasy of motherhood  
Bends low with holy kiss.  
An angel fair,  
With pencils rare,  
Sketched beauteous roses there;  
Pink rosebuds, dewy, fresh and sweet,  
To babyhood a halo mete.

The sun has kissed the world to warmth  
And pulsing life;  
Flora and Fauna sweetly tune  
The woodland fife;  
A maiden stands in loveliness  
Symbolic of all grace,  
The Prince approaches, blushes dye  
The maiden's winsome face.  
An angel fair,  
With pencils rare,  
Sketched beauteous roses there;  
Red roses, fragrant, zephyr blown,  
Cupid's bouquet in Eden grown.

The high-noon sun of splendid day—  
Arched altar there;  
A satin sheen, the orange blooms  
With maidenhair;  
A raptured heart, a rich content,  
Love's promised radiant trail,  
Spell wifehood as the perfect quest  
In search of Holy Grail.  
An angel fair,  
With pencils rare,  
Sketched beauteous roses there;  
Rich, creamy roses, essenced lure,  
The golden touch, Love's sinecure.

The evening sunset glows serene,  
A quiet bier;  
A dark, a hush, a velvet gloom,  
A sob, a tear;  
The wife and mother gone to rest,  
The service song requisite,  
An etching lonely in repose,  
A memory gem requisite.  
An angel fair,  
With pencils rare,  
Sketched beauteous roses there;  
White roses—Paradise ken,  
The great finale! The grand Amen!

GET BUSY

**I**N DAYS when national problems are occupying the attention of everybody it is difficult to get men to think soberly on questions of personal duty. Yet the future of our nation depends upon what we do as individuals.

It is easy to rail at the council and the government. The real question is, what are we doing ourselves?

The two words that should be in our minds are "Produce" and "Save." Nothing is needed to-day so much as production—on the farm, in the factory, and everywhere. If the world is short of food, clothing and materials for building, there is only one thing to do, and that is to hurry up with production.

This is no time for wrangling and fighting over hours of labor. The only sensible thing to do is to get busy and supply the world's need. Until it is supplied we cannot have anything but unrest.

The man who loafs or who wastes to-day is an enemy to his country and to mankind.  
Get busy!

THOUGHT FOR OTHERS

**N**EVER was there a time in the history of the world when men and women gave so much thought to the welfare of others as they do to-day. They do this because reason and Christian feeling prompt them.

Reason tells them that no man can live unto himself, that society is only as strong as the weakest member, that the welfare of each is wrapped up in the welfare of all. For this reason education in all its forms is made accessible to all. The tendency is to make the utmost possible out of each unit of society. Even the blind, the deaf, the maimed are being trained for something, in order that society may receive the benefit of their labor.

Christian feeling also prompts men to sacrifice and spend for others. The central Christian doctrine is that people save their lives by losing them in the community life. Hence arise all forms of philan-

thropic endeavor—hospitals, asylums, schools for orphans and for the destitute. If all churches were closed, all denominationalism ended, the great efforts of men to aid one another and to deal justly with one another, would be ample proof of the power of the gospel, which through the centuries has preached the doctrine that man should love his neighbor as himself. Those who divide Christianity, pointing to the churches as illustrations of failure, should look around them and see that the great institutions of civilization are built on Christian principles, and that the customs we value most highly are Christian in their origin. It is the Christian graces—kindness, courtesy, respect for womankind, care for the weak and the unfortunate—that dignify our national life.

Sometimes we hear Socialism heralded as the newest and most advanced religion. There is nothing in the finest form of Socialism that is not derived from Christianity, and any Socialism which disavows the Christian principle is rotten at the core. The early Christian church made no mistake when its members "lived together and had all things in common." Our society to-day is Christian just in as far as it approaches this ideal.

For this reason we must continue to support our churches and other religious organizations. They are the life of the state. The Forward Movement to-day has both national and religious significance. He who ceases to be religious must of necessity lose his own soul or in other words must fail to develop into full manhood; he who fails to support religion strikes a blow at the stability and prosperity of the state.

VALENTINES

**F**EBRUARY the fourteenth is St. Valentine's day. Will it not be good and do good to revive an old custom—that of sending loving messages to all our friends? We are all more or less guilty of concealing our appreciation of others. A cheering word, a sympathetic acknowledgement of worth may do a world of good, and if there ever was a time when loving greetings should be extended it is just now.

Here is a father—dejected and almost hopeless, because his income will not meet his growing expenditure, and because the future does not promise much hope of relief. His wife and children may not be able to help him to bear his financial burdens, but they can at least bring sunshine into his life by telling him how much they appreciate his efforts, and how much they think of him as husband and father. And here is a mother, worn out with her family duties and discouraged by repeated failures to make life joyous and worth living. What more helpful and soul-refreshing than to get a word of real appreciation from her husband and her children? It is not a bad custom that the school children have on St. Valentine's day of bringing home hearts and cupids and little rhymes that they have put together as an exercise in hand work. The world has never been rendered worse because one person has ventured to tell another how much he is appreciated.

Expressions of appreciation should not be limited to the household. Why not send a letter to the mayor of the city, the preacher, the teacher, and any one else that seems to be trying to do good under discouraging conditions? And if there is any one who seems to be bitter or hateful send him a particularly kind and loving message. That may be the very thing he needs. If we cannot scold or bully people into kindness we may, perhaps, through kindness, win them over to peace and harmony.

So let us all honor St. Valentine's day.

A VALENTINE FOR EVERYBODY

**S**OMETIMES we hear it said that men are all wicked, and that the world is growing worse. Here is a message from one of our most valued subscribers, and it has in it such a tone of optimism that we send it out as a Valentine to the general public. When people believe in one another the world will go right. When they doubt one another things are sure to go wrong.

"The dishonest woman or man is a rare exception!

"I make this emphatic statement after many years of business experience in that most trying of all occupations, the real estate profession. Handling a large clientele in my own office in a thriving western city for a period covering many years, I feel absolutely competent to speak with authority on this subject. For, during that time, with an annual income running into thousands, my losses could be stated in three figures.

"The reason why I can make this statement with such assurance, is because I started into business

with but one watch-word—that of absolute square dealing personally and of implicit confidence in the integrity of my fellows.

"With the assurance of one of my competitors that 'a dollar in the hand' was the only basis on which real estate could be handled with success, and that every man was out to 'get you,' I set about to disprove his assertions, and to sustain my life-long belief that every man rises intuitively to meet the trust that is placed in his honor and integrity.

"I dealt with all sorts of humanity from the lowest to the highest, including so-called crooks and men notoriously lacking in honor. I asked no written contracts, the law thereto being inadequate, and only once did I resort to the courts. That was to clear myself of a false accusation—which I did.

"I was warned repeatedly against one with whom I had continual business transactions. 'That fellow can't lay straight nights,' I was told, 'Have nothing to do with him!'

"The man in question had been square with me in every respect, though he had opportunity to be otherwise. I mentioned the matter to him casually, with a comment as to our mutually satisfactory business relations.

"He grinned as he remarked that it paid to be honest with some people.

"Interpret that remark as you will, remember that I do not claim that he was an honest man. In fact, he was forced to leave town later, because of questionable methods. But what I aim to bring out is the fact that the matter of honesty in one's dealings with his fellows, does not rest alone with the latter, but largely with himself.

"I have found that I get what I am looking for in this world. And so I say, if you are suspicious, looking for dishonesty at every turn—rest assured that you will find it. During all my business experience, my infrequent losses invariably followed suspicion on my part.

"It is not enough, I have found, to be honest personally. To look for honesty in others is equally essential—and simple justice. Expect that same integrity in your neighbor, regardless of reputation or hearsay, which you yourself possess, never allowing distrust to creep into your mind—and you will not be disappointed in humanity, I can assure you.

"Endeavoring through years of striving to hold the right mental attitude toward all men, I declare emphatically that the dishonest man or woman is a rare exception! And I hug this knowledge to my heart as a priceless nugget dug out of my mines of experience."—Grace G. Bostwick.

TO THE AGED

**O**LD people, with wrinkled hands and snowy locks, we love you because of all that you have sacrificed. You have experienced all the temptations and sorrows of life and yet you remain young in heart and pure in spirit. You have struggled and toiled as became pioneers and your victories are an incentive and challenge to us your successors. Above all we love you because your hearts are full of love and forgiveness and your faces are looking heavenward. Old people, good people, you we love and revere.

TO YOUNG MEN

**Y**OUNG men, we love you because of your courage, your manliness, your strength, because your lives are clean and wholesome, because you have high social and political ideals, because you are good to look at and pleasant to live with, and above all because you are optimistic and cheerful.

TO YOUNG LADIES

**Y**OUNG ladies we love you because you are pure and sweet, lovely in every grace of speech and manner, kind and unselfish in every thought. We love you because of your beauty, your goodness, your refinement and because of your devotion to all that is noble and inspiring. We love you for your own sake and because you make the world so pleasant a place to live in.

TO THE CHILDREN

**L**ITTLE children we love you because you are innocent and trusting and so very unaffected and natural. You are like flowers in the bud—fresh, unspoiled, fragrant. You are like good music, for you bring gladness to those who are despondent and hope to those who are despairing. You are like sunshine, for you dispel the gloom of hatred and wrong desire. You are altogether lovely and our hearts are yours.



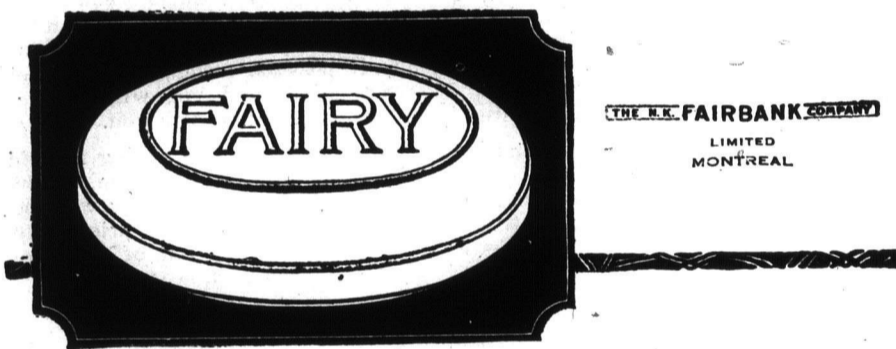
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"With a pang of horror he realized that he was caught by the foot."

## The Grip in Deep Hole

By Charles G. D. Roberts

**T**HE roar of the falls, the lighter and shriller raging of the rapids, had at last died out behind the thick masses of the forest as Barnes worked his way down the valley. The heat in the windless underbrush, alive with insects was stifling. He decided to make once more for the bank of the stream, in the hope that its character might by this time have changed so as to afford him an easier and more open path. Pressing aside to his left, he presently saw the green gloom lighten before him. Blue sky and golden light came low through the thinning trees; and then a gleam of unruffled water. He was nearing the edge now; and because the underbrush was so thick about him he began to go cautiously.

All at once he felt his feet sinking; and the screen of thick bushes before him leaned away as if bowed by a heavy gust. Desperately he clutched with both hands at the undergrowth and saplings on either side; but they all gave way with him. In a smother of leafage and blinding lashing branches he sank downward—at first, as it seemed, slowly, for he had time to think many things while his heart was jumping in his throat. Then, shooting through the lighter bushy companions of his fall, and still clutching convulsively at those upon which he had been able to lay his grasp, he plunged feet first into a dark water.

The water was deep, and cold. Barnes went down straight, and clear under with a strangled gasp. His feet struck with some force, upon a tangled, yielding mass, from which he rose again with a spring. His head shot above the surface, above the swirl of foam, leafage, and debris; and sputtering he gulped his lungs full of air. But before he could clear his eyes or his nostrils, or recover his self-possession, he was stealthily dragged down again. With a pang of horror he realized that he was caught by the foot.

A powerful swimmer, Barnes struck out mightily with his arms and came to the surface again at once, rising beyond the shoulders. But by so much the more was he violently snatched back again, strangling and desperate, before he had time to empty his lungs and catch breath. This time the shock sobered him, flashing the full peril of the situation before his startled consciousness. With a tremendous effort of will he stopped his struggling, and contented himself with a gentle paddling to keep upright. This time he came more softly to the surface, clear beyond the chin. The foam, and debris, and turbulence of little waves, seethed about his lips, and the sunlight danced confusingly in his streaming eyes; but he gulped a fresh lungful before he again went down.

Paddling warily now, he emerged again at once, and, with arms outspread, brought himself to a precarious equilibrium, his mouth just clearing the surface so long as he held his head well back. Keeping very still, he let his bewildered wits compose themselves and the agitated surface settle to quiet.

He was in a deep, tranquil cove, hardly stirred by an eddy. Some ten paces farther out from the shore the main current swirled past sullenly, as if weary from the turbulence of falls and rapids. Across the current a little space of sand-beach, jutting out from the leafy shore, shone golden in the sun. Up and

down the stream, as far as his extremely restricted vision would suffer him to see, nothing but thick, overhanging branches, and the sullen current. Very cautiously he turned his head—though to do so brought the water over his lips—and saw behind him just what he expected. The high, almost perpendicular bank was scarred by a gash of bright, raw, reddish earth, where the brink had slipped away beneath his weight.

Just within reach of his hand lay, half submerged, the thick, leafy top of a fallen poplar sapling, its roots apparently still clinging to the bank. Gently he laid hold of it, testing it, in the hope that it might prove solid enough to enable him to haul himself out. But it came away instantly in his grasp. And once more, in this slight disturbance of his equilibrium, his head went under.

Barnes was disappointed, but he was now absolutely master of himself. In a moment he had regained the only position in which he could breathe comfortably. Then, because the sun was beating down too fiercely on the top of his head, he carefully drew the bushy top of the poplar sapling into such a position that it gave him shade. As its roots were still aground it showed no tendency to float off and forsake him in his plight.

A very little consideration, accompanied by a cautious investigation with his free foot, speedily convinced him, being a practical woodsman, that the trap in which he found himself caught could be nothing else than a couple of interlaced, twisted branches, or roots, of some tree which had fallen into the pool in some former caving-in of the bank. In that dark deep wherein his foot was held fast, his mind's eye could see it, all well enough—the water-soaked, brown-green, slimy, inexorable coil, which had yielded to admit the unlucky member, then closed upon the ankle like the jaws of an otter trap. He could feel that grip—not severe, but uncompromisingly firm, clutching the joint. As he considered, he began to draw comfort, however, from the fact that his invisible captor had displayed a certain amount of give-and-take. This elasticity meant either that it was a couple of branches slight enough to be flexible that held him, or that the submerged tree itself was a small one, not too steadfastly anchored down. He would free himself easily enough, he thought, as soon as he should set himself about it coolly and systematically.

Taking a long breath he sank his head under the surface, and peered downward through the amber-brown but transparent gloom. Little gleams of brighter light came twisting and quivering in from the swirls of the outer current. Barnes could not discern the bottom of the pool, which was evidently very deep; but he could see quite clearly the portion of the sunken tree in whose interwoven branches he was held. A shimmering golden ray fell just on the spot where his foot vanished to the ankle between two stout curves of what looked like slimy brown cables or sections of a tense snake body.

It was, beyond question, a nasty-looking trap; and Barnes could not blink the fact that he was in a tight place. He lifted his face above the surface, steadied himself carefully, and breathed deeply and quietly for a couple of minutes, gathering strength for a swift and vigorous effort. Then, filling his lungs

Continued on Page 5

**The Grip in Deep Hole**

Continued from Page 4

wrenching with all his force at those oozy curves, striving to drag them apart. They gave a little, but not enough to release the imprisoned foot. Another moment and he had to lift his head again for breath.

After some minutes of rest, he repeated the choking struggle, but, as before, in vain. He could move the jaws of the trap just enough to encourage him a little, but not enough to gain his release. Again and again he tried it—again and again to fail just as he imagined himself on the verge of success; till at last he was forced, for the moment, to acknowledge defeat, finding himself so exhausted that he could hardly keep his mouth above water. Drawing down a stiffish upright branch of the sapling, he gripped it between his teeth and so held himself upright while he rested his arms. This was a relief to nerves as well as muscles, because it made his balance, on which he depended for the chance to breathe, so much the less precarious.

As he hung there pondering, held but a bare half inch above drowning, the desperation of the situation presented itself to him in appalling clearness. How sunny, and warm, and safe, to his woods-familiar eyes, looked the green forest world about him! No sound broke the mild tranquility of the solitude, except, now and then, an elfish gurgle of the slow current, or the sweetly cheerful tsic-a-dee-dee of an unseen chickadee, or, from the intense blue overhead, the abrupt, thin whistle of a soaring fish-hawk. To Barnes it all seemed such a safe, friendly world, his well-understood intimate since small boyhood. Yet here it was, apparently, turned smooth traitor at last, and about to destroy him as pitilessly as might the most scorching desert or blizzard-scoured ice-field.

A silent rage burned suddenly through all his veins, which was well, since the cold of that spring-fed river had already begun to finger stealthily about his heart. A delicate little pale-blue butterfly, like a periwinkle-petal come to life, fluttered over Barnes' grim upturned

face, and went dancing gayly out across the shining water, joyous in the sun. In its dancing it chanced to dip a hair's-breadth too low. The treacherous bright surface caught it, held it; and away it swept, struggling in helpless consternation against this unexpected doom. Before it passed out of Barnes' vision a trout rose, and gulped it down. Its swift fate, to Barnes' haggard eyes seemed an analogue in little to his own.

But it was not in the woodsman's fiber to acknowledge himself actually beaten, either by man or fate, so long as there remained a spark in his brain to keep his will alive. He presently began searching with his eyes among the branches of the poplar sapling for one stout enough to serve him for a lever. With the right kind of a stick in his hand, he told himself, he might manage to pry apart the jaws of the trap and get his foot free. At last his choice settled upon a branch that he thought would serve his turn. He was just about to reach up and break it off, when a slight crackling in the under-bush across the stream caught his ear.

His woodsman's instinct kept him motionless as he turned his eyes to the spot. In the thick leafage there was a swaying, which moved quickly down along the bank, but he could not see what was causing it. Softly he drew down a leafy branch of the sapling till it made him a perfect screen; then he peered up the channel to find out what the unseen wayfarer was following.

A huge salmon, battered and gashed from a vain struggle to leap the fall, was floating, belly upward, down the current, close to Barnes' side of the stream. A gentle eddy caught it, and drew it into the pool. Softly it came drifting down toward Barnes' hidden face. Among the twigs of the poplar sapling it came to a halt, its great scarlet gills barely moving as the last of life flickered out of it.

Barnes now understood quite well that commotion which had followed, along shore, the course of the dying salmon. It was no surprise to him whatever when he saw a huge black bear emerge upon the yellow sandspit and stand staring across the current. Apparently, it was turned straight at Barnes' face, upstaring upon the surface of the water. But Barnes knew it was staring at the

Continued on Page 56

# Fight Film To Save Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



**It is Film that Ruins Them**

This is why brushed teeth discolor and decay. And why old methods of cleaning have proved so inadequate.

Your teeth are covered with a slimy film. It clings to them, enters crevices and stays. That film is the cause of most tooth troubles.

The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So, month after month, that film remains and may do a ceaseless damage.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles.

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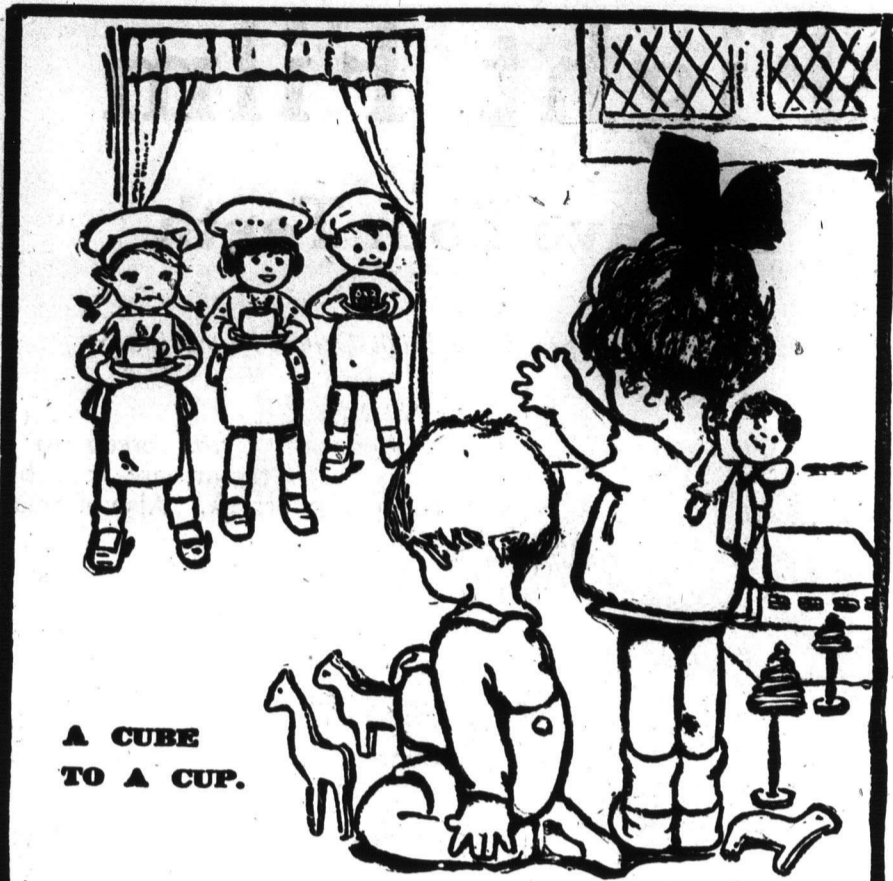
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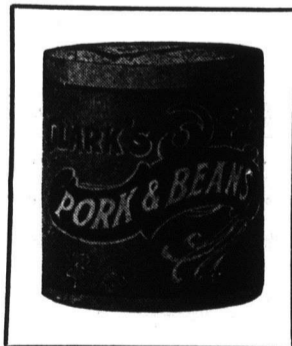
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## A Night in the Salient—Hooge Sector

After the battle of Sanctuary Wood

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Major General Sir A. C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding 1st Canadian Division in France

**A** DAY in the trenches in front of Ypres was quiet enough as a rule, save when a *strafe* was on, as little movement was possible on both sides. Once the mantle of darkness had fallen, however, everything was stir and hustle, and the area behind the trenches resembled a beehive—with ration parties, ammunition parties, engineer working parties, brigade wiring parties, burial parties, scouting parties, and the odd raiding parties slipping up to its jump-off.

I was commanding a brigade and our new divisional commander expressed a wish to have me take him around the line, which had only recently been recaptured from the Boche. This, I was rather loathe to do, as I did not think it yet in shape for the G.O.C. to visit. On our right we were holding a series of shell-holes as a front line and digging hard each night joining them up. Behind our shell-hole position we had a short piece of continuous trench intact, as a support, connected at each end with an almost continuous trench, and behind, by two blown-in communication trenches, which we were endeavoring to clear.

The brigade had lost pretty heavily in the battle, so we had a large number of new hands, both officers and men, and I was straining every nerve to get our area fortified and tidied up.

I knew the General of yore. No more thorough and gallant officer ever wore the uniform, and I realized he would insist upon trying to visit the advanced posts, and felt the responsibility, and, as we viewed it, the culpability we should incur if he got hit whilst in our charge.

However, the General was determined, and we started from my headquarters in the ramparts, through the sally port across the bridge by the famous Swan's Nest, over to the Bunde, and up past the Tuilleries and Dormy House towards Maple Copse, passing to the north of it. I pointed out the various working parties at Zillebeke Dump, etc., etc. Two officers accompanied us, splendid specimens of Canadian Highland gentlemen, Col. B. McL., and Capt. G. C. McD.

There are nights when things start wrong, and keep going wrong, in spite of you. The night grew inky black save for the German flares and occasional shelling. Suddenly a figure loomed up in the darkness, caught the General by the coat and said: "If you please, are you a burial party?" "No, I'm not," was the indignant reply; "What on earth is there about me that makes you think I'm a burial party?" I hastened to explain (recognizing the voice). "I beg your pardon, sir, this is the gallant hard working parson of our Highland Battalion. He is burying the dead in Lover's Lane, which I have given orders to fill in. It was in Hun hands for eight or ten days, and it was the only thing to do." "I don't care who he is, or what he is," said the incensed general, "I won't have him call me a burial party." "Much luck will come to me," he muttered, and I remembered he was Irish. I hastened to finish: "I promised him a strong burial party, which should be here now, hence his error."

Then we proceeded; the General obviously upset. We met stretcher parties carrying the wounded out, and these we stopped and spoke to, in most cases just pressing them by the hand, and wishing them speedy recovery.

I remember a little later on we met a man bringing out his comrade, badly shell shocked. With every shell or even a flare the poor creature would sink to the ground, giving a shuddering drawn out groan as he did so, and I have never witnessed or heard anything to equal the tenderness of the man in charge. "Bill, old pal, I'm here; I've got your hand. It's Jack, Bill." Then, "It's all right, pull yourself together, boy, hang on to me. Here's our Gen-

eral, our own Brigadier. Don't give way before him," etc., etc.

Then we reached Hill Street, our first real trench. Here the G.O.C. found a good deal of fault, and we pressed on. The difficulty was really to find the shell-hole line, without slipping through it, and the G.O.C. began enquiring quite loudly as to whether our guide was sure. Suddenly, from a shell hole nearby, a voice, low but concentrated and menacing, said: "Hold your tongue! Do you realize there is a Hun machine gun within sixty yards?"

"No, I don't," was the unexpected reply. "And I have been called a burial party, and I won't be told to hold my tongue, too." (Tableau!)

Then to me: "Mac, I'm going off to see my old brigade." I remonstrated. Finally, R—G— (our pet name for Capt. G. C. McD.) and he, went. B. M. and I sat down to await their return. It would have been criminal to send more than the two under the circumstances. At last they returned, and then we worked our way towards the blown-in northern communication trench. I jumped into it at a piece that was intact, and leaning on the fire-step, which seemed very high, proceeded to instruct the corporal as to what I wanted him to do. I laid particular stress upon burying the dead, amongst other things. "Alright, sir," he said, "I'll go at it hard, and I'll start in by burying them two Huns you're leaning on." I jumped backwards, then I lifted the empty sand bags I had been leaning on and underneath were two dead Huns, piled one on top of the other, and the corporal explained that he had picked them up from the floor of the trench.

Next we worked down to a famous block in the trench that had been fought hard, and changed hands several times, finally remaining in ours. I told the general that a western officer had explained to me how he captured it and then lost heavily from machine gun fire, and later was counter-attacked by a strong party of Huns, who drove him back. As his party fell back they were reinforced by a strong platoon. I cut in here and said: "Well, what did you do, then?" "Do, sir? Why, we went right back with a whoop and a holler, recaptured the block and held it for good and all."

The dead were lying thick on both sides of the block, but more Hun dead than ours. I gave orders regarding their burial, and we moved on. I had a bad arm from recent wounds, and I kept falling in the dark and hitting it until at last the pain was almost more than I could bear. R—G— was a wonderful guide, and he led us from isolated post to isolated post. The General was so keen that we spent more time with each than we had calculated on, and dawn caught us still at it. I dissuaded the G.O.C. from attempting to go further, fearing he would be caught in the line for the day, unable to get out, and as it was, we made our way out across country in the grey of the morning, just in time, as when we reached the well known Yeomanry Post, M.G.'s and whiz bangs had begun their morning's work in the R. line.

Even the G.O.C. was tired out when we reached the ramparts, and glad enough to rest and refresh the inner man.

He had found a good deal of fault, which we rightly or wrongly traced to the dear old Padre's: "Are you a burial party?" He, however, never alluded to it again, and my beautiful staunch old brigade had no better friend than that same splendidly gallant G.O.C.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.



# Vancouver

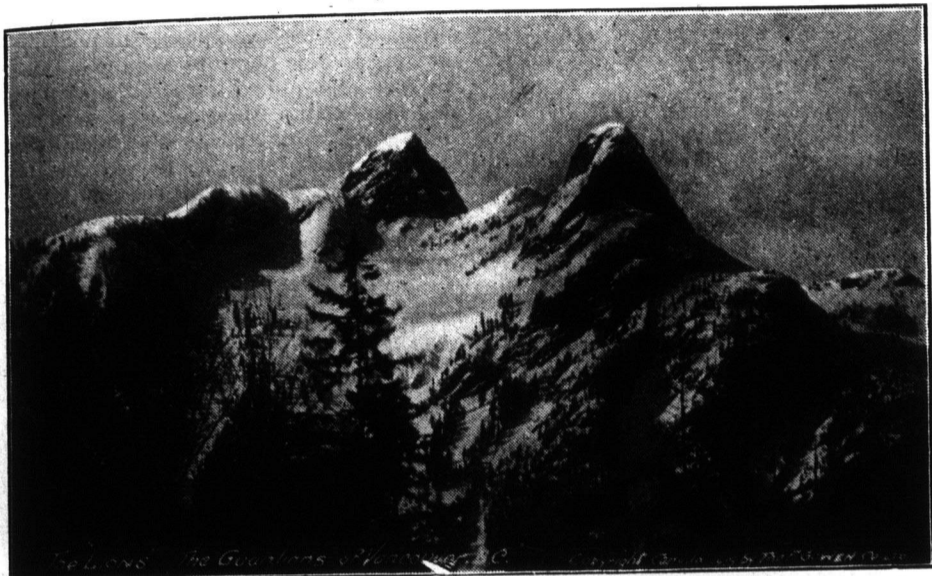
Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Charlotte Gordon

Canadians have grown more and more appreciative of the richness and variety of the provinces of our Dominion, each with its own marked individuality, partly due to its traditions, partly to its location, and partly to its population. In British Columbia Nature seems to have compressed into a limited space the features of half a continent. Richly endowed by Nature with a wealth of forest, mine and stream, a land of lofty mountains and impetuous rivers, it passes in the procession of Canadian provinces as the great golden west of promise. Nature gave to its queen city, Vancouver, a site suggestive of a "manifest

beautiful homes with gardens of roses and gaily bordered paths. In these colorful delights, the charm of it all is easily understood.

Now one of the great seaports of the world, one of the most beautiful harbors, of sufficient extent to shelter all the navies of the world, and at her quays the seven seas meet. The harbor scenes are full of interest, and they are as suggestive as they are interesting where one may touch the alluring world beyond the Pacific.

Cosmopolitan are the throngs that crowd the streets. In the kaleidoscopic procession go the Chinese, Japanese,



The "Lions"—the guardians of Vancouver, B.C.

destiny," poised on the verge of a glorious waterway, the gateway to the silver reaches of the Pacific. There is a poetic fitness about it, the real Vancouver rests in its lovely setting on a green peninsula, the great, purple mountains across the Inlet, their snow-crests gleaming, the magnificent depths of Stanley Park, that wonderland of a thousand acres, always cool and fresh, and just beyond the beautiful waterways that lead to Vancouver Island the wide glory of the Gulf of Georgia. In the lovely serenity of the "Sleeping Beauty," in the grace and stateliness of the "Lions," on guard over the harbor, where you see the earliest hint of sun-

Hindu, the Indian, and men from all climes, but the white man predominates as does his civilization.

Nature has exhibited her wonders on a colossal scale, and Vancouver, essentially of the 20th century and impregnated with its optimism, is marked by its bigness of plan.

"I want'er 'ave a tooth drawn," said the youngster with the pugnacious face, "and I want gas."

"Tut! tut!" murmured the dentist. "You're not old enough for gas. And I see you're not afraid of a little pain. Be a man!"



A corner of Stanley Park, Vancouver

rise or the last color of sunset. In the dignity and grandeur of the dark, brooding mountains beyond, that invite one to revel in their scenic beauty, there is unfolded a matchless panorama. As the western sun rests a brief moment on the peaks, painting the landscape with a wealth of golden color; as day dissolves gorgeously into sunset and softly into moonrise and the everlasting magic of the stars, the rare Nature picture in its exquisite setting is complete.

Who can complain of a lack of romance in this western world? Where stood the forests primeval a few years ago, now rise skyscrapers, handsome churches, splendid educational institutions and

"Tisn't that," runs a British weekly's version of the story, "but I expect just at the end I'll give a little bit of a squeal."

"Oh, that won't matter," the dentist replied. "I shan't mind."

"No," retorted the boy, "but I shall. Just you look out of the window."

The dentist turned to look out, and saw a group of grinning lads standing close by his window.

"Well?" he asked his youthful patient.

"What does that mean?"

"Those are all the kids I've fought and licked," explained the boy, "and they've all followed me here just to hear me holler. Gimme gas!"



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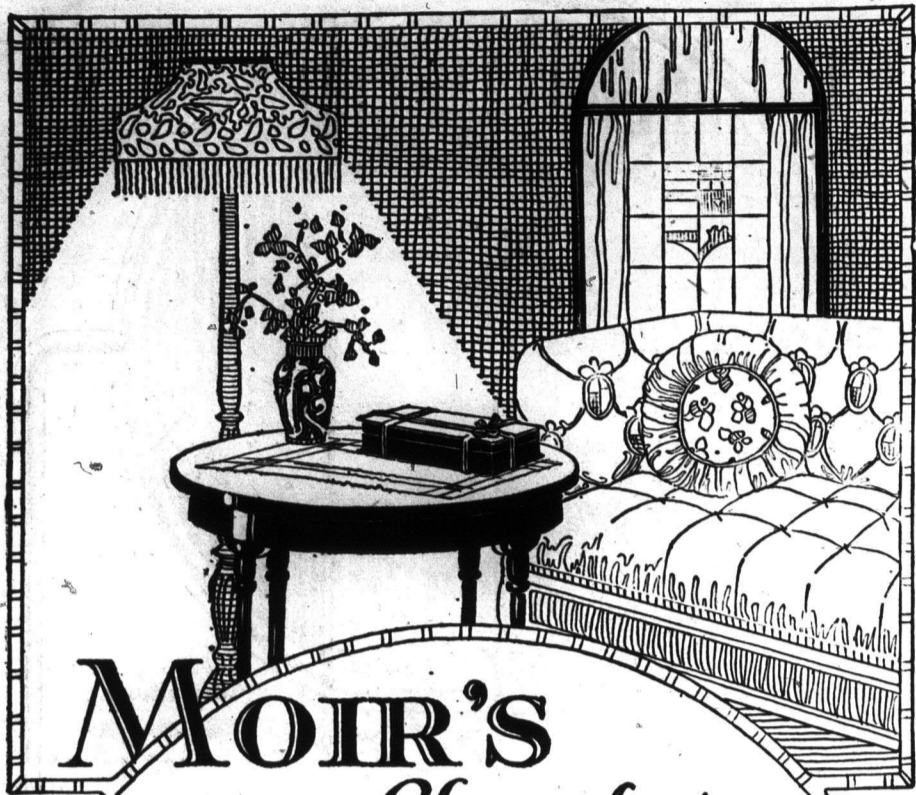
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## Light-Fingered

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne



## MOIR'S Chocolates

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"My dear woman!" he exclaimed, in hushed tones. "Do you mean she—"

**D**R. JOHN SERVICE, rising young specialist in respiratory and nervous ailments, escorted his most prominent patient to the hall door. He always did this in the case of a lady, wealthy or otherwise, but to-day there was a very inefficient Swedish damsel doing duty in the ante-room and in addition to a lack of method in keeping her cap on straight, she had shown three patients out by way of the crowded waiting room—a heinous offence. Dr. Service was most meticulous about seeming trifles.

As he re-seated himself at his big, littered desk he turned over the cheque he had just received and swiftly endorsed it. The amount was two hundred dollars.

The door leading to the waiting-room opened.

"Negst — Yas?" — came sing-songily from the aperture.

The doctor looked up in some surprise. "I'm through for to-day," he said, briefly, and turned frowningly to his papers again.

"But—dere is yet anodder," insisted the voice.

"No patients admitted after five-thirty, Thora. It is now almost seven."

"Yust one more—a lady," said the girl, entering.

"Had-she an appointment?"

The girl shook her head and the cap found a jaunty but insecure resting-place over her left ear.

"I had to let her in. She awful bad I tink."

"What! Ill?"

"Worried. Afraid like. From de country, she said."

"Well — send her in. But stop a moment. Here's two dollars for your day here. I only took you on trial you know, and I'm very sorry but you won't do at all. Now you go down to the Imperial Steam Laundry like a good girl and tell them I sent you. I'll 'phone them. They'll give you a nice job at the mangle or something. No doubt you'll make a much better hit with them than you have with me. Don't slam the door going out, please."

The girl took her money and went out and the next moment she had ushered in the lady from rural parts.

Dr. Service had pulled a little redvellum covered book from one of the inner pigeon-holes of his desk and had turned the leaves till he came to the one bearing the date of the day just about concluded. Here in his small, firm calligraphy he entered the following item:

Received from Mrs. Clay Washburn on account two hundred dollars. One hundred credited to Fidus Achates."

Other items preceding this new entry were similar, not alone in form but in the fifty-fifty manner in which the creditor known as Fidus Achates always shared the great doctor's profits. Even when the fee was but five dollars, the

regulation and minimum amount, the creditor received his two-fifty.

Dr. Service blotted the entry carefully and returned the little book to its place. Then he wheeled his chair around.

"Good afternoon," he said, as cheerfully as though he were but beginning his usual day of listening to trouble and prescribing remedies instead of finishing the fag-end and being more than ordinarily tired, mentally and physically.

The lady who stood just within the threshold of the room was elderly. More, she appeared to be quite unduly agitated. He rose and pulled forward a comfortable arm-chair. Many women were nervous when admitted to the inner office of a specialist, but Dr. Service had the fine faculty, partly natural and partly acquired, of putting the most affrighted at their ease. Not by a brisk rubbing of his hands and breezy comments on the weather. Merely by his air of friendliness and imperturbable calm and a certain quiet sympathy that was a kind of reflection of the man's inherent nature and which was felt rather than seen by trembling creatures dreading an operation.

The woman sank into the chair. She was a slender, fragile little person, in decent, country-made clothes, and she played nervously with the handle of her worn handbag, as she regarded him timidly from behind her spectacles. She appeared to be between fifty and sixty.

"I—I came to you, doctor, because I felt that you were the only man for the —the case," she began in a tremulous voice.

He bowed. His mind busied itself with professional memories. He had seen her before, he was almost sure.

"I was here once, about three years ago," she went on, as though reading his thoughts. "My name is Mrs. Lister. My husband —"

"Oh, yes!" said Dr. Service, sitting up straight.

"It was when you first started up here," she resumed. "I came about Bobby's throat. He —"

"Yes, yes. Of course. Mrs. Lister of Vale?"

The woman seemed pleased. "To think you'd remember! A great doctor —"

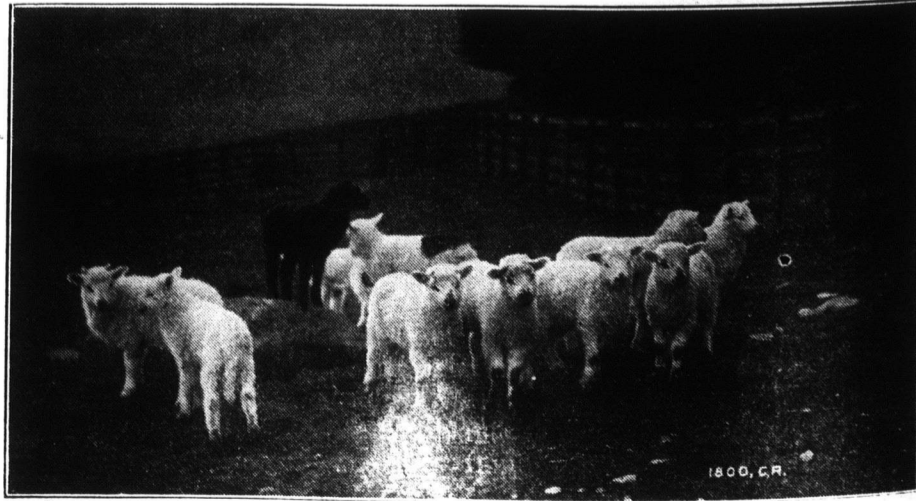
"And what can I do for you, Mrs. Lister?" he interrupted, with a sunny smile. "Why didn't you send in your name? Had I known —"

"I wasn't waiting long. I came in on the four-thirty train," explained Mrs. Lister losing a good deal of her tenseness. "I—it isn't myself. It's about my daughter, doctor."

"Oh."

"And I'm afraid it isn't in your regular line. When I was here, that time, we got chatting, you mind, while the nurse got Bobby ready. You were trying to keep me from being scared, I guess."

Continued on Page 9



Expectation

**Light-Fingered**

Continued from Page 8

Anyway you told me how interested you were in the—the—I forgot what you called it; but it means diseases of the mind." Dr. Service nodded. His eye brightened with curiosity. "You pointed out a row of books you were reading on the subject." "I'm afraid I didn't ever get to the end of those books, Mrs. Lister. Patients of more material ailments came crowding on my time and set my good intentions at naught. I still retain a great deal of my interest in psychology though." "Then you can't," began the woman, in keen disappointment. "I never went into it deeply, no. So of course I cannot handle diseases of the mind." Mrs. Lister blinked troubled eyes. "You're such a wonderful doctor, the best reputation in the land and all, I—I felt sure you could advise me at any rate," she said beseechingly. "Your daughter, you said, I think? Just tell me the trouble," said the specialist encouragingly. "You left her out in the office?" "Oh, no, I—she doesn't even know I'm here,"—hurriedly. "Oh! A case for extreme tact, I see. What are her symptoms?" Mrs. Lister sent him a scared glance. She swallowed hard. Again she fumbled with the handle of her bag. "She—she—takes things," came faltering in a low tone. Dr. Service looked puzzled.

"It may be eighteen months or it may be a bit more," she said, plaintively. "We—we're not too well off, doctor, her pa don't make much you see, but we're respectable folks." Neither on his side of the family nor on mine was there ever— "I understand. This sort of thing isn't necessarily hereditary. Tell me, how is she employed at home?" "She does practically all the work. The four boys all go to school and I'm not overly strong. Our nearest neighbors are all foreigners. It—it's pretty lonely for her, I suppose." "I see," said Dr. Service, as his brow creased in thought and his eyes narrowed and fixed on vacancy, he waited for her to go on. "Ruth's wild to get into town. But now that I know her—her failing, I try to keep her at home." "What brings her in?" "The dentistry she needs to have done several times a year, and little bits of shopping. We're twenty-six miles from town and it can all be got in usually between afternoon trains." "Is it only from the stores that she—er—" "As far as I know, But what I'm afraid of is that she'll get more and more daring, and—get into trouble!" "How has she managed to keep out of it?" "I'm sure I don't know. She's that quick, though! And then she has such an innocent face. Looking at her—the brown curly hair and all, nobody would ever—"



2nd prize Western Home Monthly Photo Competition. Rural beauty spot and farm life.—W. J. Sibbald, Stonelaw, Alta.

"Takes things?" he repeated, vaguely. "Off counters, you know." The specialist leaned forward. "My dear woman!" he exclaimed, in hushed tones. "Do you mean she—" "No, don't use that word. Call—call it kleptomania," said Mrs. Lister, in a tired voice, sob-shaken. Her lip quivered. There was indescribable pathos in her faded eyes as she looked into his keen, sympathetic brown ones. "Of course, of course," he said, quickly. His impassive professional expression had changed to one of eager interest. In his replete and engrossing daily experience cases like this were indeed rare. "I thought if we could treat her indirectly—" "H'm. What age is the child?" "Oh, she's no child, doctor, more's the pity! She's my eldest. She's twenty past, last April." Mrs. Lister made a gigantic effort at self-control. "And—and we've brought her up that well! Taint like as though she hadn't had proper teaching, doctor. Her pa—" "Of course not. I take it she—does this thing while you and she come shopping to town?" "She doesn't do much while I'm along. I think she already knows I suspect." "Oh, you haven't charged her with it then?" "Not yet." "How long since you began to suspect her of this habit?" The woman heaved a sigh. She considered.

"Have you actually seen her remove goods from store counters?" "Yes," said the woman, with a shake of the head. "How does she—" "Up her sleeve. Sometimes just picks them up cool-like and puts them in her handbag. Other times—I don't know. Maybe her muff serves. The first time I noticed was when she took a fountain pen. She gave it to her pa. He'd been needing one." "And didn't you charge her with the theft?" "Well, you see I wasn't sure. But it kept on. Kid gloves and silk stockings and a lace collar. Then she gave me a present of a nice silk blouse (crushed it was. I had to press it). I asked her if she was running up a bill but she declared not. She was indignant. She—she's awful high-spirited. Kind of high-strung. Often she can't sleep of nights." The physician smiled with faint facetiousness. "How about admirers? Men friends?" he asked, next. "She doesn't know any young men. So it's not that. Oh, it's terrible, doctor! Our first-born—" "Has it ever occurred to you that a young girl has some rights—the right to a little fun, companions of her own age, leisure, go to a few pretty things, money of her own?" "But how can we give them to her? We're poor. We have to be real careful. The little farm doesn't pay

Continued on Page 10

**Surprises**

**You Can Serve With Bubble Grains**

Some morning serve Puffed Rice in this way:

After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.



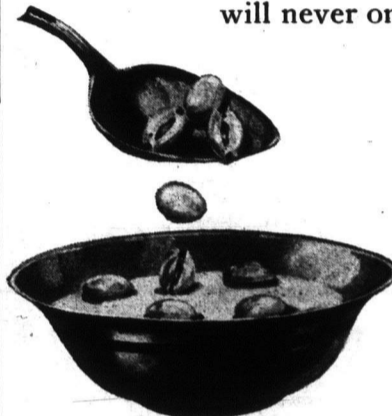
Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts and short-cakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.



For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.



After school surprise the children with these tidbits.

Douse Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content—they so easily digest.



Scatter Puffed Rice like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.



**Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice**

Both Bubble Grains Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

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| 3902   | Cleo—Fox Trot  | All Star Trio                       |
| 3903   | Fancy Little Nancy—Saxophone S. I.                     | Wheeler Wadsworth                   |
| 3904   | Train Time at Pun'kin Center—Comic Rube Sketch         | Cal Stewart and Co. Glen Ellison    |
| 3905   | Same As His Faither Did Before Him                     | Lewis James                         |
| 3906   | 'Twas an Old-Fashioned Song He Was Singing—Ballad      | New York Military Band              |
| 3907   | Windy Willie—March                                     | Metropolitan Quartet                |
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### Light-Fingered

Continued from Page 9

Ruth was born in India—and then his health broke down and he had to come home. He—

The specialist sat up suddenly. "India!" he exclaimed. "Was he—is he a St. Cross College man?"

Mrs. Lister nodded.

"With one arm?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"I have heard of him."

The doctor's eye had wandered from his undusted tables to the plants in the window drooping for lack of water.

"Mrs. Lister I'm going to study your daughter. Can you spare her for a few weeks?"

"Oh! But—I thought if by indirect means we could —"

"Can't be done. I want her here under my eye. She interests me. Get some foreign woman in to do the work."

"Ruth mustn't know I've told you!"

"No, no. Of course not."

"Then you really will undertake the case?" and hope glowed in the faded eyes.

"I'll try. As I say, I'm merely a student at this kind of thing. But I want to watch and study the girl. I need a young lady to admit my patients and to keep the three rooms tidy. It isn't arduous work and the hours are ten to one and then two to six. I've had a good deal of difficulty in securing even a passably good girl since my old one left to be married. It may not be much to offer the daughter of a professor —"

"Oh, she'll take it quick enough! You—you won't be afraid she might —"

"Let her try!" said Dr. Service with a brief smile. "In fact I'll confess that that is exactly what I hope I can trap her into. Better a mighty good scare from me than —"

He broke off significantly. The woman took a long breath.

"Do—do you think you can cure her?"—eagerly.

"I have hopes."

They rose. Mrs. Lister opened her handbag. Dr. Service held up a protesting hand.

"No cure, no pay," he said, throwing open the door.

Two women more unlike than Mrs. Lister and her daughter, Ruth, it would have been hard to find. Thus reflected Dr. Service three days later as in the lunch hour interval he found time to observe the young woman more closely. She had arrived in the morning about nine, eager-eyed, fresh-cheeked and more than a little doubtful of obtaining the job. She was city-wise enough to know that positions so desirable as this didn't go a-begging very long. And great had been her joy at being taken on "on trial."

She was tidying the instrument stand. Dr. Service pretended to read his mail. His ruminations, one eye over the top of his paper, went something like this: "A regular little speed demon! Neat as nails, too. A great deal of spirit. Must get it from her father. Good eyes, frank and straightforward mostly, but yet with an odd, basilisk-like way of veiling them occasionally. Nothing otherwise furtive or scared about her.

Maybe after all her mother was wrong! Must have some admirers a girl like that Dainty ankles. Wonder if she pinched those silk stockings she has on! And if she isn't humming a song! Surely a girl with an uneasy conscience—Wow! how she swatted that fly! Brains, spunk and speed!"

He had credited her with the first-named as early as ten o'clock. She had known enough, in sorting the bottles, to group the acids by themselves, the oils, ditto, and his letter files had undergone a metamorphosis at her hands long before noon.

"May I put these geraniums where the sun can get at them?"

Dr. Service glanced up. No cap awry here!

"Certainly."

"You had them in the wrong window, you know."

"But why toil in your lunch hour, Miss Lister? There's a long afternoon ahead."

The girl returned, after placing the plants in the south windows.

"Do you call this toil?" she asked, whimsically and with a little twist of scorn to her lip. "Why, I've just played all morning! I—I'm so happy I could cry!"

Her voice caught in a half sob.

"I'm very glad you like the position." he said gravely.

"It's not altogether that. It's—the freedom and the life and the—change."

She began impulsively, and ended with swift reserve.

"Country life has palled?"

"It's fierce," said Miss Lister frankly.

Dr. Service folded up his paper. He sent her several observant glances. She stood leaning against the tall oak instrument case thrumming with restless fingers on its top. In her shadowy eyes there was a kind of seething discontent and passionate defiance combined.

"Perhaps you'll not care so much for the city when the novelty wears off," he suggested.

"Well—I'm not borrowing trouble on that," she said with a short, unmirthful laugh. "Before that time comes I'll have made some friends, I hope."

"Friends? Why, surely you already—"

"Girl friends. Those of my own age. I've never had a girl chum in all my life. I—I feel like an escaped prisoner!"

"My dear girl!"

"Yes, I mean it! Mothers' Missionary Teas, and dull good-natured married women and crying babies and prayer meetings and always the same old shabby clothes to wear, and no money to go anywhere, and—and looking round you, and picturing your own probable future stuck there in that dead backwater all your life, no chance to make something of yourself, no fun like other girls—oh!"

She turned quickly to hide a rush of hot tears. Her small hands were clenched tightly at her sides. But when she wheeled again she was smiling.

"But now!" she cried, a glad little ring to her tone. "Oh, it's going to be heavenly! I—I feel as though you were—were my deliverer. I can't tell you—I just can't—how grateful I am! Aunt Jane has come to stay with mother and I hope she stays forever! I'll never go

Continued on Page 11



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**Light-Fingered**

Continued from Page 10

back to that lonely neck-of-the-woods. Never, never, never, I—I'll take a long sentence in jail first.

She picked up her dust-cloth from the table as she spoke. Dr. Service eyed her steadily.

"What put the idea of jail in your head?" he asked, lightly.

She bent lower over the case of books she was dusting. Then she rose and looked at him. Her face was flushed.

"Sometimes," she said slowly, "I've prayed for jail."

Three days later he heard her singing softly as she tidied the waiting-room. It was the end of a very busy and tiring afternoon. His head ached with the strain of it. So it was with some wonderment and a little speculation he watched her getting into her coat—she lived at a quiet boarding-place in the next street—and smiling happily to herself.

"Made any friends yet?" he asked gravely.

"Two. Such nice girls."

"Do—er—you go downtown in the evening?"

"We haven't yet."

"You don't seem at all tired, tonight."

"I'm not, either. What is there to tire one who has been used to heavy household labor and two cows to milk, a garden to tend and even barn chores to do?"

"I thought you had four brothers."

"They're all busy with their studies. The two oldest are to go to college in the fall. Mother's not strong and dad's rheumatism gets awfully bad at times so that he can't work at all. Oh! I must tell you! But—perhaps you're not interested!"

"Tell me," he said, with a slight smile.

"Dad—dear old dad—has come into a legacy!"

"A—legacy?"

"I knew you'd be surprised! I just had a letter from mother. One of the banks notified him of it on Thursday. It's for seven thousand dollars and the donor wishes to remain anonymous. It's like a romance isn't it? Poor, shabby, old dad! I've been so happy all afternoon I could almost fly away! Only once before did anyone ever leave dad any money. The other was for five thousand and it was left him by a rich old lady who liked his lectures. She left it in her will for him and it was just after we came back from India and needed it so. But what do you suppose he did with it?"

Dr. Service shook his head. He shaded his eyes with his hand. When his head ached his eyes ached too, after so many examinations.

"Why he went and gave it back to God!"

"Back to —"

"That's what he called it. Imagine! He himself thrown on the scrap heap at 40 and yet he gave that money away in a lump to an orphanage or whatever it was! Mother scolded him so."

"Don't let him give this—back to God!"

"Oh, he won't! I guess dad has learned his lesson."

Mrs. Clay Washburn was one of those fashionably nervous women who are the backbone and mainstay of just such rising specialists as Dr. John Service. She was in and out of the office at least once a week, and specialized in bromides. About three weeks after she had paid her last large bill—she was a very satisfactory patient in the matter of settlement—she arrived in her limousine and assisted by her special attendant, a trained nurse, waited upon the doctor to ask if she should change her treatment, nay to insist that it be changed. He prescribed a sea voyage and massage instead. They argued, the nurse unable to get in a word edgewise. Mrs. Washburn was wilful. Her nerves were in shreds. She couldn't sleep and had a poor memory for even the simplest little things, she declared. Besides, unless she were swallowing something three times a day out of bottles she didn't feel as though she were getting anywhere. She related several pathetically amusing

incidents showing up her spells of absent-mindedness. It was getting fearful. People were beginning to remark it. It frightened her. She dreaded a mental break-up—or break-down. Yes, yes, more medicine and stronger this time!

She paced restlessly up and down the office, just as she had done in the waiting-room. She made even the specialist nervous. She dropped her gloves twice and overturned a vial on the desk with her elbow. To get rid of her there was but one thing to do—make up a fresh prescription. Dr. Service did so.

About an hour later as he was pondering upon the strange disappearance of a particularly fine and valuable instrument which he had searched for in vain the telephone rang.

"This is the nurse speaking," said a voice, hurriedly. "Mrs. Washburn left a gold-mesh purse there, doctor."

"That so?" Whereabouts?"

"In the waiting-room she thinks. It had some rings in it, and bills and silver to the amount of one hundred dollars or thereabouts. You know how absent she is. She —"

"I'll see about it at once. Hold the wire."

Five minutes later:

"Is she absolutely sure she dropped it here? Because we cannot locate it."

"Oh, dear me! Yes, we're both positive. I know she had it with her in the limousine."

"Did you search the car?"

"Yes, yes. And the house. We went directly to and from your office."

"I'll have another search made and call you later."

Dr. Service hung his receiver up and stared modily into space. After a moment he stirred and rapped with his clenched hand on the desk. So! . . .

And of course that valuable little diamond-tipped instrument had gone the way of the purse. . . . Well, it served him right for being so quixotic as to bring her here! . . . And yet she was so young, so unspoiled! . . . Damnable. Now for a scene—and he hated scenes!

But first he'd give her one more chance.

"Did you knock for me?" asked Miss Lister entering.

"Yes. Bell's out of order I think. Have another look for that purse, please. Mrs. Washburn is certain she left it here."

"Why, I've already looked everywhere! I took your pocket flashlight and hunted in all the corners and under the sofa, and all over. She must have dropped it in the street."

"She says not."

"But think how wrought-up she was! She was hardly accountable."

"I've promised to try and produce it, Miss Lister."

The waiting-room was filled with patients but the search went on. The halls and vestibule were examined. Rugs were lifted. Curtains were shaken. Cushions slapped. The purse was not found. Throughout the afternoon, and all through the changing interviews with patients Dr. Service felt his heart heavy.

When the last patient had gone, he sighed. He felt that he would rather reimburse the lady quietly from his own merely sufficient funds than—

But the only way to do with an offending eye was to pluck it out! He called Miss Lister. He was hardly prepared for her first words, however.

"Oh, doctor—that little instrument in the leather case you know, Dr. Ambrose sent over in a great hurry to borrow it. I forgot to tell you. That was during your lunch time. He wanted it to use at the clinic, he said. I hope you didn't miss it!"

"Oh!"

"He'll return it first thing in the morning."

The physician's heart felt a degree or two less heavy.

"I wish," he said eyeing her closely, "that we could account for the missing purse as easily."

"I wish we could, too," she rejoined, promptly.

She returned his intent look, eye for eye for a moment. Then he observed that odd veiling of her grey-blue orbs. They didn't fall. It was merely as

Continued on Page 47

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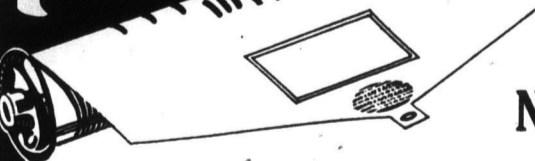
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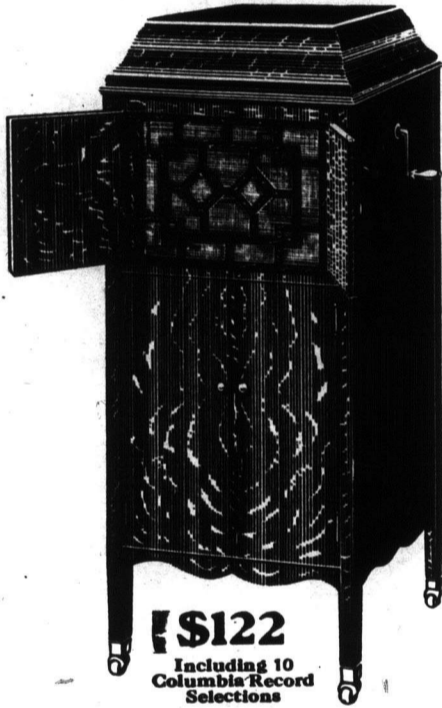
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### Light-Fingered

Continued from Page 11

“Miss Lister,” he began then, in a business-like way. “To-day is your payday, I believe. I’ve been giving you fourteen dollars a week and you have proved very satisfactory.”

“Have I, really?” she asked, eagerly. “And may I continue, then, to hold the position?”

“On one condition.”

“Oh!”

“That you take out part of your salary each week,” he said, slowly, “until the full amount of Mrs. Washburn’s loss is made up.”

She started, aghast.

“Wh-what!”

He nodded heavily, his mouth grim, his eyes—but she read them quickly enough.

“I didn’t take her old purse!” she flashed.

“She lost it in the office here—and you are in charge. I must hold you responsible, Miss Lister.”

The girl had grown deathly white. She gulped.

He had opened a drawer and taken out some bills.

“How much of this shall I—set aside?” he asked, gently, for he had noticed how she was affected.

She didn’t hear. Her agonized gaze was fixed beyond him—as of one who watches a dear dream vanishing into the mists. One hand was pressed hard against her breast. A little sob struggled for outlet in her slim white throat.

“And I was so happy!” she murmured.

“So happy. And now—this!”

The telephone rang out sharply. The doctor started. But the girl didn’t move. He took up the receiver.

“Yes? . . . Yes? . . . Oh! . . . I’m very glad. . . . No trouble—at least hardly any. . . . Yes, indeed. . . . And the rings too? . . . That’s good. . . . She’ll be much relieved. . . . Thank you.”

Dr. Service, his face transformed, turned.

“Miss Lister, I owe you an abject apology,” he said. “And I ask your pardon a hundred times over.”

The girl looked at him in a daze, questioning, scarcely daring to hope.

“Mrs Washburn has found her purse—behind the seat of her limousine. Everything was quite intact.”

Behind the girl there was a deep arm-chair. She felt rather than saw it. The next instant she had dropped into it, and with her head on her arms, on one of its broad arms was crying softly in an excess of overwrought “nerves.”

He spoke to her soothingly in a deeply apologetic tone and presently she sat up.

“Don’t mind me. It’s all over now,” she said with a light little laugh. “You see I just had to give way. All afternoon I’ve been thinking to myself:

“Suppose I had stolen her purse!” and—  
and then to have you almost accuse—  
“Please, I—”

“Well I felt as if you were accusing me. Then the idea of having to give up some of my money when—when I already was giving up nearly half of it every week to expiate—something else, something I’m awfully sorry for every waking hour—”

He leaned over quickly and took her hand.

“Is that right, Ruth?” he asked, quietly.

She nodded, her eyes downcast.

“You don’t know. But I think mother knows or at least suspects. It’s going to take me a long time to make up—for what I did. Don’t ask me what it is. I must have been mad! So much loneliness perhaps. People owed us money, and—I told myself that I could be a law unto myself. Once in the movies I saw a girl who—did it. I decided, if it was so easy I could do it too.”

“I know what it is, Ruth. Go on. I have—guessed.”

She flashed an eye upward, read his sincerity and went on:

“At first I did it for sheer fun. There was a dangerous kind of thrill in it. I didn’t take very expensive things. Then—then I got defiant. I said to myself it was all coming to us. Dad needed a pen and mitts and a new razor. Mother needed warm hose and other things. I longed for pretty things. If I did have to bury my youth out there in that lonely place at least I’d sweeten life a little for myself. Oh, it was all wrong of course! There must have been a kink in my conscience. My moral sense had somehow got itself warped. Several times I nearly was caught. There’s one store I daren’t enter now. . . . In India when I was a kid I had a native nurse who was a little light-fingered. She took things on mother and when she had me out she used to teach me to steal the fruit from a gentleman’s estate by pushing me under the hedge into the orchard. I’d fill my little dress and crawl back to her. Maybe this thing I’ve been doing is a kick-back, as they say.”

Dr. Service was now holding both of her hands. She sighed, sat up straight and looked at him.

“You’re the best friend I ever had,” she said in a matter-of-fact way.

His grasp tightened. He looked away quickly. From one of the pigeon-holes of his desk his eye caught the gold gleam of the edge of a little book—a red-vellum book. Suddenly he dropped her hands.

“Since you took me on here I’ve tried to right-about-face and I have succeeded too,” the girl continued. “It’s like a new life! I—I was so happy. I am so happy! Everything’s all right now, isn’t it? Is there anything more to say?”

“Wait. Don’t get up yet. There’s just one little thing more,” said the

Continued on Page 56

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## Starlight

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

### The Story of a Wolf that Lived

**S**PRING comes quickly in the valley of the Silvertrail—or rather winter lingers till the warmth of the northward journeying sun compels its quick release. One day a blizzard sweeps the landscape, and the wooded valleys are so lone and cold that even the chicadees have nothing to say, but the next blue birds sing in the thickets and a vast assortment of buzzing and piping insect life creeps into existence. It is a kindly mantle, this long lingering snow, for beneath it the spring flowers bud and mature, secure from wind and frost, so that when in an hour it is gone, the slopes are starred with flowers.

But to the woodland folk the snow is no friend. It tells too clearly the tale of their coming and going, betraying their most closely guarded secrets to the deadliest of their foes, and though a few of them have learnt a limited number of tricks whereby to break or deaden the scent trail, none have as yet aspired to the knowledge that these same tracks are worthless when the snow is on the ground.

Thus the snows of that winter had proved fatal to most of the wolves and coyotes of the Silvertrail, for Wolver Wells was a hard and remorseless hunter, and he knew his business. As professional wolver of the range he drew not only the government bounty of ten dollars per wolf and five dollars per coyote, but the ranchers had supplemented these rewards and kept the wolver provided in all the necessary gear for his occupation. Now, with the coming of spring, the wolver's harvest was ended, and he would have packed out to his home in Colorado had it not been for one considerable inducement to stay. That inducement took form and personality in the existence of a huge black wolf which all winter had foiled the trapper's efforts, and scattered dust and ashes on his choicest sets.

The black wolf of the Silvertrail was well known to the punchers of the range, who had named him Starlight on account of his alleged likeness to a black malamute famous the previous winter as the winner of the great Alaska sled race, for it was this wolf that had led and organized the many sheep-raids which resulted in the establishment of Wolver Wells. And now the ranch owners, hearing that the black wolf was still free, ordered Wells to remain at his own terms till he had rid the country of this pest.

There was wisdom in this, for when a wolf of exceptional abilities remains in possession of its range, it will draw to that range other wolves to hunt in concert, and at all events the offspring of an exceptional wolf, if it be left to breed, are apt to prove as dangerous as their parent guide. Thus, though Wells had done his work well in exterminating the whole of Starlight's followers, he had failed in the one essential feature of his quest, for the leader of the pirates, the brain and organizer of those bloody-nightly raids, was still at large, and if left in undisputed possession of the Silvertrail next autumn and winter would prove but a repetition of the last.

Wells had fondly imagined that Starlight was the sole survivor of the desperado band, but that last fall of snow before the sudden dawning of the spring told him differently. It told him that Starlight had a mate, a wolf of normal size though the tracks appeared insignificant against those of the grim old leader. He saw where the two wolves had run flank to flank from a wooded hollow along the banks of a creek which terminated finally at the mouth of a great canyon into which Wells could not follow.

The canyon, known for some obscure reason as the Valanese Cutting, had long been a wolf stronghold, and Wells now knew that somewhere in its rugged fastness Starlight and his mate would have their den. There, when the last of the geese had honked their way north-

ward, eight or nine atoms of wolfish cubhood would come into existence, and Starlight and the dam, fondly imagining that the coming of their babies brought a truce with man, would pass fearlessly to and from the canyon in quest of the wherewithal to supply their hungry brood.

Wells's hunting now took on a different form. All winter he had carried a rifle and generally he had betrayed himself from afar by the things he carried over his shoulder. The wolves had watched his coming and going, the coyotes had yapped derision at him from the nearby buttes so long as there were any of them left to yap, but with the coming of the warm still days of spring Wells became, from all appearances, a shiftless idler of the hills. Sometimes he would lie for hours in the sun, smoking unlimited Blackjack, then he would wander slowly off to his cayuse, mount and jog away, and any coyote or wolf watching him would say to its mate: "There goes that drunken, loafing cowboy! Let's yap at him again!" But Wells was watching—watching, and many things he came to know.

Firstly he learnt that Starlight's mate hopped on three legs every few paces, which meant that she had once been in a trap, so that he knew it would be of no use making any ordinary set for her. Secondly he learnt that this same she-wolf was bob-tailed, and since rumor asserted that it was a bob-tailed wolf that had been Starlight's second in command since the raids began, he knew her to be a wolf as clever as her lord, for with him she had survived when the rest had perished. As for the big black wolf—Wells saw him but once. The trapper was ambling towards his cayuse after a long and fruitless watch, when his quick eyes caught two large black points and a rounded scalp peering over a neighboring ridge. Then he knew that Starlight had been watching him, and at once the man became absorbed in a pursuit of his half-forgotten boyhood. He began to pick flowers, picking and zig-zagging here and there and whistling a careless air as he went. It mattered not that there were no flowers to pick, nothing but pebbles and the thorny cacti, for the general trend of the wolver's going was towards the wolf, and his right hand lay on the stock of the heavy automatic at his belt, with which he was a dead sure shot at a most astounding range.

Soon, too soon, the big wolf turned into the mouth of the canyon, and there rumbled from the rocky depths such a thunder of hatred that even Wells paused and wondered.

It was not an ordinary wolf challenge that, uttered half in menace half in bravado, but a full-throated bristling warning which meant: "You can idle about on the rest of the hills but this is my range! If you follow me here you do so at your peril!"

To the trapper it explained why the she-wolf had left no tracks on the creek bank for some days past. To him it meant that somewhere in that rocky, inaccessible ravine the she-wolf had given birth to a litter of blind and sprawling wolflets, for which she and her mate, singly or together, were prepared to face death, or the things they dreaded more.

Nor were the wolver's conjectures wrong. Deep in a fissure of the mountain face Jess, the black wolf's mate, had that day realized an event of long anticipation in the production of nine squirming puppies. She did not leave the den that day nor the next, for Starlight supplied her needs. Gaily he would trot to the mouth of the cranny, wagging his big tail this way and asking his wife, as clearly as wolf could ask: "May I come in and look?" But should he set his feet to enter Jess would lay back her ears and snarl a terrible forbidding, at which Starlight, somewhat crestfallen, would drop the prairie dog

Continued on Page 14

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### Starlight

Continued from  
Page 13

the creek to drink, and now we see that had any accident befallen her master she would not have starved during this period of enforced inaction. For having drunk she scratched from under a rock a ptarmigan, truly in a distinctly "gamely" stage, but nevertheless good wolf fare, and having regarded it with cold yellow eyes and decided that she did not want it, she buried it with detail care, trampled it well in, and dug from a second spot a very smelly woodchuck, which similarly she re-interred after a brief period of admiration.

In the meantime Starlight was trotting unnoticed towards the den, nor did she see him till he had gained the very entrance. Then, straight as an arrow, snarling and bristling, she rushed to intercept him, and Starlight, seeing her coming, rolled on his back, his legs aspiring limply skywards in an attitude of utter surrender. Jess pounced upon him, snarling viciously, but as he meekly licked her muzzle her snaps turned to caresses, and they fondled each other in the pale morning light.

Presently Jess went into the den, to reappear with a whimpering, squirming cub, which she placed in the sand at the mouth of the den, then standing over it snarled at Starlight. Yes, she snarled, but all the time her stump was wagging frenziedly, and oh the triumph in her eyes. As for Starlight, he began to belly up, his chin upon the sand, scraping his head this way and that, sniffing and snorting, ears tremendously acock and tail wagging frantically. He looked at Jess and sniffed and whined, then the temptation proved too strong for him; he came grovelling up and sniffed the extreme tip of the wolflet's tail. And Jess let him—let him sniff the squirming mite from one end of its little pudging body to the other, and thereafter much of her jealousy was gone.

The creek from the canyon mouth widened out across the prairie to the point at which it joined the lovely Silvertrail, and the wolves, in their coming and going, habitually followed the margin of this creek on their way to the Prairie End Ranch or the prairie dog cities that lay in the great grey dimness beyond. Everywhere were their tracks—the tracks of one huge wolf whose mile-eating strides lined the drifts in never ending procession, the tracks of one little she-wolf who every few paces nursed her right forefoot. Wells knew many things concerning these tracks. He knew that those of the dog wolf led always in passing to a certain sandy bank, for Starlight too had his secret caches. His, however, were less of a utility order than were his wife's—in fact they were more by way of being museums. In this one under the bank he had stored away an old dog collar, a bit of a larrigan, and several similar oddments including one of the wolver's bait traps between the jaws of which still lingered the mortal remains of a Jack—or rather, those remains of the Jack which had proved themselves immortal. Also there was a very smelly lobster tin with a gorgeous red label.

Almost nightly Starlight visited this cache, and always he was adding to it or taking from it. The articles mentioned he evidently regarded as star turns, for they were permanently there, but in passing Starlight would pick up one of the minor treasures and trot away with it between his jaws, presently to exchange it for some other item found, which in due course was exchanged again, the last articles carried being restored to the cache for future reference. Often this curious habit of the wolf had puzzled Wells, more especially as he was unable to account for it or to profit by it, but one dawn, watching Starlight return and deposit something in his cache, an idea occurred to his active mind.

Poisoned baits Wells had worked out. The wolves knew them, and would merely scatter dirt upon them. Traps they knew too, and could scent them from afar, but hitherto all the wolver's trapping had been done in the dead of winter, when the only thing which will

hide the scent of a trap from a wolf's nostrils simply did not exist. That thing was running water, which to-day seamed every hillside with silver ribbons.

Wolver Wells went to the creek margin, following by the bank opposite the one by which Starlight came and went, and fifty yards above the black wolf's cache he set, in the very centre of the creek, a No. 5 Whitehouse trap. And having set it he built over the murderous jaws a small island of moss, then on the bank of the creek by which he had come he carelessly dropped a scintillating tobacco tin.

The sunset over the Silvertrail Buttes is a thing of glory at any time of the year, for it is then that the buttes stand out in tier upon tier of jagged purple teeth, till the far off ridges melt in a haze of blended color indescribably wonderful. It is then that the valley uplands melt into golden haze, seeming so vast and beautiful, so vague and infinite, that one wonders why Nature has been so lavish here and so sparing in her gifts to other lands. Then there is the silence—the silence of this golden hour, which is perhaps most wonderful of all, for in it lies the spirit of the buttes, in it there solitary grandeur finds mysterious utterance. And if utterance be voice, then the silence is the voice of the buttes, the voice which calls men back to them across a world of wandering.

That hour of sundown found Jess and Starlight lying upon the lofty shelf by the mouth of their den, overlooking the infinite Silvertrail and the life that moved thereby. Two of the cubs lay between their mother's forepaws, for that day she had brought each of them out in turn to sprawl in the sun while she licked and fondled them, and while Starlight sniffed respectfully. But with the first breath of the coming night she carried them quickly in, and a few minutes later she and Starlight were padding silently down the canyon, crossing and re-crossing the creek to break the scent line.

In the golden haze of the prairie edge they separated, Starlight taking his old familiar route, Jess ranging to the right, both ready to close in should anything of interest move between. Starlight saw the shining tin on the opposite bank as it caught and threw back the last golden glimmer—stood with ears acock and stared long and thoughtfully. As he moved the light vanished and then appeared again, which was mysterious, and in his striving for knowledge a wolf cannot pass by anything that appeals to his sense of mystery—especially when the scent of man is in the air. Starlight was a shade reluctant to cross the creek, for he hated wetting his feet unnecessarily, but here was a mossy island, conveniently placed, and he leapt for it.

Ping! That was all. A malicious, slashing "ping" as four hundred pounds of pent up force closed upon Starlight's left forepaw, closed and held ere his other paws could touch the springplate. He fell heavily and rose dripping, but though a stunning agony was upon him he uttered no sound. For fully ten seconds he stood motionless, then he raised the trap clear of the water and dragged it with its heavy anchor to the bank of the stream. This he mounted, but the three-pronged anchor bit into solid ground, and he was held.

Starlight did not struggle and spend his strength, as an ordinary wolf would have done, but for the space of five minutes he stood absolutely still, apparently thinking. Then Jess came padding up, a ghost in the purple gloom, knowing in that mysterious way animals have of knowing things, that something was amiss with her lord. Three times she circled round him, or rather round the trap, then she fell in a fury upon it, upon the chain, upon the three-pronged anchor, teaching each in turn what it was up against. But Starlight was still a prisoner, so she too fell to thinking. Clearly the trap was the chief offender, so she began to scoop sand over it, to cover it from end to end with minute care, till Starlight himself was buried to the knees. But when she bid him "come" the trap rose and followed, at which Jess again fell upon it in a whimpering agony of distress, striving in vain to tear the jaws asunder.

Continued on Page 15



Starlight

Continued from Page 14

This paroxysm passed, and she fell to gnawing — not the trap or the chain, but Starlight's leg. She gnawed it below

the point at which it was held, gnawed it close up under the jaws, till merely a stump was left imprisoned.

If Starlight felt anything during this slow and grinding amputation he showed no signs, save that he closed his eyes and panted, but it is probable that the limb was cold and dead below the imprisoned joint. His left forepaw was gone, but still he remained a prisoner, held by the dripping stump, so that it occurred to him at last to bestir himself and endeavor to escape. He seized the great trap in his fangs and pulled, when click — the blunt jaws snapped together as the stump slipped from between them, snapped and held on — nothing!

Starlight was free! He limped away towards the canyon mouth, but Jess remained to scatter dirt upon the trap, then to mark it with the sign of her contempt and loathing.

When Wolver Wells came next morning he read the signs all round, and found on the ground a huge, black paw. "Blame little vixen gnawed him loose!" he growled, and now it was his turn to do some thinking. He knew that the big wolf was sadly maimed and would be weak and sick for many days to come, denning up in the canyon, no doubt, along with the dam and her cubs. He knew too that Starlight, sick and disabled though he might be, would stand and fight for his cubs should their den, though inaccessible to man, be raided by some foe that could follow them by scent. In other words, the maiming of Starlight rendered it practicable to hunt him out with hounds — a process which hitherto would have been costly besides being futile — but there was need to do it now, while the sickness of his wound was still upon the wolf.

The wolver had at Trail End Ranch two extraordinary monstrosities of the canine race he kept for running wolves. Each had in its composition a visible trace of mottled Dane, Mastiff, Russian wolf hound, and quite a smattering of bull dog. There was also a little fox hound to improve their wind; but perhaps the union was made complete by a pinch of genuine Alaska wolf, hailing, no doubt, through Malamute or husky veins — this to harden their paws. In fact they were the most perfectly monstrous mongrels the ingenuity of man and the blood of the canine world could bring into being, but as wolf hounds they possessed no blemish. Each had killed in its time, singly and in open combat, its normal timber wolf. But Starlight was not normal, and for this reason Wells, who loved his dogs, had refrained from showing them the black wolf's trail.

That afternoon Starlight lay belly deep in the cool waters of the creek just below the den, nursing his bruised and mangled stump. He was red-eyed and shivering with pain, but suddenly a sound far below brought him to his feet with ears acock. It was a full-throated, bellowing bay that filled the whole canyon with ghostly echoes, then it was uttered again and again, coming towards him. He glanced up at Jess who stood at the den mouth bristling and anxious eyed, and by that glance they seemed to come to an understanding.

Whether the thing that Starlight did next was purposely planned or whether he did it merely to relieve his coat of its weight of water, I cannot say, but for it he had later to thank his lucky star. Mounting the bank he deliberately rolled in the fine dry sand, rolled and grovelled in it till his hair was grains, then he set off down the canyon to meet and intercept the coming danger, while Jess stood in readiness to guard the shelf should he be overwhelmed.

The valley now was filled with bellowing echoes, and as he went to face that awful sound Starlight let forth an awful roar, which the man below heard and understood.

Nearer and nearer came the hounds, crossing and re-crossing the creek, losing the scent many times but unerringly

Continued on Page 16

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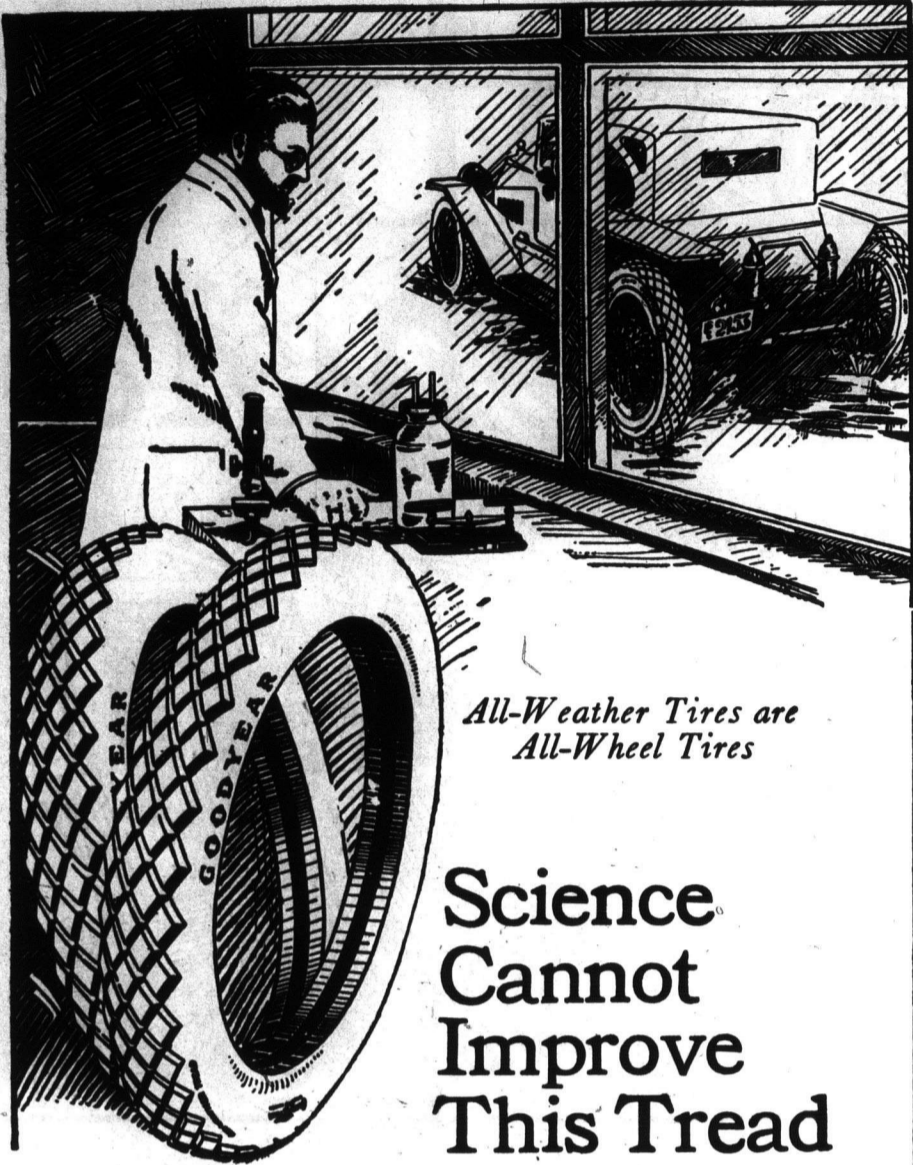
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### Starlight

Continued from  
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following the general trend of it up towards the den. Between two great boulders that barred the way, with a shelf in front of him which the hound would be forced to mount ere they could force the passage, stood Starlight. He was silent now, but he watched with fixed intentness. Terrible and forbidding he stood, head half lowered, fangs exposed, yet there was something lacking in the pose of this awful fighting machine. Normally he would have stood with forelegs wide apart, his broad front braced to meet the shock of impact and repel it, but now he stood with one paw raised, unstable, insecure, lacking that vital weapon of the fighting wolf, the ability to meet an attack broadside and rebound with lightning chop and slash. But yet his courage never wavered.

Up came the hounds, bounding from rock to rock, from shelf to shelf, their great jaws wide apart, their savage eyes aflame with the desire to kill. They saw the wolf and came on side by side, heads lowered now and in awful silence. They paused at the foot of the shelf, glaring up, then one of them leapt, cleared the nine feet span at a bound and landed alongside Starlight.

There was a snap, a roar, and Starlight revolved as though on a pivot. He met the charge broadside but was thrown, though as he fell he struck the hound a mighty sweep across the eyes with his busy tail. This was merely to cause a diversion while he gained his feet, and cause a diversion it surely did, for Starlight's tail was thickly charged with cutting dust. The hound drew back, surprised, momentarily blinded, and Starlight was upon it. Chop, slash, chop went those awful jaws, and two hundred pounds of bone and muscle crashed backward over the shelf the way it had come.

But now the second hound had leapt and landed, but it too was met by a whirling sandblast and a sidelong slash. Sheer weight alone saved it till the first hound was up again, standing beside its mate, pushing irresistibly forward while the wolf pinwheeled and snapped in the narrow space ahead. Starlight seemed scarcely to touch the hounds, yet as they stood awaiting an opening, crimson gasches began to appear across their faces, their necks, their broad and mottled fronts. Now and then one would dart forward, to be hurled back against its mate, grovelling, snarling, shaking the sand from its stinging eyes. For five seconds they remained thus, facing, as it were, a revolving disc of knife blades, then they closed.

Starlight drew back, out into the open. He could no longer hold the narrow way, and a closed fight against such weight was the last thing he desired. The braver of the hounds leapt upon him, passed over him, and fell, for Starlight had belied down with an upward slash. And as the hound fell it uttered a roar of pain, and rose nursing one crimson forepaw, which seemed to be twisted back to front. The other hound leapt ere Starlight could recover and fell upon him, but somehow the wolf's jaws were where his back should have been, and the hound's throat fell between them. Something ghastly happened in the

twinkling of an eye—chop, slash, chop, but the wolf was flung a dozen paces as the last hound closed, half his shoulder between its mighty jaws.

This time the bulldog blood showed up, for the hound held on, worrying, shaking, waiting for its mate to come and lend a hand. The other hound came, slowly, coughing as it walked, caught the wolf by the mangled forestump and hung back to tear him asunder.

It was not a pretty sight, this desperate stand of a brave and daring beast, barring the way to his home and little ones, but it served to show the strive as he may man cannot produce from his domestic stock a fighting dog to equal the wild dog of the plains. Starlight was bested now, but he was disabled ere the fight began and he had five times his weight against him. And so the two great hounds, skilled in fighting together, bore him down, and a minute or so later Starlight lay limp and lifeless in the sand.

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One of the hounds grovelled to the water's edge and began to drink, but the other lay very still in a pool of red, breathing heavily. But presently the breathing ceased, and only the lap-lap of the drinking hound broke the awful quietude. At length he turned, prepared to tear the wolf asunder, but there behind him he saw, standing erect and braced, confident, terrible, the wolf that they had fought and bested!

The great hound seemed veritably to shrink. Back, back he crouched, heading for an opening of escape, but Starlight cut him off and forced him into a corner. Then the black wolf raised his muzzle to the sky and let forth the short, sharp rally call, and the hound, looking up, saw the she-wolf floating down towards them. He uttered the snarl of a dog which knows it is lost, then closed with Starlight in a last desperate endeavor to break away.

\*\*\*\*\*

Under the shelf of rock Starlight and Jess tore the great hound to ribbons, then scattered dirt upon his luckless remains, and Wolver Wells, listening anxiously far below, knew that he would see his dogs no more. Yet he waited till the sundown lights changed from gold to crimson, till night fell with the silence of the canyon still unbroken, then he went his way heavy hearted, for he had loved his dogs.

That night Starlight and Jess carried their cubs by narrow shelves, along which no hound could force a passage, skirted black and yawning pits, by which no human foot can ever tread, till at dawn on a sunny shelf, a thousand feet above the murmuring creek, they made their nursery den.

Yet ere a month was passed the sands of the Silvertrail told Wolver Wells that the great black wolf and his mate had ceased to hunt this range. Perhaps they had journeyed westward to that wild belt which man has yet to conquer, for a wolf that is maimed cannot hope to hold its own in a land of many foes. So Wolver Wells too packed his bags and traps, and minus his dogs beat out for far off Colorado.



All tired out!

# "Oh! Hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

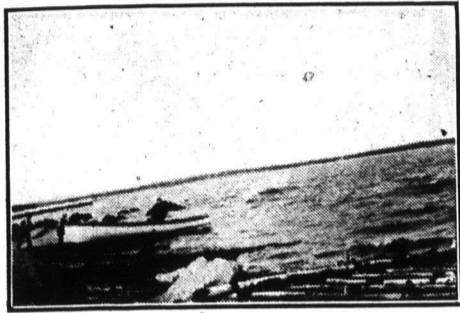
**Y**OU, my good readers, on the broad prairies have the safe, old, solid earth for your every day foundation. These hardy people of Nova Scotia reap the deep furrows and the swelling surges of the ever restless Atlantic.

How would you like to have your big boy go out to gather in the harvest and have something like this occur to him. He is telling this to his mother. "We had a good run out to the western banks, cod were biting pretty well and so were those blamed things the dog fish, but we got our gear all in and our schooner pretty well loaded when along came a

safely to harbour. Now I hear the captain will again cross the Atlantic to the Scilly to try and regain the salvaged "Douglass."

We have just passed safely through a sou'easter. If you have not seen the old Atlantic on the rampage you would hardly credit the damage it accomplishes. All along these narrow harbours that intersect this coast the men have been busy for weeks cutting and piling up on racks the "redtop," as the marsh hay is called (the cultivated hay is called "English hay"). First the high tides laid it low. By careful cutting the men overcame this and cut it in long rows. Then they carried it on crude barrows and piled it on the racks, hundreds of feet from the edge of the tide channel, but not much higher above the tideline. Then came the cloud rack, the gusts and then the full easter with rain. It held back the already high tide and went racing in over the hayflats, surging about the cocks on the racks. Alas! for man's puny power; one hour's wind chop scattered the work of months.

On other parts of the shore men were regretting the small amount of ellgrass that had been thrown upon the rocks at high tide line. The old storm king, during last night's hours of darkness, hurled hundreds of tons of ellgrass onto the shores, and took a big bite out of the long wharf to tell he had been here. While we were regretting the lesser damages wrought by the big blow we began to feel thankful we had not been tending a light last night. We do not know yet how they came through it in their cement pillars, assailed by the roaring tempest. On the seagulls at the lighthouse they had it hard. Three days ago they were agitated by the question of a new pen for the pig; a warmer shanty for the fowl. The dad ventured "It looks mighty thick to east'ard," and all the loose litter of the tiny island lighthouse yard was carried in or made fast. The good light beamed out clearly all the night long, while the tempest gathered. At dawn the ocean was like a great sea of milk, white crested to the horizon. A yarn schooner, with her sails bellied hard as rocks plunged past, racing up the crests, balancing like a tightrope dancer on the foaming tops, and darting wildly down the dark slopes "time for a reef, mister skipper." A rusty old tramp, sugar laden, for Halifax, looked as if she were a racer which had taken the bit in its mouth the way she charged the great breaking seas. She sent clean green seas full amidships. Several small fishing boats that had dared to try to venture out had turned tail and were racing for harbour like a flock of gulls, and all this time the solid walls of the light trembled with the impact of the breakers on its rocks. Again the sun



Ready for emergency

sou'wester. We made all snug, and set for harbour. She was plunging quite a bit, and the seas soon got the dories loose (they pile these inside one another, making a 'nest'), and they skated all about. Bait boxes smashed like kindling, and soon the dories were into bits. We had all battened down but she poked her bow down so far that we thought she would go all the way. Now the jib blew loose and I clawed my way forward to try and lash it. It was getting dark, and blowing, so I had to put my head down to get a breath. First thing I knew a clean green sea came right over the bow—looked mast-head high and off I went with it—it makes you wring your hands a bit, eh! Well, I was tumbling over and over. No signs of the boat when 'bump' I struck something and clung on for dear life, and as sure as your sitting there, mother, I was aboard my own boat again."

The captain of the "Natalie Hammond" of Gloucester, tells it a bit shorter:—"One of the crew, David White, was washed over by a heavy sea, and brought back to the vessel by another." Twenty-one words. But sea captains are usually short-winded.

From one of our neighbouring harbours, La Have, there sailed on October 6th a trim little schooner, "The Marion G. Douglass"—they all have a habit of naming their boats after some member of the family (still the "Hortio Macdonald Spoopendyke" does look odd to me). The "Douglass" was sound and dry lumber laden, or "deals" as they say here, seven all told in the crew, Glasgow, Scotland, the port.

One day some fishermen off the Scilly Islands noticed a boat drifting southwest off Cornwall. Finally they put some men aboard. Everything seemed in perfect order, some boats were aboard, also a trim motor launch, but not a single living soul; so the press rang with the story of another "Marie Ceeste," the ship found years ago with even the remains of a lately served meal, but not a human being aboard. Name of the derelict, "Marion G. Douglass."

A week later the "S. S. Suffolk" bound for Australia, made the port of Halifax with the seven men very much alive. Before they abandoned the Douglass they had even dumped the deck load to the bulwarks; pumped night and day to keep the leak in control; then the gasoline pump failed; seven feet of water in the hold; with the hand pump they cleared her. That storm passed only to give place to a worse one; the decks were awash; the steering gear gone; and she drifted helplessly before the storm. Each sail they rigged was blown away. When the cry of "a sail" was heard the crew took to the boats and the good old "Suffolk" brought them



A glimpse of the rock-bound coast

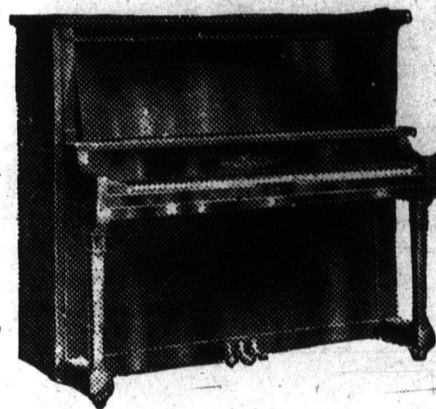
made its accustomed course, leaving this great continent to darkness and the elements. Again the long beams of light spread out like a warning finger over the gloomy scene. Out on the tiny sod that held the wee farmyard everything was fed, and fastened securely. The storm raged with renewed strength and fury and not a soul on that ocean scoured rock dared to close an eye. The sea was at their very doors, now hurling great roaring masses half way up towards the light itself. The tall pile rocked and groaned and seemed

Continued on page 18

# After Inventory Piano Bargains

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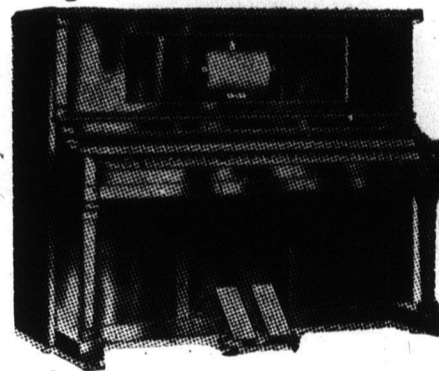
More space must be made for other pianos ordered early last year and daily arriving in our warehouse. Pianos now in stock must be moved to make way for them.

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| Mason & Risch . . . . .    | 525           | 315        |
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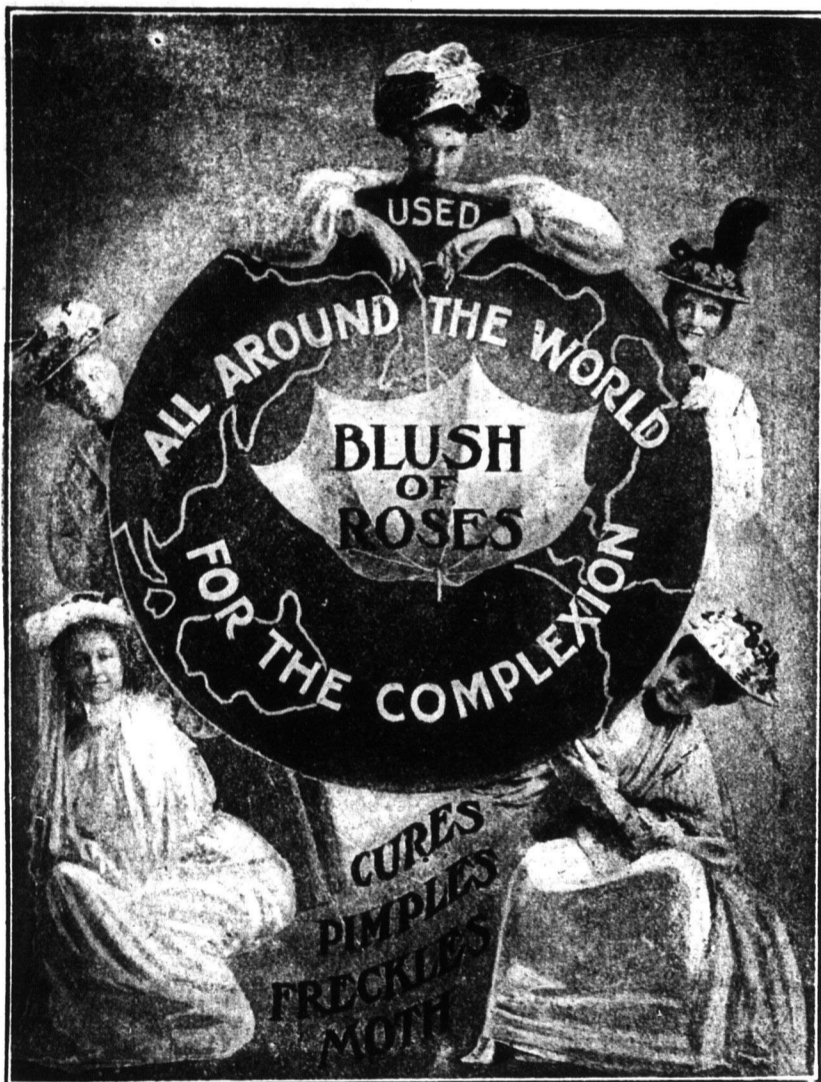
Let the Rest of the World Go By  
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WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN TO SEE YOU, you will be proud to show them the Mahogany-Finished Serving Tray which is being given for only three new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly.

## "Oh! Hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea"

Continued from page 17

momentarily ready for its fall. At last the faint light in the east showed the scene dimly, the island had vanished beneath the huge seas, fowls, pig, tiny garden, sheds, all swept clean, and the trembling light threatened each moment to follow. It is wonderful that these keepers can steel themselves to another term once such a storm is past. Some do not. One pair I am thinking of, after they had spent a night in a structure that fairly danced with the storm demon, jumped on the first boat that came with relief, and clam digging is as near the sea as they wish to go now.

The clouds have broken. The storm is past. In our neighboring harbour where, before the storm broke, a dozen trim fishing boats tugged at anchor, where well set wharf and square built "fish store" told of piles of gear, and barrels of lobster bait and cases and piles of salt fish, all is clean swept, the tremendous waves completely obliterating every vestige of man's handiwork. All the harbours from Halifax to Cape Sable Island were torn and rent by this, the greatest blow in the memory of man; so high rose the tides before the terrific wind that not only the wharf and fishing gear were swept away, but house and garden, barn and stock went seaward. Some of the newly launched cod-fishing schooners, trim tern rigged boats lie pounding their frames to fragments on the cruel exposed shores, and the very tools with which these hardy men wrest a living from the old ocean are swept far out with the tides, or lay smashed and torn beneath piles of mud and ellgrass; all the mackerel nets set

the trawl, and off they set for the schooner. On the way in they lifted a trawl they had set yesterday and pulled up a few good halibut; on they went with both pairs of oars keeping good time.

"Wait, said Peter, "let's save a drowning sailor." Back he scrambled over the fish and set up a big halibut in the stern of the dory. He squatted it so that its brown, overhanging head and white belly looked for all the world like a man who had settled down for a rest. Not satisfied with his good work he made a pair of spectacles out of two discs of round cardboard. Off they set again for the schooner.

"Cookee, get something hot on, Peter's picked up a man," called one of the crew. The captain came up on a run and crowded to the side. Every soul aboard was staring as the dory drew nearer. Truly there were three in it, and the man in the stern was all cuddled up; on they came, oars working bravely, with a final spurt they drew alongside—

"Oh, you bally fools!" roared the captain as he went below, and all the crew fairly hugged one another in their glee.

We took a picture of the big sea breakwater. It is filled with huge boulders from the beach, stones weighing a quarter to half a ton. The tremendous fury of the gale threw these great stones up and out of the breakwater as if they had been but the size of marbles. Do you wonder that scores of craft, man's stoutest handiwork, swept crashing ashore as if they had been but chips.

### NATURE STUDY

The teacher was serious-minded and very conscientious. From Punch we learn that the lesson was "The Frog," and that the eggs were before the class. Tommy Bangs, who up to now had never learned anything if he could possibly help it, sat staring at the glass jar with his soul in his eyes. Teacher looked at Thomas attentively, and resolved to concentrate upon him.

"You see this mass of gelatinous substance full of little black dots?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"These black dots are eggs."

Thomas looked incredulous.

"Now, what are they, Thomas?"

"Eggs," replied Thomas, obedient, although skeptical.

"Correct. Well, in process of time these eggs—now what do you think happens to these eggs in process of time?"

Uneasy silence on the part of Thomas.

"Come," said teacher, "they are —"

"Boiled," with sudden inspiration.

"No! no!" said teacher, hastily. "They are hatched."

"Hatched," murmured Thomas, apologetically.

"Yes, and out come some queer-looking creatures with big heads and flat tails. They are called tadpoles. Now, very impressively—"the tadpole grows, little legs begin to show, gradually the tail vanishes, and what do you think at last comes out of the water?"

"A—a duck." Thomas was evidently unable to get away from the poultry farm.

"Oh, no, Thomas! I will tell you. A frog. Now, isn't that wonderful?"

Subdued expressions of astonishment from the class and a deep sigh from Thomas, looking as if he could ask for more information if he dared. Teacher turned to him kindly.

"You are interested, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's right. I shall cultivate your taste for nature knowledge. Is there anything else you would like me to tell you?"

"Yes, please, ma'am."

"Then just ask."

"Please, ma'am," said Thomas, "I want to know how to do a lion."

### A LOGICAL SUGGESTION

A certain floorwalker in a big department store is likely to lose his place if he does not improve in his manners.

"Gracious!" exclaimed a fat woman rushing up to him just after losing sight of her husband. "I am looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, madam," suggested the floorwalker. "If he's a very small man, perhaps you'd better use both eyes."



Breakwater and boulders

far out from the land are gone clean away; and we mourn for those whose lives were lost in the turmoil of wind and sea. But almost every man from every wreck was saved—wonderful!

The nor'wester has set in and is sweeping over the great waves set running by the easter. Now it is a cruel cross sea and the windchop is hurled hundreds of feet by the cold hard wind. Living as we do on the nor'east shore of the harbour we escaped its worst fury, but we could see the spume of the storm swept over the treetops at the harbour's mouth.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," so says the old proverb. On the spanking nor'easter blowing arrived many flocks of wild geese, taking advantage of the fair wind for this their winter harbour, but to show the seemingly contrary ways of nature, a flock of some sixteen tame geese, drowsily huddled on a point of our shore, when switch went the wind, and off to sea and drowning went the entire flock.

Again I say I envy you good prairie dwellers on your firmly planted earth footstool.

One would be led to think that these terrors of the sea would make these brave Nova Scotians dull and gloomy. Not at all; they are free and frank and jovial. In many cases the sea has put that far away look in their eyes, roughened their hands and faces a bit, mayhap, but that is all.

These fishermen are inveterate jokers. Remember there are two men to a dory in deep sea trawling, thus comes the word "dory chum." Peter and his chum had set off at daybreak with their gear and had set the whole baited mass, over went the little beflagged barrel to mark

## Abraham Lincoln

By W. D. Lamb

Next Thursday, February 12th, is Lincoln's birthday. In thousands of towns and in private homes, millions will talk of him, recount his deeds, repeat his sayings, and take inspiration from his teachings and struggles.

The writer recently saw, framed, hanging on a parlor wall, the following words in bold, blackfaced type:

"Lincoln, the greatest human in all history, the gentlest memory of our world. Measured in dollars and cents, a failure; but weighed in common sense, honesty, manliness and worth, a world's standard."

Educated in the school of poverty, faced with hardship, this ungainly circuit rider appeared grotesque and inconsequential. But golden opportunity demanded a man; and, singling out this plodder, crowned him with the laurels of a nation's gratitude.

Impregnated as he was with fire divine, we reverently say, not well but nobly done, thou great and honest Abe. More books have appeared about Lincoln than about any other man mentioned in history. Lincoln, in speech, in story, in verse has been a favorite theme with orators and authors for the past fifty years—and the end is not

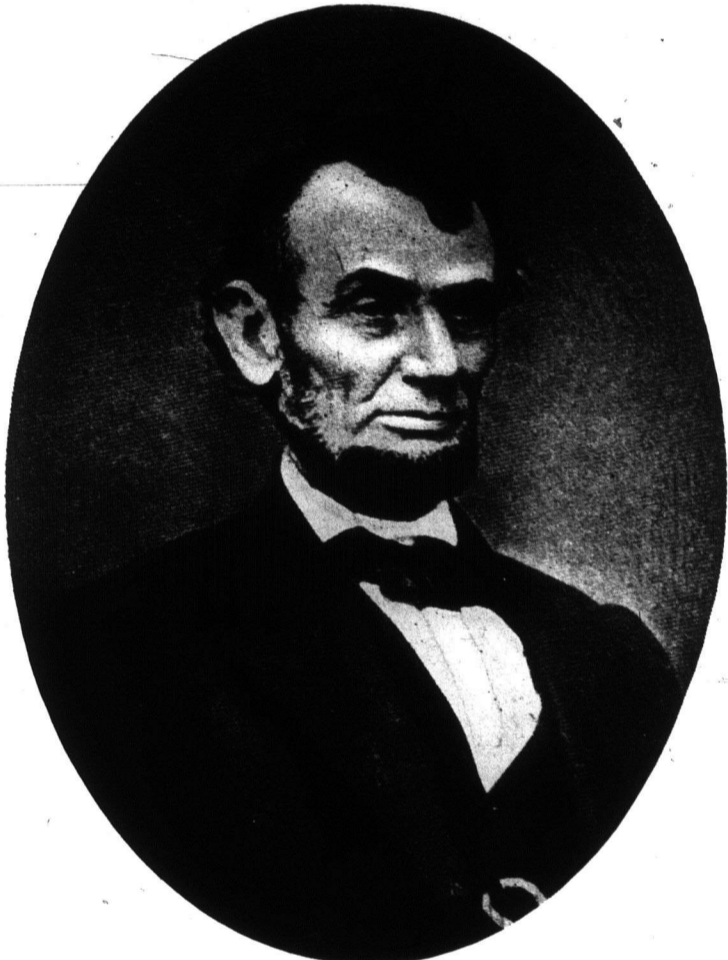
with all outward circumstances against him, speaks volumes for his talents, his character, his industry, as well as for the political institutions which were always his proudest boast.

Statues of him have recently been erected in London and in Manchester, England. His latest biographer is Lord Charnwood; an Englishman, and yet, in England, during his term as president, the aristocracy never seemed tired of lampooning and ridiculing him in both verse and cartoon.

"Among the mourners at his head and feet, say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?" Such was the remorse of one of his critics after his sudden taking off.

His first inaugural address, delivered when surrounded by spies and traitors, is really a remarkable state paper. It closed with an appeal to the hearts of the Southern unionists in these fatherly words:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

yet. We now have Lincoln on the stage, the play by John Drinkwater, so that millions both in America and Europe are by this means being introduced to this great character.

Many a person now nearing sixty can look back to his childhood days and recall the Lincoln pictures hanging on the walls of the old home. Lincoln's assassination, the crowded theatre, the smoke of the pistol, the assassin standing on the stage brandishing aloft his long dirk knife before the wondering audience and uttering the words, "The South is avenged," then disappearing as suddenly as the people were thunderstruck. Or Lincoln breathing his last, surrounded by statesmen, his wife near the head of the bed, sobbing, her handkerchief to her face, and Secretary of State Stanton uttering the memorable words, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Or the funeral procession, a thousand miles long—Washington to Springfield—scenes along the route—who, of two generations ago, is not familiar with such pictures? Some will even remember how "mother cried all day when she heard Lincoln had been shot."

He was the sixteenth president of the United States, and though born in poverty in the backwoods of Kentucky, that he attained to such a proud position

this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when touched again, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

At that time the Toronto Globe, of which Hon. George Brown, a Liberal leader, and one of the Fathers of Confederation, described this address as of a "tawdry, corrupt school boy style." Such was the contempt in which Lincoln was held by the aristocrats of the world. Because he was born under humble circumstances, had no schooling, but inured to hardship, pinching times and a struggle to make ends meet, he was considered altogether out of place at the head of the government of one of the rising nations of the world.

But recently, one of the Toronto dailies, in trying to spread the spirit that should prevail after our great European War, begins to carry at the head of its editorial columns, the following words of Lincoln's second inaugural:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations' wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the

Continued on page 20



## "Nine in Ten Are Underfed"

Late statistics show that average food cost, since 1914, has risen 85 per cent.

A Chicago Board of Health authority is quoted as stating that, on this account, nine folks in ten are being underfed.



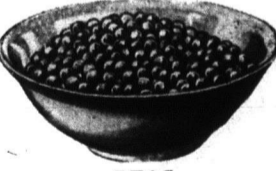
### That is Unnecessary

Study the facts below. Foods are commonly measured by energy units, by calories. A man must have 3,000 calories daily, else he is underfed.

In meat, eggs, fish, etc., those 3,000 calories cost about \$1.50. Most folks can't afford that. In Quaker Oats 3,000 calories cost 16½ cents.

Note these facts about some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:

### Compare These Costs

|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |
| <b>QUAKER OATS</b><br>costs 1 cent per big dish, or 5½ cents per 1,000 calories.      | <b>MEATS</b><br>1 cent per bite, or 45 cents per 1,000 calories.                      | <b>FISH</b><br>1 cent per bite, or 50 cents per 1,000 calories.                       |
|  |  |  |
| <b>EGGS</b><br>70c per 1,000 calories.  | <b>BACON</b><br>1 cent per slice  | <b>MUFFINS</b><br>1 cent each   |
|  |  |  |
| <b>POTATOES</b><br>1 cent each.   | <b>CUSTARD</b><br>4 cents per serving   | <b>PEAS</b><br>54c per 1,000 calories   |

Note that meat, eggs, fish, etc., average nine times Quaker Oats cost for the same calory value.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It is almost a complete food. It costs but one cent for a big dish. And folks who eat it are not underfed.

We don't urge living on Quaker Oats alone, but make it your basic breakfast.

## Quaker Oats

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How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings, some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C.

My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 225,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world, and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

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## Abraham Lincoln

Continued from page 19

battle and for his widow and orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Thus verifying the old adage, that the greatest enemy to truth is prejudice, and time its greatest friend.

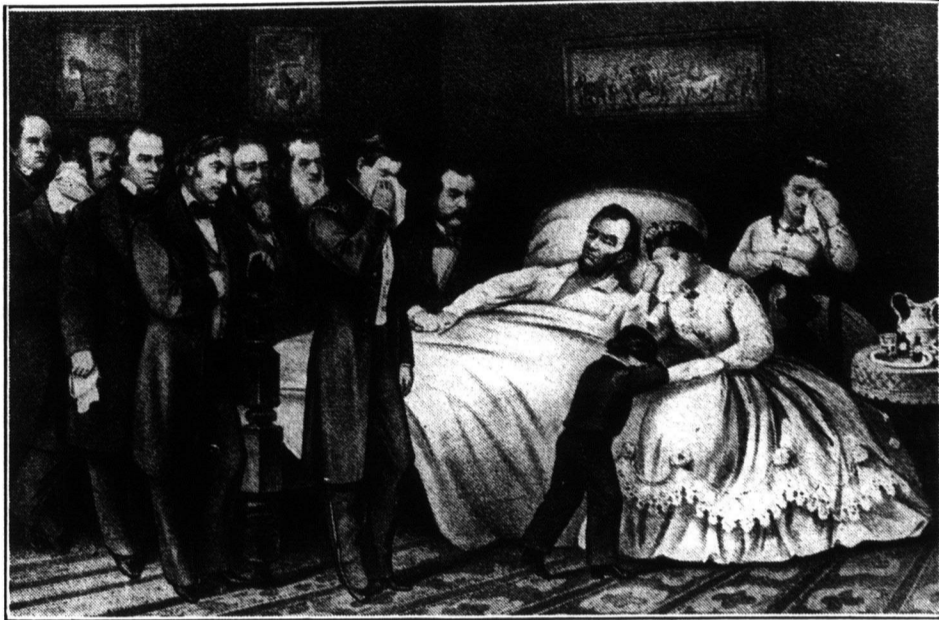
In speeches, addresses and sermons, Lincoln is quoted more than any other man—Shakespeare not excepted. Who has not heard the following:

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

He advised others in espousing any great cause, to plant their feet firmly on the Declaration of Independence and then "even the gates of hell should not be able to prevail against them."

Speaking in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on his way to Washington to begin his official duties, he said:

"All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn so far as I have been able to draw them from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world, from this hall; that sentiment in the Declaration which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for



DEATHBED OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

From left to right—Mr. Chase, C.J.; Secretary McCollough; Vice-President Johnson; Chas. Sumner, Attorney-General; Secretary Stanton; Secretary Wells; Robt. Lincoln, Surgeon-General; President Lincoln; Mrs. Lincoln and Tad; Miss Harris. April 15, 1865.

"You can fool all of the people some of the time, some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

"Politicians, as a class, to say the most of them, are at least one long step removed from honest men."

"Government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

We are hearing much these days about "democracy," about "making the world safe for democracy." And it is highly probable that most of those who use these expressions little realize what democracy really is. Lincoln was a democratic democrat. He imbibed the spirit of it in the tender years of his childhood. His father, mother, the family preacher, his stepmother never tired of talking and arguing in the home about the rights of man. They were red-hot abolitionists in a slavery state—Kentucky. They never tired of repeating the preamble to the Declaration of Independence of 1776, which runs like this:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and among these rights is the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it."

Those who can subscribe to this are democrats, and vice versa. Lincoln had all this off at his finger ends almost as soon as he could talk, from hearing his parents repeating it and discussing it. It was this spirit that inspired him in all his public acts and public speeches. In reply to an invitation in 1858 to attend a Jefferson Day banquet in the East, he said:

"All honor to Jefferson, to the man who, in a concrete struggle for independence by a single people, had the coolness, the courage, the forethought to insert into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, and so to embalm it there that to-day, and in all coming days, it should be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the harbingers of reappearing tyranny and despotism."

all future time; this sentiment, that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance."

His immortal Gettysburg speech begins with an allusion to this sentiment, genuine democracy, thus:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

During the late war, our sons while overseas said more about Lincoln and his sayings than about any other American.

In the United States there is a strong sentiment that a text book on "Lincoln" should be introduced into the public schools, so the rising generation may take inspiration from his life and teachings, and thus help to bring about those conditions which are both the promise and the prophecy of the Declaration of Independence, as well as Lincoln's often expressed personal wish "that all people, everywhere, might be free."

All people everywhere in whom stirs the desire for freedom and liberty will find inspiration in all Lincoln ever said or wrote on public matters.

"His angel—its name was Freedom.

Choose him to be your king;  
He will cut pathways east and west.  
And fend you with his wing."

### REVERSING THE REVERSES

A Vermont man recently visited his brother, the owner of a ranch in one of the arid regions of the West. As the guest was shown over the place, says Lippincott's Magazine, the owner told him of the difficulties and obstacles that he had overcome in making the desert bloom, and he also touched upon his plans for the future.

"You amaze me, Bill," said the visitor. "Is it possible to make a living on such land as this, and in such a climate?"

"It surely is. I have had a great deal more out of it than a mere living."

"I am glad to hear that, for you must have laid by something for a rainy day."

The owner smiled. "I've done better than that," he explained. "With the help of an occasional rainy day, I have contrived to lay by something for the dry days."



## Born With Club Feet



"He gets about as well as any of the boys," says father in letter below.

John Bauguss was 11 years old when brought to the McLain Sanitarium. Although deformity was extreme, result shown by photos was accomplished in 8 months. No Plaster Paris casts were used. Father writes:

My son John was born with club feet. I tried other doctors but without success. Being advised to take him to the L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, which I did. After being treated a few months his feet are perfectly straight. He gets about as well as any of the other boys.

G. M. Bauguss, Mooringsport, La.  
For further details write Mr. Bauguss or the Sanitarium.

### FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," sent free.

THE L. C. McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM, 870 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## Too Old to Dress Well

By Mrs. John J. Funk

"Mamma, I do wish you would fluff your hair like Mrs. Susie Barker," said twelve-year-old Flossie Stone.

"Mum hasn't any hair to fluff, besides she's too old for such nonsense," announced Percy Stone; "I've heard her tell dad so loads of times."

The Stones sat at breakfast. The summer sun shone brightly. Father Stone, a mild-eyed, rosy-cheeked man, shook his head at his son Percy speaking with the ten-year-old bluntness of boyhood, then looked quizzically across at Mother Stone.

"Mrs. Stone vouchsafed no reply to the remarks of her children, but a flush crept upward from the severe, highly-cut collar of a faded gown, over a thin, sal-low face and disappeared among the wisps of straw-colored hair. She rose hastily from the table and spoke sharply, "It's school time, children." While the youngsters seized hats and luncheon, Mrs. Stone cleared the table with nervous haste and as they scampered away faced her husband with a pair of flashing black eyes.

"You needn't stare so, Father Stone. Nice way to allow children to sauce their mother. Maybe, I can't fluff my hair! Maybe, I am too old for such nonsense," bitter scorn in every tone; "but, pray, why is it so? Nothing else than slavery! Work, work from morning till night, but, what is far worse, is the everlasting mention of Susie Barker. Her perfections are flaunted on all occasions!"

"Why mother, mother, no need to get worked up so. You don't need to work so hard, I've often pleaded with you to take a bit more leisure, and—" Mr. Barker heard a door slam and finding himself alone shook his head muttering, "No use to follow her in the present mood," and taking his hat from its nail proceeded to his out-doors labors.

Mother Barker, seeing from the sitting room window the form of her husband walking slowly toward the barn, returned to the kitchen and commenced washing the dishes in a perfect frenzy of motion.

"Susie Barker, Susie Barker, bah!" she soliloquized contemptuously; "Pa is always quoting Susie Barker to me as an example as how I should dress or live or work. That's bad enough, but when Flossie and Percy begin to harp on Susie Barker and my old looks—God, it's too hard to bear!" Her lips trembled for a moment, then compressing them into a firm line, Mrs. Stone never ceased her toil until her whole large house was in apple pie order, even to the scrubbing of the cellar stairs.

As the clock struck twelve at midnight, Mother Stone crept wearily in bed beside her sleeping husband. "Maybe they'll forget the thin hair and old looks when I'm dead and a sloven comes to keep the house. Like as not Pa will marry Susie Barker. She's a widow now and only cares to fluff her hair, wear peek-a-boo waists and display a goodly length of silk stocking. I—" but Mrs. Stone was sleeping.

As she slept she dreamed. Susie Barker and Father Stone stood together in the parlor of the Stone farm house. Susie Barker played with the lapel of Father Stone's best broadcloth coat and smiling up into his face observed sweetly, "Your first wife was dreadfully thin and homely. Remember the wispy, straw-colored hair and sallow face?" Susie Barker laughed gleefully. Father Stone with sudden ardor clasped the yielding charms of Susie Barker to his heart and Mother Stone in Spiritland heard him murmur fondly, "But, now you're my wife, Susie." The fluffy head was resting on the broadcloth coat. A peek-a-boo waist opened boldly at Susie's white throat. "Oh, my God," said Mother Stone in Spiritland; "Oh, my God." The agony of protest broke the chains of slumber. Mother Stone awoke to earthly scenes and senses.

The early rising sun shone in a glory of crimson and gold. Father Stone stretched lazily, and sleepily inquired, "Time to get up, Mother?"

Mechanically, Mrs. Stone performed her morning duties. Her mind was dazed with that dreamland picture. As

soon as the chattering children were off to school and Father Stone had gone for a day's journey to the hay fields, Mrs. Stone betook herself to her sleeping chamber. There she sat before the long mirror of her dresser. "You do look a perfect fright," she told her image in the glass. "How lovely Susie Barker looked last night." Mrs. Stone tore open the tightly closed collar of her gown. "My neck is just as white as Susie's but I am too thin. The curves which should be soft and full are angular and flabby. Oh, dear, no wonder they all quote Susie Baxter for an example. Pa must surely be in love with her, else why is he always talking of her? Why the dream of last night?" She raised her eyes above the mirror—a calendar came to view; listlessly she looked for the date, then sprang erect: "August 12th, why it's my birthday, and I'm thirty-four years old. Susie Barker is forty next month. I should look younger than she. What was that I heard at the health lecture I attended last week so scornfully at Pa's request. Let's see," Mrs. Stone dropped again into the chair which faced her image in the glass. "Ladies," the trained nurse said, "keep your good looks—they mean more than spic-span houses. Tonic the falling hair, soften the wrinkling skin with a good cold cream, use rice powder sparingly, dress prettily, be young, be happy, fulfill your beautiful duties as wives and mothers, but, how sweetly the nurse spoke then, 'keep the place where gods do dwell, beautiful, entire and clean.'" Mother Stone stood erect once more, and running to a wardrobe drew forth a hat and coat. "Oh, my God forgive my long neglect of self. Help me to gain the love and admiration of husband and children. What a pretty, soft, young thing you are, mamma," how well I remember those words spoken by Pa when Flossie was a baby and to think I could just as well be soft and pretty now. I will be too; why you're only thirty-four to-day," shaking her head at the mirror's reflection, for, at the looking glass she was now standing, hastily adjusting hat and coat.

"Susie Barker is forty and she's a vision of loveliness."

Mrs. Stone ran lightly down stairs and out into the dewy freshness of the morning. "Gobble, gobble," said a flock of turkeys whom she flustered in her sudden flight. Mother Stone laughed delightedly. "What a lovely world it is. Look at the beauties around you, Mother Stone; sniff the sweetness of those roses among the shrubbery! Aren't you the lucky woman, though—only thirty-four and Susie Barker forty. Oh, I'm young, young and I'll yet be white and soft and curvy. Once more I want my husband's love and caresses. 'God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world.'"

Down the white ribbon road hurried Mrs. Stone to the town, seen only a quarter-mile distant from the farmstead.

Mr. Stone, returning from the hay fields, stopped in the town also. Then hurrying home, sneaked upstairs and washing, dressed carefully in his second best suit. "Mother'll scold me for being so silly, but, nevertheless, here goes. I do hope the children'll remember what I told them."

The children did remember. Soon the trio found themselves awaiting Mother Stone in the dining room where supper was wont to be spread.

Approaching footsteps. The door opened, "Happy birthday," shouted Flossie and Percy in unison; "Many happy returns," called Father Stone. Then there was a silence. Was that Mother Stone, that smiling sweet faced woman courtesying before them—a sparkle in her eye, a fluff to her hair, a flush in her cheeks and—wonder of wonders—a soft, white, frilly gown which fell gracefully away from a slender, white neck!

The children ran to their mother and clasping her hands gazed adoringly into her smiling eyes. "How pretty you are, mother," said Flossie, almost fearfully. "You bet, she's pretty," avowed irrepressible Percy; "puts Susie Barker in

Continued on page 22



### Lux-bathed from head to foot—

Her hair has just glided in a Lux shampoo—it is silky and shines with the radiant glow of health.

Her dainty, lace and crepe-de chine frock looks like new, yet it is four years old—thanks to the unique cleansing power of the creamy Lux suds.

Her undergarments—her gossamer silk stockings—even her white kid slippers have again and again been washed with Lux—each time they look like new.

If pure water won't hurt it—Lux won't.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED  
Toronto, Ont.

# LUX

**Don't Let Him Drive YOU!**

THE dry weather last year will produce a mighty big crop of gophers this coming season. Therefore, Mr. Farmer, go for the gophers, or they'll go for you!

## Kill-Em-Quick

is made to kill gophers as if they were flies, and it does it. It's time tested. Once used, you will use nothing else. Each season we double sales because Kill-Em-Quick always works wonders. There's nothing as good.

It's like dynamite—great strength in a small package. Make no mistake. Take no substitute. Kill-Em-Quick by all odds produces the most dead gophers—for the least money! \$1.20 takes care of 100 acres.

Kill-Em-Quick saves from 1 to 10 bushels an acre. Say it saves only two bushels. 200 bushels saved on 100 acres, with wheat at \$1.90 per bushel, saves \$380. You make a net profit of \$378.80 on a \$1.20 investment! So, buy Kill-Em-Quick now. If your dealer is out of it we'll supply you post paid!

100-acre size, \$1.20  
40-acre size, 60c

**Kill-Em-Quick Company (Canada) Ltd.**  
Regina, Sask.

See March issue for announcement of cash prizes to boys and girls—also to Dealers.



## Making Railroads Safe with DAYLO

**M**ANY thousands of locomotives in Canada carry safely and swiftly, millions of passengers and millions of pounds of freight daily with the aid of Daylo.

As soon as an engine reaches the roundhouse after a run, it is minutely inspected and groomed for its next run. Valve gears and bearings must work smoothly, the dark fire box must be examined for broken grates, and the boiler searched for even tiny cracks or leaks that might mean wreck if overlooked.

And here Daylo points its unerring finger of light to the danger spots. In the murky roundhouse, it shoots its beam where no other light can go.

Wherever lives and money depend on perfect machine action—on locomotives, in power plants, on stationary engines and electrical machinery—and on lathes, drill-presses and planers—wherever wheels turn—Daylo makes sight clear.

In stock, tool and storerooms, too. No bin is so deep, no corner so dark, but that Daylo will instantly find the needed label, tool or material.

All leading electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, and auto accessory jobbers and dealers stock Daylo. Or write us.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO.

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Toronto - Ontario



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## AUTOMOTO

and REAL ELECTRIC FLASH LIGHT

The great Racing Automoto is built exactly like a 6 cylinder 50 horse power motor car. It has real electric headlights, rubber tires, artillery wheels, long sweeping hood, inside self-starter and cushion seat, steering wheel, radiator, electric horn, lamps, etc.

**HERE IS THE GRANDEST PROPOSITION EVER MADE**

**BOYS,** you can earn this big, handsome racing Automoto and be the pride of the town.

Automotoing is the greatest sport ever invented; you simply jump in the car, apply the self-starter, put your feet on the pedals and go spinning along to beat the band. In fact, the Automoto will do everything a real auto will do but burn up gasoline. Beats bicycling all hollow, and just think of it boys, you can get a racing Automoto absolutely free and a jim dandy electric flashlight as well, that anybody would be proud to own. It has a real bullseye searchlight and is fully 7 inches long.

If you are a live go-ahead boy and these two grand prizes interest you just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for "Daintees," the delightful new cream candy coated Bready Perfume that everybody just loves.

Write to-day and we'll send you FREE, a big 10 cent package of "Daintees" to try yourself and with it just 35 handsome packages to distribute among your friends at only 10 cents a package. Open your sample package,

try "Daintees" yourself and then ask all your friends to try them. They'll like them so much that everybody will want to buy a package or two, and you'll sell them all very quickly. It is easy. Return our \$3.50 when your sales are completed and we'll promptly send you the magnificent flashlight all charges paid, and the big Automoto you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

**Hurry Boys.** Be the first Automoto driver in your town. Other boys are earning these fine searchlights and great cars and you can too. You take no risk. If you cannot sell all the "Daintees," you can return them and get prizes or cash for what you do sell. Write today to:

**GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Dept. W. 61 Toronto, Ont. 2D

## Too Old to Dress Well

Continued from page 21

the deepest shade." Mother Stone laughed, while the children, quite like children, gave the new mother a squeeze, then ran off to inspect the supper menu in the kitchen.

'Twas Father Stone's turn now. His eyes were moist and his voice husky, as, clearing the intervening space, he clasped his wife in close embrace and whispered, "Tis my own sweet wife once more."

"Do I really look nice, husband mine? Not so pretty or alluring I know as Susie Barker, but I mean to try and —"

Mrs. Stone was interrupted. "Darling, is it possible you have been jealous of Susie Barker? Manlike, I have blunderingly tried to make you understand whence you were drifting by quoting the fair widow. Susie Barker never meant anything to me. There never was nor never will be but one woman in the world for me." Bending, Mr. Stone kissed the tremulous lips of his happy wife. "Keep those horrid collars from your pretty white neck, get back the roses and the dimples, sweetheart—"

"Here, dad, quit the love stunts, there's chicken for supper," called Percy entering at that moment from the kitchen.

Flossie, accompanying her brother, suddenly ran to the sideboard and, producing a small parcel, exclaimed, "This is a lace handbag for your birthday, mother dear; we have forgotten all about our presents." "I got you a bag of chocolates," announced Percy, producing from his pocket a crumpled paper sack; "they're good, I ate one to test."

Around the slender white throat Father Stone clasped a shining necklace. "I expected to be scolded within an inch of my life," he teasingly remarked. "Don't worry any more," laughed Mother Stone, "I'm just going to revel in pretty things! Flossie place that bowl of pink roses in the centre of the table." Then, mischievously, she whispered, "Hubby, dear, did you notice my silk stockings and my skirt just a bit, a very little bit over my boot tops?"

"Last call for supper," cried Percy in stentorian tones.

## A Soldier's Wife

By Mary Caroline Davies

I looked out through the window to the street

The lights made silver and the rain made black,

To see at last if you were coming back. But there were only other people there, Not you, not you! My eyes searched everywhere,

But no one's shoulders had that reckless swing

And no one's hat was tilted quite so much

Too far. The dusk had laid its wistful touch

Upon each tree within the little park. It is hard to be alone when it grows dark

On the first, strange, wild days of any spring.

Spring is a pitiless season—gay and sweet

But very pitiless. I saw a pair Of lovers walking, speaking, unaware

That some one at a window up above Was hating them because they were in love.

And there were soldiers passing, proud to be

Soldiers, and not unwilling we should see.

A girl went rushing by, with something warm

In her smiling, and with books beneath her arm;

A group of small boys loitered past, and then

In eager, confidential chat, two men;

Then some one disappointed and alone, Whose business hadn't gone the way it should.

The secrets shoulders tell! when if we could

We would silence them as firmly as we do

Our mouths and eyes. How wary mine have grown!

Then came two shoppers, in their high, tense jargon

Each boasting to the other of a bargain;

Then others, women, men, a child or two; A poet with his hat off, striding out Against the world, his every step a shout;

And people in the distance, who, I knew Were people, but who seemed like blurs of blue.

I looked out, out, to where the lights and rain

Were putting silver on the street, and black,

To see at last if you were coming back Who never can come back to me again.

But as I stood alone and watched for you With bitterness and pain—before I knew, The bitterness and grieving all were gone.

The spring wind touched me. I looked down upon

The little tragedies of shoulder, and Slow feet, tired head, and languid, listless hand;

The little comedies of birdlike, fleeting Quick glances, and of glad eyes boldly meeting.

You gave your life that these young things might sate

Their thirst for spring, might laugh, and weep and mate.

That life might still go on like this, you died.

To save their youth, your youth was crucified.

You live in them, and shall forever after Be one with love and youth and joy and laughter.

Something of you lives still in all that meet

And smile and touch and speak within this street.

Love in my eyes, I looked again, and knew

In each that passed there was a part of you.

And now each night I lean out, out, and see

Once more, my lover coming home to me.

## WHAT RUDOLPH LEARNED

On the Sunday when Rudolph made his debut as a Sunday-school scholar everybody about the house was interested in the event, says a writer in the New York Times, and for several days preceding Sunday various members of the family had taken pains to coach him for the ordeal. They had taught him the "golden text" and the story of the lesson and finally Rudolph, arrayed in his best suit of clothes and with a brand-new penny in his pocket to be dropped into the contribution-box, was directed into the path which all little boys are supposed to tread.

When he came home his family was anxious to hear a report of his experiences.

"Well, Rudie," said his mother, "did you have a nice time?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Rudolph.

"Did you say the text?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you remember the lesson?"

"Yes, ma'am; I said it all off by heart."

"And did you put your penny into the basket?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Rudolph's mother grabbed him up and hugged him ecstatically.

"Oh, you little precious!" she said.

"Your teacher must have been proud of you. I know she just loved you. She said something to you, didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I knew she would," said the fond parent. "Come, Rudie, darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little man."

"She said," was the startling reply, "for me to bring two pennies next Sunday."

## BLACK-CAT LUCK

A certain resident in a country suburb, says the Guardian, makes a point of keeping open the doors and windows of his house. As he sat in one of his breezy rooms the other evening, waiting for dinner, his wife came in from the kitchen.

"We've just had a visit from a black cat," she said.

"Ah," he replied, "that's good. Black cats are lucky, you know."

"Yes," answered his wife, who dislikes cats. "this one was certainly lucky. It has run off with the cod steak I was just going to cook for you."



TEARS OR LAUGHTER

Monsieur Chauchard, the well-known department-store owner and buyer of paintings, who died a few years ago, was during his lifetime the source of much amusement to the artists and critics of Paris. He bought for commercial reasons only, and knew nothing of art. He owned, during his career, several examples of the best work of the great English artists, Gainsborough and Romney. Both were represented by portraits of women. Monsieur Chauchard did not greatly admire those by Romney, whose subjects were attired in swathing or floating draperies.

"Pretty women—pretty women—but what clothes! Without distinction, without style! This Romney has painted ladies of quality—of the great world—in toilets no more elegant than if they had been so many penitents wrapped in sheets. It is inhuman!"

A successor to Monsieur Chauchard has recently been found among picture buyers, a French writer declares, in the person of a newly-rich country gentle-

man who purchased a rising young artist's picture entitled, "The broken Pitcher." It illustrated the familiar fable of the careless milkmaid who stumbled and let fall her pitcher while she was daydreaming about the gewgaws she meant to buy at the fair with the money for the milk; and it depicted her weeping over the fragments. The day after the painting had been sent to the new owner's gorgeous chateau, he sent for the artist, and offered him a handsome sum if he would make a slight change in it.

"What do you wish done, monsieur?" inquired the artist. "I fear it is not in my power to improve the picture. It represents my best efforts as it is."

"Oh, it is only a little thing that I wish you to do," was the rejoinder. "I am certain you will consent. I wish the girl who is weeping to be laughing instead—that is all."

"Laughing! But why? Surely, monsieur, she would not laugh when she had just broken her pitcher and spilled her milk?"

"If she were in my employ, monsieur, she would," replied the nouveau riche pompously. "No pretty girl in my service need cry if she should smash twenty such pitchers and spill twenty quarts of milk. My faith, I can afford milk and pitchers, I should hope, and I am not penurious. That is why I wish the change; it does not look well to have her weep in my establishment; it is not creditable. Do you think I should scold an unlucky maid, who dropped a pitcher, until the poor thing burst into tears? Not I, indeed! I should say, 'Never mind, little one; pitchers are plenty, and so are cows; don't waste a thought on it,' and, moreover, I should give her a handsome tip by way of consolation." Nevertheless, the artist proved obdurate, and the change was not made.

SPECIAL DISPENSATIONS

"I haven't much patience with Eliza Mason, if she is deaf!" declared Miss Mason's aunt to a neighbor who was offering consolations on the young woman's loss of hearing.

"She's so beset with herself," continued the aunt, in an explanatory tone, "she thinks she's the object and cause of everything that happens. Just this morning she came rushing in here, and says she, 'It's only to me such dreadful things happen.'"

"Land, Eliza," says I, 'what is it?' "Well," says Eliza, looking at me as if she was considerable surprised at my asking, 'Don't you see that it's raining?'"

HIS WEAK POINT

A quaint story is told by Everybody's Magazine to exemplify the pride that every man should take in the work by which he makes his living.

Two street-sweepers seated on a curbstone were discussing a comrade who had died the day before.

"Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one. "Y-e-s," conceded the other, thoughtfully. "But—don't you think he was a little weak around the lamp-posts?"

# RIO

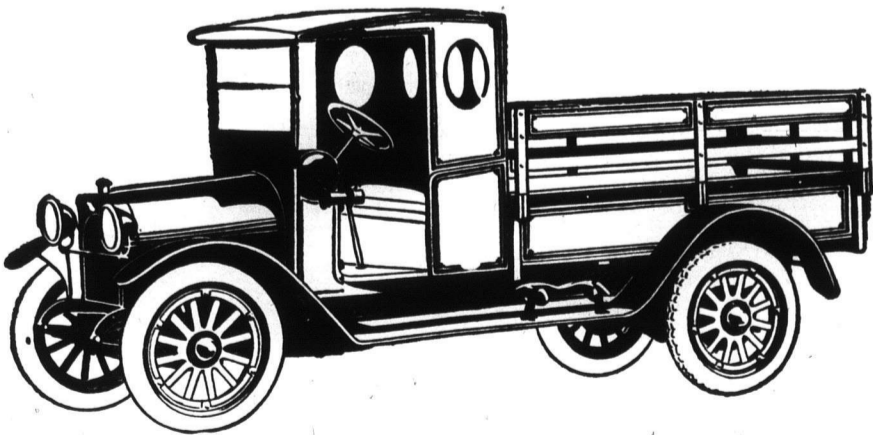
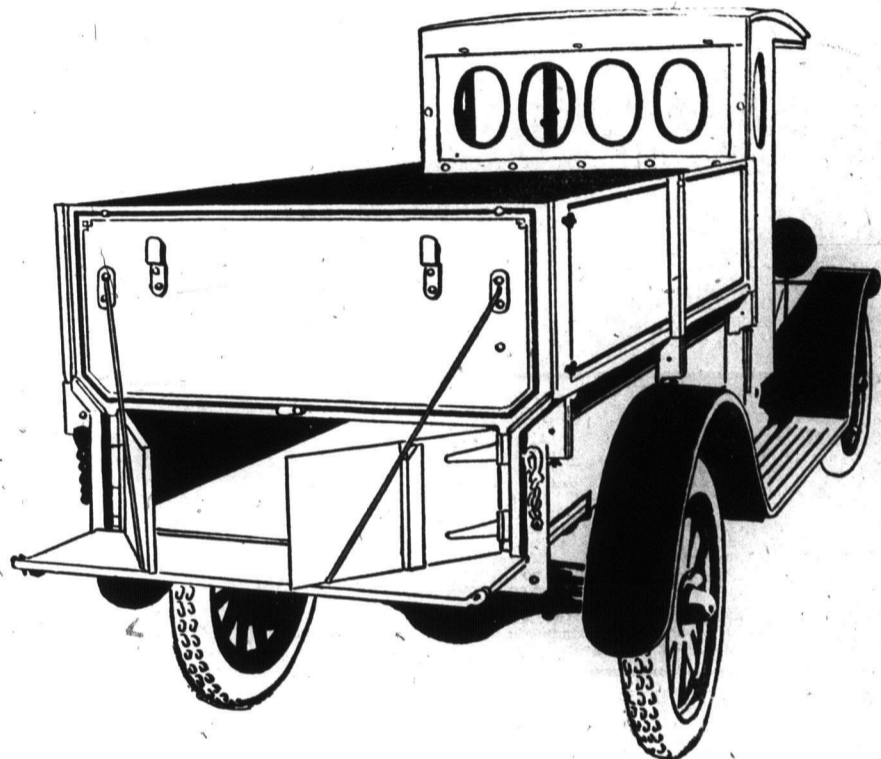
## Speedwagons

are just as necessary for the business farmer as the city man.

The convertible body adapts it to any kind of business.

The low cost of upkeep, and its ability to travel fast and with comfort, its reliable operation and sturdy construction, are features envied by other makers of trucks.

The farmer living four or more miles from an elevator can haul as much wheat in a day as with three teams of horses.



We invite all Bonspiel Visitors to inspect this Speedwagon at our Showrooms, also at a Special Exhibit in the WESTERN CANADA DAIRY SHOW in the Board of Trade Building.

### JOSEPH MAW & CO. LIMITED

Factory Representatives

WINNIPEG, MAN.

112-118 King Street

**JOY FOR GIRL OR BOY - WIN**

**Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, The Marvellous Boys and Girls Real Gasoline Auto.**

*A Genuine Motor Car—Not a Toy!*  
Has real pneumatic tires, steering wheel and gears, steel springs, powerful brake. Easy to drive. Runs 30 miles an hour. Uses little gasoline.

**Something We All Do**  
**Something We All Eat**  
**Something We All Want**  
**Something We All Wear**

**Solve this Puzzle!**

**FOR Johnny's birthday** his mother presented him with a dandy rifle, and Johnny took the four targets that came with the rifle and went out to the back yard to try his skill. Shortly after, his mother came out too to satisfy herself that Johnny knew how to use his gun. Upon examining the targets showing all the holes made by the bullets, and being a quick-thinking woman, she exclaimed: "Why, Johnny, what a good shot you are—and do you know that you have made every target spell a word? Can you tell me what each target spells?"

**Can YOU Puzzle It Out?**  
Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him HOW TO DO IT. Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes, as you can see by the targets, and each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of first target is "A," because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the prizes are worth trying for. Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and will also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

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Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.  
\$100.00 Cash—Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.  
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\$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.  
\$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.  
\$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.  
\$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C.  
\$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us.

The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m. Send your answers this very evening.

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**"By Way of Restitution"**

By Laura A. Doran

**T**HE dull December day was hastening to a close, making even drearier the aspect of the very dreary streets. The bedraggled townspeople jostled along in the slushy snow, shoulders hunched against the drizzling rain. All sorts and classes, intent upon the unfriendly weather, their own business and nothing more, they formed the ceaseless throng that surged beneath the arc lights in the busy streets. Trucks and delivery wagons rumbled up and down in the Saturday evening rush. Half-hearted newsboys called out their edition of the evening paper. Every where throbbed the life that carried on the business of the great town.

In one of the larger houses at the corner of one of the principal residence streets, a man sat near the window looking out upon the street. The evening paper lay across his knees. It had long since been too dark to read it but he had not preferred to turn on the light. He was in a restful mood. Almost mechanically he noted the passersby. A begrimed laboring-man with a dinnerpail in his hand returning from work, a shabbily dressed dry goods clerk hastening down town to resume the evening's work, a woman with a shawl over her head, carrying a baby and dragging a crying child by the hand, a couple of well-dressed women, wrapped in furs, Sat-

for some one, but he looked to neither the right nor the left. Once or twice he hunched his shoulders as though against the trying weather, and shuffled from one foot to the other, still looking straight ahead of him from under the bent rim of his hat. A ragged boy with a pinched face, turned the corner carrying a bag of newspapers slung over his shoulder. He approached the man and thrust one out with his ever-ready petition. The tall man jerked his head toward him with a savage retort and the lad retreated hurriedly, glancing back over his shoulder as he went. A moment later the man turned his coat collar up higher, thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and strode away down a side street.

The man in the window across the street watched him curiously. He knew the type. Could he have seen his face distinctly, it would be swarthy, heavy jawed, shifty eyed. Out of work, none to get or more likely none wanted. But a living somehow. One of the great many that fain would be benefited by the Social Uplift. Again the reminiscent pucker appeared between the man's eyes. He could visualize a figure like that so easily. But in ten years what things may be accomplished. He was now the successful manager of Mortan and Carney Steel Plant. Money, influence, friends. It was a comfortable thought.



BRITISH PREMIER ON HOLIDAY VACATION  
Premier Lloyd George and his family spending the holidays at their home at Criccieth, Wales.

urday evening bargain hunters, two or three jostling school boys, the little candy store clerk from across the street and so the endless procession came and went. The majority of these people were poor as was evident from their attire, their carriage, their very walk. Ordinary everyday folk toiling and striving honestly for their daily bread. So many poor among so few rich. Why should it be? Wherein lay the cause? Whose was the blame? Had they not all the same chance?

The evening paper had discussed at length just such questions. Articles on Capital and Labor, Prevention versus Punishment of Crime, columns on the General Social Uplift of the Human Race, etc., etc. Could the problem be solved in the practical impersonal way in which aspiring writers would have the world go about it? Was the personal touch, the touch that makes all the world kin, impossible in the spanning of the gulf between the great classes, the Rich and the Poor, the Right and the Wrong? The man looked out upon the people with the eyes of one who knows. He thought of the munificently furnished room in which he sat and a pucker of reminiscence wrinkled his brow.

A tall man in a sloach hat and a worn body coat passed down the street. At the corner he stopped, hesitated, and then stood with his back against the electric light post. With hands thrust deep in his pockets, and his coat collar turned up about his ears, he stared across the street. He might have been waiting

He sighed complacently. It had been a busy day at the firm and he felt slightly tired. Leaning back in his Morris chair, he slept.

Hours later he awoke. The town clock was striking twelve. He had overslept himself—the strain of the day's work. Yawning, he reached his hand for the electric light switch over his head. A sound in the next room made him pause. He listened. It came again. The creak of a drawer being closed. There was no one in the house. None of the family was to return until the morrow. Then, a step, easy, stealthy crossed the floor of the outer room. The man slipped off his shoes and noiselessly pulled out the drawer of his bookcase. His fingers clutched a revolver and cocked it. The stealthy steps approached the door. The handle turned easily and it swung inward without a sound. The ray from an electric torch fell along the floor. "Hands up; I've got you covered," said the man, "Don't move."

The electric torch went out but the man's left hand was at the electric light switch almost at the same instant and a flood of light from the ceiling globe illumined the room.

"Hands up," he rapped out again. "Lively there or I'll —" The figure at the door raised his hands above his head. It was a tall figure, very tall without the assistance of the upstretched arms. They eyed each other for a moment. The man's face was frowning, the burglar's sullen and resentful.

Continued on page 25

**"By Way of Restitution"**

*Continued from page 24*

"Come over to the table," commanded the man and the burglar obeyed, his arms still pointing to heaven.

"Put your gun on the table. I have you covered, remember," he said sternly. "I know it," muttered the other, laying his automatic on the table.

"Now, sit in that chair," indicating a chair on the side of the table opposite him.

The burglar complied and the man took a chair, facing him, his gun hand dropping to his side.

From the moment the light had shown him the man in the door of his study he had recognized him as the figure under the street lamp in the early part of the evening. The light showed him his face now, clean shaven, square jawed; sinister mouth and eyes. Not too far sunk, he thought.

The burglar was eyeing him, resenting the scrutiny and evidently puzzled by his manner.

"Well?" he prompted. "Well?" returned the other. "This is a pleasant visit to give a man at this hour of the night. But perhaps you didn't expect to find me at home to you."

"Humph; D'y' suppose I walked into the trap with my eyes open," he sneered. "Yer got me, all right. What are yer goin' to do about it?"

"Just keep still and answer a few questions."

"I'll be blown if I'll sit here and answer your fool questions," exploded the other. "Whatever yer goin' to do, shoot it, quick."

"Well, if you are in a particular hurry, all I have got to do is ring up the police station," indicating the telephone at his elbow.

The burglar glared at the telephone and then back again at the man. Once his eyes sought the gun on the table.

But the man's mind was working. Clearly before his vision stood out another scene. A young man kneeling before a safe picking at the lock with nervous fingers, a board creaking behind him and his horrified glance around, visions of police and handcuffs dancing before his brain. He could see yet, the gray haired man standing there, without a gun or a weapon of any kind, regarding him with grave eyes. Somehow his own eyes had dropped and his face had flushed as he met that look and he made no movement to touch the revolver at his feet. Then a hand had fallen firmly on his shoulder and a voice had said, "You are no thief. Here is the money you want. Take it with an honest hand. What you want is a start. You'll make good. You have the makings of a man in you."

That money had doubled, trebled, increased a thousand fold and always he had had the desire to pay it back but had never done it. Then the chance to repay it had been removed for ever.

Now, with his eyes on the hostile face of this burglar, he asked quietly, "How long have you been out of work?"

The other eyed him suspiciously. "Tree month," he said laconically.

"Is there nothing you could get to do but this dirty trade, nothing honest?"

"Aw; Its easy for yer to talk honest work with your soft business and your tree squares a day, but if yer tramped the streets all day with an empty stomach, turned down everywhere, no help wanted, same answer all the time, mebbe yer'd understand why a fella's got ter live somehow," said the burglar, sullenly.

"How long is it since you've had money?"

The other laughed harshly. "I guess yer got me there."

"Well, it's money you came after here to-night. Here is money," said the man, pushing a roll of bills across the table toward him.

"Take it and make a clean start. I believe it's in you."

The burglar stared at him incredulously.

"Aw, what are yer givin' me?" he scoffed.

"Just what I said."

"D'yer mean yer givin' me this money?" he began in a bewildered way.

"Yes, it's yours."

"And 'ain't yer goin' to call the cops?" "No. I'm all the cop you need. Quit the dirty work to-night and keep straight. Do you get me?" asked the man, eyeing him steadily.

The look of astonishment on the other's face was giving way to understanding. He fingered the bills gingerly.

"I get yer sir," he said, and paused. A strange spasm crossed his face.

"Yes and I swear t'God I'll do it too. Straight. Clean, yer said. That'll be me or I'll be hanged," and his eyes met the other man's as steady as steel.

"That's talk," said the man quietly, and obeying an involuntary impulse, he held out his hand.

The other looked at it for a moment and then gripped it.

"Well," he muttered, "But you're a white sort."

**THE WORK CURE**

"Little Miss" was waiting for John to come and spade her flower bed early one beautiful spring morning. After waiting until her patience was gone, she began her own spading, in a most determined and provoked manner.

It was not long until old John appeared, with an amused smile on his old black face, and his tattered hat in hand, bowing and apologizing most humbly. In reply to Little Miss's inquiries as to what had made him so late, he said:

"Well, Little Miss, it's jes' this way: Ez I wuz comin' by Miss Harney's, she said, 'John, can't you come in and fix this flower bed for me?' And I jes' went in and resisted her a minute, and come right on. And, Little Miss, as I gits in sight, and sees you a-spadin' and a-rakin', I says to myself, 'John, ef mo' high-bawnd ladies struck a hones' sweat, they wouldn't be so much of this heah nervous perspiration. They sholy wouldn't.'"

**AS RUTH SAW IT**

Of course little Ruth should have been able to answer more precisely when the teacher asked her to describe a frog, says the Public Ledger. But she gave a description that at least is picturesque when she replied:

"A frog, teacher, is a big green bug with warts all over it. And it keeps its mouth open all the time, and—and—it's always sitting down behind and standing up in front."

**OUT OF HIS PROPER PLACE**

While traveling on a steamboat, says the San Francisco Star, a notorious card sharper who wished to get into the good graces of a clergyman who was on board, said to the reverend gentleman:

"I should very much like to hear one of your sermons, sir."

"Well," replied the clergyman, "you could have heard me last Sunday if you had been where you should have been."

"Where was that, then?"

"In the county jail," was the answer.

**BUT SHE LIKED IT**

Very strong peppermints are grandfather's favorite confection. One day, says the Christian Herald, he gave one to four-year-old Marjorie, and waited slyly to see what she would do when she should discover the pungent flavor of the candy. A few minutes later he saw her take the partly eaten peppermint from her mouth and place it on a table beside an open window.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Don't you like the candy?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marjorie, "I like it, but I thought I'd let it cool for a little while."

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## The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The New Year resolutions of the writer took the form of a general clearing up of drawers containing old papers, note books, scrap books and the like, and in the process there was unearthed an old note book in which the writer and her mother before her had been wont to copy in the days of their youth, verses that caught their fancy. The contributions copied by "the mother" are mainly Tennyson, whose works had not then appeared in book form; in fact, the very first entry in the book is Tennyson's "The Grandmother." The writer's first entry was made when she was twelve, and they were continued from time to time up to twenty-three. It is rather a queer sensation to go back and see what things arrested your attention in those formative years, and it struck me that possibly other women might be interested in some of the selections, and also that possibly other readers of the column might have similar collections which they might be willing to send in for publication. To this end I am devoting the February column to scraps from this old book.

The very first entry in a very unformed schoolgirl scrawl is the poem "Sometime" rather an odd selection to have caught the fancy of twelve years old:

"Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned  
And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Shall flash before us out of life's dark night  
As stars shine best in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And what we deemed reproof was love most true.

"But not to-day then rest content tired heart,  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.  
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,  
And if through patient toil we reach that land,  
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we shall say, 'God knew the best.'"

Here is one copied at sixteen which seems more in accord  
A Romance with the age of the Ended copyist:

"And this is the end of it all! It rounds the year's completeness.  
Only a walk to the stile through the meadows afoam with sweetness,  
Only the sunset light, purple and red on the river,  
And a lingering low 'goodnight,' which means good-bye forever.

"So be it! and God be with you! It had been perhaps more kind,  
Had you sooner, pardon the word, been sure of knowing your mind.  
We can bear so much in youth, who cares for a swift, sharp pain?  
And the two-edged sword of truth cuts deep but it leaves no stain.

"I shall just go back to my work, to my little household cares,  
That never make any show. By times, perhaps, in my prayers  
I may think of you. For the rest, on the path we have trodden together,  
My foot shall fall as light as if my heart were a feather.

"And not a woman's heart strong to have and to keep,  
Patient when children cry, soft to lull them to sleep,  
Hiding its secret deep, glad when another's hand  
Finds for itself a gem, where her's found only sand.

"Good-bye! The year has been bright; as oft as the blossoms come  
Peach with its waxen pink, the waving snow of the plum,  
I shall think how I used to watch, so happy to see you pass,  
I could almost have kissed the print of your foot in the dewy grass.

"I am not ashamed of my love; yet I would not have yours now.  
Though you laid it down at my feet,  
I could not stoop so low.  
A love is but half a love that contents itself with less  
Than love's utmost truth and faith and unwavering tenderness.

"Only this walk to the stile, this parting word by the river,  
That flows so coldly on, going and flowing forever.  
Good-bye, let me list for the last, last sound of his feet,  
Ah, me! I think in this life of ours the bitter outweighs the sweet."

In the years that follow I find a tribute to Longfellow evidently written about the time of his death. This is one verse of it:

"In stately home and humble habitation  
Alike are tears of honest sorrow shed,  
All hearts regard with love and veneration  
The poet who is dead."

"Tired Mother" and Charles Dickens' rare poem, "The Children," are copied in full. Among shorter selections are:

"Think truly and thy thought  
Shall the world's famine feed.  
Speak truly and thy word  
Shall be a fruitful seed.  
Live truly and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed."

"In the long run all love is paid by love,  
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth,  
The great Eternal Government above  
Keeps strict account and shall redeem its worth.  
Give thy love freely, do not count the cost,  
So beautiful a thing was never given to be lost."

"Does he come? I only know  
That the moon for evermore  
Draws the tides, and swift or slow,  
Bond or barred or flowing free,  
Every river finds its sea."

"The night has a thousand eyes,  
The day but one;  
Yet the light of the whole world dies  
With the setting sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
The heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done."

"Each man goeth forth with spade and hod  
His work to ply,  
And one shall build an altar unto God,  
And one a sty."

"The darkening streets about me lie,  
The shame, the fret, the squalid jars;  
But swallows' wings go flitting by,  
And in the puddles there are stars."

"First find thyself.  
'Tis halfway house to God.  
Then lose thyself, and all the road is trod."

The last entry in the book is the famous "Ballad of Judas Iscariot" by Robert Buchanan. Those who are familiar with it will recall the concluding line:

"And the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Crept in to the Master's feet."

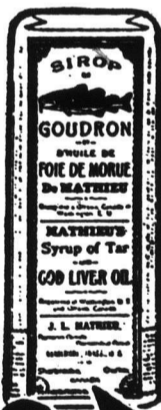
I think these selections show a fairly wide range of interest. Now, who will be the next to let us see something of what the years between twelve and twenty-three held for her.

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## Music and the Home

### MUSIC STUDY NECESSARY IN PRACTICAL EDUCATION

Music is absolutely essential in "practical education." It supplies elements that must be had, without which there is no complete culture. The emotional, the spiritual and the esthetic stimulus it provides are imperative for the complete development of the individual. Moreover, with its time divisions and its marvellously constructed harmonics it brings into use mathematical and intellectual faculties on the most minute discriminations. In performance it calls for muscular activity of a most precise and accurately regulated nature. It requires a co-ordination of eye, mind and muscle that must result in splendid nerve training and bring about a fine general acuteness of perception in the individual. It demands a place in the general curriculum, and most modern educators admit its right, to a place, and an important place. But it is not regularly admitted. The world gets its musical training unconnected, to a large degree, and for the most part unrecognized by those in charge of general education.

### WHAT KEEPS MUSIC OUT OF SCHOOL CURRICULUM

The thing which most stands in the way of the acceptance of musical instruction as ordinarily practiced by the modern educator for inclusion in his work, is the lack of real system and seeming abhorrence of standards. There are no fixed points anywhere. The practical educator literally does not know where to find it, and therefore he is at a loss to know where to place it in his scheme of practical education. Hence the ordinary music teachers find themselves left out and naturally complain. For example, most of the enlightened teachers of the country are in favor of credits in schools for music work, and many doubtless are mystified at the seeming reluctance of the average practical school board to take up with this obviously valuable and progressive idea. But if any lengthy investigation is made the teacher quite soon finds himself facing a question of this character, "what do you call music instruction?" and becomes quickly enmeshed in a discussion which reveals his ideas of instruction exasperatingly vague in comparison with the precise definitions, accurate steps and well understood measurements and processes of testing which make up the ideal of the practical educator.

In fact, the typical "music teaching" is so imbued with the personal element, both on the student and the teacher side, and the factor of "individualism," personality or character has been allowed to so overwhelm all other considerations, that it is as a rule, from the scientific educator's point of view at least, almost without form, and perhaps void. So he says he can't use it, because it is not available in the proper form.

### BECOME A LEADER

Many projects languish because of the lack of a competent leader to set the pace. Has community singing been tried in your town? No?

Then become a leader by planning a "get-together" meeting, and start something.

Is choir and chorus singing a failure? Then seize the opportunity to bring order out of haphazard effort.

Is a competent organist needed? Then devote yourself to a season of study and grasp the chance.

Is your community without a band? It is easy to interest the boys and young men in such a proposition. Get to work.

Is there an orchestra in the town? No? Then speed the day when you have gotten an interested group of players together making a name for yourself, and conferring a blessing upon the people in general.

Do people occasionally talk of intro-

ducing public school music? Then talk the matter still more, get the school board interested, see what can be accomplished by taking the initiative.

Whatever the opportunity, remember that some persons are always waiting to be led. Success is assured to the musician who is capable and willing to set the pace.

### A MORAL IN THIS STORY

Yvette Guilbert, the celebrated French chanteuse, was once singing in her early days, at Lyons. She was little known, and the audience not understanding her art, hissed her off the stage. Her manager flew into a rage, and vented his anger and disappointment on the singer. Far from being discouraged by an experience that has been the end of many a promising career. Yvette retorted, "Patience, mon ami! Some fine day you will be offering me ten times the money you are giving me now, and you will be very lucky if you can get me to sing at that price." She was then receiving twenty dollars a night. A short time later she had increased this to the sum of two hundred a performance. To-day Guilbert is a wealthy woman, and her original art is known the world over.

She had confidence in herself and in her ability to succeed. How much this one characteristic has had to do with her great success it is hard to say, but the chances are, that, had the singer given way to the despair natural to her Lyons fiasco she would never again have had the opportunity to sing in public.

### MUSICAL CONTRASTS

Once in a while and thanks to our modern teaching methods, more so these days than formerly—we see good editions of sensible music on an upright piano, but mostly they attract the songs with brilliantly colored title pages.

Then there is the dear old square piano found in homes where the old folks still linger. And don't they match the feeble souls and the sweet tinkle of the keys? What music do we hear now? The soft strains of the good old hymn tunes and those pieces that were in fashion when grandma was young.

But best of all, now comes our superb grands, baby and concert. What wonders we can now perform! For we have sweetness, richness and brilliance at our disposal, waiting only for the right touch and temperament to give us just the effect we desire.


### VAUDEVILLE PIANISTS

It may seem a bold assertion, but one often finds vaudeville pianists with left hand technic and accuracy which would put to shame that of the average teacher. Possibly the reason is that it is a kind of act in itself to startle the audience, by left hand solos.

Schumann's famous remark, "by the basses one recognizes a musician," does not apply to composers only. The pianist who has a left hand that limps pathetically is hardly likely to attain any very high position in the musical world. We know of one teacher who had her pupils play the scales, keeping the left hand going continuously and inserting the right hand only with every alternate octave. She claimed that this produced surprising independence with the left hand and it really seemed to do so.

### THE DEMOCRATIC ART

Music is the most democratic of all the arts used by man because it does not depend upon anything exterior to itself. It is felt and understood by everybody, of every race and every condition, and so becomes a great unifying principle working among the discordant and antagonistic elements that make up human life.



## Send for this Free Book

**W**HEN you buy a phonograph, you want to be sure that you are getting the best instrument to be had for the money—one that will give lasting satisfaction. But how can you be sure unless you know what to look for? This book outlines the vital points that should be considered. The author, Henry Purfort Eames, LL.B., is a renowned Concert Pianist, Lecturer and Director of the Pianoforte Dept., Cosmopolitan School of Music.

The Brunswick "All Phonographs in One" answers every one of the rigid tests which Mr. Eames says should govern phonograph purchases.

**Mail The Coupon To-night**

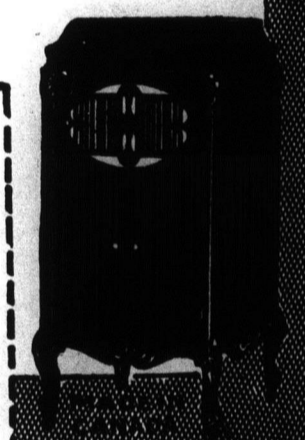
The Musical Merchandise Sales Company,  
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For girls of any age



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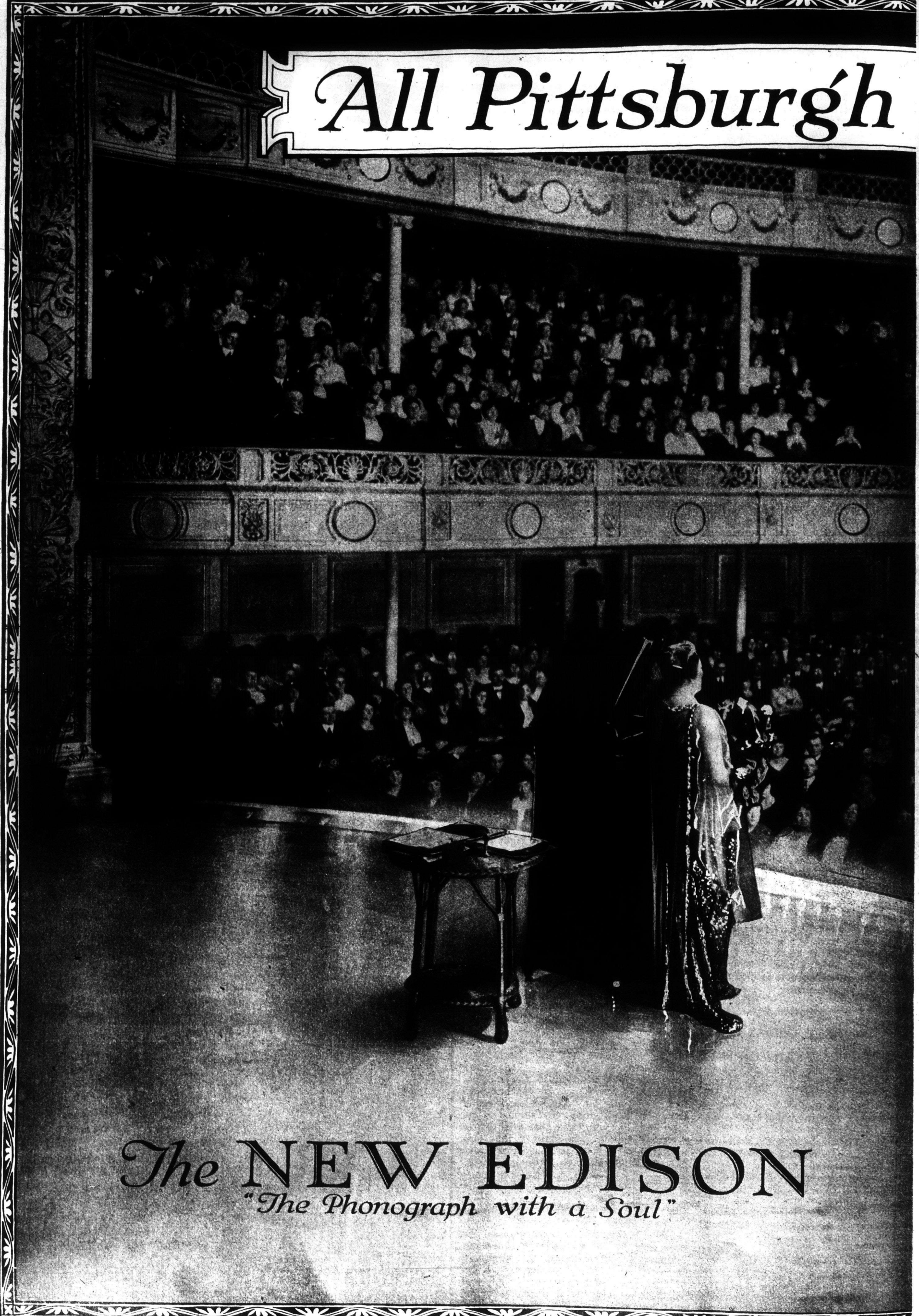
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*All Pittsburgh*



*The* **NEW EDISON**  
*"The Phonograph with a Soul"*

# Was Amazed!



*(From The Pittsburgh Leader)*

## Rappold and Laurenti Entertain Big Audience At Carnegie Music Hall

The tones which came from the New Edison phonograph matched those from the living artist so perfectly that it was impossible to detect any difference. The instrument produced not an echo or copy, but the real thing—the voices of Mme. Rappold and Mr. Mario Laurenti, untainted by any mechanical transformations, unspoiled by any metallic ring.

*(From The Pittsburgh Dispatch)*

## Miracle Songs Create Furore

Concert in Carnegie Music Hall Astonished Big Pittsburgh Audience

This proof was convincing. If it were not, another proof was offered. After Mme. Rappold had commenced to sing one number the lights were turned out—ostensibly so that the audience could not watch the singer's lips. It did not seem difficult to determine in the dark when the singer sang and when she did not. The writer himself was pretty sure about it until the lights were turned on again and it was discovered that Mme. Rappold was not on the stage at all and that the New Edison alone had been heard.

*(From The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)*

## Record Reproduces Voice Accurately

Demonstration Given in Carnegie Music Hall with Edison Phonograph

A demonstration of the exactness with which the human voice may be reproduced on a phonograph record was given last night in Carnegie Music Hall with the new Edison machine. Several selections were sung personally by Mme. Marie Rappold, celebrated soprano, and Mario Laurenti, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Co. Simultaneously the same selections were produced on the phonograph, and with a subdued lighting effect, it was impossible to distinguish the actual voices from the reproduction.

*(From The Pittsburgh Sun)*

## Singers and Music Boxes in Concert

Vocal and Metallic Tones Unable to Be Distinguished

A unique concert was given last evening in Carnegie Music Hall in which Mme. Marie Rappold, well-known American soprano, and Mario Laurenti, noted Italian baritone, took part. The audience heard not one Mme. Rappold and one Mr. Laurenti, but two, the phenomenon being accomplished by means of a cabinet which stood on the stage beside the performers and matched their performance, note for note and tone for tone.

*(From The Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph)*

## Phonograph Reproduction Rivals Voice of Singers

Hall a new sound and the singing cancelled its effects

*(From The Pittsburgh Post)*

## RECORDS VIE WITH SINGERS IN OWN SONGS

Madame Rappold and Laurenti in "Miracle Concert."

Madame Rappold sang the initial number on the program. In the midst of it her lips ceased to move but the song went on. Slowly it dawned on the astonished audience that the artist was no longer singing, though her voice came forth to them as clearly and sweetly as before. Again she sang, and the audience only knew it was the living Madame Rappold, because of the motion of her lips. Her lips ceased to move—but her voice continued. The same magical effect was obtained when Mr. Laurenti sang

CARNEGIE HALL, Pittsburgh, was jammed to its exits on the night of September 30, 1919. The audience was made up of 2,600 music lovers and music critics. They came to hear Marie Rappold and Mario Laurenti make a remarkable comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of their voices. Read what the Pittsburgh newspapers said—see what happened. All Pittsburgh was amazed. There was no difference between the voice of the living artist and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

Three thousand such audiences have heard similar tone-tests given by forty different artists of international fame. Always the result has been a triumph for the New Edison.

The story of Edison's RE-CREATION of Music is told in an interesting new book, "Edison and Music." Write for it.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.

ORANGE, N. J.

Illustration from an actual photograph taken in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, Sept. 30, 1919.

## The Great-West Life Assurance Company's

Record has well borne out the founders' original claim that a Western Company, with its funds invested in profitable Western securities, could do remarkably well for Policyholders.

High interest earnings on investments—with economical administration of the Company's affairs—have resulted in most gratifying returns to the Policyholders.

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IMMEASURABLY broadening our banking service to agricultural interests, we have established 270 of our 390 branches in Western Canada. We aim to extend the fullest possible banking service to the Prairie Provinces.

Our managers will be glad to discuss farm financing problems with their farmer customers.

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| Kits .....                           | .25 to .15       | WOLF, No. 4...                       | .50             |
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## Dollars and Cents

Financial News and Views. Intricate Financial Matters discussed in language that anyone can understand.

BANKING :: INSURANCE :: FINANCE

### MANITOBA'S RURAL CREDITS

It is readily admitted that agriculture is the basic industry upon which the prosperity of Canada—particularly Western Canada—is founded. This being so the financial requirements of the farmer have always been a matter of great interest to governments and financial institutions. The farmer of Western Canada needs credit and must have credit if he is to use his abilities to the best possible advantage. Politicians urge him to "produce more" and the city folks join in the chorus most heartily, because they know quite well that if the farmer quits producing the country's business would soon be at a standstill.

From the financial man's point of view the farmer is in a class by himself. He needs credit upon conditions quite different from those upon which the manufacturer or the tradesman need it. The farmer often needs financial assistance in two different ways—long term credits and short term credits. The long term credit is better understood if we refer to it as raising money on real estate mortgage, such money to be repaid at the end of a number of years. Instalments of the principal may be agreed to be repaid during each year that the loan remains unpaid. Money secured from a real estate mortgage is ordinarily used for the purpose of making permanent improvements to the farm, such as constructing new buildings, etc. Short term credits are better understood if we refer to them as loans made by the banks to the farmer during the cropping season. They usually run from six to nine months and the money borrowed in this way is used as a rule for purchasing seed grain and for paying expenses incurred in planting and harvesting the crop. When the crop is harvested the farmer is expected to pay back the loan.

### The Farmer's Grievance

From these descriptions it is fairly easy to understand the difference between short term credits and long term credits. In the matter of short term credits the farmers had a very distinct feeling of dissatisfaction for many years and they felt that they were receiving practically no encouragement from the financial institutions of the country. As a result the Canadian banking system was severely attacked and is still being attacked. Supporters of the banking system have persistently maintained that the system was all right but that the farmers were somewhat to blame for the fact that loans were sometimes refused to them by the bank manager. Banking is a business which must be operated along very strict business lines. There are two sides to every loan that a banker makes, no matter whether the borrower is a farmer or a city man. In making the loan the banker is using some other person's money—he loans to the borrower money which some depositor has placed in the bank. The bank is responsible to that depositor for that money and as a general rule the depositor may go to the bank any day and withdraw the amount deposited. Just realize what that means. It means that in the first place the loan must be a safe one and in the second place it must be repayable within a short time so that if the depositors want their money the bank will be able to pay it.

The last bank report shows that total deposits in Canadian banks amounted to \$1,866,515,866—and practically all of that money could be asked for by the depositors at a moment's notice. Of course, we understand that the likelihood of such a thing happening is equal to one chance in a million, but times of depression come without much warning and the banks have to be prepared.

On examining the bank report referred to we find that the banks have loaned to their customers \$1,682,795,528, from which it will be seen that the loans made by the bank are almost equal to the deposits received.

### Banker Must Be Careful

The banker cannot loan money to a farmer for a very long period, the banking system was never intended for that purpose. The mortgage companies are the proper institutions from which to secure long term mortgages. The banker cannot loan money to a farmer unless he is very sure that the farmer will be able to pay his note when it is due. The banker must make safe loans for he is using other people's money. The banker cannot loan money for more than a few months at a time because he must be ready to pay back his depositors at almost any time. As a result of these facts, many good farmers were unable to get financial assistance, through no fault of their own and through no fault of the Canadian banking system, but solely because there was no connecting link which would bridge the difficulties which existed.

It remained for a Manitoba legislator, G. W. Prout, M.P.P., to provide that very necessary connecting link. Mr. Prout is often referred to as the "father" of the rural credit schemes in Manitoba and very properly so because the conscientious, consistent and energetic efforts which he has displayed both in getting the Rural Credits Act passed by the Manitoba legislature and in assisting in the promotion of the movement once the act was passed, have undoubtedly materially contributed towards the great success which has been achieved.

### Manitoba's Rural Credit Scheme

The Manitoba Rural Credit Act provides for the creation of rural credit societies wherever they are needed, provided the farmers are prepared to organize themselves. Fifteen or more farmers may form an association and as soon as fifty members have been secured for the association the government will permit it to commence business. Each member must subscribe for a \$100 share in the society and pay up at least \$10 on his subscription. The provincial government then subscribes for an amount equal to one half of the amount subscribed by the farmers and the municipality in which the society is being formed also subscribes for a similar amount. This makes up a total capital of \$10,000 to commence business with made up as follows:

|   |          |
|---|----------|
| Subscribed by 50 Farmers .....            | \$5,000  |
| Subscribed by Provincial Government ..... | 2,500    |
| Subscribed by Municipality .....          | 2,500    |
|   | \$10,000 |

The association is managed by a board of nine directors, three chosen by the farmers, three by the municipality and three by the government. The scheme is absolutely co-operative so that the directors are able to go to the bank manager when they decide how much they wish to borrow for the season, backed by a capital of \$10,000 in addition to the actual pledges of the individual borrowers. The act fixes the rate chargeable by the bank at 6 per cent and the society is not allowed to charge more than 7 per cent. Members of the association apply to it for such loans as they require and their applications are passed upon by the directors. The total amount of money likely to be required is ascertained and the directors arrange with the society's banker to furnish this money as it is

Continued on page 31



## The Royal Bank of Canada



The Bank follows a liberal policy in extending Credits to Farmers.

If you are going to need a loan to buy seed or live-stock, see the Manager of the nearest branch of the Royal Bank early about your requirements.

This is an invitation to call at the Royal Bank the next time you are in town.

CAPITAL AND RESERVES \$35,000,000  
TOTAL RESOURCES - \$635,000,000  
625 BRANCHES

### \$1,000,000 TO LOAN

If you must borrow make your mortgage an asset rather than a liability.

This can be done by taking advantage of our offer.

WRITE US.

**NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**  
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG, MAN. S.S. MANAGER Sec. 91



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### YOUR TRACTOR! YOUR CAR!

Will soon be in use again. Probably everything is in good shape but the Radiator. A leaky, inefficient Radiator means a poor engine. We have expert mechanics and every facility to give proper repairs. Why not let us advise you? We can supply you with a new Radiator if necessary at a more reasonable price than the factory. Write for any information. Ship your Radiator express.

**Crescent Repair Works**  
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### Don't Hunt for Trade

without using high-class advertising mediums. *The Western Home Monthly* will suit your requirements.

### Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 30

needed. As the loans are only considered to be of a temporary nature all borrowers are expected to pay up in full on or before December 31 in each year.

#### The Practical Success of the Scheme

During 1919 there were 38 societies in operation and the loans handled totalled \$1,051,876. This money was used by the borrowers for the following expenditures: Live stock, 172,532; farm machinery, \$94,155; crop loans, \$278,748; new breaking, \$247,691; farm improvements, \$18,865; miscellaneous, \$239,885. There are now over 60 societies operating and a number more in process of organization.

At the recent convention of delegates of Manitoba rural credit societies, the

property was valued at \$50,000,000. The inheritance taxes charged on his estate by the United States government amounted to a fairly large sum, but not so large as to seriously reduce the amount which his heirs received.

After the various accounts owing by his estate had been paid it was found that the payment of the taxes charged by the government was practically impossible for the time being because there was insufficient ready money available. It therefore, became necessary to ask the courts for authority to allow the administrator of the estate to sell some real estate owned by the estate so as to realize some money with which to pay these taxes.

Would you like to think that your dependents may have to sell your home in order to get money to pay the ac-

### AND WHY NOT

A little girl who was just beginning to read her primer was asked to spell cow.

"C-o-w," she replied promptly.

"How do you spell cows?"

"C-o-w, c-o-w, c-o-w."

## GIRLS! A MASS OF WAVY, GLEAMY BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Let "Danderine" Save and Glorify Your Hair



In a few moments you can transform your plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life. Just get at any drug or toilet counter a small bottle of "Danderine" for a few cents. Then moisten a soft cloth with the Danderine and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Instantly, yes, immediately you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will be a mass, so soft, lustrous, fluffy and so easy to do up. All dust, dirt and excessive oil is removed.

Let Danderine put more life, color, vigor and brightness in your hair. This stimulating tonic will freshen your scalp, check dandruff and falling hair, and help your hair to grow long, thick, strong and beautiful.

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### A POWER IN FRENCH POLITICS

A new photo of Paul Deschanel, the new President of France, and considered one of the most powerful men in French official life.

Hon. Edward Brown, provincial treasurer of Manitoba, stated that one of the many splendid results of the rural credit movement was that it had enabled the farmer to understand that the Canadian banks were anxious to meet his needs so long as those needs could be met without endangering the safety of the funds which belonged to their depositors. As a result of this, the discontent which formerly existed in the farmers' minds in connection with the operations of the banks is rapidly disappearing.

### READY MONEY AT THE RIGHT TIME

Frank W. Woolworth, who died recently, was a very rich man. He had a large interest in the chain of 5-10-15 cents stores which are found in nearly every American city. When he died his

counts, debts, taxes, mortgages, etc., which may have to be paid when you die? You wouldn't like it—no decent person would. There is no reason why this should happen to your family—you will be responsible for it if it does happen.

An able-bodied man can get life insurance so easily and so cheaply nowadays that there is no excuse for not getting it. Think what it will mean when you are taken away—and you will die some day, just the same as everybody else will—for your dependents to have a large sum of ready money payable to them just when they need it most. Think it over! You owe this little assistance to your family and now is the time to provide for it. It pays to insure.

### ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, heals Sores. Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps. W. F. YOUNG Inc., 135 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr. are made in Canada.



**Muggins**

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by P. W. Luce

**M**UGGINS, a beautiful little white Spitz dog which collected \$21,000 for war charities, has just died of pneumonia in Victoria, British Columbia. It is well authenticated that no other dumb animal in the world collected as much money during the five years of the great war, the second on the list, a Newfoundland which "worked" Charing Cross railway station, London, being several thousand dollars behind Muggins.

Day after day and month after month, Muggins took up his position on an elaborate stand at a strategic point where all travellers for the Far East, American ports, and eastern Canada had to pass. Few overlooked Muggins and his little collection box, and on occasions the brave little dog found his load of silver so heavy that he could hardly carry it to the Red Cross headquarters, under whose auspices he worked, and which received over \$14,000 of the \$21,000 he collected.

Recognition of the splendid service Muggins rendered the cause of humanity came from many quarters and from many lands. On his little harness he proudly wore the medal of the French Red Cross, a bar from the United States, a medal from the Great War Veterans of Canada, a badge from H.M.S. Lancaster, a medal from H.M.S. Kent, a gold medal from the Y.M.C.A., of Canada, a medal from the Vancouver Island hospital, and a medal from the War Auxiliary Workers of England.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales slipped a five dollar gold piece into Muggins' box last fall, and shook hands with the little fellow. His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, Sir Arthur Currie, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian overseas forces, and scores of other notables, have lingered at the stand to pat and praise Muggins.

Shortly after he became famous, Muggins was stolen, but was returned in a mysterious manner. Later, an officious poundkeeper caught Muggins—harness, collection box, and all—in his net and locked him up in the wagon cage. The crowd which gathered to demand immediate release of Victoria's pet was so dense that for a time street car traffic was interrupted.

The story of Muggins' career has been written by his mistress, Mrs. Woodward, and is to be published in book form. Muggins' body has been mounted, and is being placed in the British Columbia Parliament Buildings.

**TRIALS OF A CLERGYMAN**

Do not be a parson unless you are blessed with a strong sense of humor and a thick hide, advises an English clergyman in Pearson's Weekly. A parson's duty is to visit his flock. If he does not, great is the grumbling. If he does, he is snubbed. The snubs mix nicely with the welcomes, to prevent you from being puffed up. The following is one of the neatest of them:

I was asked by a friend who had been offered a living near me to go and see the vicarage and church, and report. I did so, and the clerk showed me round. As we neared the end, he turned to me, and said:

"Be you our new parson, sir, if I may make so bold?" I assured him that I was not. "I be main glad to hear that, sir," he said, with relief. "We've always had good uns so far!"

In a scattered parish, I called upon an old couple about tea time. "Would you like a cup of tea?" the housewife asked. I confessed that I should like it very much. The dear old soul prepared one, and kept apologizing because she had no jam or cake. I assured her that it did not matter in the least. "Well, sir," she said, brightening, "after all, 'tisn't as if you was one of them that feed high. Anyone can see that!"

One more. A friend of mine had got a job for a man who had been for a long time out of work. I guessed he was getting pretty shabby, so I looked up a suit—we were much of a size—and took it round. The man's wife took it, and I waited in the room, ready to be overwhelmed with thanks. She came back, and said:

"My 'usband thanks you kindly, sir, but he don't hold with parson's clothes; but if you've got anything as 'd suit a man, he'll have a look at it!"

**A Student of Human Nature**

"Did you see the boss?"  
 "No, but I saw a feller that's tendin' office for him."  
 "How did you know he wasn't the boss?"  
 "No real boss would take a chance on bein' as fresh as that guy was."  
 —Washington Star.

**A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE**

The famous English orator, John Bright, was asked how he came to be such a master of the art of public speaking. He answered that the only help he ever had in that direction he got by listening to his mother read the Bible.

She was accustomed to read the Bible aloud to the children, and he was so fascinated, he said, by her way of reading that he had tried ever since to imitate it.

John Bright became a great statesman, who carried out the teachings of the Bible in a noble and helpful life. Such was the power of his eloquence that he brought about great and beneficent changes in the laws of England.

His mother's Bible reading during the years of his impressible childhood influenced his whole life; the careful, unhurried, reverent and expressive way in which she read was the chief influence in producing one of England's greatest and noblest orators.

There are many ways in which a mother may influence legislation, even in communities where she may not yet cast a vote.

**THE LESSER EVIL**

The man from Glasgow had suffered grievously in crossing the Channel, and when he next had occasion to repeat the journey he did not intend that there should be so much acute physical discomfort attached to it. So he visited a chemist's shop.

"Have ye onything to stay the pangs of seasickness?" he asked in his winning Glasgow accent.

"Certainly, sir; we have the very thing," said the obliging druggist.

"Hoo much is it?"

"Half a crown, sir."  
 The Glasgow man, says the Public Ledger, staggered back a pace, visibly shaken. "Losh," he gasped when he recovered himself, "I would sooner be seasick."

**Wanted: A Horse-Maid**

A man who wanted a horse for general use went to a dealer and explained that he wished to buy a nice, quiet, good-looking animal that could be driven by his wife in a dog-cart, and that would not object to be hitched up to a lawn mower.

The dealer listened attentively, and then asked:  
 "Would you like him to wait at the table, sir?"

**Tooth Troubles**

Modern Dentistry as practised by me will do away with all your tooth troubles. Be fair to yourself and have your mouth fixed right; you will save doctor bills and have better health.

We are devoting Bonspiel Week entirely to our out-of-town patients so as to assure quick and satisfactory service.

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## IS CANADA A NATION?

Nobody any longer asks the question: "Is Canada a nation?" All the world knows now that Canada is a nation. At the same time we Canadians must realize that when we say Canada is a nation we are using a term which most of us have never made clear to ourselves, and which we are under the duty and obligation of making unmistakably plain both to ourselves and to the rest of the world. Our primary duty is to get a clear understanding of it ourselves, and then we shall be in a position to let the rest of the world understand exactly what we mean when we say that Canada is a nation. This is not alone a matter of Canadian importance; it is truly a matter of world importance, for many questions which really concern the whole world are bound up with it. The present year may well turn out to be the most important in Canada's history, in that it will see Canada's national status take shape, and Canada's national position in the world decided, as one of the self-governing nations of the British Empire. The nation is the living organism, body and life together. The body functions rightly and well when a healthy, vigorous life pulsates through it, and a strong and clear mind directs its action. In Canada we have the organism, and we must see to it that we have also a healthy, vigorous national life, and a strong and clear national mind.

## THE STATE OF THE WORLD

Surely it seems a right and justifiable thing to believe that the population of the world at the present time, after the harrowing experiences which the nations have come through during the war, is made up largely of men and women of sane mind. The armistice meant the coming not of immediate peace in all lands. In many lands it has meant revolution, and in all it has meant evolution; so that in consequence of the colossal conflict, to say nothing of the causes which produced that conflict, the world is now facing problems of vital import to individual and to national life. In parts of continental Europe war is still being waged. In other parts the struggle towards stability of government and the reconstruction—or rather, to be more strictly accurate in expression, the construction—of a social and economic order to conform with changed opinion has assumed the character of armed civil strife, at least insofar as the consequences affect the people of those parts. Men who are in a position to speak with knowledge obtained by their own actual contact with the conditions have not hesitated to say that starvation and industrial chaos face the people in parts of Europe. In such parts the old order is doomed, but how a new order is to be established on a durable basis is not clear. In the countries where the social, legislative and economic fabrics are of a more solidly stable character, conditions are incomparably better, but still there is unrest. The English-speaking countries are the most stable of all. At the same time it is to be noted that in France, in Italy and in Belgium the people have voted into power progressive conservative administrations. On a general view it seems justifiable, on the whole, to say that the existing inhabitants of this planet are largely sensible, and want peace, stability and justice more than they want anything else. This must be true at any time. Not to believe it is to believe that this world is a sinking ship in which the leaks are gaining on the pumps. We must all refuse to believe anything of the sort. We can all justifiably be optimists; and we all should be optimists. It is our first duty.

## THE EXCHANGE SITUATION AND HISTORY

The conditions affecting the international exchange situation, resulting in both the British pound and the Canadian dollar being at such a discount in the United States have given occasion for much learned explaining by financial writers. Occasion has also been furnished to the historians to search the records to find if there was ever a time when either the pound sterling or our dollar stood at a lower level in the United States than during recent months. There has never been such a time. But before the United States came into existence there were two occasions when British 3 per cent Consols dropped to a lower level than at any time during the world war which began on August 3, 1914. During the American Revolution when the British General, Lord Cornwallis completely defeated the American army under General Gates at Camden in 1780, British Consols fell sharply, for the reason, it is explained, that it was believed in Great Britain that the American defeat meant the prolongation of the war, a belief which was justified by what followed. When at last, in 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown to General Washington, which ended the war, the British 3 per cent Consols fell to 54. The surrender at Yorktown meant the ceasing of the American Colonies to form part of the British Empire, after a war, which, it was calculated in London, had cost Great Britain forty-five times as much as the greatest total value of any one year's exports from Great Britain to those former Colonies before the war.

## The Philosopher

## CHILD IMMIGRATION TO CANADA

The report of the Chief Inspector of Emigrant Children, an official of the British Government, has come from London to The Western Home Monthly, and lies on The Philosopher's table. It is a document which gives rise to thoughts of varying hue—some of them cheerful, and some not so cheerful; the latter being caused by the sidelights which the report throws on the sad conditions on the other Atlantic from which the children sent to this country are picked out—for it must be remembered that it is only a small proportion of "the waifs and strays" (this is the official language) of British child life who are "reclaimed." Those of them coming from such institutions as Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Quarrier's Homes to this country "have had a very careful and thorough preliminary training," the report says, "and grade high in health and intelligence." Only the "fit" children are sent, the report states further, the mentally or physically defective being kept in Great Britain. Some day civilization will have advanced so far, and the conditions of human life will be so much nearer what they should be, that the number of mentally or physically deformed children in any land will be very few indeed. After 1914 there was a rapid falling off in the number of children sent to this country through the agency of the principal organizations in Great Britain engaged in promoting child emigration; and since 1917 no such children have come to Canada. But in 1918 the number of applications received from Canada for such children, this report states, was 17,916, and last year it was 11,718. The children come from Great Britain under the auspices of a number of philanthropic organizations engaged in "child rescue" work. Thus far some 73,000 children have been sent from Great Britain to Canada; of which number, this report states, "at least 6,000 are still under the supervision of the Department of Child Emigration." The movement across the Atlantic was stopped by the war; but, as the report informs us, "there was no cessation in the carrying on of the work of reclaiming children in Great Britain during the years of the war." By the sad mischances of life there will always be some children orphaned; but surely everything should be done towards reducing to a minimum the number of children among whom there is need of the work of reclaiming.

## IN REGARD TO THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

There is no more fundamental truth in regard to education than that the way to learn to do a thing is to go at it by yourself. Tell a person how to do a thing, and he will not know how to do it; show him how by doing it before his eyes, and still he will not know how to do it. The only way for him really to learn is to do it himself. The country school certainly is at no disadvantage in comparison with the city school in regard to opportunities for such methods of education. What is referred to here is not learning to read by reading, to write by writing, to "do" arithmetic by "doing" arithmetic, and so on in the performing of educational tasks by performing them. All that does not get down to the heart of things by making educational processes part of the school children's actual life. The life of a rural neighborhood and its physical surroundings constitute the most wonderful educational material in the world. By means of the things actually surrounding them and with which they are familiar in their everyday lives, the children in a rural school can be easily and naturally led into studying geography, plant life, chemistry and other scientific subjects, marketing, railway freight and traffic, and other economic matters, stock feeding and other matters of physiology, and so on with mechanics and other branches of education. In most of these matters a city school lacks the advantage of actual everyday contact; the school children can know of them only in a way which is mostly imaginary and artificial, and does not come truly home to them. The country school more than the city school can make life its course of study. It can draw the whole neighborhood naturally into its activities. There is no life so full of things that, if studied, are so truly educative, including the sense in which the word is used by those who insist on education being practical.

## CONCERNING SPIRITUALISM

The question of Spiritualism was discussed at the recent Church Congress in England, and the discussion ended by the Archbishop of Canterbury stating that there would be an enquiry made by a committee of Bishops of the Church of England into "Spiritualism and its pretensions." The "London Times" regards it as derogatory to Christian theology that there should have been such a discussion at the Church Congress, and deplors the manner in which

spiritualistic mediums will turn it to account. Further, the "Times" says that no investigation of spiritualism is necessary; and adds that, if it were, "Bishops would not form a suitable court of enquiry." The "Times" does not think there is any occasion for an enquiry until a spiritualistic medium succeeds with fair regularity in furnishing it information beforehand in regard to important and apparently improbable events. "In the meantime," says the "Times," "on the matter of evidence as to alleged phenomena, we should have little confidence in the judgment of Bishops, and should prefer that of conjurers with regard to fraud, of pathologists with regard to the 'sub-conscious self,' and that of average men with regard to telepathy." And so the "Times" dismisses the matter. In regard to all that has been written and said recently on this whole subject, one thing can be declared, namely, that there has been much assertion, but no evidence of the sort that is unanswerably and irrefutably convincing. For himself, The Philosopher has to say that his reading has made him aware of the fact that we cannot go far enough back in history to find a period in which these claims of mediums that they could receive communications from the dead were not made, believed in by many foolish and a few who passed as wise, and supported by a cloud of witnesses. The farther back we go, the more general is such a belief found to have been. Many thousands of poor, helpless old women were burned, drowned, or otherwise put to death as witches, some of them not so many generations ago. But nobody believes in witchcraft now.

## THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE

At the recent meeting of the Royal Society of Arts in London the prediction was made by Sir Oliver Lodge that there will come a time when "atomic energy" will supersede coal, or other fuel, as the source of power, which, of course, would also mean that fuel would not be used for heating purposes, as it is used now. "It may take a century," said Sir Oliver, "but I do not suppose our descendants will be using chemical energy. Instead of burning a thousand tons of coal, they will take energy out of an ounce or two of matter." This prediction was based on recent experiments which have been made with that wonder-working metal, radium. There is nothing really new in it. Sir Oliver Lodge said something of the same sort a year or two ago. The total quantity of radium in the world is very small. It costs thousands of dollars to extract an ounce of it from the many tons of pitchblende, or other rock, in which it is found. A discovery of radium was reported recently to have been made somewhere in northern Ontario; further information, if any, in substantiation of that rumor is awaited. As for Sir Oliver Lodge's prediction, it is interesting, but the time when it will begin to be realized is likely to be so remote that it cannot be said to be of actual, practical concern to anybody now living in the world. At any rate, it seems entirely justifiable to say so at the present time. But we must not forget that no less sceptical things were said only a few decades ago about such commonplace of to-day as the telephone, electric lighting and wireless telegraphy.

## HOW PEOPLE ARE KILLED

Statisticians are apt to regard their statistics as possessing something of the sureness, regularity and majestic inevitableness of natural laws. They find something vastly impressive in the thought that the ideally accurate statistics which they always dream of attaining will furnish absolutely certain ground upon which to base conclusions. But how often are ideal statistics produced in this world? These reflections are prompted by some statistics of mortality issued recently by the United States Census Bureau, which have come to The Philosopher's table. They deal with the deaths classed as "accidental" which were recorded in the United States in 1917. The total number of such deaths in that year was 53,544, as compared with 60,072 in the year preceding. They are divided as follows: By falls, 11,114; on railways, 8,649; by burns, 6,830; by automobiles, 6,724; by drowning, 5,550; by asphyxiation, 3,375; in mines, 2,623; by vehicles, 2,326; by street cars, 2,277; by machinery, 2,112; and miscellaneous, 1,964. In connection with the number of deaths resulting from automobile accidents, or carelessness, or recklessness, it is notable that while the proportion of such deaths per 1,000 of the population increases considerably from year to year in the United States, it does not keep pace with the increase in the number of automobiles in use. No doubt the drivers of cars are becoming more careful, and pedestrians are becoming more wary, so that their paths may not, like "the paths of Glory" in Gray's Elegy, "lead but to the grave." The number of deaths caused by machinery accidents in the United States was greater in 1917 than in any preceding year. It is interesting to consider how closely similar statistics for Canada would correspond with these presented by the United States Census Bureau. No doubt, on the whole, there would be a correspondence between them.

## Chinook Valley Blizzard

By Rose Leader

Across the great lonely stretch of Chinook Valley, Bert Reid and his splendid saddle horse Bob, were slowly making their way. A piercing northeast wind was blowing across the dull, shivering prairie, and the heavy grey sky seemed to be closing down over it like a great dome.

Bert looked at the sullen threatening sky, and thought of his snug little sod cabin still several miles distant, and of his best friend, after Bob, in this lone waste, a beautiful long-haired collie known as Larry, who at present was anxiously awaiting them at the claim.

Bert's two friends, even dearer than these two tried and true companions, were a sweet, delicate mother and a little sister. These two were depending on his support, but lived far away in the comfortable east.

Again, Bert surveyed the appearance of the atmosphere. The expression on the clear cut, tanned face was grave as he leaned forward and patted Bob's shaggy neck, saying: "There's a blizzard coming, and soon. We must make it to the shack, Bob. Think you can?"

Bob pricked up his ears wearily, for he was nearing the limit of his strength. They had been riding three hard days after strayed stock, and then with the threatening of a storm, Bert had turned homeward, as there was young stock to care for. He knew the necessity of reaching the claim before the storm broke, for, that cold northeast wind would cause a blizzard against which human strength and power would be insufficient to battle.

He thought of the pretty little eastern home town. Mother would soon be preparing the evening meal. How cosy it would be in the pleasant little living room. He thought of what would become of his mother and little sister, Bess, if he should not reach the cabin. Again he leaned forward and patted Bob. "We must make it old fellow," he said with a tense voice.

At the same time a few particles of snow began to fall. The wind began to grow stronger and colder. The cold, heavy grey mist was drawing closer and closer. Soon the prairie was lost in a blinding, freezing, whirling maze of snow and wind. The air seemed to be filled with howling, shrieking fiends who hurled the fine frozen snow particles with terrific force in every direction; cutting, biting, burning into the faces and eyes of the horse and horseman, till they were both half blind, confused, breathless.

Bob plunged bravely on, but in his exhausted condition he could not face that fearful blast long. Bert knew that, without the horse to guide, he would be utterly lost.

The horse floundered on for what seemed hours to Bert. He could see nothing but the drooping head and neck of Bob, and that through the blur of sleet. The brave horse was struggling with all his fading strength to carry his master safely home.

Suddenly Bob fell forward on his knees, but with a supreme effort regained his footing and staggered a few steps farther. Again he stumbled. This time he fell to the ground, too completely exhausted to rise. Bert tried in vain to get him up. There was only one thing to do—he must keep on moving. He would trust to God to guide him to the cabin, and if not, he would perish in the storm, for in this exhausted and chilled state he could not long endure the intense cold and misery.

After a few minutes' relaxation, Bob was able to rise and stagger to a sheltering coolie near. He was found, after the storm, with a bunch of range horses, which had probably found the same shelter.

Bert left his horse with a heavy heart, having little hopes of his surviving the storm. He found that he, too, was colder and stiffer than he knew. He was completely at a loss as to which direction to go. But he must keep moving. That one thought was burning into his bewildered senses.

He stopped suddenly. Surely that was Bob's whinnie off to the left when it should be behind! No; it was only a mischievous spirit of the wind trying to lead him astray. He plunged forward

once more. The cold was penetrating through and through him. He vaguely wondered if the misery would ever end. Was that Larry's bark? No, that too, must have been the wind. He would defeat that treacherous wind yet! If only he could get through that icy snow wall which seemed to hold him so closely on all sides. Well, anyway, he was getting warm now and sleepy.

Then through his wandering maze of thoughts came the realization that he was freezing to death. He was himself again. He must fight! fight! fight!

But oh! how he longed to lie down and end it all. Here was a nice, cosy place. He was so warm and sleepy—he would rest awhile and renew the fight some other time. He fell forward on his knees. The quick movement again brought him to his senses. He struggled to his feet and staggered a few steps farther.

Suddenly, through the ice wall and piercing the bewildered maze of Bert's thoughts, came a sharp, eager bark, and the next instant the form of Larry appeared in the haze, wagging his tail at sight of his master.

Larry turned and led the way. Bert followed for what seemed an immeasurably long time, but was in reality only a few minutes, as Bob had fallen very near the claim. Then through the mass of driving snow the dim outline of the shack loomed up before them? Never had Bert seen anything so pleasant! They entered, Larry cutting delighted capers to have Bert safely home and the wind howling and mourning about the cabin over its defeat.

### Our Watchdog

I bought a watchdog for my wife  
Whose fear of burglars makes her  
nervous,  
A husky bull pup full of life  
And guaranteed to give good service.

But though he's heavy, big and sound,  
And looks as fierce as Bismarck's  
photo.  
He's seldom home, but roams around  
Exploring like old man De Soto.

Once burglars came, and his delight  
On seeing them was nigh a spasm;  
But when I come home late at night  
He chews me with enthusiasm.

Though from such ways he may desist  
When all his puppyisms scatter,  
I know he bit one Bolshevist,  
So maybe that is what's the matter.  
—Walter G. Doty.

### The Born Loafer

Miss Gray, the teacher, was giving a lecture to her pupils and was endeavoring to impress upon them the inevitable outcome of laziness and idleness. She drew a very vivid picture of the habitual loafer, the man who hates work, and his ultimate fate.

"Now, Frederick," she said, to one of the children who had persisted in looking out of the window and whose mind was filled with the joys of baseball and other kindred sports, "tell me who is the wretched, miserable individual who gets clothes, food and lodging and gives nothing in return."

Frederick beamed upon the teacher. "Please, ma'am," he cried, "the baby!"

### The Queen's Character

Margaret was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained the sentence: "Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food."

The teacher was much puzzled. "Where 'Where did you get that idea?" she asked.

"Why," replied the girl, "that's what the history says."

The book was brought and the passage was pointed out by Margaret. It read:

"Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."

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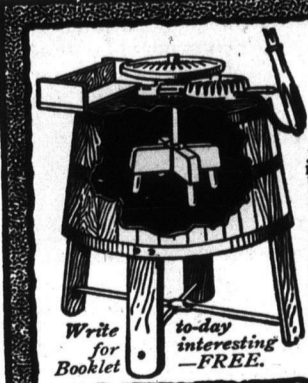


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# The Will and The Way

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

**N**O, THERE was positively nothing but two spools of coarse thread and some sewing needles. Now, what could anyone make for the Red Cross sale of work out of such materials as that? Poor old Mrs. Hubbard, as she sat in the little rocker, hands folded, looked forlornly around the rather bare, clean, little room.

The work she had taken from the society was finished and delivered. And now there was the sale of contributed work, and she had no material nor money to buy any. The insurance and taxes were due on her little home, winter was coming with fuel to buy to keep her warm, and not one cent could be spared from her tiny income. To see her so dainty in her black silk, and frill of white lace on Sunday, no one would suspect she was so poor; but it was so, and the dress was so very old that I believe if you looked real hard at it it would drop to pieces. And then her home looked prosperous enough to be deceiving, but the spotlessness of everything, and the luxuriant house-plants that loved to blossom for her, covered many a bare spot. Ah, but Mrs. Hubbard was a brave old lady and camouflage was an old, old art with her.

As she rocked, her idle hands ached for some of that yarn in the store windows to make some socks. Heretofore she had given only her dimming sight, but she would like to give the yarn, too, so they would be her socks, for some boy over there, for she would beg who ever bought them at the sale to send them across, and then the money would buy more yarn to knit more socks—dreams, just dreams!

Aimlessly she got up and rummaged around. In the clothes closet, off the bed-room, she paused over a box of things, belongings of her children, scattered and old themselves now, and of her old man many years gone. The garments were mostly all thin and past use — invaluable and yet, in another sense, valuable to her. There was a clean but worn grey wool sweater of her husband's, some small, red and blue ones the worse for wear, a green cashmere dress of one of the girls' and a host of pairs of black cashmere stockings, of all sizes, long past mending, but still left for the sake of the feet that had trodden them.

An inspiration seized the old lady as she "lifted and laid" these things. She would make a lovely braided rag mat and give it for the sale.

How carefully she would blend the colors and make a beauty! Starting at the center, it would be a riot of all the colors, and braided perfectly round, then shaded to the green and grey, and finally, the black stockings would make a fine border to "set-off" the bright interior. As she knelt on the floor and planned it, a sudden cold wave came over her at thought of the silk camisoles with crocheted yokes, the fancy bags, the embroidered center-pieces and cushion tops that were being prepared in other places in the town. But she bravely put the thought from her—there would be someone there who would like old-fashioned things.

So she started in at the rug, cutting the pieces just so, according to the thickness of the cloth, so that the braid would be even and lie perfectly flat. Then came the sewing and the braiding. Considering, like an artist at a picture, she tried, for a start, a red, a green and blue; then when more pieces were to be carefully spliced on, daring rounds of two blues and a red; two reds and a green; red, green and grey; grey, green and blue, and so on day after day in all her spare time she did a bit at it. It was pretty hard on her eyes, the bright colors and threading so many needles, and the coarse thread used in sewing, and so much cutting with the scissors were hard on her worn hands. But it blossomed under her hand, and looked rich and lovely with its black border.

For finally there came the day when the last length was sewn on, and there it lay, prettier than she ever dreamt it would be.

Early in the afternoon of the sale day she rolled up the mat and started with it under her arm to the place so the managers could ticket it with her name and put it up with the other articles.

It was October. The trees were a riot of color — "Just like my mat," thought Mrs. Hubbard, as she went slowly along, limping a little as she had done ever since that fall she had sustained.

Well-dressed people were out, too, and again her heart failed her as she wistfully regarded their smartness. Many a smile and word she got, for she was well liked.

Arrived, the ladies at the rooms were very busy, but praised the mat. Looking around at the displays of silk embroidery and fine linen, the old lady timidly subsided into the chair offered her. Presently looking up, she saw her own mat hung flat against the wall. A shaft of autumn sunlight fell across it and brought out its warm, soft colorings like a ripened rainbow, if there could be such a thing.

The local auctioneer who was giving his services gratis for the occasion took his stand. He was a stout, rather uneducated man, but with a keen brain and a certain rude eloquence. He noisily auctioned off a few things that brought fair prices. "And, now," said he, "pointing to Mrs. Hubbard's contribution, 'I see something that takes my eye—that fine rug. Just hand it down to me, please. Ah! this brings back the old days and the mats my good, old mother used to make. Maybe they didn't use to feel good to my bare feet when I jumped out of bed on a frosty morning! Let's see — 'Contributed by Mrs. Hubbard.' Yes, friends, here's the rug, and there's the good, old lady that made it—right over there. She knows it's frail old souls like her, as well as husky ones like us, that our fine boys are fighting for over there, and she goes and makes a fine mat to sell to get yarn for socks for their feet. Yes, sir, and by heck, when voice. The bidder was a consumptive clerk, and everyone applauded a bit.

Before the auctioneer could ask for another offer, a strange voice said crisply, "One hundred dollars."

Of course, that settled it.

The gentleman was handed the mat and made his settlements. "I shall take pleasure," the purchaser announced, "in giving this article to the Soldiers' Convalescent Home in my city. So," turning to Mrs. Hubbard, "you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your work and its proceeds both are for the soldiers' benefit."

The old lady tried to answer, but no one could hear exactly; still it was something about "God's blessing to all."

### All Doubt Removed

An English publication tells a story that illustrates the necessity of using the utmost care in giving instructions to the African natives who are in British employ. An enterprising company in the Sudan had decided to lay a railway into the wilds, and of course it employed many blacks in the construction work. One day the telegraph clerk at the nearest civilized spot received a telegram from the black foreman of the railway constructors:

"White boss dead. Shall I bury him?"  
 "Yes," wired back the clerk. "But first make sure that he is quite dead. Will send another white boss tomorrow."

A few hours later another telegram arrived from the foreman:

"Buried boss. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on the head with a large shovel."

### MR. STONE'S LUCK

When the agent paid Mrs. Stone the amount of insurance her husband had carried, according to Everybody's Magazine, he asked her to take out a policy on her own life.

"I believe I will," she said, "as my husband had such good luck."



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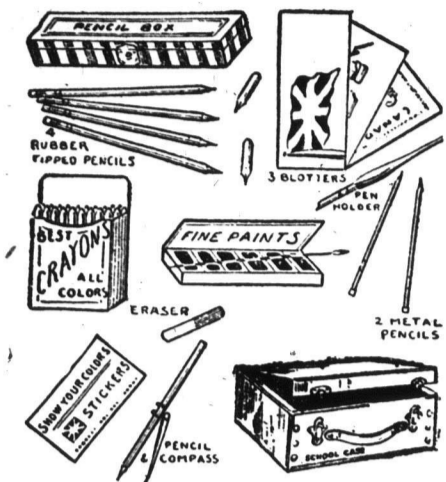
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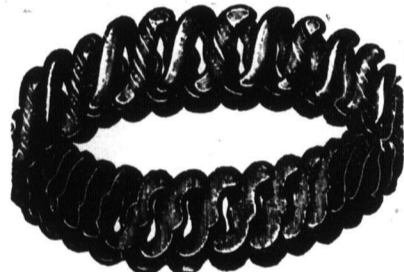
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To any boy or girl who will sell 30 packages of our lovely Birthday, St. Patrick and Easter Post Cards, Seals and Folders at 10 cents a package we will send, free of all charges, a complete school companion consisting of a splendid school case, a lovely pencil box with lock, a box of paints, paint brush, a box of crayons, compass, eraser, a special drawing pencil, six lead pencils, pen and pen-points, three blotters, and two packages of Union Jack flag stickers, so you can put the flag on your school books, letters, etc. Send us your name and address and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold, send us our money and we will send you the whole outfit with all charges prepaid.

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We will give this splendid prize free of all charge to any girl or young lady who will sell forty Packages of our lovely embossed Birthday, St. Patrick and Easter Postcards at 10 cents a package. The Extension Bracelet is of rolled gold plate and fits any arm. Send us your name and we will send you the Cards. When sold send us the money and we will send you the Bracelet. Address:

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**RINGS FREE BOYS and GIRLS**

We will give this lovely Ring free to any boy or girl who will sell thirty packages of lovely embossed Birthday, St. Patrick and Easter post cards at ten cents a package.

The Signet Ring is rolled gold, with initials engraved free. Send us your name to-day and we will send you the cards to sell. When sold send us the money and we will send you the ring you choose.

**HOMER-WARREN CO.**  
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**DIME** brings five **SELECT COLORED PICTORIAL POST CARDS** British Columbia's Wonderful Scenery including Famous Canadian "Rockies," Real "Beauties," Walter Bailey, 856 Eleventh Ave. East Vancouver, Can.

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**Young People**

**A LITTLE TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS**

By *Bobbie Burke*

A few weeks ago the editors of this big paper that you and your fathers and mothers read and enjoy so much every month, were talking things over, and they decided that during the last few years, when the world has been full of such terrible and wonderful things, perhaps boys and girls and their interests and fun had been rather pushed on one side, and so they decided that they would like to put in a corner just for you—a place where you may meet the editor, the other boys and girls who read The Western Home Monthly, and where you may settle down for a cosy read, or perhaps find something to fill in your idle minutes. With this idea in mind the editors have asked me to look around and see what I could find to furnish this corner, and make it a comfy place that you will look forward to coming into every month. A corner that will be interesting enough to make you all want to scramble for the paper when it comes—a corner that will keep you warm and busy in winter, and cool and happy in summer. And so I have racked my brains and thought hard, and these are some of the ideas for furnishing the corner that I have, and when I have finished telling you mine I want you to take pencil or pen and paper and sit right down and tell me yours, and, perhaps, by adding all our ideas together we may get such a cosy corner of our own that the other readers will want to come into our corner, too.

What is usually the thing that worries you most on a stormy day in winter or a rainy day in summer, or a long Saturday afternoon, or a day when you have to stay in the house to nurse a cold? I know—it is: "I have nothing to do." "Oh, I wish I had something to read, I wish I had something to make," and so I propose to fill up our corner like this:—

First, with **Something to Learn**.—Now, under this heading, will come poetry, nonsense verses, songs and short stories (funny and sad). You know there are many people who have written wonderful things that you may miss unless you live somewhere near a library, and so that you may learn to know and love such people as Eugene Field, Longfellow, Riley, Stevenson, Lewis Carroll, Rosetti, Miss Gaynor and many others, we want you to have something every month that they have written. Then, when you grow up you will feel that you have many friends in the book world.

(2) **Something To Do**.—Under this heading we will try to give the girls a new pattern, a receipt for something good to eat; the boys an idea that will give them an excuse for using a hammer and nails, and everyone something to do with busy fingers.

(3) **Something to Read**.—This will be either a story, or an article about some interesting person, place or thing; or a list of books which you will all want to read.

(4) **Something to Write**.—This will give you all an opportunity to test your own cleverness. It may be a competition in some given subject, or an original poem, or a biography.

(5) **Something to Amuse You**.—This department will include puzzles, riddles, new games and tricks.

(6) **Something New**.—Now, here we will need all your help, for there is an old proverb which says: "There is nothing new under the sun"; but although this may be true, there are lots of things that are new to us, and when any of you hears of something which is new to you, let us hear about it too.

(7) **Something to be Answered**.—Now, here is where the editor's hard work comes in, for you may write and ask questions which puzzle you, and I shall try my best to get an answer for you, if you will promise not to make the questions too hard.

(8) **Something to Exchange**.—Is there a boy anywhere who has never "swopped" things? If there is he doesn't belong in this part of the corner, for this is the "swop" corner. If you have a rabbit you want to swop for a pair of white mice, or an agate you'd like to

swop for an air gun this is the place to come. Just write out a little notice saying what you have, and what you want for it, and we will print the notice and send the answers on to you.

(9) **Something to Invent**.—Have you ever invented anything? If you have, this is the place to tell about it. Have you found a way to make something do that was broken, or to make something go that had stopped; here is the place in the corner for you, then.

*And Now the Rules Will be These*

Every contribution to every department of the corner must be your own unaided work.

Every written contribution must be written neatly, clearly and cleanly on one side of the paper only.

Every contribution must be labelled on the outside of the envelope for the department it is meant for as, for instance, "Something to Do" or "Something to Exchange."

*And Now the Rewards*

For the monthly competitions there will be special prizes which will be explained when the subject of the competition is given.

For the first contribution from any boy or girl which is considered worthy of being printed in the corner, there will be awarded a W.H.M. button, which will make the owner a member of the W.H.M. Corner Club. At the end of the year the member of the Club who has had the greatest number of things in print, whether they are stories, poems or suggestions, will receive a gold button.

For the best suggestion offered to improve the Corner during the year there will be a special prize of a book which may be chosen by the boy or girl who is the fortunate winner.

And now don't you think we have mapped out some work and some play for you for the coming months? If you like the plan, begin right away to help us work it out, if you can think of something to improve it, let us hear from you about that too.

All contributions to be addressed to The Children's Cosy Corner, Care of the Western Home Monthly, and plainly labelled for special departments.

**BEING A "GOOD FELLOW"**

Some years ago one of the popular illustrators drew for a magazine a picture entitled, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." It showed a clubroom; good-looking young men, whose faces were flushed with wine, stood, with lifted glasses, and sang their toast to one who stood at the head of the table. He was evidently greatly gratified. He looked as if he thought it supremely worth while to have his masculine friends, late in the evening, so demonstrative over his social qualities.

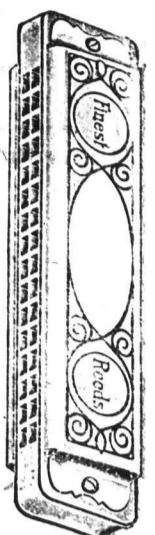
But there was another side to the picture. It showed the home of the "good fellow," where his young wife sat waiting for him. His house jacket was laid over a chair. His slippers stood ready before the fire. He had planned to spend the evening at home, and had not been strong enough to do it. Meanwhile the young wife had waited, watching the big clock count the hours. Now it was past midnight. It was not the first time that it had happened, or the second; it would not be the last by any means.

It was not simply the disappointment, the loneliness that made the young wife lay her head on the table, sobbing. She wept because she knew that she had married a weakling. She saw that it meant so much to him to be regarded as a "jolly good fellow" that he gave up other things infinitely greater. She had learned that his good-fellowship had in it selfishness and weakness.

It is pleasant to be called a "good fellow," but it is a shameful thing if we gain it through another's needless suffering, or at the cost of our own self-respect—and manhood!

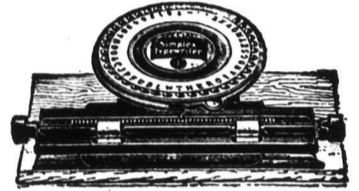
**Mouth Organ FREE TO BOYS**

This "Royal Harp" Mouth Organ has 14 double holes, extra quality reeds, nickel plated covers, heavy brass reed plates. Excellent quality of tone, rich, powerful and sweet. Easy blowing and very durable. Send us your name and address and we will send you thirty packages of lovely embossed Birthday, St. Patrick and Easter post cards to sell at ten cents a package. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the Mouth Organ, all charges prepaid.



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**TYPEWRITERS FREE TO BOYS OR GIRLS**



The little Giant Simplex Typewriter has all letters, figures, period and comma. Rubber type, strong and durable, iron body. Can be used for writing letters, addressing envelopes, billheads, tags, etc.

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Just think, without spending a cent of your money you can secure this exquisite Imported Jeweled Bar Pin and Ring and a handsome gold filled Bracelet Watch that is quite the equal of any you could buy in a jewelry store for \$8.00 or \$10.00.

This handsome bar pin is over 2 1/2 inches long, has the lovely new Platinum finish and is set with seven beautiful brilliants that sparkle like the finest diamonds. The Ring, which we send in your exact size, is solid gold-filled and set with exquisite manufactured rubies, sapphires and diamonds in the handsomest design you could imagine. The costly bracelet watch is in the new Octagon shape, small and dainty as can be, and a reliable timekeeper. It has the new style expanding bracelet that fits snugly to any wrist. All these magnificent presents are being given FREE to quickly advertise and introduce a wonderful new perfume that we have just brought out. Send your name and address to-day and we will send you just 20 packages of this lovely new perfume called "Dew-Kiss Bouquet" which we ask you to introduce among your friends at only 15c per package. It is easy. Everybody wants two or three packages at once because one 15c package will perfume more articles than a dollar bottle of perfume. It's no trouble at all to sell them in your spare time. Then return our money, only \$3.00 and we will promptly send you, postage paid, the beautiful Bar Pin and Ring, and the lovely Bracelet Watch you can also secure without selling any more goods by simply showing your grand rewards among your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our prizes as you did. Don't delay. Write to-day to **REGAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY** Dept. W. 39 Toronto, Ont. 6D

**Cured His RUPTURE**

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 703F Marcellus Avenue, Manassquan, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any other who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

**A Man's Mother**

By Howard Sellers.

A drawback that one encounters in dealing with this subject is that it verges on sentimentality. Sentimentality is anathema to most healthy-minded men, though such men will have a peculiar respect for sentiment.

Between the meaning of the two expressions, there is a wide difference. Sentiment is the quiet voice of the soul; sentimentality a hysterical shriek.

On the music halls it is the commonplace thing to see a soulful gentleman, looking like the Silver King, drag off his hat and gaze heavenwards whenever he comes to the word of "mother" in his song, and his sickly sentimentality is a sure magnet to applause.

The idea that a man's mother is sanctified in his heart, and to be spoken of with bared head, would be food for indulgent amusement, if it were not a nauseous, hypocritical lie.

The best thing about the best mother on earth is that she is always on the same level as her son. This is as true of the mother's point of view as it is of the son's. The basic relation is equality.

**Love Undying**

Even though a mother, a good living mother, has a son who is backward and criminal, there is never in her heart a feeling of superiority. Anger or pity for his follies she may feel, but he is a part of her from conception to death. Indeed, the worse he is, the more enduring oftentimes, becomes her love for him.

The equality is of that indefinable character which has nothing to do with manners or morals; it belongs to the lasting unities like soil and plant, sunrise and day.

To a man, his mother is entirely different from any woman in the world. I do not, by any means, suggest that she is necessarily a better woman than any, but his feelings and attitude are quite different and distinct.

One peculiarity is that he takes her for granted, while, instinctively, other women, even his sisters, he studies, and scrutinises, and compares.

Sisters have veins in their nature of which a brother knows nothing, except that they are there; they prove constantly surprising. Probably the explanation is that the relationship between a man and his mother is far closer than between brother and sister.

Another explanation, and a less subtle one, is that a man's mother is the only woman he can take for granted without letting himself in for a considerable amount of unpleasantness.

**The Difference**

If he takes his girl or his wife for granted, he is admitting that her attractions have ceased to charm, and his affection is on the wane. In a minor degree the same is true of his sister, only that with her he is more concerned that others shall appreciate her.

But though a woman resents such treatment from her husband, a mother does not mind it from her son. It assumes an intimacy of understanding which needs no actions or assertions to prove it.

Again, a man is less peculiar with the obvious courtesies towards his mother than to other women. Of course, he will lift his hat to her in the street, and go to open a door for her, but for her he exercises less control of his irritation; he will cut short a conversation, make curt replies to her questions, not hesitate to tell her to be quiet altogether. In a word, he is less careful to disguise his faults to her.

But such lack of small courtesies is no indication that his love and respect for her are less than for others of her sex. It is that the multitudinous obligations between the sexes are unnecessary between them. To dig right down to the secret at the core, a man is never conscious of the sex of his mother.

Nevertheless, I am far from championing such a thing as that a man may treat his mother as he likes. If his failure in the details of inanities spread to open disrespect, he is in danger of making himself contemptible.

There is an old-fashioned belief that if a man is good to his mother, he will be good to his wife; that if he practises

kindness, consideration and affection with regard to her, it is a reliable indication that he is a decent fellow all round.

**A Sound Test**

And in the belief of much virtue. Certain it is that if he is brutally inconsiderate to his mother, and makes of her a slave to his selfishness, as many a man does, he is qualifying himself badly for proper treatment of other women. So long as he holds honor, for her, he must honor himself. Women, there are, who make bad mothers, but I believe them to be rare, and at least, a man should be slow to hold his mother in judgment.

Some women of the "upper classes" notoriously reveal little but indifference towards their children; they are shallow seekers of pleasure self-centred. But such, I am convinced, form only a small proportion even of their own class.

Men of wealth, fame, responsibility, just as with men in humbler grades of

society, receive from their mothers that quiet, subtle influence and sympathy, which is of a kind that is not to be got elsewhere.

The personality of youth is like white paper, and it is upon that that mothers write of themselves, and their hopes and beliefs in their sons. It is when young that a mother possesses her son. Later, she has to relinquish him to another woman, and the faithful record of what she loses in herself, and gains from his happiness, has yet to be written. As for the man, he suffers little or nothing for the pangs of loss in such circumstances.

**A Friend That Lasts**

The care, the sacrifice, the restraint, the fortitude shown by a man's mother cause him to marvel, if ever he thinks of them.

But seldom it is that he remembers. She has been so associated with his life that all she does seems natural. He dis-

plays no gratitude, and she expects none displayed. Only, when a man has the right sort of mother, there is instilled in him the strong and steady consciousness that, come what will, he has one friend—and one who will forgive. Barren the man who has not even his mother to turn to when misery shrouds his life.

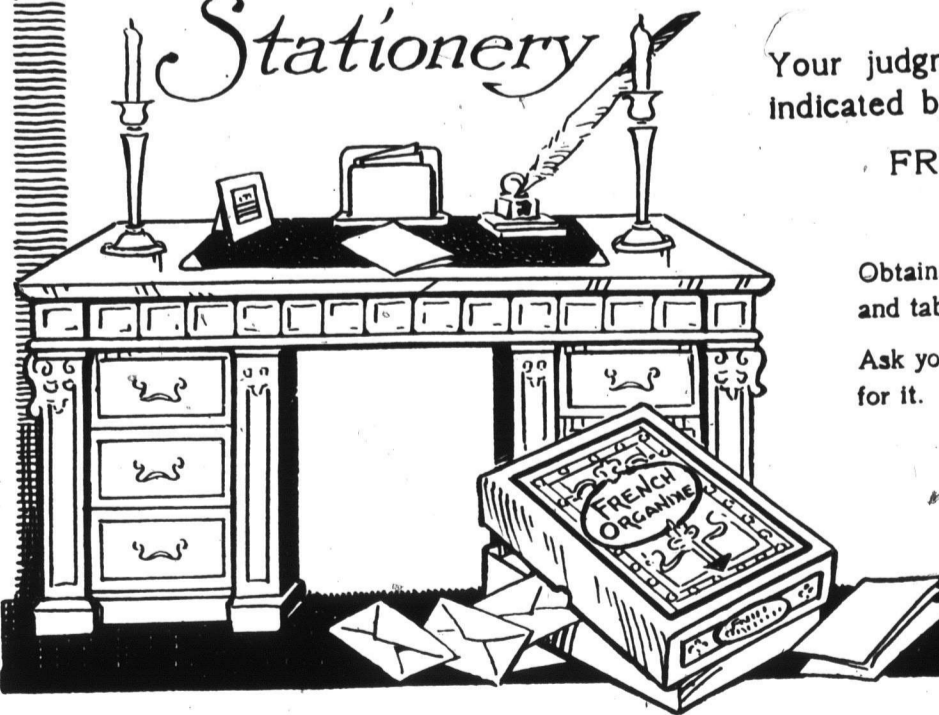
When there is illness she is in her realm of maternity. What needs more attention, more unwearying than a man's mother?

Her touch is gentle, her voice calm and soothing. She anticipates your need almost before you know what it is yourself, and even in extremity her cheer and hopefulness do not fail. Their love is greater than their fear.

Gabriel was peeved. "I have," he said, "blown my trumpet three times and nobody pays any attention to it except to leap to the curbstone and then look to see which way the automobile went."

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## Sunday Reading



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**Women Discard Twenty Dollar**  
Washing Machines for this wonderful \$2.00 Vacuum Washer

Regular Price \$4.00. This advertisement worth \$2.00 if you order at once.

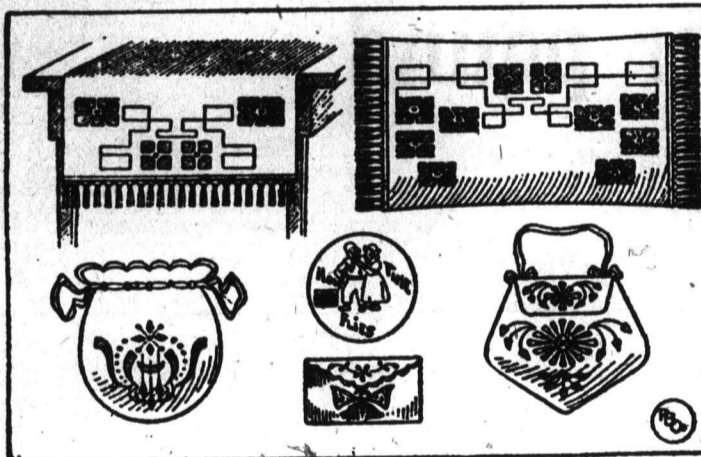
This wonderful vacuum washer will pay for itself the first wash day you use it—we guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. It will wash a tubful of clothes in three minutes. It will wash anything from the heaviest blankets or overalls to the finest laces. It prevents the wear on clothes—prevents back ache and does away altogether with the old drudgery of washdays. No more rubbing—throw away your washboard.

This washer can be used for washing, rinsing, blousing or dry cleaning with gasoline.

Send this advertisement and only \$2.00 to-day, and we will send the \$4.00 Vacuum Clothes Washer, complete with long handle and exhaust protector, postpaid to any address. We want to prove to every woman that this is the best Vacuum Washer. **Don't Wait—Order one to-day. Agents Wanted.**

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"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Roots—druggist calls it "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup"—and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels. Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. At drug stores.

### The Choir of Virtues

"Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."—2 Peter i. 5-7.

What a combination! Each of these virtues has been considered as a gem; and taken up and examined, each by itself, they are thought to be a fine collection of jewels. Ah, these are not single and individual gems, but each is part of a complete and perfect piece of jewellery, wrought out by the hands of the Great Artificer himself, and unless we contemplate them as such in this their combination to each other, and in the beautiful setting which God has given to them—the framework, so to speak, of faith, which is the golden bond that holds them all together, and at the same time not merely illustrates and sets forth the beauty of each, but keeps them and clasps them together—if we do not so contemplate them, we do not get the full Christian idea of the virtues at all.

Or take an illustration from another single word—the word choir. The leader of the chorus is faith, which is, in fact, the foundation of the virtues, and the train is wound up with love, which is the highest aim and culminating point of all Christian virtue.

You observe that faith is the foundation of all Christian character. Taking that broad and fundamental foundation for granted, we are charged to build upon it a structure of moral character under the guidance of God's Word, under the impulse of God's spirit; and this is the process of Christian sanctification, and it is to this process that these words apply.

What, then, are the elements of this Christian character, and these virtues as set forth? I have said that they are all beautifully combined together, and all harmonize in the formation of a perfect character. A very little analysis will, perhaps, suffice to show this still more clearly. Shall I say that we find set forth, first, the duties we owe to ourselves—courage, knowledge, temperance, patience; then the duties we owe to God, summed up in the one single word, godliness or piety; and then the duties we owe to our fellows, summed up in the two other words, brotherly kindness and charity?

Or they might be classed, perhaps, in two divisions: the personal virtues of the Christian and the social virtues of the Christian, as springing out of his faith and leading into it—the personal virtues, courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness; the social virtues, relating to his dealings with his fellows, brotherly kindness and charity.

### The Name of Jesus

By Rev. C. R. W. Scott

God the Father saw that there was a significance in names, that an appropriate one should be given to His Son, wherefore He highly exalted Him, and gave Him a name which is above every name.

The Father, in naming His Son, was careful in the selection. The name Jesus has a pleasant sound in every language. It is simple and beautiful. The lines of the familiar hymn express the thought:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear."

It will never cost the Son His throne. There is a beauty in the name of Jesus which well befits a Prince of Heaven. There will be no necessity to change it in order to have Him exert a greater influence. He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than the angels.

Names originally were given on account of some characteristic of the bearer or incident. Thus Adam means red, indicating that the body was taken from the red ground; Moses, drawn from the water. So the name Jesus was given on account of a main character-

istic. It means Sinner Saviour. He came into the world for the express purpose of saving sinners. He came to set the people free. There are names which still powerfully influence the world, though some of the owners have been dead for centuries. We feel the power of great names. They have a mnemonic power. They call up great deeds and memorable words. The name of Jesus works wonderfully in the world. It calls up to our minds great deeds, words, looks. It has pleasant associations. It has a mnemonic power. It brings before us Bethlehem, Nazareth, Bethany, Gethsemane, Calvary. It stands in the centre, and from it radiate Christ, Immanuel, Saviour, Messiah, Redeemer, Mediator, and all those other precious names. He has glorious titles, but Jesus is the most precious. We do not forget that the best of names are used as a cloak for the ugliest and basest of sins. "Oh! Liberty," said Madame Roland, as she bowed her neck to the guillotine, "what crimes are committed in thy name." It is not strange, then, that many make an injurious use of the name Jesus, when by it they cover fanatical acts and slanderous words. To what unholy uses has it been put!

It is a name of power, and we should use it so as to become power. If in that name the Gentiles trust, if there is none other name given among men whereby we can be saved, if the disciples preached boldly in the name of Jesus and worked miracles, surely we too with it can work wonders. In ancient days the name of a hero was a standard to which men flocked. Mohammed's brought thousands. Napoleon's inspired multitudes. Men were drawn by their potent spell. Jesus is our leader. Will not his name inspire us with courage? Do we want a rallying cry? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a watchword? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a name to inscribe upon our banners? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a name that will give strength in the midst of battle? Here it is—Jesus. Do we want a name that will terrify our foes? Here it is—Jesus. It is truly a name of power, for at the name of Jesus all the hosts of Heaven and the myriads of the human race who still live, or have lived, or shall live, are to bend the knee; and every tongue is to confess, either voluntarily or by force—even the wrath of men shall praise Thee—that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

### "Upsettin' Sins"

Dr. McCosh (now President of Princeton College) tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's 'besettin', not upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

### Heaven's Joy Over the Saved

By Dr. Ide

"A child lost in the forest!" Such was the cry which startled the inhabitants of a remote and thinly-populated district in the wilderness. On a bright summer morning, a little boy belonging to a family residing in the outskirts of the settlement, left his home to gather flowers along the banks of a neighboring stream. Absorbed in his sport, and enticed on, now by a bed of cowslips, and now by a hillock blushing with violets, he strayed farther and farther; heedless of the distance, until he had passed beyond the clearing into the deep, pathless woods that environed it. Here he soon became completely bewildered, and, in his fruitless endeavors to retrace his steps, wandered away among the wild solitudes that

Continued on Page 43

**Sunday Reading**

*Continued from Page 42*

stretched unbroken to the mountains. At noon his parents missed him; yet as he was often thus absent, the circumstances occasioned no special concern. But when the shadows of evening began to settle upon the valleys, they grew anxious and went forth to seek him. Unable to discover him anywhere in the open ground, they were forced to admit the agonizing fact that he was lost in the tangled depths of the forest. The alarm was given, and every neighbor came at the summons. After a search of three days, the child was found, faint and famished, and well-nigh dead with weariness and terror. With songs and shouts they bore him back in their arms, swift runners going before, and crying "Found, found!" The entire hamlet was stirred by the tidings, and broke forth into thanksgivings. All participated in the happiness of the parents; and though there were a hundred children in the settlement, more joy was felt that night over the one little wanderer rescued from death, than over the ninety and nine that had been exposed to no danger.

This touching incident well illustrates the joy of angels over the repentant sinner—that thrill of rapture every conversion sends through all the ranks of the blessed. And why do they rejoice? Conversion brings a new servant to their Lord. It is the accession of a new individual to that holy kingdom of which God and His Christ are the head. Satan loses a vassal, and God reclaims a subject. In every individual converted and saved, they also behold a living manifestation of divine mercy, a new trophy in the temple of Christ's praise, a new jewel added to His crown, a new star lighted up in the firmament of His glory. And then, as they reflect on the misery he escapes, the gloom, and the flame, and the groans of the prison-house from which he has been delivered, and think of the overflowing glories and transports of a blessed immortality awaiting him in their happy society, is it any wonder that they should burst forth in triumphant hosannas, and make all heaven ring with this outgushing joy.

We may illustrate this by an incident which occurred in connection with the wreck of the ill-fated steamer *Central America*. A few days after that startling event, which sent hundreds to a watery grave, and plunged the nation in grief, a pilot-boat was seen, on a fair, breezy morning, standing up the bay of New York. The very appearance of the vessel gave token that she was freighted with tidings of no common interest. With every sail set, and streamers flying, she leaped along the waters as if buoyant with some great joy; while the glad winds that swelled her canvas, and the sparkling waves that kissed her sides, and urged her on her way, seemed to laugh with conscious delight. As she drew nearer an unusual excitement was visible on her deck; and her captain, running out to the extreme point of the bowsprit, and swinging his cap, appeared to be shouting something with intense earnestness and animation. At first, the distance prevented his being distinctly understood. But soon, as the vessel came farther into the harbor, the words, "Three more saved! Three more saved!" reached the nearest listeners. They were caught up by the crews of the multitudinous ships that lay anchored around, and sailors sprang wildly into the rigging and shouted, "Three more saved!" They were heard on the wharves; and the porter threw down his load, and the drayman stopped his noisy cart, and shouted, "Three more saved!" The tidings ran along the streets; and the newsboys left off crying the last murder, and shouted, "Three more saved!" Busy salesmen dropped their goods, book-keepers their pens, bankers their discounts, tellers their gold, and merchants, hurrying on the stroke of the last hour of grace to pay their notes, paused in their headlong haste, and shouted, "Three more saved!" Louder and louder grew the cry—fast and faster it spread—along the crowded piers of the Hudson and East River—up by the graves of Trinity, the hotels of Broadway, the marble palaces of the Fifth Avenue—over the heights of

Brooklyn—across to Hoboken and Jersey City—away, away, beyond tower and pinnacle, beyond mansion and temple, beyond suburb and hamlet—till a million hearts pulsed with its thrill, and above all the sounds of the vast metropolis, mightier than all, hushing all, rose the great, exultant shout, "Three more saved! Three more saved!"

If cold and selfish men will thus stop short in the eager quest of gain or of pleasure, to let the voice of humanity speak out, and to express their joy that three fellow-beings have been rescued from the ocean depths, shall we deem it an incredible thing that the holy and loving denizens of heaven should rejoice when a sinner repents, and is delivered from the abyss of hell? Events analogous to that which I have described, though unseen by mortal eye, and unheard by mortal ear, are continually taking place in our world. Angel messengers—blest pilots from the haven of eternal peace—are ever visiting the earth on missions of mercy. They come, not to note the changes in secular affairs, the ebb and flow of temporal weal, the vicissitudes of politics and the revolutions of states; but to watch the conflict of God's Spirit with impenitence and sin. Wherever that conflict is going on, thither they bend their flight, there they

fix their steadfast gaze. No matter whether the individual in whose bosom it is waged be high or low, rich or poor. He may be a prince or a peasant, a Dives or a Lazarus, a lord in his hall, a beggar in his garret, a slave in his chains. Whoever he be, he has a soul, an immortal soul, a soul for which the Powers of Heaven and Hell are battling—and that is enough. With absorbing interest they observe the struggle. While they look kingdoms may rise and fall, statesmen win and lose, fortunes spring up and crumble, financial disaster stride through the nations, and gaunt famine scare the world. But they heed it not. A soul, a soul is in the crisis of its destiny; and that is infinitely more important in their view than any crisis of commerce or of empire. On that soul they fasten all their regards. They see it resisting. They see it wavering. They see it shaken and convulsed. They see it conquered. They see it fall prostrate before the cross. They see the tear of contrition drop from the eye. They hear the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," burst from the heaving breast. And then their golden wings rustle. Up, up toward heaven they mount with the joyful message, "One more saved!" Other celestial bands, returning from similar errands, join

them on the way, and help to swell the shout, "One more saved!" Up, up goes the shining squadron—by stars and planets—beyond suns and systems—up to the great capital of the universe—ever chanting, as it goes, "One more saved!" The watchers on the crystal battlements catch the news, and proclaim it to the listening throngs within. They publish it in turn. Angel tells it to angel, prophet to prophet, apostle to apostle, martyr to martyr, saint to saint. Choirs of harpers sing it to each other from the hill-tops of glory. On, on the tidings fly—over the flowery plains, along the banks of the River of Life—along the sapphire pavements—by the emerald palaces—through the glittering ranks of cherubim and seraphim—up to the very throne of Divinity itself—till all heaven echoes and throbs with the mighty anthem, "One more saved!" And thus "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

**Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.**—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

# ALTERATION SALE

## Resumed at the HOUSE OF McLEAN



**NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY YOUR PIANO**

Piano costs, like everything else, keep advancing. There is a temptation for many dealers to substitute inferior instruments to maintain the old prices.

In this sale we are clearing pianos of the well-known House of McLean Standard, at less than regular prices. Don't delay your purchase. Write at once for particulars of pianos, prices and terms. Fill out and mail the coupon.

### Bonspiel Visitors

Visitors to the City during the annual Bonspiel are cordially invited to visit our show rooms—the musical headquarters for teachers, students, and lovers of music.



The West's Greatest Music House  
The Home of the Heintzman & Co.,  
Piano and the Victrola

Dept. W  
329 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG

Work on the big addition to our store has been suspended since the first week in December. The big rush of an unusually heavy Christmas trade in every department made this necessary. This was followed by our annual stocktaking. Now that it has been completed, alterations have been resumed.

## Heavy Stocks of High Grade PIANOS

Specially Priced **\$395.00** Up from - - - - -

Our piano stocks must now be cleared in earnest and cleared quickly. All instruments in our exchange department are marked well down. All lines of new pianos in which we are heavily stocked, are generously reduced.

### A Legitimate Clearance

No departure is being made in this sale from the House of McLean policy of avoiding all spurious sale schemes and questionable selling methods. Our regular prices are too low to permit of constant price changes. But the actual conditions due to the extension and remodelling of our premises have forced us to reduce prices wherever possible in order to clear. Our special values are all the more attractive for this reason, and we would advise every prospective piano purchaser to

FILL IN THE COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY

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Gentlemen:—  
Please send me full particulars of your "Alteration Sale" Piano Values.

Name .....

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## About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

### THE HOTBED

The time will soon be upon us when hotbeds will be the topic engaging our attention. The increasing popularity of horticulture, which is an excellent sign of the times, indicating as it does the fact that our farms in the West are becoming homes where the raising of vegetables is an attractive occupation, will necessitate the more extensive use of hotbeds for the early starting of the various lines of the farm garden.

The first step in the making of a hotbed is that of choosing a good location, which should be on the south side of a wall of a building, or some other effective obstacle to the north winds, and which should ensure the obtaining of the full amount of sunshine. When such a location has been satisfactorily decided upon, the frame will be the next consideration, and a good one can be made

out of two-inch planks. The frame should be made so that the glass sashes have a southern slope, the southern side being six inches lower than the northern. This plan ensures the better reception of the sun's rays and also sheds the rain from the glass quickly, thus removing what would otherwise be an obstruction to the sunshine subsequent to the shower.

In regard to the size of the sashes, three by six feet is considered a good type of frame. It is very important to see that there is no depression that will conduct water in such a manner that it will lie around the hotbed. Below-ground hotbeds are generally preferred where the land is well drained. To make such a hotbed, the soil should be removed, leaving a hole about eighteen inches deep, so that it will accommodate the frame and leave three feet of space for the purpose of banking, as the suc-

cessful conservation of the heat depends largely on the construction of the banking.

The manure recommended as the best kind for the making of a hotbed is horse manure. It should be fresh, and piled in some place near the site chosen for the hotbed, and should be turned when it begins to heat to obtain uniformity of character. After about a week of this treatment it should be hot enough for use.

Now comes the part filling in of the excavation, which should be done by carefully building a layer of well-mixed manure and giving it a thorough tramping, while each succeeding layer should be similarly treated until about a foot of well-tramped manure is in. After this, the frame should be placed in position and the inside and outside of the frame well banked with manure. On the outside of the frame the manure should be a little over a foot in width and come to the top of the frame. All is now ready for the fitting of the lights which should be well fitting. In a few days the sashes should be removed so that

another tramping may be given the manure, and the soil put on to a depth of about six inches over the manure. The soil should be up to the lower level of the frame, but this will not mean that the space for the plants will be cramped, for there will be a subsequent settling of the manure which will provide the necessary space. In a little under a week the hotbed will be ready for the seed, but it is advisable to wait until the temperature has fallen to about 85 degrees F. It is as well, during the hottest period of the starting of the hotbed, to raise the sashes a little every day in order to allow some of the superfluous heat to escape. It is a mistake to start sowing the seed if the temperature is too high. Before sowing, give the soil a spading and raking over to obtain as true a level as possible.

The critical period is when the young plants appear for they must not be allowed to damp off, and at favorable opportunities the back of the sash should be raised to give them an airing, but not to the extent of chilling them.

### The Choice of Varieties

The choosing of varieties for the vegetable garden, orchard and flower garden involves a similar investigation to that required in the purchasing of a pure-bred cow, viz., record proved by test. There are many kinds of garden varieties in the West, some good and some otherwise; while experimenters are working from year to year obtaining results and arriving at decisions in regard to the merits of the varieties tested. Therefore, it is as well for the intending garden makers of the future to probe by the experience of experimenters who are carefully investigating a given number of varieties from year to year which is a more commendable policy than acting upon results obtained from certain varieties during one season of extraordinary conditions in favor of growth.

It is the weathering of adverse conditions as well as behaviour under favorable conditions, in fact, the law of averages, that counts. The following list of varieties includes those which have been subject to the test of a number of years covering varied weather conditions, and are found to be commendable:

#### Onions

Large Red Wethersfield, Danvers Yellow Globe, Extra Early Red, Yellow Globe, Red Globe, White Globe.

#### Potatoes

Main Crop—Wee McGregor, Empire State.  
Early — Early Bovee, Early Ohio, Hamilton Early.

#### Cabbage

Early Paris Market, Copenhagen Market, Early Jersey Wakefield, Kildonan.

#### Peas

Early Pilot, Gregory Surprise, Thomas Laxton, Sutton Excelsior, Rivenhall Wonder, American Wonder, Premium Gem, Stratagem, Telephone.

#### Tomatoes

Earliana, Chalk Early Jewel.

#### Corn

Golden Bantam, Early Malcolm, Fordhook Early, Pocahontas, Squaw (for earliness), Malakoff (medium early).

#### Carrots

Half Long Chantenay, Improved Nantes.

#### Small Fruits

##### Currants

Red—Red Cross, Red Dutch, Raby Castle, Cumberland Red.  
White—Large White, White Cherry, White Grape.  
Black—Magnus, Climax, Eagle, Kerry, Eclipse.

##### Gooseberries

Houghton, Downing.

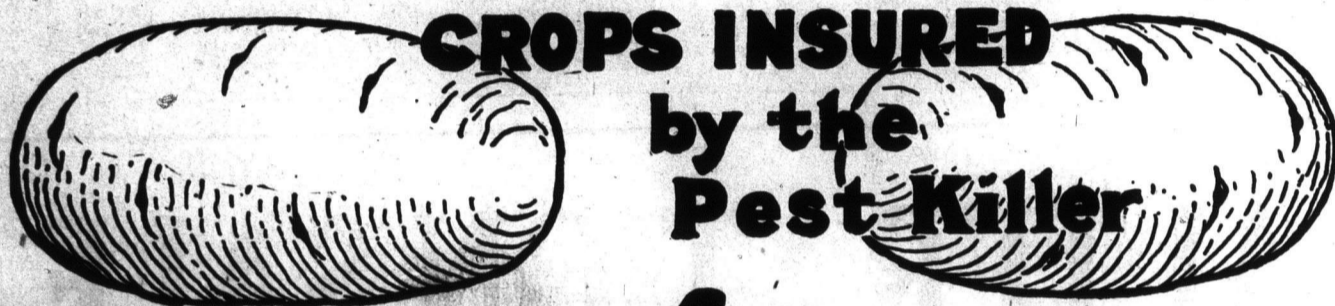
##### Raspberries

Caroline (yellow), Sunbeam, Ironclad, Herbert, Miller, Turner.

##### Strawberries

Senator Dunlap, Bederwood, Pocomoke, Americus (everbearing).

Continued on Page 45



## CROPS INSURED by the Pest-Killer

# Spramotor

It isn't a SPRAMOTOR unless we made it

**YOU CAN** get two or three times the crop with the help of a Spramotor, and not only that, but every one will be a better specimen.

This applies to all fruits and vegetables as well as potatoes, and your Spramotor will kill mustard and other weeds, besides spraying on paint and whitewash six times as quick as by brush.

**FREE** Write for Crop Disease Booklet and Government report on spraying.

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Just a few pounds on the handle means tons on the stump. When stump starts, throw machine into high speed and out comes the biggest stump, roots and all. Positively no other machine like it. Has special, patented features. Recommended by leading Agricultural Schools and Forestry Bureaus. Why have stumps when you can now pull them so easily, quickly and cheaply?

**use a  
Kirstin Stump Puller**

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PULL STUMPS AT 5¢!

Labor scarcity no longer prevents ANY man pulling STUMPS! One man alone handles, operates this famous Kirstin one-man CLUTCH Stump Puller! No help needed! No horses! Leverage principle gives man giant's power—enables you to pull stumps big, little, green, rotten, low-cut, tap-rooted—or brush! Pulls them quickly! EASILY! CHEAPLY!! A record breaking 30 Days FREE TRIAL to prove astounding superiority! Clear one acre from one anchor—think of it! No longer is labor scarcity a good excuse for stumps.

**WRITE FOR THIS BIG FREE BOOK**  
Now, send for this big FREE book which illustrates and describes the famous Kirstin puller. Tells how farmers made from \$300 to \$500, from a few acres of newly cleaned land. Write for it to-day.

**A. J. KIRSTIN CANADIAN COMPANY**  
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**Amazing Offer!**  
To prove these claims, we will ship you any size or style Kirstin on THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL—not one penny in advance. If pleased pay low price in small monthly payments. If not pleased, return at our expense.

**Cheapest Way to Clear Land**  
A. J. Kirstin Canadian Co.  
1115 Dennis Street Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

About the Farm

Continued from Page 44  
The Flower Garden

However much other matters call for attention, it should be every farmer's endeavor to have a flower garden, as it is one of the big influences toward refinement on the farm. A few well-chosen groups is preferable to having the garden a mass of clashing colors which only go to defeat the object of the garden as a beauty spot on the farm. The chief aim should be to get a rotation of bloom, one that will start early and last the greater part of the season. Irises are hardy, need no winter protection and make a most attractive display of bloom. The roots rapidly increase in number and fresh plantations may be made from such surplus roots. A border of irises interspaced by peonies will prove a good combination, for as the irises cast their blooms the blooms of the peonies will be in evidence. The latter blooms will be at their best about the end of June.

A few annuals are a good addition to the flower garden, and among the most attractive are Sweet Peas. The following varieties are of outstanding merit:

- Mrs. C. W. Beardmore (creamy white, pink edge).
- Elfrida Pearson (salmon pink).
- Charles Foster (pink, mauve and rose).
- Nora Unwin (pure white).
- Rose du Barri (rich rose).
- Lady Grisel Hamilton (pale lavender).
- Queen Victoria (primrose).
- Decorator (rose, salmon shade).
- Captivation Spencer (red, tinged purple).
- Florence Nightingale (deep lavender).

Sweet Peas furnish a very pleasing vase bouquet and the home may be considerably brightened by their presence. They have a very abundant supply of bacon, and it benefits the vines to pick them frequently. One can make a very pretty colored hedge by driving stakes at about four foot intervals, each stake having another one set about six inches behind it, thus making a double row. The stakes should be three feet high and have three strands of twine like a wire fence. The Sweet Peas will climb and cling to these strands, eventually making a hedge.

Roses

Roses have been a most attractive floral decoration since the earliest days of history. They have ever been a favorite subject for poets and artists, and are the floral emblem of England. There are several varieties which are winning favor in the West, and among them may be mentioned Paul Neyron, Mrs. Cornwallis West, New Century, Magna Charta, Frau Carl Druski, Persian Yellow, Mrs. Anthony Waterer, General Jacqueminot.

Implements

The question of implements is a hard one to answer at times; there are so many of them that claim particular merit that the array that eventually presents itself before us for inclusion in our spring purchases becomes formidable.

The plow, harrow, seeder, mower and binder are necessary, of course, but there is another that deserves a place on all farms, and one that has rendered meritorious service to the country, viz., the duck-foot cultivator. This implement cuts out the weeds in a most efficient manner and leaves a clean job. The profitable work it performs soon compensates for the outlay involved in its purchase. Where thistles are prevalent and become a menace to the whole farm, the duck-foot cultivator can be made to ensure a black summerfallow by progressive strips of about four feet each trip across the field.

When fighting odd patches of noxious weeds in a field, this implement commends itself, as the teeth may be raised up between the wheels to enable free transportation, and in that way each patch may be cultivated out, the teeth

raised and not lowered again until the next patch is reached, thus eliminating the danger of dragging and scattering a certain amount of the weeds between the various patches visited as would be the case if a drag harrow was used.

In regard to all farm implements, a judicious use of the oil can and axle grease is an important factor in prolonging their length of service. Where there is an accumulation of dirt and grease, it should be removed, as there will most likely be grit in the mixture, and such grit grinds away the bearings. An occasional cleaning up of the various parts by the use of some rag and coal oil is cheaper than repairs, and is to be strongly advocated.

Another important factor in the conservation of all kinds of farm machinery is that of shelter from the weather. It is a wise plan to run every implement that comes to the yard under cover at once just for the sake of setting a precedent, for it just takes one piece of machinery left out in the yard to start a habit, and though a few minutes may be saved in leaving it to stand just where the team was unhitched, it will likely have a few companions in a day

or so, and in addition to the fact that they form an eyesore, they will suffer depreciation by "weathering" unnecessarily for the length of time they are idle and unprovided with shelter.

The average period of usefulness of farm machinery is said to be five years, while, by the use of shelter this period may be lengthened to ten years. Some implements have their own paint and the clouds as their year-round protection, hence the tremendous wastage of material. The old axiom, "Money saved is money earned," holds good where shelter for machinery is provided.

A good many farmers may not feel disposed to make a big outlay in the building of an implement shed, as they probably feel that farming involves perpetual building operations, but a shelter of some sort for the protection of their machinery will return a saving in their incomes which will justify the establishment of the building in question. A rough shelter of spare lumber culled from odd corners of the farm will act as a buffer between the weather and the farm machinery, and while it may not boast of great structural magnificence,

Continued on Page 46

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A SOLID PROPOSITION to send new, well made, easy running, perfect skimming separator for only \$19.95. Closely skims warm or cold milk. Makes heavy or light cream. Bowl a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned. Different from picture, which illustrates larger capacity machines. See our easy

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Set with rose bud or Rex member. Free also for the both for \$1.00. Rex member \$1.00. Rex member \$1.00. Rex member \$1.00.  
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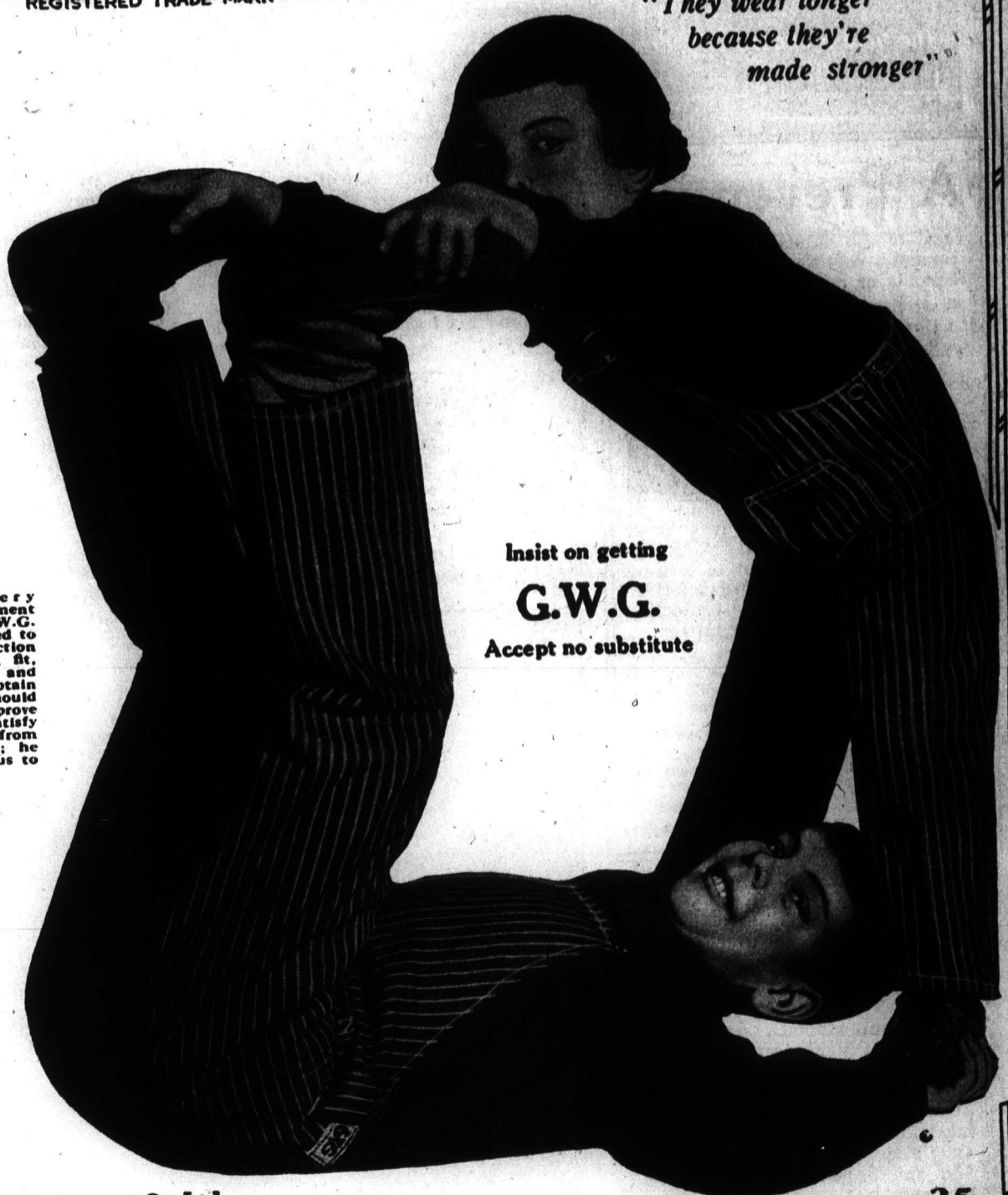
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EDMONTON, ALTA.

25

**About the Farm**

*Continued from Page 45*

if it is situated on a well-drained piece of land it will be a worth-while proposition. On the other hand, the price of many a shed is lost through the depreciation of idle machinery.

Long intervals between oiling are naturally detrimental, and a good plan to establish is to have an oiler attached to each and every implement. The writer has experienced the advantage of rounding up a number of tin cans and making them into little buckets by means of copper wire handles. These buckets can be hung on the implements and oil cans carried in them safely.

**Starting in Poultry Keeping**

With the advent of spring, many minds will turn toward the question of poultry keeping. The idea that this climate is unsuitable for the keeping of poultry has not been fulfilled, as it proves to be not only suitable, but exceptionally favorable for this line of work. The extremes of climate at times experienced in the prairie provinces is not a great drawback to the successful keeping of poultry, for it is the old story of acclimatization over again, and we are raising breeds of fowls that are well able to tide over the extremes of cold and heat, and give a good account of themselves.

In regard to accommodation, the cotton-fronted poultry house is to be strongly recommended, and intending poultry keepers would do well to start with such a building, as it has been repeatedly demonstrated that hens kept in this type of house will lay in very cold weather, which is a surprise to many people. A cotton-fronted house facing south has the advantage of having the full share of sunshine, together with a continuous share of fresh air. Hens kept in an old log shack during the winter may be fairly warm, but this advantage is outweighed by the fact that they are in bad air just as long as they stay inside.

Poultry keeping has not been taken very seriously in the past by a great number of people. There are tons of scraps thrown away as garbage that would go far to feed hens and give the householders a fair supply of eggs. Of course, a certain amount of time must be pledged when poultry keeping is undertaken, otherwise failure will soon attend the enterprise, as feeding anyhow and at any time is fatal to success. Many a poultry keeper with a small flock, backed up with the right kind of enthusiasm, has found his investment a worth-while side line.

**Ready-Made**

There was a gate in the hedge—a beautiful wrought-iron gate. The girl shut it with a bang as she passed through. She went straight across the road to the small town bungalow that she had named Comfort Corner. Her cheeks were hot and her eyes full of smouldering anger.

"I'll never try to explain anything to Aunt Helena again!" she exclaimed.

The gray-haired woman who was the heart of Comfort Corner waited silently. There are many kinds of silence; this one held understanding and sympathy and a deep wisdom; great affection, too, and a bit of humor that was wholly tender. The girl pulled off her hat and leaned against a pillar of the piazza; gradually the whole tenseness about her mouth softened and her whole figure relaxed.

"How do you do it?" she asked with a whimsical smile. "I feel cooled off and smoothed down already, and you haven't said a word."

"It doesn't need words," her friend answered.

"Yes, it does—on my side. The smoothing-down process isn't permanent; it hasn't penetrated any distance; the moment I pass through your hedge I shall be all prickles again."

"Suppose you tell me," Miss Percival suggested.

The girl paid no attention to the suggestion for several minutes; then suddenly she burst out:

"It's all very well to buy ready-made clothes and furnish your house according to ready-made designs, and buy ready-made opinions on music and literature and art in the most exclusive clubs, but no one—no one—has any right to ready-made opinions about other persons. It's—it's treating you like a criminal, Miss Percival. I knew, of course, Aunt Helena never could fully understand about that meeting I went to with Stanley Clark, but she wouldn't let me explain one thing about it. 'I have my opinion about young women who go to socialist meetings,' she said the moment she saw me. And when I tried to explain that it wasn't a socialist meeting, but was an open forum on the wage question, she simply repeated, 'I don't care to hear anything about it. I know all I care to know.' And she didn't know one single fact. She had just made up her mind beforehand, and when I tried to point out that her ready-made mind didn't fit me, she simply—closed her eyes. I have my opinion of people—who do that way about things!"

"Ready-made?" Miss Percival interrupted with a smile that robbed it of any sting.

The girl turned a startled face to her. "I wonder!" she said.

**The Ancient Optimist**

The way was long, the wind was cold, The minstrel was infirm and old, But still he chortled loud with glee, 'Twas twice as cold in '43!"

When a mother detects from the writhings and fretting of a child that worms are troubling it, she can procure no better remedy than Miller's Worm Powders, which are guaranteed to totally expel worms from the system. They may cause vomiting, but this need cause no anxiety, because it is but a manifestation of their thorough work. No worms can long exist where these Powders are used.

**THIN PEOPLE NEED BITRO-PHOSPHATE**

**Increases Weight, Strength and Nerve Force in Two Weeks Time in Many Instances**

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern



foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes ought to brighten, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health. Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was once thin and frail, reporting her own experience, writes: "Bitro-Phosphate has brought about a magic transformation with me. I gained 15 pounds and never before felt so well."

CAUTION—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

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applied to cuts and bruises helps Nature to heal herself, taking the soreness out of bruises, preventing infection where the protecting skin is cut or broken.

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**The Bread of Life**

**The Hand of God in the War**

"Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington, on account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor of Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the 19th century. Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided. Waterloo was not a battle, but a transformation of the universe." So wrote Victor Hugo in one of his splendid chapters on Waterloo in his Les Miserables. He traced the Hand of God in the career and downfall of Napoleon, and now that it is over we can trace the same Hand in our great war. This intervention was often obscured as the Allies were muddling through it, but now that we have reached the summit of victory we can look back over it and see Divine Providence in luminous lines.

**The Stubborn Belgians and English**

When Germany let loose her gray floods following her sudden declaration of war, she sent them at first, not against France, but against neutral and innocent Belgium to which she had herself pledged integrity, expecting to meet with little or no resistance, and pour through her gates into France. But to her surprise and almost fatal delay she struck against the steel gates and brave soldiers of Belgium and was thus held up for days during which France and England were hurriedly mobilizing their troops. These Belgian forts and soldiers were the first surprise and shock to the Germans, a rock in their path that prepared the way for their final fall. Even more unexpected and obstructive of the swift march to Paris was the appearance of the English in the fields of Flanders. Germany had not counted on this at all, but believed that the English were only a little handful of "contemptibles" that would be quickly swept from her path. When Bismarck was asked at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 what he would do if the English came over to join the French, he replied, "We would send out the police and arrest them." This was the scornful spirit in which the Germans viewed the English at the outbreak of this war, but again they showed their stupid ignorance of international psychology and fell into the second pit that prepared the way for their ruin. Those few English not only mowed down the advancing hordes of Germans and again delayed them, but they were the forerunners of a mighty host that at last overwhelmed their boastful enemies. These two obstructions and delays went far towards preventing the quick capture of Paris by which the Germans hoped to win the war almost at a stroke. Was not the Hand of God in them?

**The Mystery of the Marne**

Who knows yet just what happened at the first battle of the Marne that so suddenly and unexpectedly turned the Germans from the very gates of Belgium and almost destroyed the pitiful handful of English who had bravely laid down their lives to obstruct their onward rush, and now they were surging right up against the walls of Paris. A few more hours and they would have shut it up as they did in 1871 and its fate would have been sealed, and possibly the fate of the Allies would have been settled before autumn winds turned chill. But suddenly something happened,

it is not yet clear just what it was. Von Kluck turned his army southward so as to leave a gap undefended and his flank was exposed, and Joffre was quick to see the opening and drove into it a wedge that split the enemy and sent it backward never again to get a glimpse of Paris. That was the real turning point of the war, like the "high-tide at Gettysburg," and the fate of Germany was settled that day. Yet why the plans of the Germans went amiss in the very hour of victory is yet unexplained and is probably the greatest single mystery of the war. But God stood in the center of that mystery, and probably more light will yet make this plain.

**Other Critical Points**

There were other critical points in the war at which we can now see Divine interposition. When the great drive of the Germans, that was so loudly advertised as the final drive for Paris and victory was let loose in March of 1918, there was a time when the point at which the English and French troops joined was left practically undefended and the Germans might have poured through; but they were again strangely ignorant of the situation or feared treachery and failed to take advantage of the fatal gap and lost another opportunity to achieve a decisive stroke. Then came the second battle of the Marne when the Germans again seemed on the point of breaking through to Paris, and this time it was the Americans, another body of soldiers that the Germans affected to despise, that rushed to the assistance of the retreating French and turned the tide, which was never to turn back until the beaten Germans stood dejected before General Foch and begged for any terms of peace.

We now know that two or three times during the war the fate of the Allies was trembling in the balance. In March of 1918 the English sent word over to Mr. Hoover that they had food for only three weeks and would then be down and out of the war. When Secretary Baker came back from his first visit to France in 1918 he brought back word that turned the face of President Wilson white, and started troops over the Atlantic at the rate of 300,000 a month. More than once we were near the edge of a fatal precipice, and only the Hand of God kept us from going over.

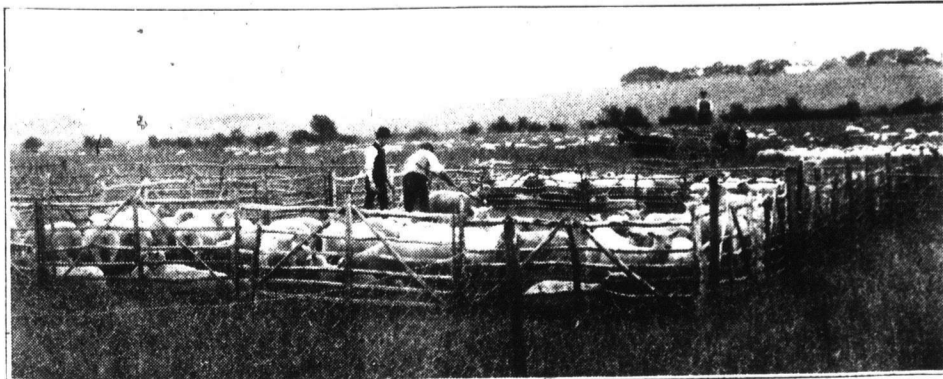
The words of Victor Hugo have again come true. Was it possible for the Kaiser to win this war? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Haig and Petain and Pershing and Foch? No; on account of God. A German triumph in this war did not harmonize with the law of the 20th century. The Kaiser had been denounced in infinitude. God had sent his decree and the stars were marching against him. The Marne was not a battle, but a transformation of the universe.

"Who won the war?"

Our tanks, our cannon, our swords,  
Say not it was our iron and steel,  
These could not hold the hordes,  
'Twas God."

—James H. Snowden.

**Asthma Victims.** The man or woman subject to asthma is indeed a victim. What can be more terrifying than to suddenly be seized with paroxysms of choking which seem to fairly threaten the existence of life itself. From such a condition Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought many to completely restored health and happiness. It is known and prized in every section of this broad land.



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I have used GOMBULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM for ten years; have been very successful in curing curb, ringbone, capped hock and knee, bad ankles, rheumatism, and almost every cause of lameness in horses. Have a stable of forty head, mostly track and speedway horses, and certainly can recommend it.—C. C. CRAMER, Training Stables, 990 Jennings Street, New York City.

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Chain 71, turn 1 s c in second ch from needle, ch 7 and catch in fifth ch from needle for a picot, ch 8 and picot, ch 2, s c in fifth stitch along foundation; repeat 4 times from \*, ch 5, d c in fourth stitch, ch 3, d c skip 3, d c in next 4 stitches, ch 3, d c in fourth stitch, ch 5, s c in fourth stitch, 4 loops to end.

Second Row—Make a loop with 3 picots, to turn, then 3 loops as usual along the row; ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, 1 d c each in next 3 spaces; ch 5, s c in center of next loop, 4 loops to end, then ch 3, 1 d c in end loop.

Third Row—Four loops, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, 1 s c in fourth d c, 2 loops, catching down in center d c and in fourth d c from end, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, 3 loops to end.

Fourth Row — Make a loop with 3 picots to turn; (always do this at this edge) 2 loops as usual, ch 5, 4 d c over 5 ch, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 3 loops, 5 ch, 4 d c over 5-ch after d c, ch 5, 3 loops to ending, finishing with 3 ch and 1 d c as second row was finished (always do this at this edge).

Fifth Row—Four loops, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 4 loops, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch after d c, ch 5, 2 loops to end.

Sixth Row — Loop to turn, 2 loops

over 5-ch, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 1 loop at end.

Fourteenth Row—One loop to turn, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 2 loops, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch and 8 d c along row, ch 5, d c in each d c and 4 d c over next 5-ch, ch 5, 1 loop.

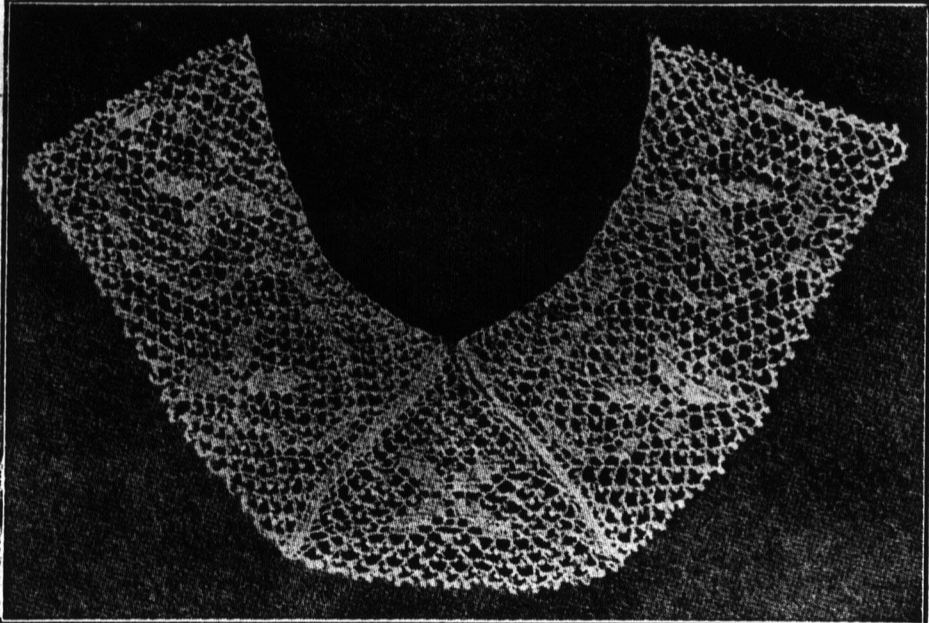
Fifteenth Row—One loop, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch and 1 d c each in next 8 d c, ch 5, s c in final d c of group, ch 5, s c in first d c of next group, ch 5, skip 3 d c, d c in each d c to end and 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, 1 loop, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, 5 ch, 1 loop at end.

Sixteenth Row—Loop to turn, 1 loop along row, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, s c in next loop, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, ch 5, 1 d c each in first 8 d c, ch 5, s c in final d c of group, 1 loop caught down in third space between d c, ch 4, skip first 4 d c of next group, 1 d c in each of others, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 1 loop at end.

Seventeenth Row—Seven loops along row, catching the second in space before first d c group, the third in space after same group, and catching each end of sixth loop in similar manner to the next d c group, and the seventh in the 5 ch; ch 5, 4 d c over next 5-ch, ch 5, s c in next 5-ch, 2 loops to end.

Eighteenth Row—Loop to turn, 2 loops along row; ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch after d c, ch 3,, d c in center of next loop, ch 3, d c in same loop, ch 5, 5 loops to end.

Nineteenth Row—Four loops, ch 5, d c in center of next loop, ch 3, d c in same loop, ch 3, d c over 5-ch, ch 3,



along row; ch, 5 d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 4 loops, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, 3 loops to end.

Seventh Row—Three loops, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 1 loop, 5 ch and 1 d c, in center of each loop 3 times, 5 ch, d c in each d c, ch 5, 2 loops to end.

Eighth Row—Loop to turn and 1 loop along row; ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch and 1 d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch; 1 loop, ch 3, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 5, s c in next loop, 1 loop, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, after 4 d c, ch 5, 2 loops to end.

Ninth Row—Three loops, 3 ch, d c in each d c, 3 ch, s c over 5-ch, 1 loop, 5 ch, 4 d c over 5 ch and 1 d c in each d c, ch 5, s c in center of next loop, 1 loop, ch 5, 1 d c each in last 4 d c, ch 5, s c in next loop, 1 loop to end.

Tenth Row—Loop to turn and 1 loop along row; ch 3, d c in each d c, ch 3, s c over 5-ch, 2 loops, ch 5, skip 4 d c, 1 d c each in next 8 d c, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, s c in next loop, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, 2 loops to end.

Eleventh Row—Three loops, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, 1 d c each in first 8 d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 2 loops, 5 ch, 4 d c in 4 d c, ch 5, 1 loop at end.

Twelfth Row—Loop to turn; ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, 5 ch, s c over 5-ch, 3 loops, ch 5, s c in fourth d c, ch 5, 4 d c over 5 ch between d c, ch 5, 1 s c in last d c, ch 5, 2 loops to end.

Thirteenth Row—Two loops, ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 5-ch, ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 5-ch, ch 5, 2 loops, ch 5, s c

4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 5, s c over 5-ch after d c, 3 loops.

Twentieth Row—Loop to turn and 4 loops along row, catching last in fifth d c of group; ch 5, 4 d c each in next 4 spaces, ch 5, s c in next loop, ch 5, s c in next loop, 2 loops.

Twenty-first Row—Two loops, ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 5, s c in fourth d c, 7 loops, catching first in eighth d c, second in 5-ch.

Twenty-second Row—Loop to turn and 7 loops along row; ch 5, d c in fifth d c, ch 3, 4 d c in space after d c, ch 5, 1 loop.

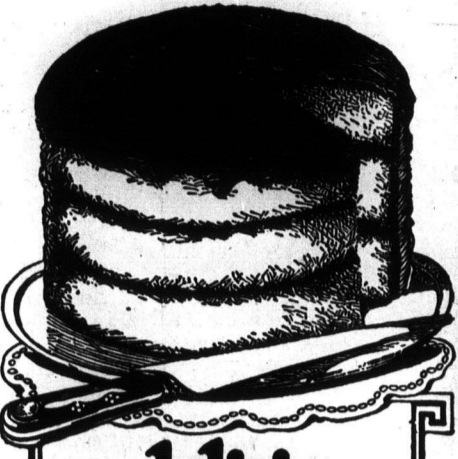
Twenty-third Row — One loop, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, s c in space after d c, 2 loops, ch 5, d c in same loop with last s c but after final picot, ch 3, d c in next loop, ch 5, s c in next loop, 1 loop, ch 5, 2 d c in next loop separated by 3 ch, ch 5, 1 loop.

Twenty-fourth Row — Loop to turn, made with 4 picots; ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 3, s c in next space, 1 loop, ch 5, 4 d c in next 2 spaces, ch 5, 2 loops, ch 5, d c over 5-ch, ch 3, d c in each d c, 1 loop.

Twenty-fifth Row — One loop, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c in second space, 2 loops, ch 5, 4 d c in next space, 1 d c in each d c, ch 3, 2 d c separated by 3 ch in next loop, ch 5, d c in each d c, 4 d c in next space, ch 5, s c in last loop.

Twenty-sixth Row—Loop to turn made with 4 picots and caught down in first d c; ch 5, skip 3 d c, d c in each of

*Continued on Page 49*



a delicious  
**COCOA CAKE**  
 try it yourself


**DIRECTIONS**

**CHOCOLATE CAKE**

1/2 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs, mix 1/2 teaspoon soda with 1/4 cup sweet milk, mix 1 1/2 teaspoons cocoa with 4 teaspoons hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt. Mix yolks, butter and sugar, add milk, soda, flour and salt; beaten whites of eggs last. Use a cocoa or colored icing for filling and cover cake with same.

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Work for Busy Fingers

Continued from Page 48

others, 4 d c in next space; ch 3, 4 d c in second space, 1 d c in each d c leaving 4 d c at end; ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 2 loops, ch 5, d c over 5-ch, ch 2, d c in each d c, 1 loop.

Twenty-seventh Row—One loop, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 3 loops, ch 5, skip first 4 d c, d c in each of others, ch 3, 8 d c along row, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 1 loop.

Twenty-eighth Row—Loop with 4 picots to turn; 1 loop, ch 5, d c in fifth d c, ch 3, 4 d c in next space, ch 3, d c in fourth d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 3 loops, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, s c in space after d c, 1 loop.

Twenty-ninth Row—Two loops, ch 2, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 3 loops, ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 3, 4 d c in next space, ch 5, s c in next space, 2 loops.

Thirtieth Row—Loop with 4 picots, and 1 loop along row; ch 5, 4 d c in next space, ch 3, d c in fourth d c, ch 3, d c in each d c, 4 d c in next space, ch 5, 2 loops, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, 1 loop.

Thirty-first Row—Two loops, ch 3, d c in each d c, 4 d c in next space; ch 5, 1 loop, ch 5, 4 d c in next space, 1 d c each in next 8 d c, ch 3, d c in last d c of group, ch 3, d c in next d c, ch 3, d c each in next 4 d c, ch 5, 2 loops.

Thirty-second Row—Loop with 4 picots, 1 loop, ch 5, 4 d c over 4 d c, ch 5, s c in second space, 1 loop caught down in first d c, ch 5, skip 3 d c, d c in each of others, ch 5, s c in center of next loop, 1 loop, ch 5, 1 d c each in next 4 d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 2 loops.

Thirty-third Row—Two loops, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 5 loops catching third down in center of d c group, ch 5, 4 d c in space before d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 2 loops.

Thirty-fourth Row—Loop with 4 picots, 2 loops along row; ch 5, 4 d c in space after d c, ch 5, 4 loops, ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 2 loops.

Thirty-fifth Row—Three loops, ch 5, 4 d c in space after d c, ch 5, 3 loops, ch 5, d c over 5-ch, ch 2, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c in next loop, 2 loops.

Thirty-sixth Row—Loop with 4 picots, 2 loops along row; ch 5, d c in each d c, ch 5, s c in second space, 3 loops, ch 5, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, 3 loops.

Thirty-seventh Row—Four loops, ch 5, 4 d c in space after d c, ch 5, s c in next loop, ch 5, 2 d c in next loop separated by 3 ch, ch 3, d c in next loop, ch 3, 4 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, s c in next 5-ch, 3 loops.

Thirty-eighth Row—Loop with 4 picots and 3 loops along row; ch 5, 4 d c each in 6 spaces after d c; ch 5, s c over 5-ch, 4 loops.

Thirty-ninth Row—Five loops, ch 5, d c in fifth d c, ch 3, skip 3 d c, 1 d c each in next 4 d c, \* ch 3, 1 d c in fourth d c along row, repeat once from \*, ch 5, s c in end d c, 4 loops.

Fortieth Row—Ch 5 and make 2 d c in center of each loop, with 3 ch after each d c, and across center of row put in d c as follows: d c over 5-ch, 1 d c each in next 3 d c, 1 d c in end of group, d c in next d c, d c over 5-ch. Work 4 d c in each hole.

The second front of the collar is exactly like this. Back should be made as follows: Ch 6, d c in first ch; turn, ch 5, d c in d c, ch 5, d c in second ch from d c, ch 2, d c in same ch; turn, ch 5, s c in first space, ch 5, s c in next space, ch 5, d c in end.

Fourth Row—Ch 8, s c in first space, 1 picot loop, ch 5, d c in end.

Fifth Row—Ch 8, s c in first space, 2 loops, ch 5, d c in end. Continue in this way, until row has 6 loops across center.

The Star—First Row—Ch 8, d c in first space, 1 loop, \* ch 3, 2 d c separated by 3 ch in next loop, repeat 3 times from \*, ch 3, s c in next loop, 1 loop, ch 5, d c in end.

Second Row—Ch 8, s c in first space, 1 loop, ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 5, s c in second space, 1 loop caught down in second space, ch 5, skip 1 space, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 5, 1 loop, ch 5, d c in end.

Third Row—Ch 8, s c in first space, ch 5, s c in loop, ch 5, d c over 5-ch, ch 5, 8 d c along row, 4 d c in next space,

ch 3, 2 d c with 2 ch between in loop, ch 3, 4 d c over 5-ch, 1 d c in each d c, ch 3, 1 d c over 5-ch, ch 5, s c in loop, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c in end.

Fourth Row—Ch 8, s c over 5-ch, 1 loop caught down in space before d c; ch 5, skip 4 d c, d c in each d c, 4 d c in next space, ch 3, 4 d c in space before d c, 8 d c along row, ch 5, 1 loop, ch 5, d c in end.

Fifth Row—Ch 8, s c in first space, 2 loops, ch 5, skip 4 d c, d c in each of 8 d c, ch 3, 1 d c each in next 8 d c, ch 5, 2 loops, ch 5, d c in end.

Sixth Row—Ch 8, s c in first space, 3 loops, ch 5, d c in fourth, d c, ch 3, 4 d c in next space, ch 3, d c in fourth d c, ch 5, s c in next space, 3 loops, ch 5, d c at end.

Seventh Row—Ch 8, s c in first space; 3 loops, ch 5, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces,

ch 3, 4 d c each in next 2 spaces, ch 5, 3 loops, ch 5, d c at end.

Eighth Row—Ch 5, d c in first space, ch 5, 2 loops, ch 5, 4 d c in space before d c, 1 d c in each d c, ch 3, d c in each d c, 4 d c in next space, ch 5, 2 loops, ch 5, d c in end.

Ninth Row—Ch 8, s c in first space, 2 loops, ch 5, 4 d c in next space, 8 d c along row; ch 3, d c in final d c of group, ch 3, d c in next d c, ch 3, skip 3 d c, 1 d c in each of others, 4 d c in next space, ch 5, 2 loops, ch 5, d c at end.

Tenth Row—Ch 5, d c in first space, ch 5, 1 loop, ch 5, d c over 5-ch, ch 3, 1 d c each in next 8 d c, ch 5, s c in first space. 1 loop caught down in space before d c, ch 5, skip 4 d c, 8 d c along row, ch 2, d c in next space, ch 5, 1 loop, ch 5, s c in end space, ch 5, d c in end.

Make 4 rows all loops increasing at ends as usual. Overhand pieces together and finish front ends with loops.

He Told the Truth

A soldier in the English army wrote home a letter that is quoted in American Cookery:

"They put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me No. 575; they took me to church where I'd never been before and they made me listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Then the parson said, 'No. 575; Art thou weary, art thou languid?' And I got seven days in the guardhouse because I answered that I certainly was."



What Does Health Mean to You?

HAVE you ever waited to think out the answer to that question?

Or are you like the great majority, who only appreciate good health after it is lost?

Slowly, but certainly, we are getting round to the idea of preserving health so as to avoid serious disease.

The old way of waiting until you are seriously ill before sending for the doctor is all wrong.

We all know the old saying, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," but we neglect to carry it out in actual practice.

If you are familiar with Dr. Chase's Receipt Book you know that "Dr. Chase's Plan of Health" is built up on this idea of preventing disease, and the same applies to his well-known medicines.

Take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for example. This food cure has established a wonderful record as a cure for nervous prostration, nervous exhaustion, nervous headaches and indigestion, and all forms of nervous disorders. And yet above all it is recommended as a means of keeping the blood rich, the nervous system in good con-

dition and thereby preventing serious nervous disorders.

To most of us our health is our working capital.

We cannot afford time or money for rest cure in a sanitarium or expensive trips down South. For this reason we must seek other means of keeping the health up to high water mark.

So long as the blood is kept rich and pure the nervous system is well nourished, and it is by this means that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food effects such splendid results in the building up of the system when there are signs of exhaustion.

When you cannot sleep and begin to feel tired and irritable it is time to call in the aid of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You may also find your appetite failing and your digestion slow, for as the nerves become exhausted every organ of the human body is bound to lag in its work.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Every box of the genuine bears the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

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Agents for the best quality cosmetics and skin foods. Write us for prices.

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Special to Ladies

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You can read music like this quickly. Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE Booklet, which explains everything in this. American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago.

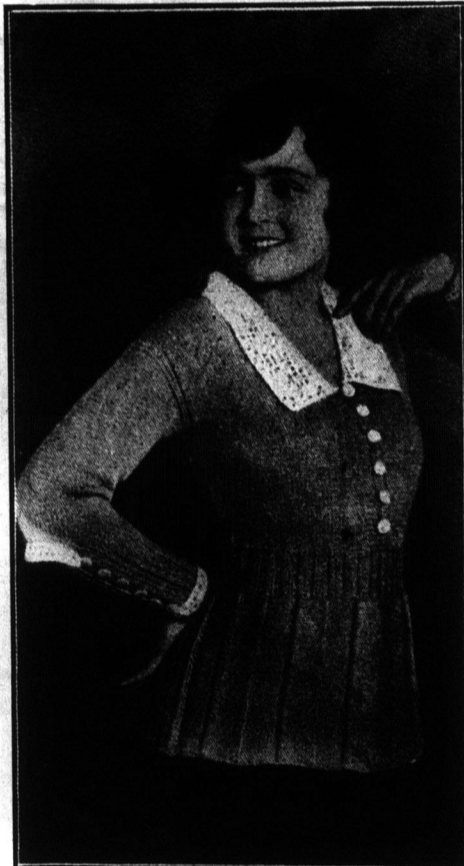
**I**T is predicted that this will be an early spring, and with the month of February it is easy to picture the exit of winter and the ushering in of spring with all its joys. These last days of winter offer the energetic women an opportunity to plan ahead to be ready for the gay days of spring, and summer too. Knitted garments are popular at all seasons, and the season of 1920 indicates that they will be more popular than ever before.

The useful and attractive knitted costumes illustrated will be in favor for the early spring and summer wear. By following directions closely you can complete the models exactly as shown in the illustrations and by starting now you are assured comfortable stylish knitted wearables in time for the season in sight.

## Ladies' Knitted Slipover

Materials required—8 balls turquoise Monarch floss, 1 ball white Monarch dove fingering, 1 pair No. 7 and No. 9 needles.

Back—Cast on 120 sts. Knit 10, purl 10, ribbed knitting for 10 inches. Knit 1 row, knitting them on to finer needles. Knit back as follows: \*Knit 1, knit 2 sts.



together, knit 2 sts. together, knit 2 sts. together, knit 2 sts. together, knit 1. Repeat from \* across row (72 sts. on needle). Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for belt for 2½ inches. Now take on to large needles again. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row for 14 inches. Knit 2 ridges garterstitch. Knit 24 sts., cast off 24 sts., knit 24 sts. On one side now work front. Knit 2 ridges garterstitch, then knit 1 row, purl 1 row, alternately 40 rows, increasing 1 st. at neck end every other row. From now on knit the last 5 sts. at neck end, garterstitch all way down front to form border. Knit till front is same length as back, as far as the waistline. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Put all stitches on one needle and knit 1 more inch, then with fine needles knit 2, purl 2 for waistline, then knit 1 row with large needles. Knit 1 row increasing the stitches to form 120 sts. on needle. Knit till same length as back. Cast off.

Sleeves—With right side of work towards you, pick up stitches around armhole, 7 inches in front of shoulder all round shoulder and down 6 inches on back, increasing 1 st. on every 4th st. all round. Knit 2 ridges, then knit 1 row, purl 1 row for 2 inches, then decrease 1 st. each end of needle every 6th row 3 times. Knit till sleeve is 12 inches long. Knit 2 ridges plain. Cast off.

Cuffs—With fine needles pick up the sts. 4 inches on either side of the under-

arm seam of the sleeve, adding 1 st. at every 3rd st. until you have 48 sts. on needle. Knit 3, purl 3, for 8 inches. Knit 3 ridges plain. Cast off. Repeat same for other sleeve and cuff.

Sew up all seams. Crochet 6 loops up one side of front, sew buttons on other side to correspond, sew buttons on sleeve. With white wool, chain 11 and make 2 meshes. Repeat until long enough to go around cuff, finish edge with 2 single crochet in each M. Sew unto edge of cuff. Repeat same and sew unto edge of opening of sleeve.

Collar—With white wool, chain 38. 1st row—11 M. 2nd row—4 M. 1S. 1 M. 1 S. 4 M. 3rd row—3 M. 2 S. 1 M. 2 S. 3 M. 4th row—2 M. 2 S. 3 M. 2 S. 2 M. 5th row—2 M. 1 S. 2 M. 1 S. 2 M. 1 S. 2 M. 6th row—2 M. 2 S. 3 M. 2 S. 2 M. 7th row—3 M. 2 S. 1 M. 2 S. 3 M. 8th row—4 M. 1 S. 1 M. 1 S. 4 M. Repeat from 1st row till long enough to fit neck. Finish with 2 single crochet in each M. all around. Sew onto neck of sweater.

Filet crochet is worked in open and solid meshes. Open space is called mesh or M.

Closed space is called solid or S.

For foundation chain—Make 3 times as many chains as number of meshes in 1st row. If the 1st mesh is open make 5 additional ch. for turned. If it is solid mesh make 3 ch. When the 1st row begins with an open mesh skip 7 ch. on foundation. When the 1st row begins with a solid mesh skip 3 ch. on foundation. The 3 ch. at beginning of a row counts as first d.c. of a closed mesh and the last d.c. in previous row must be skipped to avoid increase.

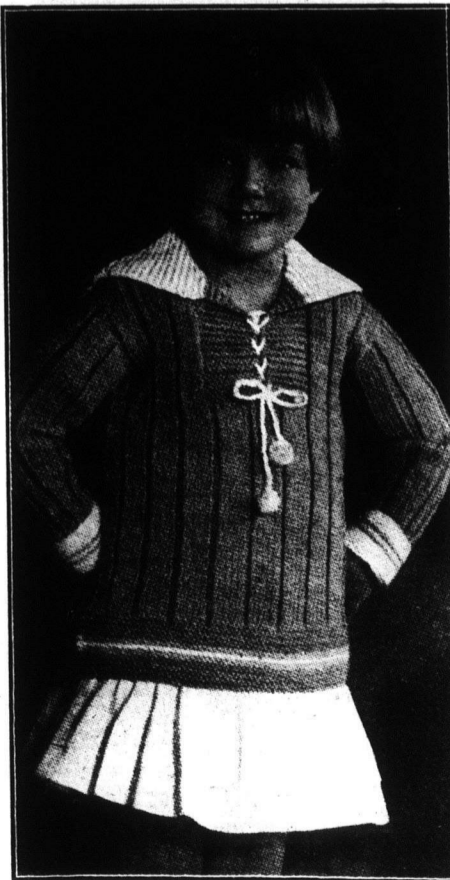
Open mesh—1 d.c., ch. 2, skip 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st.

Solid mesh—1 d.c. in d.c. of previous row, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts. (ch. or d.c.). 1 d.c. in next d.c. 4 sts. stand for 1 solid mesh. But only allow 3 sts. for every additional mesh after the 1st solid mesh thus: 1 solid 4 sts., 2 solid 7 sts. 3 solid 10 sts. and so on. To shape filet sweaters increase at beginning of row by ch. 5, 1 d.c. in 1st d.c. of previous row—increase at end of a row by 2 ch., 1 d.c. into same st. as last d.c. of row was made.

To decrease at beginning of row—Ch. 3 and do 1 d.c. in d.c. of 2nd mesh—At end of row by leaving off last mesh.

## Child's Knitted Slipover

Materials required—Size 6 years—Monarch down, 3 balls blue, 1 ball pink,



1 ball white, 1 pair No. 7 and No. 9 needles.

With blue wool, cast on 56 sts. Knit 3 ridges plain, 1 ridge pink, 1 ridge white,

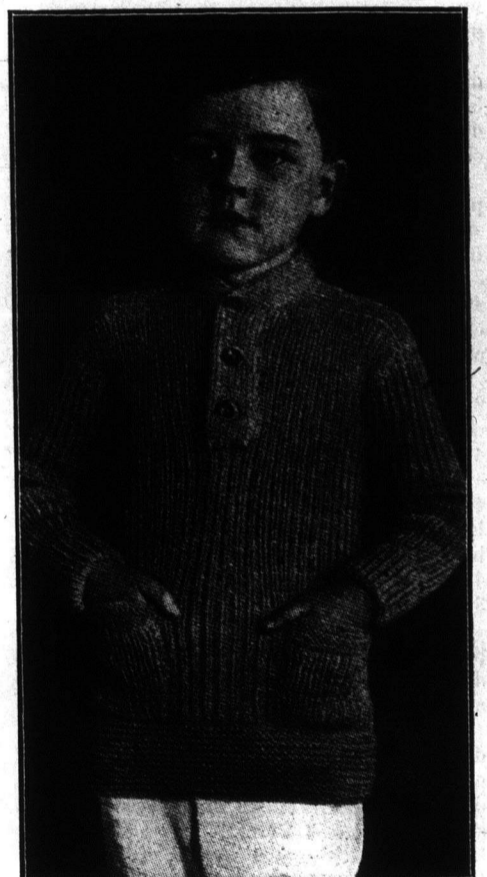
1 ridge pink, 4 ridges blue. 21st row—Purl 1, knit 5, \*purl 2, knit 5 repeat from \* across row ending with purl 1. 22nd row—knit 1, purl 5, \*knit 2, purl 5, repeat from \* across row ending with knit 1. Continue in pattern until sweater measures 10½ inches, then knit 2 sts together at each end of needle, every other row, 7 times. Knit 18 more rows, no shaping. Knit 13 sts., cast off 16 sts, knit 13 sts. On one side now work front. Knit in pattern 6 rows, cast on 11 sts. at neck end, continue in pattern. Knitting these 11 sts. plain in each row until there are 10 ridges, then still keep knitting in pattern increasing 1 st. at armhole end every other row, 7 times. Keep knitting till 21 ridges have been knitted at front. Break off wool. Repeat same for other front. Now put all sts. on 1 needle. Knit till same length as back, adding 1 st. in centre to make ribs even. Cast off.

Sleeves—Pick up 40 sts. around armhole. Knit till sleeve measures 9 inches, then take on finer needles. Knit 2, purl 2 for 4 inches. Break off blue. Knit 6 ridges white, 1 pink, 1 white, 1 pink, 4 white. Cast off.

Collar—With white wool and wrong side of work towards you pick up sts. around entire neck. Knit 18 ridges, 1 pink, 1 white, 1 pink, 4 white. Cast off. Crochet a chain of white wool, lace through sts. in front. Finish with pompons. Sew up all seams.

## Boys' Knitted Jersey

Materials required—Size 6 years—Monarch down, 4 balls Copenhagen, 1 pair No. 7 and No. 10 needles.



Cast on 60 sts. Use wool double and knit 12 ridges with double wool. From now on use single wool, knit 1, purl 1, for 17 inches, then knit 7 ridges garterstitch. Knit 20 sts., cast off 20 sts., and knit 20 sts. On one side, now work front. Knit 7 ridges, increasing 1 st. at neck end every ridge, then knit 1, purl 1 for 6 rows, increasing 1 st. at neck and every other row, then knit 1, purl 1, for 5½ more inches. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Now put all sts. on one needle and knit till same length as back. Cast off.

Sleeves—Cast on 48 sts. Knit 1, purl 1, for 15 inches, then change to finer needles, knit 1, purl 1 for 2 inches. Cast off. Turn back cuff.

Pocket—Cast on 24 sts. Knit 1, purl 1 for 3½ inches. Knit 5 ridges plain. Cast off.

Band for collar and front—With fine needles cast on 32 sts. Knit band long enough to fit entire neck. Make 3 buttonholes at one end 1½ inches apart. Make these buttonholes on the double, as band is folded double and sewn around neck of sweater.

Sew up all seams. Fit band carefully around neck. Sew on pockets.

# Make Money in Your Own Home

## We Supply Yarn Free and Pay You for Your Work.

The whole world needs socks. In every country, in every city, in every town and in every village—in every corner of the world, in fact—there is an acute shortage of hosiery.

This great demand is your personal opportunity. It is your chance to add substantially to your income. It is the weapon with which you can meet the constantly increasing high cost of living. You can make money pleasantly and easily in the privacy, freedom and comfort of your own home. This is an unusual advertisement, due to an unusual world-condition. We are a firmly established Canadian business firm engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. Our business connections are world-wide. We have been in business many years.

We have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. We believe in the independent employee. We know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid contented people in happy homes.

These socks can be made by men and women. Knitting experience is unnecessary. The Auto Knitter, a marvellous machine, does the work. Anyone can quickly learn to operate this machine.

### Workers Wanted Everywhere

For the reasons above stated—the unprecedented world-demand for hosiery—we need more workers—thousands of them. We need you.

We need all the socks you and your family can make on the Auto Knitter. We need this labor badly. We will make a contract to pay you a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for us as much as you want or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every dozen pairs of socks you send us, we will pay you a liberal wage.

With every Auto Knitter we send a supply of wool yarn FREE. We also supply, FREE, the yarn needed to replace that which is used in making the socks you send us.

The yarn we supply is made specially for the Auto Knitter. It is the softest and warmest, and uniformity in quality, weight and shade is always obtainable.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of the Auto Knitter as you see fit, or to buy your own yarn; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make at a remarkably low cost all the hosiery your family needs—wool and cotton.

But please remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to our Wage Agreement; it is a straight, out-and-out Employment Offer of a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

The Auto-Knitter is the most modern development of the hand knitting machine. It embodies many exclusive improvements, as worked out by us in our own factory. We are manufacturers of the Auto-Knitter, our machines are fully guaranteed. In doing business with us you are dealing with a responsible manufacturing firm, so we could not afford to make, and do not make, any claim for the Auto-Knitter that is not amply borne out by facts.

### Positively Not "a Canvassing Scheme"

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you a chance to devote your entire time to the business, and this—to be independent of bosses, rules, time clocks, working hours, etc. Our Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency," or "open-a-store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

I am sending by Express four dozen pairs of socks. Will you kindly make the replacement yarn up to twelve (12) lbs, and send the rest of wages due me in cash.  
Montreal, Que.

Have sent you to-day by Express four dozen pairs of socks. I thank you for your promptness in returning replacement yarn and wages, which always come by return mail.  
Woodstock, Ont.

I am sending you 51 pairs of socks to-day by Express. Please send replacement yarn and money order for wages.  
Brantford, Ont.

I am sending you 12 dozen pairs of socks this morning by Express. I enclose wage receipt for last shipment. Return replacement yarn as usual.  
Waldemar, Ont.

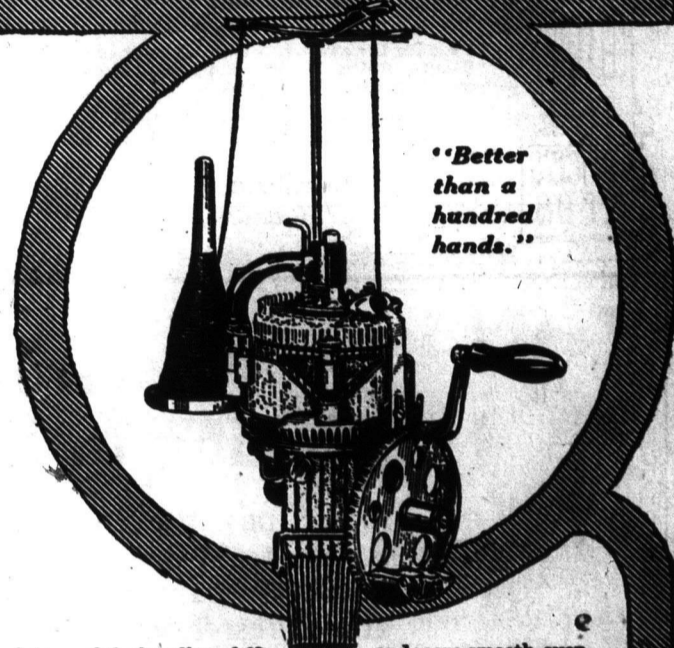
I am shipping to you to-day 18 dozen (216 pairs) of socks. Express charges collect. Please send replacement yarn and also yarn for wages due me as usual.  
Vancouver, B.C.

I received the Money Order and am to-day sending another shipment of 52 pairs of men's socks. Please return replacement yarn and send me yarn instead of cash for wages due me.  
Windsor, Ont.

I am sending by Express 54 pairs of socks. Please send wages due in cash and return replacement yarn. I think the machine is wonderful and I also think the pay is very good.  
Galt, Ont.

I am to-day forwarding to you by Express (charges collect) ten dozen pairs of socks which I have knitted on the Auto Knitter.  
Regina, Sask.

I am sending eighteen (18) dozen pairs of socks by Express, charges collect. I like the work, as it passes many a dull hour away, and I can knit two pairs of socks in an hour.  
Fernie, B.C.



"Better than a hundred hands."

A turn of the handle and 60 perfect stitches are knitted. Thousands of such stitches can be made in a few minutes by the machine. Many of our operator of average experience report that, with completed sock can be made in less than 10 minutes. When the Auto Knitter goes into action, it is just like having many families or skilled knitters working for you; that is why our trade mark is "Better than a Hundred Hands." It makes the sock—top, body, heel and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand, and can be used anywhere. It is easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are totally unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand knitting what the sewing machine is to hand sewing.

and more smooth, even. Thousands of such few minutes by the lace. Many of our the Auto Knitter, a in less than 10 minutes. goes into action, it is families or skilled knitters why our trade mark is "Better than a Hundred Hands." It makes the sock—top, body, heel and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand, and can be used anywhere. It is easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are totally unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand knitting what the sewing machine is to hand sewing.

### The Genuineness of These Testimonials Guaranteed Under a \$5000 Forfeit

MAKES \$35.00 IN ONE WEEK

The Auto Knitter is one of the best investments anyone could make. I can make three pairs of socks in an hour. In one week I made \$35.00 from private trade alone. It is the finest and cleanest work I have ever done, and I would not be without it.  
Wheatley, Ont.

### OPERATED BY BLIND WOMEN

I have now been using three of your machines, and they give good results. With a little patience at the start, I have succeeded in doing good work, which has always been accepted by you. You may be surprised to know that some of my work has been done by blind women, and it is impossible to recognise their work from mine. I am pleased with the business dealings I have had with you and hope that future dealings will be just as cordial as they have been in the past.  
Montreal, Que.

### NOT A SINGLE PAIR REJECTED

It is not only profitable, but helps to pass many a dull hour away. I can knit two pairs of half-hose in an hour, which I think is good. The machine is what you claim it to be and does its work right, and being so small takes up but little room. Of the socks I have sent, I have not had a single pair rejected, which is clear evidence that the machine can turn out good work.  
Fernie, British Columbia.

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No matter where you live, we want you to know all about the Auto Knitter and the immensity of our world-wide institution. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization and the future you can make for yourself with the Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work and the money that is in it with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill or factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output, both wholesale and retail. Write to-day—send the coupon and three cents in postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.



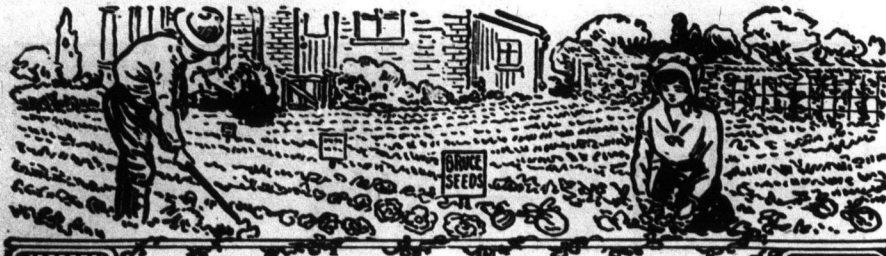
The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company, Limited

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The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited, Department 333-K, 607 College Street, Toronto, Canada

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose three cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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**Fashions and Patterns**

**Girl's Dress With or Without Jumper and With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—2921**—This model will make a very pretty dress for "best" or party wear. One could use batiste, lawn, mull, organdy, cashmere, taffeta, or a combination of silk and velvet. The overblouse or jumper could be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the dress and 1 3/8 yard for the jumper. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

gray serge was used with a finish of simple machine stitching. This is an attractive model for taffeta, satin, broad cloth, also for developing as a separate waist and skirt. The waist would be nice in washable satin or crepe, and the skirt in serge or suiting. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 1 3/4 yard. It will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for this costume for a medium size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

**A Smart Coat Dress—Pattern 3120** is here portrayed. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Gabardine in a new shade of brown was selected in this instance. The vest, belt and collar is of sand colored satin with worsted embroidery for decorations. Taffeta, velvet, serge, duvetyn or broad cloth are also suitable for this model. Width of dress at lower edge is about 1 1/8 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Good Style for a School Dress—Pattern 3124** is illustrated in this attractive model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/8 yards of 40-inch material. Gingham combined with chambray, plaid or checked suiting and serge, taffeta and velvet, all these are good materials for the development of a dress of this kind. Braid, worsted or chenille embroidery or braiding could serve as a decoration. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Neat Morning Dress—2912**—For this one could choose gingham in a pretty check pattern, or striped seersucker, the trimming could be of plain material in white or a contrasting color. Linen, gabardine, khaki and drill are nice also for the design. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/8 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

**A Popular Style — Pattern 3118** is shown in this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Muslin, cambric, nainsook, batiste, crepe, silk, flannel and flannelette may be used for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Good Costume for Mature Figures—** Composed of Waist Pattern 3111 and Skirt Pattern 3106. As here portrayed,

**A Practical Set of Infant's Clothes—** 3100—This pattern is cut in one size. It comprises a dress, a petticoat, a Barriecoat or pinning blanket and a slipper. *Continued on Page 53*

**A Great Saving in Dresses**

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contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists let's cost but a few cents. Druggists let's cost but a few cents. Druggists let's cost but a few cents.

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Fashions and Patterns

Continued from Page 52

Muslin, lawn, cambric, batiste, nainsook and silk are suitable for the dress. The petticoat may be of cambric or lawn. The Barrie of flannel or flannelette with band of cambric or muslin. The slipper of kid, satin, suede, felt or eiderdown. It will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, 2 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for the petticoat with 2 yards of embroidery for the ruffle. The slippers will require 3/8 yard of 18-inch material and the Barrie-coat 3/8 yard of 27-inch material for band, and 1 yard 40 inches wide for the skirt. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Comfortable Play Garment—Pattern 3098** is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years, and will require 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 3-year size. Gingham, percale, poplin, flannelette, serge and linen are popular materials for rompers. This style is practical and is finished with deep pockets at the sides of the bloomer portions. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Serviceable and Becoming Apron—2674**—This model is easy to develop and easy to adjust. It is provided with ample pockets. Gingham, alpaca, sateen, drill, cambric, lawn and percale may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

**A Unique Model in "Tie on Style"—Pattern 3109** here illustrated is cut in 3 sizes: 16-18 and 20 years. For the 18-year size 5 1/4 yards of 44-inch material will be required. Duvetyn, serge, taffeta, satin, poplin, crepe, and crepe de chine would be attractive for this model. Blue

duvetyn with pipings of beige, and collar and cuffs embroidered in colored worsted is smart for this. The width of the skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is 1 7/8 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3123**, cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years, was used for the model here shown. White batiste with lace and insertion, or linen with embroidery would be effective. Silk, crepe, taffeta, satin, voile and poplin are also attractive for this style. It will require 4 yards of 27-inch material for a 10-year size. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A New Frock for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3099**, cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years is here portrayed. This is a splendid model for serge, for plaid suiting, poplin, repp, silk, velveteen, linen, and other wash fabrics. As here shown, blue serge was used with soutache braid for trimming. For a 10-year size 2 7/8 yards of 44-inch material will be required. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**A Comfortable Work Apron—2841**—Here is a model easy to develop and one that shows an apron which will do service as a housedress. It is especially nice for warm days, has no cumbersome sleeves, and is easily and quickly adjusted. Seersucker, drill, khaki, gingham, percale, lawn, alpaca and sateen are good for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-24; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 1 1/4 yard of banding, 2 1/4 inch wide, for neck and front. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.



Watch Your Child's Tongue!

Constipated Children Gladly Take "California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!



Another Great Offer

The Western Home Monthly

FOR ONE YEAR

The Weekly Free Press  
Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR, AND

The Imperial Collection of Transfer  
Designs

ALL FOR \$1.25

[This is the Big Offer of the Year]

The extraordinary success of the Parisienne Embroidery Outfit last season has led us to again make an offer which will appeal to our lady readers. Remember, the Imperial Collection has never before been offered, and we expect an extraordinary demand.

—USE THIS COUPON—

DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Imperial Collection of Transfer Designs.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

## Correspondence

## About Dress

Dear Editor and Readers—For some years I have read the letters in your columns with great interest. It seems to me that there is a great amount of literary ability being wasted. Some of the correspondents express themselves so well and so eloquently. I am sure if they sent some of their ideas to publishing companies they would have no trouble in having them published. I refer to an Ex-Sergeant, Looking Forward and Emma in the last issue (December). I read some time ago in one of the let-

ters something about some girls not speaking to a boy unless he is "dressed up." I do not think that clothes make the man, but I do think that good clothes have got many a man a good job. I say, if you want a job and have twenty-five dollars, it is better to spend it on clothes than go and apply for the job with the money in the pocket of a dingy suit. No young man or woman who wishes to retain that most potent factor of the successful life, self-respect, can afford to be negligent in the matter of dress. Many young men and young women make the

mistake of thinking that "well dressed" necessarily means "expensively dressed," and with this idea in mind they fall into as great a pitfall as those who think clothes are of no importance. The knowledge that we are becomingly dressed acts like a mental tonic. If you lie around half-dressed without making your toilet and with your room all in disorder, taking it easy because you do not expect or wish to see anyone, you will find yourself very quickly taking on the mood of your attire. Your mind will slip down. On the other hand, if you have an attack of the "blues" or you feel half-sick and not able to work, instead of lying around in the house in an old wrapper or dressing gown, you take a good bath, put on your best clothes and make your toilet

as carefully as if you were going to a fashionable reception, you will feel like a new person. Nine times out of ten, before you have finished dressing, your "blues" and your half-sick feeling will have vanished like a bad dream, and your whole outlook on life will have changed. Pardon me for using so much space and with best wishes for the coming year, sincerely,  
A Well Wisher.

## Wants Correspondence

Dear Editor,—Will you let another farmerette join your charming circle. I have been a reader of your magazine for quite a while, and I had to write to let you know how much I appreciate it, especially the correspondence page. There are some nice letters in it. I have not always been a farmerette. We lived in Winnipeg for nine years, and it was a change to come out here, where everyone talks French. Many can't speak a word of English. I am very fond of music, and am learning to play the violin through a correspondence school. I like it fine. Now, I must bring my letter to a close and leave room for some more interesting ones. Won't some of the readers of the correspondence page write to be, about my own age, 18. My address is with the Editor.—Topsy.

## From Overseas

Dear Editor:—I am a comparatively new reader of "The Western Home Monthly," and as a British girl with many friends in the Canadian part of the world, am greatly interested in the correspondence pages. They seem to give one an insight to the minds of our Western cousins whom we have not met. I like the letter of "Jolly Bachelor" in the September number. I, too, am fond of sport. Hockey, tennis, swimming, cycling, walking and dancing, all find a place in my affections. Dancing comes first, and since I was seven years old (I am now twenty-three) I have enjoyed expression in the rhythmical motion. I am Scotch, but at present am teaching in a residential school not far from London. Of course I prefer the rugged beauty of the North and have not found a rival to my home city, Edinburgh. I should like to hear from some of your writers. Best wishes for the W.H.M.

An Edinburger.

## A Soldier Farmer

Dear Editor.—Have often been interested in reading the various letters in the Correspondence Club, and as most of my time is spent on an Alberta farm, will seek to take advantage of the opportunity offered to become acquainted with some interesting correspondents. I was overseas for over three years in the "Princess Pats" battalion. After being wounded and spending quite a time in the hospitals in England, was returned to Canada and went back to my home-stand and applied for a soldier's loan. When it came through I acquired the necessary horses and machinery, and went back farming after an absence of four years. After the army life, farming appeared rather tame, but I have again got used to it, that is, all except the "batching" part of it, and I don't suppose I will ever grow used to that. My first crop this year has been a failure, but better luck next year. I had nearly 100 acres of wheat and 50 of oats in crop, and expect to have about the same again this year. Will be very pleased to receive letters from any correspondents if they will write. Hoping to see my first letter in print, I remain, sincerely,  
P.P.C.L.I.

## Ambitious to be a Stenographer

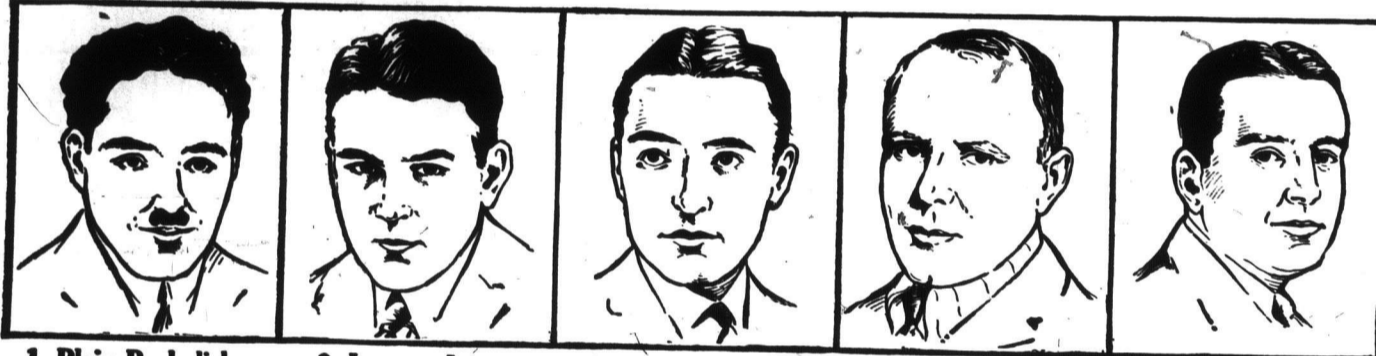
Dear Editor—Here I am again. I hope all the readers had a good Christmas time and that Santa remembered them all. I had a very good time, but only wished I had been a millionaire so that I could have had a great big tree for all the poor children in the district. It has been rather hard for Santa to visit all the places this year. I enjoyed the letters from "Tolerable" and "Ex-Sergeant" in the last issue. I liked the way they spoke about the English girls.

Continued on Page 55

WILL BE  
**WHO MARY-PICKFORD'S**  
LEADING MAN  
**\$2500<sup>00</sup> PRIZES!**  
FOR THE BEST ANSWERS.



Do You Know These Five Actors' Names?



1. Plain Rachelich 2. Learn a Lass 3. Jet Black Rig 4. Sell Raw Hip 5. In for a Bad Glass Uk

CANADA'S own and beloved Mary Pickford is about to produce one of the greatest moving picture plays of her career. It is a story abounding in love and humour, pathos and happiness.

Miss Pickford's big problem now is to select a capable actor who will be suitable as her leading man in this great production. She can pick from all the greatest moving picture actors of the world, but her selection is now down to the five favorite movie actors whose pictures are shown above. One of these five will be chosen by her to play the Leading Man's role in this great new movie production.

Do you know the Names of these five Favorite Players?

The object of this contest is to recognize and name these five most prominent movie actors. After you have recognized them, and in order to help you name them correctly, we have put their right names under-

neath their pictures in jumbled letters. Unscramble these letters, put them into their right order and you will have their names. In case you are not familiar with the names of the most popular moving picture actors today, the names below will help you.

## Names of Some of the Favorite Players

Fred Huntley, Allan Sears, Owen Moore, Milton Sills, Jack Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, Elliot Dexter, Wallace Reid, Francis Ford, Dustin Farnum, Henry Walthall, Warren Kerrigan, Jack Gilbert, Harold Goodwin, William S. Hart, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Stuart Holmes, Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum, Robert Harron, Douglas Fairbanks, Earl Williams, Ralph Lewis, Tom Moore.

These Magnificent Prizes Given for Best Correct or Nearest Correct Replies

|   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| 1st Prize, 1920 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value          | \$990.00           |
| 2nd Prize, 1920 Ford Touring Car, Value               | \$740.00           |
| 3rd Prize, \$150.00                                   | 14th Prize, \$5.00 |
| 4th Prize, 100.00                                     | 15th Prize, 5.00   |
| 5th Prize, 50.00                                      | 16th Prize, 5.00   |
| 6th Prize, 25.00                                      | 17th Prize, 5.00   |
| 7th Prize, 20.00                                      | 18th Prize, 5.00   |
| 8th Prize, 15.00                                      | 19th Prize, 3.00   |
| 9th Prize, 10.00                                      | 20th Prize, 3.00   |
| 10th Prize, 10.00                                     | 21st Prize, 3.00   |
| 11th Prize, 10.00                                     | 22nd Prize, 3.00   |
| 12th Prize, 10.00                                     | 23rd Prize, 3.00   |
| 13th Prize, \$5.00                                    | 24th Prize, 3.00   |
| And 25 Extra Prizes of \$1.00 each.                   |                    |
| \$500.00 Additional Cash Prizes will also be awarded. |                    |

This Magnificent  
**CHEVROLET**  
**TOURING CAR**



First Prize  
VALUE  
\$990.00  
Or its equivalent in Cash.

This Great Contest is Absolutely Free of Expense  
Send Your Answers Today!

This great contest is absolutely free of expense and is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best-known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded in absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant. Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine. You may enter and win any of the prizes, whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and, moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money to compete. Here is the idea.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of 100,000 copies a month, but our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." We want more Canadian readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest, and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear, without any cost to you. We shall also send, free of charge to all qualified contestants, a charming photo of Miss Mary Pickford with reproduction of her autograph in her own handwriting. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the big prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by show-

ing your copy to just four friends or neighbours, who will appreciate this really worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time.

## How to Send in Your Solution

Use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

Miss Mary Pickford, as Honorary Judge and three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 250 points will take first prize.

You will get 20 points for every name solved correctly, and 40 points for hand writing, and 100 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 31st, 1920, immediately after which the answers will be judged and prizes awarded.

DON'T DELAY! Send your answers to-day. This announcement may not appear again in this paper. Address your entry to:—

Movie Editor, Mary Pickford Contest,  
Dept. 33 EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, ONT



Correspondence

Continued from Page 54

There are so many that come out to this country with their soldier husbands to settle down on a homestead, about twenty and twenty-five miles from town. Some of these girls are from London. Imagine coming from the city to a homestead, especially those who hardly know what the word "cow" means. I think the English girls have lots of grit. I should like to meet "Ever a Jolly Kid." I know I am not as jolly as she is, but I would like to spend a few hours with her. One of my ambitions is to be a stenographer. I am very fond of music, reading and art. I love drawing and often do some in the evenings. The girls in this vicinity are giving a leap year dance and we are all looking forward to having a good time. I should like to be able to skate as there is plenty of ice around these parts, and cold weather, too. When it is clear I take snaps as I have a camera. I would like to see the picture of our editor and some of the members published on this page. With best wishes, I am,

Light of the Morning.

The Canadian Girl

Dear Editor—Being a reader of The Western Home Monthly for years and always enjoying it, I thought I might try and put in a word for the Canadian girls. Now, "Ex-Sergeant," have a heart. I'll admit that a good many Canadian girls are "frozen" as you say, but the majority of the good country girls, I think, are just as friendly as they know how to be, and I have noticed that in a good many cases the "frozen" girls are quite often the kind the fellows like. I've known a good, warm-hearted girl to be left to herself, while the one who has neither a

warm heart nor brains has presents fairly rained on her. How do you account for that, "Ex-Sergeant?" Also, "Contented Bach," just you wait. Some day a pretty young girl will come along and it will be good-bye to your bachelor days. You seem to have a very poor opinion of girls, but some day, perhaps, you will change your mind. This is leap year. Why not have it that if the girls do the proposing that they also do the treating and take a nice box of cigars when they go to pay a visit? But, perhaps, there would not be so many theatres and joy rides then. Cheer up, "Contented Bach" and "Ex-Sergeant," all girls are not "frozen" and trying to enjoy themselves at the expense of the fellows. Someone was saying that we did not receive the English girls well enough. Well I can say that some English girls came into our community and were welcomed as heartily as country people can welcome anyone. Well I have taken up enough space now, so I will close with wishing all success, especially "Contented Bach" and "Ex-Sergeant."

A Canadian Girl.

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

"Well, little miss," said the druggist in an anecdote told by the Boston Transcript, "what can I do for you?" "Please, sir, mother wants a bottle of good-natured alcohol," replied the little miss.

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.



Suspension Bridge, Capilano Canyon, Vancouver, B.C.



Use a Wash for Skin Diseases

Skin sufferers should use great care in the choice of a remedy. They should know the facts to guard against those preparations that are without merit—some, indeed, positively injurious. There is only one logical remedy for skin disease—only one way to reach the poisonous disease germs in the skin. That is by means of a

Penetrating Liquid Wash

Skin disease is due to various deeply buried, malignant germs in the tender tissues of the skin. They cause that terrible biting pain and itching. Unless these germs are destroyed and eliminated, there can be no relief nor cure. This cannot be done with salves. Salves do not penetrate to the germs beneath the skin. They merely clog the pores and form a hot bed for the rapid increase of these germs. Blood remedies also cannot cure the skin, because the germs are not in the blood. A liquid wash only has any permanent effect in skin disease.

D.D.D. Prescription Gives Instant Relief

D. D. D. Prescription sinks through the pores the moment it is applied. The first cool touch of this soothing skin wash soothes all biting pain as if by magic. Just a touch of this marvellous remedy will give you relief.

D. D. D. is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen and thymol, etc., and a powerful and costly element, chlorbutol. This element is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin disease. However, it has heretofore required such expert mixing and handling that only physicians could use it. Now all skin sufferers find it compounded in the proper proportion in the famous new-skin discovery, D. D. D. Prescription. Eczema, bad leg, Psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales or rashes, all skin diseases, mild

or violent, yield to the soothing, healing effect of D. D. D. It sinks through the pores, kills all the deadly disease germs; throws them off. Then the inflamed tissues, rid of their torturing parasites, the pores left open to receive Nature's healing aid, are soothed by the cooling oils compounded in the D. D. D. Prescription. All druggists handle D. D. D. Ask your druggist about it to-day. Ask also about D. D. D. Soap. Its steady use keeps the skin always pure and healthy.

Read What Grateful People Say

Brookvale, N.B., Canada. I used one sample bottle of D. D. D. and one dollar bottle and it cured my face of salt rheum. I spent a good many dollars with doctors and other medicines. I was bothered every winter and last winter I had no trouble. My skin was perfectly free from any spot thanks to D. D. D. MRS. JAMES H. RYDER.

1412 Rae St., Regina, Sask. Last winter I sent for one of your free samples of D. D. D. Prescription. I tried it on sores that broke out on a teething baby's head, on cold sores and on a mild type of eczema and found it worked well, curing each trouble quickly and easily. This summer we have used it on bad mosquito bites and it heals them in two or three applications. MRS. R. E. PURDY.

May 8th, 1917.—D.D.D. cured several skin troubles in my family so thoroughly I have not needed any for some time.

QUICK CURE OF WOMAN—A MASS OF SORES

In the fall of 1907 I had a sore on my neck. In a short time it disappeared, but it returned in a worse form, and kept coming and going until February. I went to see a doctor who said it was eczema. At that time my face was just one mass of sores, very much swollen, and weeping water all the time. My sleep was broken and my days were miserable.

I doctored with the doctor until the first of May. Then I got a trial bottle of D. D. D. From the first I used of it my face became better. When I had used the trial bottle I sent for the full size bottle and used only half. Have been entirely well ever since. I will recommend D.D.D. whenever I can.

Danville, Que. MRS. ORANGE HARVEY. I still give a good word for D. D. D. whenever I have a chance. MRS. ORANGE HARVEY. May 18th, 1917.

Trial Bottle Free!

If you want to try D. D. D. fill in and send the coupon below now. The D. D. D. Laboratories will send you a large trial bottle absolutely free. Don't suffer another day. Just the first few drops from this trial bottle will give you instant relief. Send coupon now while you think of it. Enclose ten cents for postage.

D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. W.M. 54 27 Lyall Street, TORONTO



Send This Free Coupon

D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. W.M. 54 27 Lyall Street, TORONTO Gentlemen:—Please send me absolutely free a trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. It is understood that I assume no obligation. Enclosed find ten cents for postage.

Name .....

Address .....



# FREE!

To every man  
who is building or  
remodelling his barn

**T**HIS BT Barn Book shows you how to build your barn from start to finish; tells how to make the foundations; how to lay the cement floors and how to build the walls; how the cattle-stands can be made so they will not be cold; shows the best and most economical methods of laying out the floor space and putting in the stabling; shows right and wrong ways to remodel an old barn; shows how to ventilate barn and build cupolas for the roof. It tells how to frame the barn by a method that saves half the cost of the old way; shows how two men and a team can hoist the bents to position. You can build or remodel your barn yourself with this book to help, because every point is clearly illustrated by full-page photographs and blue print working plans.



## This new 352-page book

This is the most elaborate and complete book on barn building ever published in Canada. It contains over 125 views of modern barns. Photographs of up-to-date barns were obtained in all parts of this country, and have been reproduced with full-page and double-page cuts, which show clearly every detail of construction. There are useful tables, showing the best measurement for mangers, gutters, cattle-stands and passages, costs of cement work, best sizes for doors and windows, amount of ventilation for different kinds of stock, capacities of silos, capacities of mows. There are also working plans for 14 different barns and exterior views of the completed barns. Best construction for Hog House is fully illustrated.

BT Galvanized Steel Stalls, Steel Horse Stable Fittings, Steel Cow Pens, Calf Pens, Steer Pens, Bull Pens, Manure and Feed Carriers, and Water Bowls are shown in actual use in many barns. Complete specifications for stable equipment which are useful in getting proper quotations from manufacturers.

This book is printed in colours and is bound with hard covers. It is not a mere catalogue. It is a work of reference which you will prize and keep for years. It is considered authoritative on the subject of stable and barn construction. A copy of it should be in the hands of every man who is thinking of building or remodelling a stable or who is going to put in the Sanitary Steel Stable Equipment.

### Mail Coupon

Thousands of dollars were spent in obtaining information, plans, and photographs for this book, and in printing it.

Yet we offer it without charge to any man who will write and state if he is building or remodelling this year, when he expects to start the work and the number of head of stock he keeps. If you are building or remodelling next year, or later, you will receive the Barn Construction Section of the Book; this is the part which will interest you most until you are ready to go ahead. It is a neatly bound booklet of 80 pages.

Simply fill in the blanks of the coupon, and you will receive the Barn Book by first mail. You do not obligate yourself in any way.

The high cost of printing the book has forced us to limit the quantity. Make sure of your copy by sending for it to-day.

## Beatty Bros., Limited

Dept. N 351

Edmonton, Alta.

### FREE COUPON

Beatty Bros., Limited, Dept. (N 351, Edmonton, Alta.

Gentlemen: Send me your new 352 page Barn Book, without charge or obligation. I have filled in the blanks below.

Are you thinking of building a barn? .....

If not, are you going to remodel? .....

When will you start? .....

How many cows, horses, or young stock will you keep? .....

Put an X after the kind of Sanitary Stable Equipment you are interested in.

(Steel Stalls ..... ) Steel Horse Stable Fittings.....)

(Manure Carrier ..... ) (Water Bowls .....)

(Hay Carrier.....)

Your Name .....

P. O. .... Prov.....

Section ..... Township ..... Range .....



Mills at St. Boniface, Manitoba.  
Where PURITY FLOUR is made Perfect.

# PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

